Incubus

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Summary

Harry Potter's world is flipped upside down when he is unexpectedly visited by a naked fairy on his fourteenth birthday. Finding out that he is a rare species of incubus known as a Choiceling is the least of Harry’s problems when he discovers just how drastically his life is about to change. How will our young hero deal with an entire year at Hogwarts when he has to have sex at least once a day just to survive?! Join Harry on an epic tale of love, lust, and innocence, as he battles against much more than just dark wizards and learns just how strong bonds can be.
Chapter One

Incubus

Harry groaned as he returned to the land of the living far earlier than he would have liked. As awareness began to return to him, he identified the cause of his abrupt awakening. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Harry sat up and looked down, annoyed, at the figure in his lap who’d been tugging on his ear. Irritation at having his sleep disturbed mixing with a knowing-anxiety at what the little figure wanted, fourteen year old Harry James Potter, famous orphan and wand waving wizard extraordinaire, let out an aggravated huff. Then, trying to focus his spectacle-free, emerald-green eyes on the disturber, he asked, “Wazzit Bell? It’s like, not even four in the morning yet. What’s the problem?”

The tiny fairy, dubbed by Harry as ‘Bell’, seemed to be aptly named for she had a distinct likeness to the fictional storybook character Tinker Bell. However, unlike her Disney lookalike, this tiny fairy had shorter blue hair, not blonde, and instead of a green dress to cover her modesty, Bell was completely nude. Her skin was a light, cream color, but her ink-black eyes and the smattering of blue freckles across her nose served to further differentiate her from the storybook fairy.

As he enjoyed the way her tiny blue nipples stood at attention in the cool night air, Harry remembered how mortified he’d been two weeks ago when she had suddenly appeared while he’d been rubbing one out in his bedroom at the Dursleys. One second he’d been admiring the curves of the lovely Lisa Ann, and the next the fairy’s tiny form was there, perched precariously on top of his Johnson. Unfortunately for Bell, Mt. Potter’s eruption had already been triggered, and the butterfly-winged woman soon found herself shot into the air and across the room, where she finally made an undignified, sticky, landing. Luckily for Harry this was, as he soon found out, the normal way in which her kind entered the world. He would end up learning quite a lot that night, not only about his tiny companion, but also about himself.

Flapping her baby-blue butterfly wings, Bell lifted herself into the air until she was hovering at eye level with the young Potter, allowing for her perpetually soaked pussy lips to be seen, and said, “I think you know, Master.”

Indeed he did know, as he was unlikely to forget the conversation that’d played out just two weeks ago in this very room. As Harry idly mulled over what would prove to be the most important decision he’d ever make, he allowed his thoughts to drift a little, remembering the conversation that’d taken place here just a fortnight ago…

“OH-MY-GOD! I am sooo sorry! I was just, uh, well, ya know. Where’d you come from? Are you okay? Merlin this is embarrassing!” Harry was saying before he tripped, trying to both pull up his pants and walk over and see if the strange fairy was okay at the same time. Hitting the ground, Harry sucked in a pained breath and closed his eyes as he felt his elbow slide against the carpet, giving him instant rug burn. Pushing the pain away, Harry opened his eyes when he heard an alarmed, “eep!” from the small figure in front of him.

Standing on the floor just a foot away from him was the blue haired fairy, looking quite concerned for him, which he thought was downright saintly seeing as how she was still covered in his cum. Harry opened his mouth to apologize, but the tinkling voice of his visitor cut him off.

“Master! Are you okay, Master?”

Taken aback at the odd title he was being addressed with, and the situation in general, Harry finally pulled his pants up and shifted so that he was sitting Indian style. Barely managing to keep
eye-contact with the cum covered fairy, especially now that he’d noticed her nudity, Harry said, “I’m fine. It’s you I’m worried about. Are you okay? And I know how rude it must seem, but I’ve gotta ask, who are you? Oh, and uh, do you need a towel, or a bath, or something? Gosh…”

The blue-haired fairy looked at Harry strangely for a moment before she seemed to realize something. Giving a decisive nod of her head, the little being then proceeded to copy Harry’s position, which he thought was kinda cute until he noticed just what the seating arrangement did to her. Harry stared dazedly at the oozing blue cunt lips which had been inadvertently parted so enticingly before him for a few seconds, before his attention was refocused by the lewd Disney-esque fairy when she started talking.

“I know that you’re confused, so allow me to explain. I am your Parva Dux, or your Smallguide. It is my job to educate you in all matters regarding your incubus heritage and to guide and assist you in any manner you see fit. As your Parva Dux I am-”

But before the so called ‘Smallguide’ could continue, Harry cut her off.

“Wait wait wait wait wait. What’s this about me and incubus heritage or whatever? I think you’ve got the wrong guy, Miss, I’m a wizard.”

Harry’s eyes widened when the fairy snorted in annoyance at being cut off and inadvertently blew a cum bubble, but the small being seemed not to notice.

“No Master, I assure you that I am exactly where I am meant to be. Please, let me explain.”

Harry’d never been so confused in his life, and decided that he quite disliked the feeling. So, while still housing some reservations at having what was sure to be the strangest conversation of all time, Harry buckled down and decided to let the lady talk; he hoped that something she said would bring some sense back into a scene which he could only describe as pure madness.

The fairy’s annoyance seemed to be quelled by the young wizard’s attention, and she gave him a small smile before continuing.

“Like I said, I am your Smallguide. Each of your species, upon reaching their fourteenth birthday and proving their sexual maturity via ejaculation, is gifted by one of my kind in order to help guide them down the path of self-discovery. You, Harry James Potter, are a very rare type of incubus, known as a Choiceling.”

Unable to keep his burning curiosity under wraps, Harry never the less managed to raise his hand instead of blurting his questions out and interrupting the fairy once again. As she gave an amused smile and nodded at him, Harry absently wondered how crazy he looked; pants unbuttoned, raising his hand to ask a tiny naked woman with butterfly wings, who was still covered in his baby batter, a question, on the floor, with a skinned up elbow. He wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it all, but instead asked, “I don’t understand though, if I’m supposed to be like you say, why’s it that everybody tells me that my mum and dad were regular wizards? Or is this a common thing Miss… uh, actually what was your name again? Sorry, M’ kinda forgetful.”

Blinking, the fairy responded with, “Oh, no, that’s okay. You didn’t forget; as your Smallguide, you have to name me. As for your other questions, it’s not surprising that people thought that your parents were normal folk, even they thought they were. But no, your mum’s something-times great grandma was a full-blooded succubus, which didn’t mean much for the Evans line until one of em wound up being born with magic. That didn’t actually make your mum a succubus, by the way, it just meant that any offspring of hers, s’long as they were sired by
a magical being too, would reawaken the genes. Like I said earlier, you’re not a regular incubus yourself. ‘Cause all your mum’s succubus DNA or whatever was dormant, you’re what’s called a Choiceling. There are a few differences between you n’ a full-blooded incubus. What do you know about incubi anyway?”

Harry, not convinced that he was anything of the sort despite his willingness to converse with the fairy, listed the little he did know about the seductive demons of legend.

“Well, not much really. I’ve only ever heard of em when people talk about succubuses, but apparently they’re pretty much the same, just male instead of female. I’m pretty sure that they’re supposed to seduce women into having their babies or something like that, but that’s really all I know about em’.”

The as-of-yet unnamed fairy nodded, having expected about as much from the fourteen year old. Seeing that he was done, she responded.

“Yes, that’s the limit of most people’s knowledge on the subject. And it’s succubi, by the way. Anyway, you’re basically correct. Not actually demons as many legends tend to depict them, Incubi and their female counterparts are intelligent magical beings who are native to the Mediterranean. Despite their reputations, incubi and succubi actually only seduce humans, usually magics as a coupling with a non-magical partner yields normal muggle children, under extreme circumstances. Typically living alone amongst their own kind in small colonies, they only use their seductive talents as a means to supplement their numbers in the aftermath of a sudden drop in their population; which is usually caused by great conflicts or natural disasters.”

Harry had subconsciously slipped back into student mode at some point in the fairy’s impromptu lesson, mentally recording everything she said and slowly losing his doubts due to her confident nature as her lecture continued on.

“There are many differences between a normal incubus, or succubus for that matter, and a Choiceling such as yourself. For example, while they are magical beings, a regular incubus could never do wand magic. There are physical differences between the two as well, namely your lack of a tail and wings.”

Harry spared a quick moment to feel thankful about that fact, but was quickly drawn back in when the lesson continued.

“The main difference, however, is in the mating habits.”

Harry gulped and listened on.

“In a typical colony, succubi and incubi are born with a predisposition that heavily influences who they chose to mate with; magic’s way of keeping the low-population species’ genes diverse enough for healthy decedents. Their partnerships are life-long, and a typical couple will have an average of two offspring. These factors help influence incubi and succubi away from just seeking out magical partners and bolstering their numbers.”

Harry, wanting to clarify something, asked with a questioning lilt, “So let me get this straight. Incubi and succubi normally are born wanting, and go on to, pair off with one another, and have incubi or succubi kids. But, when the population of one of their colonies drops too low, they will ignore their instincts and seek out a bunch of magical lovers to quickly replace their lost numbers? So, the children they have with normal wizards and witches turn out as full-blooded incubi and succubi, but if they go at it with a muggle, their kids’ll be muggles too, but with deactivated magical genes. Then, if one of the descendants of that kid is a muggle-born witch or wizard, and has a kid with another witch or wizard, their kid will be a Choiceling, like me? Is
that what you’re saying?”

Delighted surprise shone on the blue-haired girl’s face as she answered the boy wizard’s inquiries.

“Exactly, Master!”

Harry wanted to give a sarcastic remark at how ridiculous the whole thing sounded, but found himself abandoning the action as, despite its strangeness, the situation still rang true somehow. Uneasily shrugging the thought off, he decided not to make any decisions until his visitor had said all she needed to say.

Urging her to return to what she’d been saying before he’d spoken, Harry said, “You were saying how I’m different from a normal incubus?”

Silently acknowledging her master’s unsubtle hint that he wanted her to explain more, the fairy continued.

“Yes, yes, of course. Once again, you, as a Choiceling, are very different from a normal incubus. The biggest clue how is in your name’s etymology. Choiceling. Instead of being born with only a small group of partners to choose from, your species is unique in that you can decide how you want your instincts to affect you.”

Harry was confused all over again at this, but kept quiet in the hope that she’d explain. He was quickly obliged.

“Upon turning fourteen and reaching sexual maturity, instead of beginning to seek out a partner as a normal incubus would, a Changeling is gifted with one of us.

Seeing the questions popping up in her master’s head, Harry’s guest rushed to explain.

“My kind, Smallguides that is, are birthed by magic upon their Choiceling master’s fourteenth birthday. But, while I am only a few hours old, I already possess quite a bit of knowledge in addition to the information regarding Choicelings and their incubi/succubi ancestors that I was born with. This is because, for the first few hours of our existence, we are shown our master’s life very quickly, so as to help optimize our helpfulness. This means that, while it is only from a third person point of view, I have seen your entire life.”

When she saw how negatively Harry was beginning to react to that, she quickly added on, “I’m very proud to have such a sincere and kind-hearted master, despite the hardships you’ve had to overcome, and still work against to this day. Very, very proud.”

Harry didn’t exactly tear up at the sincerity he heard in the Smallguide’s voice, but it was a near thing. Sensing his hesitance to discuss the situation further, and having more to explain, the blue-haired girl put the subject aside for now and went back to the lesson.

“Yes, well, anyway, as you can imagine, Choicelings are very rare. Wizards and witches only account for a tiny percentage of the humans on Earth, and only a small minority of them are muggle-borns. A Choiceling is born when a muggle-born with succubi or incubi ancestry mates with a witch or wizard. Like I said, very, very rarely does one end up in your situation. Luckily for you, magic has the answer, in the form of me.”

Harry couldn’t help but notice how proud his little visitor was at this; she seemed to find her role as his Smallguide very exciting, and he found himself suddenly feeling very warm inside. Deciding spur-of-the-moment that everybody, even someone as strange as she, deserved a name, Harry suddenly said, “Bell.”
Harry got a confused expression in response to his sudden proclamation, so he reiterated.

“You said that you didn’t have a name, and that it was my job to give you one. You remind me of a character from one of my favorite storybooks, and I thought that it fit you. What do you think, is Bell okay with you?”

The softening of her eyes and the watery smile tugging at her lips gave him his answer, but the fairy answered him nonetheless.

“I love it, Master. Bell... It’s a fine name.”

Now it was Harry’s turn to smile, the newly named Bell’s joy infecting him. The two shared a few moments of silence, in which they just smiled at each other. Harry realized at that moment that he believed everything she’d said, and he surprised himself at how well he was taking it. Maybe it was because he, as an orphan, would always treasure anything that tied him to his family, which this was; despite the strangeness of this particular connection. He didn’t want to feel ashamed of something that he’d inherited from his super-great grandma, so he decided not to. If he was of succubus descent then he would embrace his heritage, and cherish the feeling of closeness it gave him to his ancestors.

Bell, seeing the acceptance in her master’s eyes, decided to go ahead and complete her lesson.

“Yes, you are truly unique, Master. However, it is not the scarcity of your kind that motivated Magic to gift you with a Smallguide, but rather it is your complexity. Like I said before, the main difference between you and a normal incubus is that you can choose your mate freely. It’s more than that though, Master. You can, and indeed must, choose how you would like your instincts to affect you and your mating habits.”

Harry’s face had taken on an expression of concentration at Bell’s latest revelation, but he wasn’t sure what she meant exactly.

“What are my options, and how do I choose? Sorry, Bell, this is just kinda confusing to me...”

Bell didn’t seem to mind his questions at all, and went on to explain.

“It’s okay, Master, I understand. I’ll try and explain as best I can. Choicelings are born with two sets of very different instincts. This is caused due to your incubus mating instinct’s inability to mesh with the normal human reproductive process. Instead of meeting in the middle, the aptly dubbed Choicelings must choose, once per year, which set of instincts to follow. However, while the two sets of instincts are not able to meet in the middle, so to speak, they do influence one another. All of this complicated genetic conflict boils down to this. For the first time, in a fortnight, and every year after that, you will have to choose one of two options. The first is to follow your altered incubus instincts. This would mean that you would be driven to find a life partner and begin reproducing. While not influenced towards a specific type as normal incubi would be, you would still be committing to this person for the rest of your life. While technically you would still be able to switch back to your altered human instincts when your yearly Choice came up, you would be influenced by your incubi instincts at the time and would most certainly never chose to do so.”

Harry was taken aback at that little tidbit of information. The idea of being committed to a single person so completely was pretty romantic, and that was certainly how he’d always hoped his marriage would go when he eventually settled down, but he’d just turned fourteen like three hours ago. There was no way in hell he was ready to settle down with somebody, never mind the bit about him becoming a father!
Taking Harry’s head shake as a prompting to continue, Bell did just that.

“Your other option is the exact opposite. Instead of developing an exclusive life-long relationship with one woman, you would be driven to spread your seed amongst a large number of partners.”

Harry’s eyes widened in surprise, but Bell had closed her own ink-black orbs and tilted her chin up at some point in her monologue, seeming to be reciting the information from memory.

“This is the choice most Choicelings go with, as if they ever do then develop feelings for a particular partner they could then choose the other set of instincts at the next yearly Choice and settle down with their chosen.”

Harry would have rolled his eyes at how many times Bell had said some rendition of the word Choice in that sentence, but was too busy listening to bother.

“If you did decide to go this route, you would be driven to attempt insemination at least once per day.”

Harry frowned at the strange word, but Bell was quick to clarify. Harry was suddenly reminded of how lewd the little fairy was when he noticed how her hips seemed to be rocking forward ever so slightly, humping the air in absentminded lust.

“What that means, Master, is that at least once a day you would need to stuff your stiff prick deep inside of some slut’s cunt and blast her full of your hot cum.”

Harry’s cock gave a jump at Bell’s sudden vulgarity, and he couldn’t help but think that maybe there was more to his Smallguide’s personality than just a helpful disposition. As Harry watched Bell’s eyes become lidded and her small chest start to heave from her panting, he realized that before he allowed himself to become completely distracted that he had more to learn.

“Can you explain more, Bell? Like, what happens if I don’t have sex or how I’m even supposed to have that much sex in the first place? And like, how would I be ‘driven’ to get with a bunch of girls. Would I even be able to choose my partners?”

As Harry’s voice began to grow distressed, Bell snapped back to the present and shook her head, before clarifying for her master.

“If you were to choose to live with your altered human instincts, which I would strongly recommend until you find somebody you would want to spend the rest of your life with, this is how you would be affected.

As I said, you would NEED to ejaculate inside of a fertile female at least once per day, although you will be free to use whatever form of contraception you wish. A spell would be best. If you failed to do so, you would quickly notice increasingly painful headaches and nose bleeds; your body’s natural reaction to not getting what it needs. As to how you would have enough sex to satiate your natural needs, seduction is the answer. Whenever you come within somewhat close proximity of a fertile female, you will notice that her fantasies and desires become available for you to learn. Trust me, despite the rarity of situations in which your ancestors used their seductive talents on humans, their abilities have not been exaggerated at all. Charming your way into enough skirts to keep healthy will be a complete non-issue.

As for your other concerns, you really don’t need to worry. This isn’t a curse, Master. You are a special type of incubus, and sex will become a large part of your life, but it need not ruin it. Your partners are yours to choose, and how you deal with them is also up to you. While the quantity of sex you need will be increased, the quality and specialness of the connections you’ll share with
your lovers is up to you. You could easily just use your partners as a means to satisfy your carnal cravings, or you could treat each of them with care and respect. It is entirely up to you.

Also, like I said earlier, you don’t need to make any kind of decision right now. I will ask you for your choice in fourteen days, and you will have my complete support no matter your decision.”

Harry, despite being deep in thought, felt somewhat comforted by the support his unexpected companion was showing him. He spent the rest of the night and most of the morning talking with Bell, exploring his options and learning more about both the blue-haired fairy and himself.

Harry was shaken from his memories when Bell flew forward and tenderly placed one of her tiny hands up against his cheek. Despite the importance of the decision he was about to make, Harry felt very little anxiety in the darkness of his small bedroom. He and Bell had become very close in the last two weeks, and as he enjoyed the feeling of her dainty hand’s warmth on his cheek, Harry came to a decision.

“I’m going to follow my human instincts for the year, Bell. What do I have to do?”

Author’s Note: Ah, a cliffhanger on the first chapter? WTF? Haha, you guys will just have to check back again! I’ll have the next chapter served up and grilled to perfection in no time. If you could get through this chapter with only the tiny amount of smuttiness I wrote in, then you’re in for a treat from now on. From now on, expect lots of sex sex sex, and don’t forget to review if you enjoyed! Peace out!!!
Chapter Two

All right, you scallywags! I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again, you must be eighteen years or older to ride this ride! Seriously, shit gets real in Chapter Two, and you’re just not ready for it. LISTEN TO YOUR ELDERS KIDS! Ah, as for everybody else, ENJOY!

The sun was just beginning to set on the small community that was Little Whinging, bathing the monotonous Privet Drive in an orange glow, when a group of six individuals disembarked from what had to be the fastest bus in the entire world.

Still feeling slightly woozy from the brain-rattling ride, Hermione took a moment to center herself before turning to address her red-headed entourage. Clearing her throat and adopting an expression that would look right at home on an adult chaperoning a primary school field trip, Hermione halted the quintet of Weasleys with a raised hand and said, “Okay now, remember; let me do most of the talking once the Dursley’s answer the door, please. From what Harry’s told me of his relatives, any mention of magic is to be avoided at all costs. The quicker we can pick Harry up and get back to the Burrow the better.”

While Mrs. Weasley looked less than pleased at Hermione’s tone, Fred, George, Ron, and Ginny all seemed happy enough to just roll with it and follow the bushy-haired witch’s lead. They were just here to pick Harry up, and didn’t see any problem with letting the most muggle-smart member of their group take the reins if she thought it would help speed things up.

Nodding her head at the group’s acceptance, Hermione then turned around and marched up the plain white walkway that led to the plain white house’s plain white door. Even the young Granger, champion of order that she was, found the dwelling’s monochromatic theme disturbing; never mind how repulsed the Weasley’s were by the life sized definition of monotony.

Hermione rapped her knuckles against the dreary door twice before taking a step back. Only a scant few seconds passed by before the door was swung open by a floral print wearing Petunia Dursley, who wasted no time looking down her abnormally thin nose and asking them who they were and what they wanted.

Hoping to avoid any unnecessary drama, Hermione once again cleared her throat and spoke.

“Hello Mrs. Dursley, I’m Hermione Granger, one of Harry’s friends from school?” she said with a questioning lilt, as if to ask whether or not her nephew had ever mentioned her. Seeing no recognition on the scrawny woman’s face, and noticing a growing amount of disgust, Hermione quickly said, “I’m sure that he’s already told you, but we’re here to pick Harry up. Is he ready to go?”

Petunia spared a quick look around outside, first left and then right, before deeming it safe enough to respond.

“Yes, yes, the boy mentioned that he’d finally be leaving us in peace, but he’s not here right now.”

Not liking the way the horse-faced woman in front of her was talking about somebody she considered family, Molly stepped forward and asked with a scowl, “And where is he? Harry knew that we would be coming today and it’s not like him to make people wait.”
Mrs. Dursley spared Molly a quick hateful glare before saying, “Who knows anymore. For a few weeks now the boy hasn’t gone a single day without running off. I suspect that it’s to do drugs, but Mrs. Luthor in Number Nine swears that she’s seen him coming in and out of Number Eight at least a few times a week! The boy says that he goes to the park, which I think is total rubbish, but you might find him there. Either way, you can’t stay here. If you find him, send him in to grab his things. Do not come up to my house again. Ever.” And with that, the bitter woman stepped back and shut the door in the group’s faces. Ron and the twins wasted no time making rude gestures at the door, but Ginny was too busy feeling indignation on Harry’s part to be offended by Mrs. Dursley’s rude actions, though Molly had no such problems feeling shocked at the woman’s rudeness. It was Hermione, once again, who spoke up first.

“No wonder Harry hates that woman. I didn’t think that he was lying about how vile she was, exactly, but to see it for yourself is something else.”

Molly considered scolding Hermione for insulting Harry’s aunt, but decided that see agreed with the young woman too much to bother correcting her. Still, seeing the quandary they were in, Molly spoke up and said, “Yes, well, I suppose that splitting up will find Harry the quickest. Hermione, you would be able to find Number Eight easily enough, right dear?”

When Hermione confidently nodded her head, Molly continued with, “Good girl. Why don’t you and Ginny go and see if he’s there. Fred, George, the two of you can keep out of trouble for long enough to keep an eye out for Harry here while Ron and I look for this park, right? I’m positive that I saw it out the window on our way over here, and I’m sure that it’s close.”

Not exactly trusting the matching mischievous grins that the twins used to answer her instead of words, Molly nevertheless nodded her head and said, “We won’t be more than fifteen minutes, if Harry’s not at the park I’ll just side-along Ron back here and we’ll wait for the girls. I’m positive that I saw it out the window on our way over here, and I’m sure that it’s close.”

Hermione and Ginny spared the twins apprehensive looks, neither being too sure that the troublemakers could be trusted alone in a muggle neighborhood, before heading off in the opposite direction of Molly. Hermione led the petite redhead down the street and around a corner before finding Number Eight, Privet Drive. It looked very similar to its neighboring properties, only managing to attain some level of individuality via the garden gnomes scattered about in front of its flower bed. As Ginny puzzled over why people would want to put statues of the little pests up around their yard, Hermione started walking towards the door.

By the time Ginny reached her, Hermione had already raised her dainty hand to knock on the, once again, eggshell-white door. However, both girls started in surprise when, before Hermione could knock, a loud, lewd moan floated through the oaken door just in front of them. With cheeks staining red in embarrassment, Hermione and Ginny spared each other quick glances before turning to leave. They were stopped once again, however, and in a most surprising way.

“That’s it you dirty bitch, gag on it! Gag on my cock you whore, haha!”

Ginny and her busy-haired friend both did a double take at that, neither quite believing what they’d just heard.

“No fucking way,” Ginny whispered in recognition before darting around to the side of the house with Hermione in hot pursuit, frantically whispering for her to stop every step of the way. When Hermione caught up with the younger girl it was to find her standing in front of a window, hidden from anybody on the street’s view by tall green hedges, with a gob smacked expression on her face. Looking too, despite herself, Hermione was soon sporting a shocked expression of her own.
There, down on her knees not ten feet away from them, was a blonde haired bombshell of a girl trying her best to stuff what must have been the biggest cock in existence down her throat. Watching the lewd goddess furiously shove two of her manicured fingers in and out of her oozing cunt at a blistering pace was more than enough to make the girls break out in blushes, but what really got their virgin pussies drooling was the young man who was standing in front of the big titted harlot, controlling her movements via her sunshine blonde ponytail which he had fist in one of his powerful hands. Staring at the erotic sight in front of them, amazed, Ginny and Hermione both let their eyes travel from the fisted hand, which was currently holding the lust crazed blonde in place as her mouth got utterly destroyed by that long, fat cock, and up the chiseled arm that the fist was attached to, until their gazes finally fell on the face of the man who was so utterly and completely dominating the fuck-meat currently sat submissively on her knees. Too stunned at the sight of the Boy-Who-Lived cramming his cock down the throat of a girl who obviously worshiped him to speak, the girls watched on, mouths and pussies wet with arousal, as the scene continued to play out in front of them.

**Fifteen Minutes Earlier**

Harry knew he should probably be back at the house waiting for his friends to come pick him up, but any thoughts about seeing Ron or Hermione were quickly shoved aside as he knocked on Number Eight’s door. Faster than he could lower his hand from its raised position, one of his fuck-buddies, Ashley Knight, opened the door and dragged him in by his white t-shirt. Smiling at the feisty blonde’s eagerness, Harry allowed himself to be slammed up against the wall by the big-chested girl as he admired the way her stiff nipples stood at attention, easily visible beneath her thin white button up top, which was tied off in a knot just above her bellybutton. Harry, knowing the girl’s soft spot for extremely rough sex, quickly reversed their positions, pinning the taller woman up against the wall and grabbing a fist full of her sunny blonde hair.

“So you’re gonna be a feisty bitch today, huh Ashley?” Harry growled out before yanking on her hair, making her delicate neck jut out. Manhandling his leg in between Ashley’s thighs, Harry began grinding his knee up against the blonde’s panty covered pussy; the girl’s sexy plaid skirt doing nothing to protect her needy clit from the attack. As he rhythmically mushed her nub up and down with his knee, Harry leaned in and started nipping and sucking on the girl’s pale neck-flesh, drawing a gasp from her and leaving behind tiny red marks with his teeth which he then soothed away with his tongue and lips immediately after.

Ashley, one of the many girls who’s cunts Harry’s prick had called home over the last few weeks, whimpered out, “Bastard!” and struggled in his hold, half-heartedly trying to break free.

Just a few weeks ago Harry would’ve never even dreamed of treating a woman this way, always having had fantasies of the vanilla variety instead. However, he’d since come to trust his incubus instincts over the last few weeks, and had even learned to enjoy the many different ways of fucking he’d discovered. Like now, as Ashley’s desire for him to be rougher and meaner with her flashed through his head, Harry only smirked and went for it, completely confident in himself.

Feeling her hot breath splashing against his neck, Harry pulled even harder on Ashley’s ponytail before reaching up and wrenching her top open with his free hand, sending little clear buttons flying across the room.

“You filthy bitch,” Harry whispered huskily at the sight of the blonde’s achingly stiff nipples, “No bra? I bet you were just waiting for somebody to come in here and slide their filthy cock down your pussy, weren’t’t’cha?”

When Harry felt Ashley’s arousal grow at his dirty talk, he continued.
“Mhm, I’ll bet that you’ve spent all day walking around the house with a soaking wet cunt, just praying that the mailman or the milkman or anybody would stop by and paint your quim white, huh?” Harry growled as he tweaked one of Ashley’s nipples, drawing a squeal from her. As both her struggling and lust continued to grow, Harry said, “Well guess what, bitch. This is no fantasy, and you’re gonna have to take responsibility for making my cock so hard. With the way your nasty pussy was just gushing juices down your legs, it’s a fucking miracle that there weren’t already ten other guys in here holding you down and taking turns with your sloppy cunt; what with the way your fuck-lust can be smelt from a block away!”

Harry actually was quite happy with Ashley’s hygiene standards, but the lady liked what she liked, and being called dirty was pretty high up there on the list of things that got Ashley Knight hot. As an incubus, Harry had the inside scoop on what would drive each individual girl crazy, and he made liberal use of his powers whenever he was intimate with someone, enjoying the ability to please his partners almost as much as the sex itself.

Harry could physically feel Ashley wishing for him to order her around more, and so he quickly pressed further up against the helpless girl, forcing her sky-blue eyes to stare into his own narrowed emerald orbs.

“Here’s what’s gonna happen,” Harry whispered. He never once stopped grinding his knee into Ashley’s clit as he spoke, though he did let her abused nipple go in favor of reaching up and caressing her poor neck threateningly. “You’re gonna reach down, take out my cock, and suck my fucking dick like your life depends on it, m’kay?” Harry said in his best bad-guy voice as he slowly drug his index finger across Ashley’s hickey populated neck in the universal sign for ‘or else’.

Harry watched the blue eyes, which had previously been half-lidded in pleasure, suddenly widen in shock, and shivered at the huge rush of desire that raced through the girl in front of him. The sight of her big blue eyes staring up at him as she nodded in acquiescence went straight to his cock, which had Harry harshly barking out, “Well get on with it!”

Harry took a half-step back to make room for Ashley as she slowly slid down the wall until she was on her knees; already he could see a tiny puddle of pre-cum forming on the hardwood floor below her gushing twat, even though her panties! As she raised her shaky hands up to fumble with his zipper, Harry was hugely grateful that he could tell that she was only shaking in excitement, and not in fear. Honestly, while he was as hard as a rock and horny as hell, Harry really didn’t think that this kind of rough sex was right for him. He figured that, when he found the girl of his dreams, he’d probably only hold her down and demolish her cunt in this manner a few times a month, maximum. This kind of sex was pretty exciting, but the violence didn’t do nearly as much for him as it was doing for Ashley.

‘But boy,’ Harry thought, ‘just look what it’s doing to her.’

The normally sweet and proper Ashley Knight had managed to undo his pants and unzip his zipper, allowing for his blue jeans to slide down his powerful legs and pool around his ankles, where he kicked them away. As Harry watched, Ashley seemed to physically lose herself in her heat and lean forward, burying her nose in the straining bulge in his boxer briefs before taking a long inhale, the stench of man driving her over the edge. As she continued to nuzzle up to Harry’s package, oddly bring the image of a playful kitten up in the young wizards mind, Ashley let one of her hands trail down her toned belly before it came to a stop right at her needy mound.

Using her free hand to grab the elastic waistband right above Harry’s cock, Ashley began pulling the material down, tugging at the cotton in an attempt to free her prize. She slid her hand into her plain cotton panties and slowly drug her middle finger down across her hypersensitive cunt lips, causing her hips to buck forward involuntarily. As she was teasing the singular digit into her
burning fleshy center, Harry’s massive dick suddenly sprang free from its cotton prison, catching her across the cheek and drawing a delighted squeal from her lips.

Harry, who had been enjoying the amazing view, felt Ashley’s lust for him somehow increase even further. She was abnormally delighted with the stinging sensation his stiff meat slapping her in the face had caused, giving him all the incentive he needed to wrap one hand back around her messy ponytail and the other around the base of his cock, and give her another healthy *Slap!* across the face with the spongy head of his prick. Covered as it was in eager pre-cum, the two slaps from his cock had left gleaming trails across Ashley’s face, which she was currently doing her best to lap up with her cute pink tongue.

Pulling her back by her hair, Harry said, “Ah, there’s the cock-starved bitch I know and love! Do you want it sweetheart? Hmm? Open your fucking mouth-pussy wide for me, cunt, and maybe later I’ll even get you off!”

Distantly amused at his own bad-guy act, Harry never the less felt his balls churning with cum when Ashley obediently opened her mouth in a large O and stuck her tongue out. Harry enjoyed the sight of her for a second, her heaving chest causing her tits to bounce a little bit, her nipples still begging for attention, her sloppy fuck-hole making squelching sounds as she pumped herself with her fingers, and her eyes, wide open and staring up at him in reverence, with her mouth wide open, begging, just begging him to bury his cock down her gullet.

Smiling darkly on the outside, and brightly on the inside, Harry plunged her head down onto his puffy rod out of nowhere, being sure to poke the back of her throat with his cock’s weeping eye, making the blonde haired girl’s big blue eyes water as she gagged on his oversized prick.

Enjoying the sensations of Ashley choking on his meat, Harry held the girl in place with one unyielding hand on the back of her head, not letting go even as her face turned red. As her sputtering and choking grew, so too did her arousal.

It was to the point now where, if he wanted to, he could easily convince the blonde beauty that they should take this out to the street, and Ashley would obediently follow and let all of her neighbors watch her get her throat fucked raw by the criminal boy from Number Four. Luckily for her, Harry was a very considerate kind of guy, and despite his willingness to explore her fetish, he didn’t actually want to make her do anything she wasn’t comfortable with. Contrary to what the legends may say, his incubus powers had no way of actually influencing or controlling someone; they merely allowed him to know what a woman wanted.

And what this particular woman wanted at the moment was for him to destroy her.

Harry let out a laugh and kept a firm hold on the back of Ashley’s head, stuffing almost half of his ridiculous fourteen inch long cock down the back of her abused throat. When she turned her panicked eyes on him, Harry finally relented and let go of the back of her head, but was pleasantly surprised when instead of backing off, the fuck-crazed woman instead gulped and tried to get more of him down.

With perverse delight shining in his eyes, Harry crowed out, “That’s it you dirty bitch, gag on it! Gag on my cock you whore, haha!”

Ashley’s mouth-pussy convulsed repeatedly around his prick, sending pleasurable shocks throughout Harry’s body, but alas it couldn’t last, and finally the poor girl pulled back. There were at least a dozen lewd strands of saliva and pre-cum connecting Ashley’s puffy lips to Harry’s swollen cockhead, and they all swayed back and forth as their creator heaved in deep gulps of air, desperate to return to her meal. Harry, knowing just what Ashley wanted, once again wrapped his fist around her ponytail and said, “Now that’s a good girl. Keep choking on my meat like that, and I’ll make sure to pound your pussy raw baby. Now come on, open back up,” Ashley, still
panting but more than ready to go again opened wide, “That’s it! Good girl, Ashley. Congratulations, you know how to be a complete whore! You’ve no doubt been practicing half of your life, but still, I’m impressed at how good you are at sucking cock!”

Ashley’s fingers visibly quickened, working her puffy cunt lips faster and faster as Harry slid his cock back home inside her mouth and insulted her.

“Why,” Harry continued as he began fucking her mouth at a moderate pace, “I’d bet that you’ve sucked every cock in town at least once, haven’t you Ashley? Tell me though,” Harry said, looking down at her big doe eyes with glee, “Have you ever bobbed a nob quite like mine, slut?”

Ashley’s eyes widened as she tried to shake her head while still slurping on his meat stick, finger fucking her twat even quicker as Harry smiled and doubled his previous pace, slamming his slobbery cock in and out of her sloppy face with glee.

“No? Never? That’s sweet, darlin’. To think that of the thousands of slimy pricks you’ve laid on your back for, and the tens of thousands of cocks you’ve probably sucked, that mine still manages to secure a place in your tiny whore heart.”

Harry reached down with his other hand and threaded his fingers through Ashley’s hair, which was in complete disarray by now, and doubled his pace again, thrusting in and out of Ashley’s squealing mouth like a beast.

“I’m touched, darlin’. Know what? You deserve a reward for being such a kind hearted fuck-sleeve. Hold still and drink all of my cum down, kay baby? Don’t be shy,” Harry grunted as he pulled her down on his prick almost a full ten inches, much farther than she’d gone before, “you’ve earned it!”

And then, as Harry held his fuck buddy in place and shot rope after rope down her sore throat, Ashley came with all the force of a mountain, squealing and bucking and spasming as her swollen cunt squirted out a stream of lady-cum which soaked the floor, all while drinking down every last drop of the boiling hot seed that the young Adonis in front of her was letting out.

Outside the window, Hermione and Ginny squeaked in amazed awe, their virgin cunts leaking out lube at the sight of Harry’s big balls jumping when he came, and the way the underside of his cock gave mighty twitches every few seconds, working hard to shoot thick wads of cum straight down the poor slut’s gullet. They watched in a lusty haze, stiff-nippled and cock-starved, as the whore on her knees greedily drank down the Boy-Who-Lived’s cum, even as she came herself and seemed to lose her mind at the pleasure ripping through her body.

Despite being a year younger, it was Ginny who lost control first, the sight of the object of her affections dumping a load of baby batter down what seemed to be his oft used cum dumpster driving her over the edge of decency. In a flash, Ginny’s petite hand was down her pink and white striped knickers, angrily rubbing circles around her needy clit as Harry gave a few more thrusts into the abused slut’s mouth before pulling out, not seeming to have gone soft in the slightest.

Too caught up in fucking her clit with her small hand, Ginny didn’t notice Hermione catch her with her hand down her pants, panting as she tried to make herself cum while imagining having been in the blonde fuck-meat’s place. With her blood pounding in her ears, Hermione watched her friend Ginerva Weasley fuck her hand in wanton lust, obviously in need of a good hard pounding and doing her best to mimic one. Despite her thinking, ‘This is wrong, this is wrong,’ over and over in her head, Hermione couldn’t seem to stop herself from copying her friend’s example, slipping a hand down her jean shorts to pay her hairy cunt some of the attention it was screaming for.
Not quite knowing why but unable to stop herself regardless, Hermione turned back to the window as she started to put pressure on her rosebud, having experimented one night a year ago with one of her mom’s smaller vibrators and found the pleasant spot.

Ginny was furiously working her young pussy into a frenzy next to Hermione, who had slipped her middle finger into her ass, managing to work the digit in to the last knuckle with a lewd whimper. Back inside, Ashley was returning to the land of the living, her post orgasmic shocks receding enough for her to think a little bit once again.

Coming back down from his own high, Harry knew that he still needed to seed this bitch before he headed back and left with the Weasleys, who he was sure would be stopping by within the hour. Harry offered Ashley a hand up, which she took, but after getting face-fucked on her knees for so long it was no big surprise when she stumbled and began to fall down.

Harry deftly caught her around the waist and back. Being so close to Ashley’s pretty face, Harry broke character for a moment and gave her a winning smile, which caused a goofy grin of her own to spring up on Ashley’s face. Leaning down and giving her a quick but passionate kiss on the lips, Harry then got back into character and shifted his weight, effortlessly throwing Ashley over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Harry walked forward a bit until he was lined up with the black leather couch. Wasting no time, Harry threw Ashley over the arm of the sofa, feeling his cock twitch at the sight of her soaked red quim. Crouching forward, Harry palmed the fair-skinned woman’s fleshy globes, massaging her ass with his strong hands a bit, pushing them together and pulling them apart as he pleased.

On the couch, Ashley had started mewling in pleasure, the erotic shocks Harry’s touch was sending up her spine making her head spin. As she lay, carelessly thrown on the couch like an object, Ashley felt her cunt starting to salivate again, just the thought of having Harry’s masculine cock splitting her open made her pussy drool in anticipation. Harry spread the blonde’s ass cheeks apart once again, before deciding to sample the buffet.

Harry dove in, biting and licking and kissing all over Ashley’s ass, worshiping the well-toned rear with his mouth and tongue. His sudden assault sent a shiver of delight down the slutty girl’s spine, but when Harry’s tongue trailed lower and found its mark on her pussy, Ashley couldn’t help but moan Harry’s name wantonly.

Back outside the window, Hermione had found a nice rhythm and was steadily finger-fucking her tight ass next to Ginny, who was too far gone to even bother hiding the fact that she was masturbating; the hand which had been rubbing her clit was now producing steady *schlck-schlck-schlck* noises as she fucked herself. She’d even reached up her t-shirt and was tweaking her nipples when the slut inside moaned Harry’s name.

Back by the couch, Harry had decided that, while in a bit of a rush, he wanted a good taste of Ashley’s puffy pussy too much to settle for a quickie. So, wanting to see everything, he reached forward and spread the girl’s clean-shaven cunt lips apart. Harry admired the way her slit oozed she-cum down to the hardwood floor, and was quick to lean in and take himself a big long lick of her wet gash, treating the quim in front of him like a lollipop or an ice-cream cone. As Harry lapped away at her pink cunt, alternating between long, deep licks that did more for her than any other man had been able to do with his dick, and short, quick licks on and around her clit, Ashley quickly felt her orgasm building. Harry seemed to especially enjoy the sound she made whenever he flicked her erect clit, for he did it quite a bit, to the point that Ashley was sure she’d cum, but then he’d go back to his deep, long licks and her release would once again fall out of her grasp.

After only a few repetitions of this, Ashley was to the point of tossing her head back and forth while fucking her hips forward, trying to get that tiny little bit of extra stimulation she needed to
cum, but Harry would frustratingly ease her back down from the peak he’d just worked her up time and time again. Finally Ashley couldn’t take anymore, and she begged, “Oh, Harry baby, please baby, just fuck me for Christ’s sake!”

Normally Harry’d torture her for a bit longer, not giving in until he had her screaming for him, but he supposed that he did have an appointment to keep, and so instead of continuing he pulled back.

Ashley started to breathe out a sigh of relief when suddenly Harry reached forward and sunk his fingers into the supple flesh on her waist before wrenching her back, leaving her cunt in a more accessible position than before. She let out a shriek when Harry kept his hands wrapped around her slim waist, pinning her to the couch and trapping her in place, and then started pushing his too-big cockhead up against her sopping wet fuck-hole.

Harry slowly forced the spongy head of his prick into Ashley’s eager cunt, loving the way the delicate skin of her pussy stretched open, trying its best to accommodate the ridiculous girth of his meat and just barely managing it. Over the couch, Ashley was too far gone to bother censuring herself, crying out with an, “Ahhhh! You fucking BRUTE! God Harry, it’s too fucking BIG! It’ll never fucking FIT! Take it out! Oh, God!” She cried, but Harry’s incubus instincts let him know that, as loud as she was yelling on the outside for him to pull out, on the inside every fiber of Ashley’s being was screaming at him to destroy her cunt, to ruin her delicate pussy for all other men on the planet and stuff her so full of cum that she wouldn’t be able to walk.

Back with the voyeurs outside, any veneer of decency had been abandoned by the two cum-thirsty schoolgirls. Ginny was openly whimpering out, “Fuck, fuck, fuck” as she abused her drooling pussy, her unused cunt being tight enough that she couldn’t fit more than a single finger inside. Despite this, there wasn’t anything in the world Ginny wouldn’t do to have traded places with the squealing blonde on the couch, to have Harry hold her down and sculpt her insides to fit him, and only him. As she watched Harry’s fat cock sink deeper and deeper into the flailing slut’s cunt, Ginny forced another finger into her narrow fuck-hole, stretching the passage forcefully and loving the sensation.

Next to her, Hermione had actually unbuttoned her jeans and had both of her hands inside her knickers, one to rub furious circles on her nub and the other to drill her middle finger deeper and deeper inside of her asshole. She let out cute little, “Ah, ah, ah,” ‘s with each thrust of her finger, fucking her ass ever closer to orgasm as she spied on her first friend. The intellectual side of her wanted to feel indignation on behalf of the woman Harry was so lovingly degrading, but her mind was too clouded with fuck-lust to bother. Instead, Hermione increased the pace of her self-fucking, accidentally moving over too far and leaning on Ginny.

Ginny was startled at the touch, but only felt her tiny pussy ooze out more fuck-lube at the sight of Hermione, someone she’d always looked up to as a role-model, furiously working her hands which were both down her shorts. When Hermione’s eyes widened when she saw Ginny looking at her, the young Weasley just leaned back into her and sped up her finger-fucking. As Hermione relaxed and leaned back into Ginny, she felt the younger girl’s hot breath on her face, turning the busy-haired girl on even more.

As the two schoolgirls leaned against each other and fucked themselves, Harry was finally bottoming out in Ashley’s well slicked cunt, the tip of his prick having bumped into her cervix. Enjoying the feeling of having most of his cock surrounded by velvety pussy-flesh, Harry pushed in even more, stretching out Ashley’s insides like nobody before had been able to.

Feeling fit to burst, both physically from Harry’s monster cock and mentally from the pleasure over load, Ashley started absently drooling as she whimpered, “Oh, oh, oh,” every half-second, her horny cries egging Harry on.
Harry let out a sigh of victory, feeling Ashley’s cunt walls start to spasm around his thick fuckmeat as her orgasm started, his bumping of her cervix having finally tipped her over the edge of what Harry was going to make a very long orgasm.

As Harry shifted back, dragging his horse-cock halfway out of Ashley’s clenching cunt, he released his hold on her waist and instead pressed one hand onto the base of her spine, just above her buttocks, to keep her still. Raising his other hand into the air, Harry’s muscled ass flexed as he abruptly shoved his cock back into Ashley’s quim, slamming into her cervix once again, just as he brought his tanned hand down across her left bubble buttcheek, making a loud *Crack!* echo throughout the room.

Ashley’s wanton whimperings turned into loud screams and she thrashed her head back and forth as Harry repeated the action over and over again, her orgasm never once tapering off, instead swelling in intensity, pushing her mind to the brink of sanity as pleasure became her whole world.

Harry steadily built up his rhythm, alternating sides as he slapped Ashley’s poor ass, making the twenty year old’s cheeks quickly turn red from the harsh attention. The faster he got, the louder Ashley screamed. And the louder she screamed, the harder her convulsing cunt tried to milk Harry’s angry cock, squeezing it in basic ancient need, wanting nothing more than to be impregnated with as many of his powerful children as she could handle.

Back outside, Ginny cried out as stars splashed across her vision, her dainty fingers never once halting their attack on her sensitive cunt even as her ginger pussy clenched as she came in her pants. Hermione was almost there herself, and having Ginny hug her side and hump her leg while still fucking her fiery cunt wasn’t helping her in her quest to finish at the same time as Harry. She almost lost it and squirted all over her fingers too when Ginny’s incessant attack on her own cunt made the girl start blubbering and kissing on Hermione, pressing a few closed lip kisses onto her bare shoulder before she reached up and latching onto Hermione’s neck, her unending orgasm having driven her temporarily mad. Leaving the girl as she was, wet crotched, still fucking herself, humping her leg, and sucking her neck, Hermione watched as Harry’s pace somehow doubled! The blonde slut’s cries were unintelligible by now, her blubbering and still-cumming figure proof of Harry’s skills in the sack. As she watched Harry’s cock fly in and out of the whore’s cunt, flinging her she-cum everywhere with the furious pumping, Hermione felt herself start to squirt as she worked her asshole raw. As she came, Hermione turned to Ginny and locked lips with the young redhead, too fuck-happy to be concerned with the fact that she was attacking one of her friend’s little sister’s mouth with her greedy tongue. Hermione slipped one of her hands out of her pants, leaving behind her other to keep working her asshole, and wrapped it around Ginny’s jeans clad ass, giving it a squeeze and pulling her flusher against her and causing the young girl’s cunt to grind harder against her bare thigh.

Back inside, Harry felt his balls twitch, signaling that he was close. Quickly sticking his thumb in his mouth to lube it up, Harry slid the opposable digit into Ashley’s ass, startling the fuck-crazed girl and causing her to start trying to squirt, which felt amazing on Harry’s cock, which had stuffed the girl so fully that her juices were only able to leak out a drop at a time. The added pressure, and pleasure, proved too much for Harry as he slammed home one last time, burying his pulsing, too-big meat deep inside Ashley’s cunt and lining the eye of his cock up with the eager entrance of her womb. Harry held the girl, who was now flailing about in absolute ecstasy, down as he pumped rope after rope of thick, sperm rich cum directly into her aching womb, filling her up with the most amazing sensation of completeness she’d ever experienced.

Rope after rope of Harry’s hot jizz splashed inside of Ashley’s yearning womb, satisfying Harry’s instincts for another day and leaving the owner of Number Eight Privet Drive with a memory she would cherish until her dying day. After he’d finished dumping his load inside the blonde, Harry
pulled his barely-flagging horse-cock out of the girl, creating an obscene slurping noise which was accompanied by the sight of Ashley’s poor abused cunt, still contracting periodically, oozing some of their combined juices onto the floor. Harry gave the happily dazed girl’s still-stinging bum a loving rub and pat before stripping off his shirt and stretching. After walking over and pressing a kiss to Ashley’s forehead, the young Potter took off towards her bathroom in the nude, looking to shower before he headed back home.

While Harry was getting clean inside, back outside the two girls were very dirty. Ginny finally came again, further wetting her knickers with her pussy juices and slicking up Hermione’s leg. For her part, the older girl was coming down from her own high, never in her life having experienced an orgasm that came close to the one she’d just had. A few seconds of recover later found the girls in an awkward position.

Ginny slowly moved back from Hermione, her already incredibly flushed face flaming even redder as she realized just what she’d done. Luckily for her, Hermione was awesome.

Steeling her nerves, Hermione took a step forward and grabbed Ginny’s slim shoulders before pulling the girl into a quick chaste kiss, pressing her swollen lips against the littler girl’s own for a moment before taking a step back.

Ginny’s eyes widened in surprise, but before she could question the girl, Hermione said, “Look, what happened here was private. What we saw was Harry’s business, and what we did was our business. And, because it’s just between us, and since we both did the same thing, we don’t have to feel embarrassed about it,” Hermione said. Despite her words, her face was almost as red as Ginny’s and she couldn’t seem to meet the redhead’s eyes. Suddenly scared, Hermione looked Ginny in the face and asked, in a small, uncertain voice, “Right?”

Ginny, hugely grateful for the older witch’s well-reasoned quick thinking, smiled a shy smile and said, “O-of course.”

Giving the younger girl a smile, Hermione allowed herself to pretend that what they just saw and what had just happened wasn’t going to change all three of their lives, even though she knew in her heart of hearts that nothing would be the same again.

The two sat, despite their agreement, in awkward silence for a few minutes, before Hermione took a look down and noticed her shorts, still stained with her pussy juice, and said, “Oh!”

Ginny’s eyes followed her friend’s gaze down until she noticed the problem. Her cheeks blushed red all over again as she realized that the two of them must look quite the mess. Luckily, she had something with her that she thought could help.

As she unwrapped the enchanted cloth, Ginny thought that she’d bet her last Knut that her mum’d never thought that she’d be using the Wizarding equivalent of a pad for this!

BREAKbreakBREAKbreakBREAK

After taking a refreshing shower, getting a heartwarming hug and loving, “Thanks Harry,” from Mrs. Knight, and dressing in the pair of fresh clothes Ashley’d laid out for him, Harry was closing the door to Number Eight behind him and stepping out into the road. Harry was surprised to see Hermione and Ginny walking towards him, not having expected the Weasleys for at least another ten minutes. Harry listened to them as they walked up and explained that they’d come with the twins, Ron, and Mrs. Weasley, but was too distracted by what his incubus instincts were telling him to really listen.

Apparently, if he wanted to, he could have either, or both, of the girls bent over naked right now;
and all he’d have to do was show an interest, rub a few crotches, maybe kiss a few lips, and they’d let him take them. Feeling a stirring in his loins at the surprising knowledge, Harry shook his head and let the girls lead him back to Number Four, too busy trying to puzzle out why they were so horny to add much to the conversation, which he absently noted seemed kinda stilted actually.

Pulling himself together, Harry quickly greeted the waiting Weasleys, all four of them, before heading inside to grab his stuff.

Harry was thankful that Petunia seemed content to ignore him from her seat at the kitchen table, too busy with a crossword to bother him. Harry scaled the stairs and pushed his door open, but then had to quickly cover his mouth to stop the laugh bubbling up his throat from escaping.

There, on the corner of his bed, was Bell, splayed out with a goofy expression on her face, made all the more ridiculous by the ginormous puddle of cum and drool she was laid in. He remembered how disturbed he’d been when he’d first found out about the symbiotic nature of their relationship; he got her obedience and helpful assistance, and in payment, Bell go to feel everything his partners felt. He knew that he should have been repulsed when he found out that she was fueled by lust, or that the main part of her diet was cum, but after living in close proximity with the kind-hearted but perpetually horny fairy for as long as he had, all Harry could manage to feel towards her these days amused fondness.

Harry threw on a white hoodie before gently scooping Bell’s snoozing form up and carefully depositing her in his pouch pocket. Then he grabbed his trunk and turned off the light, more than ready to go spend the rest of the summer with his real family, before heading back to the only place he’d ever considered home, Hogwarts. The young incubus was also very excited to go watch the Quidditch World Cup tomorrow; something was telling him that the whole experience would prove to be magical.

Harry had no idea just how right he was.
As Harry semi-groggily trudged up the grassy hill, one part curious about how they would be reaching the Quidditch World Cup and two parts asleep, he felt a slight shuffling from the inside of his thick white hoodie. Slipping his hands (which were free of bags thanks to the genius who invented the backpack) into the large joined pocket that rested at the bottom front of the zipperless hoodie, Harry gently stroked his tiny companion's silky blue hair and laid his other hand over her legs like a blanket. Once he'd determined that his Smallguide was still snoozing away, he allowed his mind to wander as the group, containing five Weasleys, two Diggorys, a Lovegood, a Granger, and a Potter, continued their upwards trek.

Harry's thoughts turned toward the conversation he and Bell had earlier; the two of them having come to a few important decisions under the indigo sky of the very early morning. Their conversation had largely focused on Harry's incubus heritage as well as Bell, and how much, if any, of the truth should be shared with whom. Harry had been feeling conflicted about the subject since the morning after he'd accepted his ancestry and Chose.

On one hand, he really didn't feel burdened by his incubus nature. He wasn't mopey or depressed about his being different, honestly just not seeing it as a negative. The closest thing Harry could compare it to was how he'd felt when he'd found out that he was a wizard. While the information factually made him different than those around him, it also brought him a sense of closeness with his family, specifically his mother. There wasn't a shred of shame inside of him thanks to that.

On the other hand though, Harry just wasn't sure what kind of backlash there'd be should he reveal the truth. He honestly was prepared to inform the Weasleys of his recently discovered creature heritage, but at Bell's urging he'd decided to keep from revealing his secret until he'd had the chance to better understand what his new status meant in the wizarding world. Would he be considered a dark creature like a werewolf or dementor, or were incubi held with the same regard as the goblins or perhaps even the house elves? Harry wasn't sure he was entirely happy with the idea of being treated like any of those groups, but figured that he'd just have to wait and see what his research turned up before deciding anything. Still, Harry had come to the decision to at least tell Ron and Hermione, but by the time he'd decided to do that, everybody else had already been awake and there'd been no opportunity for him to spill the beans.

As the group of ten reached the peak of the hill, Harry felt what little sleepiness that had remained slip away, making room for a huge amount of excited anticipation. Seeing new magic in action never failed to get his blood pumping and his heart racing. Stars in his eyes, Harry completed the circle the rest of the group had made around something that was blocked from view via the Weasleys and their neighbors.

All of the wondrous thoughts racing through the last Potter's head abruptly evaporated as the object of their journey came into view, leaving behind a deadpan expression in its wake.

'Das Boot', was all Harry could think as he laid eyes upon what was possibly the rattiest, tattiest, most unattractive boot in all the cosmos, colored a headache-inducing neon green to top off its 'ugh' factor.

'This is why I need to make sure seductive creatures aren't like held down and raped or shipped to the moon before I come out of the creature closet,' thought a suddenly very wary Harry as he looked around at those in his company with a queer look. 'Wizards are fucking weirdoes.'
Not quite managing to keep the incredulous expression off of his handsome face, Harry locked eyes with the Lovegood girl across from him as he followed the instructions Mr. Weasley was giving out. Just because everyone else was doing it didn't mean Harry didn't feel like a tool; bent over in a circle on top of a hill, touching a boot that seemed to have fallen out of a Dr. Seuss book, all while having to endure the wide-eyed gaze of the platinum-blond in front of him. Just as the young Potter was about to give his many completely understandable questions voice, the world exploded.

Or at least, that's what it felt like to Harry. One moment he was trying to ignore the surprising amount of lust radiating off of the wide-eyed Lovegood girl (and the way her crossing-guard orange bra could be seen thanks to her bending over and her choice of a super wide-necked shirt) and the next he was being furiously thrashed about in the air, not so oddly being reminded of the Vomit Comet he'd ridden earlier in the summer. That evil contraption, horrid as it was (and it really fucking was) this was about six-or-seven hundred times as bad. Even once he'd slammed into the soft grassy ground of the World Cup site, getting a whole day's worth of fiber in a single bite, Harry could still feel the earth spinning around him.

As the world came back to him, thankfully quite hastily, Harry realized that, while he was by far the worst case, neither of his friends, Ginny, or the Lovegood girl (he had to put more effort into remembering people's names, damnit!) had managed a graceful landing either.

"Alright there, Harry?" the Lovego-Luna (ah ha!) asked from her spot prone on the ground, just in front of him. As she pushed herself up off the barely-damp ground, Harry was treated to the sight of her pale-pink nipple topped breasts through the gaping neck of her white shirt.

'Ya take the good with the bad,' Harry thought with a quick glance at the horrid boot before turning back and admiring Luna and her malfunctioning wardrobe. He then proceeded to spit out a mouthful of turf and answer the now standing blonde, absently taking in his new surroundings all the while.

"Mmhmm, just fine, thanks. Say, not that I mind exactly, but your, uh, support system seems to've fallen outta place," Harry said, nodding at her chest.

The rest of the group was too far away to hear them, the boot having scattered them a good bit (although they all remained within eyesight thankfully). Thus, the glorious sight that was Luna Lovegood's tits, pushed up by her bra, obscured only by a very thin damp white shirt, pert nipples clearly visible, was all his.

"Oh dear," Luna said, not sounding the least bit embarrassed or upset, "it seems you're right." Turning stormy blue eyes, which suddenly were half lidded, on him, Luna continued and said, "I don't suppose you could help me, could you Harry Potter?"

Enough time had passed since his Choice that Harry was far different than he had been just a few weeks ago. Still, it wasn't like Luna had any way of knowing that, which made her incredibly brazen offer, and the confidence with which she'd delivered it, all the more shocking. Still though, those weeks had passed, and he was different now.

Very, very different.

As a result of said differences, instead of turning as red as a beet and sputtering like a muffler as he might have before, Harry instead flipped his hair to the side with a single quick movement of his neck, straightened his hoodie (which still held a sleeping Bell, unbelievably enough), and coolly walked up to the flushed girl. Harry watched the suddenly shy looking teen avert her gaze down to her toes and fold her hands behind her back, unintentionally (Or perhaps not? The girl was confusing) pushing her slightly heaving chest out even more, hypnotizing Harry with the
rising and falling of her orange sized breasts.

"Here," Harry whispered, grasping the younger girl's soft feminine chin gently and redirecting her gaze onto him, "let me."

Harry then released Luna's soft, feminine chin, although her intense blue-eyed gaze remained firmly locked onto the young incubus anyway, as he lowered his hands down to rest on the female Lovegood's waist. Harry gently squeezed the girl's soft skin, running his thumbs up and down the front of the pale blonde's waist as he just enjoyed the way her skin felt against his fingertips. Luna's breathing started getting heavy as she found herself in a position she'd only been able to fantasize about before. She was doubly surprised by this turn of events since she'd really only been meaning to tease the handsome boy who'd held her affections with his awkward charm and bravery since her first year at Hogwarts.

Harry offered Luna a winning smile as he played with the hem of her shirt, rolling it teasingly in his calloused fingers as he lightly grazed Luna's smooth belly skin with his clipped nails, sending electric shocks up the girl's body that had her curling her rainbow painted toes and fisting her dainty hands at her sides in ticklish pleasure. Harry kept this innocent teasing up until a soft whimper left Luna's parted pink lips, urging him on.

More than happy to oblige, Harry ever so slowly moved his hands up the inside of Luna's thin white shirt, softly scratching the virgin flesh underneath with his fingernails, causing adorable little goose bumps to break out all along Luna's arms and legs, and further hardening her small nipples. Luna felt her breath hitch in her chest as liquid fire rushed through her veins, setting her nerves ablaze and making Harry's every touch send Zeus-like bolts of lightning straight to her moistening pussy and up, along her slightly arched spine.

Harry's hands continued to travel higher and higher and higher, revealing inch by delicate inch of Luna's flat, pale, belly as his forearms caught the bottom of her shirt, until finally they came into contact with the panting teen's silky bra. Instead of just pushing the garment up however, Harry instead worked his fingers underneath the material and continued his upward climb, not stopping even as his nails gently scratched over the hyper sensitive skin of Luna's nipples. The young blonde closed her eyes and arched her back at the agonizingly pleasant sensation and reached her hands out, wrapping them around her crush and giving his firm buttocks a groping squeeze as she slowly lost herself to the sensations.

Harry grinned at Luna's reaction and felt his absurdly large cock, which was genetically engineered to be the perfect tool for impregnating any females his eyes should turn to, stiffen and pulse angrily as the inexperienced girls hands wandered. Then, with a mischievous smile, Harry gave the young Lovegood's pert nipples a gentle pinch, drawing a startled gasp from the horny girl that had her pressing her needy, jean-covered pussy up against the obvious outline that Harry's horse-cock made in his jeans. As Harry rolled the pebbled nipples between his thumbs and pointer fingers, Luna continued to slide her cloth-covered cunt up and down the venerable pole that Harry's stiff cock made, humping and grinding her young, horny heat along the fuck-meat's length with wanton lust clear in her cloudy blue eyes.

Just as Harry was about to lose his last reservation and take Luna right there in front of everybody, a tiny, chiming voice called out, "Party-poopers, Master, six o' clock."

Harry, despite being quite fucking startled by Bell's sudden interruption, managed to beat down the impulse to leap away from Luna and guiltily try and hide his (ridiculously obvious) erection. Instead he, in a distinctly unHarry-esq moment, managed to keep his cool.

Gently pushing her away, Harry managed to fix Luna's bra, extract his arms from under her shirt, promise to continue later, and even lay a quick peck on the stunned, flushed girl's slightly pouting
lips before calmly tucking Bell back into his hoodie and turning around. When he did, he saw Hermione making her way towards him, clad in a sinful black skirt that didn't even have the decency to try and reach the girl's feminine knees and a small red shirt featuring the Hogwarts crest above her left breast and a stylized Gryffindor shield on its back. Next to her walked Ginny, who managed to look quite cute herself, despite the baggy grey sweatpants and matching grey hoodie she'd dressed in before zombie-ing her way through the morning.

"You and Ron both, huh Ginny?" Harry asked, smiling brightly when a low groan with a slightly questioning lilt was all that answered him. "Not too keen about mornings, the youngest Weasleys are, methinks," Harry teased as he reached back and grabbed Luna's hand before pulling her forward and turning to Hermione and asking, "You haven't met Luna Lovegood before, have you Hermione?"

Hermione and Ginny had finished walking over and stopped just a few feet in front of Harry and Luna, where Hermione studied the still slightly blushing blonde for a moment before frowning and saying, "No, sorry, I'm sure I've seen you before, but we've never spoken. Harry," Hermione suddenly said, seeming to remember something, "Why don't you introduce us while we walk back. You two were flung furthest, so Fred and George should've gone and got Ron by now. Poor guy, landing in the only thorn bush for miles around…"

Even as he laughed good naturedly at his buddy's misfortune and did the customary 'X, this is Y; Y, this is X,' introductions, Harry was internally musing over the first scrap of evidence he'd seen concerning how witches and wizards might react to his newfound incubus status.

'It seems like without my hand literally up her shirt to focus her, all've Luna's expressions are kinda spacey, but I can definitely tell that she's got plenty going on upstairs. Eccentric, then, maybe. What's for sure is that she both heard and saw Bell. She's not wiggling out, which is good, but she's also not asking any questions, which is kinda weird. Either she honestly wasn't surprised to see a naked blue fairy pop outta my hoodie and call me 'Master', highly unlikely, or she's just extremely good at reading and adapting to situations. Either way, the fact that she has neither flinched away from my touch nor started looking at me oddly since seeing Bell is a good sign.' By the time Harry finished analyzing the situation they'd managed to reconvene with the rest of the group and start trekking towards a sea of different colored tents. That the huge majority of the tents were already pitched brought a smile to Harry's face.

'No matter how barmy magical folk can be at times,' Harry thought happily, 'at least they've got the right idea about quidditch!'

BREAKbreakBREAKbreakBREAK

By the time the group of eight (both Diggorys having split off to go hunt down their own tent some time ago) had almost made it to the tent they'd be sharing through the day and overnight, Harry was practically vibrating with excitement. More magicals had shown up to watch the Irish and Bulgarian teams battle it out than he'd even known existed, with the sheer volume of those gathered inspiring awe, to say nothing of the fantastic variety. He literally couldn't walk more than two feet without seeing some new and interesting kind of magical being. All of them shared at least a mostly humanoid base, with fangs or claws or tails or wings or scales or strange skin colors, or any combination of those traits and three dozen others, being all that told them apart from normal and magical humans. It was quite the spectacle in and of itself, not to mention the **World Quidditch Game** that'd be played in a few hours!

As Harry cheerfully smiled back at a little scarlet skinned girl who was waving at him from atop her devilish looking father's shoulders, he absently wondered how the ignorant, pureblooded assholes like Malfoy and his ilk felt brushing shoulders with so many nonhumans. Harry was positive that an impressive sneer would be plastered across their faces, but all he could seem to do
was smile.

Upon finally arriving, and after the other's had gone in, Harry held the tent flap open for the girls, giving Luna's butt a little pinch as she walked in that had her blushing and quickly turning back at him with a smile that showed off her pearly whites. After Harry winked at Luna and entered behind her, he couldn't help an awestruck look from stealing across his face as he let how magnificently different magical tents were from muggle ones sink in.

The interior of the deceptively plain looking tent was quite grand, in more than one sense of the word. Not only was the space impressive in its size; magically containing, according to Mr. Weasley, three house quality bedrooms, a bathroom, and even a small kitchen, it was also all beautifully decorated in Gryffindor reds and warm wooden colors. *In a tent!*

'Alright magic,' Harry thought, 'I guess I can forgive you this time.'

He may or may not have been picturing a certain horrid boot as he thought this.

"Okay everybody, listen up!" Mr. Weasley started, gathering all seven of the underage mages' attention. "It's only," he took a quick peek at his watch, "eight o’ clock, and the game doesn't start till ten. Luna, did you have a chance to eat before we left?"

Luna replied, "Oh yes, quite a few, in fact. Unfortunately I thought Ginny had told me not to, so I didn't."

Harry smirked even as Mr. Weasley let out a tiny sigh at the girl's unintentional difficulty. As the older redhead tried to elaborate, Harry thought he saw Luna's lips twitch minutely in amusement.

'That girl!' Harry thought with a secret smile as Mr. Weasley finally decided to just say, "Right, breakfast it is. Fred, George, can the two of you go and fetch some firewood for the stove?"

When the twin's simultaneous answer that they *could*, but will they, was met with a weak glare, the two redheads made their way out of the flap, snickering all the way.

Mr. Weasley let a sigh out through his nose before asking the air, "*Where* do they get it?"

Harry and the others snickered at the Weasley patriarch's exasperation until he mock frowned at them and said, "Alright, alright. Why don't the rest of you go and entertain yourselves till they get back? You're free to explore a little, but don't go outside of shouting distance from here. I'll holler when breakfast is ready."

Excited smiles broke out on the faces of Harry, Hermione, and Ginny, though Ron still looked too tired to care and Luna seemed off in her own little world. That changed, however, when Harry immediately took hold of her lithe hand and began quickly leading her out of the fantastical tent. Both Harry and Luna remained comfortably silent as they made off towards the trees, but that was hardly to say that the trip was quiet. There were grand groups of people mingling absolutely everywhere, and the festive atmosphere of the gathering seemed to encourage the crowd to be more boisterous than normal, for there were shouted jests and loud greetings booming out all around.

'This is amazing,' Harry thought, feeling a happy flush color his cheeks as he just took in his surroundings while walking. Harry found the smell of fried ham and crispy bacon mixing with the fruity aroma of fresh wines almost as intoxicating as the heady feeling of *belonging* that being
a part of such a gathering, rather than the focus of it, brought him. 'And good God, I still can't believe how many fucking people are here!' he thought with a fierce smile.

Still, despite the strong effect the mass gathering was having on him, the last Potter didn't allow his mind to wander too far off course, keeping his immediate objective of confronting the young Lovegood at the forefront of his mind.

As the two walked, hand in hand, further and further away from the tent, the crowd grew thinner and thinner, until finally they reached the wall of thick trees and green bushes and gnarled roots and were alone. And then they trekked a tad further still, not pausing even as a flash of guilt over disobeying Mr. Weasley's sole command ran through their heads. Harry had his mind resolutely set on having this talk with Luna, and the blue eyed girl felt that she'd be perfectly content to walk for the rest of the day so long as the dark haired wizard's hand held hers.

Finally they reached a small clearing that Harry felt would serve their purposes well enough. Luna frowned when Harry dropped her hand, but felt her disappointment give way to curiosity when Harry asked for her to, "Take a seat, please."

Looking around more closely, Luna decided that a thick fallen tree, which lay parallel to a softly flowing brook bisecting the clearing, would serve as a nice enough bench. Harry watched her claim a spot on the upturned oak before he hopped onto a softly shaped boulder just a few feet in front of her, on the edge of the quiet stream. Crossing his legs Indian style for comfort, Harry was distantly amused with the thought that the crossed-legged position was quickly becoming his official 'Choiceling Discussion' seating arrangement. Pushing the observation from his mind, Harry cleared his throat and began the questioning.

"Alright," he started, feeling a small stirring of nervousness in his belly as he did. "I want to talk to you about what you saw, earlier, I mean. After we'd landed."

"What do you mean," Luna asked confusedly, "There were quite a few things to see, after all. I saw the sky, and the grass, and your big, fat, cock, trying to fight its way out from behind your zipper."

Harry felt said organ give a hearty pulse at the little blonde's vulgarity, but he was sharp enough to notice the almost-hidden look of teasing that swam behind the girl's wide, blue, eyes. Recognizing the redirection for what it was, Harry spared a moment to worry about why she wouldn't want to talk about his Parva Dux before deciding to push the issue.

"No, Luna, you know what I'm talking about. Bell?" Harry called.

The tiny fairy-like being poked her head out from within Harry's hoodie before emerging fully and hovering at shoulder height with Harry, just in front of him and to his right. Luna spared the black eyed, blue haired fairy a quick, intense look before clenching her jaw and refocusing her gaze onto Harry.

Harry noticed the odd reaction and couldn't help but ask, "Luna? What's wrong?" with concern clear in his voice.

Luna fist her hands in her lap, a clear sign of upset that Harry recognized, before she turned almost watery blue eyes on him. She seemed to war with herself for a bit as she chewed on her bottom lip in silent indecision.

"C-can you see her?" the petite Lovegood asked in a small, timid voice. Harry could tell that she didn't expect a positive response, in either context or tone, from him, and realized at once that the girl hadn't been unsurprised or calm at seeing the fairy earlier.
"Oh Luna," Harry whispered, quickly deciding that the girl needed something more tangible than words to ease her mind. "Come here," he continued, patting the boulder in beckoning.

As Luna tentatively made her way over to the huge, smooth rock, Harry and Bell watched on in silence. Once she'd reached the side of the boulder, Harry threw a calloused hand down and helped the pale-skinned girl scramble up the small child high edges of his perch. Instead of letting go once she was up, Harry instead pulled the petite girl into his lap; her jean clad bum coming to rest in the seat made by his folded legs as her own more shapely ones were automatically wrapped around his waist.

Luna felt her breath hitch at the unexpected intimacy, but despite the willingness on her part, made obvious by the strength of her legs' grip, Harry only placed one hand on her waist tenderly.

His other hand, instead of reaching out to caress or grope the nubile flesh sat in his lap, gently wrapped around the small nude woman, still hovering just to his right, whose wings instantly quit beating upon entering his easy grasp, and pulled her in. Harry ended up holding his hand, palm up, in the small space between his and Luna's chests. Bell sat with her legs crossed in Harry's palm silently, for she did not want to upset the uneasy girl any more.

"Luna," Harry whispered, gently kneading the girl's hip as he did. "Look, Luna."

And so she did, reluctantly, look.

When the young, silvery blonde haired Lovegood cast her gaze downwards, it was instantly locked with the otherworldly eyes staring up at her calmly. As silvery blue gazed into pure black, Harry leaned forward to press his forehead against Luna's gently before saying, "I'm an incubus, Luna. A very rare breed of incubus, actually, called a Choiceling. We, that is, my kind, Choicelings, have some pretty crazy, well, choices, I suppose, that we have to make every so often. To help us out, magic itself gifts each of us with a parva dux, or a Smallguide. This is my Smallguide, Luna. Her name is Bell."

Luna had looked up at Harry in surprise when he'd told her that he was an incubus, but by the time he'd finished his brief explanation her eyes had returned to Bell's.

That was why, when the little fairy suddenly jumped up in Harry's hand and chirped out a cheery, "Nice to meet ya!" Luna wasn't too terribly startled.

Feeling her head swimming just a little, Luna nevertheless managed to eke out a quiet, "Hullo," to the nude woman.

"Hello back at'cha! I'm Bell, like Master said," Bell chimed out, edging on over exuberant in her quest to appear as likable as possible, not wanting to make a bad impression and feeling shy to boot.

"Um," Luna just said uncertainly, "I'm Luna, ah, nice to meet you?"

"Bell, relax," Harry said before whispering, "Just be yourself."

The blue haired fairy let out a sheepish smile even as a faint dusting of color appeared on her cheeks, giving her embarrassment away. Just knowing that she, too, was feeling nervous, strangely went a long way to calming Luna down. It was she who spoke next.

"I'm sorry. For not, well, for pretending not to see you. That's horribly rude in retrospect, but I, uh..." Luna said before seeming to freeze up, looking ashamed.
"I could be reading this entirely the wrong way, but I think that you, um, well that you doubted yourself, I suppose. Doubted that Bell was there even though you'd seen her, maybe?" Harry wagered, not wanting to offend Luna and certainly not wanting to use words like 'crazy'. Obviously she wasn't, but he supposed that when someone sees something so odd they can scarcely believe it, they convince themselves that they hadn't seen it at all.

Luna seemed to argue with herself for a moment before responding.

"I, well, I'm rather looked down upon in my house. They think I'm weird. Loony Lovegood; that's what everybody calls me. I-I don't really know when I started, but usually when someone starts teasing me, I just, I don't know, start acting weird. Like, if I just prove them right then they'll move on and leave me alone. One of the things I do; well, the one I do the most, really, is make up some fantastical creature and tell whoever's bugging me about it. I'll tell them that they've got nargles messing with their head or that I've got to go and hunt down a rumple homed snorecac, and then they'll call me 'Loony' and leave me alone."

Here she stopped to stare at Harry earnestly, begging him to believe her with her eyes as she said, "B-but I don't really see stuff like that, I swear! I'm not loony, Harry, just… awkward, I suppose. And maybe kinda spacey and a little bit weird too, but that's not so horrible, right?"

Harry just gave the girl sat in his lap a small smile and said, "Weird? Luna, just wait till I explain what being a Choiceling means. Then, maybe, you'll know what weird is. And just to be perfectly clear, no, I don't think you're 'Loony', not for a second. You seem perfectly fine to me."

Luna's eyes filled up with restrained hope at Harry's words, obviously wanting to believe him but not quite able to.

Fumbling for a way to convince Luna that he honestly didn't think ill of her, Harry rushed to say, "Look, Luna, trust me when I say that even if you are a little weird, you've still got nothing on me."

And so, Harry and Luna spent the next few minutes discussing their oddities with one another. When Harry revealed that he physically couldn't practice monogamy, at least for another whole year, Luna was somewhat upset, but quickly enough insisted that she understood. While Harry didn't learn anything about how Incubi, never mind Choicelings specifically, were treated in the magical world, he was left feeling as if a weight had been lifted off of his shoulders all the same.

"I, uh," Luna started quietly, barely loud enough for Harry to catch over the rambunctious crowd all around them, which they were trying to work their way through, heading back towards their tent. "I was just hoping that, well, you know..." she trailed off, obviously embarrassed.

Harry looked at her in mild concern, and asked, "You were hoping what, Luna?"

"Ah, it's just that, well, I know you're not looking for a steady girlfriend or anything, but..." Luna, completely red-faced, muttered out, before once again stopping herself. Finally, seemingly frustrated with herself, Luna pulled Harry back, behind a couple of tents that were set up near the large camp's perimeter, and rushed out, though still in a lower voice, "Could we still, you know, be a little more than friends? I don't know that I'm up to helping out with your, you know, but I like this," she trembled out, obviously not used to saying embarrassing things.

Harry looked down at her, a tad surprised that she still wanted to fool around and tease one another, but after a quick moment he did the only thing he felt he could.
Harry tenderly wrapped his hands around Luna's petite form, hugging her front to his with a strong grip on the small of her back and angling her head just so with a soft pull to her moonlight blonde hair, and then he leaned in and kissed the girl, passionately massaging his lips against her, lightly probing her warm, minty fresh mouth with his conquering tongue, drawing a long, low moan out of the inexperienced girl as she was ravished by the deviant incubus.

They remained locked at the lips for a long couple of seconds, until finally, Harry pulled free from the younger girl's still hungry lips and said, with a mischievous smile, "Try and stop me."

AN: Back from the dead, bitches! Sorry for the long wait, though, honestly. I've been busy with a laundry list of different crap, but I'm back now. To those of you who've supported this story in my down time, thank you. To those of you who were hoping for a juicier chapter, I apologize. However, if I'm going to keep working on this story, I'm going to need to make sure that the plot can carry the smut. More goodness in the coming chapters, and if you just need something to scratch that itch, check out my Attack on Titan oneshot, Mikasa Erenstoy. That'll set you straight until the next chapter drops. Anyway, favorite, follow, and review! I won't promise anything, but all questions will be answered and requests considered. Thanks again for the continued support ladies and gents! Stay cool.
Chapter Four

The world cup game was absolutely amazing, so far, at least. Harry had never seen, never even imagined, such a grand event. There were animated fireworks and the loudest cheering he'd ever heard and a whole city's worth of magical people crammed shoulder to shoulder in the seats of the unbelievably massive stands. The food was hot, greasy, and delicious, being sold by the many roving vendors maneuvering through the stands, and the quidditch players were blisteringly fast, nimbly cornering on a dime and nothing more than a blur when flying straight. Harry would've thought that Ron would be upset at the fact that his broom riding idol, the Bulgarian seeker Victor Krum, was all but invisible in his constant speed, having been locked in a perpetual race against the Irish team's seeker since the start of the match for the little, golden-winged ball, which was proving too wily for either of the human bullets to pin down so far, but his freckled friend's awed expression never wavered.

Unfortunately, especially since there wasn't a break planned unless the game lasted till eight that night, Harry really needed to take a leak.

Having to repeat himself three times, loudly, before Ron was finally able to understand him over the roaring crowd, Harry finally managed to work his way down the packed stands and into the guts of the stadium. Unfortunately for his bladder, the only restrooms provided were placed outside of the stadium, instead of within it.

Grumbling as he worked his way towards the sunlight at the end of the hallway he was in, Harry was surprised when an apple core, eaten down and already beginning to yellow, thumped down not a foot in front of him.

"God-mother-and-magic, what the hell!" Harry exclaimed, looking up angrily, only to stop short as he realized that it'd be impossible to locate the apple-dropping perpetrator in the sea of legs visible in the bleacher-like grandstands above him. Studying the dangling limbs anyway, Harry's gaze began to wander, until, with eyes widening, he noticed one set of legs that didn't end in knees. Instead, the skirt wearing patron the legs belonged to was standing, and, unintentionally, providing Harry with a free panty show. The observer, obviously female of an age comparable to Harry's own, seemed to've risen to her feet in excitement, of the variety he was well acquainted with, if the slick dew molding her cotton white panties, with little paw prints on them, of all things, sinfully to her womanly folds was anything to go by.

Feeling his loins stirring, Harry swallowed hard and focused on the woman, applying his 'Sex Sense', as he'd dubbed it, dumbly enough. Not bothering to acknowledge Bell as she peeked out from his hoodie's pocket, trying to find her master's latest conquest, no doubt, Harry instead began dissecting the girl's lust. He dug through the different layers radiating off of her first: her crush on the Irish team's seeker, Aidan Lynch, he remembered, her love for the sport in general, the memory of her first orgasm, sawing herself up and down a broomstick, whose cushioning charms seemed to be worn out, right under her friend's noses, no less, in her first broom riding class. Harry was surprised to note that he knew the girl, Katie Bell, and that a few of her sexual thoughts even featured him, here and there.

Feeling his excitement grow, and eager to learn more about his quidditch teammate, who's pussy lips had begun undulating rhythmically in excitement, Harry dove deeper, reading her inner fantasies with relish, absorbing the plundered knowledge of the girl's triggers, of the wants she accepted in herself, and the needs that not even she knew about.
The knowledge that she preferred mushing her clit, always in a counter-clockwise motion, over fingering herself, for masturbation, made Harry shudder. The memory of her experimenting with different techniques was also exhilarating; he found the huffs she made while humping her pillow into her four poster bed especially exciting, even though she herself didn't come as hard as she'd have liked.

Knowing she was a single mid-flight fuck away from becoming a squirter, thanks to his heritage, and that she was especially inclined towards men with flying skill, Harry resolved to approach the young witch when the school year started back up and to try his hand at seducing her.

However, despite his entranced state, not even an Incubus could ignore the call of nature forever, and so, with a hard shake to clear his head, Harry continued his trek, through the stadium's guts and then outside, until he finally reached the magically built restroom building, which thankfully was less like the small portable toilets he'd seen on t.v. and more like the stone facilities you'd find on camping grounds.

The Boy-Who-Lived was happy to find that the facility, like the path leading up to it, was deserted.

Two minutes later, after having taken care of his business, Harry stepped back outside, adjusting his jeans a bit as he walked with his head down.

It should've come as no surprise, then, considering his inattentiveness and the jam-packed nature of the event, when Harry walked straight into someone, a meaty THUNK! sounding out as his head collided with the other person's noggin. Still, he'd seemed to be the only one anywhere near the restrooms just a few minutes ago, so a little leeway could be granted.

"Oh, owie-owie-ouch!"

"S-Sorry about that!" Harry blurted out from the ground, blinking his eyes open rapidly in an attempt to clear the stars in his vision. "I wasn't paying attention, ah, damn, are you okay?"

Harry pulled himself up into a sitting position to properly apologize when he got his second panty shot of the day, courtesy of a very well endowed Susan Bones; a redheaded Hufflepuff in his year group. Unlike his quidditch loving teammate, Susan's knickers weren't wet, although, with the way her knees were, one angled up with her foot on the ground and the other bent similarly but parallel to the grass, Harry was graced with a perfect view up the teen's skirt. Her bottom, which Harry had always admired for it's round fullness, was also on display to him, with the beginning swells of her cheeks teasing the round ass Harry knew was hidden against the ground.

"Oh, Susie!" Harry began, the impulse to seduce the girl too strong for him to resist. "I'm so sorry about that," he continued, climbing to his feet and offering the downed girl a hand up.

"Harry?" Susan asked. Her eyes, the color of healthy bark, were strangely emotive, and her surprise and embarrassment were plain for Harry to see.

Not that he needed any help reading the girl; Harry was already focusing his Choiceling heritage on the busty redhead. By the time she'd accepted his hand, he already knew which buttons to press, along with a few fun facts about the girl.

For example, Harry knew about Susan's bad tendency to spy on her aunt, and how the older woman had a certain loud appreciation for getting absolutely railed into her bed. Susan's first orgasm, one of the more common memories that Harry tended to uncover whenever focusing his sex sense on those of the female persuasion, had been a fumbling thing. The girl, by chance, had heard her aunt's wanton moans upon returning to her home early from a friends house, instead of
staying the night as she'd been planning and said she would.

Susan had been a second year at that point, but already a developing girl, something she was secretly pleased about, when she'd first rubbed her cunt to orgasm through her panties, with her shorts around her ankles and her ear pressed against her aunt's door. Since then, Harry saw, the girl had continued her voyeuristic tendencies, even going so far as to learn an especially complicated spell that would give a surface the same properties as a one-way mirror; something she'd wasted no time applying to a small section of the wall dividing her and her aunt's rooms over her third year's winter break.

The memory of Susan, with her large, freckled breasts bouncing frantically, riding an especially large pink dildo, all the while watching as her aunt got her holes, all three of them, Harry noted, absolutely raped by a trio of fit men, was more than enough to get Harry's prick stiff. The memory ended with Susan whimpering on her bed, her hand drenched and her quim pulsing in sore satisfaction; continuing to watch her aunt get stuffed for a few minutes longer, before finally recovering the transparent spot on her wall, hiding it behind a poster of the Weird Sisters.

Processing all of this sexual data in the span of time it took the young wizard to pull the Hufflepuff up off the ground, Harry was absolutely dead set on bedding the girl, and luckily for him, he knew exactly how to do it.

"Are you okay Susie?" Harry asked tenderly, keeping his hand around the girl's smaller one and holding her close. "Let me see."

A large, healthy blush crept up Susan's barely-teased cleavage, higher and higher until her face had taken on a warm glow.

Pretending not to notice her flushed complexion, Harry tenderly brushed the girl's fiery bangs out of her face, revealing a softly smarting knot where the two had collided just a few seconds prior. Harry tsked, shaking his head softly as he looked at the bump, slyly sliding his hand down to cup the young witch's cheek gently. Pulling his other hand down, which still had the frozen girl's hand in his, Harry managed to close the distance between him and the blushing student seemingly without movement.

"I'll kiss it," Harry breathed out, sending a visible shiver down the enraptured girl's back. "Make it better."

True to his word, Harry closed the small remaining distance between him and the girl, stroking his thumb tenderly along Susan's rosy cheek as his lips crashed down, not onto her welt, but rather, her parted, breathless lips. Steering his hand, the one that had captured her now squeezing fingers in its grasp, to the small of the buxom girl's back, Harry reeled the redhead in closer, letting out a soft sigh against Susan's wet lips as the blissful feeling of her large breasts softly squishing against his flat, wiry chest overcame him.

"Harry," she whispered out, bark-brown eyes already clouded over in desire.

The hours Susan had spend admiring her aunt's shapely ass, and the different ways it would bounce and wiggle in the air as the woman's used cunt got viciously fucked just that little bit looser, and then screaming out her own orgasms with all her lungs, flashed behind Harry's eyes.

In an instant, his hands had untangled themselves from Susan's face and fingers respectively, only to violently snake around and slap down against the teen's round ass, coming up beneath the girl's skirt to massage her globes directly.
"Ah!" Susan gasped out, reflexively jerking her hips forward at the sharp sting, even as Harry quickly massaged the pain away, and then some.

However, similarly to Luna not a handful of hours previous, Susan's reflexive move had brought her poorly protected clitoris into direct, aggressive friction with Harry's jeans, making the girl suck in harshly through her teeth as it mushed against the young incubus's groin.

"Let's play a game," Harry suggested throatily, enjoying the feel of Susan's roaming hands on his back. The girl made an inarticulate sound in her throat, a mix between a whimper and a hum, the closest her lust filled mind could get to a 'huh?' Giving her ass another sensual squeeze, and nibbling on the panting girl's pulse point, Harry murmured out, "Mmh, it's kind of crazy, but it'll be fun, I think." Leaning back, Harry gave the girl as seductive a smile as he could manage, which had a knee weakening effect on her. Supporting her weight with his hands on her ass, Harry whispered to her, slyly, "Lets go fuck in the bathroom, see if somebody catches us."

"What?" Susan gasped, leaning back in Harry's inappropriate hold to catch his eye, sure she'd misheard the wizard's words.

A normal teen would have quickly interpreted the girl's incredulous reaction as a sign that they'd pushed too far, but Harry was anything but a normal teen. Harry's Choiceling talents made him hyper-aware of the blushing redhead; the way her nipples had pebbled at his suggestion, the rush of dew that had begun to pool in her knickers, how her back muscles quivered at the thought. Not only did her know everything about her, sexually, in that moment, he also knew exactly which ways to pull and push, what words to say and what things to do, and he was all to happy to act on this plundered knowledge.

"I said," Harry whispered back to the girl, leaning in to plant a kiss, and then another, against her softly panting lips, "That I want to take you, into the restroom building over there, lock us in a stall, and fuck your brains out."

"Buh-" Susan began, with frantically flittering eyes; something that could've been taken as a sign of her looking for an escape, had she not also been biting her lip. Her nails, which were holding painfully tight onto Harry's back, also went a long way towards conveying her true thoughts, not that, again, Harry needed any help.

With her pussy pulsing in aroused anticipation, lust tainted every one of Susan's thoughts, leaving her horny teenage brain practically broadcasting her desires.

She was like an open book, and Harry had every intention of reading her to exhaustion.

"Sound like a plan, Susie?" Harry asked throatily. "Hm? Would you like that? Getting your sweet pussy thrashed, getting your wet cunt," Harry continued, bumping forward to grind his restrained bulge against the Hufflepuff's slick knickers, drawing out a whimper, as he finished, "absolutely raped?"

"Mmmng!" Susan groaned out, her head lolling softly towards Harry, coming to rest against his shoulder as she panted. Her hands smoothly climbed up the incubus's back, coming to rest against the nape of his neck, as Susan huskily whispered out, breathlessly, "Please, Harry!"

Said Choiceling felt his face heat up, partially due to the girl's husky tone, but mostly because of her affectionate gesture.

While inarguably on the fast track to becoming a master of sex, a title Harry felt that, as a Choiceling, he was obligated to obtain, beneath it all was a genuinely sweet boy. Rough sex, kinky fetishes, seduction; all of these things, the young wizard had found himself a fan of, but
while they were fun, for Harry, the zenith of love-making was passionate, gentle, and soulful.

'Not,' Harry thought with a grin, 'that this isn't pretty damn awesome too though.'

With a squeal, thankfully angled away from the Boy-Who-Lived's ear, Susan found herself hoisted into the air by her bum. Kicking her legs aimlessly for a second at the sudden vertigo, the quivering redhead soon locked her legs around Harry's waist, which she noticed was thin and muscular, bringing her heels to rest just above the smirking wizard's flexing bum.

"H-Harry," Susan tried, facing away from the restrooms, and thus towards the tree-enclosed path leading back towards the stadium.

Adjusting his grip on the girl's thoroughly-groped bottom, Harry pressed a brief sucking kiss down onto the girl's pale neck, not breaking his stride back towards the bathrooms to say, "Don't worry Susie, I've got ya."

"No, Harry," Susan tried again. "It's not that," she continued, and despite himself, Harry felt the briefest flicker of doubt. Even that tiny ember was snuffed out when, a second later, the buxom teen whispered, shivering, "What if somebody hears us?"

The spike in the girl's lust, at the mere though of being caught getting her pink cunt hammered, surprised Harry with its intensity, and he couldn't stop himself from nibbling on her earlobe in anticipation.

Suddenly feeling witty, as he carried the whimpering teen into the, thankfully equally deserted, women's side of the restroom, Harry whispered, into Susan's ear, "I hope somebody does hear us. What's the point of making you sing with this cock," Harry emphasized, grinding into the horny Hufflepuff as he entered the largest stall available, "if nobody's around to appreciate it?"

By then, it was all Susan could do to not cum, the sheer eroticism of fucking for an audience resonating with the Bones slut deeply.

'Now,' Harry thought, gently settling the busty girl down on the, magically spotless, latrine lid. 'Where to start...'

Deciding to make sure he spoiled the girl properly, Harry took half a moment to rut through the teen's desires, looking for any specific memories that could help tip him off as to her favorite warm ups.

She looked infinitely fuckable, adorably sat atop the sparkling white commode, heavily blushing and with her full woman-sized tits heaving with every soft, panting breath she took.

A flash, another of Susan mercilessly fucking herself down onto the same large, pretty pink dildo, ran through Harry's head, but this time, instead of watching her whore aunt get her pleasure-holes furiously pounded, Susan had her eyes trained on another redhead; herself. He saw that she'd set up a tall, though skinny, mirror against her wall, and that she'd taken to the floor on her knees to get a better view of herself. The young incubus found Memory-Susan's attention locked onto her breasts, which were bouncing up and down in the most gorgeous display of flesh, rising as she lifted herself off of her fat, fake, cock, gently pulling her sinfully pale skin just enough that the outlines of her ribs became momentarily visible, before, with a dangerously loud whimper every time, slamming herself back down.

Harry amusedly noted that the girl seemed to enjoy her breasts almost as much as he was about to.

"Susie," Harry began, not bothering to keep his voice down, back in the moment after his erotic, educational second of investigation. "When did you get such full fucking tits?"
Susan, blushing clear to her hairline but still clearly pleased, rolled her shoulders back, displaying her t-shirt covered chest to its impressive fullest. Gulping at the hungry way Harry was appraising her breasts, Susan asked, shyly, "Do you like them, Harry?" She brought her arms, one over the other, down to the hem of her shirt. Grabbing the fabric, and offering Harry her sexiest smile, which said teen found very enticing, Susan pulled her shirt up and over her head, neither too slowly nor too fast, revealing her belly, and then her bra covered chest.

Harry's eyes devoured the sight of a topless Susan Bones, admiring her figure, which had a miniscule layer of padding that left the girl looking thin- though not especially fit, especially next to her full, porn-star breasts, which filled her poor black bra to the brim.

"Go ahead, Harry," Susan tempted, although her expression remained shy. Unclasping her bra in a smooth motion, which Harry figured could be attributed to two plus years of the girl having breasts large enough to warrant such a garment, Susan demurely allowed, "You can play with them, if you'd like, Harry. I don't mind."

The last barrier between Harry and Susan's breasts fell, vulnerably revealing the girl's melon sized mammaries to the randy incubus's intent forest-green eyes.

"Fuck," Harry ground out, taking a jerky step forward as he drank in the delicious sight, admiring the pertness, despite their size, that Susan's breasts maintained. Reaching forward, Harry quickly scooped the topless teen back up, before settling her where she'd be at a better height to enjoy his attention, on the small counter the large stall's sink was in. Briefly admiring the view of the girl's feminine back, courtesy of the, thankfully non-enchanted, mirror he'd set her in front of, and letting out a low chuckle at her startled, "Eep!", Harry retrained his gaze back onto Susan's chest.

"I bet all the girls at school just hate you," Harry purred, gently beginning to map out the girl's fascinating chest with his hands. Drawing his fingertips smoothly around her areolas, which were also quite large, Harry admired the way Susan's breath hitched at the sensation, as well as the minute jiggle it sent through her tits. "After all," Harry continued, changing his right hand's teasing into a more serious palming as well as snaking his left hand around to the girl's back, to better hold her in place, "While they all prance around, little girls trying to look grown up, you've already got yourself a woman's body, don't you, Susie?"

The redheaded Hufflepuff let out a low moan at Harry's sensual monologue, loving the subtle waves of pleasure his hand was sending, through her full tit and pebbled nipple, and then down her spine. Her moan turned into a startled gasp, however, when, without warning, Harry lunged forward and began attacking her under-attended breast, setting his lips wide to suck all of her tingling areola at once, flicking her needy, pebbled nipple from inside his mouth with his tongue all the while.

The sensation was amazing for Susan, who'd never had somebody else touch her in such a way, and little waves of muscle-tensing pleasure washed through her body. Even better, for the perverted, voyeuristic girl, were the fantastically lewd suckling noises Harry's lips against her heaving tit were making, filling the tiled bathroom with dirty noises Sue was sure would tip the first female to walk in off as to what was happening, with just a flimsy stall door, that didn't start till a foot and a half above the ground, and ended a full three feet before the ceiling, between them and being caught.

Feeling Harry's short nails scratch light lines across her back, Susan moaned out her appreciation and arched, throwing her head back with a soft sigh and threading her fingers through Harry's thick, unruly mane.

Harry pulled back and gave the busty teen's wet, shiny nipple a chaste kiss, before shifting his
right hand, freeing the flushed girl's breast from its massaging attention, and slowly sliding it downward, enjoying the feel of her supple body beneath his palm.

"You know, Susie, having a woman's body... Well," Harry said, sharing a sly smile with the blushing girl, "it means you're ready for a certain type of fun. And you are ready, aren't you?"

Harry's steadily descending right hand had finally reached its target, Susan Bones wet, soaked-through knickers. Tracing his fingers around her warm slit, which seemed to have nice, ample lips, something he found preferential over more minimalistic labia, Harry soaked in Susan's rapidly quickening whimpering, and the adorable, pinched expression on her face, and purred, delightfully, "You do know why your horny little pussy's so wet, right, Susie?"

The teen in question felt her face heat up in embarrassment, even as she began running her hands along Harry's neck, eager to explore the feisty boy's body. Still, despite her embarrassment and distraction, Susan still managed to say, egged on by her mounting frustration and need, "It's to help your big," she began, sicking her nimble hands on the boy's jean button, undoing it with haste, "fat," she continued, yanking down his zipper, leaving only his plaid boxers between her and sweet release, "cock," she whispered, staring at the ridiculous bulge, salivating as she finally pulled his boxers down, "fuck... Fuck, uh," Susan said, trailing off, here eyes widening at the sheer size of the penis she'd just released.

"Hahahaheh!" Harry laughed cheerfully, always enjoying the reactions his incubus equipment drew from his fuck buddies. "You seem to get the general picture, but let me show you. First though," Harry said, stripping off his shirt and hoodie in one go, unmindful of Bell, "let me see you.

"Wah?" Susan asked, her eyes still glued to Harry's intimidating prick, which dangled freely half to his knees, the thickness of a small apple, AKA, far larger than ever her regularly attended pussy could be honestly expected to handle. This was not the kind of dick she'd seen the men her aunt got fucked by use...

Looking up, back at Harry's face and away from his Cock, with a capital 'C', Susan seemed to understand what Harry was asking her to do, for she reached down, pinched her skirt and slick knickers on her sides, and slid them both off, with a little wiggling here and there.

Realizing that her cunt was on display, for the first time, to Harry bloody Potter, no less, brought a new wave of embarrassment, and an even larger one of lust, crashing into the Bones girl, leaving her puffy cunt to drool a thin strand of clear fuck-lube down onto the ground.

"Fuckin' magic, look at that beautiful pussy!" Harry exclaimed, staring wide-eyed at Susan's cunt, studying the perfect cock-hugging shape of her nether-lips, the gorgeous pink coloring, and of course, the shy, hooded pink pearl of hyper-tension, her clitoris. "And curse me, but I just have to have it!" Harry crowed out softly, in the same awed voice, ignoring Susan's face, frozen in an amusing mix of shameful, prideful, and incredibly turned on as he unabashedly bent down and took a big, long lick, from just above the girl's suddenly flinching asshole, as deep into her flooded center as his rock-star like tongue could reach, and then all the way up to the girl's tiny field of barely-there pubic hair stubble, which itched his tongue, making him smile.

During this, Susan had frozen, seizing the counter's edge in a white-knuckled grip, a wanton, unexpected scream not quite making it past her lips, instead becoming audible in the form of a high pitched keen, which Harry though was dead sexy.

"Oh, magic, Susie, can I put it in now?" Harry asked, already directing his suddenly cable-like cock to her desperately needy cunt lips with his hand, using his engorged, softly weeping cockhead to roughly follow his tongue's previous path, slicking up and down the now moaning
redhead's velvety lips, and taking extra care to gently graze the teen's now-peaking clit with the slickened underside of his tip, drawing an especially cute, "Oh fuck!" from the girl each time.

"Oh, fuck, Harry, yes! Yes! Put it in, oh please, please put it in!" Susan cried, locking her legs in the quickly-becoming-familiar spot around Harry's waist, resting just above his buttocks. Harry slowly complied, letting a touch of pressure build up a few times against her opening before playfully allowing his cock to slide either up or down, along her clit or to poke against her starfish, before finally committing, aiming his beast-sized cock about an inch below Susan's glistening clitoris, right at her tight, slick fuck-sleeve.

Leaning forward, with his body's weight behind him, Harry's tool slowly began to sink in.

"Oh, oh no!" Susan cried, her legs already flexing harshly around Harry's backside, locking him in. "I'm gonna break! I'm gonna fucking break! Oh fuck, Harry, break me! Loosen me up, please! Ruin this cunt, for everyone else! Oh, fuck!" Susan madly chanted, rhythmically flexing her legs in an attempt to drive him into her quicker, all the while raking down his shoulders and chest with her long, French tip nails, leaving behind almost tribal looking rows of white-turning-red.

Apparently, the overwhelming sensation of being stretched, of being _fucked_, was too much for Susan to handle, along with her shyness. One had to go, and with Harry's fat, mushroomed cockhead almost completely inside of her rapidly quivering cunny, a decidedly more slutty, and honest, Susan took over.

Suddenly leaning in closer, towards the euphoric looking Harry James Potter, till her ecstasy-addled bark-brown eyes were only a fingers length away from his much more vibrant, emerald orbs, Susan whispered, naughtily, "I've always wanted to get my cunny stretched, Harry. Did you know that?"

Harry, stranded on an island of frustrated bliss, focused on slowly penetrating the girl beneath him until she lost her mind, only managed an, "Oh?" as he leaned forward, pressing a searing, lip mushing kiss into the girl. "Tell me more, Susie; just what kind of deviant _are_ you?"

He already knew, of course, but nothing, _nothing_, beat actually hearing it.

"I-oh, Merlin, Harry, please don't stop!" Susan started, pressing her forehead against her first's. "I spy on my aunt, while she's getting her whore cunt fucked!" She looked surprised at herself, for a moment, for revealing herself, but Harry just grunted as he slid in, another fraction of an inch, purposely taking her at a torturously slow pace, and growled out, "That's so fucking hot, Susie. I wish she was here, now, to see you getting your cunt _fucked._"

Susan, in a surprising turn, used _all_ her leg strength to _pull_ Harry into her, to force his pulsing, angry looking cock to spear the rest of the way into her in one rough _jerk_, and she threw her head back, and _wailed._

"OH my FUCKING MAGIC!" Susan keened, her orgasm rushing through her like fiendfyre down a hallway, flooding her achingly filled cunt's hot inner walls with slick, warm she-cum, some of which managed to work its way past Harry's stopgap cock to leak out onto the floor.

"What was _that_?!" A sudden voice asked, just _faintly_ audible. Harry, half-bottomed out in Susan's still milking cunt, along with said cunt's owner, both froze. Harry struck out with his sex sense like a lance, pinpointing the approaching female in zero seconds flat.

The information quickly came flooding in: she was a single mother, named Jessica Pale, who'd first fucked herself with a thin toothbrush handle when she was thirteen, after having found one of her older brother's porno magazines. From there, Harry saw, in microseconds, Jessica Pale had
gone on to develop into quite the desirable woman, and that she'd taken advantage of that fact frequently.

Her, at fifteen, on her knees, letting her most recent boyfriend sloppily bang into the back of her throat with his cock, flashed next. She hadn't been impressed with him as a lover, but he'd been quite handsome, and charming enough, that all of her friends had been in awe of her as she'd recounted her exploits with the boy. Next, the woman's, now ex, husband, and his penchant for sleeping around, was unveiled to Harry. Finding herself pregnant, and sick of his infidelity, Jessica Pale had divorced the man, cleanly, for more than half of his worldly ownings, and gone on to raise her daughter into the sweeting two year old she now was. The flash of her daughter was accompanied by Jessica's most recent memory of the girl, leaving her with a trusted nanny so that she could take a weekend to unwind. Knowing that he'd never see a woman's memory if it didn't pertain to sexual subject matter in some way, Harry wasn't surprised to discover that the woman had returned to her more adventurous sexual lifestyle post-divorce, and that she was hoping to catch a stud's eye for a few day long romp by coming to the World Cup.

Unable to stop a grin from stealing across his face, Harry turned his attention back to Susan. Taking in the sight of her, with her big, bouncy tits casually on display for him, her cunt only now beginning to settle down, and her eyes, trained in the direction of the unfamiliar voice, flickering between alarmed and kinkily aroused. Leaning forward, Harry simply whispered out, "No names," to which Susan, now looking back at him as well, frowned in confusion.

That expression was wiped off of her face, however, when, heedless of the steadily approaching CLACK-CLACK of heels, Harry reached down, below their fleshy union, and captured a pea's worth of the creamy fuck-lube Susan had just drenched his cock in. Then with a hard kiss to her lips, Harry pressed his slick thumb down, against Susan's erect clit, and thrust forward, no longer in sinfully slow motion, but rather with moderate speed and force.

The erotic squelching sound of a cock fucking itself deep into an overly wet pussy, along with a high, startled moan, sounded out lewdly, loud and clear with naught but smooth tile to dampen the erotic noises.

The sound of heels stopped.

The sounds of fucking, only grew.

Susan, with her lips now free from Harry's, couldn't even muster up the presence of mind to glare at the Boy-Who-Lived, too busy crying out her ecstasy in mewling grunts and strangled gasps to bother. Her cunt, slowly but surely becoming accustomed to its intruder's girth, was already sloppily drenched enough that, with every move Harry made, a pornographic SLURP! or, her favorite, a solid SLAP! would sound out, depending on whether the teen was pulling his hot meat out of her still cum-thirsty pussy, or railing it back in, but, when the CLACK-CLACK of heels started back up again, still headed towards them, and closing fast, Harry was treated to an even more erotically slick fuck-sleeve; an even more frantically massaging love tunnel.

Harry, splitting his attention between giving Susan the shagging of her life and keeping an eye on Jessica Pale, was satisfied on both fronts, when Susan's slutty moans and sighs grew louder as the CLACK-CLACK-ing grew closer, and also when the intention to spy on an obviously rutting couple cemented itself in the approaching randy witch's mind.

Leaning forward once more, Harry whispered into Susan's ear, keeping his pumping pace up like the skilled lover he was quickly becoming all the while, "There's a woman in here, now. Lets giver her a little show, alright?"

Though it'd been posed as a question, with the way Harry's hips had begun speeding up, and the
ferocity with which he suddenly attacked her jiggling mounds, Susan didn't really have much choice in the matter.

"Ah-ah-ahhh!" Susan panted out, a thin sheen of sweat beginning to cover her body from their protracted shagging. A dam was quickly weakening beneath the relentless pounding of what it kept at bay within her, and the redhead knew it wouldn't be long before she tipped over the edge and came, once again.

The clacking heels had long since reached their destination, the stall directly next to theirs, Harry noted, and the all-but-silent panting and quiet *schlick-schlick-schlick* sounding out made the hairs on his arms stand up, such was his arousal.

'Guess Susie's not the only one who likes performing for a crowd...' Harry mused.

Suddenly gaining inspiration, Harry abruptly slowed down his not-quite-rapid pace, drawing a disappointed groan from Susan, and said, huskily, "Baby, I just realized something."

The quiet, startled gasp in the next stall made Harry roll his eyes, but the teen on the end of his prick didn't seem to notice anything.

Susan, surprised to hear him call her baby, at least until she remembered his suggestion that they forgo their names while they had company, asked back, "What's that?"

"Well," Harry began, lazily pulling his cock out of Susan's gripping pussy, all the way, before slowly sinking back in, till he bottomed out against her bony cervix. A long, low hum freed itself from Susan, as sure a sign as any that the girl was in love with the deep penetration. "I'd remembered," Harry continued, repeating the extraction and reinsertion of his slickly coated cock from the redhead's now flushed cunt as he explained, "earlier, that is, you'd said something about wanting your, 'cunny stretched,' right?"

Susan's face lit up like a fireplace, but, once again, her secretly slutty nature outweighed her embarrassment, and she replied with a nod. A second later, she remembered the woman in the next stall, and hummed in agreement for her sake.

The low moan the spying woman let out at *that* went *straight* to Susan's cunt, and the next time Harry's cock plunged in, a horribly slutty spurting of pussy-lube escorted his meaty rod straight to her cervix, where his cockhead knocked a friendly hello that send a shiver up the girl's back.

"Well," Harry explained, once again extracting himself from the shaking woman, who'd been a *hair's width* away from cumming, thanks to her womb's sensitive opening. "I can't quite wreck your sloppy cunt with the both of us standing up, so I figure you should have a lie-down if you really want what I've got."

Of course, Harry could give cock like no other, regardless of position, but it would be *so* much more fun if they could sneakily provide their voyeuristic friend with a view of their bodies' slick union.

Susan, catching on fast, and used to the cleanliness of the self-spelling wizarding restrooms, wasted no time in hopping down off of the counter. However, the girl seemed to have severely overestimated herself, because her fucked-to-jelly legs did a terrible job of supporting her sudden weight. It was only Harry's quick intervention that kept her from collapsing.

Sniggering, Harry kissed the blushing girl with smiling lips. At the same time, however, he was also discretely toeing his hoodie. Keeping up his facial assault on Susan, Harry managed to convey to a ravished looking Bell, through a lot of not-quite-subtle eyebrow wiggling, eye-
shifting, and tiny head jerks, his demand for her to vacate his hoodie.

The tiny blue skinned woman gave a shaky nod, after a few awkward seconds of not understanding him, and ran, on her tiny legs, across the floor to hide behind the commode's base. The tiny trail of pussy juice the Smallguide left behind drew a blush from the young incubus.

Harry found the sight absolutely adorable.

Returning his attention to Susan, after a quick check on their lazily masturbating friend's state (She was hoping desperately for things to pick back up), Harry freed the girl from his lip-lock, and gently lowered her down onto his hoodie, which he'd accidentally kicked, right next to the floating stall wall separating the two from their voyeur.

Harry positioned Susan on her back, so that her cunt, which was wetter than water and still hungry for more, was proudly on display, not only to him, but to their horny little spy as well. Pushing Susan's legs up, till her body looked like a pretzel and her just-barely gaping pussy was put vulnerably on offer, Harry lowered himself, as if doing a squat, and angled his free-spirited cock down.

Harry had fucked a grown woman's ass so hard she'd squirted out a damn waterfall. He'd had the most attractive girl in Surry bat her eyelashes up at him with his cock halfway down her delicate throat. Hell, he'd once, upon request, showered a particularly kinky twenty year old blonde with his sperm; full on bukkake, one-hundred-percent-chance-of-rain shit. But, even after all of that, Harry Potter had never, ever experienced such a pornographic, kinky, ball-twitching situation as this.

There was just something about it, Harry thought distantly. As his cock, angry, swollen, and glistening with Susan's love, plunged down, down into the wantonly positioned girl, with her knees hugged close to her fat tits, her eyes, clouded over in lust, and her cunt, her fucking cunt, swallowing his cock within its slick, hot, greedy canal, and the sounds of a woman, a complete stranger, now furiously pumping herself with her fingers, no longer bothering to maintain the veneer of decency, with all of this coming together, plus the fact that Harry went to school with the girl he was fucking, it made for the most intense moment of sexual bliss he'd experienced up to that point.

In the next second, time seemed to catch back up, as Harry's cock bottomed out in the sluttily splayed-out girl's cunt once again, and then he went buck-fucking-wild.

Absolutely wrenching his cock free from it's velvety tomb, egged on by both Susan's, and the whore-next-door's, delighted shrieks and moans, Harry struck, back down into the quivering depths of Susan Bones, like a fucking meteor.

He was so rough, the girl was pushed forward, along the ground, by a solid inch. Harry's cock had struck down hard, and the girl's now rapidly contracting, gushing, cumming cunt, was just barely able to withstand his assault. If before his cock's encounter with Susan's sensitive cervix could be likened to a cheerful knock, than this time it was a full S.W.A.T. team, swinging a portable battering ram down on a locked door.

Susan screamed from the bottom of her breast-smothered lungs and gushed out fluids, but with Harry showing now sign of slowing down, or indeed easing up in any way, her shrieks were forced, through lack of available oxygen, to become rapid, incoherent blubbering's, even as his long, relentless prick stirred her womanly cum into cream, coating his length in buttery white and making an awfully erotic mess of the poor girl's opening.

In the next stall, wide-eyed with incredulous fuck-lust, was Jessica Pale, who was violently
slapping her pussy, extending her own orgasm for as long as she could. When she managed to peel her eyes from the sight of what she thought must be a demon's cock, absolutely *raping* the poor girl into the ground, she found her eyes locked with the girls. Screaming in surprise, and pleasure as well, Jessica felt a new wave of stars crash into the backs of her eyeballs, the shock of getting caught arousing her into another orgasm, even as the poor girl maintained eye contact, apparently in a place of ecstasy, beyond shame and decency.

"Yes, yes, yes, oh-my-magic, *fuck YES!"* Susan cried, quivering as she readjusting her gaze onto Harry's savagely plundering form with great difficulty. "Oh, fuck, baby, you're *ruining* me! You animal, damn you! Look what you've done, I'm *ruined* now!"

Grunting in an effort to stave off his teetering orgasm, Harry closed his eyes and sped up, wanting to push the squealing, writhing teen path the edge one more time before succumbing himself. Her rapidly accelerating pants, which came out in cute little, "Ah, uh, aah!"'s, seemed to indicate that she was ready to take the plunge, triggering Harry's final assault.

Grunting out in animalistic ferocity, Harry reached down with powerful hands and *scooped* Susan, in a smooth movement, *up*, into his thrusts, leaving the girl's back, arms, and head, to lay splayed on the floor, with her legs, once again, wrapped around Harry’s elevated waist in primal, carnal delight. Fucking himself, with fast, deep reaching hammer-strikes, into the boneless redhead's molten center, Harry finally lost himself, just as Susan began an endless, keening wail, her fiery cunt *seizing* his flooding prick, *writhing* and *convulsing* around his spitting meat, holding the horse-cock in place, snugly mushed up against her starving cervix.

"Nng!" Harry grunted out throatily, tiny jolts of timeless, primal satisfaction shocking his body, leaving the sweaty, tensed teen to clutch desperately at his most recent conquest's hips, holding the female in place as his nature-perfected equipment went to work, accepting the girl's frantically milking honeypot and domed cervix's offer of pleasure in exchange for his thick, viscous, boiling cum-globs. Rope after rope filled the writhing redhead's most private, womanly center, to the point of overflowing, till sad, gooey drizzles of man-cum dribbled out, staining the hoodie below with their liquid sex.

Long seconds ticked by uncounted in tense nirvana, for both the triumphant incubus and his human lover, until, finally, Harry allowed his knees to slowly give, sinking down to rest his heaving body against Susan's blissfully satisfied form. Leaning back, with his arms hanging limply behind him, Harry allowed his member to relax inside his classmate, softly panting in the now quiet restroom.

Breathless giggling broke the peaceful atmosphere, and Harry lazily looked down at Susan's exhausted, tittering face, feeling a smug, happy smile steal across his features at her radiantly glowing, well-fucked expression. The red in her cheeks and breasts was slowly fading away, but her naked flesh still looked sinful, with the attractive sheen of sweat hugging her accentuating her heaving breasts and ravished expression.

Chuckling along with her, Harry slowly extracted his sensitive member from her weary cunt, the long, groan-inducing path back of out her folds creating one last, dirty slurp.

Rocking back to his feet, with a little help from the stall's wall, Harry stretched, reaching his clasped hands up to the sky and groaning out, "Well, we'd best go ahead and get cleaned up, if we're quick, maybe we can even make it back before the game finishes, yeah?"

Susan just smiled, offering up a tiny nod that pretty much said, 'Who cares about any of that after *this*?' but she nonetheless accepted Harry's hand back up.

"The Irish won," Jessica Pale said from the stall next door, surprisingly. Hearing the woman's
voice had Susan regain some of her blush back, but Harry just casually asked, "Ah, really? I'd held out hope they'd be able to stage a comeback... Did Krum at least get the snitch?"

Rolling out a handful of paper towels, which were automatically conjured and would automatically vanish a few minutes after use, Harry wet them in the sink and began wiping his body down, casually listening to the woman confirm his guess while wiping his cock clean.

"Can you get my back?" Harry asked, grabbing a new wad of conjured cloth, wetting it, and holding it out to Susan. Smiling when she nodded and began cleaning his wiry back, Harry asked, "How'd the chasing go? It looked like Ivanova, Dimitrov, and Levski were flying around with their thumbs up their asses when I'd left."

Smiling at Susan when she finished with his back, Harry took yet another new bundle of paper towels, thank goodness they were conjured, and began returning the favor, wiping the sweat and sex off of the girl in smooth, long strokes, which drew a soft, pleasant sigh from her.

"Oh," Jessica snorted, "they were absolutely worthless. The only goal they scored was from a penalty shot, and the one they scored on was a miscall; the stupid referee was too busy drooling under the allure of the damn Bulgarians' veela, and that was a whole thing. If you don't mind me asking," she continued apprehensively, with embarrassment coloring her voice, "how long have the two of you been, well, uh, at it, I guess?"

Harry smirked, even as Susan shared a little giggle with him, and answered back, idly kissing above Susan's full butt while wiping down her legs, "Oh, well, I remember the score being something like eighty to zero..." That drew a funny noise from their stall neighbor, but Harry was curious about the score and wound up asking, "So what'd they finish at? Was it close?"

Finished cleaning, Harry pulled his pants back up and fished his shirt out from within his stained hoodie, 'Gross', and threw that on too, while Susan also redressed.

"Mmm," Jessica Pale hummed in affirmation. "One-seventy to one-sixty. That's probably the only reason there isn't rioting right now; even though the ref, weak-willed pig that he was, practically gave the Bulgarians a free goal, they still lost."

Humming in acknowledgment, Harry motioned for a peaking Bell to hide back in his hoodie, which he turned inside out before picking up, and then opened the door. Walking hand-in-hand with Susan out of the stall, his Bell-containing hoodie thrown across his shoulder, Harry called out, "Thanks, for the info and for perving on us; it was pretty hot. Just make sure to shag some luck guy or girl senseless tonight, mkay?" Rapping his knuckles once against her latched door, Harry began walking away, and said, "Spread the love and all that jazz, you know? Anyway, bye now!"

Grinning like an idiot, Harry pulled a still frazzled looking Susan out, into the fresh air and sunshine.

"What a beautiful day!" he proclaimed, to the giggling amusement of Susan Bones.

"I'll talk to you later, Susie," Harry whispered, seeing the girl's aunt, who he almost didn't recognize without a cock inside of her, calling out to her niece.

They were back out on the camping grounds, still happily strolling around holding hands. Harry had insisted on seeing the girl returned to her aunt, and, after but a single token resistance, Susan had smiled and relented.

Leaning towards her, Harry pressed a quick, sweet kiss into the girl's smiling lips, grinning when
her face lit up.

"Let's do this again sometime, Harry," Susan whispered back, teasingly, before running off, towards her beckoning aunt.

Grinning, Harry just took off in a random direction, happy to be happy and lost for a little bit.

After a few minutes of strolling aimlessly, and participating in an impromptu bet as to who could spit the farthest, between him, another wizard, and three oriental men, who all had forked tongues, Harry had noted, and winning, which had resulted in a galleon from all being forked over to the smiling boy wizard, and 'don't underestimate my spitting skill' Potter buying himself a strange, cross-shaped hotdog, Harry finally found his way back to the Weasley's tent. Weathering Mr. Weasly's short scolding, and Hermione's far longer-winded version as well, Harry soon found himself drawn into conversation with Ron, and the rest of the Weasley's, where every tiny facet of the game was retold, reenacted, and highly exaggerated, till eventually dinner time rolled around, with bedtime following shortly thereafter.

As Harry drifted off, having had a quick conversation with his tiny she-servant while showering (he'd found her licking the cum off of his hoodie, exasperatingly enough), he'd been unable to stop a feeling of optimistic anticipation from welling up within him, as he thought about the coming year. Just before sleep took him, Harry wondered, not for the first time, just what his life would be like once he finally chose monogamy. 'I hope she's pretty, and sweet, and understands me, and... and...'

Harry fell asleep with a smile on his face.

**AN: Took a while for inspiration to write this chapter to find me, by once it did, I managed to crank this out in about a day and a half. I'm pretty pleased with it, and hope I've managed to find a balance between believable and smut that you all can enjoy. Either way, I'd love to hear your opinions, and any dirty ideas you may have for future chapters (clean ideas welcome as well). Thanks for your time, how it served its purpose ;) and till next time, stay swagerific.**
Harry awoke slowly, despite the fervent shaking his gangly redheaded friend Ron was giving his shoulder, due in part to just being a heavy sleeper (unbelievably enough), but mostly because of his being well and truly spent from the day's activities. Following the shouting of his name out of his dream, which had consisted mostly of racing after a snitch against a nude Susan Bones, with all the eyes of the world cup focused on them, oddly enough, Harry finally managed to leave the silly fantasy behind and wake up.

"Harry, mate, wake up-Dad said people are getting rowdy outside and that we're gonna go ahead home after all. Did you hear me? Come on, get up," Ron encouraged, looking around for Harry's glasses, with the intent to hand them to the groggy Boy-Who-Lived, only to remember that his friend hadn't worn them once over the last few days. Not really processing this revelation and instead flicking his eyes back towards his family, most of whom were scurrying around aimlessly in the tent's 'living room', Ron grumbled, to a now awake looking Harry, "Bloody Irish, I'm betting. Stupid leprechauns, winning."

Apparently judging his friend to be awake enough to be on his own, Ron returned to his bed, fishing the goodies he'd bought and his wadded up day-clothes (he was still in the red pajamas he'd gone to sleep in), which Harry noted stank of sweat clear across the, admittedly small, room, out from under his bed.

Trying to keep his eyes open despite a jaw-breaking yawn, and failing, Harry then stood up and blinked rapidly, doing his best to shake the lingering cobwebs loose.

Soon enough, Harry, as awake as he was going to get, began lethargically gathering his stuff. Despite his leisurely pace, he still managed to get finished before Ron, mostly thanks to the lack of things he'd brought with him. Finishing his packing by slipping on a spare zipperless hoodie, the article quickly becoming one of his favorites to wear, and stashing his snoozing Smallguide within its connected hand-pocket, Harry then brought his dirty clothes, the only things he'd really needed to gather, up to a twitchy looking Mr. Weasley.

Once the kindly redheaded father of seven had shrunk the boy wizard's bag, and Harry had stored it in his powder-blue pajama pants' pocket, Mr. Weasley then went on to shrink Ron's, Ginny's, and Hermione's things down as well, leaving the whole entourage ready to split, with the rest of the group having already been prepped.

"So what's going on?" Harry asked, sleep still audible in his voice. "Ron said something about.. leprechauns?"

"No, Harry," Mister Weasley said, no hint of humor in his voice.

"Feeling the last of his sleepiness leave him, making way for a light weariness, Harry moved his hand toward his pocketed wand subconsciously and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," the ginger-topped chaperone confessed, though his tense expression didn't waiver. "But one of my acquaintances from work poked his head in a few minutes ago. Apparently somebody's causing a scene, up by the stadium, and I'd rather us be home than here, worrying about getting swept up in it. Now," he said, clapping his hands and double checking that everyone was there, "let's get going. I'll come grab the tent in the morning. For now, just focus on getting back to the portkey field, the boot's still there."
"But Dad," Fred (or was it George?), objected, his twin already nodding, "we've still got to collect our coin from ol' Ludo! That eel's doing everything he can to wiggle out of our little bet. If we leave now, we'll never-"

A sudden, thunderous, CRI-CRACK-BOOM erupted somewhere outside the tent, the noise, which sounded like dynamite blowing a pine tree in half, drew startled jumps and shouts out of them all, including a surprised, "Eep!" from Bell.

"Bloody hell!" Fred, Harry was sure of it now, hollered, heading straight for the tent's flap.

"Wait," Mister Weasley ground out, grabbing his son by the shoulder and hauling him back. Drawing his wand, the redheaded father crept forward cautiously, muttering a soft, "Protego." A translucent blue film formed a half-dome around the wizard's front, protecting him as he peaked outside.

Harry felt the hairs on the nape of his neck tingle when Mister Weasley let out an alarmed gasp and ducked back in quickly. Pulling his trusty holly wand from his pocked and seizing its sword-like grip, formed out of comfortable-to-hold bark, Harry reached his free hand into his pocket to stroke Bell soothingly while he listened to Mister Weasley say, "Something's wrong- there are tents being set on fire- we've got to go, now. Fred, George, you're in charge if I have to run off, but for now, follow me!"

With that, the adult wizard swept out of the tent, followed quickly by his children, Luna, Hermione, and then, at the back, Harry himself.

Stepping out of the tent, Harry found himself quickly swept up in a whirlwind of frenzied activity, but unlike before, there was no merriment to be found, no festive spirit blanketing the gathered crowd. Instead, Harry was met with fear, panic, and confusion the instant he stepped out, onto the slick-with-dew grass. The night was clouded over, but light, put off by half a dozen blazing tents, provided plenty of light to see, although its hypnotic, dancing flames combined potently with the scurrying sea of bodies to inject even more disorientation into the fleeing crowd.

Not immune to the feeling, which was what Harry imagined being cast adrift into the ocean mid-storm must feel like, with naught but the insistent, choppy tide to guide you, the boy wizard found himself separated from his friends within a matter of minutes.

Stepping out of the stampeding crowd, Harry ducked into a row of tents, breathing harshly and trying desperately to regain his bearings. Clutching his wand in one hand and his Smallguide in the other, within his hoodie pocket still, Harry peered into the frothing mass of migrating magicals, scanning as many faces as he could in the hopes of spotting a familiar one.

A flash of orange-red hair in the corner of his eye had Harry whipping his head around. Just barely spotting Mister Weasley, headed fast in the opposite direction, by himself, Harry took a leaping step forward, preparing to sprint his way to the man so as not to lose track of him, when a faint scream from behind caught his attention.

Sliding forward on the now-muddy ground, maintaining his balance but scaring deep furrows into the torn up turf, Harry felt a sickly mass of indecision settle in his gut. Gritting his teeth in disgust at his own hesitation, Harry froze up.

With safety quickly heading in the other direction, did Harry really want to possibly risk his life for a stranger?

'Would I be able to live with myself if I didn't?' Harry asked himself, and, quickly answering his own question with a harshly spoken, "No," he kicked off, rocketing himself back, towards the
scream, in a turf-pounding sprint. Realizing he was heading toward the same woods he'd dragged Luna to the previous morning, Harry sped up, breathing heavily as the bottoms of his pajama pants got dirtied with mud-flung haphazardly into the air from his rapidly kicking feet.

A sudden, "Somebody, help m-!" rang out, quieter than the scream before but obviously closer.

Now even more on edge, unwilling to think about the reasons why the voice, which Harry recognized as a young girl's, would suddenly go silent mid-cry, the adrenaline filled incubus wasted no time in leaning towards the ground, never breaking stride, and scooping a handful of thick mud up.

Busting through the tree line, ignoring the thick thorn bushes as they ripped thin lines of beading blood, through his pajama bottoms and into his legs, Harry spared a brief moment to process what he'd stumbled upon.

Two men, both cloaked in black robes, almost reminiscent of a dementor's cloak, were looming over a downed girl, who was limply sprawled on her side next to a softly babbling stream. She was, as far as Harry could see, of a petite build, slim of height and with a delicate body. Her wider hips and peach-sized breasts, hidden beneath comfy-looking cotton pajama's, stopped the boy from identifying her as a child, instead of the young teen he reevaluated her as, and her golden-silver hair, a fascinating shade he'd never encountered before, hid her face beneath its voluminous length.

Choking just long enough at the sight of her to overhear one of the men mention their unexpected fortune to the other, Harry expeditiously forced himself into action, pointing his vibrating holly wand at the talking man's face and snarling out, "Issemos!"

The two would-be kidnappers reacted, while not sluggishly, still far too slowly, and before the first man had even hit the ground, scratching at his fused-together eyelids, the second had already gotten a face full of mud. While not quite as blinded as his friend, who caught a roared, "Stupefy!" a second later, rendering him unconscious, the muddy faced man still literally didn't see Harry's punch coming.

Both slipping under the force of Harry's fist's collision with the man's nose, which let out a sickening crunch! under Harry's fist, only the fury-eyed incubus maintained his footing, while the darkly dressed adult wizard fell heavily onto his back.

The man's skull connected with one of the stream's polished flat stones, sounding out a meaty thud, but his groaning form clued Harry in to the fact that he too could do with a stunning, and so, with another "Stupefy", Harry took him out of the equation as well.

Breathing heavily, with a shaking Bell in his pocket and a pounding heart in his chest, Harry scanned the clearing jerkily, high from his attack. Still, as the seconds continued to tick by in silence, with naught but the sounds of peacefully running water and breathing keeping the silence at bay, the strung up teen allowed the tension to flow out of his tensed muscles.

Sighing, Harry muttered out two, "Ligansnno," 's, restraining the unconscious wizards within thick leather straitjackets, before pocketing his wand and kneeling next to the prone girl.

"Hey," Harry tried, settling a hand on her nightshirt covered shoulder, trying to shake her awake as gently as possible. "Come on," he coaxed softly, rubbing the girl's back. "Wake up sweetheart, it's time to get out of here and find your family."

"Nnmmg, Mama?" the petite girl called out faintly, shifting on the ground as if to get up, before crying out, "Ah!", as she shifted her ankle.
"Are you okay?" Harry asked in concern, leaning back on his knees to give the girl some space. Whipping her head towards him from the ground at his words, the girl, who Harry decided was pretty like he'd never known, upon seeing her face properly, let out a startled shriek. "Woah!" Harry began soothingly, holding his empty hands up in a sign of peace. "It's okay," he went on to insist, nodding towards the unconscious and restrained men off to the side, "you're safe now. I'm not gonna hurt you."

"Qui êtes-vous- ma famille, où-" the girl began demanding, her sweet voice thick with fear despite Harry's best efforts, when she suddenly cut herself off. Screwing her face up, she repeated, slowly, in English this time, "'Ere eez my familee?"

'French,' Harry thought, bemused, idly noting that the questioning lilt the girl used at the end of her sentence was certifiably adorable.

"Um," Harry tried, pushing his growing crush to the wayside in favor of trying to help the lost teen. "I'll help you look for them and stuff, but I don't actually know. I got separated from my group as well, so, you see... Uh..." Harry trailed off, seeing that few, if any, of his words were reaching the girl, who was frowning in concentration and had an ear angled towards him.

"Master," Bell suddenly called, breaking the dawning silence and startling the two teens. "Bell!" Harry asked quickly, shooting the pintsized fairy a scolding look, which quickly had the blue servant bowing her head.

"M'sorry Master, but... Well, she's a veela, and I'm born polylinguistic, and I had just thought that, I could maybe teach you French real quick..."

Harry scowled at his own harshness before petting Bell on her head, offering up an apologetic smile and asking, "You mean like, with a spell?"

Lifting her chin back up with a radiant smile, and leaning her head into Harry's pampering hand, Bell chirped, "Mhmm! Just a peck on the lips and you're good to go Master!"

Raising an eyebrow at the atypical casting technique, Harry spared a quick look at his golden-silver haired rescuee, who was staring open-mouthed at the boy wizard's Smallguide, before nodding his consent to Bell.

Buzzing her butterfly-like wings at hummingbird speeds, Bell precisely flew her way up, till her lips were even with her bonded Choiceling's. Placing her delicate hands on his lips, Bell leaned forward and gently kissed her master, her tiny blue lips landing on his smiling pink ones, although with the size difference, she wound up kissing his bottom lip more than his top.

"Pouvez-vous me comprendre, Maître?" Bell asked, smiling as she brushed her tiny fingers over her tingling lips.

"Yes, I understand you perfectly!" Harry answered in French, a look of wonderment stealing across his face at the new magic. "This is amazing, Bell! What other magic do you know?"

However, remembering the injured girl laying in front of him, Harry applied the breaks on his enthusiastic interrogation. Rewarding Bell with one more fond petting, Harry refocused himself, and asked the girl, "Are you okay? I don't know where your parents are, but I can help you look, if you'd like. I'm Harry, by the way."

"Gabrielle," the girl responded, her tone warmer now that she could converse in her native
"Did you do that?" she asked, looking over at the still knocked out duo, snoozing away in their thick leather straitjackets.

"Yeah," Harry answered, nodding. "Dumbasses were too busy gloating over you to fight back properly- kept going on about how lucky they were to 'bag' a veela. Come to think of it," Harry added, cocking his head and appraising the girl more closely, "Bell called you that too. And the mascots at the game... Is that why you're so pretty?"

Gabrielle blushed and averted her eyes, defensively answering, in a halting voice, "P-pardon me!? Veela are more than just pretty faces, you know! As an incubus yourself, you should appreciate the fact that-"

"Wait!" Harry interrupted, sharing a quick, weary look with Bell. "How'd you know I'm an incubus?"

Frowning at being interrupted, which Harry distantly noted looked cute on the pouty girl's face, Gabrielle huffily replied, "Well, you've got a Parva Dux, for one. Kind of a dead giveaway that you're a Choiceling right there, you know? Plus, my allure feels... odd, with you around. You not having a tail or wings, and doing wand magic, also shows that you're obviously not a normal incubus."

"Allure?" Harry asked questioningly, before a soft groan to his side drew his attention sharply.

Snapping up, Harry stabbed his wand towards the bound men, applying another batch of "Stupefy!"'s harshly. Walking over and snatching up their wands as well, for added insurance, Harry said, "Are you okay to walk, Gabrielle? We should start looking for your family- and probably see about letting some aurors know about these losers as well."

The girl nodded, wincing as she tried to find her legs, only to give up in a whimper.

"My ankle," she confessed, moisture beginning to gather in her eyes. Still, the prideful girl didn't ask for the young incubus's help.

Luckily for her, Harry was more than flexible enough to accommodate her ego. Crouching down, Harry settled a hand on the upset girl's head, giving her silken tresses a slight ruffle as she glared impotently at him. Still, the petite veela's wobbly smile, which she didn't quite manage to hide, showed her true colors.

Suddenly looking like nothing more than a beautiful, lost girl, who wanted, more than anything, to be reunited with her parents, Harry revealed to the French teen his most genuine smile, not bothering to remove his hand from her small head. Heartened to see her relax, Harry just said, "Come on. Let's see if we can't figure out where everybody went, okay?"

Getting an affirmative nod from the now calmer looking girl, Harry turned around, still crouched, and called for the girl to wrap her arms around his neck.

Shifting as high as she could, Gabrielle reached up, snaking her thin, cool arms around the boy wizard's warm neck, letting out a soft sigh as the chill that had settled into her bones began to fade.

In a smooth motion, that agitated his precious French cargo as little as possible, Harry stood, flashing his hands back to hook beneath the clutching girl's thighs. Adjusting his grip on the petite girl's cotton covered legs, and swallowing hard in an effort to alleviate the sudden soreness supporting the girl's weight had caused in his throat, Harry softly asked, "Comfy?"

Getting an irritated sigh, but also a nod that caused the girl's hair, which was dangling down around him like a waterfall, to tickle his neck, Harry just smiled and began his smooth trek back,
noticing the bite of the clutching thorns lining the clearing more this time, but still not sparing much attention to them, save to make sure his veela companion's legs passes through unscathed.

Back on the not-quite-a-path-but-close-enough, Harry took care to step over the numerous roots peppering the way, determined to see his impromptu charge back to safety unscathed. However, for an athletic, perceptive teen like Harry, walking at a smooth, steady pace was braindead easy, roots and rocks or no. Confident that he wouldn't suddenly drop Gabrielle, Harry decided to strike up a conversation with the girl on his back.

"So," Harry began, smiling as the young French witch settled her dainty jaw atop his bedhead, "you seem to know enough about incubuses to spot one right away, but I don't know anything about veela... I don't mean to be rude or anything, but could you fill me in? I only recently discovered my heritage, so I'm really curious to hear all about what other kinds of magical beings there are."

The girl was silent for a few companionable seconds before she spoke up, seemingly deciding it admirable that Harry was eager to learn.

"Hmm, well, where to start... Veela are identical to wizards, when male, and still very similar to witches, even when female. Female veela, however, possess a unique sexual magic talent, similar to a succubus's, called an allure. The difference is, while you can access a potential mate's sexuality and instinctually act on that knowledge, veela have the ability to amplify the attraction those of the opposite sex feel for them. It can be a bit of a hassle to control though..." Gabrielle revealed, tightening her legs around her incubus escort's hips a touch, recognizing the rare magical specimen carrying her as the superior lover his kind was. While a veela's allure was typically used as a supplementary tool, helping the female court a male of her choosing and aiding in ensuring their union's longevity, incubuses, and their female counterparts, were both specialized for raw sex, and were otherworldly talented at their trade. She knew that, should he wish it, the boy carrying her could weasel his way into her pajamas and fuck her raw, right there, and by the end of it she'd be the happiest witch alive. The thought gave her goose pimples.

"Wow," Harry said, surprised to hear of another group of magical beings with sexual magic almost as potent as his own. "That's pretty cool, bein' able to get someone randy with just a thought. I think I still prefer my way, though," Harry confessed, egged on by the girl's factual manner of speaking and apparent comfort level with the mature subject material, resolving to be frank as well. "It's pretty fun," he continued, "figuring out the best way to get my 'prey' all hot and bothered." Sniggering at the funny terminology, Harry still sheepishly admitted, "But for real, I see the girls I'm with more as special friends than anything."

Interested to hear more, both intellectually and personally, Gabrielle asked, "I thought you were suppose to have a life partner? Or is it different because you're a Choiceling? I remember something about two sets of instincts? There's a big old book at my grand-maman's house that's all about the different magical beings there are, and I remember reading about incubuses and Choicelings, but I don't quite recall the specifics..."

Rolling his eyes at the girl's silent demand that he fill in the blanks in her memory, Harry casually said, after stepping over a particularly sharp looking rock, "Basically, if I'd chosen my incubus instincts, I would've been compelled to dedicate myself to a single girl, though who would still be up to me, and get her pregnant." Hearing the girl above him let out an, "Eep!", Harry smiled and continued. "That's one of the differences between a Choiceling and a regular incubus, by the way, getting to choose a mate. Anyway, there's another set of instincts; my altered human, or, uh, wizard set, I guess, that I could choose, which I did. Till my next birthday, when I'll have to choose again, I have to have sex at least once per day, with different girls." Hearing the petite girl gasp out in surprise, Harry nodded, saying, "I know, crazy, right? Still, it's not like I'm
complaining, and it's dead-easy getting girls to let me fuck them anyway. And besides, once I do fall in love, it'll just be a matter of time till I can commit myself, so in a way, it's the best of both worlds!"

Gabrielle, beyond her shock and embarrassment at the ridiculous lifestyle the boy below her maintained, past her incredulity at his blasé attitude toward it all, and under the faintest stabs of jealousy she felt at how at ease with himself her savior was, Gabrielle felt admiration take root in her heart. She, with the love and understanding of her entire family to help her along, and all of her life to adjust to being different, still hadn't reached the level of self-acceptance the Choiceling carrying her had, and in such a short time, too. Gabrielle could tell that it wasn't bravado talking when he said that he had accepted his imposed lot in life, and that kind of optimism was very alluring to the young veela. For all that she displayed an outward face of confidence, beneath her pretty pale skin, swimming in her dark blue eyes, was an insistent leech of insecurity, sucking away at the pride she had in herself.

Turning her head, till her cheek rested atop the boy wizard's messy mop of hair, and encircling her arms around his neck in more of a hug and less of a grip, Gabrielle whispered, "It's really cool, you know, that you're so okay with being different. Veela," she went on to say, appreciating the attentive silence Harry afforded her, "tend to have a bit of a... reputation. You won't be able to tell unless I focus it on you 'cause you're an incubus, but even just the ambient allure we tend to put out can make monkeys out of men. Even though we are, by nature, almost perfectly chaste and monogamous, the effect we have on the majority of males, usually those of weak will or self-restraint, leaves us to be regarded as...as well," she stumbled, and while Harry though the word she was looking for was 'sluts', the petite veela avoided using vulgarity by saying, "as scarlet women. Needless to say, the female population tends towards holding veela in contempt as well. It's, well, it's basically the same kind of reactions your kind tend to garner for themselves, just with the genders flipped, although in your case..." Here, she trailed off, afraid to offend her kindly knight in shining pajamas.

"But," Harry picked up, smiling wryly, though still thinking over her previous words, "in my case, I actually am casually f**king oodles of chicks, and the threat of me blasting some bloke's girlfriend full of cum is a serious one."

Suddenly redder than a ripe tomato, Gabrielle screeched her indignation and began pulling at Harry's hair with her dainty fists, squawking, "You vulgar ape! Uncultured swine! You are in the presence of a lady, apologize!"

"Ah! Ouch, will you stop that!" Harry winced, wincing and laughing at the same time as the young veela riding him tugged on his lengthy charcoal locks. "I surrender, I surrender! Forgive me, Your Grace, haha, Gabby stop that!" Harry said, in stitches, though his smiling face took on a tinge of embarrassment when he let out an involuntary snort.

"Hehehe!" the slight girl draped over his back giggled, doubling over with her cheek pressing down against Harry's tousled hair hard as her body quivered in delighted amusement. "You really are a pig!" she joked, turning her head to bury her smiling face into the boy's bedhead.

"Oi!" Harry squawked, smiling amusement painting his face and voice, corrupting his indignation. "I happen to be a proper English Choiceling, you know? If anything, I'm at least a noble steed, hoofing your ladyness around."

Gabrielle just continued giggling into his hair, and a grinning Harry decided to leave it, seeing the path's end approaching quickly.

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle! Sweetie, where are you!?" a woman's cry rang out from somewhere beyond the end of the tree line suddenly, tears and distress thickening her wailing voice. "Baby,
"Maman!" Gabrielle called out, tightening her hold around Harry's neck as he picked up his pace, lightly jogging towards where the voice had come from. "Maman, over here maman!"

"Gabrielle?" the woman cried back, and as Harry jogged out of the last line of thick trees, entering into view of the woman and the other half-dozen people she was with, she cried again, this time sounding almost sick with relief, "Gabrielle!"

"Maman!" the petite veela on Harry's back cried again, and this time the Choiceling heard tears in her voice, which began landing softly in his messy hair a second later.

Harry's slow jog met the woman's rapid sprint somewhere in the open field within a few seconds, and the instant she came within grabbing distance, the woman, who Harry had a brief second to note was more beautiful than any he'd met before, opened her womanly arms wide and clasped both Gabrielle and Harry to her bosom.

Crying out in shaky relief, the woman, Gabrielle's mother, rained sloppy kisses down on her daughter's face, clutching at the back of the girl's head desperately.

A red faced Harry, sandwiched between two comely veela as he was, oddly found naught a single perverse thought running through his head. Instead, his blushing form was due to the sheer love being shown from mother to daughter and then back again. Feeling that nothing should stand between such a distraught parent and their child, he also fidgeted a bit in awkwardness, since that's what he was literally doing.

However, his shifting had the unintentional consequence of reminding the adult veela of his presence, and in the next instant, Gabrielle's mother was cupping his face, pressing sweet, thankful kisses down onto his cheeks and forehead.

A weak, but sudden, rush of lust surged through Harry's rapidly beating heart and into his veins.

"Non, Maman!" Gabrielle cried, sliding her own small hands down to cover Harry's eyes and mouth, leaving his nose poking out from between her soft-but-sure grip to breath somewhat heavily, half from his jog and half from slowly draining allure-induced lust.

"Gabrielle?" the young veela's mother asked, confused, at the same time a muffled, "Mmn!" hummed out beneath her hand.

Gabrielle freed the Choiceling's mouth, but made no move to retract the hand keeping his eyes covered, which Harry rolled as he said, still in French, "Gabby, seriously, have a little faith, will you? I'm not just gonna jump your mum's bones- gak!" he cried out, wincing as the little veela on his back lightly dug her pointer finger into his closed eye. "I swear, I'm gonna throw you into a freaking lake!" Harry gloomily sulked, before continuing, "Like I was saying, if anybody can handle themselves under an allure, its gonna be a-gak! Again, my eye, why!?" Harry wined out, finally beginning to grow tired of the girl's abuse.

"Shh," Gabrielle insisted, removing her hand from the Choiceling's eyes. "The others are coming."

Stiffening in sudden understand, Harry gave his cargo's legs a grateful squeeze, thankful to not have revealed his heritage accidentally, and zipped his lips, offering the confused woman in front of him a strained smile but no more.

"What's going on here?" an auror, tall and broad chested, though otherwise rather plain-looking, and garbed in the heroic crimson robes that advertised his station as magical law enforcement,
asked, shooting Harry and his veela companion suspicious looks.

Both of the French veela ignored the inconsiderate wizard, save to shoot him brief glares at his tone, leaving Harry to sigh and begin explaining, in English now, "Yes sir, well, you see, I had managed to get separated-

But the young incubus was interrupted by the man, when he shouted, "Bloody hell, you're Harry Potter!"

Feeling the girl on his back shift slightly in surprise, and seeing her mother and the rest of the assembled adults, none of whom he knew, and who weren't wearing auror robes, check his forehead, and then recoil slightly, Harry simply deadpanned, "Nice to meet you."

"You didn't tell me you were Harry Potter!" the girl on his back complained. Harry felt a frown slipping over his features in anticipation of the standard, 'Oh my! An honor! Blah-blah-blah,' but found his expression quickly morphing to a wince as his hair was pulled again, and the indignant teenage veela on his back deadpanned, like he had a mere moment ago, "Well there goes that crush. Thanks, Harry, my childhood is now ruined."

Powerless to resist an unexpectedly powerful rush of pleasantly-surprised happiness welling within him, Harry leaned his head back, still with Gabrielle's dainty hands gripping his hair, although no longer painfully, and beamed an upside-down smile up at the girl's close, suddenly red face.

"I-idiot," the petite veela whispered, turning her head in embarrassment. "Did you really expect me to care?" she went on to ask, false-scathingly, with an undercurrent of warmth in her voice that was nigh-undetectable.

"I like you," Harry said plainly, smiling again at the further-flushing girl as she spluttered in surprise.

"Like I said," she whispered softly, angling his head back towards their company manually with her fisted hands, "idiot."

Unable to keep the megawatt smile off of his face, which he was surprised to find was actually blushing a fair bit, Harry switched back to English and said, to the one flabbergasted veela as well as the confused, non-French speaking adults next to her, "So, you were asking for an explanation?"

The flushed veela on his back hid her face in the Choiceling's hair at the odd look her mother was shooting her. Wrestling her allure back under control, after all, was not something to do with half a head.

AN: First of all, I'd like to quickly thank all of my readers, especially those that left reviews and/or favorited Incubus, for taking the time to show their support for this fic. It played a huge part in motivating me into writing this next chapter so quickly. Ya'll da real MVP. In other news, I'd like to quickly assure you all that, while the Harry/Gabby romance will receive a good deal of attention in Incubus, the smutty smut-smut shall remain. Some crazy stuff is headed Harry's way at Hogwarts, rest assured. Still, I want this to be a fic for the ages, and a romantic yin is needed to help carry the smutty yang. It is my hope that the length, depth, and kinkiness of the many lemons that will be calling Incubus home shall be enough to convince those opposed to the romance to stick around, and also, for the exact to hold true. Thank you for reading, make sure to favorite, follow, and review, and I will see you all next time. Peace!
Harry arched his head, stretching his sore neck out with a soft sigh that barely disturbed the otherwise silent train compartment. Settling back, he lowered his wild-haired head against the closed glass window. The rolling hills of the healthy green countryside, shadowed underneath thick, grumbling storm clouds, passed by behind him unseen by any in the compartment.

Ron, with his long, rangy body curled up on one of the compartment's well padded bench seats, took up the entire side he was on with his snoozing, very softly snoring form, which was facing away from the compartment's other two occupants. Across from the redhead sat Hermione, her long, coffee-colored stocking clad legs crossed elegantly. She was already dressed in her Hogwarts robes, which Harry had noted looked significantly more feminine on the studious girl, now that they had some womanly curves to cling to. She was already reading, though it looked more like a novel than any kind of intellectual text to Harry's eyes, while said incubus idly thumbed through a small paperback himself.

However, unlike what Harry was beginning to suspect to be a romance novel, held close by his female friend's manicured fingers, the relaxed teen's choice in literature was unbelievably educational. Not a book covering one of the magical courses taught at the castle the train was headed towards, the small, brown leather bound book he held was teaching him much nonetheless. The book, which looked more like a small journal, had been a present from an infinitely thankful Apolline Delacour, flown to him by owl the day before.

It was a copy, magically strengthened and shrunk, of the tome Gabrielle had mentioned to him half a week ago at the World Cup, detailing the biology, nature, history, customs, and more of over three dozen different intelligent magical species. He'd briefly skimmed through a bit detailing the social structure of merfolk before hopping to the section dedicated to him and his ilk.

Harry found a small amount of new information pertaining to his 'sex sense', which was actually known as Sexual Omnipotence, funnily enough, but most of what the text had to say on the subject he'd already known. Harry already had a handle on his ability to detect moderate levels of lust and sexual attraction, and was even more proficient in the deliberate thought and memory perusal aspects of his nature. More interesting was the tidbit he'd uncovered in the chapter dedicated to providing an overview of the political climate surrounding incubi and succubi, and their rarer Choiceling subspecies as well.

He'd learned that, not only did his status as a sexually active Choiceling grant him adult standing and rights, he also had a fair few laws, passed by a suspiciously successful succubus ancestor, that were designed to protect him and, more specifically, his bedroom adventures. No females were off limits, legally, for the young Choiceling, save those not old enough to have menstruated at least once. Otherwise, with consent, he was in the clear one hundred percent. Underage girls, wives, even his teachers, all were fair game. Bell, Harry remembered, had summarized quite well, saying, "Thanks to this 'Isobel' lady, Brittan's like your personal all you can fuck buffet!"

Harry had agreed with the naked little fairy then, but wasn't entirely sure he would be comfortable taking advantage of those laws in practice. Ironic though it may be, the idea of monogamy appealed to Harry greatly, and he didn't think coming between spouses just because he legally could was an okay thing to do. But then again, it was getting progressively harder to think in the silent train compartment, so maybe he just couldn't focus on the thought enough to really figure out how he felt...
Unable to tune out the lapping waves of lust radiating off of Hermione any longer, Harry casually peered over the top of his reading, ignoring an interesting paragraph detailing the finer points of seduction, to study the lightly blushing teen, who was absently kneading her folded legs together, reading her book intently. Watching her lightly chew on her bottom lip, teasing the captured flesh deliberately back and forth with her perfect teeth, Harry grit his teeth in self-restraint.

Focusing on not focusing on the girl, Harry barely managed to keep himself from diving into the increasingly randy witch's memories, remembering the promise he'd made himself to not let his new lifestyle endanger his previous relationships. He was happy as Hermione's friend; enjoyed the girl's personality and intelligence; overbearing wet-blanket that she occasionally was. Still, just knowing that the warm, velvety embrace of her pussy was within easy reach had Harry warring with himself for a long few seconds.

A brief flash of the bookish girl, pressing a small, shiny silver egg to her fleshy nether lips flew through the intently staring incubus's head. As the scene progressed, and Hermione turned a small handheld dial clockwise, drawing a rapid, humming vibration from the bullet, Harry felt his equipment begin to stir.

Abruptly shooting up, soft tints of red dusting his cheeks and neck, Harry tore himself free of his friend's dirty mind, feeling a doubt about the feasibility of keeping his internal promise take root in his head, even as he kept his features neutral.

Startled, Hermione snapped her book closed guiltily, looking up at Harry's slightly flushed form with rather rosy cheeks of her own.

Pretending not to notice, Harry just said to the girl, in a friendly tone, "I'm gonna go get changed and check in on Luna." Deciding that a little bit of teasing would be harmless, and having grown to the point of being abnormally comfortable around those of the opposite sex, the young incubus casually remarked, suppressing a grin, "Your cheeks look a little warm, Hermione." Stepping forward, in what was more of a stalking motion, really, Harry settled his lightly calloused hand on the girl's flushed forehead, drawing more color to her face. "Oh my," he mumbled, slowly letting his hand slide down towards the girl's cheek. "You're burning up, Hermione. If I had noticed how hot you were before," he added slyly, "I'd've made more of an effort to get you in a bed..."

Swelling with mischievous glee, Harry relished his own cheesy double entendres as his well read female friend's eyes widened.

"Harry-" Hermione started, stopping when said Choiceling suddenly flicked her on her nose, drawing a frown from the still-red girl.

Laughing good-naturedly, Harry stepped back out of the witch's personal space to teasingly say, "Don't go getting sick on me now, nerd. Me'n Ron are gonna need you in tip-top shape if we're to survive facing off against the French and the Bulgarians, and make decent marks this year. That is, of course," Harry tacked on, carelessly swatting the back of his ginger-headed friend's dome, earning not a sound of acknowledgment from the slumbering Weasley, "if this idiot ever wakes up."

Smiling when his scowling friend turned her head faux-indignantly, Harry nonetheless forced some genuine seriousness into his voice, saying, "For real though Hermione, remember what I said earlier; I need to talk to you and Ron about some stuff later. After supper sound good?"

Getting a surly, "We already agreed to that, Harry. Though why you feel the need to schedule meetings just to talk to us is rather weird. You do know that, I hope? That you're weird? Because, I mean like, wow."
Ignoring his pouty friend's verbal counterattack, which Harry honestly found lacking, especially for it to have come from Hermione, the Choiceling simply rolled his eyes and reiterated, "Good, be there," before quickly flicking at Hermione's nose again. His finger missed, thanks to a quick dodge from the girl, and Harry internally resolved to refrain from showing his back to the teenage witch, at least for the next few days, lest he find himself jinxed, or even hexed, by his suspiciously irritable friend.

Just getting a nod, after a few seconds of awkwardly standing there, having missed his flick, Harry snorted, grabbed his already unpacked robes, and left, opening and closing the compartment door as quietly as he could manage, sharing a quick, playful smile with Hermione as he did.

"You two are funny, Master," Bell chirped, hidden within yet another hoodie, causing a warm smile to steal across the dark haired incubus's face.

Deciding to go ahead and track Luna down and say hello, since he was already up, Harry absently pet his once-again pocket-concealed Smallguide, and simply said, "Yeah," as he began strolling down the train.

The hall was moderately populated, and Harry spent his searching trek nodding his hellos to the students he knew, and awkwardly avoiding eye contact with those he didn't, idly checking the compartments he passed for his waif-like target all the while.

Spotting the girl's unique hair first, Harry took only a moment to scan the rest of the compartment's inhabitants, which included Ginny, two other young Gryffindor girls, and what he'd guess to be a fifth year Hufflepuff girl, before deciding to pop in and say hello.

Lightly rapping his knuckles against the glass of the compartment door's little window, Harry smiled at the girls inside as they noticed him. Turning the little handle on his side and sliding the wooden portal open, Harry poked his head in, casually saying, "Hey girls," to the compartment as a whole, but to Ginny and Luna more specifically, as made apparent by the way his smile was aimed in their directions. "Just thought I'd stop by and, ya know, see what's up. I never did get to ask if either of you'd be competing in any of the tourneys. And hi, by the way," he added, offering the other girls in the compartment slightly less genuine, though still cheery, smiles, "I'm Harry, although, upon request, I'm trying out a more clean shaven approach down south."

Laughing at his own joke, which he was pretty sure he'd owe a royalty to Sirius for telling, should he ever profit from it, it took Harry a moment to notice that, instead of belly laughs, or at least a few giggles, a wave of stunned embarrassment had infected the compartment, although he did notice a slight upturning of Luna's lips.

While some aspects of his personality had flourished due to his daily naughty activities, such as his comfort level around the female population and his self-esteem in general, other aspects had... suffered. These days, Harry found himself having difficulty keeping what other's would deem 'raunchy' humor and thoughts unspoken. He also had fallen into the bad habit of using foul language; a byproduct of his non-stop dirty talk.

Here, with five blushing girls staring at him with varying ratios of outrage, mortification, and incredulity on their faces, Harry quietly vowed to make an effort to filter himself in the future.

Staring blankly at his less-than-receptive audience, Harry sighed, completely unabashed, and stepped back into the hall, wordlessly sliding the girl's compartment door closed. Shoving his hands in his pockets, feeling somewhat sulky at having had his joke bomb, Harry found some comfort imagining the awkward silence Luna, Ginny and their friends must surely be suffering through.
The thought helped, and before he'd walked ten paces, heading towards the restroom to change, Harry found the slight spring teasing Hermione earlier had put in his step returning.

Arriving at the Hogwarts Express's restrooms, Harry took a quick moment to knock, making sure that there wasn't anybody already inside, before strolling in, locking the door behind him.

Taking a quick moment to stifle a yawn, the train ride always making him a little sleepy, Harry then said, "Go ahead Bell, you can come out."

It was a drowsy looking fairy that poked her head out from within Harry Potter's hoodie, which was a warm red this time. Crawling out of her young master's pocket, though only enough for her freckled, midnight blue breasts to hang free, Bell draped herself over the edge of the amused incubus's pocket, letting her hair, breasts, and arms dangle freely over.

"Come on cupcake," Harry cooed, still finding Bell's tiny size and oddball mannerisms adorable despite the time the two had been together. "Upsy-daisy!" the smiling incubus encouraged, though he only got a pitiful chirp-groan for his troubles.

Reaching his hand down, Harry gently scooped his Smallguide up, wrapping his fingers loosely around her nude frame, making sure to be extra gentle around her butterfly like wings. Raising her now snuggling form up to eye level, Harry studied his tiny servant, who the boy wizard saw as more of a youthful-partner-in-crime/friend-and-confidant than anything else. Her body, as naked as always, was just as vibrantly blue as he remembered, retaining the mysterious, deep sea coloring he'd found so interesting when they'd first met, although now, the freckles, which peppered her body, had darkened, from deepest blue to pure black.

Harry was reminded of a starry night by his Parva Dux's skin, despite the colors being wrong.

Settling his rear back against the porcelain sink, Harry ran his thumb along the crown of Bell's head, which was resting against the pads of his palm where his fingers began, idly curious as to whether she cut her hair, and he just hadn't noticed, or if her ironically styled hair maintained it's pixie cut on its own.

Scrunching up her face, which was just the right distance between soft and angular so as to leave the Smallguide blessed with gorgeous, innocent-looking features, Bell peeked out between her eyelids, shooting what Harry guessed was meant to be a glare up at her insistent master. However, Harry could read the little lady like an open book, and, for him, it was plain to see that she relished his doting.

Sweeping Bell's lighter-blue fringe away from her forehead, Harry leaned down, pressing a friendly peck just above her brow.

The winged servant's pure, inky-black eyes crinkled up in child-like affection and she giggled, which morphed into full blown laughter, eerily similar to a birds chirp in sound, as Harry began lightly bouncing her in his hand.

Wrapping her arms around his thumb, Bell gleefully rode out the impromptu hand-rodeo, half-breathless by the time her warmly smiling master finally relented a few seconds later.

"Awake now, Belly?" Harry asked with a teasing tilt to his lips, emerald eyes alight with a simple joy you'd've been hard pressed to spot even just a few months ago.

Getting a laugh, that was more of a snort, in response from his tiny companion, Harry then watched as she let her head hang back, over the edge of the boy wizard's hand. The motion drew his eyes to her heaving breasts, which Harry idly admired; enjoying the way Bell's tiny, though
amply proportionate, tits moved, up and down, her pure black areola and nipples seeming exotic and interesting to the young incubus.

Seeming to notice the regard her master was paying her body, despite the fact that she was facing away from the young Choiceling, Bell teasingly ran a dainty blue hand up her slim belly, tracing invisible lines here and there at random, until finally her seemingly aimless grip found its soft, mound-like target.

Hearing her master's inquisitive hum, Bell began softly pawing at her breast, pressing the pliant flesh down with splayed fingers, leaving her erect nipple bare against both the cool September air and her Choiceling's gaze as well.

Snorting, Harry turned around and set his pint sized companion down on the bathroom sink. Setting his foot on the toilet's closed lid, Harry bent over to untie his shoe, suddenly at the perfect angle to enjoy Bell's impromptu exhibition, which she was putting on with gusto, panting and sighing sensually, and even letting out cute, erotic little, "ah!"'s as she tweaked her nipples.

Smirking at his minxy Smallguide, Harry pulled off his shoes, and then his pants, joking, "You better quit that, Bell." Adopting a fake-serious expression, Harry freed his half-limp prick, severely saying, "If you make this hard, I'm putting it in you."

"Oh no!" she cried, slapping her hands to her cheeks in an over dramatic display, playing along with her Choiceling.

Abruptly narrowing her eyes and adopting a sultry smile, Bell demonstrated, once again, that she had absolutely no reservations as far as sexual acts went, crudely spitting on her hand, slapping her blue cunt rapidly, and sluttily saying, "Come and get me big boy."

Unlike his stiffening cock, Harry was smart enough to know that, physically, he and Bell simply couldn't fuck. While the unnaturally horny fairy would doubtlessly make for a superb lay, the fact was that, unsurprisingly, your potential lover had to be larger than your erect penis for anything hardcore to work.

Who'd of thunk?

Still, Harry figured that, as they were headed towards a school to learn magic, he'd find some way to get back at Bell for her constant teasing eventually.

Stuffing his junk back into his boxers, Harry then stripped off his hoodie and shirt in one go. Grabbing his uniform pants and robe, Harry began dressing as he said, "Yeah, yeah, I get it; 'Go fuck somebody, I'm horny and hungry.' You know, most people would see you riling me up with the express purpose of siccing me on some poor girl as a negative." Suddenly pausing, staring blankly at Bell's rapidly masturbating form, Harry distractedly asked, "Is our relationship unhealthy, Bell?"

Bell screamed her release as she came, her clear female ejaculate running down the crack of her ass, and Harry, slowly pulling his pants up and not really paying attention, shook his head and said, "Nah."

Panting heavily, Bell said, between desperate breaths, "No, I- uh, I don't think so either, Master. You really should, mmm!" she moaned, still lazily playing with herself, "go ahead and get today's load out of the way, though. Between the welcoming feast, the charmed staircase, and your talk with your friends, it'd be a pain trying to find somebody once we get there."

"Eh," Harry shrugged, now fully robed and folding the clothes he'd changed out of. "If I had to,
I'd scope out one of the prefects. Oh!" Harry added, enthusiastically, "Or maybe see if Professor Sinistra would fancy a tumble..."

"Both are great ideas that should be saved for later," Bell was quick to note, in a solemn voice.

"Yeah," Harry snorted, shaking his head at the petite fairy's unabashed lewdness. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he asked rhetorically, although that didn't stop Bell from answering in the affirmative. "Anyway," Harry said, "it's entirely possible I'll end up having to go a day without every once in a wh-"

But he was cut off as Bell shot up, alarmed, flying to eye level with her master and saying, "You can't! Master, you know how bad you'll get if you don't fuck- y-you're head will explode!"

Harry sighed, and said, "I love you Bell, really, you're great, but I can't help but be thankful that you were still too shy to really be yourself when you were explaining stuff to me." Earning a guilty pout, Harry recounted what he'd been told the day after Choosing, in an academic voice, "After twenty five hours of celibacy, I'll begin to develop a severe migraine. At the fifty hour mark, I can expect a constant bloody nose, of high severity. After four and a half days, my blood will begin coagulating in my veins, at which point I would likely die within minutes. Now," Harry allowed, slightly paler after recounting the brutality his own magic would use to ensure his adherence to his imperfect instincts, "while all of that is... bad, if I need to, I can go a day without pussy if I have to and just slam a pain relief. Admittedly," he continued, "it'd be better if I stayed on top of that particular facet of my life. Speaking of..." he relented, nodding his head sideways, towards the door.

Eyes lighting up with inappropriately gleeful anticipation, Bell asked, "Really?"

Nodding his head, Harry gestured for Bell to hop into his robe's pocket, and said, "Yeah, let's go make some memories."

Smiling mischievously, the blue skinned fairy, still lightly damp with her own cum, fluttered to her young master's side, slipping one foot, and then the other, into the deep front pocket of his Hogwarts robe.

Lightly pinching the bridge of his nose as the ridiculousness of the whole situation briefly caught up with him, Harry soon let out a soft sigh and left the restroom, his old clothes quickly shrunk and tucked away in a pocket.

Now officially on the hunt, Harry walked without haste, lazily prowling up and down the interior, allowing his sexual omnipotence to leak free of his skin, tasting the air for any unusually high levels of lust he could take advantage of. There were a few leads that turned up as dead ends, one set of lesbian seventh years fingering each other beneath their skirts, two couples mid make out session, and one odd, older Ravenclaw girl he'd never seen before, flipping intently through a picture book of horses.

The last one almost made the sexual-creature-who-lived pause, but after brief deliberation, he moved on, resolving to remember that head of green hair in the future, should he ever find himself in a kinky mood.

Finally, almost a half hour after he'd started his little hunt, Harry caught a whiff of something irresistible. Drawn half by the sweet scent of sexual frustration and half by the catty giggling of his fairer peers, the incubus, mind lightly fogged over by now, found himself stalking ever closer towards the end of the train's last compartment. When finally the luring smell and feminine giggles reached their crescendo, Harry Potter found himself just outside second to last compartment, shamelessly eavesdropping on those inside.
Parvati and Padma Patil, twin sisters of Indian heritage, were the two sat closest to his spot leaning just to the side of the compartment's window. Next to them sat another duo oft seen together, Slytherin yearmates Daphne Greengrass and her friend Tracy Davis, both of whom Harry had found fetching for a time now. The last member of the compartment seemed to be the one polluting the air with her scent, and Harry recognized her instantly.

Lavender Brown was a young woman with a reputation as a gossip, preferring to spend her time repeating, and often *enhancing*, rumors and events she'd either heard about or seen herself. Harry couldn't think of a worse person to go after.

Or at least, that would have been the case, up until a half an hour ago when he learned he was untouchable. While still wanting very much to keep his unique origins secret, the incubus couldn't deny that the fact that he was legally protected made him feel much better.

'And besides,' Harry thought, straightening his tie and smoothing his hair to the side, 'it's almost like a tactical decision, right? If Lavender blabs about us, it'll be much easier to convince people in the future that I'm serious. At the very least, I'm less likely to get laughed at and dismissed by the older girls.'

Happy with his logic, Harry tuned into the conversation going on in the car, interested to see what could be inspiring such steady waves of lust from Lavender.

"Anyway, long story short-"

"A bit late for that, isn't it?" Padma asked her sister teasingly, earning giggles from the rest of the girls and a glare from her twin. Daphne, who was enjoying a color changing popsicle, just smiled.

"Don't interrupt," Parvati answered back faux-imperiously. "As I was saying, long story short, my father let slip that Victor-freaking-Krum would be one of the students sent over with the Durmstrang conference! Can you imagine?" Sliding up to Tracy Davis, the Indian girl added slyly, "What do you think, Tracy? A whole year, trapped inside the same castle as him? Somebody's going to have to show him where all the broom closets are, ne? Or maybe you'd rather," she continued, leaning in even closer, "a nice, supple, French girl?"

"Parvati!" Her sister cried, aghast at her sister's forwardness. Tracy, for her part, looked unbearably uncomfortable, but wasn't denying anything. Daphne observed the whole thing with amused eyes, steadily lapping away at her frozen treat.

It was then that Harry figured it out, the source, egging Lavender's lust higher. It wasn't the talk of the superstar quidditch player, nor the suggestive innuendo flying around. Her eyes, Harry noted, were glued to Daphne's tongue, inconspicuously staring as the Slytherin girl lapped long, pink licks along the frozen length. Sampling the girl's haze, Harry had his hunch proved right- the girl was a freak for tongues.

Luckily for her, there was a wily incubus just outside her compartment, and one that was skilled with his tongue as well.

Having plenty to work with, Harry allowed a kind smile to steal across his face. Kicking off of the wall he'd been leant against, the incubus wasted no time knocking on the compartment door, startling the five distracted girls inside. Not waiting for their permission, Harry slid the door open adopting an abashed expression as an idea came to him.

"Harry?" Parvati asked in confusion, her sister and Lavender adopting similarly puzzled looks. The two Slytherin girls shot him wary glances and kept quiet.
"Hi!" Harry returned cheerfully. "Have a good Summer?"

Sharing a bemused look with her sister, Parvati nonetheless answered.

"Yeah, and you?"

"Oh, it was great! Best yet," Harry confessed, before raising a finger to scratch his cheek sheepishly. "I was actually looking for you, Lavender."

Though surprised at its suddenness, Lavender was happy with being the center of attention all the same, true to her character. Giving Harry a blinding smile that showed off her set of perfect teeth, the Gryffindor asked, "What do you need, Harry?"

"Well, you see," the sly incubus began, summoning a light blush to his cheeks, "I need your help with something. I think you're the best person to talk to but..." Stepping further into the compartment, Harry looked deeply into the girl's eyes, slowly extending a hand out to her as he said, "It's kind of embarrassing. Can we go somewhere... private?"

The compartment's silence meant that Padma's gulp was heard by all, but Harry acted as though nothing had happened, blinking slowly at Lavender instead.

Slowly, her hand lifted up, until finally it rested in his.

"S-sure, Harry. I'm, uh, well I'm happy to help." Returning his smile, Lavender managed to tack on a quick, "See you guys later," before Harry pulled her out of the compartment, closing the door behind them.

"Thanks Lav," Harry said warmly, taking advantage of the narrow hallway they were in and stealing a deeper whiff of the girl's thickly flowing hormones. She smelled heavenly, and it was all Harry could do not to start in on her right there. Instead, he simply led her, hand in hand, down the hall.

"Harry," the lightly toned girl began after a moment, "what exactly was it that you needed my help with?"

"Just a little more, Lav, we're almost there. I know it was around here somewhere..."

"What's around here somewhere, Harry?" the girl insisted, voice colored by open curiosity, something Harry doubted the girl was ever in short supply of.

"Ah!" Harry let out in triumph, "here it is. We'll be able to talk in private in here," Harry said before opening the empty compartment's door and ushering his housemate in.

Feeling her curiosity grow as the boy-who-lived spelled the compartment's curtains closed and the door locked, Lavender's pulse began to quicken when she took note of the fact that the raven locked teen still had her hand in his.

"Harry?" she asked softly around the growing frog in her throat.

"Sorry for all of this, Lavender," Harry apologized. "The truth is," he continued, "I'm going to ask you to do something embarrassing."

Lavender's face heated up more, but she couldn't think of anything to say, and so kept silent.

"Will you," Harry asked softly, stepping in closer to the enraptured Gryffindor, "let me," he continued, snaking his slender arm around the girl's waist, "practice with you?" he finally asked,
his lips hovering a hairs width above the witch's own lightly parted ones.

"Practice?" Lavender asked softly.

"I lost my virginity," Harry confessed, staring unabashededly into the girl's eyes. "I had sex with a few different girls, and I don't want to stop now that I'm back at school." Then, without warning, he moved forward, lightly brushing his lips against the wide-eyed girl's, making sure to lick her lips as he pulled back again. "Before you think it," the young incubus tacked on, relentlessly batting the girl's attention back and forth like a ball of yarn. "I'm not asking you this because I think you're the kind of girl to have already had sex as well." A fleeting look of anger flashed and then died in the closely held Gryffindor's eyes. "I picked you because I figure, between everyone you've talked with, you'll have heard the most from people about this kind of stuff."

Dipping his head lower and stealing another kiss that ended in a lick from the girl, Harry gazed into his prey's wide orbs through half-lidded eyes. "All I'm asking, Lav, is that you sit back," Harry whispered, easing the girl's butt down onto the compartment's padded bench, "relax," he continued, pecking her lips again, "and tell me what feels good."

Watching as the young man in front of her sunk to his knees, Lavender felt as though she was in a dream, balancing on a knife's edge. Whether she should run screaming out of the compartment or lose herself to her yearmate's lunacy, the decision was one that needed to be made now. Breathing heavily, the girl finally made up her mind, and almost at once, her whole body seemed to lose a degree of tension.

Smirking in victory, Harry allowed himself to sink deeper into his incubus instincts, relishing the thick waves of excited nervousness and womanly lust seeping free of his most recent catch. Gently seizing one of the girl's bare legs with steady hands, Harry lifted the smooth limb up, making the girl lean further back into the plush cushions that padded the Express's benches. Smirking a guilty man's smirk at Lavender, pleased with her flushed face and embarrassed expression, Harry began hastily working at the buckle on her shoe. Once the black shoe was unfastened, he removed it, and the thin black sock beneath it as well, slowly tugging it off by the toes.

With her foot left bare to the wizard's hungry eyes, Lavender finally found herself overwhelmed by it all and threw the back of her wrist over her eyes, childishly hiding herself from Harry.

Not allowing the chuckle in his throat to bubble free, Harry instead focused on his work, intently examining the schoolgirl's nude foot. She had five toes and five toenails, each painted a girly pink, which was about as far as the boy's foot expertise went. All the same, he found her foot to be lovely, not that he was especially interested himself.

In the end, though, he had not stripped her toes bare to look at them, and with a quick mental 'thank you' to the magical sock company that completely eliminated foot odor and sweat, the Choiceling took a big, long, lewd lick of the witch's foot, drawing a startled yelp and twitch from the subdued girl, which only stretched on into a sensual moan as his tongue traveled from the back of her heel to the space between her big and second toes. Wrapping his lips around the larger of the digits, Harry playfully tongued the incredibly soft padding, scraping his teeth along the fine grooves to the moans and gasps of the girl sat in front of him.

Lavender's hands clenched into fists and she did her best not to flail around at the boy's relentless stimulation, afraid to accidentally kick him as he licked and sucked and bit her.

Pulling back off of the digit, Harry made sure to keep a trail of saliva connecting his lips and the shining toe together. Enjoying the strong vibes the girl was putting out, Harry began to massage the foot, kneading the arch and pads of Lavender's sole expertly while asking, "What do you
think, Lav? Can I keep going? There's a lot more I want to try with you."

An embarrassed "Mmm," was all he got back from the girl, her face still hidden behind her wrist, head resting back against the top of the padded bench's back.

Ceasing his work on her foot, Harry leaned back in, licking at her ankle and then blowing on it, relishing the way her toes stretched up as he did so. Blazing a trail closer and closer towards his prize, the incubus forewent asking her permission this time, and instead pushed her skirt up, rendering the article pointless and leaving the schoolgirl's black, lacy panties, which Harry was impressed by, totally vulnerable to the creature's gaze.

"Harry," she whispered quietly, surprisingly shy for such a normally extroverted girl. "Please."

"I'm sorry Lav," Harry apologized, his voice completely steady, "but I'm going to ask you to do something even more embarrassing." Reaching up, he gently pried the girl's hand from her face, and pulled it and her other hand down towards him. Waiting until the girl finally opened her eyes, Harry caught her weaker gaze with his own, insisting quietly, "I want you to take your panties off and spread yourself for me."

"Wha-" she began, her face reddening even more at the pushy boy's request. He just held her eye though, silently compelling her to follow his lead. Trapped and unable to look away from his relentless eyes, Lavender eventually caved, lifting her butt shakily and fumbling with her knickers. When she finally managed to thumb them off, the witch couldn't help herself, overflowing with anticipation and embarrassment, and her knees pressed together, leaving only the bald V of her pubic flesh bare.

Chuckling warmly at the girl, Harry stood up drawing her gaze with a finger beneath her chin. Taking advantage of his lithe build, Harry straddled Lavender's lap like a girl, resting his still clothed butt on her thighs and knees. With her head angled so, Harry was treated to the gorgeous view of her slightly watery eyes shining up at him.

"Lav," he whispered, closing the gap between them with a kiss that lingered. As the seconds ticked by, Harry began licking at the girl's responding lips, and after a few times, was allowed access into the girl's warm mouth. Mapping the sides and bottom of her tongue, Harry then ran his probing muscle along the cavernous roof of her mouth. Pulling back, with yet another thread linking the two, Harry took a brief moment to breathe before descending on his prey again. This time, he attacked her neck, licking along her shuddering throat and nibbling at her pulse point, taking care to lather her rosy flesh with his ever-moist tongue.

As he went, Harry decided to indulge in a quick memory of the girl's. He already had enough to make her dance like a puppet on string, but for the simple fact that he could spy on her intimate moments, he did.

A flash of her ran through his head. She was wearing her sandy hair much longer than she did now, more like it had been in their third year. The younger witch was sitting in front of a television set wide eyed, which Harry thought was odd, as the girl was pure-blooded, watching in shock as loud, lewd moans emitted from the box. Her hand was within her pajama pants, going in rhythm with the pair on the screen, who he noted seemed to be engaging in one of his favorites, the 69 position.

Returning to the present, Harry finished his attack on the mewling girl's neck with a chaste kiss. Leaning back, he recaptured the pliant witch's gaze once again, offering a smile and a warm, "Trust me."

Sliding off of her lap, Harry was once again kneeling on the carpeted floor. Lightly scratching the
girl's lotioned knees with his fingernails, she eventually, still maintaining eye contact, granted him access to her womanhood. As her knees spread, so too did the slippery petals of her pussy, leaving her legs as wide as they could go and her vagina as vulnerable as it could be.

Giving her one last smile, Harry freed the girl and lowered his eyes, soaking in the sight of her virginal cunt. It was cleanly shaven, as he'd known it would be, with tiny, rippling pink labia peeking out at him from within her slightly plump mound. Her clit was still hidden within it's hood, but Harry was confident he'd be able to coax the tiny pleasure bead out before too long.

Reaching forward, Harry ghosted his fingertips around the edges of the wantonly splayed witch's slit, drawing tiny shivers from the girl as he teased her flesh. Settling his fingers on either side of her pussyflesh, Harry pinched softly, squeezing the folds together. Tugging on the captured skin softly, Harry worked his fingers around, drawing a gasp from Lavender and a tiny wet sound from her cunt.

"No," the girl mewed out, embarrassed by the sound.

Smirking, Harry relented, freeing the imprisoned skin from his fingers.

Suddenly struck by inspiration, Harry cleared his throat and settled back on his heels. Looking up at Lavender beneath dark lashes. "Lavender?" he called softly, blinking slowly up at the girl.

Her throat visibly bobbed as she swallowed hard, unprepared for the kind of look Harry was directing up at her.

Slowly and deliberately, Harry brought his hands behind his back and laced his fingers together. Sitting there, properly postured, resting back on his knees with his hands behind his back, Harry looked up at Lavender and urged, "Tell me what to do."

Blinking at him in disbelief, Harry weathered the seconds as Lavender ran her eyes up and down his docile form. His expression remained politely blank, but as he picked up on her quickening pulse, Harry felt his own excitement growing as well.

Finally, after a long string of seconds has passed in silence, Lavender seemed to regain some of her socializing personality, swallowing again but grinning all the same. Reaching her thin fingers down, the Gryffindor proved that she was quickly becoming more comfortable with the situation, the whole reason Harry was entertaining his submissive side. His strategy was rewarded when she silently pried her cunt's moistened lips apart, revealing the most stunning shade of pink to Harry's attentive eyes. Dipping her middle finger down, Lavender collected a sample of her clear, slick essence, applying a little of it to her now peeking clit. Hesitantly reaching forward, she watched in awe as Harry parted his lips for her.

Savoring the flavor as only an incubus could, Harry sucked lightly on Lavender's finger, taking care not to rush anything despite the growing urge in his pants. When her finger was finally clean of her eagerness, Harry asked, "May I lick you?"

It was the perfect thing to say, of course, and Lavender's eyes closed as her whole body shivered.

"Oh fuck yes, please do."

Leaning forward, with his hands still securely behind his back, Harry closed his eyes and extended his tongue. From just above her anus, he explored with his fleshy muscle, dipping in deep to collect as much of Lavender's scent as he could before slowly trailing his way up, taking care to lick as much of his tongue along her erect clittoris as he could.

She slid down a little, her chest sticking out more and her ass further forward on the bench, giving
Harry even better access to her cunt. Lavender remained silent, but her expression was pinched.

"Again," she demanded, her pussy clenching as it finally lost contact with Harry's tongue.

Quicker now, Harry dove back in, trailing another French kiss up the length of the witch's bared folds, this time sneaking in a tiny nibble on her labia.

"More," she pleaded, reaching down to thread her fingers through his hair, urging him deeper and rougher.

Again and again he lapped away at the schoolgirl's pussy, filling the still compartment with lewd sounds that only served to egg the two further. Lavender, Harry discovered, had a particularly sensitive bundle of nerves tucked away just to the left past her fleshy opening, and he took great pleasure striking the weakness again and again, all the while paying attention to the rest of her lovely anatomy as well.

"More, mm-more, faster, deeper, oh shit, yes Harry, yes~" the rapidly panting girl shouted, carelessly crying her pleasure out. In the next moment, her frenzied demands were replaced with a long, high-pitched moan; the only warning Harry got as her velvety slick quim wept a trickle of she-cum out. Knowing from experience a good way to prolong her orgasm, Harry latched onto her clit with his lips, applying a tiny amount of suction but no more, allowing her own twitching body to provide most of the stimuli.

Another few seconds passed, and finally the Hogwarts gossip came down from her peak, resting on a post-orgasm high that left her giddy and giggling.

Smiling at her, Harry finally stood up, and it was apparent that he would need some attention for himself soon. His dress pants did a poor job hiding his erection, and Lavender was quick to notice it through her half-lidded eyes. Reaching down, Harry simply undid his pants' button and dropped them, as well as his boxers, leaving him bare before Lavender with minimal theatrics.

"Big," she whispered, and even though he knew it wasn't really a fair comparison, he still felt his chest swell. Grinning wolfishly down at the girl, Harry wasted little time taking a seat next to her. Reading the hint, and only a little nervous to continue, Lavender slowly moved over, straddling the boy-who-lived's lap.

"I'm going to let you on top, because it's your first time," Harry said with a smile. "But next time," he continued, reaching up to plant another kiss onto the girl's lips, "I'll be the one doing the fucking."

"R-right," Lavender managed, embarrassed at how happy the thought that this would be a recurring thing made her. "But for now," she recovered, taking the initiative and learning forward, licking at Harry's ear, "I'll be the one doing the fucking, Harry Potter."

And with that, in one smooth motion, she both sunk her teeth into Harry's earlobe and herself down on his cock. Burying it within her till their thighs touched, Lavenger let out a hiss to mirror Harry's own, the pain of being invaded by a throbbing prick still present, despite the special moisture sweating out of the pores on his member. In another few moments, the pain was behind them, and the two teens began moving.

Lavender gingerly shifted her still-skirt clad ass back and forth, sawing her lover's cock in and out of her tightly squeezing pussy. For her being a virgin, Harry was having a fantastic time, resting back and just enjoying the sight of tight pussy flesh hugging his prick lovingly as his partner continued, moaning lowly the whole time.
Deciding to rile the girl up further, Harry reached down, near their joining, and worked his hands underneath her robes, laying his cool hands against her warm belly, always amazed by the smoothness of female skin. An approving moan escaped Lavender, but for the most part she seemed content to fuck herself slowly on his cock. Tugging her robes higher and higher, revealing more and more of her supple body to his greedy eyes, Harry finally reached his targets, and wasted no time giving Lavender's ample breasts firm squeezes.

"Oooh!" she breathed out, arching back into his touch, bouncing her naked flesh up and down on his pole with more gusto than before.

With a little more work, and some help from the witch still riding his cock, Harry managed to free Lavender from her robes, leaving her bare save for her skirt. Her breasts weren't as bountiful as Susan's, but they were plenty large enough for Harry, and they perked up adorably as well. Latching onto one of the bouncing areola, Harry started sucking and nibbling on the tit-flesh, drawing another low squeal from the girl.

Tossing her head back, with one hand pressing Harry's head further into her chest and the other braced against the back of the bench, Lavender's ass began flying up and down, clearing more than half of the incubus's slickened cock with each bounce, only for the entire length to split her cunt open again and again. A quick slap on her ass from Harry had her fucking gain a frenzied quality, and from there, it wasn't long before she was constantly moaning, slamming her reddened cunt down onto the relentlessly stiff cock beneath her. Neither of the teens could maintain that level of intercourse for long, and it was only natural when the Gryffindors came, exhaling and squealing respectively as both Harry and Lavender came.

The girl's weaker, female ejaculate could only mix with the incubus's own as it raged within her, relentlessly pumping rope after rope deep in her womb, where it settled with a heat that left Lavender hunched over Harry's shoulder.

The two teens stayed connected for a while, even after Harry's carnal, magical needs had been met, shuddering and kissing and licking until both were content.

"You're sure we don't smell like, well, uh, you know, sex," Lavender whispered to Harry, a few feet from the compartment he'd abducted her from earlier.

"You smell great to me," Harry replied unabashedly, leaning in to take a deep whiff of the girl.

"Harry!" she scolded, shooting looks around the abandoned hall.

Harry just laughed and pecked her lips, saying, "We'll talk some more later, okay Lav?"

"I understand," she said, and Harry knew that she did. He'd done a good job of explaining that he had no interest entering any kind of respectable relationship with her, but that he'd love to practice with her more.

She'd said that she'd think about it, but Harry already had his answer.

Smiling as she waved a shy wave and ducked back into her compartment, not really caring if she kept quiet or not, Harry just smiled and turned around, heading back towards his end of the train. His clothes had been a mess by the time he'd stepped out of the compartment with Lav, but a few quick spells later had seen him smartened back up.

Still, the young incubus couldn't help adjusting his tie as he walked back towards his friends.

What a day it'd been already, and the train hadn't even arrived yet!
Author's Note: Apologies for the wait, damn lag! Here's chapter 6 of my horribly inappropriate fiction. Please enjoy irresponsibly. If there's anything you'd like me to know, please leave a review. If there's anything else, shoot me a PM. I like hearing from you guys :)
"And so, guys, it's, um, it's like this," Harry tried again, licking his lips. "I'm- that is to say, I am-"

"We know what that word means Harry, both Ron and I are well versed in the use of contractions," an impatient Hermione interrupted, sharing a concerned glance with Ron before looking back to the darker haired wizard. "You've been at it for six and a half minutes now; spit it out. You're scaring us."

Harry scratched the back of his head and paced a little, taking a quick look around the abandoned classroom he and his friends had commandeered for their little chat, although to call it a chat made it sound as though information was being shared between two parties, and the young Choiceling was having an extraordinary time figuring out how to manage that. For some inexplicable reason, every time he tried to explain his situation to his friends, he wound up chickening out.

Telling himself that it was like a band aid, Harry took a puff of air and half-shouted, "I'm a magical creature!"

A few seconds of hesitant silence followed his declaration, until finally Ron spoke up, as only Ron could.

"I knew that troll from first year was familiar..."

Startled and already jittery with dreadful anticipation, Harry was completely blindsided by the joke and found himself doubling over painfully as he laughed hard into his fist. "F-for real," the boy wizard managed, slowly fighting through the hiccuping laughs. "I came into my inheritance this summer."

"Really?" Hermione asked, removing her butt from the teacher's desk where it'd been sat to walk towards the standing fourteen year old. "What kind?" she asked openly, obviously trying to guess for herself.

"A Choiceling," Harry began, but stopped short when Ron shot up.

Snatching his wand free from his pocket, the redhead trained the stick at Harry with a snarl, gravely claiming, "Choicelings killed my grandpa!"

When Harry only pinched the bridge of his nose in embarrassment, Hermione, who'd ignored the redhead entirely, remarked, "Ron, I would happily risk creating a paradox and losing all of the extra schooling I received should I ever got my hands on a Time-Turner again, just for the chance to go back and tell myself not to laugh at that stupid joke that one time."

Looking at his two friends, aghast, Ron shook his wand and insisted, "Mudbloods killed my grandpa is timeless gold. I revolutionized the worlds of mud and blood at the same time when I blessed you guys with that one."

Smiling warmly at Ron's relentless idiocy, Harry nonetheless caught the lightning fast look that his two friends shared. It was the kind the three of them would use to say, 'where's the catch.'

"So what exactly does being a Choiceling entail, Harry," Hermione asked, promoting herself to Chairwoman of the Harry Potter Interrogation Squad.
Not to be outdone, Ron faux-shyly pulled his robe collar down, exposing the freckled skin of his neck to Harry while saying, "If you need to feed, I'm here for ya buddy."

Shuddering, Harry reminded himself, 'He doesn't know,' and left the mental image behind, opting to simply shake his head as Ron released his robes with a laugh.

"Well?" Hermione probed, beginning to tap her toe against the floor.

'Somebody's grumpy,' Harry thought. "Well," he began aloud, "it's like this. A Choiceling is just a fancy subspecies of incubus."

"No tail?" Ron asked with a cocked head, to which Harry confirmed, "No tail. I can still do wand magic as well, thankfully."

"I-" Hermione started haltingly, and immediately Ron's face grew a Cheshire grin, knowing what was to come and already relishing the rarity. Harry just sighed. "I don't know, exactly," the witch stressed, shooting a venomous look at her ginger topped housemate, "what an incubus is."

"That's okay"/"Haha!" Harry and Ron responded respectively, earning a pair of scathing looks from the bookish girl.

"Alright, alright." Harry asserted quickly, heading off anymore sidetracking before it could start. "I doubt you know what a Choiceling is either, Ron, so shut your gob and let me say my piece."

Still smirking at his female friend, Ron plopped down into a desk chair, folding his hands together on its top mockingly.

'He's been spending too much time with his brothers,' Harry thought, eyeing him and Hermione both until he was sure he'd cowed them for long enough to get through the bulk.

"To help me explain, I would like to introduce you to, brum-bru-bruu~um! My Smallguide!" And with that, Bell came fluttering out of Harry's front pocket.

"Gah!" Ron cried, hiding his eyes behind suspiciously spaced fingers. "She's naked! I can see her gobbler from here!"

"Gobbler Ron? Honestly," Hermione chimed in, although she too had her eyes averted, cheeks lightly colored at the unexpected nudity.

"I told you I should've worn clothes, Master," Bell sulked, hiding her breasts and vagina from the two teens' gazes.

"Non!" Harry shouted, snapping the fairy-esk creture out of the air like a snitch. Looking her in the eyes, he continued, "You're perfect just the way you are. You said that the clothes we tried irritated your skin, and I'll not have my little cookie crumbling on account of other's unreasonably high expectations for propriety!"

"Wearing literally any clothes at all isn't that high of an expectation," Hermione chimed in monotonously.

"Don't listen to the big bad girl Belly. You can wear as much or as little as you want, okay?"

"R-right," the Smallguide agreed, moving her hands to rest on her hips, leaving her completely bare once again. Nodding, Harry turned back to his friends, finding them slowly turning back towards him, making a point not to look at Bell too much, in Hermione's case, and ogling her bare form, in Ron's.
"So, the short and sweet of it is this: I, as a choiceling, must meet a quota of one vaginal creampie per day, lest my magic hatefully rip my body to pieces."

"I don't see how that's any different from my own self-imposed lifestyle, Harry," Ron joked, but the humor didn't quite make it to his face, too shocked was he to brush the bombshell off.

Hermione simply stifled a gasp behind her manicured fingers and waited for him to say more.

"It's a bit of a shitstorm, but here's how it works; a long line of dormant succubus genes got activated when my parents did the deed and made me, and instead of being full incubus or full wizard, I'm something somewhere in the middle, known as a Choiceling. Although," he continued, staring off a little, "it's more like the two overlap, and I draw a jagged line through- a little from column A and a little from column B, you know?"

Seeing that, no, neither of his friends did know, Harry shook his head and refocused. "Anyway, I end up in this crazy situation where, once per year, I've got to pick between two sets of strange instincts. I could've opted to go after a single, lifelong mate, whom I'd be compelled to start making babies with ASAP-"

"Oh mate, no," Ron butted in, shaking his head.

"I know, right?" Harry said, pointing at his friend. Hermione didn't seem to appreciate their exchange, but neither was she impressed with that option herself. "Instead, I chose- get it?- door number two, the one where I have to seduce and bed different women every day to keep my magic and body healthy. There are some specifics to it, but for the sake of this not taking till tomorrow morning, I'll just say that the consequences are incremental and bad with a capital B."

Hermione visibly restrained herself at that, and Ron too seemed unhappy with letting the details of Harry's potential fate go unexplained, but both kept quiet as their raven locked friend had hoped they would.

"The last thing to cover, er, well, second to last thing," he amended, remembering that he'd decided to give them a heads up about possible Lavender-induced rumors as well, "is my, and get this, sexual omnipotence."

"Sexual omnipotence?" Hermione repeated owlishly.

"Sounds like a super power, mate," Ron commented with a grin.

"Basically," Harry pushed on, his cheeks coloring a tad, "it lets me sense and dissect sexual emotions. Makes it easier to find potential mates. There's also the, uh, memory perusal and, well, a few other little tricks of the trade that make seduction easier on me."

"Teach me your ways," Ron pleaded, bowing his head low with his hands clapped together above.

Ignoring the redhead once again, Hermione narrowed her eyes and asked, "Is all of this written down somewhere?"

Giving Ron a small smile, Harry looked at Hermione and nodded, saying, "I've got a little hand guide with me that helps with some stuff, but that's actually Bell's main job." Holding up a finger that the fairy did her best to balance on, Harry played the familiar game with her idly as he explained her presence and how the magic was suppose to work. In the end, Hermione still wrote down the title of the book Apolline Delacour had sent him, resolving to find a copy in the library or purchase one for herself, if need be.
When the seconds ticked by and neither of his housemates exploded, Harry ventured, "So... Well, what do you guys think?"

"I still have a lot of questions," Hermione was quick to reply. Tucking her pen and pad of paper away, she allowed her severe expression to soften as she said, "But for now, I know enough to say that I'm not upset or ashamed to have you as my friend, and that I'm happy you came to us about this. Nothing has changed," the witch asserted, smiling at Harry when he sniffled his nose.

"Well," Ron started, blinking a few times as he processed everything he'd learned that night, "yeah," he said, somewhat anticlimactically. "Pretty much what she said, and just, you know, be ready to answer a ton more questions. Oh, like who've you done it with?! Anybody I would know?"

Harry felt as though a mountainous burden had slipped from his shoulders and crashed somewhere behind him, so great was his relief. Feeling his eyes tear up, Harry sniffled again and wiped at his eyes with the back of his robe sleeve, saying, "N, nu-uh, Ron. Kissing and tell isn't cool." Moving his sleeve, Harry blasted his two friends with a megawatt smile and confessed, "I love you guys."

Ron just laughed and rubbed the back of his head, but Hermione began tearing up as well, something that had her jerking her head to the side to hide once she noticed. "There was something else," she said, wiping her eyes as she did so. "You said there was another thing you wanted to talk to us about, other than your super power," she repeated, shooting Ron a watery grin.

"Ha-ha, right," Harry laughed. "And I know this is going to sound hypocritical after what I just said, but basically I just wanted to give you guys the heads up; I did Lavender Brown on the train ride in today, and I don't know if she's gonna spill the beans or not, but I made it pretty clear to her that I'm going to be looking to make like a tree and spread my seed this year. Figured you should hear it from me in case it does get around, ne?"

"Jesus Harry!" Hermione shouted, blushing up a storm at tangible proof that he wasn't just making the whole thing up. She believed him, of course, but his casual reference to having had sex with one of her dormmates earlier that day really brought it home for the girl quick.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun with this," Ron suddenly realized aloud, smiling at Harry's confused face.

"Ronald!"

The next morning dawned bright, the Scottish sun not yet weakened by the encroaching cold too much, and Harry found himself enjoying the view from his window as he let out a yawn.

"No mate, no," Ron grumbled out, one eye weakly peeking at the world from his spot sprawled across his bed's width. "If you start yawning, then I'll start yawning, and then I'll never get up, and then I'll be expelled for truancy, and then, well, there goes my spot on the Chudley Cannons as the first keeper/chaser combo, doesn't it?"

"You're right," Harry chuckled out, closing his little species handbook and slipping it into his school robes.

"Ugh, and you're already dressed too," Ron added, shooting a disapproving look Harry's way. Adopting a lecherous grin as he spotted his pal's little blue friend sticking out the top of the covers, Ron tacked on, "But you're still not, eh? I appreciate the view, Mrs. Bell."
All Ron got from the Smallguide was incoherent mumbles as she turned around, leaving her back to him.

"Story of my life," the redhead joked, slowly extracting himself from bed.

Harry just shook his head, lost in thought.

Once his friend finished getting up and was ready, Harry slipped his still snoozing companion into his robe pocket and led the way to the common room, where they met up with Hermione before walking to breakfast together.

"So," Harry asked a little later, taking the opportunity spreading jam on his toast created to ask, "any juicy new rumors soon to be making the rounds?" He was looking at Hermione, but the odd wording of his question drew the attention of both Ron and his sister as well.

Feeling her cheeks heat up, Hermione swallowed and grugingly confirmed, "Yeah, the story of your epic sexcapade up and down the Hogwarts Express is already spreading."

Ginny spat out her milk, simultaneously getting Neville's attention and half a dozen more people's as well. "What?" she whispered out, tactful enough to keep her voice down, at least. With the way those around the group had quieted down and were leaning in though, it wasn't likely to matter.

"Nothing," Harry cut in, knowing that nothing would add credit to the rumors like a plain-English denial from the subject, not that he would actually lie about anything if confronted- that'd be less than cool towards Lavender. Still, if he wanted the news to circulate, and he did, he'd have a small part to play and he'd play it well. "Can we just get back to breakfast?"

Ron and Hermione saw through Harry like nothing, but Ginny wasn't as familiar with the boy-who-lived, and thus only reluctantly returned to her meal.

"Anyway," Neville somewhat cluelessly began, in typical Neville fashion, "the other students should be arriving here this evening, right?"

"From Beauxbatons in France and Durmstrang in Bulgaria, yes," Hermione confirmed, taking another bite of her chocolate chip waffles afterwards.

"So, are any of you going to enter a tourney? There are three to choose from, you know. Or try for the Triwizard Cup, maybe?" Neville asked.

"Of course," Ron boasted, carelessly wiping his mouth on his sleeve, "I'll be in the flying and dueling tourneys."

"But not the Triwizard Tournament?" Neville asked.

"Hmm," the red head hummed in contemplation. "Maybe, maybe not. I haven't decided yet, to be honest."

"Huh," Neville offered back. "How about you three?" the boy asked, turning his gaze on Harry, Ginny, and Hermione.

"Same as Ron," Ginny confirmed a little absent mindedly.

"I plan to sign up for the comprehension and dueling tourneys," Hermione revealed.

"Not flying?" Ron asked teasingly.
Hermione narrowed her eyes at the teen but said nothing, viciously biting another wedge of waffle instead.

Nibbling on a corner of his toast, Harry distractedly mumbled, "All of 'em," too busy studying Luna's back from across the hall to pay much attention to the conversation. He'd learned some interesting new facts from his handbook earlier and thought sharing them with the girl would be a great excuse to check in on her without it being too obvious that he was worried about her treatment, now that the school year had started.

"All of them?" Neville asked incredulously. The rest of Harry's friends looked surprised as well.

"Mm," Harry hummed in confirmation, setting his toast down. It could simply be that he was too far away to see properly, but from where he was, it almost looked like somebody was picking on Luna already. Her shoulders were slumping inwards and somebody was talking to her, at the very least.

"Be right back," Harry mumbled, his eyes locked on his target.

Neville let out a confused, "Huh?" but Harry didn't notice, already standing up. He was on the wrong side of the table, but more than athletic enough to vault over it, which he did.

"Harry!" Hermione yelped, jerking to the side to make room for the mantling wizard.

"Ah," Harry let out, finally turning away from his target to spare Hermione an apologetic look. "My bad."

And with that he turned back towards the Ravenclaw table, oblivious to the looks being aimed his way by the students and staff who'd caught his little maneuver.

Walking purposely towards his petite target, Harry found his brows furrowing as he caught sight of a visible tremble in Luna's thin shoulders.

"It's honestly a wonder that you even bothered to come back this year," the lithe incubus heard as he came within spitting distance of his target. "Every year we tell you you're not welcome- that you besmirch our whole house with your presence, and every year you show up again. Are you trying to shame us, Loony?"

"That's enough," Harry cut in sharply, coming to a stop directly behind Luna. The girl gave a violent jump at his sudden presence, but the incubus merely laid his hands down on the girl's shoulders, squeezing gently. The waif-like girl craned her head back, staring up at Harry in wonder. He looked down at her, framing his face with dark locks of hair that left Luna entranced, and asked, "Will you come eat with me, please?"

Seconds passed in silence before a toothy smile slowly began to spread across the girl's face, making her look younger than Harry had ever seen her, with her full forehead showing and her eyes crinkled closed in genuine happiness.

Mirroring her smile, Harry took a step back, giving the witch space to stand from the bench. Taking her hand, Harry hastlessly led her back to the Gryffindor table, after, of course, sparing a quick moment to shoot the previously heckling Ravenclaw a black look.

Shaking her head fondly, Hermione wordlessly scooted over when Harry arrived with the smiling witch, making room for the two.

The rest of breakfast was spent introducing everybody and talking about the coming classes. Thoughts of Harry's plans to compete in all three tourney's and the Triwizard Tournament as well
were pushed to the side for the time being.

"Woah!" Ron exclaimed, holding his hand in a salute over his eyes, despite the low light of the late afternoon. "Would you look at that, a real life pirate ship!"

Indeed, rising from the depths of the Black Lake, and a magical portal as well, Harry figured, was a gigantic, wooden ship, fit with massive canvas sails and a shining copper woman's statue affixed to it's bow and everything.

"The magic involved," Hermione whispered, eyes alight with that passionate look both Harry and Ron knew to fear. Clenching a fist in front of her face, Hermione began giggling softly, in that mad scientist way of hers.

"It's very pretty, isn't it Harry?" Luna asked from her spot tucked against his side, the girl having become glued to him since her abduction that morning.

"Mm," Harry replied, his eyes lightly lidded as he stood there, at the front of the gathered Hogwarts masses, his hands tucked away within his robe pockets.

'Will you be among them?' he wondered. 'My one and only?'

Aloud, he commented, "The students from Durmstrang are supposedly given lessons in the dark arts..." Allowing a vicious grin to peek through his otherwise placid expression, the hot-blooded Choiceling confessed, "I can't fucking wait to fight their duelists."

Ron grew a similar grin on his face, and Hermione's lips twitched. Luna, for her part, simply giggled and said, "You're gonna tear 'em apart!"

Harry threw a companionable arm around the slight girl's shoulders, smoothing his expression back out as the heavily cloaked ranks of the Bulgarian school marched closer.

A thunderous neighing abruptly sounded from above, drawing the gazes of the assembled Hogwarts students and the stilling Durmstrang horde as well.

"Goodness," rumbled Hagrid, the massive groundskeeper and Care of Magical Creatures professor from a handful of students away.

Harry shared the friendly professor's awe, looking almost straight up to study the elephantine horses above, their angelic wings beating the air down with elegance and power. They were arranged almost like sleigh dogs, in six rows of two, their cargo a carriage the size of Hogwarts' great Hall, sailing through the air as gracefully as the beasts hauling it.

"So pretty," Luna said in awe.

"They are," Hermione seconded, admiring the royal white coat of the massive Abraxan.

"I bet the French girls they're hauling are prettier," Ron joked, earning a sharp elbow from Hermione and a conspiring grin from Harry.

Once the flying horses had finished looping around the amassed students and staff, they began their descent, dipping their massive wings low and aiming for the long flat of the Black Lake's beach. Quicker than seemed safe, the massive creatures touched down, kicking up hundreds of pounds of sand as they tore great furrows into the ground below, effectively slowing their cargo to a halt long before their granular landing strip ran out.

"I hope they fly as good as their horses," Ron chimed in, an arrogant grin tugging at his lips- the
"I read that Beauxbatons produces more professional spell crafters than any other school in the world, and that they consistently claim the number one position in Charms NEWTs as well," Hermione said. Wetting her lips, the bright witch added, "They'll be the ones to beat in the Comprehension Tourney."

"And you're the one to beat them," Ron claimed, earning a blinding smile from the usually serious witch.

Watching as a fancy wrought iron staircase unrolled from beneath the carriage's door, Harry's eyes widened as a woman, at least a head and a half taller than Hagrid, who himself already stood at an impressive eleven plus feet tall, stepped out. As she descended the staircase gracefally, a stream of powder-blue clad French students began spilling from the doorway as well, trailing after what Harry had to guess was the illustrious school's headmistress.

With the spectacle seemingly over, the Hogwarts student body began filing back inside, partially of their own violation, partially at the behest of the teachers and staff.

Successfully herding the first through seventh years back into the Great Hall, the Hogwarts staff reclaimed their seats, out of usual order though they were. Indeed, they were spaced quite differently than usual, with the table having been enlarged to accommodate the school's guests. The Ravenclaw and Slytherin tables too had been elongated, flanking their Gryffindor and Hufflepuff counterparts on both sides.

It was at these tables the visiting students were sat, Beauxbatons' French students sitting with the Ravenclaw house and Durmstrang with the Slytherins.

Already sat down with the rest of his Gryffindor housemates and friends, Harry was about to start in on the odd, foreign food, as Headmaster Dumbledore'd just suggested, when a shock of silver-blonde hair in his spoon's reflection grabbed his attention.

Turning around in his seat, the wizard saw, there, sat facing his way at the Ravenclaw table, was Gabrielle Delacour. To her side was who must have been her sister, for all that the two looked alike, save for the obvious age gap. The older of the duo had her head dipped low to Gabrielle's ear, hiding whatever she was whispering to her with a flawless hand. Both of the French veela were looking his way.

Realizing she'd been spotted, Gabrielle gave a shy smile and wave to Harry, who simply flashed a smile and peace sign back. The moment ended when Gabrielle's sister stood up and, despite the younger veela's confused look, walked around the Ravenclaw table, making her way towards the dark haired incubus. Catching on quick, the younger veela scrambled out of her seat as well, but by then her older sister had already made it to Harry, who was now sitting with his back to the food, having turned around to study her approach.

Giving the stunning creature stood mere feet from him an appreciative once-over, Harry returned his gaze to her's, cocking his head in silent askance.

"'Arry Potter?" she ventured softly.

"Yes?" he replied.

Fisting her hands at her sides, unmindful of the audience she'd attracted, Gabrielle's sister cleared her throat and said, clearly, "My name eez Fleur Delacour." Bending sharply at the waist, the alluring veela bowed low and formally to the lounging incubus, her hair hiding her face as she
continued with, "Zank you for saving my sister's life. I am formally indebted to you."

Murmurs sprang up from the gawking student body, and even the staff seemed to be paying attention to the exchange.

"Of course," Harry replied warmly, a smile crinkling the corners of his eyes.

Fleur remained in her differential pose.

"Hmm?" Harry inquisitively hummed, looking to Gabrielle, who'd come to a stop just behind and to the side of her sister's still bowing form. "This a veela thing, Gabby?" he asked flippantly.

Reddening in anger, the pint sized witch ground out, "Did you not read ze book we sent you?"

Stopping the Choiceling from answering with a shake of her head, Gabrielle just said, in French, "She said she's formally indebted to you, stupid. Formally recognize it!"

"Right, right," Harry sighed out, standing up from the bench. "Mrs. Delacour," he began in the veela's native tongue. Bringing a hand to his chest to show his genuineness, Harry closed his eyes and politely said, "You are very welcome. If the day comes when I have need of you, I will call. Please, stand up now, and eat with me and my friends."

Finally coming out of her bow, Fleur allowed a beautiful smile to briefly occupy her face before toning the expression down to a pleasant curve of the corners of her lips.

"Zank you," she said simply, claiming the spot the boy wizard had cleared for her with a look.

Before she could settle in, Fleur found herself having to scoot further from Harry, Gabrielle strong arming her way between the two, shooting a warning look Harry's way as she did.

"And here's my favorite little princess," Harry cooed, mussing Gabrielle's silken head gently.

Most of the surrounding Gryffindor's, along with a few students from the other tables as well, looked on, puzzled.

"'Ands off," Gabrielle muttered, blushing.

Harry obliged, smiling down at the girl, unreasonably happy to have her next to him.

Ducking her head at the boy's attention, the veela teen ignored her sister's chuckles and instead bit out, "Well? Are you going to introduce us to your friends or not? And pass the bouillabaisse, it almost looks edible and I know Fleur will want some."

"Right away," Harry mocked with a smile, familiarizing Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Neville, Luna, and the rest with the two, and vice versa, all while ladle-ing out a nice serving of the seafood dish to a huffy Gabrielle. By then the bulk of the nosy eavesdroppers had turned away, sensing that the drama was over.

Stealing a bite of shrimp from Gabrielle's bowl, and earning himself pursed lips from the girl that ended in a sigh, Harry smiled and asked, "How have you been? There was something the other day that reminded me of you."

"I've-" Gabrielle began, before sparing a considering look at Harry's friends, most of whom had remained silent after being introduced. "Ahem, zat is to say, I've been well. Ze rest of ze summer went by quickly." Cocking her head to the side, the veela shyly asked, "What was eet, the thing that reminded me of you?"

"Some chili I ate," Harry revealed teasingly. "It was very spicy."
"J-jerk!" the little veela accused, shooting a quick punch at the grinning incubus's ribs.

Letting out an, "Oof!" Harry just smiled wider and said, "Don't be that way, Gabby. I like spicy."

Suddenly, or perhaps only seeming so because he'd been so quiet till then, Ron let out a low whistle, looking back and forth between Harry and the little French schoolgirl at his side a few times.

For some reason, this brought a healthy flush of color to Harry's cheeks and neck.

"You two seem quite cozy, eh?" Ron commented with bouncing eyebrows, leaving Harry to shrug and Gabrielle to sputter.

Frowning lightly, Hermione, to Ron's side, very pointedly asked, "Harry?"

Her eyes, however, seemed to ask the young wizard, 'what do you think you're doing?' to which Harry answered, somewhat defensively, "Gabby and I had a bit of a chat a while back- talked about what her being a veela meant and other such things."

Hermione, recognizing Harry's stubborn mode when she saw it, just raised her hands up in surrender, leaving it be.

"Hmm," Ginny hummed.

A few minutes went by as the assembled group talked and ate leisurely, making sure to include the newer additions as much as possible in true Gryffindor fashion.

"Harry," Luna began eventually, finally done wolfing down her plate full of fried, tentacled creatures, "have you taken care of that thing you have to do yet, for today?"

"Luna!" Hermione scolded, shooting wary glances at those few still outside the loop.

"Huh?" Neville asked cluelessly, while Ginny simply narrowed her eyes.

Gabrielle's cheeks colored, but she failed to react beyond that, something Ron and Hermione picked up on.

"Mm-hm," Harry hummed affirmatively, swallowing another mouthful of poached bouillabaisse. "I'm going to let my dinner settle a little and hunt down a prefect later anyway though. I don't have class until noon tomorrow and I want to sleep in a little."

"Are you talking about..." Fleur ventured, able to look directly at Harry over her sister's head.

"Oh?" Harry purred, leaning heavily on Gabrielle to be closer to Fleur. "Why do you ask mademoiselle?"

A fraction of a second passed.

"Ah-ta-ta!" Harry hissed out as the little veela he was leaning into seized his bottom lip in a pinch. Having little choice but to go where she wanted him, Harry found himself awkwardly hunched over at eye level with Gabrielle.

The girl had a serious look plastered on her face, but Harry caught sight of something beneath it as she said, "Non. Not my seester, 'Arry."

Blinking slowly at her, Harry's face lost its playful expression and his eyes furrowed. He looked
deeply into the veela's big blue orbs, but after a long moment, averted his gaze, not finding what he was looking for. Reaching up, he pulled her fingers from his lip, hiding a wince when her expression crumbled.

"Excuse me," Harry said to the table, standing up and leaving without another word.

"What was that all about?" Neville asked, though he didn't get an answer.

Multiple sets of confused eyes followed Harry's back as he left, but only one pair shined with unshed tears.

"Fucking idiot," Harry whispered to himself. It was late, but he had yet to make it up to bed. His bare chest was still wet with beaded sweat, evidence of his most recent conquest. She'd been a seventh year prefect without any stand-out kinks, fresh off a breakup and looking for a meaningless shag.

Harry hadn't really been in the mood, too distracted to really get into it, but he'd managed to send her packing with a smile and a healthy limp all the same. Now it was just him, resting outside on his discarded robe, talking to the stars and Bell, who let him vent silently like she knew he wanted to.

"What is it about that girl?" Harry wondered. More than that, he was upset that he'd been so offended by her request, which had been perfectly reasonable in retrospect. "I don't even know if I'm mad that she honestly thought I'd go after her sister, or just pissed at being told no."

Not shifting in any significant way, it was still somehow clear that his next words were directed at Bell.

"I," he began almost sullenly, never one to enjoy having his shortcoming pointed out, much less to admit them aloud himself. "I haven't been told no in a while, Bell," the incubus admitted. "When I was smaller, I was rarely given anything, as you know."

Bell just fluttered over, resting on Harry's sternum while he laid back.

"It was all I ever heard, 'No this,' 'No that,' 'No everything'." Sighing, he continued, "Recently though, it's like I've been floating on a cloud. If I want a woman, then she's mine, no ifs ands or butts, it's just the way the world works. Fire is hot, the Malfoys are cunts, and Choicelings are the winners of life's lottery, except it's not like that after all."

"I still think that the Malfoys are a bunch of cunts, Master," Bell joked, drawing a chuckle from Harry.

"Yeah," the forest-eyed incubus agreed. "But my point still stands; up till now, there hasn't been a single negative aspect to my heritage. I feel like I have something tying me and mom together, I can have practically any woman I want, and even my friends are okay with everything."

"But," Bell said pointedly.

"But," Harry agreed, "now, I can't ignore the fact that I've grown a big head, always getting my way. One part of me wants to be upset with Gabby for thinking I'd ever sleep with her sister, but another part of me wants to knock on Fleur's door right now and see how long a veela can last."

Reaching a grasping hand up, towards the starry sky, Harry whispered, "I almost wish I didn't have the option; that I didn't have to worry about deciding who I should and shouldn't fuck. Fleur? Ginny? Hermione? I'd be lying if I said I haven't thought about taking each of them..."
Clenching his fist, Harry sighed again and closed his eyes, lowering his arm to his side. He stayed like that, silently thinking while Bell just dozed between his pectorals.

It wasn’t till the sun had begun to rise, hours and hours later, that Harry finally opened his eyes again, and smiled. Drifting in and out of sleep, the conflicted incubus had come to a decision he thought he could live with, and figured sharing it with Bell was only fair, seeing as how she’d been such a great listener for him.

"Master?" the Parva Dux murmured, fluttering her blue eyelids as she tried to wake up, Harry’s slowly nudging finger helping as well.

"Hey Belly, I wanted your opinion on something," Harry explained, still shirtless beneath the blue-black sky.

"Hmm?" she hummed in askance, pulling herself into a sitting position where she started rubbing her eyes.

"Well, I was thinking about stuff, and I learned something—there isn’t some magical, golden rule that’s going to help me out of this, at least as far as I can see."

"Master," Bell began, but stopped when she sensed that Harry hadn’t gotten to the point yet.

"But that’s okay, you see? Instead, I realized that I’m never going to figure out how to handle each and every situation that crops up on my own, and that it’s not really fair to try. In the end, I’ve decided that the best way to deal with everything is to talk to people. If I can learn what they want, and see what decisions they make when given all the info, then I can make decisive, guilt free choices as well."

Quieting in shame, Harry admitted, "I’ve been being so selfish, it was actually a hassle for me to realize the answer was as simple as asking what other people wanted..." Shaking his head, Harry sat up a little, bracing his weight with his arms. "At least with the people I care about, it's only right that I let them know what kind of beast they’re dealing with, give them the chance to decide what they want—starting with my little firecracker—and her milky big sis as well." Looking down at Bell, Harry winked and said, "I'm an incubus, and I'm going to fuck whoever I want unless they themselves ask me not to. Being up-front with my intentions and giving them the option is the key, I'm sure of it now."

Bell's lips parted in wonder, the Smallguide finding herself taken with her bonded's insight. Leaning back on his chest similarly to how he was on his robe, Bell looked up at the stars, thankful to have been born to such a thoughtful boy.

Harry and his Parva Dux watched the sky lighten for another half hour before the incubus re-robed and headed inside, ready to shower and sleep, but determined to put his plan into action the moment he woke up.

There was a pair of veela he needed to have an interesting conversation with, after all, and it just wouldn't do to open that can of worms in the stinky, exhausted form he was in.

As it was, Harry snuck back into the castle in much higher spirits than he'd snuck out of it in.

**AN: Hello, back again, I see. Just wanted to brag for a moment about how quickly I got this chapter out :P Also, Favorite and Follow to stay up to date, and leave a review letting me know what you think of the story so far. Till next time :)**
Chapter Eight

(French dialog in italics)

Upon waking up, Harry wasted little time heading down to the Great Hall, his haste showing in his crooked tie and bedhead. The boy wizard was eager to speak to his veela friend and apologize for storming out the night before. Avoiding the few students in the halls as he headed towards breakfast, Harry went over what he wanted to say again in his head. When he got there it was still early, so Harry wasn't too concerned with the French veela's absence. He figured he'd just hang around until the silvery-blond-heads showed up.

That had been his plan half an hour ago, anyway. Neither Gabrielle nor Fleur seemed to be stopping by for breakfast, and as time crept steadily by and the morning grew later and later, Harry felt a ball of unease grow in the pit of his stomach.

Beginning to fear he'd truly offended the teenage veela, Harry brushed off yet another hesitant attempt at conversation from his friends and abruptly stood, exiting the hall and leaving an unfinished plate of food and a handful of concerned teens behind.

Stifling a yawn as he reached the stone steps leading down to the school's grounds, Harry paused when the grand carriage of Beauxbatons came into view.

"Ah, man" he sighed out, steeling his nerves. Conjuring a thin bouquet of lilies and tulips on a whim, the incubus lifted his head, ordering himself, "Go on."

Following his own advice, Harry began making his way towards the elegant carriage, taking its steps two at a time when he reached them. Resisting the instinct to knock, faced with a foreign door as he was, the young incubus instead tried the handle. It was unlocked, so he let himself in, closing the door back behind him.

"Um, h-hello?" he tried, though there didn't seem to be anybody, or indeed anything, in the long, wooden hall, save for an equally long line of doors on both sides, all of which were closed. Further down, Harry caught sight of a spiraling wooden staircase, which he figured only made sense with how big the carriage had to be to accommodate the large number of French competitors. Still, it made him realize that finding where his veela were tucked away would take forever if he did it the old fashioned way.

Twirling his wand between his fingers like a baton, Harry whispered out, "Point Me," and let the stick spin in his palm. After a few rotations the holly slowed to a wavering stop, aimed to the teen's one o'clock like a gundog.

Trusting Hermione's spell, Harry set out hastelessly, his school shoes clicking softly against the hardwood floor as he went.

Soon enough, the boy wizard found himself stood outside a door identical to the one's flanking it, with nothing but his rigidly pointing wand to suggest it was of any significance. Pocketing the trusty stick, Harry took one last fortifying breath and raised his hand to knock.

The door suddenly swung open before he could tap his knuckles on it, revealing the veela Gabrielle Delacour wearing a T-shirt, athletic shorts, and a surprised expression.
"G-good morning," Harry stuttered out, growing even more embarrassed as he felt his cheeks begin to heat up. "I was just about to knock," he explained needlessly, lowering his hand.

Gabrielle, for her part, just blinked. Suddenly leaning forward, the teenage veela invaded Harry's space to scan the hall, letting out a small sigh of relief upon finding it empty of gawkers.

"Um," Harry began as the petite witch stood back up, only to cut himself short and squawk out, "Hey!" as he was hauled inside the girl's room. Stumbling from the unexpectedly strong pull, Harry managed to save himself a fall by catching the end of Gabrielle's bed. Using it to regain his balance, the promiscuous teen turned around just in time to catch Gabby pulling her door shut and locking it.

Standing at the foot of her bed, Harry watched as the petite veela turned to him, fisting the chest of her shirt hesitantly. Quietly, the girl said, "You shouldn't have come." There was no bite to her words though, and she continued just as carefully, "We could both get into a lot of trouble if anybody knew you were here and told."

Harry ducked his head a little and said, "Sorry. I was waiting for you at breakfast but you didn't show up." Harry took an unsure step towards the wary veela. "I needed to speak with you," he explained, forcing himself to stand still when Gabrielle began biting her lip.

"Are those for me?" the girl blurted out, nodding at the flowers in Harry's hand.

Blushing even harder, the young incubus cursed himself for his flight of fancy, swallowing hard and forcing a smile on his face as he answered, "Y-yeah." Making himself look the girl in the eye, Harry added, "I wanted to say that I was sorry and th-

"N-non!" the French schoolgirl interrupted, shutting her eyes and shaking her head. "I am the one who should be apologizing." she rushed. "I'm always getting angry at people for refusing to try and understand veela, to understand me, but I still!" There were tears leaking from the corners of Gabrielle's eyes, but she didn't seem to notice. "I still..."

"Gabby," Harry whispered, stepping forward and enveloping the girl in his arms in one smooth motion.

Sniffling into his chest, the teenage veela hiccupped out, "I'm so sorry Harry- I did the thing I hate the most and made you feel bad about being different!"

Squeezing the girl tighter to his chest, Harry lowered his nose to her hair and mumbled, "It's okay, you know?" Feeling her shaking shoulders begin to still, Harry pulled himself free of the girl, just enough to look into her eyes and prove to her that he meant his words. "You were just looking out for your sister, so there's nothing to apologize for." Averting his gaze a little, Harry admitted, "I had some stuff I needed to figure out anyway."

Closing his eyes when Gabby sniffled, Harry quietly said, "After my parents died, raising me fell to my aunt and uncle, both of whom hated magic and all the abnormalities it came with and represented..." Sighing, Harry smiled a little and continued, "I admit to it being a pretty alien idea to me, but if I had an older sibling, I'd like to imagine I'd be protective of them as well."

A forward weight, not especially heavy but completely unexpected, forced the incubus back. As he did his best to maintain his balance, Harry, now supporting a clinging, crying veela by his neck, managed two shaky steps backwards before losing his footing, sending the two teens crashing back onto Gabrielle's plush bed.

Conk! went their skulls as momentum carried Gabby's forehead into Harry's.
"Fuck!" Harry groaned out lowly, his vision swimming. Blinking rapidly to clear the stars from his eyes, Harry, when he could see again, found himself a hairs width away from Gabrielle, their noses brushing lightly.

The young veela didn't seem to've been as stunned as he was by their collision, but her face was just as red as the pinned Choiceling's all the same.

Harry was suddenly aware of the weak allure the veela laying on his chest had been suppressing admirably until then.

Feeling his heart begin to beat harder in his chest, Harry noticed that his palms had gotten sweaty all of a sudden. Not only that, he was shocked to notice, but his mouth had also gone dry, and he was feeling unusually shy.

'I've never been so nervous in my entire life,' Harry realized from light years away, remembering back to the first time he'd made himself seduce a woman and not remembering it to have been as bad. As it was now, his hands were actually trembling. 'Is it her allure? Or maybe because I've never been this close to a girl I actually like?'

Swallowing at what sounded to himself like a thousand decibels, Harry found his gaze magnetized to the frozen teen's lips. They were slightly parted and naturally pink and hundreds of times softer looking than anything the boy had ever seen in his fourteen years of life, and before he could help himself, he was leaning up, closing the dangerously small gap shakily. Gabrielle's eyes had widened when Harry began to move, but were almost completely closed by the time his lips pressed up against hers.

A fantastic energy rushed between the two, charging the air and setting the teenage pair's nerve endings ablaze.

A loud, insistant knocking killed the moment quickly, and replaced the boy and girl's nervousness with dread.

Gabrielle's eyes shot back open and she jerked up and away from the blinking incubus pinned beneath her, turning to look at her bedroom door in horror, the knocking getting more and more insistent by the second.

Harry, doing an admirable job purging his head of all impure thoughts, acted quickly. Settling his hand on the straddling veela's hip, flushing a bit more at the feel of her skin beneath her shirt and the intense look she shot his way, Harry nonetheless jerked his head to the side pointedly, motioning for the girl to get off of him. Once freed, he rolled off of the bed, arming himself with his wand in a flash.

Closing his eyes in intense concentration, Harry silently spelled himself invisible.

It was just in time, too, as the young veela's door suddenly unlocked itself with a click. It exploded open in the next instant, a bare, womanly foot raised where the splintered tinder had been a second ago.

"Fleur!" Gabby shouted out in anger, but not surprise, Harry noted, updating the older veela's mental record.

"I smell a boy," the scowling intruder accused, cutting straight to the chase. "Where is he, little sister?"

"T-that's probably your upper lip you are smelling, you violent bit-"
"Really?" Fleur interrupted, relaxing her combative stance. "I guess you could be right," the comely veela drawled out. Suddenly hooking her foot underneath the forgotten bouquet, still on the floor where it had been dropped, something that had both Harry and Gabby's eyes widening, Fleur kicked the flowers straight up, unbinding and scattering them in a freakishly quick move that took the invisible incubus by surprise. He knew the gig was truly up when a harpooning lily bounced off of his chest.

"Got you!"

Like lightning, Fleur snarled and lashed out with her bare foot, catching Harry below the neck and pinning him to the wall.

A vicious smile stole across the older veela's face, and Harry was left to watch on in awe as her features morphed.

Her arms and legs sprouted sleek, gray and white feathers, completely covering the exposed limbs faster than the oxygen deprived incubus could blink. Her fingers and toes grew talons, too, and a second, transparent eyelid slid in from the edges of her eyes, protecting her blue orbs and removing the need for blinking.showing teeth, the veela demanded, "Show yourself, pervert."

Grinning a crazy, invisible grin in interest, Harry linked both his hands' fingers together and swung, aiming the sledgehammer strike for the inside of the attacking veela's knee joint.

His sneak attack worked, and Fleur's stranglehold on Harry's neck faltered. Seizing the momentum, and keeping Gabrielle's growing hysterics in mind, the still invisible incubus pushed off of the wall behind him. Now moving forward, Harry took advantage of Fleur's off-balance form to seize the girl, grabbing her ass through her pajamas and hefting the larger girl straight off the ground.

"L-er-" she started, but Harry had already taken enough steps forward and quickly released the veela's butt to instead palm her bra-less breasts, aiding her falling, downward momentum with a slamming, dribble motion.

"Ah!" the feathered woman cried out, landing hard but harmlessly down on her sister's bed and bouncing. It was during this bounce that Harry drew his wand and used the first restraining spell that came to mind.

"Intima Ansa!"

A silky black ribbon flashed out of the end of Harry's wand, materializing from nothing and attacking the still airborne teen instantly.

The ribbon fastened around the transformed veela's throat first, looping a collar adorned with a tiny bow around her delicate neck. It then shot down her body, tying stylized knots that locked her arms together and behind her back. By now Fleur had fallen back to the bed, and the spell's true purpose started to show.

It continued it's work steadily, moving from the feathered teen's back to her front, where it wound a tight loop around her large bust, drawing gasps from both of the girls. It then wormed it's way underneath the loop, dividing Fleur's chest down the middle so her T-shirt covered tits were constricted and accentuated. The ribbon then stitched a corset-like lace down the wriggling veela's bare belly, her shirt having ridden up dangerously. It's last move was to run a too-tight line from just above her pubic bone, down and around the cleft of her hidden pussy, and back up to her bound arms, where it tied a large bow.
"Nng!" the bound veela ground out, unprepared for the attack on her sensitive spots. Harry and Gabrielle watched the whole thing with wide eyes.

"Oh shit," Harry whispered, dropping his invisibility.

"You?!" the bound veela shouted, jerking her head towards him when he became visible again. "AH!" she cried out when the ribbon did it's job, translating and exaggerating the girl's movements along its length, her bound breasts and threaded cleft taking the brunt of her careless wiggling.

"H-hold still," Harry ordered, and the angry-eyed veela obeyed.

'They've got the same temper,' Harry noted, keeping a wary eye on his accidental bondage victim as he tried to figure out the best way to handle the situation.

"Look what you've done!" Gabrielle cried.

Harry felt a mixture of one part anger and two parts shame bubble up within him, but before he could speak, Gabrielle moved to him, touching his bruised neck delicately, glaring at her bound sister all the while.

Feeling his cheeks heat up again at the unexpected concern, Harry gently removed Gabby's probing hands, smiling at the little veela when she turned to him. "It's okay Gabby," Harry soothed, stretching his neck this way and that to show the injury was only skin deep. "I'm fine."

The petite girl didn't seem too convinced, but Harry forewent any further attempts to reassure her, knowing that the idea of finding fighting enjoyable was odd to most, instead looking back to the still-bound, feathered form on the bed.

"I'm going to have to untie you, okay?" Harry said, explaining that nobody had ever bothered to invent a counter to the spell before and that his own wasn't done yet. "Just," he added, in English this time, "just try to hold still, okay?"

Fleur, finally beginning to cool off, just ground out, "Fine," and lowered her head, slowly this time, into the bed, hiding her face from the incubus and her sister.

Settling down between Gabby and her bound sister on the bed, Harry spared a quick flick towards the broken door, repairing, shutting, and locking it back up, before starting. As he grasped the tails of Fleur's back bow, Harry asked, mostly for the sake of not letting the mood grow tense again, "So, I didn't know that veela have such a strong sense of smell... Are you born with it?"

"Mm-nng!" Fleur began to answer, her affirmative hum turning into something lustful as Harry gently tugged the bow's tails free.

"Harry!" Gabrielle scolded, her face burning up from embarrassment.

"Sorry," the boy wizard apologized.

Thumbing the silken fabric carefully, Harry began again with, "How is your English coming along, Gabby?"

"Eet is not easy, but I am learning more everyday," the young veela answered.

Both she and Harry pretended not to hear the low, stifled moan Fleur was letting out into the bed as the incubus worked on a particularly stubborn knot.

"Um," Harry began, finally getting the ribbon free in that spot, doing his best to not get aroused by
the lowly moaning bird-woman laid prostrate before him. Hoping he could distract her from the effects of the ribbon, and save himself too much more embarrassment in the process, Harry lightly brushed his fingers through Fleur's arm feathers as he worked on the network of patterned knots, complimenting, "Your feathers are very beautiful, Fleur. Do you only show them off when you're in combat?"

Next to him, Gabrielle stiffened.

"Beautiful?" the bound veela repeated to herself dubiously.

"Yeah" Harry confirmed cluelessly, almost done with the second to last layer of bindings on Fleur's arms. "Your talons are pretty cool too," he added, casually threading his fingers with her wicked digits, admiring the way they reflected the light.

"Harry..." Gabrielle whispered, too quietly for the teen in question to hear.

Fleur just burrowed her head further into the bed, blushing up a storm.

A few strange minutes went by, with the boy incubus sitting Indian-style on the thirteen year old veela's bed, methodically untying her lewdly bound older sister in silence.

"There we go," said incubus eventually murmured out, finally finished with the laborious task of untying Fleur's arms at last. "You, um, well you should be able to handle the rest now, huh?"

Gabrielle looked up from where she'd been idly playing with a loose length of the ribbon.

"My arms," Fleur said, turning her face to the side so she could be heard. "They're asleep."

"Eh?!" her younger sister cried out in disbelief, dropping the slightly frayed ribbon, which caught the boy wizard's attention.

As the two veela began to bicker back and forth over whether her arms were really too dead to move or if Fleur was just trying to trick Harry into touching her there, Harry felt his face go slack in dubiety. Their argument seemed to be heating up, and either Fleur was a dedicated actress or her arms really were asleep, because she was sticking to her guns on the issue. Ignoring them, Harry slapped a palm to his face, muttered, "Potter, you fucking idiot," and took out his wand.

That seemed to draw the girls' attention, and it was with a comically blank expression that Harry rolled the stick between his fingers, wordlessly conjuring a pair of silver scissors.

"Snip," he muttered, cutting through the rest of Fleur's bindings in seconds.

The two veela girls' expression went blank as Fleur suddenly found herself free.

"In my defense," Harry muttered in known pointlessness, "the ribbon is suppose to be indestructible."

A synchronized barefoot and talon to the face, along with dual accusations of, "Pervert!" were his only answer.

"So you see," Harry summarized, lowering the ice pack from his jaw, "that's why I was here earlier."

"I see," Fleur agreed, now back to her featherless form, despite Harry's objections. "You just snuck into my seester's room, weez flowers, while nobody was looking, weez ze door locked, to apologize to her, but not in any inappropriate way."
Harry picked a bit of lint from his ear and flicked it, distractedly answering, "Yeah, pretty much."

"Ahh," Fleur sighed, rubbing her forehead with her eyes closed in irritation.

"Actually," Harry retracted, affording the older veela his undivided attention, "there was one more reason I came to visit, now that I think about it."

Gabrielle, brushing her teeth in the connected bathroom, cocked her head to the side, tuning into the ongoing conversation in curiosity.

"Oh?" Fleur asked, blinking.

She leaned back in surprise when the incubus seized her hands, holding them between their chests passionately as he asked, "Would you do me the honor of allowing me to seduce you?"

_Slap!_ and Harry was holding his face again, cursing the violent bloodline of the fascinating creatures he'd found himself wrapped up with lately.

In the other room, Gabrielle spat out her toothpaste in shock and held her breath, staring at herself in the folding mirror as she continued to eavesdrop.

"God damn it," Harry whined, scowling up at the taller veela. "Why'd you hit me?"

"What did you expect," Fleur ground out, "asking me something like that?"

"Fair enough," Harry grudgingly admitted. Letting out a sigh, the teen flopped back onto Gabrielle's bed, appreciating it's fluffiness once again as he started explaining, "Sorry about that, I'm still trying to figure out the best way to go about asking."

"You shouldn't be asking a thing like that to begin with," Fleur scolded somewhat hesitantly, a bit confused.

Aiming a serious look up at the lightly frowning witch, Harry said, "I'm asking this because I think it's the right thing to do, as opposed to just fucking you regardless of what our mutual friends think. If it weren't for Gabby, I'd have already taken you to bed." Closing his eyes, Harry explained, "I'm a Choiceling, Fleur, as you already know. You're a female, which means all of your fantasies, all of your desires, every little mannerism and all of your sensitive spots, plus things even you don't know about yourself, sexually, are all like sweet, low hanging fruit for me." Reaching a hand up towards the ceiling, Harry added, "I could pick you, just like this."

He made a fist, and a shiver ran down the uneasily staring veela's spine.

"And I may have already, if not for what Gabby said to me last night at dinner." Tilting his head back, Harry caught said younger veela's eye through the crack between the bathroom door and the wall. "I'm not going to do that anymore- consider my friends or my friends' friends the same way I do strangers and acquaintances." Holding the staring girl's gaze captive, Harry strongly added, "However, I am an incubus," he turned his gaze back to Fleur, "and you are a woman, and one I find myself physically attracted to as well. That makes you my prey." Harry explained with a straight face. "At least, as long as you'll allow me to hunt you, that is."

Fleur staring at him with wide, blinking eyes, not actually saying anything.

Gabrielle remained silent in the bathroom, digesting what Harry had said.

The silence dragged on, but Harry was content to rest on his veela friend's bed, knowing better than to rush a decision like this on instinct.
"Are you planning on offering this choice to many other girls?" Fleur eventually asked, seemingly having come to a decision but not saying yet.

"Mmm," Harry confirmed. "My friend Hermione for sure, and Ron's sister too. I'd say Luna as well, but she already knows the score and has set standards."

"Basically all of your female friends" Fleur noted shrewdly. "What about my sister?" she asked dangerously, not noticing that the girl had been listening in for a while now.

Exploding in a blush, Harry stuttered out, "O-of course not!"

"So you plan to violate her without her consent then?" the veela whispered out, the beginnings of talons beginning to form on her hands again.

Holding up his hands in surrender, Harry angrily said, "Hold on a minute! I don't 'violate' anybody- there's no magical manipulation or anything like that at play here. An especially smooth and intuitive human could do what I do. And besides," Harry added, lowering his voice so that the eavesdropping girl couldn't hear, "what I meant was I'm not trying to have sex with your sister anyway."

Fleur obviously wanted to ask the Choiceling for his reasons, but even as fired up as she was, the veela seemed to understand that asking 'why not' would be strange and counterproductive. Instead, she allowed her fingers to return to normal for the second time in a few hours.

"So I take it your answer is 'no', " Harry ventured after the tension had mostly cleared, the disappointment poorly hidden in his voice.

"No," the veela disagreed, setting her chin and sending the teen a considering look. "I didn't say that."

Rubbing her knee where she'd been struck, Fleur's look turned challenging, and she said, "You are a warrior, yes? I am as well. You caught me by surprise earlier, and I think I can beat you if we were to fight again."

Harry made a face at that, but the French veela continued on anyway.

"Enter the dueling tourney. If you make it to me and manage to win, I'll let you try and win me over. I think that you are so full of hot air you're in danger of floating away, but I suppose if you somehow defeat me then we will see."

"If I beat you in the tourney, eh?" Harry repeated, a grin slowly creeping across his face. "Wicked."

"'Onestly," the French teen said in false exasperation, her face resisting a pink dusting and flattered smile admirably, but not perfectly.

Gabrielle finished rinsing the last of the toothpaste from her mouth in the bathroom, her troubled expression smoothing out into a helpless smile as she looked at herself in the mirror.

Despite feeling like she should be much more upset at what she'd overheard, the teenage veela was instead proud of how accepting she was of the whole situation. Being of creature heritage, and knowing that Harry honestly didn't have much of a choice, despite his species' title, went a long way towards her unorthodox attitude.

As she exited the bathroom, dressed and ready for a day of Harry-led Hogwarts tours with her
sister, it occurred to Gabrielle, as she caught sight of the Choiceling in question laying peacefully on her bed, his eyes closed as he hummed lightheartedly, that there was probably a deeper reasoning to her willingness to adjust her worldview.

The way her lips continued to lightly tingle helped too.

AN: Hello all, good to see you here. A little shorter chapter, and no penis on vagina action, but the characters needed watering. Anyway, I just wanted to take a moment to clear up a few things. First of all, here we go- Gabrielle is 13. There will be no comments on how this is not her correct age, okay? I write fucking Harry Potter fanfiction- I know my canon. I have aged her for multiple reasons, let's just roll with it. In other news, if you would like to submit any kind of scene suggestions, please do so in a review; I would love to know what interests you guys (and girls) the most. Till then, be sure not to let your mothers read this over your shoulder, and favorite and follow to stay up to date!
Chapter Nine

"We really shouldn't be doing this..." a voice lightly protested in the darkness.

For a moment it seemed there would be no response, save for the sounds of the woman and another's feet meeting the stone stairs of the unilluminated astronomy tower, but then her companion slowed to a halt, and she did as well.

Warm hands from nowhere wrapped around the woman's fully developed body, drawing her close. Her partner's fingers kneaded her upper and lower back, sending shivers along her skin as she was drawn closer, until finally her body was near enough to smell the roasted pheasant on his breath. She'd been caught watching him savor it from her vantage point earlier at dinner, which had actually been the catalyst leading her to her current predicament.

The teenage boy, and didn't that ring her taboo bell, leaned forward, burying his nose into her perfumed neck and inhaling deeply. As he breathed back out, his breath hot and exciting on her neck and cleavage, she heard him mutter, "Even if you say that..."

The older of the two felt her eyes widen as her seducer's hands snaked around her, palming her ass through her robes even as he dared for more, inching his was towards her forbidden split. "He'll stop,' she thought, right before he pushed his way through her teaching robes.

Hogwarts Astronomy Professor Aurora Sinistra gasped in shock and shameful excitement as fourteen year old Harry Potter molested her adult body.

"Why lie?" Harry hummed into the crook of her neck. "You're already this wet," he continued, mushing his fingers up and against the creamy brown skinned teacher's damp knickers. "And anyway," he continued dangerously, playing on the star-gazing professor's fantasy, "do you really think you have a choice anymore?" Sliding the bunched up crotch of her panties to the side, Harry enjoyed the liquid heat of his teacher's stubbled slit while roughly hooking two finger inside her. Scissoring the digits deeper into the helplessly moaning woman, Harry ghosted his lips along her earlobe and whispered, "You've already let me finger your wet cunny Professor. Unless you'd like to become known as the teacher slut of Hogwarts who has sex with students, from now on, you belong to me."

Pinning the dark skinned professor to the stone wall behind her, Harry retrieved his fingers from the constricting embrace of Aurora's vaginal walls. Molding his body to her's, Harry managed to catch her chocolate eyed gaze with his own. Still locking eyes, Harry lifted his she-lube slickened digits up, clenching his jaw as the professor meekly allowed the musky scented fingers between her lips. Once the teacher had managed to clean herself off of her student, Harry removed the hand.

Striking like a cobra, the incubus snagged a fistfull of the professor's dark hair and pulled her down into a fierce liplock. Assaulting her mouth with his plundering tongue, Harry appreciated the taste of the woman's juices on her lips as he mapped out her mouth.

When he finally released her she was breathless, and her excitement, palpable.

It was the way she drew in her breaths, shakily, like she couldn't control her own body, that really ignited the fire in Harry's loins.
His cock was big enough and his skill high enough that even when he didn't put in too much effort, the girls he took still left him with a smile and a limp, his excessive seed trickling down their leg as they went.

'But not tonight,' Harry resolved, his eyes darkening, the full force of Aurora's female sex baring down on his senses. 'Tonight, I'm going to ruin this woman for all other men.'

"Strip," Harry commanded once, and then again with more force when his teacher just looked at him with doey, confused eyes.

"H-here?" she gulped, shooting the very poorly illuminated spiral staircase's interior frantic looks.

"Professor McGonagal!" Harry cried out, dangerously loud. "Professor Sinistra violated me!" Smiling wickedly at the shocked look on his trapped prey's face, consoling himself internally that he could only feel the woman's excitement growing, Harry reached forward, hooking a thumb in who should've been his respected superior's cheek, crowing, "She said she'd fail me if I didn't lick her nasty cunny, and then, even though I said to stop, she licked me!"

"S-sthap," the now misty eyed, perverted astronomy professor pleaded, her words distorted around Harry's thumb.

Removing his digit from Aurora's mouth for the second time, Harry just scowled at her, wiping his hand on his robes in disgust as he commanded, "Then strip, you sicko."

Blushing through her dark complexion, the witch, ten years older than her disdainfully watching partner, slowly began to disrobe. Peeling the light brown fabric off of her shoulders, the professor worked the robe down with fumbling hands. Inch by glorious inch of creamy, dark skin was revealed to the young incubus, who watched on gleefully. Her half cup bra, which was white with delicate lace trimming, contrasted beautifully with her dark skin, her ample, fully developed assets drawing a long line of cleavage that dissapeared between the large cups.

Aurora, to her obvious mortification, was struggling to force her constricting robe the rest of the way down, her large bottom and wide, womanly hips to blame. She continued to try forcing herself free until, with a whimper, the robe fell down, revealing a rumpled pair of matching panties as her only other protection from the cold and her student's smirking gaze.

"What a mess," Harry teased playfully, bringing a deeper flush to the young professor's face as she tried to hide her lewdly clinging knickers behind a hand. Leaning forward, with a gleeful smirk and cruel glint in his eye, Harry proclaimed, "Scandal at Hogwarts! Boy-who-lived violated by perverse professor!"

Whimpering at the threat, but mostly in twisted excitement, Harry knew, Aurora Sinistra forced her shaking hand to fist her pantyline, tugging the damp article down and off.

"Whiew!" Harry whistled lightly, crouching down without much fanfare to get a closer look at the woman's mound. "You need to shave," Harry muttered just cruelly enough to stoke the woman's unorthodox libido, reaching forward to scratch her prickly stubble'd mound with his finger nails. The tingling feedback he got from Aurora made him curl his toes on the sly.

Standing back up, Harry sighed, shooting a pointed look at the submissive professor's still bra-clad chest. Snatching the offending article by the clip where the cups met, the incubus ripped it off, ignoring the startled "Eep!" from the suddenly nude teacher.

"Recedemus," Harry intoned, pointing his stealthily drawn wand at the pile of clothes on the floor.
"No!" Aurora cried as her clothes disappeared into nothing.

When she turned disbelieving, misty eyes on him, Harry simply said, "Don't complain. You're the adult here- take responsibility for your own perverted nature. You wouldn't have to walk around school in the nude like a pedophile if you weren't about to get nailed by a student. It's a trade-off," he added, unsympathetic. "If you're good," Harry allowed, with staged reluctance, looking the distraught, unbelievably wet and horny teacher in her eyes, "and do exactly as I say, I may let you borrow my school robe. Understood?"

"U-understood," the squirming woman stuttered back demurely.

"Good," Harry said primly. "Then come on," he continued, walking up and past the naked teacher without a second glance. "A perverted, pedophilic astronomy slut like you should get to fuck her first student beneath the stars."

Horribly strong waves of shame scented excitement wafted off of the obediently following woman's nude frame, and by the time the two had managed to reach the wide, flat top of the tower, Harry's mouth was watering as his Choiceling instincts surged through his veins.

Still, he held himself back, knowing the value of protracted teasing and foreplay and determined to skew the woman's sex life from then on.

Beneath the billions of twinkling, shining stars, which glittered down in that breathtaking way that they could only when you found yourself quite far from any city lights, Harry admired the creamy, chocolate skin of his meek professor, so unlike her normally extroverted self, as she stepped from the darkness of the stairway and into the starlight.

"It's gorgeous out tonight," Harry commented lightly, looking away from the heavy, pebble tipped breasts of his teacher and up at the sky instead. "Makes you feel small- inconsequential, doesn't it? The first humans lived and died under these same stars, and no matter what they did, they never changed, or moved, or anything." Looking back down, Harry let a light smile slip over his lips, and whispered, once Aurora was looking back at him, "When I make you debase yourself for my pleasure tonight, they won't care. No matter how many times we do this, no matter how gross you are for having sex with a school boy, and no matter how loud you scream as your slutty cunt drinks my cum, the stars won't care." Grinning a mean grin at the gaping teacher, Harry cruelly teased, "Pretty romantic, huh?"

Aurora didn't seem to think so, but her body visibly quivered all the same.

Stalking forward, Harry began circling the nude woman, studying her with gleaming green eyes beneath his dark bangs. Lashing out from behind her, Harry struck one of her bubble-butt's enticing cheeks with an open hand, the loud SMACK! and accompanying "Eep!" riling him further.

"You've never done this, have you?" Harry asked in a way that told her he wasn't actually looking for an answer. Trailing a finger along the astronomy professor's upper back, drawing a line from shoulder to shoulder that had the woman arching into him, he added, "Not sex, of course. I bet you've let plenty of lucky guys stick their tiny pricks in your filthy slit." Harry enunciated 'filthy slit', and scratched a nail hard against Aurora's milk chocolate skin, making her flinch and whimper pathetically. "But never a boy, huh? I'm fourteen, and still small for my age," Harry explained to the woman, as though she didn't already know. Coming to a stop in front of her, Harry slowly blinked his big, emotive green eyes up at the woman, adding, "I'm perfect for a sicko like you, aren't I, Professor Sinistra?"

When the woman just wrapped her arms around her belly in silent, humiliated denial, Harry lashed
out, seizing her painfully erect nipples with his fingers, pulling hard enough to lift her heavy breasts off of her ribs.

"Ahh!" Aurora cried out in painful pleasure, stepping closer towards the boy for relief.

Releasing her abused nipples, Harry gently laid his hands on his teacher's cheeks, directing her gaze to his. Smiling up at her, Harry whispered, "Tell me, Professor." Blinking again, he repeated, "Tell me how badly you want my underage cock inside of you. Admit that you're a bad, perverted, criminal, pedophile," Harry continued viciously, sugary sweet all the while, "and I'll kiss you, right on the lips, right now, and then have sex with you till the sun comes up."

Looking down into his eyes like a deer caught in headlights, Astronomy Professor Aurora Sinistra licked her lips, and tried, "I, ah, I'm a- a bad, perverted teacher, and I, uh, want to hug you, and k-kiss you, and h-have se-, ah, sex with you."

"Me too," Harry replied simply, leading the older woman down to him gently, letting his lips press up into hers as he wrapped his arms around her middle, tucking his smaller frame into her's. Feeling her grow more ambitious, Harry sighed into the kiss as his teacher began mapping his back through his robes. Licking at her lips, Harry was allowed entrance once again into his professor's mouth, where this time he licked and prodded her own sensory organ, doing his best to coax cute moans and whimpers from the woman.

Feeling her hands, still shaking with taboo excitement and nerves, reach lower to cup his own shapely rear, Harry let out a little mewl of his own, whispering, "Sit down," into the kiss, which was steadily heating up.

Complying with her amoral lover's request, Aurora gently bent at the knees and settled back onto the fine grained wood that made up the tower's top, settling her legs out in front of her.

Harry followed and sat down as well, straddling the larger teacher's shapely thighs. Squirming a little to get more comfortable, and enjoying the flush it brought to the beautiful, dark skinned professor's cheeks, Harry leaned forward to peck her lips again. Blushing at the yearning look plastered on the grown woman's face when he pulled back, flattered, Harry leaned back on his butt, and said, "N-now, since you've been such a good, shameless slut, I'll give you a little treat." Flushing further at her eager look and rubbing legs, Harry muttered, "No touching," and started working at his tie.

The red and gold slipknot pulled loose with a little effort on his part, and, feeling inspired, Harry slipped the article over his teacher's head, the way her volumous clevage hugged the material stirring him further. Slipping his robe off and casting it to the side, a little more shyly than usual, Harry then began working on his white, button up collared shirt's buttons. Slowly, so as to stoke his teacher's lust and excitement even higher, Harry fingered and fumbled with the black buttons, taking his time revealing his pale, teenage chest to Aurora's wide, disbelieving eyes. When the last button was undone, Harry pulled the shirt off as well, leaving his youthful, supple skin, which stretched over his lightly toned muscles nicely, to softly glow under the stars, another appealing contrast against the enraptured beauty's darker flesh beneath him.

"Touch me." Harry whispered, looking to the sky and closing his eyes, a blanket of sensuality clinging to him, born of Professor Sinistra's constant reverant looks.

Slowly, with hands that still shook, something that pleased the incubus, Aurora reached up, tracing Harry's lightly defined abdominals and pectorals with her fingers and fingernails. Sighing under her adoring ministrations, Harry let out a light gasp as the pinned witch summoned her bravery, ghosting over his nipples and even rolling them between her fingers.
"Mmm," Harry moaned, arching back further. "My belt, undo my pants," the boy urged, rocking his hips lightly to demonstrate his desire.

A barely audible gulp met his request, and Harry chuckled.

Reaching lower, Aurora bit her lip as she worked at the belt, drawing forth more slack before undoing the buckle. Drawing it from around his waist, she set it to the side, and then began on his school pants button, needing a few tried to get the fastening loose.

"Ugh," Harry sighed, realizing that he wouldn't be able to finish undressing, straddling his professor's bare thighs as he was. Standing up, Harry freed himself from his remaining clothes quickly, adding them to his pile.

He was left standing over Aurora with a half erect cock, which hung low, past her wide, disbelieving eyes.

Spotting the expression, Harry smirked smugly and warned, "I won't be showing a freak like you any mercy, so I hope you don't mind getting gape'd, Professor."

"How," she began, but then trailed off.

Just smirking wider, Harry said, "This is it, Professor. The forbidden fruit. The illegal, immoral, and taboo."

Pinching the tip of his cock and hefting the thick meat up, showing to his enraptured audience that he had length enough to reach far past his bellybutton, Harry, eyes lidded, muttered out, "Sit up, Professor, and give me a kiss, right here."

He released himself, and Aurora's eyes tracked his length as it flopped and swung back down.

Shifting onto her knees, Professor Sinistra's pussy let out a lewd, wet sound as it began drooling her excitement in earnest, making Harry's cock jump.

Reaching forward, she hesitantly seized the teen's swinging manhood, squeezing lightly in disbelief. "You're so big, Mr. Potter," Aurora croaked out, her throat dry.

Laughing in surprise at the meekly kneeling woman, Harry commented, "You're about to suck my cock, Aurora. Please, call me Harry."

"R-right," she agreed, reaching up to wrap her other hand around his length. Slowly leaning forward, towards Harry's fleshy, swollen head, Aurora licked her lips.

"There you go," Harry coaxed, shifting forward till the slit of his cock met with the dark skinned professor's lush, waiting lips. "You've done it now," Harry congratulated, pushing past her lips, which wrapped lovingly around his shaft, enjoying the enraptured look Aurora was staring up at him with. "You're sucking my fourteen year old cock, Professor." Smiling slyly, the incubus added, "How shameful."

Reaching down, Harry settled his hands on the woman's head, threading his fingers through her thick, black hair. "I'm going to put it all the way in, Professor. Do your best."

Aurora's brown eyes widened, but she didn't get a chance to protest. Harry was already sliding himself forward, deeper between her lips. Her tongue wriggled along the thick, masculine pipe-like underside of his cock, the ribbed texture of the cartilage fascinating to the kneeling professor. The debased teacher felt the spongy, saliva-coated head of her student's cock bump the fleshy back of her throat, and she couldn't resist gagging.
"Is that all you've got, Professor?" Harry asked in disgust. "I've had girls half your age give better head."

Tearing up, Professor Sinistra's pussy clenched on nothing at the mental image, even as she forced herself forward, impaling her throat on the leering incubus' ridiculous genitals.

Breathing deeply, Harry relaxed into the familiar sensation of his cock sliding down a woman's throat. Her dangling uvula squished against the top of his shaft as Aurora struggled to stuff her student's meat down her gullet.

"Your throat's all nice and slimy, Professor. I like it," Harry merrily informed the choking woman, who still had a few inches to go. "Come on," Harry urged, looking down at the professor's bulging eyes as she tried to force the rest of his too-large cock down her throat. "It's going in your butt next, so it's in your best interest to get it nice and slick."

Gurgling, Aurora clenched her eyes closed and swallowed the last couple inches of her teenage lover, burying her nose into his soft, curly pubic hair. Holding herself in place, aroused past the point of sense, the Hogwarts professor's face started changing colors as her panickedly spasming throat constricted around Harry's captured meat, coaxing a vulnerable moan from the boy that went straight to Aurora's oozing split.

"P-Professor!" Harry stuttered out, his domineering façade cracking under the manic attention the woman was lavishing on his trapped prick.

"Gwah!" Aurora gasped out desperately, hacking as she freed herself from the boy's cock. A thick string of saliva connected the black woman's full lips to Harry's erect cock.

"H-how did I do?" Professor Sinistra asked, panting hard but looking up into Harry's green eyes hopefully all the same.

"Very good," Harry admitted, adding shyly, "I almost came." Aurora beamed up at him, and Harry shook his head. "How about you?" he inquired after a moment. "Did you enjoy sucking boy-cock as much as you fantasized you would?"

Flushing in shame, the woman nonetheless nodded, drawing a somewhat mean laugh from the incubus.

"That's horrible," Harry crowed far too gleefully, "but I appreciate your honesty, pervert. Bend over and I'll gape your asshole as a reward, m'kay?"

It was with a look of absolute mortification that Aurora Sinistra complied, crossing her arms on the ground and resting her head on them. Her large, round bottom was raised submissively, and Harry was quick to kneel and get a closer look.

Her vagina was exquisite, with well defined labia and a clit that peeked out of it's short hood eagerly. It was the type of cunt you'd find sex toys modeled after, and while he had a weak spot for the pudgier mounds girls his age tended to have, Aurora's was pornographic and wet and all his, so Harry was happy. Her dark skin, slightly less common around Britain, was alluring too, and made the pinks and purples of her fleshy generals stand out more. She was wetter than he'd expected as well, with a thin stream of slimy cunt drool adding to the wet splotches on the ground.

Slightly above her quivering cunt was the witch's anus, untouched by men but far from virginal, according to a quick mental inquiry filled with enchanted sex toys. She was spelled hairless, as every witch Harry had been with so far was down there, and the slightly darker, puckered ring of muscle somehow looked even more lewd than her oozing pussy, maybe because of how
submissively the woman arched it up at him.

All in all, the incubus found his prey for the night to be exceptionally beautiful, with a body that would've looked right at home in a professional porno spread.

Standing back up, Harry gripped his slickened length and teased at his astronomy professor's weeping womanhood, lathering the already shining tip of his engorged cockhead with her hot essence.

The sensation of his textured glans against her fleshy petals brought a series of whimpers from Aurora's throat.

"Here we go," Harry warned, painting a shiny trail up Aurora's thin perineum, resting himself against her back door. Aurora sucked in a deep breath beneath him, and Harry pushed forward, slowly and steadily, stretching his professor's black rosebud open with his slick cockhead.

"Nng!" Aurora ground out, pushing her forehead into her arms and gritting her teeth as her student forced her asshole wider than it had ever been before, her eyes fluttering at the intrusion.

"Mmm," Harry hummed in content as the purple rim of his swollen head breached through into the fleshy warmth of his professor's bowels. Resting his hands on her round, dark ass cheeks, Harry hunched over her wantonly offered butt, using his leverage to sink himself the rest of the way into his teacher's anus, drawing a too-loud gasp/cry from the horribly aroused woman.

"You're so warm," Harry commented a little hazily, his eyes closed in bliss as he enjoyed the constricting tightness of Aurora's insides.

Panting beneath him, Professor Sinistra whimpered, softly crying out, "Fuck!" to herself over and over, her ass radiating discomfort, pleasant fullness, and carnal ecstasy in equal measures.

Reaching lower to scratch the dark skinned beauty's back lovingly, Harry just held still and hummed a little, letting his teacher adjust beneath him. When her fervent mantra died off and her ring eased its stranglehold, Harry returned his hands to the woman's derriere and said, "I'm going to start fucking you now, Aurora, and I'm not going to stop until your belly's bulging with cum, okay?"

Not waiting for a reply, Harry unsheathed ninety percent of his cock, leaving just the rim of his glans within her desperately grasping pucker. Lifting himself on his tiptoes, Harry angled down, for maximum stretching, and plunged down, extracting a shameless shriek from Aurora as his balls slapped forward against her gushing slit. Repeating the motion, still on the balls of his feet, Harry wrenched himself from the impossible tightness of his slutty teacher's asshole, only to slam back into her as hard as he could, driving her into the floor and sending her round cheeks jiggling pornographically.

Plenty slickened, partially from the now steadily moaning woman's fluids and partially from a secret gland unique to his species, the incubus continued his relentless assault, the frantic, slippery friction heating up his cock and her ass and adding to both of their pleasure.

"I'm cumming!" Professor Sinistra squealed into the floor, squirming helplessly at the unbearable stimulation, her pussy and ass both clamping down as a thin trickle of she-cum leaked out of her violently rocking cunt's opening.

Ignoring her and gritting his teeth, Harry kept his word and kept fucking his hot, swollen length into Aurora's now slippery asshole, tuning her pathetic, quiet scream out and instead focusing in on the way her dark skinned anus clung to his length, pulling out like a fleshy hill as he withdrew,
and sinking further in when he hammered forward. Mesmerized by the lewd display of skin, Harry withdrew completely from his teacher, eyes widening in amazement as her hole retained the large O he'd pounded into it. He could see her fleshy depths, slickened to hell and quivering from the brutal raping it was suffering. After a moment, the hole puckered closed, and then back open, winking at Harry as Aurora's sphincter clenched blindly.

Waiting for her abused asshole to wink again, Harry huskily growled out, "You look absolutely fucking pathetic, Professor. I've never seen such a shameful display; it's like your whore asshole can't figure out where my cock went."

The shivering professor failed to respond, her cunt still seeping its spent love onto the floor in messy, slurping gulps.

"It's right here," Harry mumbled, violently wrenching Professor Sinistra's round ass back, his hands wrapped around her hips, slamming deeper and harder into the gurgling teacher's guts than before. Using the momentum, Harry shifted back and pushed her forward, mostly freeing himself again, before repeating the action, burying every inch of his beastial cock inside of her, raping the woman into the ground like an animal as she cried out her pain and unbearable pleasure shamelessly, fucking herself back onto the plundering meat pole as much as her jelly-like muscles would allow.

She began cumming again, and didn't stop, her breasts and face flushed from the strain, even as the puddle beneath her weeping quim grew. Unable to think, the black skinned teacher felt tears begin leaking out of her eyes as the boy behind her pounded her into insanity.

It was almost half an hour later that Harry, legs on fire and sweat beading on his brow, finally shouted triumphantly, cumming harder than he ever had before into the violently shaking woman beneath him, her entire form slick with perspiration.

Streaming from his boiling balls, down his unnatural length and finally into Aurora's bowels, Harry draped himself across the intoxicated witch's back, wrapping his arms around her belly, holding her in place as his incubus physique did it's best to impregnate her. When he was finally done, and hot, sloshing cum stuffed Professor Sinistra's insides, Harry gingerly extracted himself, breathing heavily and watching with smug eyes as his seed flowed freely out of Aurora's ruined asshole, mingling with the large puddle of clear and milky she-cum the professor had gushed below.

Hooking a hand around her hip, Harry flipped the dazed woman over, crawling up her prone form till his bum hovered over the tops of her heaving, glistening breasts. Taking himself in hand, only marginally softer than before, Harry worlessly smeared his come and lube coated member on the professor's face, drawing her gaze, before she closed her eyes in rapture. Her lips were slimy with their shared fuck fluids, and one of her eyes had the lashes sticking together. Feeling the beginnings of a second wind as the submissive woman beneath him leaned into his cock, obviously loving the humiliation, Harry reached down, pinching her slightly wider nose closed and growling out, "Say 'aah'."

She complied, sticking her tongue out and humming, "Aah," her eyes still closed.

Shifting forward, Harry whispered, "Tell me how your ass tastes," and fed the spongy head of his cock to his teacher of four years, reaching his other hand down behind her head to angle her forwards, chin to chest.

"Grk," she gargled quietly, making no effort to flinch away from his prick as it slid along her tongue, pressing lightly against the back of her throat and effectively choking her. Disregarding her own need for air, Aurora did as she was told, lathering her tongue along as much of his length
as she could, savoring the tart taste of sex that clung to his cock, which throbbed in time with his
heartbeat.

Holding her in place, Harry met his professor's wide eyes, which stared up at him in worship
through thick lashes, even as she began to gag and choke around his meat in earnest, with semen
and saliva still smeared on her face. Doing little more to try and dislodge him than lightly kicking
her feet, Aurora's eyes leaked tears as they began to flutter up.

Finally removing himself from her throat, Harry let her cough and gasp wettly, blinking down at
her blankly, distantly enjoying the renewed stench of female sex in the air. Shifting to a crouch,
Harry fisted a handful of Aurora's dark hair, pulling her up to eye level. Her gaze was glassy but
she still met his eyes. Her tongue lolled as she painted.

Harry scowled.

"Regular witches like you are pathetic," he muttered to himself, bitter. "We only just finished the
appetizer, and you're already this far gone?" Releasing her hair, Harry took the woman's wrist in a
vice grip, standing and dragging her effortlessly to the edge of the tower. It ended abruptly, using
magic in lieu of rails for safety, so Aurora's head was free to dangle over the edge.

Holding his hand behind him and whistling, Harry displayed some advanced magic and
summoned his wand to him.

"C'orpus ovilik," he murmured, aiming the holly tip at his professor.

Her legs folded up, splitting wide and high as the spell snaked up her lower body, taking the form
of tribal tattoos and folding her into a pretzel.

"Haah!" Aurora groan-gasped out.

"Shut up. This is what you want, isn't it, Professor Whore?" Harry dropped his wand carelessly,
stepping forward to take an ape-like stance, crouching over the woman's wantonly displayed cunt,
leaning forward and grasping her full tits. "To be fucked silly by a student? Hmm? It's not
everyday you have your dreams come true, is it?" Dipping lower, Harry began invading the
woman's fleshy pink slit, drawing new sounds from her. "Just lay there and take it. I'll tell you
when I'm done."

And with that, Harry began, curling and uncurling his hips to pound Sinistra's shamelessly
gushing pussy, drawing mewls and whimpers and moans and cries from the black professor
bound beneath him, and slurping, wet sounds from her cunt.

"You're pretty tight, Aurora," Harry commented. "I'll fix that."

Moving his hands from her breasts, Harry secured his grip around the professor's lightly defined
ribs, holding her down as he set a brisk but methodical pace, making sure the woman had no time
to recover, but still felt his glans' crown interacting with the ribbing of her vagina's sleeve.

Five minutes went by, and Aurora began babbling, coming against Harry's uncaring, raping cock.
The boy didn't acknowledge her release in any way. Ten more past, and Aurora was stuck
somewhere between the peaks and valleys of constant orgasm, screaming in ecstasy and
overstimulation as Harry maintained his mechanical pace. When he finally spent himself inside
her, pelvis to pelvis, she was allowed a reprieve.

Five minutes later, after he'd freed her from the spell and allowed her to stretch, Harry bound her
again. He'd come twice already, and her a dozen more times, so when he slipped back between
her abused folds, he lasted much, much longer, and it was beneath a sky tinged with blue that he
blew his third and final load.

Falling back onto his pale bum, Harry sighed at the mess he’d made.

Aurora was quivering, staring up at the sky blankly. There was a screen of thick, milky cum censoring her pussy, which still clenching feebly at nothing every few seconds. Her hair was wild and unkempt after the long night of brutal sex, and she was drenched in sweat. Harry himself was pretty sweaty, and his softening prick was red from the friction and exertion.

Whistling again, Harry summoned his wand and used it to free Professor Sinistra, who stretched her legs out haltingly once she could. Stepping forward to the edge of the tower, Harry stretched his neck and pissed off the edge, sighing.

"You can have my robe, Professor. It's like four thirty or something, so you should probably head back to your room soon." Finished, Harry stretched his arms over his head, completely nude, looking down over the grounds. Durmstrang's ship and Beauxbaton's carriage were visible, though they looked no larger than the incubus' hand from so high up. Looking down at Aurora, who was slowly recovering, Harry joked, "Same time tomorrow?"

The witch shivered, and Harry laughed.

"M-maybe in a month, when I can feel below my waist again," she answered back.

"Ha-ha!" Harry laughed, tilting his head back, enjoying the breeze. "Fair enough."

Aurora managed to sit up and began massaging the blood back into her legs, looking over to her student's nude form in wonder. Harry noticed the look and asked, "Starting to sink in, huh?"

She nodded her head, but her shameful look held no actual regret. She'd do it again, Harry knew, and Aurora did as well.

"Don't worry too much," the incubus suggested, turning away to face back towards the grounds. "I'm not really going to tell, and I've fucked women older than you before. I've been on a bit of a tear lately," he added factually.

"You don't say," the astronomy professor whispered, catching sight of the mess that was her vagina and anus.

"Want me to vanish it?" her student offered.

"No," the perverted woman admitted.

"Gross," Harry teased.

Aurora just hung her head a little and tried to stand up, shakily managing it after a few tries. Making her way over to Harry's discarded clothes, the witch wondered how she'd hide her limp over the next few days.

Back by the ledge, Harry didn't pay his latest conquest much attention as she squeezed herself into his too-small robe, too lost in thought.

It had occurred to him, after seeing the glassy expression on the woman's face when he'd finished with her ass, that he was in a bit of a pickle. If a fully grown witch, who he knew had seen plenty of action over her life, was reduced to such a state of bonelessness after a single round of him really trying, well... If he ever did find somebody to share his life with when he reset his instincts, they'd need to be exceptional in bed as well, or he'd live the rest of his life holding back.
The idea was repulsive to him, as an incubus.

Harry found his gaze drifting towards the ornate carriage perched on the beach, but was interrupted by Professor Sinistra.

"Harry," she called, and he turned to see her squeezed within his school robe.

"Your breasts look ridiculous," he responded, and indeed, squished within his robe as they were, her large chest was almost fully exposed, from just above her nipples up.

"R-right," she blushed, trying and failing to cover up more. "A-anyway, I just wanted to say, t-thanks, I guess. I don't think I'll ever forget tonight."

Harry just smiled and shook his head. "Goodnight, Professor."

"Night," she smiled back, heading for the stairs.

Once she'd left and he was alone, Harry summoned his clothes, slipping his pants on and sitting on the ledge. Kicking his feet, the young incubus spent the last few hours of the night there, watching the sun come up with an odd sense of melancholy. He knew he should probably get some sleep, as the Triwizard drawing and tourneys were scheduled to start that afternoon, but instead he remained perched atop the tower, staring down at the carriage.

AN: So, another chapter down. Pretty much just a giant smut scene, though I did try and inject a little of Harry's blooming frustrations at his situation. I think that this is as good a place as any to warn you, dear readers, that from here out, I'm going to be diving deeper into the kinky and twisted, which you got a little taste of in this chapter. In that vein, I'd like to pose a quick vote. Let me know in a review how you would feel about a little hint of slash. Not as a pairing or anything, but so that I know how far I can push a threesome scene I've been thinking about. Thanks again for reading, Favorite, Follow, and Review for more!
Chapter Ten

"Wake up, Harry!" Ron called from across the table, throwing a walnut at his friend's lowered head. Ignoring the pair of disapproving looks the veela sisters flanking the incubus wore, Ron stressed, "It's almost time!"

'I am so fucking tired,' the raven locked boy thought miserably, cursing the Harry of twelve hours ago who thought staying up all night was a good idea.

"I'm up," he murmured, lifting his head to shoot an unamused, bloodshot look at his friend.

"Long night?" the redhead asked cheekily, unaffected by Harry's death glare.

"Ronald!" Hermione hissed, pink glossed lips pursed.

"I may have gotten carried away," Harry admitted, using his creature strength to crush the walnut Ron had tossed at him between his fingers, picking at the tasty insides slowly.

"Is this the part where you say, 'but you should see the other guy?'" Ron asked with waggling eyebrows.

Gabrielle giggled, and the redhead's eyes glazed over a little. With the help of Hermione and her elbow, however, he quickly regained full control of his faculties.

"Piss off," Harry groused back good naturedly, flicking a little of the demolished nut at his friend.

"I can smell you on that woman from here," Fleur added her two cents in quietly, shooting a look up at the dark skinned astronomy professor, who was deflecting questions from her peers as she ate her meal standing up.

"Your nose is freakishly good," Harry commented, even as Ron and Hermione sputtered, looking between their tired, dark haired friend and Professor Sinistra.

Ron sniffled, with watery eyes, and said, "You do me proud, son."

"Shut up, Ron," Hermione sniped, and then to Harry, scolded, "That's very irresponsible, Harry. What if you were caught?"

Harry just nibbled on a cheesy breadstick and shrugged. Hermione didn't really seem to appreciate his lack of concern.

Suddenly, Ginny settled down on the bench to Hermione's side, distractedly asking, "Why's Professor Sinistra standing up?" to which her brother, Gabby, and Fleur all laughed, while Hermione blushed and Harry shrugged again.

"It's a mystery," the boy-who-lived commented sagely, licking his fingers clean.

Ginny shot the group suspicious looks and said, "Yeah. Anyway, they didn't announce the Champions yet, did they? I got caught up in the library."

"I'm still here, so you should know they didn't," her brother boasted. He had wound up putting his name in the goblet after all, having felt inspired after watching his green eyed friend enter earlier.
"Yeah right," Harry, now a little more awake, smirked. "I'm going to win everything by a mile," he bragged, throwing an arm around Gabby as she rolled her eyes. "A thousand years of Potter!" he cried dramatically, waving another cheesy breadstick in the air.

"I'm smarter and faster than both of you," Hermione objected with heat, just as competitive as her two male friends. "I'd say you had a chance at the quidditch tourney, but you've spread yourself too thin. I'll win the comprehension tourney, of course, and sweep the dueling as well." Raising trembling fingers to her lips, the witch let out a mad giggle and added, "And then I'll use my winnings to bribe my way into the Department of Mysteries at last."

Harry and Ron shared an exasperated look as their friend stared off into space, gripping half her face with a hand.

"Er-right," Fleur said, looking a little concerned. "Anyway, don't you children zink you're getting a leetle ahead of yourselves?" Flicking her hair over her shoulder, the French veela condescended, "Zere are adults taking place in zese competeetions, you know?"

"More important zan zat," her little sister cut in, with Harry's arm still draped over her, "zere are zose of us weez real talent." Grinning up at Harry, she asked faux-archily, "Why do you zink someone as young as me was allowed to compete?"

"Figured it was 'cause you're so cute," Harry joked, earning a sharp elbow to the ribs from a red faced Gabrielle, who shrugged his arm off angrily.

"What did you two sign up for?" Ginny asked politely, hiding a scowl at the byplay.

"Just ze comprehension," the younger veela answered, her scowl falling away as she answered. "I have a talent for enchanting."

Harry mussed her hair at that, and received a series of brutal elbows in return. Ron winced in sympathy, but the rest of the group ignored it.

"You'll find out een a second," Fleur said confidently, pointing up at the raised platform the professors and staff sat at. Filch was struggling to heft a large wooden chalice to the middle of the platform, and when he finally dragged it to the designated point, Headmaster Dumbledore stood from his seat and called for silence.

After a brief speech about the honor, distinction, and glory that would surely befall the contestants and victor of the Triwizard tournament, the most powerful wizard in the room, and probably the world as well, swished his wand at the Goblet of Fire, as it was known.

It was aptly named, too, for the wood charred away in seconds to reveal a regal glass and silver design, and an erupting blue flame that blazed from within it's rim.

The hall watched on, enraptured.

"The first contestant," the wizened old wizard called out, snatching a folded parchment from the air as the goble spat it out, ignoring the scorched edges as he unfolded it, "from Beauxbatons, Mrs. Fleur Delacour!"

The response from her schoolmates was polite, but a little frigid, the reason for which Harry could guess. The rest of the hall was applauding too, though none were as loud as Gabrielle, who was clapping in delight and pride as her sister rose, a confident grin pulling at her lips attractively.

"See you in a second," the veela whispered to him as she past.
Harry hoped she was right, but in that moment he was just happy for his new friend/rival, and shouted his congratulations after her.

Once the French veela was out of sight, the hall settled back down, just in time for the flaming chalice to spit out the next name.

"From Durmstrang, Mr. Viktor Krum!" Albus Dumbledore called, and the applause was twice as loud this time. Everybody was excited to see the professional seeker compete, and his schoolmates banged on the Slytherin table in a show of solidarity as the serious looking teen made his way towards the front.

"Stiff competition," Ginny commented, sharing a conspiratorial look with Hermione next to her as the Bulgarian athlete disappeared behind a door. The girls giggled.

Ron looked torn between swooning over the quidditch star himself and scolding the two, Harry was amused to note. When he noticed Gabby looking as well, though, he scowled.

"From Hogwarts," Dumbledore began again, a little pride seeping into his voice as he caught the third and final piece of torn parchment out of the air with the reflexes of someone ninety years younger, "Mr. Harry Potter!"

"Damn!" Ron shouted good naturedly, while Hermione and Ginny, along with the rest of Gryffindor house and the hall, applauded, somewhere between Fleur and Viktor's levels of applause.

Harry knew that that was probably due to the age gap between the other contestants and himself, and indeed a good portion of the hall's occupants sported confused looks. Even Gabrielle looked a little surprised, though she still smiled and clapped for him.

Standing up, Harry just smirked, knowing that he'd earned his place in the competition. After the near-disaster that was his first year, he'd spent the subsequent years training himself into the ground, knowing that the threat of Voldemort lingered, waiting to strike. It was his diligence that had birthed the competitive spirit he and his friends shared. While he probably couldn't sketch a ward as well as half the seventh years, or brew a potion as well as, well, almost anyone in his year, what he could do was beat the shit out of anyone in the hall, save for the teachers, and even then, only a couple would be able to handle him. His combat magic and physical training were impressive, regardless of his age, and the Potter scion knew that that was why he'd been chosen.

Walking with his head held high, Harry smiled at his twinkling headmaster and followed his pointed finger to the door he'd seen Fleur and Krum disappear behind.

Slamming the door open, Harry cried out, "Honey, I'm home!" to which the quidditch star just frown-grinned and Fleur deadpanned, "Welcome home."

"Hmm, so, a French Veela, Bulgarian superstar, and British folk hero walk into a bar, eh?"

Krum grunted what was probably suppose to be a chuckle, but Fleur frowned at him, complaining, "Don't say 'veela' like that's the only extraordinary thing about me. I should immolate you for that."

"Don't be like that bird-brain," Harry teased back.

Five blue flames sparked to life on the tips of the scowling teen's fingers and Harry smirked, lifting his hands into a fighting stance even as the Bulgarian drew his wand.
"Contestants!" one of the tournament officials, a mister Bagman, if Harry remembered correctly, cried out jovially as he entered the room, stopping dead in his tracks at the scene before him.

"Fleur!" the too-tall French Headmistress scolded, her voice much softer than the incubus would've guessed. "What do you think you're doing?"

"What were they trying to do to you, Viktor?!" the scruffy looking Igor Karkaroff cried dramatically, drawing a deeper scowl from the teen, who'd looked happier a moment ago than Harry had ever seen him before (although since he'd been rather busy during the World Cup, he hadn't seen him catch the snitch, to be fair).

"Harry," Dumbledore said gravely, but his eyes twinkled all the same, and Harry knew the old man was more amused than anything.

The rest of the meeting, after the three powerful students stood down, went by smoothly, with the mismatched duo of upbeat Ludo Bagman and dour Bartemius Crouch Sr. taking turns reviewing the details of the tournament, and unhelpfully revealing that the first task would test their adaptive skills by being a complete mystery. They denied it when he brought it up, but Harry still had a suspicion that the tournament organizers simply hadn't thought of anything yet.

When there were no more question to be answered, the three champions were released for bed. Karkaroff led a surly Viktor Krum away, but Dumbledore and Headmistress Maxime had started a conversation, so Harry and Fleur were free to walk back on their own.

When they opened the door, they saw that the hall was deserted, almost a full two hours having passed while they were being given an overview of the tournament.

"It's later than I thought it was," Harry commented, strolling down the dining hall with his fingers interlocked behind his head. "I'm tired as hell."

Fleur looked at him in mild concern, asking, "'Ave you seen to your needs yet?"

Harry just smiled up at her and said, "Nah, but I'll be fine. I've got a date with one of my yearmates in a broom closet tomorrow morning. Romantic, eh?"

"Not really," Fleur replied dryly, although a hint of red was dusting her cheeks. The two of them reached the double doors of the hall, and she asked, "Where ees your Parva Dux? Gabby made eet seem that you usually had her near."

Harry patted his pocket lightly, answering, "Snoozing. Unlike me, she can sleep through class and not get in trouble. She's been out of it since last night."

"You really did that with one of your professors?" the French witch asked lowly, blushing a little more and looking around to double check that they were alone.

"Yeah," Harry said, looking at her oddly. Shaking his head fondly at her embarrassment, he explained, "It doesn't mean anything, you know? It's like..." he tried, searching for an appropriate euphemism for what he felt. Finding none, he bluntly said, "It's like having sex for money, but instead of that I do it to stay alive. I don't really mind!" he added empathetically when he saw the dawning horror his comparison had drawn from the veela. "I get to have sex with beautiful women all the time, and it's done great things for my ego," he joked. His smile grew slightly strained, something Fleur picked up on, as he added, "If I was an emotional kind of guy, it might bother me, but I'm not, and it usually doesn't."

"Usually?" Fleur repeated questioningly, looking at Harry softly. "Is that why you said you weren't going after Gabby?" she hazarded. When Harry looked up at her with wide eyes, she was
quick to add, "I see ze way you act around 'er- eet's different zan you are wiz the ozzers."

The incubus did his best to look increduleous, hoping to make the veela doubt herself, but when she held her expression, he just sighed, letting the dark look he'd been holding back slip over his face.

"So what?" he asked bitterly. "Regardless of anything, I still have to fuck somebody I hardly know tomorrow, and the day after that, and so on."

'Until I find somebody to love me,' he added to himself. 'If that's even possible.'

"Harry," the older veela whispered, stepping forward to embrace the upset teen.

He preemptively moved back, however, leaving the blonde to frown, a little hurt.

"Don't," he said, looking at her fiercely. "There's nothing for it, anyway." Shaking his head, he took another step back, adding in a voice that was raised a little, "Besides, I'm happy this way- what teenage boy wouldn't be? I can sleep with anygirl I want!"

"But you can't really be with any of them, can you?" she asked softly.

Harry recoiled, and then scowled at her hatefully. His eyes were suspiciously bright.

Realizing her mistake, Fleur shook her head and gasped, "'Arry!" but he was already storming away, shooting one last painful look at her over his shoulder before he disappeared, using the same invisibility spell from before.

"Oh no," the French veela whispered to herself, distraught. "I shouldn't have said that."

"How was the party last night?" Susan bones asked, slowly sinking herself down onto Harry. "Mmm, that's nice."

Harry was sat on the ground, his school pants around his knees as he leaned back and let the Bones heiress set the pace, the broom closet they were in still a little dusty despite his spells.

"Fine," he answered without much emotion, closing his eyes and letting the redhead kiss his neck.

"Something wrong?" she asked, grinding her hips in a circle.

Harry sighed out pleasantly and denied, "No."

Sitting more upright on him, the Hufflepuff began bouncing lightly on his lap. Pulling her robe loose, she whispered, "Kiss my breasts."

"Okay," Harry agreed, leaning forward to latch onto her perky nipples, letting his incubus instincts run on autopilot.

The redhead hummed and sighed in appreciation, tossing her hair back as she sped up a little.

"I w-was surprised," she started again after a few minutes, her speech halting as she continued to bounce and grind on his entrenched member, "when your name came ou-out of the goblet. It's enchanted to choose the- the best, you know?"

"Hmm," Harry hummed noncommitedly, lightly scratching Susan's thighs and knees. "I guess."

The girl laughed a little and said, "You don't seem very impressed, Harry."
When he didn't respond, she slowed to a stop, lowered on his lap.

Leaning back, she looked at him and asked, "Is everything okay? Should I stop?"

"No!" he blurted out, and then, shaking his head, he more softly repeated, "No, I've just got some stuff on my mind. A bit of a headache, too." Grinding his hips up against her's, he smiled a little and encouraged, "Please, keep going."

Susan didn't look entirely convinced but refrained from pushing.

Leaning forward, she hugged the Gryffindor to her bared bosom and began again in earnest.

It wasn't long after that that the two teens came, filling the small dusty room with their moans.

Reaching down to kiss the boy's lips, Susan slowly stood up, extracting his softening member from her tender womanhood. Grabbing her wand, she tapped it to her belly, which glowed a soft blue at the contact.

"You don't have to do that," Harry informed her, pulling his pants back up. "I make sure to take care of that on my end prior."

"I figured so," she agreed, buttoning the top of her shirt back up, though not as high as she'd had it before. "Still," she said with a shrug, "better safe than sorry."

Standing up, Harry joked without thinking, "Don't want anymore Potter's running around, eh?"

He immediately tensed, his wide green eyes locked with Susan's more mundane brown. As the seconds ticked by, the incubus, rapidly filling with dread, opened his mouth to backpedal, but couldn't find his voice.

All at once the young witch smiled and seemed to relax, and before Harry knew what was happening, she'd reached out and snagged him by his red and gold striped tie. Reeling him in like a fish, Susan began kissing him passionately. When she released the blinking boy, she whispered teasingly, red in the face, "Not just yet," and fled from the closet, her hair still a little messy.

The incubus stared at the door, a blush slowly climbing up his neck as the seconds passed. He could hear his heart beating in his ears. Reaching his fingers up, the blinking boy touched his lips gently.

"Master?" Bell's tinkling voice called out from within his pocket. "Is the coast clear?"

Shaking his head clear and raising an eyebrow at the peeking blue head in good humor, Harry answered, "Well I sure hope so, otherwise I'd be in a bit of a jam right now, don't you think?"

Blushing at his implied chastisement, Bell nonetheless flew the rest of the way out of Harry's pocket. Buzzing in place a few feet from his face, the fairy spotted the happy crinkle in the corners of her master's eyes and asked, "Feeling better? You haven't gone that long without since you first came into your inheritance."

"Much," Harry nodded, only half to Bell's question.

"Still," the Smallguide began, a concerned frown crinkling her eyebrows lightly, "you should be careful using the same girls again too soon."

Harry felt his lips tug down at the word 'use' and his good mood evaporated.
"I-I don't mean it like *that!*" she was quick to insist, spotting the expression. "All I meant to say is, your magic probably won't be satisfied if you don't wait long enough before revisiting girls you've already been with, that's all." Shaking her head, Bell added, "I know how you feel about them."

"Yeah," Harry answered a little bitterly, thinking to himself, 'I doubt that, seeing as how I don't even know.'

Bell's face fell as she picked up the false tone in his voice.

Feeling bad for making her feel bad, Harry just sighed, tired of thinking about it.

"Forget it," he suggested, moving towards the door. When Bell slid into his pocket, he lightly patted her through the fabric of his robe and added, "I've just got a lot on my mind, is all."

"Okay," she agreed in a small voice, and Harry felt his face sour in self-disgust.

There wasn't a lot he could do though. Like he'd told Fleur, regardless of his feelings, he would have to continue as he had been, seducing and bedding one witch after the next. It had been easier when there'd been no one he wanted to date, but between his developing relationship with Gabby, and now Susan and her teasing comments, which he had no idea whether or not she'd really meant, Harry was quickly learning the downside to his creature heritage.

Opening the door and stepping out, Harry reluctantly thought about his future.

As far as he could see, there were only a few ways his life could go. In the best possible scenario, there would exist a girl, who loved and accepted him despite everything. They'd date as he saw to his needs as normal, and then when his Choosing came back around, he would opt for his other set of instincts and they would live happily ever after.

The Choiceling frowned at the thought as he began walking down the deserted hall.

While he'd still been away from school over the summer, Harry had been hopeful this would be the case. Now though, as time past by and the reality of the situation began to reveal itself, he was beginning to realize how unlikely that was to actually happen. The girl would either have to know about his daily activities and accept them, something that was obviously impossible, or he'd have to somehow keep it a secret, which would be equally dubious and almost guaranteed to blow up in his face horribly.

More likely, he would eventually stumble across a girl who found the idea of an open relationship exciting. It wasn't what he wanted, hypocritical as that made him sound, even in his own head, but Harry though he could make it work. In this situation, he would never get to choose his faithful, monogamous instincts, something he wanted to do very badly at some point in the future, but at least he wouldn't be alone.

Supposing he didn't meet such a girl, or that he did and they just didn't connect, Harry reluctantly acknowledged that there was a very real possibility that he would have to continue on as he was until he died, having sex with an endless list of women but never making love with a single one. The thought wasn't horrible, but he knew that if the Mirror of Erised was still in the castle, it would show him a small family, and not a long line of satisfied women.

'Women,' he thought to himself, heading towards the courtyard slowly, 'who would all go on to marry and have families, with regular guys who wouldn't have to cheat on them.'

It was a unattractive thought.

There were more possibilities than those three, of course. Perhaps there was a potion to trick his
instincts into letting him stay celibate long enough to cultivate a meaningful romantic relationship. Maybe playing the role of the playboy uncle to whatever kids his friends eventually had would be enough for him. 'Or,' he thought with a grim smile, 'maybe Voldemort will render the point moot. Who knows?'

Quickly getting fed up with the useless train of thought, which he'd been going over in his head again and again since Fleur had seen through him last night, Harry felt his frustration and restlessness settle in his limbs.

Luckily for him he'd reached his destination, and just in time too.

"Allrighty then!" Ludo Bagman's overly cheery voice called out, reaching through the amassed throng of students in Hogwarts's main courtyard easily, ringing in Harry's ears despite his being at the back. "As it is now exactly twelve noon, I shall begin the Dueling Tourney overview!"

Harry, after standing on a bench, was able to look over those who'd shown up. He guessed there to be almost a hundred students, most of them with the black robes of Hogwarts wrapped around their shoulders, although Beauxbaton's blue and Durmstrang's red clad students had shown up as well. Harry spotted his friends and Fleur near the front, looking around quizzically, probably for him. After a quick headcount, Harry was reasonably sure that the entire Durmstrang conference was in attendance, with half of the French students there as well.

The young incubus all but tuned the ministry official out, catching the rules of, 'no permanent damage, no illegal spells, stop when you opponent yields, is incapacitated, or the mediator steps in, don't go out of the ring,' blah blah blah, all standard stuff Harry had already known.

"Come on," he whispered to himself.

"And so, because so many of you courageous young men and women have shown up to test yourselves today, we will be holding a series of preliminary matches now!" With his declaration, Harry tuned back in, taking note of the long line of white robed figures who'd stepped forward from behind Mr. Bagman.

'Hitwizards,' Harry realized with some surprise.

There were five of them, two women and three men, all with at least one black band wrapped around the top of their robes, a denotation of the number of targets they'd brought in.

'Or brought down,' the young incubus realized, his eyes fixed on one witch in particular who looked like an old timey cartoon villain, striped in black and white as she was.

Perhaps sensing his gaze on her, the woman turned away from her eyepatched colleague who she'd been listening to, training white-blue eyes on him from across the courtyard.

A shiver went down Harry's spine as the hitwizard frowned at him suspiciously. He knew he shouldn't, but the incubus was simply too frustrated and restless to smother the dangerous, toothy grin that pulled at his face.

This was a woman he wanted; to fight and to fuck.

Her eyes widened at his unexpected expression, but a moment later she returned the look.

Her teeth were black as pitch, and pointed, every one of them.

'Vampiress,' he thought to himself, surprised.
The urge grew.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, perhaps, Harry was broken from the impromptu staring contest by the shifting student body. Regretting his inattentiveness, the wizard was forced to bully a fifth year Hufflepuff into repeating Bagman's instructions. Apparently they were to step forward and draw a number, which would determine who they would face as the number of contestants was whittled down to the final eight. Those eight would then compete in a single elimination tournament, which would be held in a more public setting at a later date.

With a hundred students in attendance Harry realized that the preliminary matches would take the better part of the day, even if they went five at a time, as he assumed they would judging by the number of hitwizards that had been brought in.

Shuffling forward with the crowd, Harry eventually made it to the front, drawing '69' from the basket, something he rolled his eyes at.

"Harry!" he heard from behind, recognizing Hermione's voice over the dull roar that saturated the large, square courtyard.

"Yo," he greeted with a small smile, his previous woes seemingly diminished just by the presence of his friends. "Fancy meeting you guys here."

From behind the witch, Ron and his sister snorted at the joke, but Fleur, who had latched onto their little group rather quickly, just kind of hovered awkwardly.

Harry wasn't sure what to say to her, but he did find the sight of such a magnificently beautiful girl shifting from foot to foot to be a little funny looking.

His anger at her faded a smidge.

"Where's the rest of the gang?" Harry asked, not spotting Neville, Luna, or Gabby.

"Waiting for us over there, saving seats," answered Ginny, nodding her ginger head towards the far end of the courtyard.

Following her nod, Harry caught sight of the courtyard's newest addition, a set of metal bleachers, tall and large enough to accommodate the competitors while they waited as well as those who'd shown up to watch the spectacle, of whom there were plenty.

"That's a lot of spectators," Harry noted.

"No shit," Ron answered, shooting his dark haired friend a grin. "Some Mortal Kombat shit is about to go down here mate, where else would everyone be?"

"How do you even know what that is?" Hermione asked incredulously.

Ron was too busy judo chopping the air to answer her.

"What numbers did you guys pull?" Harry asked, steering the group towards the rest of their friends.

"Six," Ron boasted, waving the square parchment with a big black 6 painted on it. "That means I'll be one of the first up there."

"Forty three," Hermione answered. When Harry looked at her a little confused, she explained, "I'm pretty sure the numbers were randomized."
That made sense, Harry figured.

"I drew ze number ninety nine," Fleur added, a little hesitantly. A trying smile from Harry seemed to relax her a little, and she added more steadily, "Eet seems zat you are correct, 'Ermione."

"Now you've done it," Ron groused dramatically, receiving Hermione's signature elbow to his ribs.

"I'll take pleasure turning you into a frog in the finals, Ronald," the witch said dangerously.

"As long as a kiss can turn me back," the redhead hedged teasingly.

"Again with the references," Hermione noted. When Ron slowly lowered his guard, she dug her elbow into his ribs again.

Ignoring his cries of "Sabotage!" Harry and the rest of the group began climbing the steps of the bleachers, eventually reaching the rest of their friends near the top.

"Hey guys," Harry greeted, sliding in between Luna and Gabrielle a little closer to the middle. They greeted him back and everybody sat down, including Ron, who seemed to have already forgotten that he was about to be called down.

The hitwizards seemed to be warding off the courtyard into five sections, so Harry figured his red headed friend had made the right call to have a seat after all.

"Hullo Harry," Luna quietly greeted, leaning in against his shoulder as he settled down on the bench.

Smiling at the willowy girl, Harry murmured back a, "Hullo," of his own, making the girl's eyes crinkle as she smiled at him.

When she turned to look back at the hitwizards, who seemed to almost be done with their preparations judging by the five impressive blue-tinted rectangular prisms that divided the courtyard, Harry turned away too, towards Gabrielle.

She was in her Beauxbatons uniform, sans hat, and he thought that the light blue suited her. Despite his recent musings, the incubus felt his stomach flip as his gaze met her's.

A moment that quickly grew strained passed where both teens waited for the other to speak first, but as neither did for progressively more time they ended up just sitting there, staring at each other. Harry opened his mouth to rid them of the awkwardness, but then stopped when she did too at the same time.

They both closed their mouths to let the other speak.

Harry felt his face warm in embarrassment, even as Gabrielle's cheeks reddened and she asked, "Do you have something to say or not?" Obviously turning her own embarrassment outward, she added, "You've been staring at me for like three minutes."

"I have not," he denied, looking away.

The young wizard could feel her stare on his face, but he refrained from looking back at her.

Gabrielle huffed and looked away.

Down in the courtyard, the hitwizards seemed to have finished the last of their preparations,
leaving five translucent blue rectangular prisms to divide the large courtyard into what Harry thought must be dueling zones.

Ludo Bagman began calling for contestants one through ten to head down, and Harry put the exchange with Gabby out of his head. Grinning as Ron swaggered his way down the bleachers, cocky grin firmly planted on his freckled face, Harry wrapped a companionable arm around Luna's narrow shoulders and leaned back, eager for the matches to start.

"Your friend seems very confident in himself," Gabrielle commented, not turning to Harry as she did.

Said Choiceling lifted his chin in pride, admitting, "He has reason to be. Me, 'Mione, and that freckled fuck have been beating the crap out of each other for years now trying to get better at fighting." Grinning at her incredulous expression, and in victory at having made her look back at him, Harry elaborated while one through ten were directed to their respective rings. "He'll be more impressive once we're in the final eight where there aren't any restrictions, but even playing by the preliminary's rules, well... Just watch."

And so she did, turning her blonde head back towards the paired students below. There were six Hogwarts students, three Durmstrang boys, and a French girl. There were no duels set up where two foreign students would fight, each instead faced against one of the black robed English students. Ron too was paired against one of his countrymen- a seventh year Ravenclaw with dark hair who looked far too pleased with his apparent luck.

For his part, Ron was simply bouncing on his toes, grinning as he forced his blood to circulate faster.

With a loud bang from the tip of Bagman's wand, five duels began.

Gabrielle watched with wide eyes as four of the five duels began with the expected trading of spells, some of which were more impressive than others. In the second to farthest ring however, a different type of match began.

Ron's Ravenclaw opponent started with a standard disarming spell, a textbook opening move that was fast, great for probing, and would end the match immediately if it landed.

The somewhat gangly redhead snared the blue orb out of the air with his willow wand and flicked it back. To the young veela's surprise and puzzlement, the parried spell flew back at it's creator with all the haste of a slug.

"I've never seen that before," the French witch admitted. "But I don't really see the point either."

Looking at Harry and then back, she added, "At zat speed eet seems eet would be simple to dodge, no?"

On the field, Ron had cast a weak-looking shield charm, which his opponent tried to take advantage of with a hastily shouted shield breaker. To his obviously mounting frustration, the redhead simply dropped his defensive spell and flicked that back at him too.

"Mmm," Harry hummed back affirmatively. "But look."

There were five spells floating between Ron and his dark haired schoolmate now, three of which were the same blue as the first disarming spell, with a cherry red stunner and the shield breaking spell floating lazily back at their caster as well, a few feet of space between the spells. The senior student had stopped casting, realizing how ineffective his spells were proving. On top of that, his deflected magic was slowly getting closer, and couldn't be ignored for much longer. If Harry had
to guess, the Ravenclaw's plan probably went something like, 'wait, block the spells, try something new.'

"Bad idea," Harry commented, leaning towards Gabby a little as the Ravenclaw threw up a very solid looking shield spell, protego, he noted absently. "Watch this."

Grinning triumphantly, Ron cast a spell he and Harry had designed together, fatistulti, which took the form of a fluorescent green net that launched from his wand.

The web-like curse flew into and caught the five slow, suspended spells in it's path, maintaining it's blistering speed as it did so.

With how solid his protego charm looked, Harry supposed that the older student may have even weathered the surprise assault, had his shield breaker not been a part of the tangled mess. As it was, however...

The multicolored net slammed into the flat-footed seventh year with all the force of a rhino, sending him flying back violently. Luckily for the unconscious teen, the hitwizard's erected wards were padded with at least some cushioning charms, and he was left to flop mostly harmlessly to the ground.

There was wild cheering throughout the bleachers at the redhead's victory, partially because theirs was the last duel to finish and partially because of the spectacular way in which it ended.

"Wow," Gabby breathed, blinking at the grinning ginger's downed opponent, who was being sent to the hastily erected medical tent off to the side. "Zat was eempressive. Where did 'e learn to duel like zat?"

Harry just shook his head and said, "That overly strategic crap he does is all his. We've all kind of etched out our own little styles over the last few years."

Ron was climbing back up the bleachers while the next ten were summoned down to the courtyard for their matches.

Gabrielle turned back to Harry and asked, quietly, "Is that how you were able to take down those... those two?"

Harry grit his teeth at the thought. No matter how caught up he got in his own personal dilemmas, the more serious troubles that bubbled up all around were never too far from the orphan's mind. There was a reason he and his two pseudo-siblings had been training themselves so harshly.

Gabrielle's face betrayed none of her thoughts on her narrowly avoided nightmare, and Harry felt a little awed by her composure. Reaching out slowly, he captured her petite hand within his own, squeezing for comfort.

"It helped," he admitted. "But even if I were a muggle I still would have went after them- with rocks and sticks if I had to, to protect you."

Her whole face, which seemed to be set in a somewhat standoffish scowl most of the time, softened, and she turned away to smile at her feet.

Even once Ron had made his way back up and received everybody's congratulations, the teenaged veela left her hand in Harry's.

The next couple sets of bouts went by quickly enough. There was a general buzz of excitement hanging over the gathering, but two matches in particular had drawn Harry's attention.
Viktor Krum's match had not been especially interesting in and of itself, but the knowledge that the Bulgarian quidditch star favored a quick and brutal dueling methodology could prove invaluable in the future. The stocky teen had proven the style's effectiveness well enough by putting his Hogwarts opponent down within the first few seconds of their bout.

Of greater interest to the spectating incubus was the match between contestants number 39 and 40. A Slytherin seventh year and a crooked nosed Durmstrang boy, neither of the two possessed noteworthy skill or power. It was their mediator that interested Harry, as the teens had drawn the black and white striped vampiress as their judge. Perhaps forgetting himself or perhaps simply hoping it would fly under the radar, the Slytherin, in stereotypical fashion, had let loose with a foamy grey spell that Harry recognized as a not-quite-legal flesh parter, which was subtly different than a cutting curse. The vampiress had levitated one of the square stones that made up the courtyard in an instant, blocking the spell and saving the foreign student a prolonged stay in Saint Mungo's. The moment the Slytherin's spell had been stopped, the ice eyed hitwizard stunned and bound him, an affronted look about her like she'd taken personal offense to his foolish gamble.

Harry had barely seen her wand come out, and the stunner she'd sent had been pointed like a dart rather than shaped in typical orb fashion. It, too, had been extremely fast.

After that round of duels, it was Hermione's turn to head down. Harry only offered the witch a knowing smirk and nod, to which she sniffed and turned away grinning, but Ron's cheering was rambunctious enough for both of them.

"Ermione seems as zough she would be quite good at zis," Gabrielle commented. Fleur, just to her sister's side, looked over and nodded in agreement.

"Does she?" Harry asked, looking down at his female friend. "I mean, she's an absolute monster to fight, but I always thought it was an ironic fact, since she kind of carries herself like a bitch."

"'Arry!" Gabrielle scolded, aghast.

"Hey!" he defended, shaking his head. "It's not that she is a bitch, Hermione's like the nicest person I know once she opens up. I just meant that she goes to great lengths trying to act properly most of the time. But she strikes the two of you as a good duelist, huh?"

When the still frowning veela dipped their chins in agreement, Harry just hummed and added, "I suppose her bouts of nerd-induced mania are a little telling..."

Back in the courtyard, oblivious to the conversation going on about her, Hermione was flipping her wand between her fingers rapidly, the soft thunking sound it made as the vine wood connected with her feminine digits rhythmic and unnerving.

Her opponent was a fit looking Beauxbatons boy, who was alternating between shooting her flirty smiles and her wand uneasy looks as they both waited for the rest of 41 through 50 to get into position.

Back in the stands, Harry watched on as the final two students stood opposite one another, already shaking his head as Hermione's wand continued to dance between her fingers back and forth.

As a passerby, the girl's numerous mannerisms would probably be overlooked completely, but Harry was closer to the girl than anybody, and knew that her old, over-excited nervousness from when they were little lived on in the girl, manifesting as a number of tics that told of the otherwise composed teen's inner energy. Hermione didn't burst at the seams with the desire to share her impressive wealth of knowledge anymore, and neither did she chatter on endlessly about the finer intricacies as she used to. She did, however, tap her fingers on desks, nibble on the tips of her
quills, chew gum, and roll her wand between her fingers at every opportunity. The same energy from before lived on, but with two friends who would listen to her whenever she did want to talk about her interests, Hermione no longer felt the need to do so nearly as much.

Her obsession with dangerous, mysterious, and complex magics, however, was a growing aspect of her personality that Harry and Ron were still learning to handle.

Caught up in his thoughts, Harry almost missed it when the matches below began. Focusing on his friend, the incubus watched on as she began her trademark dueling style.

A thin river of spells were flowing from the blurred tip of her vine wand, and with the witch's mouth closed as it was, her opponent was forced to guess what the spells were as they washed into him. The French boy managed to dodge the first two, but raised a shield against the trailing lights when it became obvious he wouldn't be able to avoid the rest of her barrage. Without knowing it was headed his way, the Beauxbaton's wizard was completely unprepared for the shield breaker Hermione wove into her rainbow colored stream. His silver dome collapsed on itself and the boy was left to crumble beneath the tail end of her combination attack, taking three school yard jinxes and a pair of stunners that left him out cold, blindfolded, gagged, and furiously picking his nose despite himself.

The whole 'duel' took less than twenty seconds, and from Hermione's frown was less exciting than she'd been hoping for.

"I 'ave never seen anyone cast as fast as 'er before!" Gabrielle exclaimed, leaning forward in awe. "Zat was amazing!"

"She's a real force of nature," Harry agreed. What was really impressive was that she could almost manage the same river of spells with nothing but dangerous combat magics. Even just using the harmless, easy to cast jinxes and hexes as she was though, Hermione was more than capable in a fight.

The rest of the fights ended and Hermione ascended the bleachers hastlessly, a cool expression on her face.

When she walked by to sit down, Harry pinched her butt.

Watching the 50's duke it out with a red handprint on his cheek, bruised ribs, and a large smile, Harry bounced his leg and waited for his turn to come. The constant fights were exciting, and contestants 52 and 53 were going at it like animals, the first pair of gifted students to be matched against one another. As impressively powerful magic continued to fly, Harry felt his heart speed up as adrenaline entered his bloodstream.

Lightly teasing at Luna's arm through the fabric of her robe, drawing a shiver from the girl who continued to watch the matches as though she hadn't noticed, Harry practically leapt from his seat as one of the two skilled contestants, the Beaubaxton's girl, finally took down her Durmstrang opponent in a tricky triple feint.

Not looking back at his friends for support, Harry was already sliding down the bleacher's metal railing on his bum when Ludo Bagman called for 61 through 70 to start heading down.

Reaching the far slice of converted courtyard early, Harry found himself walking towards his duel's prison striped mediator without really intending to.

"You're over there," the dark haired vampiress informed him, jutting a long nailed thumb over her shoulder.
"Mmm," Harry hummed in agreement. "In a sec. I was hoping I could speak with you, actually."

"Oh?" the vampiress asked imperiously, although a flickering at the corners of her lips betrayed her.

And, well, Harry was an incubus, and an especially good one at that, so...

Adopting an equally snobbish tone, that was far more obvious in it's falseness, Harry peered down his nose at the tall vampiress, which looked silly, and said, "I just wanted to let you know that you have extremely beautiful eyes."

Dropping the look, Harry smiled at the bemused looking hitwizard, or was it hitwitch?

'Hmm...'

"Is that so?" she asked with a smile, flicking her hair back. "Cute little incubus, ain'tcha?"

Not even a little surprised, Harry just grinned sheepishly.

"You caught me," he laughed, smiling at the exotic beauty. Stepping forward, he leaned in close and warned mischeviously, "I'll be nice and warn you- your tight ass is marked. Make yourself scarce after the preliminaries, or else."

Flashing her coal colored fangs, the hitwhatever purred, "Make it through the preliminaries," while running a hand that was hidden from the spectators up Harry's chest,"and when you come to visit, maybe I won't leave you drained in every way."

Grinning toothily, Harry just nodded. Seeing that his opponent was finally almost in position, the incubus headed off as well, stopping at the far corner of the warded courtyard.

His opponent was a very boring looking Hogwarts seventh year, and had he been without the black and yellow tie denoting him as part of Hufflepuff House, Harry would never have been able to place him. Etching a painfully bored looking bow, the boy trained his plain eyes on Harry as he reciprocated the action.

"Duel!" the vampiress mediator barked harshly, signaling the start of their match.

Ducking low on instinct, Harry managed to avoid the brunt of a pig sized electrical frog's leap, his hair standing up a little as the violently buzzing construct whizzed by in a flash of white-blue. Impressed and surprised at the advanced magic, Harry still didn't allow himself to hesitate- sweeping his wand in the ribbiting conjuration's direction, skewering it with earthy spikes.

Turning back, Harry caught sight of his opponent's lack of a reaction to his loss. Casting a modified stunner that flew from his wand in a scatter like buckshot, Harry found himself impressed again when his nameless opponent summoned a square sheet of rock from the ground, effectively blocking his attack in a single move.

However, admirable though the Hufflepuff's skills were, Harry had much more experience in magical fights like this, and recognized the opportunity he'd been given, seizing it and casting a whispered spell on his hand while his opponent's line of sight was still obstructed.

Sprinting full tilt at the boy, who was visible once more, Harry parried a slick trio of notoriously quick jinxes that would have had him doubled over laughing had they hit.

"Incendio," the plain-faced boy murmured, speaking for the first time.
A rolling wave of orange splashed out and into the edges of the fight box, spilling down the mostly transparent hallway towards Harry like liquid.

Grinning at the bold tactic, Harry sped up, waiting till he was all but within the inferno to dispel it with a wave of his wand, parting the flames up the sides of the ring like some biblical figure.

A man sized glob of something grey and sticky looking flew down the parted flames at Harry, but by then he was close enough and it was already too late.

Vanishing the gummy blob out of the air, Harry raised the hand he'd cast his spell on earlier towards the boy.

Ron had freaked the fuck out when Harry had first shown off his telekinesis spell, which was more of a jury-rigged enchantment-charm hybrid that had to be burned onto the skin every time, but had since gone on to proclaim it, "The Coolest Shit Ever," which he only did with half of the things he found neat. Different on a fundamental level from the similar looking summoning and banishing spells, Harry's telekinesis allowed complete manipulation of an object, not just in any three dimensional direction, but multiple directions at the same time.

When a thirteen year old Harry Potter had demonstrated this point by removing all the skin from an apple in a single instant, Ron and Hermione both had been quick to imagine progressively more gory (in Ron's case) and complicated (in Hermione's) applications for the spell.

He'd shared the specifics of it's use and theory with his friends, as they all did with all of their breakthroughs, but so far neither of them could manage much more than making a feather fly, and only within a range so small it was pointless.

Harry commanded a much longer range and could control the spell correctly from upwards of ten meters away, and while he didn't do to the skilled, plain-faced boy what he'd done to the apple, Harry did fold him.

Now doing a commendable impression of a pretzel, the seventh year Hufflepuff, whose face had finally adopted an expression other than boredom (confused boredom, now) had little in the way of options for defending himself, and so was stunned by Harry somewhat anticlimactically, ending their intense fight.

"What did you think of that, princess?" Harry asked, wheeling around to face his fight's icy eyed referee amidst thunderous applause.

The vampiress yawned mightily, rubbing at her eye as her black teeth shined in the midday light.

"Very impressive," she said in a way that made it clear she meant the opposite.

Grinning toothily at her, Harry utilized his rapidly fading telekinesis to remotely squeeze the vampiress' bum, eliciting a very girly squeak from the suddenly blushing blood-sucker. The woman, literally dressed in a uniform that kept a visual tally of the dangerous criminals she'd defeated, glared murderously at Harry's grinning, backpedaling form.

Turning around and jogging the rest of the way back to the bleachers, Harry shook his head.

'Live in the now,' he told himself. Fresh off a well fought win, with possible opportunities for funny business cropping up all around and his gaggle of cheering friends dead ahead, Harry found himself in a wonderful mood. 'You're too lucky a bastard to mope about the future, old boy.'

He believed it too, for the most part.
Gabrielle's smiling face still made him pause.

Spending the rest of the day smiling, tucked between Gabby, whom he whispered with half the time, and Luna, who he teased progressively more and more, Harry watched with his friends as the rest of the contestants dueled.

Fleur's match was uninteresting, with the veela simply stunning her slower opponent easily. The lingering bitterness Harry was trying to ignore and forget dampened his enjoyment of her 'duel' even more. He was trying to let go of his negative feelings, and the beautiful girl was so apologetic and kind that he was making serious headway in that department, but it had literally been less than a day, so some of the hurt naturally lingered.

Ginny, who had done well in her first match, ended up having to face her brother in the second set, who managed to trick her into stepping right into a spell he'd managed to make fall on her, interestingly enough. She was briefly mad at her loss, but got over it quickly enough as well, and still stayed with the rest of them to cheer everybody on.

Almost all of the subsequent matches were boring, with school yard jinxes, stunners, and disarming spells making up the majority of the students' repertoire. No more especially skilled students bumped into one another, somehow.

The following preliminary sets went by with an equal lack of fanfare until the desired eight contestants remained. Harry and his best friends, along with Fleur and Viktor Krum, plus two Durmstrang boys and the skilled Beauxbaton's girl from earlier made up the 1994 Dueling Tourney's top eight.

As had been explained to them all previously, the matches they would fight between themselves would take place at a later date and a more public venue. The match-ups would be randomly drawn at that point in time, but until then they were instructed to train hard and prepare. The finals would be a no-holds barred (save for the ever forbidden unforgivables) single elimination tourney for the grand prize of 800 Galleons.

Hermione had commented that the victory would be more valuable on a resume, but Ron had been too busy listing off all the features his private island would have to listen (naked women serving a twenty-four hour buffet while he oversaw the Chudley Cannon's training were a few of the teen's tamer plans).

That had earned the ginger boy some elbows.

All in all, Harry thought it had been a pretty good day, despite the ups and downs he was working through. He hadn't been able to track down the vampiress after all, whether she'd heeded his warning or simply held a grudge for his butt-pinching, Harry wasn't sure or too concerned.

He and his friends had all made it to the top eight in the tourney, Susan had hinted at a romantic interest in him, he and Fleur were slowly mending their fledgling friendship, and no less than four butts had been pinched (he had taken a riled-up Luna into an abandoned classroom for some heavy petting after dinner and nipped a jumpy Aurora on his way to bed).

Gabby... Out of everything he did that day, just sitting and talking to the little veela in the bleachers had been the most fun- he'd even missed his name on the third set of the preliminaries because he'd been too caught up in a story she was telling about her love of fruit.

Harry still felt uneasy about his future, but when he hit the pillows on his four-poster and finally fell asleep, he did so with a soft smile on his face.
AN: Hello again ladies and germs! The polls are in and Harry is getting it up the butt! Just kidding. There will be no MxM scenery. In other news, I have a new challenge! Pitch the edgiest scene you would feel comfortable with to me, either in a review or PM. I'd like to get a better grasp on what my readers find hot/acceptable. Incestuous relationships? BDSM? Water play? Hit me up with your opinions and I'll do my best not to let you down in the coming chapters! Thanks again for reading you horny pervs!
Chapter Eleven

Not Possessed Diary Entry #1

September 14th, the day of the Triwizard Champion Drawing Thing

It's not easy for me to start this, but I just have to put my thoughts down or my head is going to fucking explode. 'What's wrong Ginny?' you ask? I ask? Whatever. I'll answer anyway. It's my stupid ass brother and his friends. More them than him, and just Harry and Hermione specifically. What I saw him doing at the end of Summer- what me and Hermione did...

Merlin, I'm blushing just writing this!

You'd think after wanking together and kissing that, well, something would have changed between Hermione and I, but other than catching her staring at me sometimes, nothing. No, 'Hey Ginny, want to talk about that earth shattering day a month ago? You remember the one, right? We fingered ourselves and kissed while watching our fourteen year old friend pound a full grown woman into the ground with his penis?!

'Why yes Hermione, yes I would like to speak with you about that!'

Honestly, if it wasn't for those times I caught her blushing my way, I would have probably written the whole thing off as a crazy hallucination.

And now I'm writing into a diary about hallucinations. Great.

 Anyway, the real reason I'm writing this is simple: I have decided to put my stealthy skills to the test. There is a rumor floating around, one whose validity I am certain of, that Harry Potter has begun sleeping around and having, gasp! sex!

I am unsurprised by this news.

I plan to document his activities.

'But Ginny!' you say, 'that's so wrong! Not only would you be violating your friend's privacy, you like like him too!'

To which I would reply, 'Shut the hell up, you crazy second voice in my head.'

Luckily there isn't really anybody else in my noggin, but the point stands. I don't care if it's wrong, or if it hurts. I got to watch Harry Potter have sex, and I want to do it again.

Okay fine. Is invading a friend's privacy wrong? Sure. And is voyeurism kind of messed up by definition? Maybe! Will this be the single most selfish thing I've ever considered doing?

I don't care. I'm about to stop writing so that I can rub my clit, I'm so fucking horny just thinking about it. I'm going to watch Harry seed these sluts all around me, and I'm going to record every detail, and I'm going to cum sofucking hard while I do. And once I've compiled a book full of his conquests, I'm going to confront his slutty ass with it, and make him fuck me.

Then I'm going to do the same with Hermione. I'd love to see her pretend nothing happened with a book full of proof in her face and my cunt on her lips.
Merlin, look at what I just wrote. If anybody found this...

I really shouldn't keep a diary.

---

**Totally Safe to Write in Diary Entry #2**

**September 15th, 1994**

Oh. My. Magic.

I really did it. Literally the day after my first entry I was following Harry (sneakily, from a distance) when he just grabbed Susan Bones in the middle of a deserted hallway (it was early) and dragged her in a broom closet. She'd giggled, so I assume the Hufflepuff whore and Harry had planned their little rendezvous, but honestly! They weren't even sneaky about it! I'd been too stunned to move from my spot hidden behind a suit of armor, but even from halfway down the hallway I'd heard her vagina's wet suction as they'd fucked, moaning and banging about without a care in the world.

My heart had been beating so fast.

I ran away before they came out, embarrassed and ashamed and scared and so fucking horny that I'd barely made it to the preliminary matches in time, having stopped to rub myself off in a bathroom on the way.

This little book is technically my diary as well, so I think it's fine to write about how burned I was when Ron tricked me in the tourney. I knew he was good, but I had no idea those three were already so powerful.

Watching Harry pinch butts and feel Luna (Luna! Of all people!) up all afternoon had been both sexually and emotionally frustrating, but I hadn't blown my cover. One shag with Susan isn't going to be enough to force him and Hermione to acknowledge me, so I'm containing myself, even if it's annoying to have them act like there's some secret they're masterfully hiding. Hello Harry! Half the school had heard! It's not news to me that you're a fucking man slut.

I'm horny again.

On an unrelated note, Hermione looked good enough to eat today, so powerful and cool while she dueled.

Got to go. Me and some shea butter mom got me have a date.

---

**Leather Bound Blackmail Entry #3**

**September 16th, Rainy as Shit**

Nothing much to report back today. Everybody just spent their free time lazing about inside.

Harry spent almost the entire day trading flirty compliments for embarrassed barbs with the French veela Gabrielle, who I hate and who also has a wonderful bottom. Something about the way he looks at her feels different, but I'm almost positive they haven't done the deed yet. Maybe he's trying to wear her down, but my gut tell me that that's not it.

I snuck a grope in on Hermione's breast today as well. You hear that, the Hermione of a few
weeks (months?) from now?! I squeezed your tit on purpose on that rainy Friday! Take that!

On yet another unrelated note, I seem to be spiraling further down a bottomless pit of debauchery on a daily basis that fuels my every action and waking thought.

Also, Fleur and Harry seem to have had some tiff, but they're getting over it.

---

**Clever Name for this Diary Entry #4**

**September 17th, a Stalking Filled Saturday**

Today Diary, I confess. It so happened that I was following Harry, randy like one of those whores mommy would shake her head at as we passed Knockturn, when in a sudden moment of clarity I stopped and asked myself, 'What the hell are you doing, Ginevra? What kind of improper witch have you become, that you stalk your classmates like a weirdo, hoping to catch a glimpse of them doing the nasty?'

To tell you the truth, Diary, I even contemplated your murder for a while.

Needless to say, the moment of insanity passed, and I resumed my hunt.

If that was my, 'one last chance to turn back,' that I'd been waiting for, I've got to say, it wasn't very dramatic or even all that tempting.

Anyway, getting back on track, I resumed my hunt, like I said (I like using that word!) and continued to shadow Harry Potter from a distance. He seemed to be wandering aimlessly for a while, but eventually, bingo! (another good word) He came to a stop.

Some older, dark skinned girl, wearing Slytherin colors, if you can believe it, was waiting for him just outside an abandoned classroom.

They talked for a little, surprisingly playful as they flirted back and forth, the girl showing off what must have been a note Harry had passed her at some point.

Long story short, they wound up heading into the classroom.

It feels weird even writing their names here, but thank you, Fred and George. Because of your shenanigans I knew of a secret passage that led to that particular room. I had to backtrack a bit to reach it, but getting to spy on Harry while he went to work was quickly becoming my obsession.

The tunnel was cramped and I had to crawl on my hands and knees through it, but the peephole it led to was perfect and so fucking worth it.

Harry, when you read this, I want you to know just how absolutely fucking soaked my little cunny was as I watched you jackhammer that green and silver slut into the professor's desk. I've been working more and more of my fingers into my pussy ever since I first saw you rape that woman, trying to get loose enough to not break when I finally get my turn. I know I'm small, but I can take it.

Oh! And Hermione, just like before, he came right in her- and you should have seen the way she bucked into him as he did! It was amazing. I must have came three or four times by the time lunch rolled around and they were finished.

Harry kissed her on the lips and slapped her bum playfully as he left the room, whistling like nothing had happened.
I watched the seventh year girl just kind or roll around and bask in the afterglow like a cat. I felt jealous and hateful and rubbed my cunt again as I watch her pussy leak Harry's milk.

When we fuck, Harry, I'm going to let you breed me right, and put a big plug up my cunt when you're done so none of your cum gets wasted.

When she finally left I went in and licked your sperm up off the floor. I was dumb about it, though, and some of it smeared on the front of my robe. That's what that spot was you asked about, Hermione. Not snot from that non-existent cold I'm going to pretend to have for the next few days.

I can't take it anymore. This is the artist formerly known as Ginny, signing off.

P.S., I'm about to masturbate imagining it was you and Hermione in that classroom, Harry.

P.P.S. You better have used a contraceptive. If you're a father by the time you read this it's going to be weird.

P.P.P.S. One more thing- Note to self, find out that girl's name. She was fucking beautiful.

Bye for now.

---

Exhibit 'A' in the Case of Ginevra Weasley VS Harry Potter for the Crime of Being a Horrible Friend and Shameless Slut, uh, Entry #5

September 18th, a day before Hermione's B-Day!

If the title didn't give it away, I've been feeling a little down lately. I blame my period (sorry Harry, I know guys don't like to think about that). Honestly, any of the shame or regret I use to feel is gone. A first year caught me fingering myself under the table in the back of the library today and I didn't really care other than to make sure she doesn't tell. I'd been listening to Lavender Brown brag about how hard she'd made you cum inside her on the train ride in. I wish I could have watched.

I'm falling behind on my homework already, but its hard to sit still and work on it. I just keep thinking, 'What if he's out there, fucking somebody I know, right now?'

I'd hate to miss that. I really want to see you with one of my friends, or somebody I speak with, Harry. If you read this and don't hate me, and I forget to bring it up, please let me know if you plan on fucking Luna.

On a not Harry-and-his-sexual-adventures note, tomorrow is (was?) your birthday Hermione! Happy birthday again! I love you! I'll try to tell you eventually, but I'm all over the place right now :) I love you too, Harry!

I should probably scribble that out.

Shit.

---

Big Book of BadGirl, Entry #6

19/9/94, AKA My-girl-crush-is-two-years-older-than-me-day!
So, I think a recap of the good and bad things that happened today is in order, because I can't fall asleep and I'm not sure how to feel about today.

I'll alternate good-bad-good-bad and let you (Harry or Hermione or both of you) decide if today was a win or not.

Here we go.

Good- I woke up feeling great! Loophole worked (Harry ask Hermione) and my period ended some time during the night. I love potions.

Bad- My breath. I caught a backdraft and almost died. Still, an easy fix.

Good- I received a letter from Mum during breakfast. It was very nice, in her signature overbearing way, and had the necklace I'd asked her to get for Hermione on my behalf (with my money Hermione! I knew it would look great on you!).

Bad- I am still behind on my homework and am going to have to slap something together in classes tomorrow. I spied and wanked the entire weekend away.

Good- I got to spy on Harry and had a good wank. Seriously though, the things he does to those poor girls Hermione... I'll never look at whipped cream or that Durmstrang witch the same again!

Bad- I've been finger fucking myself so much lately that I had to ask for a mild pain relief potion. Madam Pomfrey thinks it's for a headache, but my clit is just sore.

Good- Hermione looked absolutely gorgeous at her party! You really did, and you seemed to have a good time too. The way you talked to everybody and opened your presents so carefully- you're so cool!

Bad/Good- Hermione hugged me very closely when she opened my present to her and saw the necklace (the one with two little hearts, Harry). I list it as both because I loved it but it was obvious I loved it and I hate how obvious my blushes are! Harry grinned very knowingly too, whether that's significant or not I couldn't begin to guess.

Regular Good- Pretty much the entire rest of the night. It's Sunday so there's the looming doom of school tomorrow, but that didn't stop our little gaggle of friends (not my yearmate friends but the trio and the two veela and Luna) from hanging out in the Gryffindor common room, sipping hot chocolate and swapping stories.

Actually, one more bad- Harry once again found himself a spot next to Gabrielle, now that I look back. I don't think they spoke to one another exclusively even once, but just that he had this tendency to glue himself to the drop dead gorgeous girl irked me.

Note- I caught a flash of under-cheek when Gabby bent over to pick something up at your party today, Hermione. I am still faithfully yours and Harry's and stuff, but holy shit. I would tear that bitch up.

Double Note- There seems to be no end to my newly discovered hornyness within sight.

If mum was like this, it's no wonder I've got six brothers.

Eww.

In retrospect, all in all, I suppose it was quite a good day :)

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Note: The text contains content that may be inappropriate or offensive. It is important to respect all voices and ensure a safe environment for everyone. Please be mindful of the context and tone of the conversation.
Focusing Back Up, Entries #7, 8, and 9

September 20th thru the 22

I'm finally writing this on Wednesday night. I've been so busy since Hermione's party that there hasn't been a lot of time to write. That homework I kept putting off... Well, the quizzes I got back in DADA (Professor Moody looks like beef jerky but is actually pretty knowledgeable) and Charms were good!

Anyway, in more important news, I failed to catch Harry in the act yesterday and the day before, just too fucking swamped with stuff, buuut! Earlier today I was hunting him (haha) and, drum roll please, got a front row seat to his sexy cock splitting open a virgin! And not a, 'fists herself nightly in her bed but hasn't technically had intercourse' virgin like me, but a honest to magic, hymen-intact virgin! Harry, in what I'm starting to see is like his superpower or something, seemed to know ex-fucking-zactly what to do and guided the super cute Slytherin girl from start to finish.

It was so sweet Hermione. He was all kissing her tears of pain away and waiting for her to give him permission to move and stuff! Just like in books. And all that from a guy I'll never forget yelling, 'That's it, you dirty bitch, gag on it.'

Heh, I'll put that on the cover as the tagline!

But seriously, he was extremely gentle with her, and it almost made me regret the abuse I've been putting my little cunny through in preparation for him. Still, I'd rather limp away with a black and blue pussy, painfully full of his cum and obviously freshly bred than get his 'pretty pretty princess' treatment, adorable though it had been.

Also, as a note (I fucking love making notes, by the way. Voldemort, the cunt, ruined two solid years of awesome journaling I could have been doing. I think there's a career for me here.) Uh, yeah, as a note, Harry really likes fucking the girls from Slytherin, I've noticed. Whether it's just that he loves fucking and has by chance been targeting Slytherins, or if he finds them more alluring, or whatever, I just figured I'd point it out.

The only other crap I can think that's worth mentioning here is that the First Task (not sure if I should capitalize that or not) is this weekend. I want to write something about how scared I am that Harry (and Fleur I guess) could get hurt, but they're both pretty awesome and I have confidence in them.

If Harry dies in the First Task, Hermione, I grant you permission to slap me for jinxing the death of the boy-who-lived-to-fuck.

I'm not sure if that hyphenated mess should be capitalized either, but I decided since I capitalized the last thing I wasn't sure about that I shouldn't capitalize this time to even it out.

Wow. Maybe I should see about brushing up on my English...

Intrepid sex reporter, Ginny Weasley, signing off.

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Diabolical Plan to Fuck my Friends Daily Update, Entry #10

The twenty-third day of the ninth month of the one-thousand, nine-hundred, and ninety-fourth year (9/23/94)

I am in a good mood. 'Why?' you ask? Oh, dearest Hermione, lean that smokin' body back, relax,
and I will tell you!

I am in such a good fucking mood. I already wrote that, you say? Keep those sexy lips zipped. I'm reiterating for emphasis. (I did decide to pick up a book of tips on writing) The thing that has me so happy is this: I have devised the most fucking devious of all devious plans ever devised in the history of devious plan devising!

I may have taken the tips I read in the book too seriously.

Either way, since all this will have happened by the time you read this, Harry, I'll go ahead and speak plainly.

Remember that weirdo, from X number of days/weeks/months back? The one who told you that you'd be facing dragons in the First Task, but only after she sucked your balls dry and made you tongue-fuck her little pussy, all while blindfolded?! Muhuhahaha mother fucker, it was I!

Um, hopefully. This entire entry is all counting on the fact that you don't hear me speak and instantly ask, 'Ginny!?' My voice altering charm isn't quite perfect yet, you see.

Anyway, the way it'll work (or hopefully, already has worked) is this: I heard from mum who heard from dad who was told in a letter from Bill that Charley would be coming to Hogwarts soon, and to keep an eye out for him around the 25th, which, dun-du-du-duuun! Is the date of the First Task!

Note- my previous capitalization of 'First Task' was correct. I should have capitalized the cute name I gave you too, though. That counts as a proper noun.

Anyway, as I'm sure you already know, Charley is my badass big brother who works on a dragon preserve in Romania.

And isn't that just the coolest shit ever?

Anyway, that's how I obtained my bait, which I plan on using to lure you in tonight (I'm writing this at 3:30 in the PM). It's a win-win, since you shouldn't have to go up against a dragon without knowing about it, and, well, I get to suck your fat cock and get my pussy eaten out.

'But Ginny!' you (Hermione) interject, 'if you're such a filthy slut, one whom I desperately want to have hot girl-sex with, then why don't you extort a night of steamy, passionate banging from Harry! I totally don't mind and will happily share you with that hunk of a man and bear both of your babies!'

Well, thank you, Hermione, that's very kind of you, but the truth is, I want to look into Harry's eyes when he seeds me for the first time. Getting eaten out will hopefully be awesome (all the girls he does it to seem to love it) and then, a little further down the road, I can use this fucking literary masterpiece to make Harry AND you fuck me, thus, reaching nirvana.

If I seem a little off it's because I'm nervous as hell.

Still, extorting blindfolded almost-sex from your world-famous friend as a thirteen year old nymphomaniac is almost exactly the same as removing a muggle band aid, which Ron tells me is supposedly best done quickly, and without much thought spared on the potential consequences.

I don't even know what the fuck I just wrote.

Time to go suck my first dick. Here's to hoping the tips on the hidden page of Witch Weekly pay off!
Punch-Buggy, Five-Ten Gin-Out.

AN: A lightning chapter that came out of nowhere, I really loved writing this! I think it's a good way to progress the timeline, show some other people's perspectives, and develop some subplots as well. Ginny is like the most underutilized character ever, and I absolutely love her. We all know what the website says the pairing will be, but good gawd, the grey areas! Thanks again for reading, and a double thanks to those of you who review!

Now I have a little something special to ask. Please keep the scene suggestions coming, and I still want to know what your boundaries are as well, but, if you're of the opinion that, 'You're the damn author, come up with scenes yourself,' and don't have any limits, try this: give me a little feedback on what you think of the smut, how it makes you feel. I want to start introducing some new themes, tones, and vocabulary into my lemons, and I'd like to know what gets the ladies wet and the fellas stiff so I can hone in on it.

Thanks again for coming back for more once again. The next chapter will be out soon, though probably not as soon as this one, so hang in there!
"Master... Master!" Bell called insistently, not having to be stealthy as only Ron was left in the Gryffindor dorms this late in the morning, and even he was at least up, walking back into the room with a towel around his waist.

"Where's the dreams that I've been after?" he sang, nodding at Bell in a, 'it's so cool you know about that,' way, closing his curtains and therefore missing her look of cluelessness.

"I didn't know you were a metal fan," Harry grumbled throatily, blinking his eyes open.

"I'm a fleshy fairy..." she corrected quietly, completely mystified.

Harry didn't hear her.

Instead, he reached out and snagged her, drawing her under the covers with him.

"Today is a 'stay in bed' kind of day, don't you think, Belly?" Harry asked, nuzzling the tiny woman against his neck like a cat.

"It's Thursday..."

"Shh," Harry cooed, lowering his lips to press them into her hair. "None of that now dear, daddy's trying to sleep."

"We're already late for class," Ron informed his sleepy dormmate, stepping from behind his curtains as dressed for school as Ronald Weasley ever got.

"You're missing your tie," Harry told him, not bothering to open his eyes.

"I'm like ninety percent sure you're butt ass naked under that blanket..." Ron shot back, both challengingly and uneasily at the same time.

"I am not. /"He is."

Harry slowly pulled his grinning smallguide up till her tits were poking over the top of the covers.

"You are very close to getting grounded, young lady."

They both knew he was joking. They'd just recently gotten over the light awkwardness the mean-spirited tone he'd used with her before the prelims had caused.

"You bastard!" Ron shouted, hurling a pillow at his suddenly laughing friend, who made a threatening motion towards the duvet covering him.

That sent the redhead speeding from the room with the quickness.

Laughing together at his hastily beat escape, Harry swung his bare legs over the side of his bed and stood, revealing a pair of normal black briefs to the empty room.

"As if I would grace their unworthy eyes."

Looking down at his Parva Dux, who was rolling around on top of his ruffled blanket playfully,
Harry asked, "And why'd you really get me up, Bell? You know I've got Binns for my first class today. That makes this my sleep-in day."

Looking up with a pout, Bell chirped, "You're the one who told me make sure you're up by ten, Master. The hell if I know why, I'm just your loyal slave who does whatever you tell her to."

Shooting a deadpanned look down at the suddenly gyrating fairy, Harry just said, "Oh, that's right," and turned around, grabbing a wad of 'clean' clothes off the floor and heading towards the showers.

After a quick wash under the hot spray, Harry returned, dressed and ready to go. Collecting Bell, he, apparently remembering what he'd wanted to do, made his way past the classroom he was supposed to be in.

After a quick pit stop at the kitchens to snag a cookie, which he split stealthily with Bell, Harry headed straight, past the Great Hall, until finally coming to a stop outside.

"What are we doing today, Master," Bell whispered loudly from his pocket, a tiny periscope he'd made for her peeking out of the fabric.

Looking around the sunny Hogwarts Grounds, Harry smiled and began heading in the direction of the Forbidden Forest.

"I am going to do something so immensely stupid, they'll be forced to add an annotation referencing me in the dictionary when you look up the word, 'idiot'."

"That was a bit of a mouthful," Bell observed, "but count me in!"

"Actually, Belly, daddy need you to be quiet for a little, okay?" Seeing the little periscope swivel in his direction, he smiled and pressed a finger to his lips. "We're going hunting."

"For exotic, beast-pussy?" she asked in that innocent way Harry found ridiculous.

"Not today cupcake. We're hunting fruit. El Diablo la Alma; The Devil's Heat."

Her periscope wobbled curiously, and Harry started explaining as they walked across the short grass, "El Diablo al Alma, which is also extremely fun to say, is a magical fruit the size of my head. It's supposed to take on the flavor and texture whoever is eating it finds most appealing, almost like a fruit version of the Mirror of Erised. Pretty cool, huh?"

The little silver tube nodded.

Stepping past the house sized pumpkins Hagrid was growing for Halloween, Harry added, "There's a bit of a catch, though. The Devil's Heart only grows near arachne nests, and is also poisonous as shit if it's not eaten within a few days of when you pick it, and it screams when you cut it up."

"Cool," Bell decided.

"I know right?" Harry agreed, stepping past the first line of trees and into the Forbidden Forest proper. "Gabby said she likes fruit so I'm gonna go pick one."

"Where did you even learn all of this, Master? I'm pretty sure you didn't know about it when I was born."

"Class," Harry answered simply, hopping over a dead log as he did. "And either come out and
watch my back or shush. It'd be the height of lame if I got eaten by an acromantula out here."

Bell must have been in a talkative mood, because she slipped out from Harry's robe and perched backwards on his shoulder.

"So what's an arachne?" the naked fairy asked, idly kicking her feet but still maintaining a keen eye on the forest behind her Master. "Some kind of spider creature, by the name, right?"

"Yeah," Harry answered. "Think centaur, but with a spider bottom instead and all female. Same size, though."

"All of them are female?" Bell asked curiously. "Penis in vagina kind of seems like a winning formula in this world. Why'd they deviate?"

"They didn't really," answered Harry. He stopped to smell some flowers but decided against it when they started leaking acid. Shaking his head ruefully at the deadly but beautiful forest around him, he added, "Supposedly there is a male arachne, for a little anyway; a single fertilizer who puts the new queen into a permanent state of pregnancy, and then dies. She then produces a whole brood's worth of offspring over her lifetime all on her own. Once she's older, the queen will birth her final two children, a princess arachne and a fertilizer arachne."

Remembering what the book he read said, Harry continued to explain, "The male will fertilize the princess and then get eaten. The queen won't have any more babies herself, but will instead help guide and direct her daughter for the last few decades of her life. It's a self-contained cycle."

"That's kind of neat."

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "It's also why El Diablo la Alma is so rare- with only a single queen in the whole brood, which can be as large as a dozen arachne, the whole nest would die out in a single generation if she died before her princess was born, and that means that she's protected constantly by her infertile daughters."

"Oh wow," Bell gasped in amazement. "That's so strange! It makes it sound like getting the fruit is going to be very dangerous though, Master. Will you be okay?"

"Yeah," Harry shrugged, unconcerned. "Don't worry about it Belly. If you couldn't tell, I've done my research."

At that particular moment, a long, black, spear-like leg shot out from nowhere. It would have stabbed Harry clean through his forehead had he not bent backwards at the last moment.

"The only magic they can cast gives 'em invisibility," the incubus commented lazily, "And I don't exactly need to see a pussy to know one's there, you know?"

A monster, all smooth, leathery black widow from the waist down and soft, supple, nude woman from there up appeared.

She was larger than Harry by a good bit, but still smaller than the illustrations he'd seen said she should be.

'A younger one,' he deduced, leaning back up to study the arachne now that she'd withdrawn her deadly leg, seemingly unsure of how to act now that her surprise attack had failed.

Her face was delicate and her hair was long, wavy, and brown- the same shade as her eyes. Her nipples perked up and forward atop her firm breasts, and a smooth belly led from the bottom of the attractive swells down to a thin, clit-less slit that was a little chubby.
"Yo," Harry greeted, sticking his hand out, "nice to meet you."

A few seconds passed as the young arachne studied him in confusion. She eventually looked left and right, as if for answers, but, finding none, very awkwardly mimicked his action, sticking her hand out face down.

Grabbing the pale skinned arachne's hand, Harry leaned down and placed a kiss atop her knuckles.

The spider-girl looked at him in utter confusion, but smiled anyway.

"You understand me, right?" Harry asked. They book had said they could, but she hadn't given him much reason to believe it yet.

She started to move.

An arrow came whistling out from behind a tree before the arachne had a chance to respond. Had he not already have banked a telekinesis charge on his hand, Harry would have had a tough time stopping the stone-tipped missile from sinking into the spider-girl's breast in time.

Taking a quick look at the arrow and recognizing the craftsmanship, Harry took a step in front of the now wide-eyed arachne and shouted, "Enough, centaur! Show yourself."

Slowly ambling out from behind a squat, gnarled oak tree, the would-be killer revealed himself. As Harry had thought, it was a centaur, with the torso of a furiously scowling almost-man sat atop a darkly shaded horse body. More important than his appearance was the fact that he still had a heavy looking recurve bow strung and pulled.

"Un-notch your arrow," Harry called, his wand pointed towards the ground.

"Get away from it, Harry Potter!"

"Seriously, I said lower your bow."

Snorting angrily, the centaur adjusted his aim and pulled the string back further.

"Coelicola Aqua!" Harry gritted out, frustrated.

A filmy square squelched into existence between Harry and the scowling centaur. As the creature's bolt flew through Harry's barrier it was transfigured, changing from wood and stone and feathers into harmless water, which continued on to splash weakly into the peeking girl behind him.

A sound of surprise escaped the clueless arachne as she was doused, but Harry was too busy baring his teeth at the horse-man in front of him to notice.

"What's the big fucking idea?!" the incubus shouted, now openly pointing his wand at the centaur.

When he reached for another arrow, Harry barked, "If you don't wanna have to eat grass through a straw for the next couple lunar cycles..."

He let the threat hang dangerously.

"You were almost killed, Harry Potter," the centaur said, stomping his hoof angrily, though his hand returned to his side all the same. "Any other student would have been killed."
"I had to force my way through some world-class aversion and rerouting wards to get this far into the forest. I appreciate," he continued, stressing appreciate in a way that made it clear he really didn't, "your trying to help, but killing a child because they lash out is not okay. Go back to your herd."

"You don't know who you're protecting!" He insisted, reaching back for his arrows again. "She's-"

"Expelliarmus!" Harry shouted angrily, casting the blue spell with enough power that it forced the horse-man back as it ripped his bow and anything even approaching sharp from his person.

Completely unarmed, the centaur had little choice but to beat a hasty retreat, help along by Harry's showy, "Duodeidei!" which conjured a disturbing set of scissors attached to two hairy, human legs.

Watching his monstrosity run creepily after the fleeing centaur for a little, Harry eventually turned around and caught sight of the arachne.

She was soaked, with little beads of water trailing down her skin, dripping off of her pebbled nipples every now and then to quietly splash against the dead leaves on the forest floor.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked, steal an appreciative look until he noticed that the spider-girl was shivering.

"You guys don't like water too much, huh?" he asked with a smile, remembering a note of just such a fact in the book he'd read. Shaking his head, Harry motioned down and said, "Sit. We'll get you dry real quick, and then we can talk."

The eight legged girl still had yet to speak, if you didn't count the little "Eep!" she'd let out when the water had hit her, but she seemed to understand the incubus well enough, folding her multiple legs underneath her and settling onto the ground.

Silently conjuring a big, fluffy towel, Harry went to work drying the girl off, taking care not to let his touch linger (too obviously). Finished with her human body, he hesitated a second and then, shrugging, made sure to towel down her spidery half as well, silently marveling at the dark skin's smoothness as he did. When that was done, he roughed the dryer half of the towel on the girl's head, drying her long hair as best he could.

When he finally finished, the arachne was as dry as could be expected without using a charm, which he refrained from using for obvious reasons (rude!).

"She's still shivering, Master," Bell noted from within Harry's pants pocket, where she'd retreated when the fighting had started.

"You're right," he agreed. The spider-girl, who had silently let him towel her off, was holding her shoulders for warmth. Sighing, the incubus removed his robe and offered it to the girl. Her eyes lit up in obvious wanting, but she didn't seem too sure on how to put the thing on, so he helped her with that as well.

With the girl now warm and dressed (kind of, her pussy slit was still visible) Harry did his best to explain why he was there.

When he finished, he was rewarded with a blank stare from the arachne, who looked adorable in his school robe- in a weird sort of way.

"Gah!" Harry huffed, throwing his hands up, "Just show me where your mother is woman!"
Smiling in understanding, the spider-girl took Harry's hand and began speeding through the forest.

Stumbling at her speed, Harry did his best to keep up, but unfortunately more legs seemed to equate to more speed and he was having trouble.

Looking over and seeing his dilemma, the arachne hefted the incubus up easily, setting him on the back of her smooth abdomen.

"Woah," Harry mumbled shakily, wrapping his arms around the girl's belly for balance. "Warn a guy next time..."

As fast as she was speeding through the forest, the arachne probably didn't hear him.

Settling in on the spider-girl's surprisingly comfortable back, Harry loosened his grip on her bared belly and looked around.

The forest was surprising still and peaceful under the late morning sun. Shattered pillars of sunlight breached through the leafy treetops far overhead, illuminating the brown coat of dead timber and leaves that carpeted the forest floor. He thought he saw a trio of deer, a buck, a doe, and their fawn, briefly through the foliage, but it may have just been a trick of the eye.

He smiled softly all the same.

A few more minutes passed in comfortable silence, the arachne easily maintaining her fleet sprint even with his extra weight on her. Harry couldn't help but wonder why the young creature had been so far away from her mother, but admitted to not knowing everything when Bell mentioned it, suggesting that arachne may simply command a lot of territory.

Either way, it wasn't much longer that Harry noticed his unorthodox mount slowing. Appreciating the creepy vibe the darker, web-filled area of the forest they'd entered was putting out, Harry idly began counting the number of attractive arachne around him.

Spotting five, and sensing two more through their invisibility, all older that the one beneath him, the incubus leaned forward to peek over top his chauffeur's head, spying the massive, web lined burrow they were approaching with impressed eyes.

"I like your house," he commented politely as the still silent arachne beneath him strolled casually into the darkness. "It's very... homey."

The robe-garbed girl remained silent, but turned around to flash a cute smile back at him.

Heading deeper into the bus sized tunnel, Harry had to cast a whispered night vision spell on himself to see.

With a better picture of his surroundings, Harry was able to spot a widening in the tunnel they were headed towards. Sure enough, they continued on a little and arrived within a chamber the size of the Great Hall at Hogwarts.

"Cool," Harry whispered to himself, admiring the intricately woven designs that decorated the great den on both sides. Looking closer, they almost reminded him of Nordic wall stories, with little spider women doing various things from one section of web covered wall to the next. The two walls ran down in almost artificially straight lines after widening a little, leading up to the large silhouette of who Harry suspected was the arachne queen.

"Thank you," the shadowy figure purred out, uncrossing and recrossing her front two legs. "I
Fed a little more magic to his eyes, Harry was able to see the queen for the first time.

She was a goddess, with large, heavy breasts, a mature face that was beautiful with it's refined, noble features, and hair as white as it was wavy. Her eyes were pure black, like Bell's, but her spider half was royal white, smooth looking like the arachne he was riding, and with the same distinctive red hourglass standing out boldly on her back as well.

"Mikko, darling, who is this you've brought to me?"

The spider-girl beneath him began gesturing wildly, mimicking her attack on him and his backwards dodge. Understanding the girl's intentions, Harry slipped from her back as she continued to mime out the short story, adopting a scowl and stomping her foot while pretending to hold a bow in what Harry thought was a great imitation of the shit-head centaur they'd run into.

When she gestured out the way he'd protected her and fought the centaur, her mother turned appraising eyes on him, her eyebrows raised.

Harry blushed and looked away.

Her daughter, 'Mikko,' Harry remembered, finished the tale by showing off the Hogwarts robe she wore and wrapping her arms around her belly, smiling and blushing prettily in the Choiceling's direction.

"Is what my daughter says true?" the Queen asked.

Harry though 'says' was the wrong word to use but was too polite to point it out.

"I think so," he answered, scratching at the back of his head.

"Then, well," she tried, showing a surprising difficulty finding the words she wanted, "thank you, wizard. You have been very kind to my sweet Mikko and may have even saved her life. If there's any way that I can repay you..."

"Actually," Harry chimed in, "there is. The original reason I came out here in the first place was to pick some El Diablo la Alma."

"The Devil's Heart," the Queen murmured, rubbing her chin and nodding slowly. "Of course. To you humans, it's flesh is delicious, from what I understand."  

"I hope so. I'm actually going to split it with a veela, and I'm a Choiceling myself, so whether that'll impact the taste or not is something I'm not sure about yet."

'Not sure about?' Harry repeated in his head, suddenly afraid he'd wasted a trip. 'Try hadn't even considered! If this fucking watermelon tastes like crap I'm gonna punch something.'

"C-choiceling?" the Queen began, stuttering and drawing Harry's attention. "This veela, is she your... wife?"

Blushing at the thought of Gabrielle in a white wedding gown, calling him darling and smiling as she walked down an aisle, Harry denied, "N-no, we're just friends."

"If that is the case..." the Queen said hesitantly, walking forward till she was close. Reaching out, the great spider-woman slowly took Harry's hands in her own.
The incubus, already a little off-balance, was doubly startled to note welling tears in the corners of the Queen's all-black eyes.

"If you really are what you say you are, I beg of you- please, save my family."

Frowning in confusion, Harry looked to his arachne friend for help, only to see she too was confused.

"Hey," the boy wizard tried, reaching up to brush away the older queen's tears for lack of knowing something better to do, "no crying, you guys don't like the wet, remember?"

Mikko smiled a little worriedly, but the Queen just continued to stare down at him pleadingly.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know what you need from me. Is there somewhere we can sit down and talk a little? I want to help but I need to know what it is you're asking before I can say."

Pulling back a little in surprise, the Queen blinked and then shook her head at herself, breathing a long, shaky sigh out.

"Forgive me, young incubus. I have been alone in my burrow with my thoughts for so long- well. With only my daughters around, all of whom know the situation, I did not stop to think you would not." Straightening back up, she called, far more steadily, "Come. I will take you to the prize you seek and explain on the way."

And so they began, heading back out of the grand chamber, only through a different tunnel this time.

"I had my suspicions since I was young," the Queen started, her head aimed forward. "Something in me felt... wrong, for lack of a better word. When I started birthing, the feeling grew, but by then I was a woman of ten and already used to the feeling to the point of ignoring it."

Turning at a crossroads, Harry listened on as the spider-woman told her tale.

"My first daughter was healthy and strong. She remains one of our brood's most talented huntresses to this day."

There was obvious pride in the creature's voice, and the incubus smiled.

"My next, a beautiful child, willful and talented with our magic, was born without vision in one of her eyes."

Looking back, Harry thought he remembered one of the arachne having an eye patch.

"My next nine girls each were born with defects of their own. Some got off with as little as a muted sense, but one of my girls can't turn invisible at all..."

Harry thought that that must be a very unfortunate thing for an arachne to go without, judging by the solemn expression Mikko wore and the way her mother's head hung.

"When I finally had my princess, Mikko, who was born without the ability to speak, it was clear that something was wrong with me."

The younger arache shook her head and scurried over, wrapping her human arms around her mother fiercely, but other than leaning her head into her for a moment, the Queen didn't seem willing to allow herself much comforting.
"I can tell already- my body will not birth again, and without a fertilizer, my family will fade away. We will die out within the next hundred years... Of that much, I know and have known to be true."

Coming to a stop, the spider queen looked down at Harry, with such fragile hope shining in her inky eyes that he recoiled.

"Unless," she began haltingly, "by some miracle, by some act of the gods, a magically powerful creature, with universally potent sperm and a compatible physiology, was willing to- to help us."

Harry stared at the Queen with wide eyes as the implication of what she'd just said sunk in. The naked woman-creature was almost shaking in repressed hope, but Harry forcefully stopped himself from agreeing to her plan on the spot, no matter how pitiable she looked.

Turning to Mikko, Harry noted that she looked as surprised by her mother's suggestion as he felt. Another second of study, however, revealed that she shared none of his reservations, as made apparent by the coy way she started appraising him through her thick eyelashes, red as a tomato all the while.

"Are you asking me," Harry began, half to make sure there wasn't some grand misunderstanding unfolding and half to stall, "to impregnate your daughter?"

A few seconds of silence passed in the lightless tunnel as the three creatures stared at each other.

"Please," the Queen whispered out beseechingly. "Until ten minutes ago, when you showed up, I had thought that my family line was predestined to die out. It has been years since I reached this conclusion- you're the first flicker of hope that my defective body won't cause the extinction of my mother's bloodline..."

"And your plan is for me to father your grandchildren, now? Is that right?" Harry asked evenly. Looking at his mute would-be mate, he asked, "What do you think about all of this, Mikko?"

The arachne princess just smiled at him and rubbed her belly, looking unbearably cozy in his clothes.

"I know," the Queen began tentatively, sensing the corner she'd backed the powerful incubus into and not wanting to provoke him and risk ruining her family's chance at a future, "that for humans, at least, the act of reproduction is... special." Shooting the young incubus an earnest look, the Queen insisted, "My offspring mean everything to me. I can't make for my daughter what she needs to become a queen and take her place in the world, but you- you can give it! You, a powerful, virile, incubus- and a Choiceling at that! That makes all the difference! You can provide her with children, and my bloodline, which has been around since the castle you learn magic at was built, can live on. Please, incubus, help us."

Tense silence hung thickly in the earth-scented air once the Queen had finished her begging. Harry slowly alternated his gaze between mother and daughter and back again, giving her plea serious thought. Reaching a decision, Harry looked at the Queen and sighed lowly.

"I'm sorry," he began, and immediately her face crumbled. "There's just no way I can make a decision like that on the spot," he explained.

Walking to Mikko, he slid a hand up her belly, parting his robe and revealing her peachy breasts to her mother. Squeezing one lightly, he rolled her nipple, watching as her face pinched in pleasure.

"There's just too much I don't know about you," he apologized, looking Mikko in her warm eyes.
"Would you use these breasts to feed our children? Am I expected to just walk away once we're done?" Sliding his hand from her scrunched nipple to her face, he whispered, "I could never _not_ be with my children."

Stepping back to look at her mother, he listed, "And it's not just that we're such different species, either. Even if you were human, and we'd all spent every day of our lives together, and were madly in love, I _still_ don't think I could make a decision like that without some time to think about it." Sighing, he went on to admit, "The veela I'm getting that fruit for- I really, _really_ like her. Would doing what you want jeopardize my chance with her, longshot that it is already? I just don't know."

"You have questions-" the Queen interrupted, latching on to something she thought she could work with, "I understand. We do breast feed, we don't lay eggs, and the undersides of our abdomens are very sensitive- I will happily spend the rest of my life telling you all about our species, so please, don't say that you won't help. As far as your role, it's whatever you want! I-I can't really begin to think what being a father of arachne would entail, but there's no good reason you can't pioneer it. Mikko is kind, my sweetest baby- she'd love to be your wife, if you want to marry her first. I know that's the norm for witches and wizards."

Harry scowled at the Queen for speaking on her daughter's behalf, but when he turned and received a smiling nod from the younger arachne, he remembered that she kind of had to.

"You said you have a veela you plan on breeding with, yes? That's perfect- veela and arachne get along very well. You could raise the children together, if you wanted. All three of our species age at about the same speed and live for the same amount of time. We live out here because it's beautiful and safe, but I have heard of my kin finding homes among other creatures and even wizards."

"Ma'am," Harry interjected quietly, his stomach in knots at the distress he was causing the woman.

"It's Sadira, sweetie," the spider queen corrected speedily.

Smiling a little ruefully at her, Harry replied, "My name's Harry. Harry Potter." Looking at the ground and then back up, he forced himself to say, "No matter what you say, I'm not going to be having sex with your daughter today, Sadira."

The Queen wilted.

"However," he stressed out, not wanting the fretful mother to go on another sales pitch, "I _never_ said that I refused to consider your situation."

Aiming a little smile at Mikko to reassure her, he continued.

"I grew up never knowing a family and I still feel that loss to this day. If you're sure that a Choiceling is your family's only hope-"

Sadira nodded empathetically, and even Mikko bowed her head.

"-and Mikko is one hundred percent on-board with this-"

Another nod from the spider princess.

"-then this is what I can offer: Give me some time. Let me see what the girl I'm in love with thinks about this whole situation. Let us get to know each other, and for magic's sake, at least discuss the very real mountain of details that need to be sorted through before we even _think_ about moving forward with anything. Allow me all of this, and I will promise to very seriously consider starting
a family together."

He'd said a lot, but so much more still needed to be explained. His 'quota' if Mikko didn't already know, his fame, his expectations, his dreams, his fears, the person he was and the man he wanted to be, and a whole list of other things that Harry felt anybody he was going to have children with needed to know about him first, and all things that he wanted to know about his partner as well.

Sadira must have been crazy to think Harry would impregnate her daughter on the spot.

Still...

"Look," Harry sighed, staring up at the Queen, "I'll admit that I really can't imagine what it must be like, to have to live in such a hopeless situation for as long as you did, only for its solution to show up and slap you in the face with a 'maybe', but that's really the best I've got right now. I have sex every single day without batting an eyelash, but to actually have children is... well, it's just on a whole different level, you know?"

Kicking at the ground, Harry went ahead with the rough almost-plan he'd stitched together in his head, saying, "Let's go. I want to get that Devil's Heart and go; I've got a lot to think about. But I promise," he said firmly, looking Mikko in her eyes, "in a week's time, I'll be back. I don't know if I'll have an answer, or if it'll be the one you want to hear, but either way, I'll come back for you."

And that was that. Mikko seemed shyly excited at the prospect of getting to know her potential mate, and even though Sadira didn't get exactly what she wanted, the prospective future for her family was looking better than it had in a long time.

Harry was just happy to get away from the two spider women. They were exotic and beautiful and intense, and they wanted things from him he had been sure he was dying to give but, when confronted with the opportunity, had turned down. It was all so much more than he'd bargained for when he'd set out to pick that stupid melon to impress Gabby.

Eyeing the swinging fruit in question, which looked like a giant pearl and had been a bitch to cut from its vine, screaming the whole time, Harry thought, 'As if, 'would you be my girlfriend while I continue to paint the country white' wasn't already a difficult enough conversation to have. Now it's, 'and also, what do you think about arachne? I hear they get along well with veela... want one as a third point in our hypothetical relationship?'

Groaning as he trudged through the Forbidden Forest, radiating his displeasure and inadvertently scaring the wildlife off, Harry summed up aloud, "Another fucked up year in the life and times of Harry Potter."

Bell was smart enough to stay quiet. She'd likely have some insightful counsel to offer him later, but for now he wanted to stew.

It wasn't even that he was particularly upset. The idea of sharing his life with Mikko, while hilarious in its abruptness, wasn't altogether unappealing at a certain, more general level. She was beautiful, a creature like him (if a tad more obvious about it), and she seemed interesting and nice enough.

Slowing to a stop, Harry stared blankly at the ground, his cheeks dusted pink.

"I could have her all to myself," he quietly acknowledged. The image of Mikko holding her swollen belly and smiling at him came to his mind unbridled.

Harry looked back with lidded eyes in the direction he knew the burrow to be.
'It's tempting,' he admitted.

She'd never given so much as a hint that she had a problem with it, but in Harry's mind, he was sure Gabrielle would refuse to start a real relationship with him while he was still under his instincts' control, no matter how badly he wanted to try.

'If she did,' he supposed, turning back to trudge towards Hogwarts, 'then it would only be until she grew to resent me.'

Looking back, Mikko hadn't so much as blinked when her mother had suggested their relationship wouldn't necessarily be exclusive on his end. If anything, the arachne had looked excited by the prospect of having a veela around.

He tried not to, but Harry caved and indulged himself- allowing his mind to run wild with the dangerous idea the arachne queen had implanted in his brain. Mikko *and* Gabby...

Harry almost stopped to look over his shoulder in paranoia, so strong and sudden was his greedy desire that for a moment the incubus feared he'd been cursed.

There was nothing there, and he admitted that perhaps the idea was simply *that* attractive.

Calming down, he started walking again.

'It wouldn't work anyway,' Harry realized, and then felt dim for not having seen it sooner. 'To be with Gabby and Mikko at the same time, I'd need to keep this set of instincts and they'd need to be okay with an open ended relationship.'

In the next moment, he remembered something that spun his thoughts around again.

'Oh, no. No they wouldn't.' Growing a little excited despite his best efforts, Harry thought, 'Mikko only needs sex the one time- after that I could Choose and be with Gabby, and then-'

Stopping himself, Harry realized that he was breathing a little harshly.

"Relax," he told himself. "You've got a week to think, and then plenty more time after that too." Ducking under a low hanging branch, he continued to monologue. "And you're fourteen for fuck's sake! Maybe try focusing on something other than marriage and having babies! You're like a fucking girl."

Despite his self-scolding, the incubus really couldn't think of anything in the world he wanted more than a family- if not soon, then at least at some point.

His instincts screaming at him to hurry up and impregnate *somebody* 24/7 didn't help.

"You've still got the Tournament, tourneys, school, and a ton of other shit you need to focus on. Remember Voldemort, idiot? Maybe try focusing on keeping your own life from ending before you get too wrapped up trying to make a new one."

Stopping to look up at the sun, not needing to cast a tempus to tell that he had completely missed Potions (oh no!), Harry mumbled, "Speaking of, the First Task is Saturday. That gives me less than two days..."

The dark haired Choiceling sighed and started walking again.

Feeling his Smallguide shift in his pants pocket, which couldn't really accommodate much more that the bottom half of the little fairy, Harry asked, with a defeated tone, "What do you think about
all of this, Belly?"

Peeking up at him, the fairy gave a little shrug of her shoulders, still just a little reluctant to speak too openly on the subject.

Harry noticed and resolved to make her completely comfortable with him again.

"Well," she began, helped along by a trusting look from Harry. "I'm not really sure what to say. I want whatever will make you the happiest, Master. Whatever that is," she added, smiling at him kindly in a 'sorry I have to say this' way, "it's probably gonna involve a whole bunch of long, serious talks with Gabrielle. I know it scares you," she continued, pushing past Harry's weak scowl of disagreement, "but until you talk with her about your feelings, you're never gonna be able to figure this stuff out. Either things will work out between the two of you or they won't, but you're just gonna think yourself into insanity if you keep trying to puzzle out a plan without all the pieces."

Harry had long since come to a stop, absorbing his companion's unexpectedly wise words.

"I could turn around and go back and impregnate Mikko right now," Harry protested weakly, imagining a hundred different ways trying to open up to Gabrielle could go wrong. "Play it safe, you know?"

Shaking her tiny blue head at him, Bell matter-of-factly disagreed, "No, Master. You've been so worried about the possibility of never even finding a life partner that you're not thinking clearly, now that you've got an easy out. I am magic of your magic; flesh of your flesh- blood of your blood. I know you."

Harry's eyes widened as he realized how right Bell was.

"Regardless of what the future may hold, right now, you know next to nothing about the arachne princess. You don't know how old she is, what her likes or dislikes are, whether she prefers waking up early or staying up late- you don't love her."

Looking up at him seriously, Bell asked, "Would you have children with a woman you don't love?"

"I could grow to love her," the incubus argued half-heartedly.

Bell just smiled at her master's crumbling stubbornness.

"I agree," she said. "She seems nice enough, and eventually, any girl would fall for you."

The fairy's eyes were soft, and Harry looked away.

"All I'm saying," she finished quietly, "is you've never been one to do things by half. Don't let your own fears stop you from chasing your dreams, even if they seem unobtainable. It's very possible that things won't work out, but if you don't try, it's like they already haven't."

Spotting the grey walls of the castle through the slowly thinning trees, Bell slide down to curl up in Harry pocket. Before she disappeared in the fabric, though, she warmly advised, "Face forward, Master. If things aren't the way you want them to be, grab the world by its throat and make them how they should be. You're charming, and kind, and so powerful that the only person capable of stopping you is you."

Vanishing within his pocket, Bell whispered, "I'm so proud to have you as my Choiceling, Harry. Just do your best and that'll be enough for me..."
'Bell,' Harry thought tenderly, eyes suspiciously bright as stared down at the soft lump in his pocket. Clenching his fist, the incubus promised, 'I won't let you down.'

AN: This is the first third of a 20k+ word long monster I typed out over the last few days, so expect the next chapter up very soon, like, in two or three days when I'm done editing it (max!)

I want to take a quick moment to thank everybody who has reviewed, as well. You all, as well as those who follow and favorite, are all very key in providing that extra bit of motivation. I love writing this, but knowing that you guys like reading it too makes me smile :) Till next time!
"Ronald?" Gabrielle began questioningly, grabbing the red head's attention from across the lunch table.

"Yeah?" he asked, what looked like a whole baked potato skin flashing between his teeth as he spoke.

'So gross,' she lamented, alternating between scathing thoughts on the English and their poor manners and approval of Hermione's elbowing technique, which was being put on display as the chocolate eyed girl berated Ron for his rudeness.

When the girl's beat down finally came to an end, Gabby asked, as though nothing had happened, "Do you know where 'Arry ees? I 'ave not seen 'im since yesterday."

"Hmm," the boy hummed, grabbing his chin in thought. "He was still in his bed the last time I saw him, but that was hours ago. He's not usually one to skip classes, but H of M and Potions both suck, so maybe he decided to do something better with his time."

The ginger teen looked envious of his friend's hypothetical brilliance.

"Either way," he said, shooting her a knowing look, "I'm sure he'll come slinking back in eventually- the dog. You, as his new favorite friend, will surely be the first person he graces with his presence. I doubt he even remembers us mere mortals exist."

Gabrielle felt her cheeks warm at the reminder of the attention Harry always seemed to be paying her and looked down at her lunch, muttering a thanks to the wizard.

Now that she'd been reminded of it, Gabrielle couldn't stop thinking of all the times the dark haired incubus would sit next to her- always leaning in to tease and compliment her. Sometimes, when the mood was a little less playful, he'd tell her stories instead, of his time in and away from the great gray castle she found herself in now. He was extremely, unusually open with her.

Most of these stories were amusing tales of the mischief he and his friends had managed to get into over the years. Some of the adventures he'd been through had sounded too big for any single person to have experienced, but she'd asked around a little, and even the students who didn't seem to like Harry agreed he was telling the truth.

Other stories, though, he told only in whispers while they were alone. Accounts of when he was younger, when he was powerless. He told her stories of failing. He told her stories of the shame he felt. These were the tales that really reached her. He reminded her of herself in so many ways.

Harry never technically came out and said as much, but Gabby knew she was the only one he ever shared those particular stories with, and it made her hidden feathers tingle to know he trusted her so.

She did her best to match his generosity with tales of her own childhood, and he always listened intently while she spoke, staring at her tenderly with clear green eyes, but Gabrielle felt her own woes seemed less significant than his. She'd gotten flustered and admitted as much to him once.

It was the only time she'd ever seen him upset with her, and Gabby wasn't eager to relive the sick feeling that had caused in her stomach.
They didn't always spend their time together talking, sometimes because others were around and other times because they just didn't feel like it, but regardless, it never seemed to fail that Harry somehow found his way to her side whenever they were in the same room.

If she was being honest, Gabrielle found her way to his side occasionally as well. Lately, she'd been worrying that she'd begun to enjoy the boy's presence a little too much. Thoughts of him had begun to invade her thoughts and dreams, and adult emotions had grown roots in her preoccupied head.

Any prolonged thoughts on the green eyed incubus inevitably led her back to the kiss they had shared in her room. It had been so spur of the moment, and they'd been interrupted halfway through, but she still couldn't seem to get the memory out of her head. She didn't regret it, but the idea of kissing him again made her nervous...

She had yet to bring it up with the boy, despite wanting to quite desperately over the last few weeks. Had it not been for his constant presence by her side and the tender looks they shared, Gabby would have believed the incubus to regret their shared moment. That would have hurt.

As it was, the young veela imagined that he must just be as embarrassed to bring it up as she was.

That he could seed witches he barely knew on a daily basis and still get embarrassed by something as comparatively minor as a kiss left the girl feeling both aggravated and flattered. And a bit excited.

"He shouldn't be skipping classes anyway," Hermione remarked a little heatedly, drawing Gabby from her thoughts.

"The First Task is the day after tomorrow," the other redhead of the group, Ginny, reminded her friend diplomatically. "Maybe he's trying to prepare."

"I don't see how," Ron butted in. "He told me he still didn't know what it's about."

Ginny seemed like she was about to say something, but then an odd look came over her face, and she closed her mouth instead.

Gabby turned a little to look at her sister at the mention of the Triwizard Tournament. She'd felt so proud of her when her name had come sailing out of that goblet. In her mind, it was proof that there could be more to a veela than just looks and allure. Still seeking validation, are we?

Gabby murdered the thought.

Looking at Fleur, she considered her talents as a veela. It was not that her sister was lacking in that department either. She was skilled at charms, wards, and dueling, and was also a deft hand with her veela magic, but there was no doubt that she was ridiculously beautiful as well. Her allure was insanely powerful as well- when she used it.

'Harry liked her feathers,' Gabrielle suddenly remembered, jealous. She had never even considered that a human could find a transformed veela attractive.

Then again, Harry wasn't a human though, was he?

Oh, he did a great job pretending to be, but Gabrielle had done extensive research on his species.
His muscle fibers were denser, to make mating with stronger creatures easier. His nose could
detect female sex and excitement, and worked together with his incubus magiks to make him a
venerable lust hound dog.

It was enough to make a girl paranoid, but no matter how flustered or… excited, she got around
him, he never mentioned it, even when he'd come back, fresh out of a random witch's pussy,
stinking to high heaven of sex and she just knew that she must be radiating her arousal.

She did catch the incubus staring at her from the corner of his eye a few of the times she'd tried
kneading her thighs together discreetly in search of relief. Getting caught just made her
embarrassed and wet, and she usually took it out on him.

Most of the time, if Gabrielle was being violent with Harry, it was to hide the fact that she was so
riled up.

'It's not just that,' she remembered, indulging in a little of the pre-mentioned thigh rubbing under
the table. 'His, ah, penis- it's supposed to be 'genetically perfect' for impregnating his… prey.'
Blushing down at her plate, she thought, 'I suppose that must means he's big down there…'

She'd never actually seen a penis before, outside of certain less than educational texts she hid
under her mattress, but from the swelling she'd spotted between his legs a few times before,
usually ending closer to his knee than his groin, the books were right. If so, then he should also
have a gland capable of secreting lubricant, and a mild pain reliever.

'For virgins…’ she thought, biting her lips and lightly rolling her fork. Gods, but she could just
imagine him now: shirtless, all muscles and warm, softly tanned skin, whispering into her ear,
making her laugh, kissing her, making her so wet he could just glide in, every molecule of her sex
setting off like fireworks as he finally-

"Gabby!" Fleur whispered urgently, shoving her. Looking up at her, the young veela realized that
half the eyes in the hall were trained on her. The male half.

Flushing wildly, she jerked to her feet, drawing the rest of the eyes.

What have you done!?

It was all she could do to stammer out an apology before fleeing from the hall.

Rushing out of the castle, Gabby had to focus on not crying as she began making her way towards
the Beauxbaton's carriage, and her room. Halfway there, a sudden breeze picked up around her,
and she stopped to collect herself. She’d managed to blink back her tears and calm herself a bit,
but her joints were still tense and a little shake refused to leave her hands.

Look what you've done to me, Harry.

"Stupid boy… Where are you?"

As though summoned from her thoughts, the incubus in question appeared in the corner of her
vision.

Startled, she turned to watch as he slowly ambled his way out of the Forbidden Forest.

Is that where you've been?

Narrowing her eyes in anger, Gabby waited for him notice her. She'd give him a piece of her
mind, just as soon as he got into striking distance!
Has he been off playing in the forest all day while I've been making a fool of myself, thinking about him? I bet he was out there screwing around!

A bit of the ol' **excitement** flared up inside her at the thought, along with some frustrated anger.

"'Arry! 'Arry Potter!"

He turned at his name and spotted her.

She opened her mouth to curse him and his whole family line but stopped short. A megawatt smile had split his face the moment he'd recognized her. He waived, calling back to her, and started jogging over.

"I-idiot…" she murmured, closing her mouth as her treacherous brow began evening out despite her.

**How am I supposed to be mad at that?**

She was smiling too by the time he reached her.

"Hey there good-lookin'," he said. Gabby smiled and blushed. "I got something for you."

She stared at his handsome smile for a few seconds before eloquently asking, "Huh?"

His smile turned to a grin and he shook his head. He grabbed her hand and pulled. "Not here. Come on."

Reddening at the contact, Gabby felt her allure slip again. She reigned it back in as quickly as she could, but Harry still stopped to look back at her.

"W-where eez Bell?" she asked suddenly.

He smiled. "I sent her off to the castle. She was tired."

"Oh."

With that, they were moving again, at least until she realized that his target was the Black Lake.

"'Arry," she protested lightly, slowing her step. "Veela don't really like ze water…"

He shot her a look that she thought was strange. "We won't be getting wet."

The thought, 'Maybe you won't' echoed through her head unbridled, in a voice not unlike Harry's, and the veela flushed. She was sure she reeked of teenage excitement, but Harry gave no sign he'd picked up on anything out of the ordinary.

Reaching the calm shore of the Black Lake, Gabby slowed to a stop and watched as her incubus escort withdrew his wand, muttering a quiet, "Vatrkraft," which spawned a simple timber rowboat on the sandy shore.

"That's advanced magic," she observed admiringly in French.

"Thanks," he smiled, a little bashfully. "It's not the Titanic, but I thought it'd be nice. I got you something."

Feeling herself grow a little nervous, Gabrielle just nodded at Harry, a light patch of pink dusting
across the bridge of her nose and cheeks.

Not wanting him too close, just in case he really hadn't caught scent of her arousal and wasn't just being polite, Gabby refused his offer to help her into the boat.

"*I don't need your help, Harry,*" she informed him matter-of-factly. Wincing at the edge in her tone, Gabby was both relieved and frustrated that Harry, as usual, didn't seem to mind her shortness with him much at all.

Indeed, he just smiled at her warmly and agreed, "*You are* pretty graceful."

"Shut up," she mumbled out, embarrassed, jumping into the boat and taking a seat awkwardly.

Harry just smirked and pushed her out onto the water, hopping in at the last moment to avoid getting wet. They were slowly floating their way further away from the shore, and while she wasn't fond of the water itself, Gabby admitted to herself that it was quite peaceful in the little boat.

She let Harry paddle them out quite far before her tongue got the best of her, and she asked, "So what *ees eet? What did you get me?"

Harry smiled, obviously proud of whatever he'd done.

*Love it when you do that.*

She watched as he dropped the oars and began digging around in his pocket. He withdrew what seemed to her like a tiny stone.

"*A pearl?*"

His eyes flickered to hers for a moment, but instead of answering her he whispered, "*Finite.*"

Even without his wand drawn, the spell still took effect, and Gabrielle watched with confusion as the pearl swelled until it was the size of a large melon. Realizing that it *was* a melon, and recognizing it almost immediately, Gabby clapped her hands excitedly. "*That's El Diablo la Alma! 'Ow did you- 'Arry, where did you *find zis?*"

He gave a little shrug and answered, "*I went out and picked one for you a little bit ago.*"

*He picked it himself?*

"*But zey only grow een arachne nests! You could 'ave been killed!*"

An odd look, similar to the one from before, flitted across his face as he admitted, "*I suppose I kinda *did* barely make it out of there,*" almost to himself more than to her. "*But it really wasn't so bad,*" he insisted, focusing back on her. "*I heard it's supposed to taste pretty good, and I figured we could try it out together.*"

Warm splashes of happiness tossed around inside of her.

"*'Arry..."

He blushed and grinned, pleased. Conjuring a knife, he set to slicing.

The screaming she could do without, but Harry was as quick about it as possible, and before long she had a long, thick wedge of the snow white fruit in her hands.
Breathing deeply, Gabrielle felt her mouth water at the exquisite sweetness that invaded her nostrils. She sunk her teeth into one of the corners of her slice and moaned loudly at the rich, juicy nectar that oozed out onto her taste buds—like every sweet strawberry she'd ever savored but a hundred times better. Pushing the bite around with her tongue, the little veela felt her toes curl as she finally swallowed, reveling in the satisfying feeling of the fruit sliding down her throat.

Opening her eyes, Gabrielle just caught sight of a very red-in-the-face Harry Potter before he looked down.

A potent cocktail of flattery and power rushed through her veins as she realized she was the one making him blush and look away for once. Eyes sparkling, even as she flushed in embarrassment herself, the girl took another big bite of her treat, not holding back as she moaned and groaned in pleasure, peeking now and then through her eyelashes to watch Harry watch her.

A dangerous something began to coil in her lower belly, and Gabby had to stop herself from kneading her thighs together as the incubus pretended not to notice her borderline-lewd display. Licking at her pink lips, half to rile the incubus up more and half to make sure none of his gift went unsavored, Gabby held out the tip of the final chunk of her slice towards Harry.

"Go ahead," she encouraged quietly, her voice a little shy. "Take a bite."

Harry reached out to take the slice from her, but she, swept up in the moment, whispered, "Uh-uh," and instead held the fruit up towards his lips.

Her center burned as she watched the incubus, who she knew had turned dozens of girls into well-sexed piles of meat, slowly lean forward, his gaze averted meekly.

Gabrielle shivered as his lips closed around her fingers for the briefest of moments. Watching as he chewed the juicy flesh of the fruit slowly, she did her best not to squirm.

He seemed to enjoy it a lot, if not quite as much as she herself had.

Gabby licked the remaining nectar off of her own fingers, secretly thrilled with the knowledge that his lips had been on the digits just seconds ago.

"That's, uh, that's better than I was expecting," he admitted, opening his eyes to smile hesitantly at her. "Did you like it?"

"I loved it."

**YOUR ALLURE! YOUR FUCKING ALLURE!**

Gabrielle's veela allure was bearing down on the little boat with such force that the air itself was becoming visibly distorted.

Gabby's face morphed to one of horror. "Oh my God!" she cried out, clamping down on her offending magic so viciously it hurt. "Oh my God!" All of the good things she'd been feeling evaporated. Harry started calling her name with growing panic, but she couldn't hear him. All she could think about was how she'd lost control again. In front of HARRY no less. This was it. This was the end of her happiness with him. He'd realize she'd manipulated him and never trust his feeling towards her again. Good God…

"Gabby. Gabby!"

**GET A FUCKING GRIP YOU DUMB ASS!**
"Gabby!" he shouted, shaking her knee, and she couldn't help flinching back in the boat as she finally noticed him.

"Hey," he said, eyebrows drawn together in concern.

"I'm really so sorry 'Arry!" she said, leaning away from him, pale. His hand fell from her knee. "Really, I'm sorry. Can you row us back, please? To shore? I'm sorry."

"Wuh-why?" he asked, leaning back himself. "Is it 'cause of your allure? Really, Gabby, it didn't bother me-"

"Well not everything is about YOU, Harry!" she snapped in French, the beginnings of a transformation bleeding through with her panic.

What are you doing?

"Just row me back, okay? Please, I don't want to be out here anymore."

You're RUINING it- like you ruin EVERYTHING! What are you DOING?

"Yeah, sure. That's… that's fine."

Harry blinked and robotically gripped the oars. He dropped them after a second of not rowing, his head lowering towards the bottom of the boat.

Oh no.

"Just-" he choked out, and Gabby was horrified by the sound. He coughed and swallowed loudly. "Just, I mean, did I do something wrong?"

Oh my God look what you've done you stupid little- you've done it again. How could you mess even THIS up?

"B-because, y'know, I didn't meant to. Honest, I didn't know you guys don't like the water or I wouldn't've planned it like this. I just wanted to-"

No more!

"Stop," she said, tears pooling. "Please, stop. I am ze one who ees sorry, 'Arry."

He looked up at her with wet eyes.

Her heart lurched. She tried to open her mouth and explain. To explain how embarrassing it was, to lose control of her stupid fucking allure. To explain how dirty it made her feel. To explain how low it made her feel, proving all of the slanderous shadows that dotted her past just how right they'd been all along.

The memories it dredged up.

Mismatched eyes and smashed watermelon.

She wanted to tell him everything, but couldn't.

Sniffling and swiping at her eyes, Gabby injected some lightness in her voice. "Please," she said, offering a smile, "I'm not upset wiz you, 'Arry. Just row us een. Please."

Harry's look of hurt grew and grew until it sudden disappeared. A blank mask took its place, and
he gripped the oars.

_Filth._ Say you hate it but rejection leads to rejection leads to rejection- which is what you’re doing now. Do **not** be surprised if things turn out the same way they always do.

Gabby knew that the wretched, loathsome part of her spoke the truth, but still failed to find the words.

She sat with her head hung the rest of the way to shore, and could only watch as Harry retreated to the castle with beaten shoulders. The magical fruit he’d risked his life getting her remained behind, forgotten.

The water was just this side of too hot as it splashed against Harry’s head and ran down his nakedness. He didn’t bother adjusting it. He’d gotten rather filthy after stomping around in the Forbidden Forest all morning, and if a shower also meant that he could be alone and shed a couple frustrated tears, then all the more reason to take one. Over and over in his head he reviewed the last half hour: him and Gabby, meeting on the grounds, rowing out, sampling the fruit…

*On the water- which she **said** she didn’t like.*

That was true. If he’d listened to her and gone somewhere else, would things have turned out differently? No, probably not. She’d been fine once they’d gotten out onto the water, and he was only lying to himself by thinking that the water was what had upset her.

*Her allure. She lost control.*

But who the hell cared? Seriously, he knew that she liked things the way she liked them, but was there really a need to flip out every time a veela let her allure do its thing?

*You know that’s not fair.*

Sure. He knew. Gabby wasn’t a run of the mill veela. She’d been teased and tormented for years now about her nature. He knew that, and could even relate a bit. He knew that the anger he was feeling wasn’t totally justified. But still. Hadn’t he communicated the fact that she could let her allure run as wild as it pleased whenever she was around him? He felt the way he did about her all on his own, and while he couldn’t say he didn’t notice when her allure was active, it hardly bothered him. It *certainly* didn’t turn him into a pile of goo, and for fuck’s sake, hadn’t he shown that?

*Not everything is about you though, is it?*

She’d said that. She’d actually said that to him. He knew it was a fair enough thing to say, but it still felt like a smack in the face to him. Did he act like that? He didn’t think so. Hadn’t he proven himself to be a decent human being after all this time? Hadn’t he risked his damn life for other people enough times to earn at least that much?

*But did you really do those things because you’re such a swell fellow? Did you **really**? It seems more likely that you still believe what they taught you- that your life just isn’t quite as worthwhile as everyone else’s.*

No. That wasn’t true. He didn’t believe that anymore.

*Okay. Sure you don’t. But even if that **was** true, you can still imagine how she’s feeling.*
He scrubbed his chest and belly with a sudsy rag. Yeah, fine. She didn't have a Ron or Hermione to lean on, and he knew that controlling her allure was a sensitive subject for her. Still… her reaction didn't check out. So what if her allure slipped out?

*You just don't like the fact that she pushed you away. Everything really is about you. Why don't you go fuck a stranger and feel good, huh? That'll show her.*

Harry stopped washing himself at the thought. He wasn't being fair to himself. He had to do what he had to do to survive, and feeling bad about it wasn't going to help one way or the other. He'd promised himself that he'd embrace his nature from the beginning.

*To feel closer to mum? Hah, she didn't have to go through any of this. She was just a normal witch. You're alone in this, like always. And isn't it fucked up that you can feel upset at Gabby for being ashamed of her allure, but you get to keep your dirty little secret to yourself? You get to fuck schoolgirls every day and don't have to deal with a single criticism, but if she lets her allure flex even a little, everybody comes down on her for being a horrible fucking person. Fucking hypocrite in the flesh, that's what you are.*

It's different though! Just logically, their situations weren't identical. Veela aren't even that uncommon. Nobody in the magic world freaks out when they bump into one. If he went public, though, there'd be no telling what might happen.

*Of course. And so, like always, the rules don't apply to Harry Potter because he's special. He had a rough start to life so everything should be peaches and cream for him from now on to make up for it. That scar on your head is a fucking fast pass for life, ain't it, ol' boy? And now that you've got to shoulder the terrible burden of fucking the shit out of hundreds of hotties, you get to judge all Demi-Humans, because you know exactly what it's like for them, huh? Poor you, you even got a nice little blue helper to go along with your horrible curse. Don't think another fucking thought about Gabby until your personal business is out there for everyone to dig through, just like hers is.*

Harry let the too-hot water wash over him, his jaw set. He was staring off into space, wrestling with his thoughts. Fuck it all, but he was right. As little as he wanted to admit it, at some point he'd started to assume that nobody could've had it worse than *him.* While admittedly, that tended to be true, this time it just didn't hold up. Gabby's experience with creature discrimination wasn't something he could completely understand. He'd been ostracized before, of course, but never for something that was true. He wasn't Slytherin's Heir and Sirius wasn't a murderer and he didn't deserve the shit his relatives dished out. Gabby really was a veela, and there were people who outspokenly hated her for it. He was just unfamiliar with the types of personal issues Gabby was dealing with.

But did that mean that he should be hanging from the fucking rafters and shouting out all of his secrets for the world to hear? Would that make anything better? It certainly didn't sit well with him- for a number of reasons. His incubus side didn't like it. For one, it would make his prey far too aware of his intentions before he could strike, needlessly complicating his system. His less instinctual side didn't like the idea either. He'd be put under a microscope almost instantly, he was sure. If not actually in the literal sense, then certainly in the public sense at least. He didn't want that.

*So, if walking in Gabby's shoes is so horrible, you can at least admit that showing a bit of patience and grace isn't such an unreasonable thing to do.*

Harry supposed it wasn't. As much as her rejection had hurt him, he was still deeply attracted to her. He'd had at least a dozen dreams about their shared kiss. She was perfect for him, even if she wasn't perfect. Plus, though he never really thought about it, Harry acknowledged that he was the
elder of the two. He could afford to be supportive and take things slow, couldn't he? Yes, he could. He'd go and talk to her, and, as long as she didn't get too upset, he'd try and convince her that he would never judge her for who she was.

But not right now. His feeling were still hurt, and as much as he didn't want to admit it, part of him wanted to wait for her to apologize to him first. He was allowed to be upset too, wasn't he? Not to mention, he just didn't have the time. His instincts still called for satisfaction. If it helped him feel better, then that was just an unavoidable by-product of sex. A light sensation of guilt tugged at him.

Still, despite his conflicted thoughts, when Harry finally turned the steaming shower off, he felt refreshed in more ways than one. It wasn't as much as he though it could be, but some type of progress had surely been made. He took a step out of the shower, reached for a towel, and caught a paper airplane to the temple.

"The fuck?"

Still dripping wet, he seized the offending origami before it could hit the floor. Scowling down at it, Harry unfolded the plane and found it to be a letter. He read it once, quickly, and then two more times more carefully. His frown smoothed out and was replaced by an considering look.

*Interesting. Very interesting.*
Chapter Fourteen

Chapter 14

She was screwed, Ginny realized. Completely and utterly fucked, and not in the way she wanted either, oh no!

*He's going to come in here, see you wearing that stupid fucking mask, and do some awesome voodoo telekinesis shit and kill you!*

She was in an abandoned, silenced classroom on one of the top floors of the school, dressed in a heavy black hooded robe, wearing a hokey mask like fucking Jason Voorhees and pacing a hole into the floor, rapidly going down a never ending list of reasons why she was a stupid perverted weirdo who made bad plans that were bad.

"'Oh hey Ginny!' he's gonna say as soon as he opens the door. 'What're you doing here dressed like that? Oh this old thing? Nothing much, really, just waiting for you to get here so I can totally not extort sexual favors from you for information. 'Information that any halfway decent friend would just give over without being all creepy and rapey about it, right?' Right you are Harry, you sexy devil you," she role played to herself, her voice coming out distorted but still obviously girlish.

"Or how about this?" she proposed to the air. "How about, the whole thing goes off without a hitch- I bob his big-fat nob, he uses some parseltongue on my cunny, and the proverbial beans never get spilt."

Ginny's wild expression died down and her eyes started itching. Her nymphomania warred with the rational part of her brain for almost an entire minute, until eventually she sighed.

"There's no way I can do this… Not to him."

"Do what?" a voice called out from behind her.

Ginny felt her heart miss a handful of beats as she jumped like a cat and screamed, turning towards the doorway to find none other than Harry Potter standing there.

He was radiating a bit of a sour mood, but raised an eyebrow as her serial killer getup came into view all the same, and even complimented, "Nice costume." He then closed the door behind them, letting it lock itself sinisterly.

"H-Harry!" Ginny said, and then immediately regretted. 'Please-please-please don't be able to tell it's me!"

"Yo," he greeted, looking around. "Am I early? Your note said something about the First Task?"

"My note…?" she repeated dumbly, and then instantly realized that, of course he hadn't just happened to stumble into this random abandoned room- she'd been talking to herself for so long she'd lost track of the time.

*Geeze Gin…*

"Yeah," he nodded, fishing the folded parchment out of his pocket. "Neat way to send a letter, although crashing it into my head wasn't very nice. Cool though."
"Thanks," she replied automatically, still a little flat-footed.

Harry shrugged. "So you said you wanted to trade something for the info, right?"

He waived the parchment at her like, 'remember?'

"Y-yeah," she admitted, feeling a little soft on the inside at just getting to talk with him alone like this. It had been a while. Smiling behind the mask, she shook her head and admitted, "But I changed my mind. I thought I could do this, but it's you, after all. Now that I've realized that, it's obvious, you know? I can't do this."

"Eh?" Harry asked. "Are you sure? I sure would like to know what I gotta do in the First Task. What were you gonna ask for? Money? I saw you in that costume and thought you wanted to fight- I'm down if that's it, too."

"Dragons," Ginny answered simply, shaking her head almost wistfully. "There's something you're gonna have to do involving dragons. I'm not sure what it is exactly, but I thought you ought to know."

"Ooh?" Harry asked, a little excitement bleeding through his slowly fading mood. "Dragons, huh? Well, thanks, I appreciate it. Really, thanks."

Ginny watched as he turned around and headed towards the door, sad but resigned and a little proud of herself for having not extorted her friend.

"Say," he called out of nowhere, stopping just before the closed door and turning around, a bit of a teasing look in his eye. "You're a girl, right?"

"Well, yeah," Ginny answered, confused.

"Want to have sex?"

"Eh?"

"Yeah," he nodded, "you know. My penis, your vagina, a little bit of the ol' in-out?"

A second of silence passed.

Well, you made it a good thirteen years before you lost your marbles, old girl. There's no shame in admitting defeat.

"Yes," she said, humoring the universe. "I would love to have sex with you, Harry Potter. Please fuck me."

"Okay, yeah. Cool," he said simply, tugging down his pants to reveal an already-erect fourteen inch long penis, all strong, rigid shaft topped with swollen, spongy head.

"Holy shit you just whipped your cock out at me like it was nothing!" Ginny suddenly screamed, all at once realizing that no, she hadn't actually lost her mind and yes, her long-time crush had just drawn his cock on her like it was high noon in a spaghetti western.

Pointing an accusing finger at the swollen, bobbing glans, already beaded with a cute drop of pre-jizz on the tip, Ginny exclaimed, "Don't go pointin' that thing at every girl who says they want to have sex with you, idiot! Show a little restraint, why don't ya? Are you trying to catch something?!"
"Eh?" Harry asked, halfway done unbuttoning his shirt and already out of his shoes. "What do you mean? You already said you wanted to have sex, right? Isn't it a little late to be changing your mind? Bend over already."

He shrugged his shirt off, and was suddenly completely naked.

"P-put your clothes back on!"

**DO NOT PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON!**

Looking at his nude form, Ginny felt her panty-less pussy start to slicken.

*Oh my God he's hung like a fucking stallion! Okay, girl, play it cool. Say something cool, for fuck's sake!*

"It's weird with you just standing there without any clothes on..."

*That wasn't very cool at all!*

"Haha," Harry laughed at her. "Just take your clothes off and it won't be weird at all."

*That was cool.*

Ginny stood there hesitantly.

"Here," he began, not unkindly, "how about this: I try to guess some stuff about you, and every time I get something wrong, I'll put a piece of clothing back on- but every time I get something about you right, you take a piece of clothing off, get it? If I end up fully clothed, I'll leave, and if you wind up fully naked, we'll have wild amazing sex for a few hours, and both feel a lot better, okay?"

*Something tells me his game wouldn't last very long...*  

Ginny was completely naked underneath her creepy robe.

"Can we go ahead and start?" he asked, wandlessly summoning his holly and phoenix feather to quickly conjure a bed off to the side. "A good, long fuck is exactly what I need right now, and I think it's what you need too." Harry flicked his wand onto his pile of clothes and gave his cock a few hard strokes.

Ginny's mouth watered.

*If you insist!*  

Her nod came out not-a-little on the eager side, despite what she'd been yelling just a minute ago.

"Okay, here we go. You're a pervert," he started.

She was going to call him out on stating the obvious, but he just shook his head and continued.

"You've been watching me fuck my way through the school for a little bit, now. You were in the secret passage way when I came in in Adrianna Zabini's hot pussy, fingering yourself. You watched me take Margret Storie's maidenhead. Stacy Baker and the whipped cream..."

Ginny's eyes grew wide with dawning horror, her whole demeanor radiating absolute guilt as the wizard stepped forwards, closing most of the distance between them with a great side-to-side swing of his manhood.
She gulped audibly.

He smiled at that, and put the final nails in her coffin.

"You've been living in a constant state of frustrated lust for the past few months, at the least."

He reached up and slowly parted her robe, revealing her naked flesh beneath as he cast the ugly article of clothing to the ground.

_He knows._

Her eyes teared up at the thought.

She felt like someone had just sucker-punched her in the stomach.

_He knows-He knows-He knows-He knows! How does he know!?_

"Your nipples ache and your clit throbs all day and night, and no matter how hard you tug on them, how hard you fuck yourself, it's just not enough. Also," he continued, and Ginny was powerless to stop him as he grabbed the bottom of her Halloween mask, "you're a silly girl who could have just come to me, instead of going through all this trouble and theatrics. But I forgive you… Ginevra!"

And with that, he lifted her mask off, dispelling her voice altering charm and revealing her guilty, crying brown eyes that overflowed with shame.

It wasn't easy to tell through her blurred vision, but she though that it looked like Harry's eyes softened as he caught sight of her.

"Dummy," he whispered roughly, pulling her close in a tight hug. "We're friends, you know? You don't have to hide from me."

"H-H-Harry," she sobbed out haltingly, clutching desperately at his naked back. "I-I'm s-so sorry H-Harry! This isn't- isn't how I wanted you to fin-find out about this! I'm such a freak!"

"Hush now Ginny," he whispered, leading her to his conjured bed and sitting her on the edge. "Nobody's allowed to talk about my friends like that, not even them."

She looked up at him with puffy red eyes and a little bit of snot under her nose, unable to stop crying.

He looked like he had to focus, but in the next moment he had conjured a plain white handkerchief. Ginny struggled meekly as he used it to wipe at the corners of her eyes and nose, but eventually just held still as he cleaned her up, sometimes crying a little bit more and making him start over again.

"You're sweet," she whispered hoarsely a few minutes later, feeling a bit more in control now that some time had passed. "Thank you."

"Of course, Ginny," he said kindly, pulling her in to kiss her forehead.

She sniffled a little but managed to not burst back into tears.

Looking over at him, she spied his limp cock, which still looked divine to her, and giggled. "We're naked."
He actually blushed a little and pulled one of the sheets down the conjured bed, wrapping them both in its warmth and providing at least the illusion of modesty.

"I guess I should start explaining, huh?" she made herself ask, suddenly feeling so indebted to him for how cool he was acting that she could barely stand it.

"No," he said, making her look at him. He looked tired, and suddenly she was curious as to how his day had been. "There's some stuff I need to tell you first- stuff I should have told you a while ago."

Ginny frowned, confused.

*What could he have to confess to me?*

"What do you mean, Harry?"

The wizard just smiled and cautioned, "This may take a little while."

An unsure smile tugged at her lips and she nudged him with her naked leg from under the sheet.

"I'm comfy..."

He smiled, and nudged her back.

"A long time ago," Harry began, leaning in to whisper into Ginny's ear, "in a galaxy far, far away-"

"Har-ry," she groused with a smile, feeling a little better at his teasing.

"Sorry," he apologized, in such an absent way that he almost reminded her of Hogwarts' eccentric Headmaster. "Wrong story."

Leaning towards her, he wrapped a friendly arm around her bare waist, and began again. "A long time ago, something presumably bad happened somewhere in the middle of a colony in the Mediterranean, made entirely out of succubus and incubus, that caused them to go into their, let's call it, 'panic mode.'"

Ginny couldn't even begin to guess at where her boy-crush was going with this, but leaned into his side and listened attentively all the same.

"It is very rare for them to go into this panic mode, and it usually only happens when their colony suffers a great loss. Because they normally mate for life, it's hard for them to recoup after such significant losses. That's where that panic mode comes into play- it lets them seek out human lovers to help bounce back. That's where all those stories of them seducing people come from," he lectured.

*Huh.*

"This is where the details start to matter," he went on to say, and Ginny suspected they were getting closer to the point of his story. "If a succubus has kids with a wizard, they will be normal, full blooded creatures like her. However, if she were to get pregnant with the sperm of a muggle, the child she had would be non-magical like the father, with one important caveat: a set of recessive succubus genes would live on in that child's blood line, passing on as they had kids and so on, until, eventually, one of those person's kids was born with magic."

"Then they're born as a succubus?" Ginny asked, a little confused but keeping up for the most
"Good guess," Harry said, smiling warmly.

_God, he'd make a great father._

"But at that point, nothing really happens. If that witch or wizard were to reproduce with another magical being, say, another witch or wizard, _then_ something unique would happen."

Oh my…

"It's no coincidence you're telling me this and you mum was muggleborn, is it?" Ginny asked, reading between the admittedly obvious lines.

Harry nodded a little and explained. "When she had me, mum's recessive succubus genes were activated by dad's magic, and I was born a special breed of incubus, a Choiceling."

"Oh wow," Ginny murmured, staring off into space before focusing back on Harry. "I'm assuming that means you're different from a normal incubus, and have some kind of choice to make?"

"Yeah," Harry smiled, a little rueful. "It's not very subtle, is it? Honest, though. Basically, I have the option ever year, starting last summer, to quote/unquote, 'Choose' between two unique sets of instincts. Incubus on human, the set I've got loaded into my magic until at least next year, makes it so that my magic needs me to fulfill a certain requirement regularly to survive. Can you guess what that is?"

Ginny swallowed thickly and turned away, blushing.

"I think I can."

"It's because humans and incubus's aren't the most compatible mates, you see. Their natural instincts don't blend together into a happy medium, they shatter and harden into two unorthodox lumps of strange, magic enforced drives that I can swap between annually. That's why I've been having sex with so many different girls almost every single day; I'll die if I don't."

"At least you're super good at it," Ginny tried to joke, a little pale.

Harry laughed lightly and admitted, "I'm really only so smooth- I actually have a whole toolkit of magical advantages that help make sure seeding on the regular isn't very hard."

"Yeah," Ginny blushed, feeling herself grow a little hornier. "I've been admiring one of those 'advantages' for a while now."

Harry laughed and blushed, suddenly pulling Ginny back so that they both laid on the bed, looking at one another.

"It's more than that though," he explained, pulling her a little closer.

_He's gotten a bit hard again._

Ginny's mouth watered and she resisted squirming.

"Like that," he said, reaching his hand up to lay it on Ginny's red forehead. "I can smell your lust."

Ginny blushed and turned into the mattress, hiding her face.
Harry just smiled and pet her hair, explaining, "It helps me zero in on girls that are already horny. In case you were wondering, that's how I knew it was you, Ginny." She peeked up and saw him leaning in to kiss her ear. "You're always horny, and I recognized the scent of your sweet little pussy immediately- like a fresh pitcher of water on a blistering hot day, just too wet and tempting to pass up."

She felt him blow lightly on her earlobe and writhed into the bed as shivers raced down her pale back.

"Don't tease me," she whispered, peering up at him through her straightened red hair.

He reached a hand over to her back and began lightly scratching lines into it, smiling as the girl groaned in appreciation.

"What else can you do?" she managed to mutter out. "It looked like you knew all of those girl's weak spots better than they did."

"You're so sneaky Ginny," Harry complimented with a grin. "And you're right, too. There's nothing I can't find out about the sexual side of females if I focus." Leaning in close to whisper privately into her ear, Harry quietly revealed, "I know about your diary, and your feelings towards Hermione, and that slut-session the two of you shared while you spied on me."

Harry's hand dipped dangerously low, sliding down to rest on her pale butt as he whispered, "I know how you've been stretching your poor little cunny trying to get ready for me, Gin. I can go further back, too. The things you've seen Mrs. Weasley do..." he mocked, slapping her ass playfully, "for shame."

Oh no.

A familiar feeling of fading inhibition fell over her as a trickle of fuck-lube begin oozing down to her vagina's opening, beading on her clit.

I really can't take much more of this...

"Y-you know what I was planning to do to you," she said, embarrassed and ashamed and horny as fuck.

"Uh-huh," Harry agreed, and Ginny moaned again. "If that's what you wanted, I would have gone along with it, too."

She peeked through her eyelashes and saw his teasing eyes soften a little as he continued. "But I'm glad you didn't go through with it, Ginny. We'll always be friends, and that just proves it."

Returning to scratching her back, Harry added, "And we probably wouldn't have had this discussion, either. I would have just pretended I didn't know it was you let you have your fun. I'm happy we got to talk instead."

"When you say 'instead'..." Ginny whispered quietly, letting the implied question hang.

Fuckmefuckmefuckme

"I mean, 'instead of us not getting to talk,' not, 'instead of us having sex.' I'd still like to, you know? You're gorgeous and naked and horny and right here next to me... But I know about your plan, too. I'll leave all of that to you- it's your project to see to completion. If you want to wait until the third piece of the puzzle you're trying to complete is in place, I'll leave you here at the very
least still a virgin."

Ginny curled her toes and waited for the 'but'.

"However," he countered huskily, kissing her bared shoulder and staring into her eyes until she turned away, overwhelmed, "we could also go ahead with my plan, fucking and humping and sucking and licking until you're fat with my cum and I look like a mummy."

Struck by the mental picture, Ginny felt her belly flex and release as she laughed hard into the mattress, unable to get the image of her, sucking his cock until she looked like an inflated balloon and he looked like a raisin out of her head.

*I really love this boy.*

She focused on getting her giggles under control and turned to just stare at him in the low light of the classroom for a moment.

Feeling a little brave, she reached up to tuck a dark curl behind his ear, smiling at him.

"All that's missing is Hermione," Ginny thought aloud, her embarrassment beginning to dull as it always did when she got too horny.

*Here comes the nympho!*

She was wet and horny and *so ready for him!*

"Does that mean you want to wait?" Harry asked, obviously disappointed but ready to honor her decision.

"You're so sweet Harry," Ginny cooed lovingly. "Yes, I want to wait to make love with you and Hermione."

Now completely numb to everything but the insatiable heat between her legs, Ginny pawed the sheet off her body and grabbed Harry's hand. Pulling it down to her slipper hot cunt folds, the redheaded nympho stared into his widening eyes and purred, "But this slut is ready for her fucking NOW, yes sir, please-and-thank-you!"

Feeling two of his roughly padded digits slip between her engulfing heat, Ginny moaned loud and wantonly like she hadn't heard since she caught her mum fucking their muggle neighbor's horses in the shed.

Thinking of her slut of a mother, Ginny rolled onto her back and spread her legs as wide as they could go, crossing her arms behind her head and begging, "Look in my head Harry- do you see her? Do you see where my nymphomania began? How could I not turn into a cock-obsessed slut with someone like that teaching me how to be a lady? Well here I go, Ma!" she cried out, manic, "I've got a stallion of my own, right here!"

Watching as Harry, reddening from his muscular chest up, grit his teeth in desire and pre-mounted her, painting her fleshy cunt shiny with a mix of his and her pre-cum, his spongy head the brush and her obviously oft played with labia the canvas, Ginny shivered.

"That's it, honey," she mewed, showing off her cunt's power by flexing the pink tunnel open and closed. "Do you know what a 'kegel' is, Harry?"

He grunted and sniffed as he began lathering her anus as well. Reaching down, she gripped her pale ass cheeks and spread them to help him out.
"It's a type of exercise that helps build control and power in the vaginal muscles. I've been loosening myself so you can go buck-wild without worrying about killing me, and doing kegels so that my cunt still feels like the tightest you've ever been in."

He groaned above her.

"Harry," she stressed.

When he turned away from his game of slicking her fuckable holes, which he wasn't quite finished with yet, she held her hand up with her fingers splayed, and gushed to him worship-fully, "I've been preparing my body for your cock ever since I first got to see it- please tell me I'm a good girl, I need to hear it, Daddy, please."

She felt pride in her whorish prowess as Harry let out a great groan of need and folded over, one forearm set bracingly against the springy mattress while the other hefted Ginny's adolescent physique up from the middle of her back, jutting her breasts up into his wide pectorals where they scraped pleasantly as he attacked her mouth, abusing her eager lips and tongue with dominant sucking and greedy licks. Ginny allowed herself to be plundered happily, closing her eyes in bliss as she made halfhearted attempts to fight him before ultimately giving in, just like she'd wanted to do for so long.

He pulled back from her slowly, taking her bottom lip with him for a little before releasing the lightly swelling flesh back to her.

He continued to brace himself but eased her out of his other arm's grip, using the freed hand to sneak back down and hook his middle finger over her cute, flickable clit, sinking just deep enough into her feverish slit to rest the pad of the long digit up, just past her entrance.

"Show me baby," Harry prompted throatily, cocking his head back a little to take in the absolute shamelessness that was his thirteen year old friend Ginevra Weasley.

Ginny relished his hungry gaze, tilting her head back to jut out her moderate sized chest as her eyes fluttered closed in concentration. Flexing the wonderful, bulbous muscle that gave vagina’s their irresistible tear drop shape, Ginny clamped her entrance down around Harry's fingertip, creating an airtight seal around his finger's pad that she hoped would intensify the pressure and suction on his cock and win her enough frothy hot cum to outdo the amount she'd watched her mother drink with her mouth and ass and too-loose cunt from her bestial partners, again and again and again until she couldn't look at the woman without imagining nasty yellow beast-cum coating the slut. Focusing hard, Ginny showed off the technique she'd been working on just for him, fluttering her made-to-be-used opening’s muscles rapidly and extracting an awed hiss from Harry as he clenched his teeth in wanting.

"I'm a good girl, right?" Ginny asked, reaching up to fist her peachy tits in exhibition. "You'll give me lots of cum as a reward, right Daddy? Here's where," she showed him excitedly as he stood back up, reaching down around her legs, which she lifted and dangle enticingly in the air, pinching the loose skin on either side of her lightly weeping whore-hole, pulling the skin back to help her hung partner get as good a look as possible at what should've been her sacred spot, flexing and relaxing her cunt muscles in a lewd pussy dance, trying to entice him into a frenzy. "Here's where I want it," she crowed proudly, drooling out the side of her mouth and talking like an official, "every last drop of sperm-filled cum in your balls- please deposit it in the provided receptacle, sir! Together we can make sure this slut's meat sleeve never goes hungry again- for just fifteen ropes of boiling hot jizz a day, straight into my womb- te-hee-hee!

Reaching lower, she wriggled both of her index fingers into her asshole harshly, having to do a bit of a crunch to reach her anus that revealed just a tiny sliver of baby fat clinging to her tummy.
Prying the flinching and puckering hole open, Ginny ignored the slight tug of the couple red curls she pulled, her anus not waxed or spelled completely hairless.

"I'm sorry it's not that beautiful yet, Daddy- I've been focusing on making my cunny perfect for you 'cause I want to feel you slosh in my womb while I'm in class, but if you'd rather, of course, you can fill my belly up through this hole as well. I've spied on you enough times to know that you probably don't have to choose one or the other though, which is good. It's not as loose, but if it's you, I don't care how screwed up my insides get, as long as it's your cock that's stirring me up!"

Removing her digits from the darker colored skin, which yawned for a second before clamping back closed, as if scared of the hovering cock, which was harder than it had ever been before, Ginny lowered her legs back down, relaxing bonelessly into the bed as she stuck out her tongue and pulled her cheeks apart, using the same fingers as she had with her asshole, offering Harry a look into her mouth and down her throat. Holding the pose, she slobbered out, "Ish you wan, you n juz rape mah moush for a bih." Letting her stretched cheeks go, she shamelessly added, "I've tried practicing with my toothbrush, but I can't get rid of my gaggers, Daddy. I promise not to puke up your cum though, even if I have to swallow it back down."

Ginny watched as Harry shivered in revulsion and dark perversity and pinched her nostrils closed cheerily. "I heard that holding your nose like this can help," she explained. "Mommy still has to do it when she goes to pet the horses, but I think she just doesn't practice enough. I'll swallow your cock until I don't gag anymore Harry, even if it takes me years to get it down."

"Fucking Christ, Ginny," the huffing incubus ground out, his teeth clenched down hard as the last of his willpower burned up quickly. "I hope you're prepared to take responsibility for your offensive lack of basic shame." Settling the spongy tip of his over-swollen cockhead at the inviting entrance of Ginny's slick, pink and red cock-milker, Harry chuckled darkly despite himself. "You may end up regretting working an incubus up into a frenzy your very first time, Gin-Gin."

Lifting his hand, which he couldn't get to stop shaking, the boy apologized with a strange tone, "I'm sorry in advance, but you've gone and gotten my hopes up now. I don't think I'll be able to stop fucking you once I start."

"Oh yes, oh Daddy that's perfect! Please don't stop fucking me until I'm an hour away from dying of thirst! Then just cum down my throat and keep going. I'd make you swear on your magic to keep going until you pass out, but look!" She raised her hand as well, and it was shaking and bouncing all over the place, dancing to the hidden tune of her nymphomania. "I don't think I'll be able to hold my wand ever again!"

"Sorry," Harry offered one last time, to Ginny, for not being able to hold back any longer, to Ron, for the annihilation he was about to visit down on his little sister's cunny, to Hermione, for all the crimes against women Ginny was begging him to commit, and that he was soon to oblige, and most of all to Gabrielle, who he was not trying to spite by partaking in this madness.

Flexing all of his leg and back muscles, Harry shivered mightily as he turned around to watch Ginny rock her barely-teenaged heat against his unyielding cockmeat, scratching lines up her ribs and squeezing the entire tops of her little tits as she waited patiently for him to unleash the full wrath of an out of control incubus down onto her lovingly offered body.

He let go of everything and his pupils dilated.

"Ugh!" he grunted like an animal, fucking his hips forward and utilizing his creature strength to hit in Ginny harder than he'd ever been with a woman before.
YES!

She cried out in pain and rapture and love as the first foot of his wrist-sized prick slammed home, invading ever single inch of her thirteen year old cum-milker until he bumped into her domed cervix, the spongy head of his dick sliding up to mush oh-so fucking good against the very back of her cunt- a place Ginny had never felt touched before, which was now doing its best to stretch and greet the slickened cockmeat that had intruded as lovingly as it could, clamping down and releasing a new wave of syrupy lubricant that squelched cheerily as Harry pushed even further, resolving to either break the girl or cram all fourteen inches of his creature-cock inside her foot long cunt-tunnel. "AAHH!" Ginny howled, clawing at her skin as she came on the first thrust, as she'd known she would. "You're breaking mee! I'm broken! I'm broken! Please, please don't stop Daddy! I want to hug your curly pubes with my clit- oh my- fuck!" Arching back, Ginny made hollow sounds in her throat as she stared up at the ceiling, coming at least a dozen times harder than she ever had in her entire life of finger-fuelling herself in the loo and mushing he clit while watching her mother get raped by the neighbor's horses or diddling herself to sleep every single night, none of them came close to the level of fullness she was experiencing, the raw pleasure, which had fueled humanity's survival for thousands of year almost entirely on its own.

SO GOOD-SO GOOD-SOOO GOOOOD!

"Christ!" Harry barked, bucking forward harshly as the elastic flesh of Ginny's world class cunt stretched to the breaking point. A hollow sound rang out at their pelvic bones bumped through their skin, and a blast of euphoric conquest went off in Harry as he panted harshly, watching Ginny flail beneath him as she cried out praises for his cock.

"You're all the way in me Harry!" Ginny cried, tears leaking freely from her eyes as she reached up to him. Harry threaded his fingers through hers, about to pull out, but she shrieked at him, "Not yet!" and he obliged, enjoying the massage her pussy sleeve was lavishing on his trapped meat.

I'm whole!

Shifting her hips up and to the side, Ginny grit her teeth cutely as she forced Harry's entrenched cockhead around the base of her bulging cervix, able to make out the lip of his urethra as it trailed a wet, slurpy circle around the base of her womb's front door.

"I can feel your heart beating against the bit of me the baby goes in," Ginny marveled, squeezing her hands against Harry's.

"I need to fill it," Harry insisted gruffly, and Ginny was struck by the thought that he wasn't really talking to her.

Look what's become of the Boy-Who-Lived!

She cackled once and stopped.

"Do your best," Harry said, and then suddenly wrenched himself free of her.

She almost came.

When he pivoted harshly back into her again, she did.

Again and again and again he sheathed his complete length inside of her, tuning out her manic counting as he slipped into a trance.

"Seventy-one! Seventy-two! Seventy-threee!" Ginny tallied, riding another orgasm that she wasn't allowed the time to properly come down from, stretching with lewdly wet squelches and
slurps and schlicks as Harry stared blankly at her thrashing breasts, his expression pinching interestingly now and then as his cock gave throbbing twitches within her near-constantly cumming cunt, already building up a nice, milky lather of girl-cum that caked her taint and asshole an even paler white than her skin, leaving only her rigid hooded clit to peek up through the mess like a tiny fleshy lighthouse.

*There's a cunt here! Watch out, ye salty dogs! It'll swallow your cock in a single bite!*

She cackled again.

Harry's gaze left her thrashing breasts and met hers. She smiled, but stopped cackling.

Lavishing his creature cock with another hot shot of her witch cum, Ginny forced herself up shakily onto her forearms, elbows pointing backwards, and bit her lip. Almost pouting at Harry, she pleaded, "Give my pointless little girl-cock a squeeze, please Daddy? I know my cunt's only there to take your cum, but it feels so good while you use it, and I've always had an especially horny clitoris- I came once when I was ten from riding my broom! I do it every time I'm in the air now, the stupid little clit's so erect I can just saw myself from side to side until I come! Sometimes I fly without any panties on just so I can feel the wood rough against my little bean. Please Daddy, please press my button for me- it won't be the same if I do it!"

Ginny cowed in delight, singing, "Yes, yes, yes Daddy!" as he thumbed the shiny flesh pearl, throwing her head back in delight.

"Come Daddy!" she cried, bouncing violently back and forth on the bed as her breeder picked up his pace. "My cunny's about to blow again- you thumb that horny clit so good, but I want your thick nasty sperm inside me too! Please Daddy, use my cunny like it was always meant to be used- load me up till my belly bulges with your thick cum! I swear not to waste any- I'll put a plug in me when you're finished Daddy, and lap up any that falls to the floor too! So please, please come, I've never wanted anything in life as much as I want you to seed me right now, *oh please*, *oh please*!"

"Fuck!" Harry shouted above her, doing a quick double and then triple thrust that ended with the violently twitching and spurting urethra of his cockhead mushed up perfectly against the bull's-eye at the apex of Ginny's semi-spherical cervix. "Holy shit, where has *this* been all my life?"

Ginny had gone unnaturally still beneath his ejaculating form, feeling the first long rope of liquid Harry splash hotly against the back of her tiny womb and not wanting a single drop to escape as she bit her cheek- her own supermassive orgasm rippling out from her cunt to wrack her whole petite body with shivers and shakes like a junkie.

*Yeah, a junkie. That's what I am, a fucking cock junkie. Gimme more, more, more!*

"'Tis hot," Ginny mewled, sweaty and red but still employing her 'fluttering' technique, milking Harry for more of his thick jizz from the root of his cock, all the way down in rippling patters to the swollen purple crown of his glans. Ginny reached down slowly to settle her hands over her lower belly, just above her shaven pussy mound, crying lightly as she beamed at Harry, "You're so warm in my tummy, Harry. I don't ever want to be empty again."

"Gosh," Harry sighed, a little more cognizant now that the edge had been taken off and his instincts weren't screaming at him to impregnate the petite redhead anymore. "You really are shameless, you know that Gin?"

"He-he!" she just giggled, lying back against the bed, her throbbing cervix coated in Harry's cum as the majority of it sloshed around deeper within her womb. "You came in my womb, Harry. I've
never been more happy in my entire life."

As if to prove her point, when he extracted his half-hard length from her, she angled her hips back, aiming her teenage cunt's sloppy opening at the ceiling and trapping his sperm inside, at least until she could either get him to stick her again or she could find a suitable plug.

Spying his length, which Ginny found to be very handsome, a bead of his white cum on the very tip and a slimy coat of hers up and down his shaft, a little more concentrated and milky-white just beneath his purpled crown, like the girl-cum mess that was her whole crotch area at the moment, she giggled, "Come here," motioning with her finger towards her head. "I want to see what we taste like."

Watching him shake his head with a dirty grin, Ginny smiled as her lover crawled up the bed and fed his tip to her. She let out a playful, "Aah!" as she wrapped her little lips around three men's worth of cock. Sucking hard, she swirled her tongue around his spongy head from within her mouth, hoping the boy took as much enjoyment in the lewd sounds her mouth made around his meat as she did. Curling her lips in to buffer her teeth, Ginny bobbed as far down as she could, gagged, then bit down lightly with her lip-covered teeth, treating his fat boy cock like a tube of toothpaste as she extracted the leftover stagnant jizzum. Arriving back at his tip, which was clean save for the slimy spit she'd gotten on it when it had bumped into the back of her throat, which she cleaned off with a few good licks, Ginny eventually pulled back to say, "Loo 'Arry! I've ot our cum in mah moush," opening wide to proudly display the mix of her clear and milky girl-jizz and his thicker, cloudy, sperm filled specimen as well, the two teenager's essences mixing in the redhead nymnpho's mouth. "I'm onna wallo ieh!" she announced.

Closing her mouth, Ginny swallowed the mouthful of come down her gullet happily, scraping her tongue back against her top teeth to get it all and swallowing again. Opening back up, she showed her now empty mouth back to Harry.

She smiled gleefully at the sight of his once again erect cock.

"What next Daddy?" she asked, still carefully keeping her cummy pussy aimed up as she spoke. "Do you want my asshole? It's clean, even if it needs a waxing. Or my throat? Your boy-cum tasted so good on my tongue I wouldn't mind a second scoop! My pussy is of course always open to you as well- from now on you don't even need to ask first, just pull me aside and ram into me, I really don't mind!"

Harry was spoiled for choice, and the hazy look on his face suggested that he knew it, too. After a second of visible indecision, the big cocked boy's beautiful eyes trailed lower, and Ginny smiled, reaching down to spread her pale cheeks, her darker toned asshole a lewdly offered gift she couldn't wait for Harry to accept.

"My butt, Daddy?" she asked, flexing the circle of muscle.

"It's kinda hairy," he commented, and Ginny flushed.

"Sorry Daddy. If you conjure some duct tape I'll rip it all out for you right now if you'd like?"

"No," he denied, bending down till he was eye level with the third year's darker rosebud. "It's kind of erotic, actually. I've always admired your hair, Ginny."

Her heart swelled at the compliment.

*He likes my hair!*
Watching his messy head bob forward, Ginny's cunt made a wet sound as her body tensed, feeling Harry's nose burying itself between her pale, spread cheeks.

"You smell good," Harry moaned, licking and biting at the pale flesh just to the lower side of her pussy, unmindful of the girl-jizz that got on his cheek as he did. "You should always smell like this."

Ginny blushed prettily and moaned, protesting weakly, "I'm sweaty, Daddy. You don't have to lick me."

In disagreement, a wide, wet tongue trailed upwards from where her asscrack met the bed, slithering along the wrinkled ring of dark anus-skin, flicking her stretched perineum, shaving one side of the milky girl-cum coat the sides of her cunt had, leaving a trail up her impossibly smooth pussy mound that all ended in a kiss on her belly button.

Ginny shivered and her toes curled.

He's just perfect.

"This may be your favorite hobby," Harry grinned, showing off his she-cum coated tongue, which he gulped down with a cocky grin and wild eyes, "but it's my job, little girl." Breaking out into goose bumps, Ginny squirmed into him as he crawled up her body, licking from her floating ribs up to her armpit.

Squealing in mortification, ticklish pleasure, and ten times the lust a freshly seeded witch had any right to be feeling, Ginny mewled, "No Daddy- it's dirty!"

He just pinned her arm up above her head, tickling mercilessly with his pink tongue as she wriggled in over-stimulation, her free hand fisting the sheets on her side.

He's licking me. I'm inside Harry!

Her hairless pit now completely clean of sweat and slick with his saliva, Ginny peeked through misty eyes at Harry, smiling meekly, trying to convey how much she enjoyed his attention.

"You're perfect," she gushed emotionally. "I love everything about you."

His eyes widened and he didn't say he loved her back, but when his lips fell on hers, and they traded the tastes they'd acquired tenderly, breaking apart to kiss with closed lips a few times before tonging again, Ginny was happy, convinced her feeling were accepted, and reciprocated by at least some margin.

"More now," she pleaded, bucking lightly up into him. "I know you've got more for me Daddy. I need it, please. Right up my ass, however you'd like, just fuck me more, Daddy, say you will- say you love my whore-holes, say you'll fill me up, say you're proud of me, please Daddy, I want to hear it!"

"I am proud of you Ginny," Harry cooed, kissing her neck, fisting and pulling at her breasts. "I do love your filthy little cunt, your pretty lips, your virgin asshole- I love all your little girls equally. I promise to make you sick with my cum, and to do it again tomorrow, and the next day, and as often as you need a good breeding. I'm proud to fuck you, and I'm going to, right up your bum, right now."

"Thank you Daddy! Thank you so much! I love you so much, you don't even know!"
Harry groaned and peeled himself back off of her, pushing down against her breasts to stand up, leaving red handprints on them that Ginny though looked just too cute. Pushing her buns together, Ginny joked, a little manic, "Thank you for choosing Ginevra Molly Weasley today, sir!" Spreading her cheeks wide, she continued to crow, staring up at the top of the bed, "Please use and abuse this slut's virgin asshole to your heart's content! You saved her life, so it only makes sense that she should spend the rest of it as your personal sperm bank, mister. Feel free to make a mess, this one's a bit of a slut, you know? A real fucked up nymphomaniac with eyes for one cock and one cock only- yours, of course!"

Harry was starting to growl unintelligibly, seeping lube out of the pores on his cock as he grew harder, till it was almost painful in its demand for relief.

"At thirteen years old, standing at five foot one and weighing in at a measly one hundred and five pounds, on the bed, Ginny Weasley!" she announced, cooing as Harry's slippery tip bumped into her slimy anus. "Standing above her, getting ready to pump her full of cute Harry sperm, her opponent tonight- the insatiable boy-cock of a fully erect incubus! It- hee-hee! It doesn't look good for poor Molly's youngest, does it? Her tiny asshole hasn't had more than a couple fingers in it, you know? She'll probably have to stand in class for a few days after this- then everybody will know what a shameless cock-slut she is! Hahaha!"

"Jesus Christ!" Harry growled out, almost angrily, entirely unable to hold back for even a single second longer- the incredibly minxy redhead relentless in her slutty dirty-talk.

He shifted forward, breaching and clearing her too-small anus with a soft POP! and a harsh squeal of "Fuuck!" from Ginny.

*He's in my ass…*

"You're in my ass Harry! My ass, my ass, your cock is so hot in my ass!"

"Fuck!" Harry grit out, reaching down to hook his thumbs in the sides of her cunt, stretching it open as his other eight fingers wrapped around her narrow hips and thighs, holding her in place as his prick ventured slickly deeper into her impossibly tight asshole.

"Naahh!" she screamed, grabbing at her tits again. "All of me- You're stretching all of me! Daddy no, not my cunny and my bum, you'll make me cum, cum- cum! I'm cumming already! I'm cumming from your cock in my ass Daddy! It's so hot!"

Ginny's butt and pussy clamped down, unprepared for the new type of stimulation filling and stretching her in new ways that she instantly fell in love with.

"A-anal, Daddy- I really love anal! Thank you for showing me! I'll be an anal cock slut from now on- t-till I'm old and grey- I want to get fucked down there more and more by you- please don't stop until you're really satisfied! I feel like a woman, now, so full of the man I love- am I good, Daddy? Does my little bum feel good around your cock? You can move more, if you want- I really want to feel it burn, please, sir!"

"It's perfect Gin," Harry bit out, sliding his hooking thumbs up and down the slick captured cunt-flesh stretched between them. He plunged the rest of the way into her harshly, and with no end to her guts, his pelvis wound up ramming against her jiggly butt cheeks, sending the bed skidding an inch along the floor.

"Uh!" Ginny gasped out, smiling at the ceiling with tears in her eyes. "It's perfect," she realized, boneless on the bed, looking up at Harry. "When we're together, when you're inside me," she clarified, oddly composed and sweet as her ass burned hot in pain and pleasure and fullness, trying
to choke the life out of Harry's brutal cock. "It's like all the good things I've ever had happen to me, all at once. I'm so happy I'm crying."

Harry looked at her with fathomless green eyes, naked and sweaty and the most beautiful thing Ginny had ever seen.

"S-sorry," she laughed out, trying and failing to smother the happy smile on her lips. Laying back, her red hair all splayed in a wide halo around her head, she relaxed, closed her eyes, and encouraged, "Go ahead Harry. I'm just going to lay here. Do what you want with me- nothing would make me happier."

"Ginny," he whispered, pulling all but the tip of his creature-cock free of her tight hotness. She felt her pucker grabbing at his head, trying to suck him back in, and after a moment he obliged it, slamming home and making her cry out and moving the bed all over again.

He was harsher than he'd been with her pussy, but slower as well, and Ginny was allowed to feel the hot fullness that filled and jerked her forward in detail, slipping free and hammering back, over and over and over until her asshole was so hot she couldn't stand it, and she was cumming again, harder than before, jerking wildly in search of sanity but not getting very far as he continued to hold her down.

"Y-your too tight, Gin," Harry groaned after she'd cum a few more times. She opened her chocolate brown eyes to stare at him. "I'm gonna cum."

"Yes," she hissed loudly, having to speak up over the steady Thunk!Thunk!Thunk! the conjured bed was making against the stone wall, having been literally fucked across the foot long gap that had been between the bed and the wall when Harry'd first began in on her asshole. "Right in my sloppy ass, Daddy. Spurt everything straight into your cum-dumpster. It's what I'm here for- just rape me until I stink like your cum, Daddy- I want my friends to know, I want my teachers to know, I want to be picked on for it! Please, right in me, Daddy! Please!"

"I'm cumming!" Harry gasped, his thick, curly pubic hairs itching against Ginny's cummy cunt as he came as deep inside her as he could. "I'm cumming in your ass, Ginny! You're drinking it up!"

"I'm cumming!" she babbled, hiding her eyes behind her hand as she laughed in delight.

Hot liquid began slowly filling her guts as Harry spurted away within her. Ginny couldn't get over how hot everything felt- her asshole was stinging, on fire, Harry's cock felt like a searing metal poker, and his cum was almost boiling, she just couldn't get enough of it, and wound up lurching halfway through Harry's orgasm, messily cumming again into the moaning boy's trimmed bush.

"Hah, hah, hah," Harry panted out, beads of sweat clinging to his brow and accentuating his defined musculature, which Ginny admired from a million miles away, still cumming around his cock up her ass.

"You're beautiful," she shivered, wiping at a little bit of spit on her cheek with the back of her hand.

"Heh," he laughed, softening within her as the last of his seed entered her. "Don't you mean handsome?"

"That too," she agreed.

A few seconds of happy silence went by and the two teens just smiled at each other. She was desperate for more, and suspected that she always would be, but she caught him looking at the clock.
There's more, there'll always be more. I know he loves me too. We'll be together till the end of time, fucking and loving and making babies, forever and ever.

"Do you have your wand?" she went on to ask eventually, eyes sharp. "I need you to make something for me."

"Uh, yeah," he said. He reached his hand out and his wand flew to it.

**Magically powerful babies, at that.**

"Plugs," she answered shamelessly when he turned a quizzical eye on her, now armed. "Pink, please. One for my asshole and one for my cunny- so I don't lose any of your cum until I'm ready."

He gulped but looked interested, and he stiffened a little more inside her.

"I'm going to watch most of it go down the drain later when I shower, but I want to wipe it on some of my stuff, too. I like the idea of wearing cummy undies to class with a skirt, and I want to put some on my teddy bear," she admitted with a shrug.

*It's not gross, he'll understand me.*

Harry groaned and slapped her pussy a few times, but muttered, "Stoppekeilz," anyway.

**See?**

Ginny's eyes lit up. One of the toys he's conjured was just a cute, transparent-pink pussy plug, shaped almost like an egg. He stuffed that into her first, and she gasped as it stretched her. The other toy he made was a bit more interesting, a series of pink, rubber beads, each with a little heart etched into it in black that made her coo.

Harry pulled free of her defeated asshole with a wet plop and began inserting the beads into her, not having any trouble until the last three, so gaped was her poor pucker from the pounding. The last few were progressively larger and had to be worked into her. Harry did this skillfully and with a smile, pushing the wide pink balls up her bum until only a small, heart shaped rubber ring poked out of her.

"You look adorable," he commented, and Ginny beamed at him.

"You too."

He laughed and shook his head. *Handsome, please.*

"Yeah."

He laughed again and laid next to her. Despite the smile on his face, Ginny still got the feeling that he had something on his mind. As stalker-ish as it sounded, she was good at reading his moods.

"Y'okay, Harry?" she asked, rolling onto her side to study him.

He looked down at her, and her heart fluttered at the intimate scene she found herself in.

*Marry me.*

"Yeah, Gin," he said, laying a hand on her waist. He ran his eyes up and down her body deliberately. "I'd say I'm doing okay right now. A bit worn-out!"
She smiled. "No you're not."

He blinked.

"Worn-out, I mean. I may not be a succubus or anything, but I know just as well as you do that we could both keep going for hours, non-stop. Why don't we?"

He hesitated to say anything, and wound up sighing instead.

"I mean, I don't mind that we stopped," she said. "I'd love to just keep having sex with you until the world ended, but I'm not so crazy that I think it's a reasonable thing, you know?"

"There's just a lot to do," he said, running his hand along her hip idly. He cocked an eye at her. "Did you forget about the dragon I've got to plan for already, Ginny?"

She flushed at the accusation. "Of course not! I'm the one who told you about them in the first place, or did you already forget about that?"

Harry chuckled throatily, and her outrage withered away.

He sounds so grown up when he does that…

"A-anyway, that's not what I meant," she said, forcing some defiance into her voice. "You seemed like you were in a bad mood when you first got here, and even after fucking me twice, you still seem a little glum. What's the matter, partner?"

At first, Harry looked taken aback by her insight, but then his face smoothed out and he sighed. "Don't worry about it, Ginny. It's not- ah, just don't worry about it."

Is he talking about…

Ginny made her voice as neutral as she could. "Something happen between you and Gabrielle?"

He flinched, and she had to stop her lip from curling. Gabrielle was a fucking vixen, there was no doubt about that, and normally Ginny would love the opportunity to entertain some three (or four or five or six) way action with her and Harry, but the little veela was… different.

Dangerous.

"I guess," Harry said, his eyes trained down at the bed.

Ginny wiggled closer and threw a leg over him, wrapping herself around him comfortingly. She kissed his lips, and he kissed back a bit. When she pulled back, Ginny made sure she had Harry's eyes before she spoke. "It wasn't a crazy, spur of the moment thing, you know? When I said I loved you. I'm not going to be shy about what I want, Harry, because I really, really want it. I want to be your girl. I want all of the stuff that that entails, and I can't really think of too much I'm not willing to do to get it."

He was looking at her like she'd just confessed to a murder, but Ginny didn't let that stop her.

"I get it. You're an incubus, she's a veela. It must seem like the two of you have so much in common, and fuck, maybe you do. But I'll tell you this: she does not love you like I love you."

"Ginny, stop," he said, pulling back and sitting up.

She didn't want to, but acquiesced upon spotting the tiredness in his eyes.
"L-look," he said, running a hand through his hair. "This is all a bit much for me right now, okay? I, fuck, I get it. You saying that you love me, it makes me…" He touched his chest, eyes wide. "It's, brilliant, I guess. It makes me feel really warm. And scared, too. I've always wanted to hear that, I guess."

You haven't?

"But please, Gin, please, don't put me on the spot. I've got a million and one things running through my head right now, and if you push me to commit to something, I can't promise it won't come back to bite one or both of us in the ass later, okay?"

"But don't you like me?" she asked before she thought about it.

He flinched back, outraged she'd ask something like that.

Woah, girl, careful with your words now.

"Of course I do! I like you a fucking lot, Ginny, really I do. But what do you want, huh? I've got all the competitions, the tournament, my incubus instincts, and a bunch of mixed up feelings bearing down on me right now. Think this through, will ya? If I asked you to be my girlfriend-"

"I'd accept, because I love you!"

Harry scowled. "Let me finish. If we were together, you do realize that I'd still have to seed a different chick every day, yeah? Did you even stop to think about that?"

I tried not to.

"Of course I have," she said, as evenly as she could manage. Ginny didn't want to rile him up more than she already had. Harry's temper was not something to be trifled with purposelessly. "And I'd be fine with that, as long as I was there."

"That's not how it works, Ginny."

Suddenly it was her temper that was flaring, and she was sitting up as well. "Why don't you just come out and say the real reason you won't accept my feelings, huh? It's because of Gabrielle, and we both know it. You love her, don't you?"

He stiffened. "Fine. If that's what you want to hear, then yes. My feelings for Gabrielle are strong, and complicated, and part of the reason why I can't just say what you want to hear."

Suddenly, Harry seemed to age a few years. He looked exhausted. He reached over and coaxed her back down so that they were both laying together, even closer than before, with her resting atop his bare breast.

Can't you tell this is perfect, though?

"Look," he said, hugging her close. "Can we please just shelve this for a bit? Can't we just be close and naked and enjoy that for a few more minutes before I have to go and start planning for this fucking dragon? That's not too much to ask, is it?"

"No," she said, quietly sighing against him. He felt so indescribably nice beneath her. His heartbeat was strong and even, and she fell in love with that too.

He's so hot when he's angry.
Flushing a bit, she turned her head and kissed him, just a peck, but then another, and another, until they were in a tender lip-lock that drug on for minutes.

When their kiss finally ended, Ginny was left panting a little bit, and her eyes were half-lidded. "Stay here with me," she coaxed, snuggling up to Harry and rubbing her hand up his chest. "We can just sleep, if you want. You're very comfy, so you know. Or we can have sex, or just talk, or whatever you want. All I want to do is be with you, Harry."

He sighed, and Ginny's blood soared at the tempted undertones it held. "I can't," he said, genuine sorrow in his voice.

She tried her best not to let it get to her, and snuggled closer.

"Honestly, I would," he said. "You're quite comfy too, you know? Napping and fucking and catching up all sound tempting, but I'd rather not get BBQ'd by a dragon. Really, Gin, I'm sorry, but I've got to go…"

"Okay," she said, draping her arm over him and closing her eyes.

He laughed, and she felt a thousand time better. "Really, you great sexy lump, off ya get!"

She giggled and climbed further atop him, going limp.

As he tickled and pried her clinging form off of him, and later when he conjured her more appropriate clothes to slink back to Gryffindor Tower in, it was all Ginny could do to stop herself from crying, even as they laughed and kissed and flirted some more. Couldn't he see how perfectly they would go together? Didn't he feel it? She certainly did. In her guts and bones and private womanly parts filled with his seed, Ginny knew that they belonged together. As much as she crushed on Hermione and wanted to explore that avenue as well, it was and had always been Harry she'd yearned for the most. A childish crush had turned into something infinitely more complex after he'd saved her, and with every second she spent in his presence her obsession grew stronger. As he headed off to plan and strategize with Hermione and her brother, Ginny made her way towards her dorm, eager to record each and every detail of their encounter in her notebook.

A series of plans were beginning to take form in her head, and in each of them, she was faced the same obstacle.

*Gabrielle*…
"A dragon, mate?" Ron asked, his blue eyes wide with incredulity as he started at his best friend. "Are you having a laugh? Do you know how much training my brother went through before they let him anywhere near a dragon? He told me once about an intern over in Romania, you know- at the reserve- named Bob. Know where Bob is now, Harry? Bloody Bob’s dead, man, because a dragon fucking ate him. Merlin, mate, you're gonna die!"

Harry did his best to interpret his redhead friend's words as encouragement, failed, and replied, biting, "Thanks a lot, Ron. This is why we're such good friends, you know? You're always just a fucking fount of level-headed reassurances! If I'm ever forced to choose between you and Hermione, consider yourself fucked buddy!"

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were tucked away deep inside the Hogwarts library, perching atop one of the long, wide window sills hidden clear in the back of the enormous labyrinth of books. It was lunchtime, the day after the incubus had learned of the nature of the First Task, and he was only now finding the time to meet with his closest friends to formulate a game plan. By the time he'd eaten the night before, he'd been too tired to do anything, much less study up on dragons. The tense atmosphere seemed to suggest that the rest of their meeting would not go any smoother than it had started. Luckily, Hermione.

"Shut up, the both of you," she ordered, her eyes never leaving the pages of the book laid open on her lap. She continued to robotically scan up and down the book's yellowing insides as she spoke. "Tomorrow you're going to have to survive an encounter with a dragon, Harry. It's our job to make sure you don't embarrass yourself, or worse." Looking up at the incubus sitting in front of her on the ledge, her eyes darted around before she slowly asked, "I assume you've already seen to your needs for the day?"

Harry flashed a thumbs-up, and when a suddenly less depressing Ron held his fist out, bumped his against it.

Groaning at the display, Hermione nevertheless nodded, satisfied that her friend would have no extra distractions when the time to compete arrived.

"Good," she said, returning to her reading. "That means you have almost a full sixteen hours to study up on dragons and figure out how to defeat one, factoring in an even eight hours of sleep."

"Defeat one?" Harry asked incredulously, pulling back his fringe for a moment of thought. Sighing, he released his hair and hedged, "It is the worst-case scenario, I guess."

Hermione dipped her chin, still reading. "Exactly."

"If worse comes to worst, you could always cheat your way through," Ron suggested, although by the down turning of his lips, he didn't find the idea very tasteful. Cheating didn't mesh well with the redhead's way of life, but for his friends' safety, any exception could be made. "Summon your invisibility cloak, poison the dragons tonight, get yourself a muggle anti-tank weapon- there are plenty of ways that I can think of to stack the odds in your favor."

"How do you know about muggle weapons Ronald?" Hermione asked, puzzled once again by the freckled boy's knowledge of her world.
Lifting his pointer finger to rest against the bridge of his nose, Ron mysteriously answered, "The nose knows..."

Hermione reflexively balled her hands into fists to whack the difficult teen, but with Harry's pondering form sat between them on the window sill, she relented, settling for grinding her teeth together instead.

"They're good ideas," Harry began after a moment, staring upwards at nothing as he spoke, "but I can't cheat my way to the Triwizard Cup, or through any of the tourneys either, for that matter." Angling his head back down to spare his friends a quick glance each, he explained, "There's a reason I'm taking on all these different challenges this year, despite my body's new needs: if I can win, or at least demonstrate my skills before the public's eye, then just maybe, when the time comes, and Voldemort finally makes his return, they'll think, 'Harry Potter has a chance'. I'm going to need that support from the public. He's out there, right now, still doing everything he can to return to the land of the living and pick back up where he left off."

"Harry..." Hermione began softly, though he merely waived her off and stood up to pace. "We all know what the first thing on his agenda will be. He'll make proving to everyone that what happened fourteen year ago was a fluke." Pausing to look at his friends, both of whom were tracking his pacing form though narrowed eyes, the incubus balled his hands into fists. "The quickest way to convince everyone of that is to kill me- in as grand and bloody a fashion as he can manage, which is probably quite bloody, and quite grand..."

"Fuck that!" Ron said, slamming his fist against the ledge, swiveling his reddening face jerkily from Hermione back to Harry. Leaning in towards his incubus friend with his chin raised, he repeated quietly, through clenched teeth, "Fuck that."

Hermione's reaction was more composed, though her nostrils flared wildly and betrayed her emotions despite herself. Very, very deliberately, she spoke to Harry. "There is not a situation where we ever let that happen, Harry. I want to hear you say that you already know this."

Unaffected by his friends' anger, Harry's eyes softened as he stepped towards them, pulling softly at the backs of their heads till all three were pressed together at their hairlines. Closing his eyes, Harry simply said, "I know. Thank you." Pulling back, he was satisfied with the looks of reassurance on his friends' faces. "Still," he continued, confident that they would let him explain his reasoning this time, "he will try. That's why it's not enough for me to just survive these tasks; to compete in these tournaments. I can't just do well in them; I have to destroy these competitions, and any doubts that the people around me have along with them." The green-eyed incubus' muscles tightened, and his jaw set. "I absolutely have to believe that Voldemort can be defeated- but at the same time, I know that I'll never win against him alone. He's too much older; he knows too much more than me. We're going to need all the help we can get, and that starts with proving to everyone that I'm worth supporting." His impromptu speech coming to an end, Harry sighed and reclaimed his seat, sinking back against the charmed glass. His voice was softer, with the faintest hints of desperation, when he finished. "I just want you guys to be safe. I want everyone I care about to be safe. No matter what that means. There's already enough shit to muddle through, you know?"

Hermione and Ron shared a look over Harry's hung head. After a long moment, they shifted closer to the incubus between them, with Hermione squeezing Harry's hand and Ron nudging him with his elbow.

"Best get back to figuring out this dragon business, then," Ron suggested after another few moments. "Fuck Voldemort, and fuck ol' Bob too. If your plan is to impress people tomorrow, we can't spend the rest of today with our thumbs up our asses, now can we?"
Hermione giggled at the redhead's reasoning, to her own immediate chagrin, but Harry simply smiled, hearing the unspoken words of solidarity loud and clear.

"I don't know..." He began, even as he pulled Hermione's book over onto his lap, "Passing the days with butt stuff has been pretty fun for me in the past."

Ron turned red even as he laughed.

Hermione blushed clear passed her forehead.

Harry just grinned, settling in between his friends, and began reading.

"Ooh! The Hungarian Horntail- quite a beast, that one is, Harry," Ludo Bagman commented with unnecessary theatrics, nodding to himself knowingly as Harry withdrew a miniature version of the spiked, menace-of-a-dragon from the proffered sac. Then, much more quietly, the aging man leaned in towards the boy wizard and whispered, "I could offer you a few suggestions, if you'd like... seeing as how you're by far the youngest contestant and all... It would only be fair."

Sparing an annoyed look at the man, Harry just shook his head distractedly and excused himself from the ministry official's presence. Even if he wasn't so focused on the upcoming task, there wasn't likely to be anything he'd be interested in hearing from the crook. The man still had yet to honor his wager with Fred and George.

Turning and walking away, Harry ambled slowly towards the other side of the tent, closer to his competition.

Both Fleur and Viktor saw Harry approaching them, but surprisingly it was the Bulgarian Seeker who moved to speak to him first, his English thickly accented but still understandable.

"It vas you?" he began, foregoing any pleasantries. "The one who sent the letter?"

A second ticked by in silence as Harry processed the Bulgarian's words. "Yeah," he eventually said, his voice subdued with distraction. "Figured you deserved to know and stuff."

"I knew for veeks and did not tell you," the older wizard confessed readily, his face stoic and unreadable.

Harry blinked and looked up at the stocky teen as if seeing him for the first time. "Huh," he offered, "I guess I can't really blame you..."

"I vill answer your offer of good-faith and sportsmanship in the future, if I get the chance."

"Cool," Harry accepted with a quiet smile. "That's good to know."

The older teen nodded gravely, and after a brief moment, stepped around Harry's shorter figure to lay claim to an unoccupied length of the threadbare tent, pacing it with steady strides while studying the miniature dragon he'd drawn.

Losing interest in the quidditch superstar, Harry turned and refocused his eyes on the last remaining member of the Triwizard Tournament, greeting her with a more genuine smile as he closed most of the distance between them.

Fleur's shoulders were tensed, and her otherworldly blue-silver eyes stared at him as he approached, noticeably wider than normal.
"Hey," the incubus greeted quietly, a few silent moments after reaching her. "How're you holding up?"

"Hello Harry," Fleur replied after a moment. Her previously unfocused eyes cleared as they locked onto him. She failed to respond to the second part of his greeting. "Thank you for telling me the secret of the First Task. Gabrielle and I have been up all night trying to formulate a plan."

Harry very carefully didn't react to Fleur's mention of Gabby. He couldn't afford any distractions right now.

You need to talk to her.

Later.

He blinked at Fleur, a twinge of guilt in his guts, but she didn't seem to notice anything had happened at all. "Ron and Hermione stayed up helping me do the same," he finally shared with a nod. Placing a companionable hand on her shoulder and squeezing, he asked, "Did you have any luck?"

Fleur's moonlight blonde head bobbed slowly in the positive, as though she doubted her own response. Harry frowned when he noticed a tremble in her lips, but stayed silent when she asked, "You?"

"More or less," the incubus admitted with a calm smile. "We'll see soon enough, now, won't we?"

She didn't answer his question, asking one of her own instead. "Your Smallguide is somewhere safe?"

"Of course," Harry assured her. "She's with the gang."

Fleur nodded, her eyes drifting off to stare unseeingly to the side.

Another squeeze on her shoulder from Harry led Fleur to look back to him, and once he had her attention again, he smiled easily and encouraged, "Have faith in yourself, Fleur. The Goblet of Fire chose you for a reason- don't forget that. If it's your dream to prove yourself as more than just a pretty face, then rejoice- you'll probably never get a better chance to show off than this."

Looking at him with an unreadable gaze, Fleur realized aloud, "You're not afraid at all, are you? How is that possible?"

It isn't.

Harry just shook his head at her and withdrew his hand, turning to spare a look at the tent's flap that would lead him straight to the dragon's nest.

"I only believe I can do this because I have to," he revealed, looking from his miniature's belly, which had the number one painted onto it, to Mr. Crouch, who nodded towards the exit. Not sparing another look back as he began making his way towards the exit that would lead him to the prepared arena, Harry slowly drew his wand, and left.

When he stepped free from the threadbare tent's flap, he entered into a world of massive, jagged boulders, each the size of him or larger, with bleached gladiator-pit sand filling the short distances between the visually obstructive stones. Still, even with the uneven terrain that had been crafted for him, Harry was able to find his hulking opponent immediately.

She sat half a quidditch pitch's length away from him, her thickly armored body curled
protectively around what must have been her clutch. Her scales, each at least as large as both of Harry's hands put together, were colored a rocky grey, and the young incubus was unhappy to note that there was something of a camouflage effect between her coloring and the slabs surrounding her. Spikes covered the length of her spine like a line of dominoes, rising and falling in tandem as she surveyed the crowded stands looming overhead with poisonous yellow cat-eyes. Her head, too, was wreathed in bony protrusions, in a likeness similar to a crown, though it was her tail that drew Harry's narrowed emerald eyes the most. He was reminded of one of the dinosaurs he'd learned about as a boy, a stegosaurus, as he studied the four, meter long spikes that jutted free from the dragon's club-like tail.

This is bad.

In an instant, Harry's careful observing came to an end as the postpartum lizard queen's eyes abruptly zeroed in on his lone, intruding figure. A low, dangerous hiss, like superheated iron lowering into water, filled the otherwise noiseless stadium, and with a great outward bowing of her mammoth chest, the Hungarian Horntail shrieked her offense at him, the bulging muscles in her neck and pectorals straining as the whole dragon shook with malice.

Good God…

Harry's eyes widened and his heart began working at double time, and almost subconsciously he began flexing his knees in preparation of the nesting mother's attack. When the dragon instead held her position above her quaffle sized eggs, one of which was golden and his intended target, Harry slowly began working on the first step of his plan, lowering the tip of his wand down and burning the symbols for his telekenis spell onto his hands. His skin began blackening into the familiar patterns, and Harry had to grind his teeth together to keep from crying out at the pain-the smell of his cooking flesh making his face screw up in revulsion all the while. To guarantee the spell's integrity, he forced himself to sear several layers deeper than might usually be necessary, ensuring that a simple scratch to the palm wouldn't cancel the magic's effect and leave him defenseless.

With the intricate symbols blackened into his palms, Harry could 'safely' begin the next phase of his plan. Looking towards the boulder closest to him, Harry took a single step in its direction. The very instant his foot twitched, the Horntail was wrenchingherself forward, propellingtowards him like a slingshot, eliminating the distance between them almost too quickly to see.

She must have weighed more than five fully grown elephants put together, yet it was with an almost dancer-like grace that the Horntail passed parallel to the ground as she flew an arrow's flight towards Harry, the paler colored scales of her belly passing mere inches above the jagged tips of the countless stones littering the colosseum. Her prey proved to be nimble as well, though, as in the instant before her great, yawning maw could close around his tiny form, he was gone, diving forward, beneath her sailing form, and narrowly avoiding her.

The bulk of the hovering masses in the stands above reacted almost an entire second later, such was the speed of the beast's untelegraphed attack. Their muddled mix of shrieks, gasps, and shouts formed together into a deafening buzz that Harry did his best to ignore, along with the bestial screech of outrage the dragon behind him let out when it crashed bodily into the stadium wall, unable to halt its explosive momentum. Gritting his teeth and pushing himself up, his hands digging deeply into the cold, loosely-packed sand beneath him, Harry forced himself to abuse the narrow window of time he'd earned. As quickly as his legs could carry him, he began sprinting from stone to stone, spending less than a second branding each as he went with the same symbols that blackened his hands- the telekinesis spell. Moments after he'd moved passed them, the marked stones began to sluggishly rise into the air.
By the time the furiously hissing dragon finally reoriented herself, Harry had already managed to brand nearly two dozen of the wet-grey boulders. Said incubus was reminded of the theorized intelligence of dragons when the one a hundred meters opposite him failed to immediately fly back in for the kill, instead turning its poisonous yellow orbs to the floating stones, studying their peculiar behavior.

"Come on," Harry whispered, bringing his hands to just below eye-level as he laced his fingers together. "Work!"

Slowly, the hovering stones began moving, meeting up just ahead and to the side of Harry's position. They began to form together into the rough shape of a man. The process was slow, but the Hungarian Horntail seemed unwilling to rush in again, instead using the moment of downtime to begin circling around Harry and his gradually forming golem, repositioning herself so that he no longer blocked the quickest route back to her clutch of eggs.

Feeling his face and chest beginning to flush from the strain, Harry clenched his jaw and focused, staring through his dark bangs at the rocky titan as it finally finished forming.

It was a sight to behold- with the height of five men, and a great, V shaped stone for a head, the golem emitted terrible, growl-like sounds as its rocky body ground against itself, the incredible weight of the construct sending a ripple throughout the pit as it took a single, lumbering step forward. Sand flew upwards from the impact, drawing awed comments from the spectators above, but Harry and the dragon only had eyes for one another.

Without warning, the Hungarian Horntail charged again- ignoring the golem entirely as she sped forward along the rocks.

"Fast!" Harry realized, alarmed, an instant before her claws gored the sand he'd been stood atop moments ago.

Sprinting wide around the nesting mother as she crushed the granules between her claws into dust, Harry's interlocked hands tightened, and his golem made to crash its fist into her bowed head.

She slithered out of the construct's range long before it even got close to her, and continued to avoid its groping hands, which were just too slow to pin the unnaturally agile creature down.

An intentionally missed swing blocked the dragon's eyes, resulting in a glancing blow to its chest. That was the only contact Harry managed on the lizard queen, however, as she seemed to wise up to his misdirections afterwards.

'This isn't working,' Harry realized after a minute of trying everything he could to tag the Horntail again, far enough back from the beast and his avatar to study the difference in speed between the two. While the return strikes the Horntail kept scoring against his golem didn't cause much damage, he was already beginning to pant from the strain of controlling such a heavy mass, and doubted his body would outlast the dragon's. 'I need a distraction,' the incubus realized, although he knew the moment he unlaced his hands, his control over the golem would fail.

"Fuck it," he spat to himself, out of options. Hoping its end could double as a distraction, Harry sent his golem flying at the dragon. He took his enemy juking to the side as his que, and dropped his hands in response, scattering the golem's body mid-flight. The Hungarian Horntail was blindsided by the move, and three of the massive stones struck her in her side and leg as the stoneman crumbled. She screeched out in agony, and Harry used her distracted state to put his new, half-baked plan into motion, casting a harshly spoken, "Engorgio!" on his robe as he banished it towards the injured dragon.
The rapidly expanding cloth was the size of a house by the time it reached the oblivious creature, and true to Harry's aim, it wrapped itself around her horned head multiple times. She thrashed-disoriented, when the cloth started to harden into stone, and began unleashing blind gusts of angry red fire into the air.

Panting heavily, with sweat dripping from his brow, Harry marveled at the fact that he could feel the inferno's oppressive heat from as far away as he was. Still, even with the stone muzzle's tip melted off, Harry felt some sense of safety now that the beast had been restrained. Turning away from the thrashing dragon to look towards her nest, Harry began a slow pace in its direction, his body sore from the telekinesis spell's overuse.

Sensing that the action below was coming to an end, the stands above began roaring in approval-suitably impressed with the teenage wizard's display of magical might. Few, if any, had expected to bear witness to such a dazzling clash of titans, especially coming from the youngest contestant, and the vigor with which they cheered lifted Harry's spirits as he finally reached his golden prize.

Their sudden gasps of horror made his heart lurch as he spun around.

The Hungarian Horntail had dug a deep pit in the earth, and was unleashing a focused torrent of fire downwards against the sand-turned-glass. Her stone helmeted head was buried in the pit, and thus suffered her inferno's full power and heat as well, and was already beginning to transform, the molten slag dripping down and uncovering more and more of the dragon's unharmed head.

Stumbling backwards, Harry managed to save himself from falling with a quick twist, instead catching himself with his hands, which had found purchase on either side of his shining target. He knew he didn't have it in him to tangle with the dragon again. Scooping the false egg up, Harry nearly fell again as he began sprinting towards the closest exit he could see- some hundred meters away.

He could still hear the Horntail's flames behind him, and took that as a good sign, not daring to look back. The path from the nest to the exit was clear and sandy for the first twenty-five meters, and he cleared that distance quickly. Once he reached the rocks, however, he realized that it would be more difficult to escape than he'd hoped. The knowledge that he wasn't going fast enough taunted him, and having to maneuver around the giant, jagged stones every few feet wasn't helping. Harry estimated that he'd only managed to cover half the distance he needed to when the sound of spewing flame abruptly ended. Remembering the dragon's first lunge, and how it had taken the beast less than a second to cover the distance between them, Harry still refused to turn around, fear and the knowledge that he had nothing to follow a dodge up with anyway urging him forward. Grabbing at the sharp rocks for extra speed, the boy wizard ignored the increasing number of cuts on his hands, panicking and moving as fast as he could, until he finally rounded the last boulder between him and the exit. Safety was less than five sandy meters away, and Harry cried out in relief despite himself.

Screams and the briefest silhouette of a shadow on the wall in front of him saved Harry's life as he tried to roll to the side, avoiding a tail spike through the back of his head but not through his thigh.

The pain was instant and unbearable- a million, million times more intense than anything else he'd ever felt in his life. It was like the limits for what a person could feel had been removed from his brain- the thresholds that were supposed to keep people sane nowhere to be found. He was screaming, he knew, and absolutely had to do something if he wanted to live, but as the dragon flung him through the air like so much rubbish, her spike ground against both of the edges of his messily bisected femur, and shock set in. When he landed, with his leg kicked to the side at an impossible angle, a mere foot beneath his hip, the incubus deliriously realized that he was absolutely, one-hundred percent going to die.
He watched from his back through unfocused eyes as the Horntail took flight; watched as his friends and professors stood to help, far, far too late; watched as she began her dive bomb; and watched as victory filled her poisonous yellow eyes.

A shock of silvery-blonde in his peripheral vision brought a seed of sense back to Harry.

Screaming for all he was worth, the incubus clapped his hands together with a wet splash of red, straining his broken body and faltering magic like he’d never managed before as he seized the colossal fire wyrm directly, just before her claws could come into range.

The power needed to suspend the thrashing dragon was more than Harry could properly channel, and his nose began to leak out even more of his rapidly dwindling supply of blood as he strained desperately to keep the beast at bay. Her shrieking, writhing form fought hard against his psychic hold, and Harry found that he couldn’t both breath and maintain his grip on her at the same time, and so held his breath, praying that someone would help before his strength finally failed him.

Even that small hope was dashed, however, when hateful, yellow eyes locked onto him, and the light of a great fire appeared in the back of the dragon's throat, rushing towards him.

In a last, desperate attempt to save his own life, Harry *wrenched* with everything he had, twisting the dragon's head away from him one way, and her body the other.

With a sickening, hollow *crack*, the dragon's neck snapped, and all life left her body.

Using the very last bit of his magic to try and heft her limp carcass to the side, blood loss and magical exhaustion finally claimed him, and Harry Potter's world went black.
Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Sixteen

Where am I?

A fathomless black sea of half-formed thoughts and memories crushed down against him on all sides. Light and dark, space and time, everything was a drowned blur. It was odd, though. For all he felt that panicking made the most sense, he met only peace within his watery tomb. Whether a very long amount of time or none at all had past, he could not tell, but every once in a while, the ocean would lose its feeling of endless depth, and in these moments he thought he could sense the faintest hints of light shining down from above, though he never stayed in these shallows for too long— an uncomfortable feeling of stress invading what must have been his brain the closer he got to the surface. Against his will, it was in these shallows that he found himself floating once again. Before he could sink back into the abyss this time though, a voice, muffled and distant, but familiar, reached his clogged ears, drawing what little interest he could muster.

"I know, okay? But Harry wouldn't want us to say anything- and even if we did, what are they going to do about it? We can't tell them."

He was fascinated to note that the voice was leading him out of the darkness, though as he drew nearer and pain quickly began to replace peace, he resisted.

"You heard what Bell said, Hermione! He's layin' there dying, and they don't even know. We can't just fucking sit here- we needto do something... Merlin, it's been more than two days already- what if he doesn't wake up in time, Hermione? What if he doesn't wake up at all?!"

The second voice was much louder than the first, and it tugged harder at his weakly resisting consciousness with every word- like an angry parent on a stubborn child's hand.

Shut up. Please. Just let me sleep...

"And you know what Madam Pomfrey said, Ronald. He's supposed to wake up today, and when he does he'll be pleased to hear that we didn't expose his secrets. I'll take care of it myself if he's not up by noon, but we have to have faith in him for now. You know just as well as I do that he's going to have enough to deal when he wakes up as it is."

Seconds ticked by in blessed silence, and for a moment it seemed that he'd be able to return to deeper, more peaceful waters after all.

"Poor Gabrielle..."

Huh?

He stopped. Something was wrong. Trying hard to focus, he summoned as much concentration as he could muster, an insistent need to figure out why that name had nearly sent him swimming towards the surface fueling his efforts. That he couldn't grasp the answer distressed him, and it was this distress that led him to the realization that he didn't belong in these inky waters at all, and that he had to escape from them right now.

He was surprised at how easy it was to leave what had moments ago seemed to be an endless expanse of nothing. When he breached the surface of oblivion, understanding, consciousness, and a throbbing headache all dawned on him at once. Clenching his eyes shut in a bid to keep the
stabbing pain at bay, Harry focused on the memory of hearing the veela's name spoken. In a
croaky voice, he asked, "What's wrong with Gabby," startling both of his looming friends back
into their chairs.

"Blimey mate!" his ginger friend said in shock, a pale hand pressed to his chest. "You scared the
shit out of me!"

Blinking his eyes open when squeezing them failed to stem his sudden migraine, Harry looked
around and, true to his hunch, found himself to be inside of Hogwart's Infirmary yet again. It was
late, by the pale beams of moonlight shining in through the grated windows, and besides his two
closest friends, he seemed to be the wing's sole occupant.

"What's wrong with Gabby?" He asked again, his raw throat prompting him to reach a shaky
hand towards Hermione's half-drunk water.

The witch helped him bring the glass back to his lips, and while swallowing the cool liquid hurt
his throat, the incubus didn't stop drinking until it was empty.

"Thanks," he said, setting the glass back on his own. Locking eyes with Hermione after she
nodded, Harry asked, "Well?"

"She's fine," the witch said, reluctance coloring her voice as she answered. Realizing it herself
when Harry's already bleak expression began to sour further, Hermione sighed and said, "You
were calling for her when they rushed you out of the arena. A reporter from the Daily Prophet
must have caught wind of that fact, because they ended up spinning a whole tale in yesterday's
paper about the little French veela that had bewitched and almost killed you. It's all written in
noncommittal prose of course, but the implication is there... Most everyone that we spend time
around knows better, but there are some, Harry, who believed what they read. They're almost as
mad at her for 'getting you into this mess' as they are impressed with you for getting out of it."

Oh, no. Not that. Anything but

The blinding pain behind his eyes was shortening his temper and he knew it, but Harry's teeth
ground together all the same as he cursed the public's gullibility in his head. "Fucking morons," he
muttered darkly. The fact that the country's most popular newspaper would dare accuse sweet little
Gabrielle of seduction and foul play left him fantasizing violence against the faceless reporter
who'd dared write it. The sudden sound of shattering glass against the sterile white floor served to
distract him of his disgust.

All three Gryffindor's looked at the mess, surprised by the apparent accidental magic, until a
silently cast mending charm from Hermione returned the glass to one piece.

"You need to relax, Harry," the witch said, turning her eyes back to him after a moment. "You've
been unconscious for two and a half days- you need to take care of yourself, first and foremost.
Gabrielle is safe in her room in the carriage, and her parents are supposed to be arriving tomorrow.
You're only going to get worse the longer you wait."

No, she needs all the support she can get. This has to be harder for her than anyone else realizes.

"I want to see her now," Harry stressed, his frown deepening into a scowl. "I've got plenty of time
left before it'll get serious."

"Don't you mean to say," Ron butted in hotly, "that you've got plenty of time left before your fuckin' blood thickens in your veins and you die?" Nodding with a combative look in his eye, Ron
said, "That's right, Bell told us what would happen if you didn't keep that under control. You
should have told us earlier."

"Well excuse me for being a little bit busy these past few months- I've had a lot on my plate, Ron."

Closing his eyes again as his migraine spiked, Harry grumbled, "Give me a fucking break, man. I just need to talk to Gabby real quick. She's vulnerable right now."

"Vulnerable?" Hermione repeated, sitting straighter in her chair. "How do you mean? What is she-"

"Stop, stop," Harry said with an impatient wave of his hand, massaging the bridge of his nose with the other. "It'll be quicker if we just go. I can explain later."

God, this fucking headache!

"No," Hermione said after a moment. Weathering Harry's foul look, she insisted, "You're getting worse by the minute, Harry. Please..." She was begging now, the beginnings of tears in her eyes. "Just take care of your business first. If you were to collapse on the way to the carriage, I don't know what we'd do..."

Freezing as his friend began crying, Harry turned to look at Ron and received an uncharacteristically solemn nod in return. Defeated, Harry had to squash the urge to throw his hands up like a child, instead settling for sighing out of his nose loudly. "Okay. Fine." Hermione turned wet, grateful brown eyes on him, and he scratched at the back of his head in irritation at her underhanded tactics- able to spot the hints of falseness in her tears. Hermione just wasn't a crier.

"Good," the witch said, her eyes instantly drier than before. "Shall I go fetch someone for you?"

Ron looked flabbergasted, but Harry just sighed, throwing the blankets off of his lap in lieu of an answer. Pulling the hem of his plain hospital-white boxers up, the incubus was somewhat dismayed to note that a great white scar had already healed over on his thigh. It was to be expected from such a wound, considering the source, but he'd held out hope that the hole would've healed cleanly in his sleep. Still, as he flexed the muscles in his leg and raised his foot into the air without trouble, Harry was reminded of how lucky he really was.

That was... bad. I'll have to focus more on this tournament in the future, or it might just kill me.

The thought triggered a question.

"The other two are okay, right? How'd they do?"

"They're fine," Hermione said. "We can talk more about them later, though. For now, our main concern is getting you taken care of. Everything else can wait."

"Fine, fine," the incubus said, swinging his legs off of the small cot, the cold floor against his feet soothing his migraine to a degree. "You've made your point."

Ron reached behind his chair and retrieved a stack of Harry's things from the next bed down and handed them to his friend. As the darker haired wizard pulled his clothes on, he asked, "You'll be okay on your own, right? Finding some nookie?"

Harry smoothed the lapels of his school robes down and nodded his head. A second later, a thought occurred to him, and he asked, "Neither of you two would happen to have any pain reliever on you by chance, would you?"

"Sorry, Harry," Hermione said, with Ron humming in the negative as well.
"Crap... Think anyone would care if we nabbed some from Pomfrey's office?" Harry asked, looking towards the far door at the end of the line of beds. "My seduction's going to be all cocked-up if I try like this."

"It's guarded by a few tricky locking charms and alarm spells," Hermione quickly answered, drawing looks from her friends. Ignoring them, she asked, "Is your magic not going to work while you're like this?"

Curious himself, Harry looked at his brunette friend and focused. An image of her, sweaty and writhing atop her four-poster bed, jumped to his mind, and after a few seconds longer than was strictly necessary, he cut the connection. "No," he answered. "I was talking more about being unpleasant in my pained state... My insight is up and running. Quite nicely, in fact."

"Harry!" Hermione cried, a hand on her chest. "Tell me you didn't just-"

"Of course not, Hermione," Harry said, eyes narrowing. "Spying on someone's personal, private moments? To do something so vulgar... That's the domain of perverts, you know?"

"Give me a fucking break."

"Wha- what?" she stuttered, averting her eyes. "What are you talking about, Harry? I-I never said all of that."

"Yeah," Ron, on a completely different page, said kindly, a hand on Harry's shoulder. "We don't think you're a bad guy for what you do, mate. It'd be hypocritical of me to judge you- hell, I'm jealous. I'd be doing the exact same thing in your position, after all."

"Hypocritical, huh?" Harry repeated, his eyes boring into Hermione's. She flinched.

"Server her right, keeping me from Gabby."

Done scolding his one friend, he turned to look his other in the eye, much less coolly, and offered a small smirk. "I appreciate that, buddy. But don't be jealous, either. If you want, I could show you a few tricks of the trade. You're a good enough looking bloke, and it's not like every playboy out there's an incubus, ya know?"

flushing, Ron laughed nervously and said, "Flattery will get you nowhere with me, Harry Potter. I'm a man of virtue, after all." Still, despite his bravado, the prospect of learning erotic skills from an incubus seemed to have peaked the Weasley's interest.

"Well, it was worth a shot," a falsely downtrodden Harry said, a small smile playing at his lips. With a sudden throb in his head, the smile was lost, a grimace taking its place. Rubbing his eyes fruitlessly, the incubus muttered, "Best get to it, then. You two should go get some sleep. After I take care of this I'm gonna go see Gabby anyway, so don't wait up." Opening his baggy eyes to look at his friends, Harry tried to smile through the mounting pain and said, "Thanks, you know. For staying with me and stuff. I love you guys..."

Turning before they could respond, Harry took progressively more and more steady steps away from them, towards the Infirmary's exit at the end of the hall. His eyes had adjusted to the darkness and he found his way to the door quickly despite the low light.

Just before the door closed behind him, Harry could have sworn he heard a whispered, "We love you too."

Stalking through the massive, drafty corridors of Hogwarts at night, it occurred to Harry for the
first time just *how* incompatible human and incubus instincts truly were. On some level he had understood that, despite the numerous perks that came along with his inheritance, he had essentially become a slave to his own nature. That this nature asked only of him what it did, while providing a reliable means to satisfy it as well, went a long way towards easing any dissatisfaction. Still, he never allowed himself to be fooled into believing that he had any choice in the matter, despite his species' name. That truth was first made apparent when his feelings for Gabrielle began strengthening past the point of ignorable. With Ginny and Mikko and even Susan all hinting at a desire for more, things had become complicated. His own deep feelings for Gabby, and Ginny as well, muddled things up further. Now, as he swallowed back a mouthful of blood, Harry realized that the difficulties associated with his mixed race were far from behind him, and were not to be underestimated.

*Especially if this fucking head-splitter is any indication, for fuck's sake.*

"Fuck," he whispered, suppressing a cough as he braced himself against the corridor's cold stone wall. Trying to recast the blood slowing charm that he'd managed over himself back in the infirmary, Harry resisted the urge to shout when it seemed to have no effect. It had been difficult to weave both silently and without his wand in hand, but when he had felt the first trickle of the coppery liquid inside his nose he'd acted swiftly, to minimize his friends' worry. Now, while his nose remained dry, he just couldn't seem to keep from coughing the stuff up. His migraine, thankfully, was proving to be a different story. Somewhere between the infirmary door and where he currently was, Harry had learnt a trick to keep the pain at bay for a few minutes at a time.

He imagined a writhing Susan Bones sat atop him, sheathing and unsheathing his cock with her womanhood, moaning in bliss. He imagined Lavender Brown, shoving her knickers aside to make room for his erect length, meeting his thrusts bodily until they both came. He imagined Ginny, bent over like a cat in heat, screaming praises back at him as he defiled her in the middle of a crowded hall. On and on he went, picturing one girl after another, even those with whom he'd never lain: Alicia Spinnet, in the showers after a victory on the pitch; Luna Lovegood, in a sunny meadow; Daphne Greengrass, silently writhing in her own bed- as long as he kept visualizing himself fulfilling his needs, the splitting pain in his head dulled to a weak throb. It made him picture his instincts as a spoiled child, throwing a tantrum the minute it didn't get what it wanted, and he, the stressed-out parent, trying to placate it. The images seemed to be working well enough, but the red liquid in his mouth proved to Harry that he couldn't count on the tactic forever. By the time he caught a whiff of a particularly aromatic flavor of lust in the air, Harry had begun to envision himself with the likes of Millicent Bulstrode and Professor Sprout.

Eager to be rid of his worsening condition (as well as his increasingly desperate thoughts) Harry spared no time on reconnaissance, recognizing and entering the Prefect's bathroom with a hastily muttered, "Lead by example."

The inside of the room was filled with a fine mist, though the pool-sized bathtub and its hundred golden nozzles were easy enough to spot. Harry had already been inside of the executive washroom a few times, but was still struck by the sheer size of the bath. He couldn't spot the room's occupant through the thick fog, but he could smell her.

*For a school that supposedly discourages immodest behavior, this thing sure looks like it was made for a bunch of students to enjoy at the same time...*

His inner amusement came to a halt as a head of dark hair rose out of the steaming water.

*Here we go.*

Harry stepped forward, preparing to delve into the mystery girl's lust- addled mind.
Another head, with identical dark hair, popped up out of the water and stopped him.

"God, Pad, it's been too freaking long- you haven't been practicing on anyone else, have you sister?"

Harry leaned back in bemusement.

*Huh. How about that.*

Moving past the surprise, he struck like a cobra- loosing his creature magics on the naked duo before him. Within the second, he found himself entrenched in the sexual history of his yearmate Padma Patil, who had been closer to his invading form than her twin sister, Parvati.

Allowing her strongest sexual memory to pull him in first, Harry was interested to find himself seeing the world through her eyes- something he'd yet to manage.

*One more thing that changed while I was asleep.*

He, as Padma, looked slowly from left to right, drinking in the romance that radiated from the bedroom, its dark wooden decor providing a sense of safety that could only come from one's own home. The light in the room was low, with naught but a few clusters of lit mood candles providing light. The light cast shadows that danced across the room's darkly colored surfaces. Dominating the space, right in the room's center, was a truly regal bed, with a tall wooden sleigh, ornate, draped canopy, and plush purple silks marking it as *hers*. Harry felt his pulse quicken in the Indian girl's body as their eyes landed upon the figure restrained atop their bed.

It was their sister, he realized, who laid on the bed, strands of silken cloth tying her pajama clad form to the four corners. One more strip wrapped around the girl's eyes, serving as a blindfold.

"Little sister," they cooed, approaching the dimly-lit bed. "You've been ignoring me, lately."

"No," the figure on the bed murmured in denial, turning away and fisting her hands.

A smile crept across their face, and they crawled atop the bed hastlessly- the velvety softness of the silk beneath their palms a joy to touch. Kneeling, they allowed themselves to slide forward on their hands, arching their bum into the air. The gap between their hands and their restrained sister's thighs disappeared, and their hands slipped under her cotton covered flesh eagerly.

"Pad-" Parvati mewled, squirming against the silk beneath her, tugging weakly at her restraints.

Shivers broke out in earnest along their spine, their sister's writhing stirring something within their chest cavity. They grit their teeth against the sudden sensation and pulled themselves forwards, using their sister's plump thighs as leverage to bury their nose in her bared crotch.

"Not there," Parvati cried, tossing her head to the side.

The delicate scent of lilac between her legs tainted her plea with falseness. She *knew* they loved that scent, *knew* they did not care for cotton on her skin, and *knew* that they *hated* being ignored. Parvati was a tease, and had set herself up for this moment deliberately- riling them up for weeks beforehand just to see how far they would go the next time their parents left for 'business'.

Their younger sister's core was warm against their cheek, and they couldn't resist placing a series of hard kisses into the hidden mound, each peck mushing the doughy flesh oh-so lovingly. Her panting form beneath them spawned a slickness between their folds, and it was with a humming *purr* that they crawled further up their twin's body. Her belly was soft and pliant- almost chubby but not quite- and it was with a sort of glee that they massaged their sister through her horrific
cotton nightshirt. Slithering up her body at a snail's pace, they eventually came into contact with her breasts, larger than their own and so perfect that it almost hurt. Palming, pinching, scratching, and fondling at their leisure, they lavished attention upon the thinly hidden swells of woman, drawing out all sorts of amazing sounds from their sister's bound form. By the time they finally moved on, Parvati was panting helplessly, squirming between them and the silken bed below as she was always meant to.

They licked their lips as Parvati's creamy neck came into view, like milk chocolate in the dancing light of the flames. She was arched back, baring the skin to them in obvious need, egging them on. One feather-light kiss to her jugular quickly morphed into another, and another, until they were kissing and nibbling their way up the side of her neck, blazing a trail towards her ear which they eventually caught between their teeth. Tugging lightly at the erogenous lobe, they drew yet another mewling cry out of their pinned twin, which was silenced a second later with a deep, probing kiss on her lips. Despite her silken binds, Parvati fought back fiercely against their tongue, crunching her abs to lean upwards into their hungry lips.

When eventually the need for oxygen outweighed the need for each other's lips, they pulled back. Looking down upon their sister, her hair tousled and her eyes lidded in yearning, they felt their resolve to continue their torture waning, giving way to a more basic desire.

Leaning back to sit atop Parvati's core, they reached behind their back and withdrew a pair of fabric scissors from their waistband. Their sister was still blindfolded and thus did not see the instrument, but with a few deliberate tests against the air, she was able to figure out what they held by the sound alone.

"It's my favorite pair..." she protested weakly from beneath them."Mummy got them for me."

"You should have asked for silk, honey-bun," they lightly scolded, as one might an especially young child. "You know that I don't like it when you wear cotton. Makes it so much harder to see your skin beneath your clothes, after all."

With that, they began cutting, slowly and carefully shredding the pajamas that had clung to their sister strip by strip, until she was laid bare atop the bed, the remains of her night clothes a pile of scrap off to the side.

Parvati's smooth, supple skin practically glowed beneath the flickering lights, her breasts and belly button casting short shadows that danced along her naked body. The restraints remained, along with the blindfold, but there was nothing else left to hide her from their greedy eyes now. Quickly disrobing themselves, they slid back down their sister's body, not stopping until they reached their prize- her plump, bald pussy. They had always been mesmerized by the sight of their sister's sex. Soft, warm, excitable- it was Parvati personified, they thought. Spreading the puffy, darker-toned skin with their manicured fingers revealed Parvati's eager cunt and the pink truth of their relationship.

With a mighty pull, Harry freed himself from the moment, leaving just as Padma began in on her sister's moist center. As much as he wanted to stay and continue living through the experience, the truth was that he had been enjoying himself almost too much; so caught up was he with his newfound powers. He realized that he would have to be very careful in the future to keep from losing himself inside of another's head, as he'd estimated that he'd uncovered enough to work with far sooner than he had expected. He had stayed so much longer than he had needed to simply because, for a moment, he had forgotten that he was Harry, the dying incubus who needed to mate, and not Padma, the domineering witch who was in a taboo relationship with her twin.

Shaking himself back to reality, Harry was relieved to see that almost no time had passed, as
usual. He had feared that living through his prey's eyes would take longer than what he used to
do, but it seemed he had no reason to worry.

*Good deal.*

Both of the foreign-born witches were oblivious to his presence, and he knew that the first step of
his plan required that to come to an end. Swallowing one last mouthful of blood and banishing
any residual red from his mouth with a silent spell, Harry called out, "Excuse me," startling the
girls.

They whipped violently around, both of them making identical circles of brown with their wet,
spinning hair. Everything beneath their necks was hidden below the bubble-rich surface of the
water, but their mortification was still obvious on their faces.

"H-Harry Potter!" Parvati cried, her tone a mix of outrage and embarrassment as she pointed at
him. "What are you doing here?"

Padma remained silent, cleverly trying to put some distance between her and her sister without
drawing his eye, no doubt trying to make whatever "We bathe together" cover she was planning
to hide behind more believable.

"Sorry," Harry apologized with a shrug that said the opposite. Stripping off his robe and shirt in
one clean sweep, he started towards the in-ground pool masquerading as a bathtub. "I just woke
up a little while ago, so I guess I didn't think to knock first. Really need a good scrub, though."

"Well you can see it's occupied now," Parvati said, waving her arms around in front of her and
backing up as a bare-chested Harry closed in. "P-put your clothes back on!"

*Put your clothes back on, she says. Hah. How'm I suppose to fuck you then, huh?*

"Huh?" Harry asked, his brows scrunched together. "The tub's plenty big enough for the three of
us." Stripping out of his pants and boxers at the same time, drawing a choking sound from Parvati
and sending Padma deeper into the tub, Harry casually slipped into the bath, sighing as the warm
water soothed his sore body.

"So the rumors are true," Padma quietly noted, her lips just above the water's surface. She was
blushing through her darker complexion, but her eyes studied him like he was a particularly
fascinating specimen.

*How appropriate for a Ravenclaw.*

"Padma," Parvati said, one of her eyebrows beginning to twitch.

"It's okay," Harry said, raising his arms to rest them against the bath's tiled rim. Closing his eyes,
the incubus admitted, "This is probably the first year that every rumor about me has been true,
actually." Cracking one eye open to look at the twins, he asked, "Does that surprise either of
you?"

Padma's half-submerged head bobbed in the water with a nod, but Parvati just frowned and asked,
"So that means you and Lav really did..."

"Yeah," Harry said, a smile playing at his face. "She was lovely, you know? A real *fox*, if that's
not being too forward. The two of you ever... you know?"

"What?" Parvati asked, her pitch higher. "No, absolutely not!"
"You only do that stuff with each other, then, right?"

More clever than her sister, Padma's eyes widened even as an off-balance Parvati got halfway through a nod before realizing herself.

Gotcha!

Killing the gesture a second too late, Parvati's muscles grew visibly taut as her Gryffindor nature kicked in. Silence overtook the steamy room, and Parvati's head lowered, hiding her eyes.

Watching as she waded towards him in silence, Harry simply cocked his head to the side when Parvati stopped, barely two feet away from him.

After a long moment of silence the girl, in a dark, threatening voice, asked him, "What did you say?"

Declining to answer, Harry instead reached a hand out, brushing the girl's wet bangs off of her forehead. Her eyes were stormy, but he met them without hesitation. "Relax," he said, rolling his eyes. "Your totally hot secret's safe with me." Grabbing her bare shoulders, Harry eased Parvati around, turning her back to face her sister. Swimming closer, he maintained his hold on her while looking at Padma, and whispered into her ear, "Go on, now. Back to it. How often do the two of you really get the chance to be together, anyway? One of you must have bribed your way into this room- don't let me ruin your fun." Leaning in closer, Harry allowed his lips to brush against the girl's ear, murmuring, "It's just us three here, so don't hold back. For tonight, at least, you can be yourself."

Harry could tell that Parvati wasn't really buying it- but then, he wasn't actually talking to her. She was the kind of girl that had a knee-jerk reaction and dug in. A true Gryffindor, through and through. He would have had to make the correct impression right from the start if he'd wanted to seduce Parvati, unless he was in the mood to play dirty. Padma, on the other hand, was the type of person who could change their opinion halfway through a discussion. Even now, he could see her considering the situation, watching through keen eyes as he touched her sister. Studying her with his eyes and instinct, Harry knew the exact moment he'd won.

"I don't know what you thought-" Parvati started to say, but stopped before she could finish, falling silent as her sister rose out of the water, exposing her peach-sized breasts and everything else, down to just below her naval. "Padma, what-

"He isn't lying," the more subdued twin interrupted, staring intently into Harry's admiring green eyes. "And he already knows, too. There's no need or point in pretending, Par. We should take advantage of the situation."

Harry hid a smirk.

Ravenclaws, haha!

"And, if the rumors are true, like he says, then he's the perfect specimen for that, as well. Now is as good a time as any to experiment, sister." Padma began slowly sashaying towards Harry and her frozen twin, an excited smile growing on her lips. "We've always talked about this kind of thing Par. A boy with tons of sexual experience and no shame just landed in our laps... There's a lot of potential here."

Parvati swallowed nervously, her throat bobbing at her sister's suggestion.
Oh-ho!

Harry could taste her arousal as it began to overtake her once again. It was even sweeter than it had been when he'd first sampled it through the door. Pulling closer to the twin in his hands, even as the other approached, Harry pressed a light kiss into Parvati's neck, never once looking away from Padma. The girls shivered, and when Padma finally reached them, she wasted no time tasting her sister's lips, pressing their bare bodies together.

Trapped between Harry and her sister, Parvati finally seemed to let go of her reservations, and when she and her sister broke, her head turned to capture Harry's lips.

Pressing against Parvati, Harry closed his eyes, listening to the quiet sounds of the water as they mixed with their tro of sighs and kisses and moans. It felt good to have a girl's naked body pressing up against his once again, and Harry let his hands wander freely beneath the water. He traced the curves of Parvati, probed lightly at the crevices of Padma, and held the both of them close. Parvati seemed to be getting more and more worked up as time went by, making out with each of her partners with more and more vigor by the minute. Padma, by contrast, was taking things as slowly as she could, savoring every moment. Parvati had pulled her sister's bum closer, and the older Patil had responded by wrapping her legs around the two. She was slowly working away at her younger sibling's breasts, biting and sucking at the girl while she was distracted with battling back Harry's tongue with her own. Said incubus juggled caressing, kissing, and keeping them all upright.

"My pussy," Parvati moaned when they parted, her head resting back against Harry's collarbone, splaying wet brunette hair down his bare chest and back. "Play with my pussy. Both of you."

Harry and Padma did as they were bid, each snaking one hand down the body between them. Padma was able to reach lower, and so was the one to slip her slender digits between her twin's folds, already slickened by water and her body's natural lubricant. Harry's more masculine fingers attended to Parvati's clt, the rougher pads of his fingers rubbing an unheard rhythm into the girl's button. Padma, as expected from such an astute girl, quickly began matching Harry's pace, pumping into her sister in sync with his downstrokes. Leaning in closer, Harry and Padma locked lips over the trapped girl's shoulder, forming a scene fit for the Kama Sutra.

Feeling that familiar sensation of tightening muscles in her belly, Parvati threw her head forward, hooking her chin round her sister's shoulder as her orgasm began. A high pitched keen escaped from her throat as her lovers continued touching her pussy, Padma speeding her finger-fucking up and Harry slowing his clitoris massage to a crawl. She felt her thighs begin to shake, heralding in the peak of her orgasm, which she weathered in silence, clamping onto her sister and shaking in bliss.

"Excellent," Padma said to Harry, pulling back from their kiss. Despite her blushing face and disheveled appearance, her eyes held a look of cool appraisal, and she even seemed unconcerned with her spasming sister, who was squeezing the life out of her as she came on her still-pumping fingers. Moving her other hand up to cradle the back of her oblivious sister's head, Padma observed, "You're even better than I'd heard, Harry. I've never known my sister to ejaculate so quickly- it's usually a chore getting her to cum, and I end up having to use my tongue half the time."

Jesus H.

Harry groaned and pulled the off-beat girl in for another quick kiss.

Padma blinked. "Thank you," she said when he pulled back, her fingers slowing inside of her sister, pumping lazily into her cunt now that her high was coming to an end. "I'm sure you won't
mind if we continue, yes? There are a number of things that we would like to try, now that we've got a boy who is both willing and able. You are, yes?"

"Oh yes," Harry said, rolling his hips forward. "Very willing."

When his unnatural length slid between the two hugging sisters, rubbing unexpectedly up the fronts of both their sexes, Padma's eyes widened and Parvati croaked, "Able, too, eh?"

"I'd hope so," Harry joked, leaning in to kiss and nibble on Parvati's shoulder. Looking up through his dangling bangs, he asked Padma, "Where shall we begin?"

"I'd say we already have," the Ravenclaw drawled, bringing her cum-coated digits to her nose and inhaling. Presenting them to her sister, who sucked on them without protest, Padma continued, "As for what we should do next, I'm not sure. I want to see what it's like with a boy, and I would really like to cum, too. Are you ready to cum as well?"

"Yeah," Harry said, nodding. "I'm dying to."

"Good," Padma said, disentangling herself from Harry and Parvati. Leaning backwards at the waist, she dipped her hair beneath the water one last time, leaving it nice and neat as she made her way towards the pool/bath's edge. "I'm turning into a prune," she explained without turning around, stepping up and out of the water, revealing herself to Harry's eyes completely.

She was toned, the incubus noted, much more so than her sister, and while her breasts were smaller as a consequence, he couldn't resist noting how much more composed she was compared to Parvati, and most of the other girls he'd been with as well. It was different from how his lovers usually acted the first time, and it excited him. She wasn't unaffected, by any means; her arousal was so thick that it nearly clogged his nostrils, and she couldn't quite shake the blush that colored her angular face. Still, it was without bravado that she looked down on him, her hands and eyes steady as she waited for him to join her.

Pulling himself out of the water with a quick motion, Harry left one eagerly watching Patil behind for the other. They had felt and even spied a flash of his creature cock before, but it was with uncertain eyes that the twins watched his manhood stand at attention, more than a foot closer to Padma than his nose was.

"I wasn't wrong," Padma said to herself, leaning forward to behold Harry's member, ignoring her whistling sister. "It's much larger than average... Are you sure it will fit inside of me? I've only ever had sex with Par, and she doesn't like to stick things inside of me."

"I do too," said sister called from the edge of the pool, resting her chin on her folded hands as she watched intently. "Just not as much as you do."

Harry raised an eyebrow, to which Padma shrugged and said, "My sister will be the one to bear our children, so it's only natural that I stretch her out every now and then." Harry coughed in surprise, and tasted blood. Swallowing it down and banishing the remaining liquid once again, the incubus turned curious eyes on Parvati, who had the sweetest smile on her face as she watched them from the water's edge.

"That's, uh, good to know, I guess. Planning for the future is... important?" Looking from Padma to Parvati and back again, Harry hedged, "That is a plan for the future, yeah?"

Parvati blushed and giggled, while Padma simply sighed.

"Don't worry about that," the older Patil twin said, stepping closer to Harry. "We're fourth years, after all. That'd be ridiculous."
The silent smile of a princess arachne flashed in Harry's mind, and ridiculous was not on the list of words he'd use to describe her or her situation.

She does have a point, though.

"Still," Padma said slowly, looking from her sister to Harry with an arched eyebrow, "The children could not ask for better genes. It is like you said, Harry: better to plan for the future..."

"Padma!" Parvati cried, splashing water at her slyly smiling twin.

Snorting, a little reassured and amused, Harry closed the rest of the distance between Padma and himself, taking her waist in his grasp. She leaned into him easily, running her palms up his chest to cup his face. Leaning down to press his lips against hers briefly, Harry asked, "Are you ready?"

"Yes," she said, staring into his eyes. "On the edge," she requested, looking over at her sister, who was uncharacteristically silent. "So my sweetheart can see us."

"Of course," Harry said, his stiffness twitching at the thought. Laying her down atop the warm tile with a lover's care, he whispered, "I'll be gentle, I promise."

Padma was lying flat on her back, her long, wet hair the only barrier between her and the floor. Folding her arms back behind her head for comfort, the Ravenclaw exhaled smoothly and closed her eyes.

Harry lowered himself atop her, resting his weight on his forearms, which hugged either side of Padma's ribs. His muscles strained in the planking position, and his hair fell like a curtain, hiding his eyes. He leaned forward and slowly inhaled the scent of Padma's skin, all the while releasing a mixture of lubricant and pain-blocker from his incubus sex organ. Kissing lovingly at the Indian girl's breasts and neck, Harry probed with his cockhead blindly, finding Padma's womanly slit easily enough. She spread her legs wider beneath him, her thighs making a soft sound against his as they opened. The girl knew what she wanted and he was on a deadline, so the incubus did not waste either of their time teasing at her entrance. Instead, it was with a very light flexing of the hips that he began applying pressure to his partner's slick pussy. His glans was very swollen, full of blood and primal instinct, and Padma's cunt- unfamiliar with a man's sex- did not grant him access. Grunting quietly at the torturous heat's stubbornness, Harry began placing kisses along Padma's jawline, splitting her attention as he allowed his body's weight to supply the force needed to pierce the girl. Slowly, he began to sink into her, inch by glorious inch of his beastial length diving deeper and deeper into her ribbed pussy. Finally reaching her womb's curved door, Harry let out a sigh of relief, even as Padma sucked in a deep breath through clenched teeth.

"Pad?" Parvati asked quietly from a foot away, still on the pool's edge. Her eyes had been wide as Harry and her sister coupled, amazed, but the spell seemed to have been broken by Padma's wince.

"I'm fine," Padma said, her naked chest deflating as she released her breath. "There's no pain," she observed, opening her eyes to study Harry's in suspicion. "I've just never been touched there before, and he's a lot of boy to take in on top of it."

"Do you like it?" Parvati asked, leaning forward. "Does it feel good? Is it like my toys? Describe it."

Really?

Harry bit his lips together in silent frustration, allowing the girls their moment.
"It's very, very nice," Padma said, slowly gyrating her hips. "There's no space between us at all-my insides are molded to him. The- mmm, that is a good spot. The crown of his cockhead is doing something fantastic to my pussy's ridges. He's thick, too. I can feel myself stretching around him. It feels right, I guess. I love it."

Well, fine then. I guess I don't mind waiting just a little...

"Wow," Parvati breathed out, her eyes wide. "Sounds intense." Licking her lips, she nodded quickly and urged, "Go ahead, then. I'm watching."

"Ready?" Harry asked.

"Sorry. Yes. I'm ready- you can move now. You're the expert here, so just do what you'd like to me. Make me cum, Harry."

"Sure thing," the boy said quietly. Able to finally move again, he sighed in relief and began steadily pulling himself out of Padma, taking his time as more and more of his now-slickened cock left the warm cunt-flesh behind, revealing itself to Parvati's unblinking gaze an inch at a time. When Padma's constricting pink hole began bulging around his swollen glans, Harry reversed his movement, sliding back into her slippery heat smoothly. Leaning down, Harry kissed the Indian on her lips, licking at her teeth till she allowed him into her mouth. French kissing her leisurely, Harry continued fucking himself between her shamelessly spread thighs, gathering momentum with each plunge into her gushing channel, until the familiar tempo of slapping skin filled the room at allegretto.

Parvati was halfway out of the water, resting her weight on her elbows as she stared slack jawed at Harry and Padma's rutting forms. Panting and moaning and the wet slaps of a cock fucking a hole filled the washroom, so Padma's whispered, "I'm about to cum," was just barely heard.

"Cum baby," Parvati urged, crawling the rest of the way out of the bath to be by her sister. "Get him nice and wet for me, Pad. I want you on his cock when he does me next."

Harry's flushed body flexed as his own orgasm began to build, just as Padma's began. Her legs locked around his back as her cunt began milking at his cock, spasming in pleasure around his sex, which did not cease in its plundering, pounding a rhythm against her cervix that stoked the fires of Padma's orgasm to new heights. She moaned like a bitch in heat, clawing at Harry's bare chest as he refused to ease off of her, fucking away at her rapidly cumming pussy with purpose.

"Oh yeah! Oh, right in my pussy, baby- right there, right there! Oh yes-yes-yes-yes!" She cried beneath him, triggering his own release, which he delivered directly into her womb, replacing its fertile emptiness with hot white sperm-rich ropes of thick cum, helped along by her tight cunt's massage. Beads of sweat dripped off of his brow onto her lips below, and she licked blindly at the salty liquid, still squeezing their sexes together with her legs, cramming Harry's still-cumming cock against her womb's entrance harshly. When the peaks of their respective orgasms finally passed, as the aftershocks began to set in, Padma gushed, "Oh, God- That is so much better than I was expecting. God, I think I peed myself."

"It's yall's cum," Parvati said, shaking her head. Reaching a finger down to scoop up the liquid running from the crease Harry's entrenched cock formed against Padma's pussy lips, Parvati tasted the mixture and shivered.

Harry's hips twitched forward on their own, drawing a loving sigh from Padma.

"Is he still cumming?" Parvati asked, lowering a hand to her sister's shaved mound, feeling for his orgasm. "You're not still cumming, are you Harry?"
"We both are," Padma said, her shaky legs still crossed behind Harry's back as random jolts ran through her. "It's so hot Par, I don't even know how to tell you. I can actually feel the sperm inside of my womb, like... I don't know. It's crazy. I have tears in my eyes right now. I can't wait for you to try it. You're going to love it, honey-bun."

The twins' back and forth did little to distract Harry from the otherworldly relief that was crashing through his system, his incubus instincts sated once again. It was like a fog of pain and need had been lifted, and he could once again be himself. The now slowly milking heat of a girl's cunt around him only added to the relief, leaving Harry so grateful towards the Indian beauties that he resolved to visit Gabby only after the two of them were completely satisfied. Shifting his weight to one arm to free the other, Harry reached down and pulled Padma's lips to his, pressing into her with true affection and care.

*Thank God.*

"Thank you," he said, knowing she wouldn't understand. "You have no idea how much I appreciated that."

Blinking, Padma seemed to come back to herself a little and said, "Thank you, Harry. I got to cum very hard as well, and this feeling of fullness is new and exciting to me. Though, if you don't mind, you can show your appreciation by fucking my sister now. Part of me wants to hog you and try another position, like doggy style or anal, but a bigger part of me wants you to fill Parvati with some more of this lovely sperm you've put inside me." Looking over at the girl in question, Padma said, "Don't hold back on her at all- I've made it a point to loosen her cunny over the years, and she loves being stretched and used anyway. Give it to her as hard as you can, Harry. I want her bowlegged and sloppy when the two of you are finished. That's when she's at her happiest."

"Padma~" Parvati cried, her face lighting up with a blush. "Don't say those things to Harry..."

"They're true," Padma said with a one shoulder shrug. "You don't need to be ashamed about it, honey-bun. I think it's sexy."

Pulling himself from Padma's red, messy cocksheath, drawing a shiver from the slackening girl, Harry stood with a grunt and added a short, "It is sexy," to the conversation, but for the most part was content to listen to the girls' charged by play.

"If you guys say so," Parvati said. Looking at Harry's messy prick, which was at eye level with her, the younger of the two girls edged forward on her knees. "Can I have a taste?" She asked, reaching him.

Oh, I suppose, haha.

"Yeah," Harry said, hunching over to pull her hair back out of her face. "I'm yours till morning, so just do whatever you'd like. I won't object."

_Gabby's asleep anyway, I'd bet. What difference does it make?_

He pushed a bit of guilt away and focused on the naked twins.

Gulping, Parvati looked at Harry and, after judging him to be sincere, looked back down and took a long lick of his and Padma's combined juices, treating his cockhead like a lollipop.

Watching her sister lap away from her spot resting on her side, a smiling Padma noted, "You didn't go soft at all, did you?"

"Nah," Harry said, focusing on massaging Parvati's scalp as she experimented. "Not my style."
Padma almost giggled. "I suppose not. It is not normal, though? You're the first boy I've been with, but Parvati and I have watched a lot of sex videos together. They usually end with the man ejaculating."

Harry sighed in pleasure as Parvati began to tentatively bob her head up and down his now mostly clean length. "That's true, I suppose. I'm not really interested in how other guys do it, though, so I can't say for sure." Smiling, he said, "I don't stop till dinners ready, at any rate."

"Very funny," Parvati said, flushed and giddy as she pulled back from his penis. Pulling his cock to the side and seeing that she hadn't been reaching very far down him at all, Parvati pumped him with her hand. "Sorry, I'm not very good at this kind of thing."

Harry shook his head. "No, it feels great. You're a natural."

Parvati looked back down and smiled prettily, opening her lips to suck Harry's cock some more. "Look at her go," Padma said, sighing in admiration. "Makes me wish I was a boy."

"I like you better as a girl," Harry said with a wink.

Parvati gagged, and inch deeper than she was ready for, and pulled back to cough softly and say, "Me too." Taking a deep breath, she tried again.

"Yeah, I guess," Padma said, repositioning so that she was resting on her other side, still facing them. "Try touching his testicles, Par. Guys like that kind of thing, right?"

"Sure," Harry said, closing his eyes as Parvati did as her sister suggested, lightly dragging her nails along the skin of his balls, sucking his cock all the while.

"What does his cum taste like?" Padma asked her sister, who had gagged again and was taking a quick break.

"Strong," she said, obviously rolling her tongue around in her mouth to give the best answer. "It kind of reminds me of like- oh, what is it? Like a cup of coffee, almost. Not the taste, but I mean, it's a bit bitter for a moment, but as soon as you swallow you want a little more. Weird, but like a good weird, yeah?"

"Huh," Padma said, to which her sister just shrugged. "Are you trying to make him cum now? Do you want to taste it some more?"

"You're shameless," Parvati answered instead, blushing and avoiding eye contact with Harry. "But no," she admitted, squeezing and massaging the harder shaft and spongy head of the cock before her with both of her soft hands. "I'm ready for... you know. If you'll even fit, Harry."

"He'll fit, honey-bun," Padma said quickly, a gleam in her eye. "You'll see."

"How do you want me?" Harry asked, still scratching lightly at Parvati's scalp. When she mumbled her answer, too quietly for him to hear, he asked, "Huh?"

Clearing her throat and forcing eye contact, Parvati quietly asked, "What's the best position for, uh, you know... a good, hard pounding?"

"Cute."

Before a blinking Harry could answer, Padma cut in, "A good, hard pounding that will leave you
what, little sister?"

Blushing harder, Parvati indulged her twin. "That will leave me bowlegged and, uh, s-sloppy..."

Harry shook his head, honestly impressed with Padma's unchecked arousal. "Doggy style is good for that, but if you'd like to set the pace I can just let you top? Then you can go as fast or slow as you'd like."

"O-okay," Parvati stuttered.

"Okay," Harry agreed, sitting on the floor, his erect cock coming up to a kneeling Parvati's waist.

"God," Parvati gushed despite herself, something shining in her eyes as she crawled onto Harry's body, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck loosely, her face was close enough to his that she could feel his hot breath against her bare neck and tits. She leaned in and kissed him for a moment before slowly pushing him back, till he was laid prostrate beneath her, holding the tops of her folded knees. Placing her hands on his abs for balance, Parvati reached back between her legs and angled Harry's stiff cock at her puffy entrance, seeping a drop of slippery girl-lube down onto his cock's eye.

Padma watched on with bated breath, rubbing slow, lazy circles into her clit in the meantime.

Confident that she had positioned Harry's member correctly, Parvati bit her lip and dropped, her soft, doughy thighs meeting his as she took more than a foot of fat creature cock straight up her cunt.

"All at once?!!" Padma gasped, her back stiffening in shock as Parvati threw her head back, baring her throat and wailing lovingly.

Parvati basked in the feeling of fullness Harry had given her, holding as still as her rubbery legs could manage as his massive cock stretched her cunt's walls out. Padma had been working her towards a fist for the last few months, but this was a good few steps beyond even that extreme, and she couldn't be happier. Not waiting for herself to adjust for too long, Parvati raised her shapely ass into the air, lifting herself half off of Harry's cock. A pleasurable sigh from Harry encouraged the Gryffindor, and she let herself be impaled again, taking his length within her strangling pussy once again.

The sensation was absolutely addicting, and it wasn't long before Parvati was riding Harry like a bull, fucking her young cunt down onto his fat cock with wild bucks and half-formed cries of passion. The hot, slippery friction their sexes made as they rubbed against each other, trying to court an orgasm out of the other, drove the girl half mad, and her sister seemed to be loving every minute of it, rubbing aggressively at her own clit while purring words of encouragement to Harry and Parvati.

When Parvati's orgasm finally came, it was sudden and overwhelming. There was no build up at all; the steady feeling of sinful friction and fullness just morphed into something more. She locked eyes with Harry, a scream of triumph getting stuck in her throat, leaving her to ejaculate in strained silence atop his twitching cock. When she finally managed to speak, she said, still cumming, "My legs are fucking Jell-O, Harry. Take over!"

Grunting, Harry flipped Parvati off of him, rolling her onto her back where he began hammering away at her pulsating flesh, earning a look of adoration from both Patils.

"Keep going," Padma ordered, masturbating furiously. "Don't slow down or ease up till you cum, Harry, and last as long as you can. Give my baby all you've got, and then seed her."
"Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-yes!" Parvati chanted, biting her knuckle in an attempt to stop her lewd moans, her high sticking around for longer than she was capable of handling.

*Three stirs clockwise, two counter. Add the scales. Two stirs clockwise, three counter. Add the seeds-fuck but this slut's pussy feels too good!*

Harry was doing his best to put as much distance between himself and his looming orgasm as he could. Three minutes of reciting potion instructions later, he was drenched in sweat and at his wits end. Padma lay in a small puddle of their essences, having made herself cum again watching. Parvati was boneless beneath him, though her eyes remained locked on him with shocking clarity, and her insatiable pussy continued to leech at his cock, thirsty for his seed.

"Cumming," Harry warned.

Padma leaned closer.

Parvati smiled and raised her hands.

Interlocking his fingers with her's, Harry held Parvati's hands as his body worked overtime, pumping as much semen out as it could manage, which being an incubus, was a lot. He felt a stirring in his magic, and before he knew it, Parvati's womb and pussy were full, one hundred percent stuffed with boiling hot boy-cum. Pulling free of her abused cunt, Harry shot another half a dozen wads of thick, cloudy spunk all over Parvati's face, the white contrasting starkly against her darker hair and complexion. After the first rope, Parvati realized what was happening, and opened her mouth, catching some of Harry's sperm on her tongue. A minute past, with the three teenagers just panting, looking at each other, until Harry eventually sighed and stood up. He'd fulfilled his duty, and turned his housemate into a bowlegged, sloppy, stretched-out, half-conscious, well-fucked pile of satisfaction. For that, he thought he deserved a relaxing bath.

Unable to look away from her sister's cum-sodden form, Padma barely spared Harry a look as he slipped past her, into the water. Crawling forward on her knees, leaking ejaculate as she went, Padma closed the gap between her and her sister. Pulling her twin into her lap, Padma looked down in awe at the strands of thick sperm on Parvati's face and in her mouth. Capturing her messy lips in a kiss, she sampled the flavor.

Harry watched from the water as Padma kissed and licked at Parvati, reaching down to fondle her recovering sister's cuntflesh like it belonged to her. She fingered and spread Parvati's chubby pussy, massaging the gaped, leaking hole, stopping every once in a while to bring her tri-cum-coated fingers to either her lips or to Parvati's. She also rubbed his semen into Parvati's skin, something he'd seen plenty of women do in the past but which still made his barely satisfied cock twitch. The older twin continued on, insatiable. Harry had been hoping to leave and see Gabby after the last round with Parvati, but as he watched Padma mount her sister's head, moaning as Parvati began tongue-fucking her cum filled twat, he realized that he would be spending at least a few more hours in the Prefects Bathroom.

On and on the three teens fucked, like rabbits, growing more depraved the longer they spent in each other's company, rather than less. After the twins finished eating each other out, they turned to him, practicing giving blowjobs together. After that, Padma insisted he take her ass, and so he did. After that, Padma insisted he take *Parvati's* ass, and so he did that too. After *that* he let them play with *his* ass a little, and after that, at almost five in the morning, he watched Padma load Parvati with toys: clamps on her nipples, self-thrusting dildos in her ass and cunt, a gag in her mouth, and a vibrating bullet taped over her clit. Harry fucked Padma's pussy loose one more time, in standing doggy style right above Parvati's cumming form, and then, *finally*, at nearly six AM, they all bathed together, and parted.
Despite what they'd said, both Padma and Parvati used magic to erase the more visible signs of the night's activities—eliminating any limps, stains, fluids, or love-marks with a suspiciously well-rehearsed circuit of spells. Harry didn't take any offense. It wasn't his desire to mark the women he laid with or to interfere with their lives. He had no interest in being in a relationship with the grand majority of the girls he slept with, and, after waving goodbye to the twins as they headed back to their dorms, he headed off.

He just hoped that his little veela hadn't taken the Prophet's poisonous lies too hard.

_It isn't crazy to think she may blame me..._

God, he hoped not.
Incubus Chapter Seventeen

CRITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT: Important plot changes have been made from chapter 13 on as of Dec. 24th 2016. Reread from there. More information in this chapter's Author's Note at the bottom.

Gabby’s sleep had been fitful all through the night, and she’d found it impossible to go more than an hour or two at a time without jerking awake, drenched in sweat.

She sighed.

What time is it?

The grey-blue hue of an early winter morning bathed her room in dim light. Her eyes were raw and gummy, and hurt to open. Her breath tasted horrible against her tongue. She was damp, and for a moment feared she’d wet the bed.

Ashamed tears threatened to pool in her eyes, but after a quick sniff test, she determined it was all sweat.

"Ten days, till~ tomorrow," a voice sang, low and male and familiar, from the corner of her room.

She whipped her head in surprise, her stiff neck protesting the abuse.

I wasn’t alone?

Harry was sitting at her desk, pajama bottoms and a white tank top his only defense against the cold morning air. He was leaned back in the chair with his feet propped up on her desk, singing under his breath. His eyes were closed.

At least he didn't see me…

"Ten days, till~ she'll wash away, my sorrow. Ten days~"

Wait. That song…

Gabby thought about going to him, but found herself frozen. She was happy to see him, of course. His fight with the dragon had reduced her to tears, and she was still shaken up over it. She desperately wanted to hold him and make sure he was okay. On the other hand…

He’s going to hate you, just as soon as he gets his hands on that paper. You’ve done it again, pretty bird. Ruined another person’s life.

Kind mismatched eyes stared at her. Tears gushed, down his face and her own. A thunder crash. Mashed watermelon.

Gabby pushed the memory as deep down as she could. She felt queasy.

"Ten days, till~ she'll come, back here to save me," he sang, and suddenly he was looking at her like he’d been doing it the whole time.

Gabby jumped at the sight of his mismatched eyes.
"Ten days, till~ she drives, me fucking crazy. Ten days~"

Nonono, please, this can't be real!

"Ten days!" he sang, stood up, though she hadn't seen him move. "Till, I blow my fucking brains out! Ten days till I~ die!"

He was looming over her now, impossibly tall and stretched over her bed, like a horrible imitation of a man, more shifting shadow than person. Both his eyes, one blue and one brown, glowered down at her with all the hate in the world. He wasn't singing anymore.

No, please, this isn't Harry. This isn't! I didn't mean to do it! I didn't mean to!

"Mademoiselle," the shadow said, in the distorted voice of a monster. "Don't you remember me, Mademoiselle? Don't you want to be together? Why else would you do this to me? Why else would you kill me? I thought you wanted to be together- I want to, too- really I do- just mee and just youuu! Forever together and together forever, my dear! Have a treat! On the house. It's free. THE FIRST ONE'S ALWAYS FREE!"

The shadow stabbed down at her with a pair of massive dragon claws, goring straight through her paralyzed form and the bed beneath her in a single horrible second. Liquid red exploded everywhere, painting her walls in thick splotches. She chocked, trying to look away from the hateful gaze above, but couldn't move a muscle. She was forced to watch as a great gout of flames built in the shadow’s mouth. A second later, she heard the sound of Harry's screams, and the flames rushed forward to engulf her.

With a great lurch that sent her sitting upright, Gabby sucked in the crisp morning air desperately and woke up.

"Gabby?" a voice asked, and she knew it to be Harry's. "Are you okay?"

Nonono!

"Stay away from me!" she screamed, hysterical, scampering away from him as he rose from her desk chair.

"Hey, easy," he said, holding his hands up. "Easy. It's okay, Gabby. It's just me."

His matching green eyes stared at her earnestly.

It's him. It's Harry. It's just Harry. You were dreaming again, pretty bird. Just a dream.

"Harry?" she said, still shaken. She was as soaked as she'd dreamed she was, and a clammy feeling quickly overtook her. She suddenly had the thought that she must look like an absolute mess.

"Yeah, it's me."

Oh, Harry.

She tried to fight it, but tears filled and then spilled from her eyes despite her efforts. She knew he'd hate her when he found out what they'd wrote. She knew he'd be horrified when he learned about her past. But goodness, didn't it feel good to see him, alive and well!

She was starting to sob now. Snot leaked from her nose, and a great swell of helpless
embarrassment threatened to swallow her whole.

Harry closed the gap between them in an instant, protectively curling around her damp, weeping body even as it transformed in response to her distress.

*Why do these things have to happen to me?*

Mismatched eyes, then crushed watermelon.

*Because you deserve it.*

"Oh, Harry!" she wailed, curling her taloned arms and legs around him desperately. She was so much smaller than him, and fit against his body like a puzzle piece. The dragon, and the article, and her slipping control- it was just too much. She held onto him with everything she had, and cried.

Harry didn't let his own growing distress or bewilderment show, and instead focused on trying to comfort Gabby. He'd had no idea she'd be in this bad a state, and a dark splinter of emotion wedged itself deep in his brain. He should have come sooner.

Gabby remained oblivious to his woes, too wrapped up in her own tumultuous feelings to notice anything. He felt so incredibly good pressed up against her skin and feathers.

Gabby latched onto the feeling like a drowning child.

Slowly, bit by bit, she started to take back control over herself. By the time her sobs had died down to the occasional hitched breath, her face was a wet mess. The shoulder of Harry's school robe was dirty now, too.

More shame slithered and roiled in her belly at the sight, and she squeezed him harder for comfort.

"It's okay, Gabby," he cooed softly into her ear, rubbing tenderly along her back, stroking her feathers through her pajamas.

No. It's not. Nothing's okay, Harry. Don't you see? This won't last.

She sniffled at the thought, and refused to let her grip slacken.

The room was some degree brighter than it had been when she'd first awoken (for real), and Gabby felt personally wronged by time's cruel march forward.

*Can't things just stay like this? Why does everything good have to end so quickly? It's not fair…*

Gabby buried her face into the damp crook of Harry's neck. It was warm and perfect and she never wanted to leave.

He cupped the back of her head, which was half silky tresses and half downy feathers, and hugged her to him close.

She took a shuddery breath.

*You should tell him now.*

But why? No, she couldn't.

*Yes. You can. It'll only hurt that much worse if he finds out from someone else. Reporters are digging into your past this very moment. What if it makes into one of the inevitable follow-up*
papers... What will happen then? Do you want him to read something like that?

She didn't, but she still couldn't tell him. It'd be the end of this. She indulged in a tighter embrace.

You have to. Maybe he'll feel sorry enough for you that he won't curse you till he's left. Use your allure to soften the blow.

Never. If an organ was responsible for producing it, instead of her magic, she would have carved it out of herself long ago.

Fine. But you still need to tell him.

I want Maman... I want Papa…

Don't act like a baby- you don't get to after what you did.

SMASHEWATERMELON

Stop! She didn't want to think about that ever again.

TELL HIM

Gabrielle grit her teeth and clenched her eyes shut. She felt like she was losing her mind. She was torn between what she had to do and what she wanted to do.

She had to tell him. Everything. Whatever happened afterwards…

It'll be okay.

She didn't believe that for a second, but she sucked in a breath to speak, all the same.

"'Arry, z-zere ees something you need to know."

Harry tried to pull away from her so they could look at each other, but Gabby resisted, and he stopped.

She had hooked her chin around the crook of his neck and was savoring his warmth. Burning it into her memory.

Remember this.

She doubted she'd get to feel it again.

"Okay," he said, and Gabby couldn't help but notice the reluctance in his voice.

"W-well," she said, licking her lips. "I'm not sure 'ow to start…"

Harry chuckled nervously. "Is it too cliché to say 'the beginning."

Gabrielle tried to laugh, and failed.

Get it over with.

"When I was younger, my mother would take me to the- the Marché- our equal to Diagon Ally- to play while she worked. She owns a bookstore there, and I would help her with this and that while Fleur was at school and Papa worked."
Gabby would have remembered those days fondly, if not for the way they ended.

"On Fridays, as a treat, she would give me a sickle and send me next door. O-one of her school friends ran a sweets shop there, and I'd try something new each week."

Gabrielle’s eyes glazed over as she remembered that time.

Mismatched eyes and so much smashed watermelon.

"I-I don't remember it all that well, but Mama tried to explain it to me once, after everybody pretending that nothing had happened didn’t work. She said that he… he had a history of mental problems. That he was a ‘simple man’. It made him, uh, unusually susceptible, she said, to mind magics…"

Harry shifted in their embrace, and she rushed to continue.

"In our culture, the younger a veela is when they trigger their allure, the more potential they're believed to have. Like I said before: there's a reason I got to tag along with the Beauxbatons group…"

"Gabby that's nothing to-"

"Pease," she said, tears coloring her voice. "Let me finish."

Don’t let me finish...

Harry stayed silent.

"R-right, okay. So every week, I would go to his shop, my allure a little bit stronger each time, and before anyone realized what was happening… He'd been driven past- past reason."

She remembered meeting his eyes every time she greeted him, just like she'd been taught. There'd been a hazy, unfocused look in them that grew each time. She should have mentioned it, but never did. It hadn’t seemed important. Just another little quirk in a wonderful world.

"H-he, oh God, Harry, he was a good man. He knew I was a veela but he just didn't understand where his feelings were coming from! He didn’t understand what that meant, and nobody else had noticed my allure yet. I went to his shop one day, la de f-freaking da, not expecting anything but a muffin and a- and a smile. He must have been really close to losing control of himself that day, b- because he- oh God, Harry, he killed himself right in front of me. Right in front of me! He told me he loved me and that he knew it was wrong and that he wouldn’t let anybody hurt me, even himself, and then he blew his head right off his shoulders with a- a bombarda!"

Harry had turned stiff as a board by the time she managed to choke out her story, and she knew it was because he'd recognized her for the wretched cur she was.

Oh but I'm sorry! Doesn't that mean anything at all? I'm sorry, a million times over!

"I'm sorry!"

Harry couldn't move. He felt like he was going to be sick.

Oh, Jesus, that's why! And I- I…

He was dizzy with self-disgust for himself, and great, heavy pity for poor, sweet little Gabrielle.
Not everything is about you.

The thought rang in his ears. He should have stayed with her. He should have *made* her understand his feelings.

And now, because of what he'd said, passing out at the end of the First Task…

*What if they print this?*

His eyes hardened.

Gabby's beautiful, half-avian form felt so light and brittle in his arms. Harry was sure that the moment he let go of her, she'd shatter into a million pieces, and so he held her tightly. She'd begun to weep again, and he had no idea how to stop her. He wanted to cry too, but pushed the need aside. Convincing Gabby that he was still there for her was more important right now.

Her petite form clutched at him desperately, and he was remorse to try and pry her away, but he wanted her to see the truth of his words in his eyes.

As soon as he tried to push her back, she started to wail.

"*Please, Harry! I said I'm sorry, didn't I? I don't know what else to do. What can you do for something like that? Just tell me what to do!*"

Harry felt his throat close as the hot saltiness of tears broke past the dam of his self-control.

*She thinks you're mad at her! She thinks you're fucking angry with her!*

"G-Gabby, Gabby, please, look at me, will ya? Please, just look at me. Look," he said, blinking harshly to clear his vision. When she reluctantly pried her red-rimmed orbs of blue open and looked at him, Harry made sure to smile. "Hey, now," he said, sniffling. "You're not thinking anything crazy, are you? You know that I'd never blame you for something like that. You know that."

She didn't look like she knew anything of the sort, and that made Harry feel about two inches tall.

He couldn't help the hurt look that flashed across his face. "Well it's true, okay? Whether you know it or you fucking don't. Jesus, don't forget that *I too* accidentally killed a man!"

Professor Quirrell's death screams still haunted his dreams every once in a while…

*You did that on purpose, though. That's even worse, innit?*

He ignored the thought and focused on Gabby.

*"You don't understand, though,"* she said, shaking her head. *"There's an article-"

*"Yeah, I know, and I don't give a flying fuck about that either, Gabby. Let them write their bullshit and see what happens."

*"But it's true!"* she said, scooting back from his grasp too quickly for him to stop her. *"It's all true. They're wrong, but they're right. I have been manipulating you. I really have!"


*"No,"* Harry said, biting back hot, reflexive anger. *"Shut the hell up, Gabby. Can you even hear
what you're saying? How the hell have you been *manipulating* me, huh?"

She screwed her hands up and screamed at him. "*My allure, Harry! My allure! My allure! Don't you understand? You only like me because I can't keep my allure from making you like me. No matter how hard I try, the second I stop thinking about it, it just leaks out and-*"

*Shut up!*

Harry lashed out and grabbed Gabrielle by her shoulders. He didn't want to hurt her, but his grip was too tight all on its own.

*She doesn't believe that. She can't.*

He refused to believe it.

She looked at him with wide, wet eyes. He could see so many things swimming around in their depths, and he used them to try and calm himself.

"Gabrielle," he said, and she automatically sat straighter. A distant part of Harry, the incubus part, couldn't help but notice the modest swells of her breasts perk up, nipples pebbled from the tension, clearly visibly through her damp pajamas. "I've got an idea, but I want you to be quiet for a few minutes so I can run through it in my head a few times, okay? Can you do that for me, please?"

Her eyes were wide and oh, so vulnerable, but she nodded all the same.

*She really is beautiful. Even like this. No, especially like this.*

Her soft, white feathers were immaculate in every way he could think to judge them. Without asking permission, he stroked and pulled lightly at cluster of them that encircled her neck like jewelry.

She twitched and bit her lip, but stayed silent.

"I think we can fix this," he said, eyes staring through her in deep thought. "Clear it all up. There's a way. I know there is."

"'Arry-"

"Wait!" he snapped.

"Just… Just wait a second, okay? This is important. *You* are important, to me, and *I need* to make sure this works, so just be quiet for a little longer and I'll prove to you that you're wrong."

Gabby's eyes shown with a treacherous hope that he was right, but then dimmed.

Mere seconds passed before the answer came to him, and he almost smiled.

*It really should be just that simple, shouldn't it?*

"Yeah, this'll work," he said, removing his hands from her shoulders. "You're not using your allure at all right now, are you?"

"N-no!" she said, shaking her head.

"Good. I believe you."
Without warning, he was suddenly leaning forward, pulling and drawing her into a deep, soul-searing kiss.

She stiffened reflexively at first, but melted like butter against him after just a few seconds.

Harry focused, making sure not to get too swept up in the kiss. He was waiting for something…

Their kiss began to get heated, and he immediately pulled back.

"Your allure is leaking a little bit."

Her eyes widened in horror. "I'm so sorry Harry! This is what I mean!"

He cupped her face firmly. "Listen to me, would ya? I don't give a flying fuck if you let your allure loose. I just pointed it out so I can prove my point here beyond a shadow of a doubt."

She looked confused.

His patience was thinning.

*Keep it together. If anything in the entire world is worth it, it's this.*

"Just do what I say for the next few minutes, alright? If you can do that, I swear everything will be okay."

She gave the fainted of nods, not looking very convinced.

"Good enough. Now, focus on your allure. Watch it as closely as you can for me. This will hopefully be the last time you ever need to control it around me, but just do your best not to let it flare up, one last time."

Harry steeled himself against the embarrassment and awkwardness that threatened to silence him as he prepared to confess his feelings.

"I like you, Gabrielle," he said. "A lot. In a different way than I've ever liked anybody in my entire life. Different from my prey or my friends or even people I've crushed on before. G-get what I mean?"

A spark of light went off in her eyes.

"I am *not* saying this because of your veela magic, or because of my incubus magic, or for any other reason than I damn well like you, okay? This is how I feel *right now*, and I'll be expecting an apology from you when this is all over for- for…" He stumbled, his hurt at the whole situation and his own personal issues choking him up. "For even *thinking* that my feeling are f-fake. I mean that from the bottom of my heart. So there, explain *that* away."

Gabby's eyes misted over with dread once again, and she grasped for him.

He caught her hands before they could reach him. "Wait," he said, not letting go. He began interlacing his fingers with hers. "This l-little experiment isn't over yet."

Gabby started to shake her head as she followed Harry's string of logic.

He squeezed her talons and pulled her to him. She was in his lap again, her buttocks resting against his folded legs and groin. Her breasts were at eye level with him.
"Please," he said, looking up at her. "I can… Well, I guess I can't really imagine what it must be like for you." His voice steeled, and there was no room left for disagreement. "What happened to that man was not your fault, Gabrielle. That's the truth, and one day, you'll see that."

She sniffled, and looked away.

"But until then, you're just gonna have to trust me."

Her chin trembled, but she turned back all the same.

"Hit me with it. Your allure. Pour every single thing you have into it."

She looked sick.

Harry fought back his own reluctance to continue as she grew more and more upset. He had to battle back the urge to cave in, to just hold and protect her until someone came looking for them.

This is the only way forward.

She was keening low in her throat and shaking her head, listless with despair.

"I-if you don't," he made himself say, wagering everything he had in a desperate gamble for happiness, "then I'll never speak to you again."

Please God let this work.

Gabrielle froze.

If you don't, then I'll never speak to you again.

How could he say something like that? If he could imagine how she felt about using her allure, even just a little bit, then how could he ever say something like that to her?

She looked down at him unsteadily. Her nipples were inches from his face, and a highly unstable mix of fear, anger, lust, love, and years of pent-up frustration and sadness and loneliness all melted together, somewhere deep inside the purest part of her soul, and hardened into a little black bomb.

She considered defusing it. Burying it. Trying to salvage what she could of her hopes and dreams and happiness and safe, quiet little existence of pretending she wasn't really a veela.

I like you, Gabrielle.

Hell, she thought. I think I like you too.

She let the bomb go off, too tired to stop it.

In an instant, her little room became saturated with the most potent veela allure either of them had ever encountered. Gabby's transformed figure pulsed wave after wave of savage, potent magic, so pure it thickened the air itself and splashed against the walls.

Harry was astonished, and his body reacted on its own. His manhood hardened painfully and his pupils dilated and he took a great whiff of heaven. He could actually feel emotions hidden inside of her allure. He felt his heart lurch at its pain. It was like the magic itself was crying and screaming and laughing all at once, truly unchained for the first time in years.

Gabby felt her fear and anger wash away as a sense of strength and euphoria flooded her veins.
Tears leaked from her eyes. All the air in the room was distorted from her magic, like a heatwave over cement.

Her feelings of triumph soured as she felt Harry shift beneath her.

*Here it comes. He's an incubus, after all, under my allure. He can't help himself. This is the part where he figures out a way to bed me. I'm going to end up being just another notch in his belt after all.*

She tried to find consolation with the thought, but as much lust for Harry as she felt rushing through her veins, deep down, Gabby did not want to have sex with him like this.

She smiled helplessly at the ceiling, shed a pair of tears, and looked down.

*I at least want to look him in the eyes while he fucks me.*

Her eyes met his and her brain turned off. She gasped. He was breathing heavily, and his nostrils were flared, and his erection was plainly visible through his pants, but…

But his eyes- his beautiful, *beautiful* eyes- they weren't clouded over at all.

*They're not! They're not, they're not, they're really really not!*

He was staring up at her with the acuity of a hawk.

"I'm sure there's some old saying out there somewhere," he started to say, very deliberately keeping his hands to himself even as his gaze wandered a bit, "about not trusting the words of a guy with a hard-on."

She blushed and even giggled a bit- completely floored. This was not how the world worked.

He smiled and continued: "But take me at my word, Gabby. The only difference between me a minute ago and right now is that everything I notice about you is a little bit *heightened*. Simple as that."

Her heart fluttered beneath her breasts.

"It not that I'm having all these crazy thoughts and feeling about you for the first time or anything, it's just that you're naked in all of 'em now. You're naked in a lot of them normally anyway, so you know."

She laughed. She sobbed. She wanted to swat at him. It was like a huge spoonful of the best, bitterest medicine right down her throat. A large part of her wanted to reject his words as false and go on as she'd been, but she just couldn't. They were working on her. She couldn't find even a scrap of falseness in his eyes or words or small, tired smile.

He looked up at her, a tad helplessly, like he'd played his last card and was waiting to see whether he'd won or lost the game.

She wanted him to win.

*No. Your allure is evil.*

He held her gaze without flinching.

*Just wait. Count to a hundred. He'll have you bent over naked by then, all because of the wickedness you've unleashed upon him. Evil creature. Sinful thing.*
She counted once, and then again.

Harry didn't move, save to breathe and blink.

*You're holding back! Your allure is evil. EVIL.*

She strained and focused, and her allure grew in intensity by some small degree.

Harry swallowed, snorted through his nose, and raised an eyebrow at her.

*But what about mismatched-eyes-and-smashed-watermelons?*

Maybe it really hadn't been her fault.

*Everything is your fault. Everything.*

"Gabby," he whispered. "Nothing bad is going to happen. You don't have to worry anymore."

**LIAR LIAR PANTS ON FIRE!**

Harry wouldn't lie to her.

**MURDERER**

"Eet wasn't my fault."

**YES IT WAS. SLUT. TEMPTRESS. SIREN.**

"No," Harry said solemnly. "It wasn't your fault, Gabby."

*Grraah! Then why have you been torturing yourself all this time? It HURT to lock your allure up that tight. It hurt. For so long! It hurt. IT HURT! Was all that really for nothing? Are you okay with that?*

She considered it. If moving on meant accepting that she'd put herself through hell needlessly…

**You don't like that!**

No, she didn't. Gabby didn't enjoy feeling like she was wrong one bit. But she'd find a way to live with it. It was worth it. *This* was worth it.

*We'll see.*

Gabby supposed that she would.

"Kiss me," Harry whispered.

She looked deep into his eyes, and obeyed.

It was sweet and loving and it filled her soul with warmth.

He pulled away first, and she smiled, tired.

Her gamble had paid off, too.
Hundreds of miles away, deep within a massive, unplottable corpse of trees known best as The Grey Forest, wagers of a different sort were being placed.

A great, brown barn owl sat motionlessly upon a gnarled oak's sole branch. It scanned the forest floor, meticulously searching the bed of dead leaves and twigs for movement.

It ignored the unnaturally still wraith hovering off to the side. Despite its oppressive aura, the owl had delivered numerous letter to it before without issue, and it didn't suspect this time would be any different.

The wraith poured over the unfolded parchment for what must have been the tenth time, its ghostly hands real enough to handle the business of grasping the letter.

*Things are happening too quickly.*

It scanned its coal-red eyes up and down the letter one more time. In it, tales of unexpected dueling skills, strengthening social ties, and the death of a dragon all filled the wraith with unease.

*The plan... Yes. There's no sense in second guessing it. It's time to change tactics.*

A rustling so impossibly quiet that not even the owl picked up on it reached the wraith's ears.

*Will he be an asset, or an obstacle?*

The rustling grew nearer.

*It's too threatening to his existence. He'll be in the way.*

It had cost him a great deal of energy tracking the locket down, and even more energy still subduing and consuming the bit of him he'd left in it, but all of his efforts were about to be rewarded.

Another rustle sounded out, this time close and loud enough that the great brown barn owl heard it. Its head swiveled impossibly towards it, and a second later, it dove.

The wraith watched as the creature responsible for the rustling, a grey rat, began to spin and bend into the shape of a man.

With great focus and an effort that would leave the wraith feeling drained for days to come, it smothered the rat-man's attempt to transform.

A betrayed cry turned into a squeak, and a second later, the owl was swooping back to the branch it'd been perched upon before, the squirming rat caught between its talons.

The wraith watched on without much interest as the owl ripped and ate at the rat's guts. Some part of it felt grateful towards the bird. It had hated that wretched thing it was goring itself on, and watching it die in agony was almost relaxing.

As a sign of gratitude, and also because the animagus suppression spell had taken more magic than the wraith had to spare, it waited until the bird was finished to hijack its body. It flapped and squawked in a blind panic, but even as tired as it was, the wraith had no trouble possessing the owl.

Flapping its new wings carefully, the wraith-owl climbed up, through the air, till it was a good distance above the treetops and could begin in on its mission.
The taste of rat blood was thick and delicious in Tom Riddle's beak as he began the long and dangerous flight towards Azkaban Prison.

AN: It's a Christmas miracle, folks. Three things, before we get to the changes and why they were made. One: Happy Holidays! Two: I apologize for the wait. Three: Welcome back. Okay, so I'll make this as brief as possible, and if you want a more detailed explanation, PM me. I traded the scene where Harry and Gabby got together in Ch.13 out for one where things don't go so well. I did this because I realized, after forcing myself to write an entirely different chapter 17 in that canon, that I had shot myself right in the balls. Their union was WAY too soon, it was WAY too easy, and it was WAY too big of a waste to let the story continue with it in. I sincerely hope that you find this version of Incubus, which is still very much a first draft, to be more interesting than that version was. If you are unhappy with the changes, please know that this was the only way I could continue working on Incubus, and stay your judgement for a few more chapters. I love this story, and I love you guys, and even though it took way too damn long, I love that I can finally get back to writing it. Thank you for your time. Favorite, follow, and review.
Chapter Eighteen

Oh my God, end already!

Ron half-heartedly tried to catch at least some of what Prickfessor Snape was saying, his hooked nose jabbing this way and that as he monotonously drawled on and on and fucking on, torturing the class with yet another of his infamously stale lectures. Today's session was about... It was about...

Fuck, man. The hell is talking about again?

Well, he was sure it was about something. He honestly couldn't say what, though. Normally Ron was able to force himself to pay at least a smidge of attention in all of his classes, even if that meant Clockwork Orange-ing his eyes open to keep from falling asleep, but today he had the opposite problem.

He was just too damn giddy to listen.

Third place in the Flying Tourney, let's fucking go!

He hid a shit-eating grin behind his hand but couldn't smother the smug aura that clung to him. He caught Harry looking his way from the corner of his eye, and slyly flashed him four fingers.

Harry flicked him the bird and laughed under his breath. He'd finished just behind Ron, and the redhead hadn't stopped rubbing his face in the corner of his eye, and slyly flashed him four fingers.

Harry flicked him the bird and laughed under his breath. He'd finished just behind Ron, and the redhead hadn't stopped rubbing his face in it all day. His blood was still racing from the morning's competition, and every minute he spent suffering through Snape's existence and not bragging physically hurt. His knee bounced wildly underneath the desk as he rewatched the aerial gauntlet that had been the Flying Tourney over and over in his head.

Third place! Third fucking place!

The entire tourney had taken place at the crack of dawn that morning, and unlike the Triwizard Tournament, the smaller competitions awarded prizes to first, second, and third. A classy bronze medal was proudly on display in his dorm room right now, but way better than that, a fucking Firebolt was waiting for him up there too.

FIREBOLT BABY!

He didn't mind not coming in first place too much. Despite his naturally competitive nature and the heap of galleons that'd been awarded to the winner, he was content. To absolutely nobody's surprise, it had been Victor Krum who'd won, three full seconds faster than second place, and four faster than him. Ron allowed himself to imagine all those galleons and living the high life for a little bit, but then dropped it. He was proud of his performance. To top it all off, the second place winner had been a drop-dead gorgeous witch from Durmstrang, and he'd been treated to the sight of her lacy knickers the entire time they'd flown.

God bless Great Britain, French toast, and Scandinavian schoolgirls who fly in skirts!

He'd been instantly smitten with her after seeing her inhuman skills in the air from behind, and a congratulatory peck on the cheek from her after the competition had cemented his crush. He'd flashed Harry a look, and gotten an understanding thumbs up in return. Riding his cloud of
euphoria, he'd asked her to the fast-approaching Yule Ball right there on the spot, and by God, she'd said yes.

*Just gotta figure out how to say her name before then, and we're golden, ponyboy.*

He was still riding on cloud nine from the morning's events, and nothing could kill his good mood, including Snape's surly droning. Things were looking up for old Ronald Weasley, and, though it had taken some time, things were starting to seem like they were okay with his friends as well. Finally.

He, and Hermione too, had been at their wits end after the First Task, and watching Harry just lie in bed afterwards had been hell. Learning what would happen to him if he didn't wake up in time hadn't helped, but he appreciated Bell's honestly all the same.

*What a world.*

That had been a rough couple weeks, even after Harry woke up. He knew that there was a lot that had happened that he missed in that space of time, but from what he was told and what he was able to piece together on his own, Ron thought he had a working picture of the events that followed the First Task.

Harry had killed the dragon-

*Equal parts badass and bloody frightening*

-and then called out for Gabrielle as he passed out. That bloody article had shown up the next morning, and everybody and their mum was all up in arms about it, trying to figure out what was true and who they should blame and all kinds of crazy shit. He'd just agreed with Hermione when she said it was all a load of poorly written rubbish, and was happy to dismiss it as such. After that, once Harry woke up, and according to what he later told him, he and Gabrielle basically had a big long talk about her allure and not giving a shit what people said and stuff like that.

He'd pretty much just agreed with that too, and had made sure to let the little veela know he was in her corner the next time he saw her.

Despite Harry downplaying it, Ron and everybody else in their little gang couldn't help but notice just how much closer he and Gabrielle acted after their little 'talk'. Ron couldn't remember if it was the day after Harry woke up or the day after that, but one morning, after watching Harry pay Gabrielle an especially risqué compliment at breakfast and receive a shy smile and blush in return, rather than the expected jab to the ribs, Hermione had pulled them aside to confront him about it.

Harry admitted that they had grown closer, but kept insisting that they were being extra careful not to rush into anything not to rush into anything too quickly. Emotions were running high, he said, and he was waiting for things to settle a bit before he made his move. Ron had found the idea of Harry, Incubus Extraordinaire, Sexual Demon King, and Conqueror of All Things Female, tip-toeing around something like asking Gabrielle to be his girlfriend hilarious. He guessed he could understand it, a bit: that whole side of ol' Harry's life was twistier than ball of yarn in the wash, but still. It was funny. After some more grilling, Harry did finally admit that he'd already asked Gabrielle to the Yule Ball, and that he was planning on asking her to be his girlfriend then.

Ron had shown his support with a firm smack to the back and innuendo-laced "Good luck." Harry had pinkened and thanked him. Hermione had jabbed without remorse.

*Bloody ribs just about stay bruised these days.*

He had noticed other stuff during the weeks following the First Task as well. He knew that the
veela sisters’ parents had visited at some point, though they'd left again before he ever got to introduce himself. He figured that them stopping by, plus her and Harry's little 'talk', plus the fact that the gang had really come together in solidarity to support her, all added up and helped make things easier for the little veela in the wake of the Daily Prophet's article. He knew she caught a little shade from some of the school's scummier attendees when they weren't all together, but on the whole, they made a concerted effort to shut that shit down.

*Funny how just pulling a chair out from under someone can make 'em piss their pants. Guess it's to be expected when Harry does it with the same spell he used to snap that dragon's neck, though.*

Thinking of which, that had been a narrowly avoided disaster in its own right. Sure, it wasn't illegal, and the judges and spectators were all blown away, but the dragon tamers... Even Charlie had had some strong words for Harry after that mess. A heartfelt apology to the tamers and two scoops of common sense had put that fire out quick enough, thank God.

The only thing Ron didn't understand had to do with a warning Harry had passed on to him and Hermione. He'd dropped a few unsubtle hints following the First Task that something bad was likely to pop up in the Prophet sometime soon, and that it might be really hard on Gabrielle if it did. A day had passed, and when nothing more sensational than the death of Bellatrix Lestrange in prison made the paper, he'd tried to assure his friend that whatever it was he thought they might print, he probably didn't need to worry. Aiming to ease everybody's nerves, he'd made the comment that it didn't make much sense stressing about it, since there wasn't anything they could do to censor the paper anyway. That had earned him a very curious, very unsettling look from Harry. When the next day he came in at breakfast time and told them matter-of-factly that he'd taken care of it, Ron got worried. Harry had been wearing his best poker face at the time, and he still didn't know what'd been done to silence the Daily Prophet's poisonous tongue. Whatever it was, Harry didn't seem especially proud of it.

*Doesn't matter either way- they'll have earned whatever they got.*

Since then, things had steadily returned to normal. As normal as things ever got, anyway. While Harry was busy with romance and Hermione was focused on school, he had taken the opportunity to put himself through a kind of voluntary flight boot camp alongside the twins. They'd offered to help Ginny prepare for the tourney as well, but she'd been uncharacteristically disinterested. Either way, he'd worked his little freckled ass off day and night in preparation for the Flying Tourney, and he was happy to be enjoying the fruits of that labor now.

While he'd been focused on flying, everyone else had been busy with other things. Hermione was cooking up something absolutely dastardly in preparation of the Comprehension Tourney, which as far as he knew was to be a mix of real-world puzzle solving and magical dexterity virtuosity, whatever that meant. All he knew was that she'd gone further and further into mad scientist mode over the last several weeks, and that that made him nervous. Luna, who they'd pretty much all accepted into their gang at Harry's behest, seemed extremely busy wandering around doing who knew what, though she'd helped Hermione on a few occasions 'In the Lab', as they called it. Fleur, as best as he could tell, was slowly losing her mind as time went by and she continued to make zero progress on her golden egg. As far as Ron knew, Harry hadn't figured it out yet either, though he didn't seem as stressed out about it. Whenever anybody brought the subject up, he'd just say that there was plenty on his plate already, and that he wouldn't sweat the Second Task until it drew nearer. He just shrugged it off when the fact that it was less than two months away was brought up.

Not for the first time, Ron worried that his friend may have stretched himself too thin. Watching that dragon thrash him around had really driven home how dangerous these tasks actually were. Frustratingly, it didn't seem that Harry himself had received the memo. It wasn't that he really
cared too much if his friend spend his time flirting with Gabrielle and sleeping around, but with how much time he ate up on those things, instead of properly preparing…

You sound like Hermione, ol’ chap.

Ron tried not to think about it too much. His previous good cheer had been dampened just a bit by his walk down recent-memory lane.

A note, thickly scented with girly fragrance, sailed low through the air and landed on his desk.

Ron shot shifty eyes across the room, but nobody was looking at him.

Huh.

He opened the letter, and his good mood returned with a vengeance.

A girl, asking him to the Yule Ball? Was that even legal?

He smiled. Things really were looking up for Ronald Weasley.

Things were not looking up for Harry Potter.

Oh, they had been until very recently, of course. He was doing acceptably well in school, all of his friends were happy and safe, and he was systematically fucking his way through the busty blonde population of Hogsmeade, upon Gabby's suggestion (the brunettes were next on his list). Her logic had been such: he had an invisibility cloak, and it was right next to them, so why not? Much more importantly than any of that, he and his little veela love interest had grown exponentially closer after the First Task, and he'd yet to come down from the high he got whenever she was around.

Things weren't perfect, though. The Second Task was fast approaching, and he still had no idea what it would entail. Even worse was the situation with Ginny. Despite what he'd said, they hadn't had sex again since. So much had changed in such a short period of time, and the whole situation just stressed him out. He felt like a dirty liar for not helping scratch her nympho itch like he'd promised he would, but at the same time, fucking Ginny when he'd already satisfied his instincts felt too much like a betrayal of Gabby and their growing relationship. Even after weeks had gone by, and Ginny's body would've been able to quell his instincts once again, he refrained. He was tempted, of course. Horribly tempted. As much as he enjoyed fucking the women in Hogsmeade, none of them could compare to his experience with Ginny and what he knew she was willing to do, and sometimes, when he'd catch her in the evenings, staring at him smolderingly from across the Gryffindor Commons, it became almost too hard to resist. Despite his temptation, Harry knew that having sex with Ginny again would only encourage her feelings, and as bad as it made him feel, he couldn't see her the same way she saw him.

That she handled the situation without either raging or overtly lusting after him, and instead acted like nothing had happened, left him feeling conflicted. He didn't hesitate to plunder through her head whenever the fancy struck, and judging from her constant twisted fantasies involving him, and her nightly, emotional masturbation sessions, her feelings hadn't suddenly vanished. She seemed to be suffering his half-hearted rejection with as much dignity as she could manage. He was left feeling grateful and uneasy, and a bit like the bad guy.

He hadn't mentioned anything about any of this to Gabby yet.

Now, he found himself in a similarly sticky situation.
It was half past eight in the evening and the sun had already retreated behind the horizon, leaving Harry to trudge up the frozen path from Hogsmeade to Hogwarts in the dark. Bell's tiny blue form slept peacefully deep in his robe, worn out from the evening's activities. He was on his way back after having given an attractive twenty year old the ride of her life, warmed by a charm and hidden beneath his cloak, when a shifting silhouette in his peripheral vision made him stop.

There, by the base of one of the Forbidden Forest's monstrously tall evergreen trees, he spied a distortion in the air. An image of Arnold Schwarzenegger covering himself in mud to hide his body heat came to Harry unbridled.

_Shit. Mikko._

He focused his incubus magic for a second, and had his guess confirmed. Neither of them moved. There was no real way to be sure, but Harry had the overwhelming feeling that, just as he had spotted her through her invisibility, she had done the same.

_No sense drawing this out._

He began walking towards her, still cloaked.

She retreated back into the forest when he reached her, understanding his desire for privacy without him having to ask.

As he stepped into the woods and the little light there'd been before grew even dimmer still, Harry wondered just how long the arachne princess had been following him. All day? All week? Ever since he failed to return to the nest with his decision?

There was no way to know, and so he followed her in silence.

Wind blew softly through the trees, and a distant howl sounded from deep in the woods. A fluffy blanket of snow covered the ground and reflected just enough moonlight to see. Harry didn't believe for a second that he was in any danger, but reflexively primed his telekinesis spell all the same as they went further and further into the forest.

Once they'd walked a good hundred paces, and the path he'd been traveling before was no longer visible through the dense trunks and thick undergrowth, they came to a stop. On an unspoken que, they both dropped their respective invisibility.

They studied one another in silence. Mikko was still wearing the school robe he'd wrapped her in the first time they met, which Harry found surprisingly touching. Her pale, peachy breasts, toned navel, and shy cleft sex were like cream beneath the moon, and quickened Harry's pulse. Her lower, black widow half possessed a beauty of its own, and he admired it, until their gazes finally met.

Her wide, sad eyes stared at him tearfully, and he winced.

_Damn it all._

"Hey, Mikko," he said, forcing himself to meet her eyes. This was a confrontation he'd been hoping to put off till much, much later. "How have you been?"

Her face spoke of a deep sorrow, and Harry began to feel uneasy.

_What happened?_

"What's the matter, Mikko?" He looked around for Sadira, but it quickly became clear that she
hadn't come along with her daughter. He still needed a translator, and so reached in his pocket to wake Bell.

"Yes, Master?" she asked through a cute yawn, pulling herself out of his robe. When she realized where they were, she blinked rapidly to wake herself up. "What do you need?"

Harry flashed a concerned look at Mikko. "I, ah, I don't really know. Something's wrong with Mikko, though. Can you think of anything that could let us speak? Like when you taught me French?"

Bell looked uncertain. "If she still can't speak then I'm not sure what to do, Master. The best I can think of is sign language, but my kiss only works on you…" Her face scrunched in concentration. "There is one way that could work, maybe." She looked from her master to the despondent arachne and back. "If you can read lust-tinged thoughts already, then as long as you're doing something intimate with her, you should be able to communicate using your powers as an incubus."

Harry considered it. "What would you suggest?"

She looked at him with an expression that said 'You're asking me?' "Stick your cock in her, Master. That ought to work."

Harry frowned at his parva dux. "Alright, thanks. I think I get it." He looked to Mikko for a moment, and then back to Bell. "Can you keep a lookout?"

The fairy nodded, catching his drift, and flew off a few meters to keep watch and allow the illusion of privacy.

Harry made a metal note to thank Bell later and finally turned his attention back to Mikko's sniffling form.

_She's just a girl, after all…_

He'd forgotten how young she really was.

"Mikko," he said, walking towards her. "Can I kiss you?"

She looked terribly confused.

"I'll be able to hear your thoughts while we kiss," he said. "Is that okay?"

She sniffled again and nodded, pulling his old school robe tighter around herself.

He wondered if she was cold.

"Okay," he said, eye to eye with her. She had tear tracks running down her cheeks, and a quiver in her lip. Harry encircled her in his arms, and hugged her close. He was struck by a bit of déjà vu, but ignored it. Slackening his grip till his hands rested on her narrow waist, Harry asked again: "What's wrong, Mikko?" and kissed her.

Her lips were soft and nubile, and pressed against his with unexpected tenderness.

'Momma's dead.'

Harry pulled back and saw that she'd begun to cry. Her tears trailed down her face slowly and without fuss.
She wiped at them tiredly, and let out a sigh.

Harry was shocked to hear that Sadira, who'd seemed so willful and held such a commanding presence when he'd met her, had passed on. The thought that she'd done so with the fate of her brood still up in the air filled him with guilt.

"H-how?" he asked, and immediately regretted it.

_That's not a question you ask, idiot._

Mikko leaned towards him, and he met her in another kiss.

'She was born sick. It caught her. It is nobody's fault.'

When their kiss ended, Harry opted to keep her close, and rested their foreheads together. Her eyes were closed in grief.

_Damnit._

"I'm sorry, Mikko. I barely knew her, but even I could tell that she loved you more than anything else."

She wrapped her arms around him, and he hugged her again.

"I lost my mum, too. When I was baby. I'm sorry, Mikko."

She kissed him again, not to broadcast a thought, but for comfort.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked when she pulled back.

She leaned back in with a tremble.

'I still need you. There is no drone to mate with; there is nobody else. We must have children. Whatever you want, I will do, but we must have children. I won't fail.'

He tried to pull back, but she cupped the back of his head lightly in protest.

'Wait, please.'

Their eyes were open, and he looked at her cautiously.

'Let me try and convince you. Please. I have never been able to speak like this. I am bad at it. I can tell. Let me try a few times to get it right. Please.'

Harry nodded ever so slightly.

Her eyes radiated gratitude, and she moved her lips softly against his.

'Thank you, Harry. I know you do not want to be with me.'

He pulled his lips back half an inch. "Mikko, it's not that simple."

A frustrated look entered her eyes, and she reeled him back in.

'Is there another way? To do this? So we can both talk? Her eyes lit up. 'You fairy said to "stick your cock in me". What does that mean? Would that be easier? Would it work?"
Harry pulled back, growing a tad exasperated. "That's mating, Mikko. We don't need to go that far to talk."

She kissed him again.

'So this is the only way?'

Harry pulled back and considered it, growing frustrated as well. "No," he said, pulling back a bit further and running his eyes down her slim body. "It would probably work if I touched you down there, too."

Mikko looked down her own body shamelessly. Pointing a finger at her bald pussy, she got a slow nod from Harry. Spreading her sex with her fingers, Mikko nodded imploringly at Harry, not sure why he hadn't just touched her there to begin with.

Harry felt his face flush at the sight before him, despite the circumstances. Mikko's pink fleshy petals were spread before him, and under the moonlight, looked unspeakably erotic. He carefully licked the pad of his middle finger and brought it to Mikko's spread labia, working it in just an inch past her loving folds with minimal effort.

The arachne princess's eyes shot wide as an unfamiliar sensation seared through her body, electrifying her nerves. She looked quickly to Harry, to his finger which had disappeared inside of her, and back to him. He met her gaze with a small, guilty smile and pecked her lips.

"Y'okay, Mikko?"

He looked genuinely concerned.

She nodded slowly.

'Yes,' she thought, and Harry heard. 'It feels… nice. Odd, but nice.'

"Good," he said simply, massaging at the roof of her pussy.

'Yes,' she thought, lightly rocking against his palm. 'Very good.'

Not wanting to overstimulate her, he slowed to a crawl.

She looked disappointed, but then moved past it, and began trying to plead her case once again.

'Like I said. I know that you do not want to be with me. You are with the small veela. I have followed you onto the castle grounds and seen the two of you together. You look very happy."

Harry frowned. "You shouldn't follow people around like that, Mikko."

She frowned too. 'You never came back. I had to see you.'

He winced, and his finger stopped.

She bucked against his palm, and, blinking, he resumed fingering her.

"I'm, look, I'm really sorry about that, Mikko. So many things happened so quickly, and then when there was time, I still just didn't know what to say." Harry couldn't meet the arachne's eyes. "God, Mikko, I'm sorry I didn't come see you."

She cupped his face with pale hands, and his gaze met hers.
'I forgive you,' she thought, and he believed her.

Behind them, in a nearby tree, Bell scanned the surrounding area and pretended not to notice.

'I forgive you,' she thought again, 'and I understand, I think, why you did not come. You are trying to create a family as well, yes? With the veela. You think I would complicate that. But I know that she permits you to mate in the city as well. Why can we not mate if your partner will allow it?'

Harry sighed. "There's a difference, Mikko. The people I have sex, uh, that I mate with, won't get pregnant. My parva dux cast a strong spell on me that makes my sperm sterile. Mating for fun or because you have to is different than mating to have children."

Mikko hummed as his finger brushed a tight cluster of nerves.

Harry's brain automatically stored its location away for safe keeping.

'I think I understand, now,' she thought. 'But you must understand, too. You are the only one who can save my family, Harry. I will happily bow to your will in all things if you will just grant me your seed. I will be your family, or I will serve your family, or I will leave and never bother you or your family again- anything so long as you breed me.'

Harry was quickly beginning to feel overwhelmed.

'Before she died, momma told me how most people think about the subject. How you probably think about it. I am absolutely willing to live wherever you or your veela want. I am happy to stay at home and raise our children. Any you and your veela have as well. I will love and raise them with the same care I would my own. I will happily cook and clean and raise our children however you would like every day until I die, if it pleases you. This a more acceptable proposition, right?'

Harry rubbed the back of his head with his free hand and sighed. "That's a bit of an outdated stereotype, Mikko, even if there's nothing wrong with it." Under his breath, he mumbled: "At any rate, don't let Hermione hear you saying stuff like that." He pulled his now slick finger out to tease Mikko's cleft cunt lips, drawing a breathy sigh from her. Slipping back in, he set a rhythm and said: "It isn't that I hate what you're talking about, okay? You've just got an oversimplified view on how relationships and all this stuff works."

Mikko tried to ignore the slowly building something in her belly and respond to Harry. 'Yes. I know. I apologize. I will learn, though, Harry. Listen to me. I will adapt for you. I will adapt for your veela. It does not matter what I will have to do because I am already willing to do anything. I have thought about this. I have not stopped thinking about this since we first met. Even if it costs me my life, as long as I leave a new princess behind to continue my mother's legacy, I can die with a smile on my face."

Harry did his best to ignore every idyllic image that flashed through his head. Little arachne girls running around with beautiful veela children. Him, Mikko, Gabby, all together and happy. Dangerous, dangerous thoughts.

"Mikko, me and Gabby aren't even really together, yet. And even if we were, we're young. Too young, okay?"

'You will be together. Soon. I can tell.'

Harry didn't think she had a leg to stand on when it came to making calls like that, and then immediately had to resist a face-palm at the thought.
Mikko didn't notice his thoughts. 'As for your age, mother explained that to me as well. She learned about you from a centaur after some of them came to apologize for that day. Did you know that you are famous? Anyway, she said that, according to them, your mother became pregnant with you at the age of nineteen. I am willing to wait until we are both at least that old to begin our family, if you are more comfortable with that. I want to start sooner. I want to start now. But when doesn't matter so much if I know it will happen eventually. I will wait for you.'

Harry blinked, processing. He'd known on an intellectual level that his parents had gotten married at a young age, but hearing Mikko state it as fact made him truly understand how close he was to their age when they conceived.

_I'll be nineteen in five years. Gabby will be nineteen in six._

The image of Gabby as a young woman, her hands protectively cradling a swollen belly, came to Harry and ground his thoughts to a halt. It was Mikko's broadcasted thoughts that brought him out of his daze.

'Of course, I am willing to surrender mating rights to your veela as well. Mother tried to explain 'marriage' to me. If she wants to bear your children as your wife first, I will accept that as well.'

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. "It isn't that easy, Mikko. Even if I was on board with everything you've been saying."

_Kinda am._

"-its not just me. I don't get to speak on Gabby's behalf about whether what you're talking about is acceptable to her." He sighed, frustrated. "This is why I didn't come back, ya see? Sitting her down and talking to her about this type of stuff… It's insane."

Mikko's eyebrows drew together in hurt, and Harry rushed to explain.

"Not you, Mikko, and not the idea. When I hear you talk about it, I truly believe that you'd be a wonderful, committed mother, and all that other stuff too, but I mean… How am I supposed to talk to Gabby about getting married and having kids and incorporating you into all that when I haven't even asked her to be my [girlfriend](https://www.google.com/search?q=girlfriend) yet? That's what I find insane. I'm not necessarily against moving a bit fast, but there's such a thing as jumping the gun, okay? It means rushing into things so fast you skip important stuff, and that's what I'd be doing. If me and Gabby are going to be together for as long as you think, for as long as I hope, then I want us to get to those points naturally."

Mikko's delicate eyebrows drew together in deep contemplation. 'You will not mate with me and let me go?'

Harry's lips thinned.

_I already said no, didn't I? Listen._

"No, Mikko. I grew up without my parents. It's an awful thing. Maybe it's the natural order for arachne to just have a mum, but it's not my order. I reject that. All of my children, when I finally do have 'em, will grow up safe and loved in my home. I am committed to that ideal. Don't bring up this 'conceive and leave' idea again."

Her eyes softened around the edges. 'Okay. I won't. I think like that ideal, too, Harry.'
He sighed again.

*Don't get worked up for nothing.*

He scraped his finger's pad roughly up and down Mikko's velvety walls in repentance.

She moaned, and he felt his nether regions stir.

*Maybe it's a good thing she can't talk. Sounding like that, I'm not sure I'd be able to resist her.*

Mikko's eyes fluttered closed.

'I think I am starting to learn. How to talk to you better, I mean, so that I do not upset you.'

*Not really.*

'You cannot speak for the future. You cannot speak for your veela. I understand now, that I've been asking you to do that the whole time. I will ask this instead: what must happen for us to mate? Is there any chance of that happening? Any at all?'

Harry stopped himself from answering her too quickly, and seriously thought about it instead. He knew everything she'd said so far had been sincere. He was listening straight to her thoughts, after all, and would've been able to spot a lie instantly. She would be a tender, loving mother to any children in his house. She was beautiful. She was willing to bend over backwards to make things work.

*Be honest with her.*

"Yeah," he said. "I guess it technically isn't impossible." He had to resist the growing urge to flush and stutter. Actually entertaining her offer was having a strong effect on him. "If Gabby were to *somehow* approve, that is. Again," he said, trying to temper her growing excitement, "I'm not even going to think about talking to her about this until we're together, if she even agrees to *that.*"

A scheming something entered Mikko's eye, but Harry didn't notice.

"And say everything falls in line and we do get together and she *does* agree, like I said before, it'd still have to wait till we're older. Even then..."

'I have already said I will wait,' Mikko reminded him quickly, eyes growing brighter by the second. 'And if I am understanding correctly, you are not against the idea yourself? You find me to be an acceptable partner? Even though I am defective?'

Harry clenched his jaw and yanked Mikko in to kiss her.

She kissed back feverishly, and her sex gripped his massaging digit tighter.

When he pulled back, Harry looked her in the eyes. "There is nothing wrong with you, Mikko. You aren't why I'm... reluctant, okay? Don't put yourself down. This is just a really, really important thing, and it's hard to predict the future, that's all. I *do* like you, and you're *not* 'defective', okay?"

The feeling of lovely tension that'd been growing in her womanhood spiked at Harry's words, and Mikko began rocking herself into his palm more and more desperately.

'So the answer is yes,' she thought, even as she felt herself near some unknown peak. Warm arcs of addictive pleasure flashed out across her nervous system, but she held off as long as she could.
'You are willing to raise a family with me. We just need to get your beloved's permission and wait a few years. Am I correct?'

Harry ignored his flaring arousal to answer the arachne princess, seesawing in and out of her feverish heat faster and faster until the snowy clearing was filled with lewd sounds of wetness and her quiet moans. "You're oversimplifying things again, and still don't have any idea how complicated what you want would actually be, but... Yes, Mikko. You win. If all that happens, I promise, we can be parents together someday."

Mikko came for the first time in her life and cried out into the cold night, her body shaking and her eyes misty and her wildly cumming cunt milking desperately at Harry's finger.

'I-is this normal?' she asked, her hips jerking into Harry's rough palm on their own.

"Yeah," he said simply, carefully watching her orgasm beneath the pale moonlight.

'Mating feels this good too?"

"Better."

'Oh,' she thought, looking back to him. 'No wonder you do it so much then.'

Harry chuckled low in his throat. "I guess."

It's getting late.

It was. The moon was now high overhead, and at least an hour had passed since he'd been lured off the path back to Hogwarts. Probably closer to two.

"Mikko," he said, continuing to play with her sex slowly so they could talk, "I can't stay out too much longer. I have to get back before a professor notices I'm gone."

She smiled and shook her head, almost giddily. 'That is okay. You can go, Harry. I feel much better now. Much, much better. Do you think...'

She wrung her hands together with a shy smile.

Harry cocked his head to the side.

'Do you think I could come see you again? I want to tell my sisters the good news, but can I come back afterwards? I like being around you.'

Harry sighed. "Yeah, okay. Just promise you'll be careful and stuff."

She nodded happily.

A reluctant smile broke through on Harry's face. "Well-"

'D-do you also think,' she interrupted him, holding his hand so he stayed inside of her, 'that next time, when I come to see you, you could introduce me to your veela?'

Harry looked to where she was holding his wrist. "Yeah, I guess that'd be okay." His eyes narrowed and he looked back at her. "Just promise you won't... ya'know, talk to her about having kids and stuff. I don't want to freak her out."

Mikko smiled genially. 'I won't let anyone but you touch me here,' she thought, tightening her hold on his hand, 'unless you say it's okay.'
Another mental picture flashed in his mind, and Harry had to stifle a groan.

"It's only because I'm an incubus that, uh. I didn't mean to say… Just forget it."

He sighed for perhaps the hundredth time that night.

Later, after they'd shared a friendly kiss and said their farewells, Mikko returning to the depths of the Forbidden Forest and he to Hogwarts, Harry was left with the feeling that he'd somehow been duped. After lying awake in bed for half an hour, replaying the conversation over in his head, he managed to convince himself that the feeling was baseless, and went to sleep.

That Mikko had slyly dodged making him his promise never occurred to the incubus.

He slept peacefully and dreamed of a happy house full of laughter.

While Harry slept in his four poster bed at Hogwarts, two women fought to the death atop the rooftops of London many miles away.

Veteran hitwizard Selene bared her coal colored teeth at the figure before her. She was battered and bleeding heavily from a gash in her temple. The stench of her own freely flowing blood filled her nose and agitating her vampire instincts.

The figure opposite her, cloaked in a hooded robe that hid their features, was entirely unharmed.

This is impossible.

Taking advantage of the first still moment since she'd been suddenly attacked her in her home, Selene tried to collect herself. She had no idea who was attacking her or what their motivation was. All she knew was that she was desperately outmatched and needed to call for backup ASAP.

Her assailant had first displayed their incredible power when they erected a series of barriers right after their surprise attack failed to kill her. Selene didn't like how well rehearsed the move had seemed. With the barriers up, she was forced into a backpedaling battle as she tried to make her way to the edge of the wards. Her plan had been to escape the wards and apparate to the station for backup, but that hadn't worked at all. Ten minutes of getting battered as she ran later, and Selene had realized that her assailant was acting as the epicenter for the wards, and that they were moving with her. She'd never heard of anything like it before in her life.

Now, understanding the futility of running, Selene prepared to go with the one plan she could think of that just might work. Apparition, portkey, and every other manner of instant transportation she could think of had failed her, but if she could cast a patronus and hold out for a few minutes, she could get the help she so desperately needed.

"Expecto-" she whispered.

The robed figure twirl-snapped their wand in her direction, and a murderously humming orb of sickly yellow shot towards her head.

She ducked it without too much issue, and finished casting her spell: "Patronum!"

A great silver bat made it about a foot away from her before she realized her fatal mistake.

From just behind her, the yellow spell bulged and exploded, exactly as it had been meant to, sending her hurtling forward across the rooftop's gravely surface with tremendous speed.
When she finally came to a stop, she knew her time had come. Something wet and sharp was poking out of her now bare back, and it was with dawning horror that she realized it was one of her vertebrae. Looking up at the robed figure as they drew near, Selene was powerless to react when they crouched next to her and pulled back their hood.

*Bellatrix Lestrange*?!

By all accounts, the mad witch ought to be dead and gone, but the truth was staring down at her apathetically. Her eyes were clear and studied her in careful silence.

"You are the designated proctor for the upcoming Duelling Tourney at Hogwarts, correct?"

Selene's eyes widened, and her trained mind quickly detected the mental probe Bellatrix was prodding her with. Her defenses went up and held, but not quickly enough to stop her thoughts.

"Yes," the unharmed witch said, nodding to herself. "Very good."

Selene bared her teeth and mastered the urge to weep. She knew that she was going to die, but refused to give the criminal hovering over her the satisfaction.

Bellatrix didn't react one way or the other to the paralyzed vampire, and instead reached down to rip a thick cluster of hair from her head.

White spots exploded behind Selene's eyes and she screamed.

A quick flash of green colored the rooftop, and the screaming stopped.

Holding her crouch, Bellatrix fished out a vial of grey sludge from within her robe. Uncorking it, she dropped one of the deceased vampire's hairs into the mix where it sizzled and dissolved. She stored the leftover hairs safely away and downed the vile potion in one long tug.

A light frown of distaste flashed across the crouching witch's face even as it began to boil and morph.

Selene, veteran vampire hitwizard, rose and looked down at her corpse.

"Incendio," she whispered. After watching the body before her turn to ash, she dropped her wards and apparated home.

She had a Duelling Tourney to begin preparing for, and she was already way behind schedule.

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**AN: Another one! We're beginning to near the climax of Incubus, if you can believe it. Fret not, though, I've got at a bare minimum another five or six chapters planned for you guys. Don't forget to favorite, follow, and review!**
Chapter Nineteen

‘Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching ponder this;
We've taken what you'll surely miss
An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour, the prospect's black,
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.’

"Wassit mean, you think?"

Harry set the closed golden egg on a ledge and watched Susan Bones' awe-inspiring tits jiggle and splash in the prefects' bath as she continued to wash her lovely red hair.

"Dunno," he answered her, leaning back against the rim of the tub. "Krum didn't tell me what it meant, just how to get it to play." He was rapidly falling in love with the washroom, and was even starting to seriously consider aiming for a prefect position just to have legitimate access to it for the rest of his schooling. He mentioned as much to Susan as he turned to let her wash his hair, resting forwards against the bath's edge as he did.

"You'd have to give up your little gang's bad habit of getting in to trouble every other week."

Her sizable breasts smooshed against his back, and Harry hummed.

"As the sexiest member of that 'little gang', and therefore its leader, I take offense to that. Besides, I've been a perfectly good boy this year." He looked back over his shoulder with an arched eyebrow. "Don't I deserve a reward?"

Susan bit her lip provocatively and smiled, pushing Harry's face away with a chuckle.

"You've been a perfectly naughty boy this year, Harry, and we both know it." She expertly worked girly shampoo into Harry's black tresses and sighed. "I am going to miss you and your devilish good looks, though. Getting to ravish you every once in a while has been the highlight of my year. Who's going to put me through my paces from now on, huh?"

Harry's confused look went unseen by Susan on account of their orientation. "What do you mean by that, Sue? You getting' a boyfriend or something?"

Her eye-roll went likewise unseen. "I hope you're kidding. You are taking Gabrielle to the Yule Ball tonight, right?"

"Yeah, so?"

"So," Susan parroted, washing the shampoo from his hair, "I find it hard to imagine that she'd
Harry chuckled at her simile. "I find myself hard imagining it too, but it's true all the same."

She slapped his back with her fingertips. "Get out! You're having a laugh, aren't you?"

Hair now soft and clean and strawberry scented, Harry turned around with a wide grin and challenging look in his eye. "Oh no I'm not. You see, tonight, Gabby's gonna agree to be my girl because, I mean, how could she not?"

Susan giggled.

"And then tomorrow morning, I'm going to get up nice and early to go meet with newly-single, aspiring professional chef Cho Chang so I can give her my own secret creampie recipe, prepared with fourteen inches of rolled dough and Grade A British crème, rammed into the back of her hot little fuck-oven for however long she can take it, capiche?"

The busty redhead laughed rather unladylike. "Behind Gabrielle, the gorgeous, brilliant, magically powerful, French veela's, back? I can't say I entirely approve, but if that's how you're going to play it, count me in. Until the fireballs start flying, that is. Then count me out."

Harry rolled his eyes. "No fireballs necessary. Listen to what I'm saying, woman. Gabby knows about this and doesn't mind. She knows I have to keep on even after we get together and doesn't have a problem with it."

"Have to?"

"W-well, yeah," he said. "I'm on a streak, you know? The point is, she's cool with it."

It was Susan's turn to raise an eyebrow. "Oh, so she's like that, huh?" The redhead sashayed through the water till she was flush against Harry, linking her hands behind his neck and pushing her breasts together. Her already generous proportions were exaggerated further, which didn't go unappreciated by Harry. "It's cool. Some people like to watch, some people like to be watched. I think you already know which camp I belong to, but did you know I'm interested in joining the other as well? Very interested. Remember that when you're balls deep in veela, okay?" She bit her lip again and ground her still sore cunt against Harry's abdominals below the water's surface. "If the hankering for me hits, and I have to reschedule what I'm doing to come join y'all, well, that'd be a darn shame, wouldn't it?"

Harry laughed and hardened at the Bones heiress' teasing. That he knew she really would come if he asked only made him more excited. "I should be thinking about getting ready for this evening right about now," he said, flashing Susan a put-upon look even as his fingers found and invaded her slippery cuntflesh.

The redheaded witch hissed and moaned at Harry's rough touch, pushing her tits forward so he'd suckle and nibble at them. As his bestial, rigid cock replaced his fingers in her hot fuck sleeve and began its loving plundering, Susan mumbled a praise under her breath.

"Sorry, love," he said, releasing her stiff nipple from between his teeth to talk. "Could you come again?"

"Oh," she moaned, bucking and fucking and rutting herself down onto Harry's horse cock with all the joy in the world. "Over and over again!"

He laughed and laughed and laughed, and they fucked without pause for another hour straight before finally parting, heading to their respective dorms to begin preparations for the Yule Ball.
Susan made her journey with a laughably obvious limp, and Harry his, with a wide, telling grin.

"Wait-wait-wait-wait-wait," Ron said to Harry, near shouting in the otherwise silent dorm. The rest of the duo's roommates had already left for the Great Hall to anxiously await their dates, but Harry and Ron were lagging behind.

"Ron, honestly, I told you all of this in good faith. Don't start acting like a tosser." Harry was buttoning his right sleeve while Bell struggled with his left. "It's totally no big deal."

"Yeah, don't be a tosser, Ron," Bell chimed in.

Harry looked down at her with a surly look. "What are you, my crony?"

"Yes Boss!" she said, snapping a salute.

He rolled his eyes and buttoned his left sleeve as well.

"No big deal?" Ron said, ignoring Bell and instead focusing on slapping furiously at his hair for a few seconds before suddenly stopping to see if it looked cool. He judged his latest attempt a failure and began slapping again. "Mate, I'm not trying to step on your heels or anythin', but if Gabby's little spider maid is trying to catch a baby, isn't that a cause for Code Red?"

"She's not 'Gabby's little spider maid', first of all, Ron. She's our friend and her name's Mikko."

"Whatever." Slap-slap-slap-slap-PAUSE! "You've seen the way she follows her around. It's creepy." Slap-slap-slap-slap-PAUSE! "C'mon..." Slap-slap-slap...

"You just don't like her because you're scared of spiders, which she isn't. And I already explained the situation with her brood. Have you no heart, Ronald Weasley?"

Ron seemed to have found the look he was going for and stopped slapping his hair. "What are you on about? When, in the past month of her hanging around, have I ever once been a jerk to her?"

Harry fiddled with the lapel of his jacket. "Well, I guess you haven't been a jerk to her specifically... In general, though, that's a different story. Either way, you must admit you act a bit nervous around her."

Ron pointed an accusing finger at Harry and a vein bulged in his forehead. "That's because I don't want her to skewer me and poison me and wrap me in a web and suck my precious blood out like a Capri Sun like I know she's just waiting to do!"

Harry sighed and finished straightening his jacket. "So it was because of that after all," he mumbled, tucking Bell into his bed for the night and heading towards the door. "Well, whatever. C'mon, Ron, we'd better get going."

The redhead got his shivering under control and nodded. "You're sure she hasn't told Gabrielle about any of this though, huh? They've gotten awful close awful quick, don't ya think?"

Harry paused at the door, but then shook his head. "Nah, I doubt it."

They headed down together, unaware of a synchronized sneeze shared between veela and arachne in the Beauxbaton's Carriage.
The mood was tense as the male population of the convening schools, or at least, those male's who'd been lucky enough to score a date for the Yule Ball, all waited together in a kind of nervous mob outside the Great Hall's mammoth double doors. Dirty jokes, baiting insults, and the strangest sense of camaraderie kept them from going crazy as they waited for their female counterparts to arrive. A kind of dreadful anticipation hung around their heads. They all wanted to get closer to their dates, but at the same time, nobody wanted to make an ass of themselves in front of a girl, and the odds of doing so seemed bloated for some reason. The only thing worse would be getting stood up. If that happened, seppuku seemed the logical next step.

Somewhere near the front of the little gathering, Harry and Ron lounged against the wall like a pair of alley cats. It couldn't be said that they were completely free of nerves either, but their jitteriness was near null compared to their peers'. They'd watch with amusement as groups of girls, with anywhere from two to ten of them to a party, would enter, and every guy would immediately perk up in the hopes that it was their date that had arrived. They'd deny doing the exact same thing themselves. Those lucky enough to be allowed inside, a prettily blushing schoolgirl pressed against their hip, received all manner of glares and catcalls from the surly remainders.

Despite himself, Harry couldn't help but smirk a little smugly at the countless blushing faces that met him as the girls walked passed him with their dates.

"You look like gorilla when you make that face," the sweetest voice to ever speak said to him.

"But a silverback, yeah?" he replied automatically, turning with a grin.

Gabby, Hermione, Ginny, Fleur, and Luna had all managed to sneak up on the boys, which was astounding considering how gorgeous and eye-catching a group they made. Strapless dresses and girlish frills and womanly lace abounded. Ron whistled, and Harry wanted to admire it all, but found his eyes hopelessly drawn towards Gabrielle despite the smorgasbord of beauty on display.

Her allure was soft and intoxicating and wrapped around him like a warm blanket of semi-conscious affection, and made him notice her black, spaghetti strap gown, and how much of her it left uncovered, all the more acutely. Dangly diamond earrings tinkled softly as she did her own top to bottom appraisal of his tuxedo clad form.

Her cheeks pinkened adorably. "You look nice," she said softly, looking up at him through her mascaraed eyelashes. "Ze tuxedo was a good choice."

Harry laughed nervously and brushed at his suit. "You think so? Thanks." He cleared his throat and stepped closer. "You look beautiful."

She blushed and the girls giggled, heading out to find their own dates, leaving Harry and Gabby behind to pin matching white flowers to one another's breast. Ron watched with a soft look until he spotted his own date, who he rushed over to and immediately began lavishing with compliments.

Harry barely noticed, too busy staring down into Gabby's sparkling eyes, his hands resting comfortably on her waist. He began to lean in, but a chorus of exaggerated groans from the Slytherin boys made him stop and chuckle instead.

"C'mon," he whispered, stealing a peck at Gabby's lips before anymore protests could be made. He slid his grip down and took her hand. "Let's grab some seats before it gets too packed in there."

She smiled up at him rosily and squeezed his hand. "Lead ze way," she said, cheeks darkening. "I'm counting on you to take care of me tonight..."

The Great Hall had been transformed, and there was simply no other way to put it. Unspeakably fine chandeliers of ice captured and cast every color of the rainbow across the floor. Great meter wide ribbons draped from the walls and encircled the hall in red and green holiday spirit. Dozens of round tables lined the edges of a triple-wide dance floor, which was polished with wax to the point of reflection.

"Eet's gorgeous, eesn't eet?" Gabby asked, neck craned upwards to take it all in.

"Eet ees," Harry said, laughing when Gabby wrinkled her nose at him. He spied a table near the front that had yet be claimed, and started towards it. "Here okay?"

Gabrielle laughed. "Non, I hate eet. Can't you find us somezing better?"

Harry rolled his eyes and sat, pulling her to his lap as he did. He wrapped his arms around her slim middle and hooked his chin over her shoulder. "We'll make it work."

Gabby rested her own petite hands over Harry's. "Yes," she said softly, "you're right."

"What's this now?" Harry teased, his lips hovering close to Gabby's ear, her perfume sweet and light on her neck. "I'm right about something?"

"Just zis once, and even a broken clock ees right at least twice a day, so…" Gabby trailed off, relaxing back against Harry as he chuckled. Her allure naturally tried to strengthen as her affection swelled, and she allowed it, basking in the sensation.

Harry took a deep, contented breath. "I love it when you do that," he said, squeezing her.

Her allure coiled around him in primal adoration and strengthened further. "Me too."

"Mister Potter! Miss Delacour!" a scandalized voice snapped, cutting through the couple's happy haze like a knife through what you would never believe to be anything other than butter.

Two sets of guilty eyes turned and met Professor McGonagall's disapproving stare reluctantly.

"I suggest the two of you orient yourselves into a more appropriate seating arrangement. I must say, I am disappointed, Harry. You've been conducting yourself like a true gentleman and more or less behaving up to now all year. I would suggest you not destroy your budding reputation as a positive role model tonight, and especially not in such a way that you drag Mrs. Delacour's good name through the mud with you."

With the most solemn, repentant face anyone had ever made, Harry ignored Gabby's quivering lips and micro-giggles, and nodded. "Yes, professor. Forgive me. I really have been on my best behavior this year, and I'll try my very hardest to conduct myself in the same manner this evening. I won't cock it up."

Gabby's whole face reddened hopelessly, and she actually tried to hide behind her hands, though her muffled laughs and shaking shoulders rendered the action moot.

Harry's contrite look intensified as he transferred his date's butt to the chair next to him, shaking his head sadly when she buried her face into his shoulder and grabbed fistfuls of his jacket in a horribly failed attempt to stop herself from devolving further into laughter. "Forgive her, Professor," Harry said, patting Gabby's head. "She know not what she do."
McGonagall's lips thinned, and with a "Humpf," she was gone, fast-walking towards another table where a pair of girls were making lewd gestures involving their hands and tongue-induced bulges in their cheeks towards another group.

Finally safe, the two of them shared a good long laugh that they tried half-heartedly to smother, managing to get to the point of just smiling painfully by the time the gang finally arrived en masse. Hermione was with Krum, Ron was with his date, whose name was pronounced Audhild, Fleur was with Hufflepuff poster boy Cedric Diggory, Luna had snagged Neville Longbottom, and Ginny had come with a fifth year Ravenclaw, though she'd already ditched him and arrived at the table sans date.

Once everybody was seated, and the obligatory speech about the wonders of magical cooperation and competition and blah blah blah had been made by the Headmaster, the gang ordered their food in the manner demonstrated and promptly dug in.

"It sure is pretty in here," Luna observed dreamily, her large blue eyes locked on one of the ice chandeliers as it spun lazily on a thread.

"Yes, it sure is, isn't it?" Gabrielle agreed, her English so deliberately enunciated she sounded almost like an American. "What is your honest opinion on the subject, Harry?" She raised an eyebrow in obvious challenge.

The table at large watched with either confusion or amusement as Harry snaked an arm around Gabby’s bare shoulders and spoke with an exaggerated, almost offensive, accent. "Oui, I 'ave 'ardly ever, een my 'ole life, seen anyzing so eempressive or beautiful, save you, Ma Cherie."

Their private laugh and the quick kiss that followed raised eyebrows on a few of the less in-the-know people at the table. Of note was Cedric Diggory, who, fresh off a less than cordial break-up, wasn't really in the mood to watch the lovey-dovey duo frolic through the flowers. "You two seem close," he noted rather dryly. "I thought you were with Susan Bones, Harry. Didn't the two of you share the Prefect's Bathroom this morning?"

Neville and Audhild's scandalized gasps were completely at odds with Harry's sly grin and Gabby's laughter. Krum failed to respond to literally anything and continued demolishing the large T-bone steak on his plate instead.

"Ees zat why your 'air smells of strawberries, 'Arry?" Gabrielle asked with a grin, taking a delicate sniff towards the accused. "Not zat eet doesn't suit you, zough."

Harry's shoulders did a big up-down, and a decidedly gay lisp made itself known when next he spoke. "Is it illegal to spend some quality girl-time with your friends and just do each other's hair now? Sorry, no sorry. How'd you know about that, anyway? If Sue told I'm so gonna switch her shampoo with balding potion, that absolute bee-otch."

Cedric's eye twitched. He didn't respond.

Gabby laid her hand on Harry's wrist and looked at him admiringly. "I love zat you're so een touch wiz your feminine side. It's very French."

They laughed again.

"Ugh!" Ron groaned, after swallowing the better half of an entire barbequed chicken breast. "Just do it already!"

Gabby looked away with a half pleased/half embarrassed blush, and Harry raised a tall one-finger salute in his friend's honor. Most of the rest of the table's occupants looked like they agreed with
the redhead's sentiment though.

Outnumbered, Harry dropped the gesture and flushed, muttering a surly, "Whatever," as he poked at the food on his plate.

From there, conversation moved on and bounced around from who had shown up with who to how good the food was to what had happened with Ginny and her date for the evening.

"Oh, him?" she asked, dabbing at the corner of her mouth with a cloth napkin. "I guess he was feeling owed for getting me in here since I'm not old enough on my own. I dropped him when he started trying to get handsy with me."

Ron set his silverware down carefully, despite the fact that there was still food on his plate, which said more than anything else could've.

Harry, too, stopped eating. The rune for telekinesis was already carved and ready.

Hermione had been carefully watching Ginny speak from the beginning, though, and rather than react like her two friends had, a light frown settled on her face when the redhead finished. Rather abruptly, she hijacked the conversation.

"How is Mikko doing, Gabrielle?" She'd asked it pleasantly enough, but her non sequitur earned a myriad of looks from around the table. Hermione ignored them. "Did she not want to come tonight?"

Gabby looked to Harry for a moment and then responded to Hermione's question. "Mikko ees fine. She's een my room een ze carriage burning through ze pile of action movies 'Arry got for her. She's been regrettably glued to ze television ever since he picked it up." Gabby rolled her eyes at that. She'd been more than happy to bunk with Mikko, but had made her exasperation with Harry's chosen method of education clear. That he still thought she didn't know what was going on gave her enough amusement that she allowed the television to stay, even though it required frequent replacing on account of the lack of magical insulation in her room. She simply offered Mikko some classical literature in an attempt to counterbalance Harry's influence and moved past it. "As for wanting to come," she said, trying to imagine the debacle that would've caused, "she never said she did. Attending a ball would be too much too soon for her, anyway."

Gabby had taken it upon herself to look out for Mikko's best interests while she got acclimated. She didn't want anything bad to happen to the almost gullibly innocent girl, on principle, sure, but also since there was an ever increasing likelihood that they might end up spending the rest of their lives together.

"That's too bad," Ron said, his generic, store-brand sympathy fooling exactly zero people. "Maybe next time."

"Definitely next time," Gabby corrected, smiling at the shiver that went up Ron's back. "Maman knows somebody who'd kill for ze opportunity to design Mikko a dress."

Ron's date, Audhild, looked interested. "Why's that?"

It was Harry who answered her. "Mikko, on top of being our friend, is an arachne princess. We're helping her adjust to more polite society."

"One 80's action movie at a time?" Ron asked.

"How else?" Harry countered.
"Good point. With Arine and Stallone and Lee as her teachers, she'll be up to speed in no time."

Hermione had long since given up on questioning Ron's never-ending knowledge of all things muggle.

"Why?"

Harry's smile dropped. He looked over to Cedric, who'd asked the question. "Huh?"

"Well, I mean, why are you trying to teach an arachne how to live in our world? Isn't that kind of dangerous?"

Fleur's smile soured. She flashed her sister and Harry an apologetic look.

"No, it isn't," Harry said, good-humor fleeing his voice. He was looking at the Hufflepuff prefect and trying not to scowl. "As for why we're doing it in the first place-"

Gabby set her hand over Harry's and cut in: "Zat ees between ze three of us."

Another round of confused looks popped up around the table, but at least a few pairs of eyes widened. Harry belonged to the second group, but before he or anyone else could say anything, the start to the evening's dance was announced, and the three Triwizard Champions were called to the floor with their dates to kick things off.

"Gabby," he tried to whisper to her as they took their positions.

"Eet's okay," she said. "We can talk about eet later."

He wet his lips, obviously weighing the merits of pushing the issue. He nodded and let it go. It was just as well because, a second later, the music started and the dancing officially began.

Leading Gabby's petite form around the dance floor, just getting to hold her close as the music played on and more and more couples joined in, Harry was able to move past the evening's brief troubles and recapture the intimacy they'd been enjoying earlier.

"This is nice," he mumbled, eyes soft as they rocked lazily to a slow tune. Harry had one hand on Gabby's waist and the other holding her hand, leading them slowly around their own little patch of the dance floor.

She leaned forward to rest her head against the front of his shoulder, taking a deep breath of his unique scent in. "Yeah."

"We should be together."

He almost tripped, but managed to keep leading without stepping on Gabby's feet. The words had just fallen out of his mouth.

Gabby lifted her head to stare deeply into Harry's eyes, her allure coiling tighter around them. "You're asking me to be your girl?"

He bit the bullet and pulled her tighter to him, rebelling against his nerves to return her look. "Yeah," he said, unable to look away now that their eyes had locked. "What do you think?"

She smiled and her eyes sparkled like gems. "Okay," she agreed. Her allure was almost as strong as it had been the day she'd finally let it back out, but this time it didn't stray or radiate wildly. The couples next to them didn't notice a thing. "Took you long enough. I'll be your girl if you'll be my
"Deal," he said, and then kissed her. It was short by necessity but sweet and wonderful all the same. There was a promise in that kiss, of commitment and the future, but also of desire and a need that couldn't wait much longer.

When they pulled back, Gabby lingered by Harry's ear so her words couldn't be overheard. "Tonight," she whispered, gripping him tightly and reeking of the most intoxicating arousal Harry had ever encountered. Her intentions couldn't be clearer.

Harry had to focus on maintaining his composure as her allure and his own anticipation threatened to make him do something rash. His rigid length, which pressed firmly and privately up against Gabby's thigh, was his only tell. "Tonight," he agreed, and they danced.

The sound of Gabrielle's door locking was like an electric shock through Harry's body. Muscle memory dictated that he turn around and do to Gabby the same thing he did to every other girl he bedded, but his heart and soul rebelled against that primal reaction. He paused to collect himself, still holding the doorknob.

After Gabby had agreed to be his girlfriend and start getting serious about their relationship, the rest of the evening had seemed to alternate between passing quickly and slowly and quickly again. When he was with Gabby, whether that meant twirling her around on the dance floor or rubbing her knee and flirting at the table or stealing a heated kiss when nobody was looking, the evening had seemed to be flying by. When they were separated and dancing with their friends, time had seemed to crawl. He had tried to do right by the gang as a whole, and made sure Ginny and Luna and Fleur and even Audhild all got treated to a dance, but his heart hadn't really been in it, and even when things he'd usually concern himself with happened, namely Fleur ditching Cedric, and Hermione dancing the evening away rather intimately with Ginny, he was too distracted by Gabby to pay much attention.

When the ball had finally begun drawing to a close, he and Gabby had slipped away, leaving the rest of the gang behind. There were teachers patrolling all about, of course; Hound dogs that hunted up and down the halls with varying levels of gusto, on the lookout for any lewd behavior. Snape was particularly invested in handing down punishments for those couples who were caught enjoying one another, but the rest of the teachers were at least a bit more lenient. It had been as easy as winking at Professor Sinistra for them to breach the teachers' little line of abstinence. He and Gabby had walked straight across the school grounds and into the Beauxbaton's Carriage after that. Mikko hadn't bothered trying to communicate when their blushing faces had popped through the door, already looking on the rumpled side from a heated lip-lock they'd enjoyed in the hall. The arachne princess had smiled sweetly, turned off Terminator 2, and left without comment. They'd blushed like a pair of tomatoes at her unspoken encouragement.

Now, finally, they were alone.

Harry let go of the doorknob and turned.

Gabby was sitting on the edge of her bed. One of the straps of her gown had slipped off of her shoulder, revealing a small patch of her rosy skin, which had a bit more color than normal thanks to her full-body blush. She was looking at him eagerly through wide, doey eyes. Her hands were close together behind her back, and her modest chest jutted towards him as a result.

"'Arry," she whispered, lips unsteady with nervousness and excitement. "Come to bed."

He grabbed and pulled at his collar, shedding his jacket and shoes as he neared. When he reached
her, he paused. She was looking up at him through her lashes again, breathing fast, and biting her lip in anticipation.

There was just one problem, and after telling her to lie back, he began rectifying it.

"These clothes," he said, voice low, "have to go."

She was resting back on her elbows, watching and listening, when he took her by the heel and began removing her dancing slippers. His hands against her erogenous soles and toes made her squirm, and she whimpered as he went about stripping her stockings off, grabbing high on her soft thighs, deep within her gown, to reach their hems, before slowly peeling them back, like a sticker off a new toy. Her allure was pulsing its worship with a mind of its own, battering at Harry's brains lovingly, trying its best to egg him on. She relished that, too.

"L-look who ees talking," she said, legs drawing together shyly.

He nearly damaged his tuxedo, he stripped out of it so fast. Within seconds, he was nearly entirely nude, a pair of black cotton briefs the only article of decency left on his body. The thick pipe-like outline that snaked left across his thigh made Gabrielle's mouth water, and so she gulped. The now-familiar womanly sensation of her sex moistening with the nectar of arousal had her cricketing her legs.

The outline grew more defined in response to her slow kneading.

Pleased with her reaction, the incubus returned to his work, stripping away at the wrapping on his early Christmas present till the veela too was left with naught but her undergarments to protect her from his hungry gaze. White lace which purposefully didn't entirely obfuscate the pinks of Gabby's rosy areolas and nipples and virgin cleft beckoned to Harry, and he flexed his own confined sex in animalistic eagerness.

"These…” he started to say, but had no words to follow up with.

"We were getting together tonight," Gabrielle said, forcing herself not to cover her barely-hidden nipples and cunt from Harry's plundering gaze. Her own horny, primal desires counseled her against it, and she took her hindbrain's advice. "Zere were no two ways about eet. So, of course I would wear somezing to celebrate." The tip of Harry's glans peaked over the top of his briefs as his erection fought and won against its cloth prison. Gabby, amazed by the color and texture and form of the organ, couldn't tear her wide blue eyes away. She brought her ankles together and lifted her bum from the bed, fiddling with the strap of her bra.

She didn't need to say anything more. A complete fool would've been able to read her request, and Harry still had the benefit of at least half his brain. He pushed his own underwear down, releasing himself, and then pulled at Gabrielle's. The white lace hugged at her waist and pillow-soft thighs stubbornly, but Harry was determined. The lingerie's waistband was like a curtain, and as he pulled, inch by glorious inch of rapturous perfection was revealed to him. A small, unspeakably cute tuft of blonde hair colored the veela teen's plump mound, and the words "Icing on the cake" came to Harry's mind unbridled (though he didn't give them voice, of course). Her inner labia and clitoris were hidden away within her shy folds, and he could have purred, he was so pleased. The sanctity of virginity had never much occured to Harry. Until now. The absolute knowledge that nobody else had lain with his veela made some segment of his brain hum in Darwinian contentment. Part of him wished that he could offer her something of equal value, but he consoled himself with the promise to treat her like a queen, and to show her the full extent of what he had learned before finding her. A second later, she was left bare and defenseless. Her knickers dropped from his hands and landed atop his little pile of clothes domestically.
Harry looked at her nakedness, and seriously considered that idea that veela could very well be the descendants of angels. While he'd been freeing her of her modesty downstairs, she'd been helping up, and her lacy brassiere was nowhere to be seen when he finally managed to tear his eyes away from her shy pussy and look at her. Her breasts were the size of peaches, with an almost artistic, firm roundness about them, which he found unbearably erotic. Harry knew, based on Appoline and Fleur, that Gabrielle's breasts would grow much larger as time went on, but found their teenage perkiness to be adorable all the same. Her areolae were bubblegum pink, and her erect nipples begged upwards for his mouth. The rest of her nude form had been made with similar brilliance. Her petite, girlish body had begun giving way to more womanly curves, and without any clothes to hide her away, Harry was free to labor over the task of memorizing every inch of her. Her feet were delicate and odorless, her calves were smooth and hairless, her thighs were creamy and soft and begged for him to rest his head between them. Her hips were wide and primed for childbirth, her waist was slim and comely, her belly had the thinnest layer of baby fat softening its edges, her breasts swelled from her chest and advertised youth and fertility, her neck was thin and bared up in offer, and her gorgeous, lovely face, which he had almost immediately fallen in love with months ago, stared up at him with softly pinkened cheeks and heavy, come-hither eyes. Her golden locks of hair haloed behind her head, and completed her angelic look.

"'Arry…" she whispered, firm, erotic breasts rising with her breaths.

He lowered himself atop her, their skin unbearably hot and pleasant against one another. She felt like silken fire beneath his toned chest and arms and belly and legs, and his rigid manhood rested searingly atop her pubic mound.

She shivered and rubbed against him.

"I love you," he confessed, supporting himself on his forearms and staring down at his partner. A very adult feeling throbbed through his body, and Harry believed himself, and his words, and his feelings, to be true. He really, actually, honest-to-God loved this magnificent creature laid supine beneath him, naked as the day she was born, awaiting his experienced touch with tenderness and the expectation that he would one day hold their offspring in his arms and look back to this moment as the start of their union. "Do you love me?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, her hands reaching up to cup his face, eyes shining. She knew it to be true. His words and hers' both. In her bones, she knew it to be true. "I love you, too."

Their lips met with a great heart wrenching tenderness, born of the gravity of their adoration for one another and the hope they shared for themselves and their future. They reluctantly parted to take harsh, synchronized gasps of air, and then crashed against one another again. Harry took the lead, reaching his free hand down to cup and squeeze at Gabby's peachy breast, leaving white hand prints against her flushed chest as he pinched and palmed and rolled her erogenous nipples.

She gasped into their kiss, and he capitalized, tasting at her mouth and engaging her tongue with his own. She moaned, deep and loud, and met him desperately, gripping at the back of skull through thick tresses of hair to pull him deeper into the kiss. His slippery, hot tongue against her own quickly drove Gabrielle's horny, teenaged mind half-crazy, and soon it was her own free hand that was snaking its way down between the chasm of their hot, flush bodies. She fumbled around for a moment, but then managed to seize her prize, taking Harry's large, hot manhood into her petite hand. She didn't bother whispering her need to him; Harry would know best how to take care of her. All she did was line his weeping cockhead up with the ever slickening entrance of her tiny, virgin cunt, and wait.

He felt himself jump in Gabby's hand as the tip of his swollen cock met her wet, shy pussy lips with a kiss. She was biting her lip beneath him, whimpering hopelessly, and he had to close his
eyes to stop himself from fucking his hips forward into heaven carelessly. She pulled and pushed his cockhead up and down against her pussy, and between his incubus lubricant and her own horny pre-cum, his sliding sex was able to part her chubby outer cuntlips and reach the pink, fleshy treasure that hid within.

Gabrielle cried out as his rough, textured head slid up against her cunt's sensitive opening. The feeling of him rubbing against her private parts agreed with her, and she spread her creamy thighs wider in wanton desire. Her allure radiated her lust and love in equal measures as she lined him up against her unbroken opening. Harry applied just enough pressure so that his cock would stay wedged in place, but not enough to actually penetrate her yet. She knew he was reading her mind, and pushed forth a thousand images of her love and adoration and affection for him as she brought her hands together behind Harry’s neck, exactly as they'd been while they'd danced.

She didn't have to say anything, and he didn't have to ask. They both knew the instant she was ready, and it was then that the incubus began sinking his bestial cock down, down, down into her virgin cuntflesh, splitting her hymen with nary a twinge thanks to his incubus secretions and her own arousal.

The sensation was more than just physical for the couple. As they sealed and affirmed their feelings for one another in blood and a kiss and agonizing bliss, a soulful contentedness swept up and filled their hearts. Gabby teared up with love, and Harry watched it all with great wide eyes, a startled expression of amazement frozen on his face even as he kept pushing deeper and deeper into his mate. He ran out of man at the exact same moments she ran out of woman, and with their pubic hairs softly meeting, his lightly-weeping urethra made jubilant contact with Gabrielle's domed cervix.

"Oh, 'Arry!" she cried, her legs gelatin and her body shaky and her eyes full of worship. "I love you, 'Arry, I love you, I love you!"

Harry's heart swelled with affection and protective, masculine feelings in reaction to Gabrielle's watery eyes and words. When he'd entered her pussy's depths, coated in her virgin blood, he'd entered a new plane of existence. She was tighter and wetter and more amazing than things could be in the real world, and the thought that she'd be his to love and fuck and mate and tease and protect and stand behind all carved themselves deep, deep into the grey matter of his Choiceling brain, and he'd never be quite the same man he'd been before ever again. He remained entirely sheathed within his veela partner for some time, letting his enthusiastic bollocks rest against her puckered anus while he waited. Eventually, her praises and pledges and worshipful babbling trailed off, and she looked up at him with a wet nose and watery eyes. It was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

"You can move, now," she said, wiping at her eyes, laughing and rolling her hips to entice him. "Just kiss me and make love to me and do eet like I'm thinking, okay?"

Harry bumped the tip of his cock against her womb's door and smiled when she arched, keening. "Okay, Gabby. I'll be gentle," he promised, and leaned down to capture her lips once again. When he had them, he started moving once more.

She was as inexperienced as he'd expected, but the sheer heat and tightness and texture of her ribbed cunt was pushing him towards the edge of an orgasm all the same. He was slow and tender, breaking from their make-out session to lavish her breasts with kisses and nibbles and her neck with ticklish licks and her ears with sweet praises and compliments.

For her part, Gabrielle was in heaven. Half of her brain focused on the physical: the way Harry's great horsecock felt different types of wonderful as it scraped against her insides depending on which parts of him were touching which parts of her. The head of his cock was the best, as it was
the thickest and most textured part of him, and when its wide, purple crown would plunge down or pull out, bouncing and scraping along her horny cunt's ringed and ribbed tunnel, little white stars would zoom across her vision and she'd feel herself jerk and spasm between his ravaging cock and body and the soft comfort of the bed beneath her. His shaft was less stimulating, but still added to the addicting feeling of pleasure and fullness that she experienced when he was deep inside of her. Her favorite part was when he would reach the very center of her body. His glans would bump lovingly against her cervix and his pubic hair would scratch ticklishly against her own, and she could just imagine how lovely the rest of her life would be if she always had this to look forward to.

The other half of her brain was stuck in a loop of emotions and thoughts that all filled her with so many good feelings of warmth and love and womanly pride, she worried she might burst. They weren't just fucking, they were making love. It wasn't just anybody making love to her, either, it was her man, and she wasn't just a pussy for him to come in, she was his woman. The knowledge that he'd raped Susan Bone's ginger cunt for the dozenth time and left her bow-legged and sloppy that morning only aroused and warmed her heart further. They weren't doing this to scratch an itch. He wasn't trying to seed her just to avoid a punishment. He was giving her his love in the hopes of a reward, and that reward was her love, reciprocated back. She was happy to give him what he wanted, and even happier to get the same in return.

Together, her physical and emotional bliss took Gabrielle to a place where nothing could hurt her. It was a new place, but one she would grow more and more accustomed to and reverent of as the days and months and years passed and she got to visit it again and again and again. It reminded her of when she was very, very little, and had trusted her family's house to protect her from the world's evils. She thought Home was a good name for it.

"You're perfect, Gabby," Harry whispered, burying his face in the crook of her neck to nibble and suck at her skin. "You're a queen."

Gabrielle ensconced her incubus lover's head between her arms and hugged him to her. He maintained his slow pace, fucking into her with deep, long strokes, and moved his head to pay her sensitive tits attention. She held him tightly to her breast and moaned in appreciation of his worship, her crushing pussy flooding with more of her eager slickness. Her body was now doing all it could to extract Harry's come from his sperm-rich balls, massaging and lubricating the way to her womb's tiny opening in the primal desire for offspring. She was fertile, and her body was ready, and even though she knew he was still under Bell's impotency spell and it wasn't anywhere close to the right time to start a family, Gabrielle realized that she wanted to feel him come deep within her body as well. Veela were mostly similar to witches as far as untransformed anatomy was concerned, though they did mature a bit faster, but the major difference between the two was the extra pleasure they derived when sex was paired with love. From the moment he'd taken her hymen and reached her womb, she'd been cumming. The intensity had gone up and down as he'd made love to her, but she'd never stopped.

His pace increased, and so did her pleasure. More stars all across her vision. The thick, erotic stench of their hot sexes warring against each other filled the room with a musty mix of sweat and girl-cum and musk. More stars. His bollocks clapped their love's crescendo tempo against her anus, and he lightly rolled her raw nipple between his teeth. She arched into his touch and professed her love once again. More stars. He grunted and put more of his bestial strength behind his thrusts, and bumped against her tender cervix harder and harder and harder. She mewled and keened and loved it. More. He pulled her into a kiss and told her she was his, and that he loved her, and that they'd always be together, and that he'd do anything to make her happy, and that she was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Her heart ached, it was so full, and she tried to repeat his vows while cumming and shaking. MORE. He angled his hips, and the rough, blood-filled glans of his cock, hilariously disproportionate to Gabrielle's tiny veela body and her even
tinier veela cocksheath, scraped and stretched harshly against the roof of her pussy canal, running roughshod up against a zig-zag pattern of bundled nerves and sending Gabby back into a blubbering state, cumming and cumming and cumming wildly against her love, her amore, her darling, her man, her best friend, her partner. MoOoRrEe! Sweat dripped off Harry's brow as he humped and fucked and loved and praised and bit and licked and kissed and finally, finally, buried himself to the hilt inside of Gabrielle's quivering cunt hole, her zealously milking fucksleeve, her fertile, needy womanhood, and came, shooting three-second long spurts of his hot, thick, sperm-rich cum against the base of Gabrielle's teenaged womb. Mostly just the outside of her cervix was being painted white, and so Gabrielle threw her legs up high around Harry's back, angling him better so that the next minute and a half he spend dumping his boiling hot jizz inside of her, it made it into her oblong shaped womb, where it filled her with warmth and pleasure and a crazy, dangerous love.

Her allure cocooned around them in hundreds of paper thin layers, protecting them with its warmth and love and madness and joy.

A great, fulfilling satisfaction dawned on Harry as he laid there atop Gabrielle's quivering form, letting the last drops of come be milked from his manhood by her warm insides. Peace flavored his pleasure, and he developed a taste for it immediately. It didn't just feel good to make love to Gabby, it was good. He felt like a more complete person knowing he was inside of her, and knowing that she accepted and cherished that fact and his feelings both only amplified that wholeness. A strange sort of realization that she was his now, and that he was hers, resounded through his head. He looked down at her breasts and touched them, and she mewled. He was allowed to do that now. He kissed her, and she kissed him back, reminding him that she loved him in a whisper as they parted. He could do that now, whenever he wanted. "Say it again." She did.

He moved deep within her now-claimed womanhood. She sighed and moaned happy and content and deeply in love with him. He could make love to her whenever he wanted. He asked if this was true, and she told him it was. He asked if they were really together now, and she told him they were. He mentioned his instincts, and she told him she didn't care. He believed her, and to show how much he appreciated that, he kissed her. He folded over and kissed her bellybutton, and then her belly, and then her ribline, and then her reddened breasts, left then right then back again, and then he kissed her neck, sucking till she had yet another hickey, and then he finally kissed her lips, which were softer than the sky and as sweet as that silly fruit had been and all his.

He told her she was, and she agreed.

He asked her if she wanted to keep going, and she did, so he rolled her over and made her come until she peed herself and he'd come inside of her again. He asked if she was done. She wasn't. He let her ride him till her legs felt like they were on fire, and then he flipped her over and fucked her till his did too. She came and he came and they went one more round, nice and slow and tender and just a bit painfully, until they were both tired enough to give each other a break for a moment. Harry confessed what had happened between him and Ginny, and how he still didn't have a solution. Gabby confessed that Mikko had spoken to her, and that she was excited by the ideas she'd heard. In the end, they decided to talk more about everything in the morning, and had sex one more time. When they finished, Harry sent for Mikko with a patronus, and they all went to sleep. He and Gabrielle were tucked in bed, warm and intertwined beneath the blankets, and Mikko rested on her folded in legs as all arachne did. Harry and Gabby woke once in the night and had sex beneath the blankets, not bothering to wake Mikko, and then quickly fell back asleep.

It was a crazy, insane, atypical lifestyle from tippy top to the very bottom, but all three of them awoke in the morning with happy hearts and warm looks. It didn't seem to any of them the type of thing they'd get tired of. A mold had been cast for the future, a precedent set, and even if some things changed with time…
Like Gabrielle had said earlier at the ball: They'd make it work.

AN: Aloha, faithful readers! Thank you for continuing to read this fic, despite a few recent, ahem, speedbumps. Speaking of which, I would like to, for hopefully the last time, provide some insight into the rewritten chapters. The analogy of a new driver overcorrecting the first time their car starts to slide on snow seems a good one for the tonal disparity of those chapters, considering the season. I thought that Harry and Gabby got together way too light-heartedly at first, so, like an amateur, I made their getting together in the rewrite WAY too dark, in the context of the rest of Incubus, at least. Thank you to those who pointed it out and thank you x2 to those who are sticking around anyway. All I can say is that this is my very first time writing something of this size and scope, and that I am committed to doing my best not to shift towards darkness again, as I hope this chapter shows. Again this is a first draft, and I DO plan on revising the entire story at some point and posting it all at once. Until then, please Read, Review, Follow, Favorite, and most importantly, have a fantastic New Year!
Chapter Twenty

Ja'am, ninth son of Ja'er, let out a great, underwater sigh. His large sea-green eyes looked left and right, and then, judging the coast to be clear, he picked at his flat, slit nose, extracting a boogey which he flicked off into the murky depths around him.

He was bored. Only twenty cycles old, and with up to as many as another ninety to go, Ja'am was completely and utterly unsatisfied with his life in the Black Lake. There was the sunken ship Krakonia dwelled within, guarded by his massive tentacles which far outsized any of his kin’s, and there were the extreme shallows around the edges which they all avoided on principle, but barring those two areas, he'd already explored every watery inch of his home, the Black Lake, dozens of times.

He wasn't mopey enough to claim that his life was really so bad: he was a young, healthy merman, with a competent family and an agreeable mate lined up for him when he got older. He was a strong swimmer, and was even being considered for a hatchling guard position when he finally grew his last tentacle and matured.

But Ja'am knew that he was meant for more than just living out his days confined within the Black Lake. It upset his parents, but Ja'am just couldn't find purpose within such a small body of water. There may be plenty of room for the clan and future generations to live comfortably, but there wasn't enough room for his dreams. Every elder he spoke with tried to dissuade him, and pointed out that he'd never even been above water, but Ja'am knew that his true destiny awaited him on the surface. It would be difficult, he knew, but the idea that it was simply impossible for a merfolk to exist outside of the water… he rejected it, and was determined to experience all the wonders the world had to offer him, regardless of the cost.

The distinct rumbling of something moving through the water met Ja'am's ear craters. He looked lazily in the direction of the noise, not bothering to grab his trident from his hip. He was technically on a patrol right now, checking the edges of their territory for any encroaching rivals— not that he was expecting any. There hadn't been a dispute between clans in his lifetime, largely thanks to the power of the elderly wizard who lived on the lands above them and his intervention the last time there'd been a clash, which was another one of his motivations for wanting to leave the lake. He wanted to see what kinds of mighty powers the surface dwellers possessed and measure himself against them.

The rumbling grew nearer, and, with thoughts of a clash now on his mind, Ja'am retrieved his trident just in case.

Another possible explanation existed for what might be making the sound, which continued to draw nearer. There was a competition of some sort being put on by the surface dwellers, and his clan had agreed to participate in one of the events, which was scheduled for today. It could be one of those warriors who approached him now, but Ja'am doubted it. His patrol was the closest to the task's starting point, but a great school of razorkrill, which were deadly, and water-banshees, which were worse, blocked the way. This fact had been discussed between the elders and the surface dwellers, which was why they’d placed the starting point where they had in the first place. Contestants would be discouraged by the dead zone and spend more time looking in the wrong places for their hostages. Once they realized that they weren't there, they'd be forced to find their way around the razorkrill and banshees, where a few prepared challenges lied in wait, in order to rescue their captives and win.
The sound, which had been wandering only generally in his direction, suddenly zeroed in on the hostages, who were all the way on the bottom of the lake, and him by proxy, since he was between the sound and them.

Preparing for anything, Ja'am braced himself in a wide-tentacle stance, holding his trident close to his body, poised to strike. If it was a surface dweller, he would allow them to pass unmolested, but much more likely, it was another of the lake's denizens who was speeding towards him, and they were going to get speared if they tried to pass. A surprise attack today could cause a lot of trouble for the clan.

All of Ja'am thoughts of defending his clan's nesting grounds came to a grinding halt as the source of the nose came into view.

A creature, a surface dweller, with glowing green eyes and wildly flying hair and a trail of blood leaking from his nose, appeared before Ja'am. His hands were pressed together, and decorated with what reminded the merman of warrior tattoos, intricate black lines and patters that would have filled him with uncertainty, had it not been for the most crucial element of the boy's presence underwater which had eaten up all of that emotion already. The creature before Ja'am was bone dry. A bubble, large enough to have accommodated Krakonia's massive size, even with all of his tentacles stretched out, repelled the water from around it and allowed the creature to maneuver atop what Ja'am honestly though looked like a broom.

A strange mood settled when the surface dweller's godly glowing eyes met his. Ja'am realized that his trident was shaking.

"All right?" the creature called to Ja'am in perfect mermish.

The manners his mother had spanked into him as a child meant he responded without meaning to. "Good day."

Blood ran freely down the creature's face from its nose, dripping off its chin to the repelled water below. It didn't seem concerned, and flashed a friendly red-striped smile his way.

"You 'aven't seen a veela swimming round these parts, have ya? Bout yay tall, bloody good looking, goes by the name Gabrielle?"

Ja'am blinked, lowering his trident. "No. If you mean the hostages, they're down there." He pointed with a tentacle towards the black depths below them.

The creature looked down and narrowed its glowing eyes. "Brilliant. Hey, I appreciate it, really. Thought I felt her allure coming from down there, but it's a bit hard to tell and hold this up at the same time." It motioned with its head to the telekinetic sphere. "You haven't got any tips, by chance? Easiest way to get to her or anythin' like that?"

Ja'am didn't mean to be rude, but he couldn't help the deliberate way his head turned as he looked at the impenetrable orb the creature had made.

It laughed a tad sheepishly. "Point there. Thing is, she really isn't one for the water. Got the body for the beach life an all, but, well, it's probably the feathers, innnit?"

Ja'am nodded slowly without understanding a lick of what he'd just heard. "Just do not try to take more than one hostage, and you will not face any obstacles worth mentioning. That is the only rule."

The creature mulled that over. "If they just took our Yule Ball dates, Hermione and Diggory would be down there, but that's not it, cause she's waiting in the stands… Hmm, well, we'll just
have to see, won't we?"

Ja'am supposed they would. He didn't really imagine that even the clan's best warriors would be able to stop the thing before him if it decided not to follow the rules.

The creature looked back at him one last time. "My name is Harry, by the way. Harry Potter. I've gotta leg it mate, but thanks again- I owe you one."

Before Ja'am could respond to that, Harry was gone, shooting past him with a speed you didn't get to see underwater, leaving a bit of a whirlpool in his wake that spun the merman gently around. Within seconds, he was alone again, the surface dweller disappearing into the dark depths of the Black Lake.

Ja'am spent the rest of his patrol considering whether he really wanted to live in the same world as that. He sighed again, unable to decide, and picked at his nose some more.

"Five minutes,' Hermione thought, waiting alongside the rest of the student body for the contestants to return. She was nestled in the middle of their gang, near the top of a great stand floating in the middle of the Black Lake, waiting with everyone else to see how the Second Task would play out. Bell slept peacefully in her robe pocket, providing a spot of warmth against the cold winter day.

"S'kinda a piss poor spectator sport," Ron said from beside her on the stands. "Compared to watching 'em fight dragons, this's a bit rubbish."

Hermione thought that the task was probably considerably more intense for the champions in the water, but part of her agreed with the redhead's observation. She'd been hoping to see some new magic. Harry's telekinetic sphere was impressive, certainly more than Krum's half-transfiguration or Fleur bubblehead charm, but it wasn't anything new to her. She'd already deconstructed and integrated it into her repertoire.

"It must be hard on them, though," Luna said from Hermione's other side, staring dreamily out across the dark water. "They'll be in a hurry to save their hostages, I'm sure. It's horrible that they took people."

Hermione settled her hand gently atop one of Luna's girlish, knobby knees. Ginny's gaze on her hand, from a step below them directly forward of Hermione, did not go unnoticed by the astute Londoner. "Oh, don't worry, Luna. They aren't in any danger." The pale-haired girl didn't look entirely convinced. Hermione rubbed familiarly at her knee, and Ginny's eyes narrowed. "You have to agree to play 'hostage' for this- it's why I'm not down there under stasis right now."

Luna looked much relieved to hear that, and looked back to the water with a smile. Without turning her head, the girl asked in her typically passive way, "Why didn't you want to be Krum's hostage, if you knew you'd be okay? Getting to hang out with the merfolk underwater seems nice, if you really aren't going to drown."

Hermione made sure not to look at Ginny and shrugged. "It didn't seem appropriate. I don't want people to think that Viktor and I have that type of relationship."

"What kind's that?" Ginny asked, and Hermione had to smother a triumphant smirk. The girl was adorably predictable.

Ron, with perhaps more social grace that she'd given him credit for, pardoned himself to allegedly go hunt Audhild down for a snog. Hermione erected a muting ward around the two younger girls.
and herself motionlessly.

"Well," she said, a casual slant in her shoulders and voice, "a romantic one, of course. The kind Harry and Gabrielle have been enjoying so, ahem, vigorously this past month that they've been together."

Luna, as clueless as ever, nodded. "They have been shagging like bunnies, haven't they? Even though Harry still has to, well, you know. That's rather a lot of sex all added up. Poor Gabby must be all stretched out…"

"Yes, we know," Ginny growled. "But that still doesn't explain why you didn't want to be Krum's hostage. You went to the ball with him, didn't you? And I've seen the two of you talking since then."

Hermione focused on not smiling. She'd been trying and trying to casually confess to Ginny, but the silly girl had been completely oblivious to her advances. Drastic times called for drastic measures, and so she'd come up with a plan.

She answered Ginny slowly, a lecture in her tone. "Viktor is a world class athlete from a foreign school and country- sometimes I ask him for his perspective on things. He's a valuable resource in that way. As for the ball, of course I agreed to go with him. It's not like I could have gone alone."

"You could have asked someone else to go with you," Ginny said, an angry tinge to her cheeks. Was Hermione mocking her?

Hermione raised an eyebrow. Ginny was so close that her elegantly folded legs were brushing against her back. The sight of her flushed face looking up at her made Hermione's heart beat faster. She was beginning to warm despite the weather, but refused to show her bother so easily. "The person I wanted to ask already had a date," she said, staring at Ginny. "What would you have had me do?"

Ginny recoiled in her seat. "Wha-what are saying?"

'Ignore this,' Hermione thought, uncrossing her legs casually. As she'd been hoping, Ginny fell victim to sweet temptation, her gaze sliding down to the view up her skirt. Hermione's cheeks pinkened despite her best efforts. She channeled her incubus friend's shamelessness, bolstering her façade. She studied Ginny closely as the girl stared between her legs.

The redhead's eyes widened cartoonishly as Hermione's neatly buzzed sex stared back at her, a foot and a half away and visible to her alone. Her well-teased labia peeked out of her mound, trying to lure her closer, and a tiny hooded bead of pink spied out at her above that. A dizzying thrum of nymphomania surged down from Ginny's questionably balanced brain through her body, setting her nipples and clit and cunt and anus on fire with anticipation and heightened sensitivity. She was entirely willing to interpret Hermione's actions as an invitation, and started to lean forward, prepared to tongue-fuck some schoolgirl pussy right there under God and the open blue sky and the inevitable gazes of some hundreds of students and faculty.

Hermione actually giggled, and then crossed her legs once more.

Luna said nothing, and her eyes never stopped staring out across the water, but her tomato colored cheeks betrayed her attention.

Ginny, blinking in confusion, looked up at Hermione with drawn eyebrows. "Why not?" she asked, and Luna had to look that time, though her head whiplashed back away so quickly it spun when she realized what she'd done. Ginny's freckles almost disappeared under her blush, but she
Hermione grinned dangerously. "Well, that's an interesting question, isn't it Ginny? You may be right, after all. Why not? Personally, I don't have an answer." Hermione felt a thrum of power at the sight of the younger girl's stiff nipples poking through her clothes. Seeing her riled up was riling her up too. The words 'feedback loop' came to her mind.

It seemed she'd finally gotten her intentions across. A barrage of images flashed through her mind. Would she finally be able to act on her desires? "Let's meet up tonight, Ginny, and see if there's any reason why not. Sound good?"

Ginny's eyes were huge, and she looked half-drunk, jerking her head unsteadily to look at her. "Okay," she whispered, reaching out to touch her legs.

Hermione let her.

"L-look," Luna said, pointing out far across the lake. A disturbance in the water gave way to its parting, and it wasn't long after that Harry rose up. Gabrielle was sat behind him on the Firebolt, clinging to his waist with her legs wrapped tightly around the handle.

Hermione pushed Ginny's hand off of her leg gently, a promising look keeping the younger girl from objecting. She had a bit to play here, and eyes would be on her. She dropped the barrier. Looking out across the lake, waiting for the crowd at large to notice Harry's approach, she spared a moment of sympathy for the veela clutching desperately at Harry's back. 'Damn brooms.'

The rest of the spectators spotted Harry a second later, and a great swell of applause shook the stands as he made his way back towards them. Despite his horribly bloody face, which was bright red from his nostrils down, he looked absolutely heroic. A bright white smile peeked through his bloody lips, the gorgeous blonde veela clutched at his waist, his hair was flying in the wind, and there wasn't a single drop of water on him- he'd even dried Gabrielle with a charm.

She recognized his publicity stunt for what it was, and cheered with the rest of the audience, screaming his name. From the moment he'd revealed his tactic for the task she'd stopped worrying, but nobody else needed to know. "Go Harry! Woohoo!"

Her cheers were genuine, but her thoughts were elsewhere. She couldn't wait for it to be over.

Ginny felt small and unwanted in the empty classroom. She rubbed a scrap of parchment between her fingers, pushing the thought that she was trapped in the basement, below the earth, out of her mind. Her success was limited.

"You're not trapped, ginger-cheeks,' she reminded herself. She was here voluntarily. Eagerly.

Unable to stop herself, she began studying the room once again. There wasn't much else to do while she waited. She didn't think the unused room was actually much larger than any of the ones she took her classes in, but without any furniture to fill it, she was left with the impression that the room's walls were unreasonably far away. There was no dust, of course, thanks to Hogwarts' small fleet of house elves that saw to that kind of thing, but still... A rumbling hiss echoed out through her mind.

"Something wrong, Ginny?" Hermione's voice asked, sending her whirling. Her hair stood erect and a rotten lump clogged her throat. She hadn't even heard the door open.

"No, of course not," she said, gaze flickering about the room. "I'm fine."
Hermione looked too. Her eyes softened. "I'm sorry," she said, stepping closer. She cupped her shoulders, a repentant slant to her brows. "The Chamber and all that mess- I didn't think," she stopped herself and took a breath. "Sorry," she said, pulling her into an embrace.

'Warm,' Ginny thought, pressing herself closer. She really had just been a wink unsettled by the resemblance, but if Hermione was going to apologize like this... A vivid, ultra-HD picture of Hermione's adult pussy flashed across the back of her eyes. God, she hoped she hadn't misinterpreted that. If the older witch started talking to her about how sorry she was that she'd forgotten panties and to please-please-please forget about it, Ginny was going to lose her mind. Of course, if the opposite happened, she may well go a tad mad as well.

"Alright?"

"Yeah," she answered, burying her nose into the collar of Hermione's school robe. She gripped pinches of its thick fabric between her thumbs and pointer fingers. She wasn't about to lie and say she was devastated by standing around alone in a classroom for a few minutes, but did that mean she had to sacrifice the lovely womanly smells filling her nose?

It seemed she did, for Hermione, with a chuckle, pushed her away. That her grip slid from her shoulders to her hands and held rose Ginny's hopes.

"Thanks for meeting me," Hermione said. "I didn't know if you would."

Ginny's brow furrowed. "Of course I would. You asked me to, so why wouldn't I?"

Hermione paused, biting at her lip. "Well, because of why I asked you here, and because I didn't know if you understood my message."

Ginny dropped one of Hermione's hands to fish out the parchment scrap. "This?"

"No, not that," Hermione groused, a flush on her angular cheeks. "M-my flash."

Ginny matched Hermione's color. "Oh. I thought I may have misinterpreted-"

"How do you misinterpret me shoving my bare vagina into your face Ginevra?"

Ginny recoiled at her proper name and reddened further: childhood surliness fighting and losing against amazement at her fortune. "So that was you-"

"Saying 'I know you like me and I like you too,' yes, Ginny, what else could that have meant?" Hermione asked, looking at Ginny like she was the dumbest bitch on the planet.

She didn't care. She laughed fiercely and stole Hermione's free hand once again, half-dancing when she asked: "Oh, do you mean that? Do you really mean that?"

Hermione's frown disappeared. "I wouldn't have said it if I didn't." She coughed for filler. "So this is you…"

Ginny laughed more. "This is me saying 'hot bomb, what a lovely thing to say!'" She smiled at a thought. "I'm happy to flash you as much of my bait and tackle as you'd like, if that's how you want to communicate, but yes, Hermione, this is me saying I like you too, duh! A hundred times duh."

Hermione smiled prettily, dentists' daughter teeth flashing bright and white. "Then it's settled? We're girlfriends now, and I don't have to try and figure out how to tell you anymore?"
Ginny couldn't stop laughing to talk, and so pulled the larger girl in for a vanilla-sweet kiss instead. She tasted like fresh bread and had softer lips than Harry's. "We can file the paperwork and send it off to the goblins," she joked against her lips. Hermione's breath was warm against her mouth as she snorted. "Unless that means you aren't going to show me that pretty kitty cat anymore. Then," Ginny said, pulling back to look at Hermione, "I'm afraid you've not gotten your point across at all, and need to stop being so subtle."

Hermione's lip pouted out. "I've been trying to be subtle for months now, you just didn't seem to notice anything I did."

Ginny blinked in genuine disbelief. "You've been hinting? Since when?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Since you and Harry slept together."

Ginny's gaze slid to the side. After she and Harry slept together? She didn't like thinking about back then. His rejection had hurt too much for her to dwell on it and remain mentally healthy. She tried to find some memory of Hermione giving any kind of indication that she'd been interested in starting something with her. They'd spent a bit more time together after she and Harry, but nothing really stood out in her mind. Hermione was a naturally handsy person, as little as you'd thinks so based on first impressions, but the only time Ginny could remember them sharing any obviously charged moment had been the night of the Yule Ball. Hermione had held her close and led her around the dancefloor till her legs had burned… Maybe, looking back, she could see Hermione trying to show her feelings. There were just a few things that bothered her, though.

She dropped Hermione's hands and began to pace. "Why would you wait until after Harry and I had sex? How'd you know about that in the first place? And how long have you felt this way?"

"I've liked you as a friend since we met," Hermione said, answering like Ginny was her student. "As a… potential partner? Crush? Girlfriend? Whatever you want to call it, I've been interested in you like that since this summer. You know what I mean."

Ginny knew. Their shared moment of debauched inhibition had ignited her own infatuation for Hermione as well. She nodded.

"Yes, well, that answers that. As for how I knew you and Harry had sex, well," Hermione coughed once into her hand. "You weren't exactly subtle about the whole thing, you know? You stunk of his semen for days, Ginny. Days. I was almost going to say something to you about it before you took care of it."

Ginny lit up like a Christmas tree. "I may have gone overboard a little."

Hermione raised a fine eyebrow. "I'll say. Either way, that's half of why I waited till afterwards to try and confess my feeling. You love him, and I wanted you two to be together if that's what was meant to happen, but, well…"

Ginny couldn't meet Hermione's eye. "But he got with Gabrielle. You're," she made herself look up, "you're not, like, mad?"

Hermione closed her eyes. "No, Ginny. I'm not mad. I," she opened her eyes and blinked, pausing. She fell silent while she searched for the right words. "I don't know how to describe it, exactly, but you know what I'm trying to say. I guess I felt a little bit how you might when you see him and Gabrielle together. Maybe not to that level, but…"

"I get what you're saying," Ginny said, looking down. It was a complex feeling borne of a smattering of others: anger, sadness, jealousy, defeat, and even a bit of genuine happiness at
seeing somebody you cherish smile, even if they're with someone other than you. "Bittersweet."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Bittersweet."

Ginny didn't like the idea that she'd put Hermione through such an experience, and rushed to ask:
"What was the other half?"

"What?"

"The other half," she repeated. "You said half of why you waited till after Harry and I had sex
was because of my feelings towards him. What's the other half?"

"Oh, right," she said, smiling.

Ginny thought there was something dangerous in that smile.

"The other half is tied in to why we're having this conversation all the way down here."

Ginny's eyes narrowed. Something had changed. The gleam in Hermione's eye, the bending of
her knees, the teeth in her grin. Ginny licked her lips. "Yeah. Why is that again?"

"Because first, I had to confirm a suspicion I've had about you for years now," the older witch
explained, stalking forwards.

Ginny took a step backwards, but met the wall with her heel almost immediately. "What
suspicion?"

"The one I got after listening to you masturbate for hours the very first night I stayed over at The
Burrow, after we went to sleep. The one you reinforced on a daily basis, leaving to 'use the
bathroom' all the time. I followed you, you know. A lot. Those stalls aren't that hard to charm
transparent."

Ginny groaned, mortified, but had nowhere to go. She didn't know that she would even if she did.

"That is, of course, your nymphomania. I find that…" Hermione reached her, and leaned her hand
on either side of her head, "fascinating, to say the least. How much can you take? Do you know
your own limits? Do they exist? Everything about your, condition, let's call it, arouses my…
curiosity." Hermione looked up at Ginny through her eyebrows, grinning wide. "To say nothing
of my own preferences."

Ginny was growing terribly excited, hearing these kinds of words coming from Hermione's
mouth, but was paralyzed by some foreign instinct- not fear- but something else. A meekness that
fit her like a glove.

"Tell me, new sweetheart mine," Hermione said, sliding a hand down to cup her freckled cheek.
"What do you know about dom/sub relationships?"

Ginny gulped. By the time they made it out of that basement room, hours later, she was sore,
messy, overjoyed, and twice as in love with Hermione as she'd been before.

A bonfire roared. It served as the centerpiece for the Weasley-twin-sponsored party currently
raging in the Forbidden Forest. The flattened area where the dragons had been kept was being put
to good use, and a small group had gathered to celebrate Harry's decisive victory a week and a
half after the fact. The full contents of this group consisted of Harry, Gabrielle, Ginny, Ron,
Hermione, and the twins. Luna hadn't been able to come on account of Ravenclaw house's more
strictly enforced rules, and Fleur had declined the invitation, still too busy sulking over her third place.

The great pyre of limbs and twigs and logs burned with a cheery zeal, fighting back the cold as well as any charm could. Dark black shadows fell across the forest's floor, but the effect was hypnotizing rather than unsettling. A wizarding wireless played whatever was popular quietly in the background. The mood was warm and relaxed.

"You're getting good at this Triwizard business, Harry," Ron said, a dark brown bottle of half-gone butterbeer dangling from his fingers. A growing pile of similar empty bottles rested by his feet. They were the good kind, too, as everybody's flushed faces could attest to.

"Well you know, iss like an art, mate. Practice makes perfect." Harry had gone the way of Ron, and his emptied bottle clinked against its brethren as he set it down. He opened another with a great splish and looked to Gabby, sat primly across his lap, still nursing her first butterbeer. Her allure coiled sleepily around them as he spoke. "Damn fishheads had my bird, so..." He pulled her closer, and she smiled. "Somebody had to get her, I guess. Just lucky I wasn't in the mood for sushi, or it'd ave been bad news for the goons in the lagoon."

"You're ze goon, 'Arry," Gabrielle said, a mischievous look in her eye.

He leaned forward with a raised eyebrow. "Wassat chu say? Runnin yer gob are ya?"

She giggled and pushed away at his lips when they inched closer.

"What were they like?" Hermione asked. She had finally caved to good old peer pressure and was drinking as well, though she'd had even less than Gabrielle. Ginny was slumped over on their makeshift bench, resting her head in Hermione's lap. She played with her hair openly and looked at Harry. "The merfolk, I mean."

"Pretty level on the level, actually," Harry said, not calling attention to Hermione's overly-familiar touching. They hadn't made the announcement yet, for some reason, but he knew. He took a long pull from his bottle, making sure to blow a muffled burp away from Gabby, and answered: "Got to speak with one of them. Nice enough bloke. Helped point me in the right direction."

Fred and George, further around the edge of the fire, looked up together and said, "You spoke to one?"

"Sure," Harry said, shrugging.

Gabby leaned forward and whispered in his ear, cupping her hand to hide her lips.

"Ah, you're right," he said. He kissed her cheek and turned back to the twins. "What I meant to say was I spoke to him with my fists, and managed to communicate somethin along the lines of 'Gimme the girl' by boxing his nose flat."

They laughed, and George raised a bottle in his honor. Fred, always that one percent more caring than his copy, said, "Your nose looked pretty boxed as well, ol Harr-Bear. Merfolk good in the ring?"

Harry flushed a bit. "No, joking. I'm just joking. I didn't get into a fight with any of the fishies. As for bleedin, that was my spell's fault."

"Body strain?" Fred asked, a little surprised. "You don't get that with most the magic we get taught these days. Is that spell really okay to use?"
"Oh, yeah, 's alright," Harry said. The scar on his hand filled in black and he lifted a recently-fallen tree into the air, spinning it lazily high above the fire. "Stuff like this and a bit more are easy peasy, it's just that dragons and lakes are fucking heavy as all get-out. Especially lakes. Keepin that much water at bay's knackering, let me tell you."

Gabrielle's eyes softened. She placed her hand on his chest. "Are you okay, darling?" she asked in French, running her hand up his sternum. "Have you recovered? Do you want to turn in?"

He smiled and laid his hand over hers. "No, that's okay. I was fit enough after a bit of TLC from Madam Pomfrey."

"Uh, Harry," Ron said, staring upwards. "The tree?"

His little demonstration prop had begun to slowly drift towards the fire after he'd stopped focusing on it. Harry laughed a little and set it off to the side.

"Man, I'd hate to see that thing in a fight," George said, eyeing the tree.

"I used it in the prelims," Harry said, taking a sip. "Used it to fold that guy."

"Yeah, but in a real fight."

Harry nodded his head. "Oh, right. Well, I'd hate to see it too."

"Why's that?" Fred asked, looking to Ron and Hermione when their noses wrinkled.

Harry turned back to the tree and waited for Hermione's dampening charm. Without any visible exertion on his part, the mass of fallen timber exploded: one half of it from the inside out, the other, from the outside in. The hunks of wood that would've peppered them halted midair, and then dropped.

"Bloody hell, Harry!" George exclaimed, dropping his bottle at the explosion. It had been significantly quieted by Hermione's spell, but still.

Fred's galleon-round eyes blinked slowly.

Harry looked back. "Just imagine the mess."

"No shit," they said together.

Ginny had awoken on Hermione's lap at the noise. She looked around sleepily as best she could without lifting her head. "Wha?"

Hermione looked down and smiled, brushing the girl's bangs out of her face. "It's okay, Ginny. Harry was just playing around."

She looked over. He was whispering something into Gabrielle's ear, rubbing low on her back and smiling. Her lips pursed a bit, but the warmth of Hermione's lap soothed her. She snuggled further into the girl's thighs and inhaled slowly, sighing out warm breath down her soft legs. "Okay."

Things settled a bit, and a few minutes later, the twins let out synchronized yawns, drawing the group's eyes.

"Bout time for me to turn in," Fred said.

"Me too," George echoed.
"You chaps and chapettes all right by yourselves? You won't get so pissed you forget about the fire?"

Ron yawned. "Damn you," he said through it, covering his mouth with a fist.

"Shit's infectious," Harry said, though he didn't yawn himself.

"Yeah." Ron yawned again.

"So?" Fred said, scratching at his side. "You duckies okay out here alone? Gonna make it back by yourselves?"

It was Ginny's grumbling form that answered. "Yes, mum," she said, not opening her eyes. "Go away."

Harry chuckled. "Not the most convincing thing you've ever heard, is it? Don't worry though, guys," he said, obviously sobered up. "I'll make sure everybody makes it to bed. Why don't y'all head on in? You too, Ron."

Named redhead blinked a few times. "No, I'm okay," he said. He withdrew his wand and tried to banish his bottles, missed, and blinked some more. "On second thought..."

"I'll get em," Harry said, grinning. "Please, don't try again."

Gabrielle hid a giggle behind her hand.

Ron groaned, nodded, and headed off with his brothers, his wand safely stowed away in his pocket.

Thirty quiet minutes passed after the ginger men left, soft instrumental tunes on the wireless and the fire's occasional crackling serving as background noise for Harry and Gabrielle as they whispered to one another, and Hermione and Ginny as they did the same. The mood in the clearing had slowly changed. The sweet drinks and the warmth of the fire and the privacy of the forest... Intimacy was in the air, and some of Harry's favorite smells started to emerge as the night grew later. Gabrielle had finally finished her beer, leaving her hands free to drape around his shoulders. Her shy cleavage was inches from his face, and he didn't hesitate to rest his cheek forward against her breasts, sniffing at her perfume. She clutched him closer, her allure stirring. Next to them, Ginny and Hermione were touching as well. Hermione had gone from twirling locks of Ginny's ginger hair to massaging her earlobes. Her hand now rested within the bottom of Ginny's button up blouse, rubbing gently at her soft belly. Ginny kissed softly into Hermione thighs, rubbing her hand up and down the older witch's leg. The two couples took the other's actions as permission to continue, and fed off one another's fluster.

Gabrielle straddled Harry's waist, her legs dangling over back of the log. He dropped his beer and caught it midair with his magic, setting it aside to free his hands. He wrapped one around her, slipping beneath the back of her blouse, pulling her closer. The other slid up the outside of her thigh, gripping at her panty line. She leaned forward, smiling with her eyes closed. They kissed once, then again, and then began making out slowly, the sound of their meeting lips filling the small clearing.

Next to them, Ginny had turned so that she was resting on her back, looking up at Hermione from
her lap with familiar, hooded eyes. She bit her lip and lay still, putting up no resistance when the older girl began unbuttoning her blouse. Hermione didn't stop until the entire shirt was undone, exposing a gorgeous strip of Ginny's belly and bra to the flickering firelight and her own hungry gaze. She met Harry's eyes from over Gabrielle's shoulder.

"Don't mind us," she said, trailing a finger up Ginny's belly, dipping into her navel on its way to her breasts. She undid the redhead's bra and palmed lovingly at her petite tits. "You two are the first to officially know, but Ginny and I have been together for a little bit now. We're just going to have sex for a while, if that's okay."

Harry turned back to Gabrielle with a raised eyebrow. She took his hand from her thigh moved it to the middle of her skirt. He found her burning center without issue. "Can't say I didn't already know, but congrats all the same," he said. "I don't think we'd mind terribly if you two have some fun." He slipped around Gabby's knickers to slide into her hot, wet cunt, stroking light come-hither's along her zig-zag cluster. She moaned and kissed at his neck, sensitive around his finger and as tight as she'd been the very first time. "As long as you don't mind us, either."

Hermione conjured a quadruple-thick blanket on the ground, intentionally large enough for all of them. She looked from Ginny to the blanket.

Ginny scurried off the log to the floor.

"Strip," Hermione said, toeing her shoes off.

Harry sucked on Gabby's neck and worked slowly with his finger, watching the scene play out from over her shoulder.

Ginny lifted her bum off the ground, just as Gabby had their first time, pushing down at her skirt and knickers. Her pale bottom and already slick pussy were revealed, and after a quick shrug, her top came off too. Her petite tits heaved, nipples stiff, awaiting Hermione's next command. Harry forced another digit into his veela lover, letting her gyrate into him at her own pace while he watched his friends. Her allure strengthened, and he exposed his neck for her to kiss wordlessly. She latched on and massaged herself on him.

Hermione stepped closer to Ginny, eyeing her worried little cunt critically. "You've been masturbating a lot today," she said, spreading Ginny's thighs with her silky sock covered toes. "I've just been so happy since you asked me to be your girl," she said, a translucent line of fuck-lube escaping from her pink pussy, running down to her anus. She laughed. "It's been hard to stop."

Harry extracted his fingers from Gabby and held them to her without looking away. She sucked on them eagerly and reached for his belt.

Ginny's eyes were clouding. "Huh?" she asked, looking up at her girlfriend.


"T-the vibe!" she cried, wet sounds emanating from her terribly aroused whorehole. "After lunch,
I used the vibe."

Gabby freed Harry's cock and pumped it in her hand. "Turn us," she whispered, but he was already doing it, having plucked the thought from her mind before she'd been able to say it. They watched the scene unfold together.

Hermione glanced over at them, her eyes attracted to Harry's inhuman prick like magnets. "Wow," she said, blinking, rubbing absentmindedly at Ginny's clit. "That's just silly."

Gabrielle giggled and shifted so they could see better. She cupped Harry's heavy balls in her hand and let his length lie on her forearm. His tip poked at her bicep. "Isn't eet?"

Harry rolled his eyes and moved them to the blanket, taking up residence right next to Ginny's supine form. She and Hermione both watched as he laid Gabrielle down, letting her rest her heels on his shoulders comfortably as he lined himself up.

"You're not going to fit," Hermione said, watching as the tip of his cock teased and coerced the veela's apparently unused fucksleeve. Hadn't they been having sex? She'd been sure…

"He'll fit," Gabrielle and Ginny said at the same time. They shared a strange look.

Harry chuckled and gripped Gabby's hips. "I'll fit," he said, pushing himself forward, splitting his younger lover's shy folds apart and entering her crushing heat with a sigh. She threw her head back and moaned.

Hermione tore her eyes from their fleshy union and focused on Ginny beneath her. "Sweetling," she said, rubbing more tenderly at the girl's sex, "do you mind doing me first? These two've lit my candle."

Ginny smiled at her. "Course not," she said. "How'd you like?"

A sly dimple appeared on Hermione's cheek as she grinned. "I'm a bit tired of standing…"

Ginny's teeth flashed and her eyes crinkled prettily. "Have a seat then, love."

Hermione stepped out of her skirt and over Ginny's head. She felt Harry and Gabrielle's eyes on her as she finished disrobing and lowered her short haired cunt down onto Ginny's open mouth, resting forward on her knees, splaying her fingers out on the blanket flanking her girlfriend's ribs. Lewd sucking and licking sounds came from between her thighs as Ginny dug into her trimmed gash with gusto, alternating between tongue fucking Hermione's horny cunt and kissing her erect clitoris, drawing whiney moans from the normally reserved girl.

Harry coaxed a mewling wail from Gabrielle as his engorged cockhead reached her center. Her feet locked together behind his neck, and he met her searching hands with his own, lacing their fingers together and holding hands as he gave her a second to adjust.

Hermione shivered. Despite her natural domineering personality, she was the least experienced in the carnal arts of those gathered, and the eroticism was quickly fanning her flame to a dangerous heat. Her normally razor sharp mind became clouded with a fog of sinful pleasure and unrepentant, slutty arousal. Feeling herself about to come already, she stopped supporting her weight, letting herself sit fully down on Ginny's face, blocking off her air supply. The nympho trapped beneath her went wild, raping her eel-like tongue into Hermione's hot cunt, drinking down her bittersweet cum, kicking her legs without actually trying to escape from beneath her sloppy, wet heat, happy to listen to Hermione's cries of ecstasy as she came all over her face. Hermione's high spiked as Ginny's flailing body came beneath her, and she bucked herself along the length of the younger girl's face in search of more stimulation, smearing her freckled forehead and brow and
nose and chin with shiny girlcum, until finally she slumped forward, lying on Ginny's belly and allowing her to suck in great gulps of delicious air.

Beside them, Harry bucked a steady rhythm into Gabby's silken insides, trying to resist her strangling, softly cumming pussy's insistent request for his seed. The sight of Hermione and Ginny's messy cunt's leaking sweet glisten drove him close to the edge. Gabrielle pleading for him to fill her up was the last straw, and after a few more thrusts, he spent himself inside of her, his leg muscles straining to ensure they were locked together for the duration of their shared orgasm.

Hermione and Ginny watched as Harry came deep within his veela's eager hole, sending her into a strained keening as her own sex clamped and extorted his seed. When he pulled her up so that she was folded forward, still inside of her, and they began to make out, Hermione and Ginny looked away, back to each other. Hermione laid down next to Ginny to kiss at her, licking away her cunt's cum from her face here and there, leaving some behind, snuggling into the younger girl's side and making out as well. She palmed and pinched at the nympho's small tits with hidden relish as she submitted to her eagerly, letting her plunder her mouth. Hermione thrilled at the taste of herself of the girl's tongue. She knew Ginny must be half-mad with need by now, that one pitiful orgasm she'd had not likely to have done anything to curb her appetite, and the knowledge that she could leave her in that state with the order not to touch herself made Hermione's head swim. She wouldn't do that, though, of course. She liked watching Ginny cream herself too much to deny herself the satisfaction. What she could do though…

"Gabrielle, sweetie," she said, calling to the young veela rather out of the blue.

Gabby broke from her lip lock with her incubus lover to look at the witch. Harry's cum was like heaven in her womb, and she had to blink away unshed tears to see. "Yes?" she asked, her voice weak from her tapering orgasm. She let Harry palm and bite rather roughly at her tingling breasts while she looked at Hermione.

"Would you be willing to lend me that fabulous creature of yours for a little bit, please? My girlfriend here is terribly horny, and I'd appreciate it if you'd let him have a go at her. I've got something special planned for later, but it's going to take me a second to get it ready, and I think she's earned something nice while she waits."

Harry went to pull back from her breasts, but Gabby stopped him, holding the back of his head. He shrugged and nibbled some more at her nipples. "You want to switch?" she asked, cocking her head. "Let 'Arry breed your girlfriend? He 'as already met ees quota… I don't know," she hedged, looking down her nose at Ginny's hopeful face. "What do you zink, Ginevra? Do you want a turn? As a veela, I'll always stay virgin tight, but your vagina will become loose eef you let eem inside you too many times."

An indignant spark lit Ginny's eyes.

Beautiful white feathers sprouted along Gabrielle's body as she transformed. She smirked down at the girl, Harry's manhood still rooted inside of her.

He knew what she was doing and allowed it, playing with her breasts and feathers in silence.

"Beg me for eem," Gabrielle said, her cruel avian eyes locked with Ginny's. "Beg me to let my man carve out your insides. Ask for a sample," she said, grinding her and Harry's joined sexes together, "and you can 'ave eem." She stared at the witch without blinking, wrapping her arms around Harry's head possessively. "For an 'our or two, zat ees."

"I get it," Ginny said. "You know about… that." She pulled Hermione closer. "But I'm with Hermione now, and I'm happy. Don't disrespect that."
Hermione pecked Ginny's cheek to show solidarity. She was sure of their relationship, and even if Ginny's feelings for Harry were complex, she didn't doubt the girl's faithfulness.

Gabrielle's cold gaze softened. "I didn't mean to," she said, loosening her grip. "And I don't blame you for your feelings, but 'Arry ees mine. We can 'ave all ze fun een ze world togezer, but…"

Ginny sighed, only a little sadly. "I said I get it, Gabby."

Her feathers and talons bled away. "Good," she said, not unkindly. Another look entered her bright eyes as she looked at Ginny and Hermione's spooning forms. She bit her lip and her pussy tightened around Harry's cock. "I still want to 'ear you beg me, zough…"

Hermione snaked her hand around Ginny, reaching down to the redhead's bald pussy to pinch and pull at her skin. She did too.

Even Harry looked up, leaving Gabby's raw breasts behind to watch.

Ginny flushed scarlet and tucked her chin. "P-please," she said.

Gabrielle's eyes danced, eerily similar to Hermione's when she'd been cumming atop Ginny's suffocating form. There was just something about abusing the nymphomaniac that turned them on. "Louder," she said, unsheathing Harry's manhood from her sore quim, revealing its glistening, monstrous form. The firelight danced off its shiny coat of veela cum, hypnotizing Ginny.

"Please," she said, louder this time, licking her lips.

"Please what, love?" Hermione whispered into her ear, taking the lobe between her teeth a moment later, popping Ginny's reddening cunt smartly with her hand, smacking the sensitive whore's fleshy, used pussy with her manicured fingers.

"Oh!" she cried, toes curling and uncurling. "Please Gabby, please let me! Let me have a go, oh won't you please let me have a go?"

"Mistress," Gabby said, gripping tightly at the base of Harry's cock, forcing more blood into its bestial length and making it look even bigger than it already was. "Call me mistress, Ginevra." She looked at Hermione. "You don't mind, do you?"

"No," Hermione hissed out, hooking two fingers roughly into Ginny's gushing slit, holding her in place with her chin as she furiously wrenched her arm up and down, creating lewd schlicks as she ravaged her trapped lover, bucking her own hairy mound against her asscheeks like a boy, the rhythmic pressure on her horny, erect clit stimulating her nicely. "Make her rim you, make her lick your feet, fist her cunt, gangbang her, chain her up, fuck her in front of her friends, use her like a toilet, I don't care, I love it, she loves it, so just do as you please!"

"She's right, she's right!" Ginny cried, wetting the blanket by her cumming cunny with squirt. "Please, Mistress Delacour, let your incubus fuck me- let him fuck my whore-hole loose and ragged, like you said he would. Let him shoot load after load down my throat, on my face, in my hair, up my ass, whenever, wherever, however it please the two of you! Just let my beautiful, perfect, lovely Mistress Granger watch and participate as it pleases her, oh, won't you just please do that? Won't you please?"

Gabrielle released Harry's cock, hands shaking half-madly, a great twitch in her eyebrow as she rose to a hunch. "Get her," she said in French, diving forward to attack Hermione herself. She pounced on the older girl and rolled, pinning her beneath her slight form, trapping Hermione's hands above her head, leaving her defenseless and exposed. She leaned forward and captured the
girl's surprised, parted lips in a searing kiss. Her allure thickened the air around them as she ground her own stiff clit into Hermione's, the liquid friction agonizingly good to her uninhibited brain.

Harry was even more aggressive, seizing one of Ginny's soft legs and hugging it to his chest, leaving her sideways with her legs split open at a ninety degree angle. Her abused cunt was defenseless against his enraged incubus organ, and it raped deep into her witch cunt without a single warning, parting her insides with a slick breaching thrust that had her screaming and cumming and gasping for air.

"Gah, gah, Gabby, wait," Hermione struggled to say, half resisting and half meeting the savage veela creature's thrusts and kisses. She tried to say she had to get Ginny's surprise ready, but the veela was working her stiff clit over so fucking good, like she'd been munching carpet for years and had learned how to drive a woman wild with sex. Her horny little veela cunt was mashing, mashing, mashing down into her electrified sex, rubbing and tugging and raping itself against her unbearably hard clit, fucking her hips into her like a boy, humping and bumping her crazy all while giving her the most erotic tongue-kiss she'd ever had. Hermione forgot about her plan for Ginny in the sea of pleasure Gabrielle was drowning her in, and just did her best to keep up, kissing back with passionate fervor, letting the smaller girl work her body over like it belonged to her. She wrapped her hand around the veela's bouncing bum and reveled.

Inches away, Ginny was even worse off. Her eyes were filled with mania and stared at Harry like he was a god, looking from him to the veela fucking her girlfriend and back again with a dumb expression on her face. Where before with Gabrielle he'd been a tender partner and lover, with Ginny, he was a machine, jackhammering into her ready-made cunt like a Viking raider, uncaring of the fact that she was already cumming, thank-you-very-much, or that she wasn't quite as perfect a fit for his woman-tamer as Gabby was, banging savagely into the back of her stretched witch pussy. The painful pleasure of his nonhuman phallus goring her, banging against her fragile cervix, bruising her sensitive womanly girlhood, only egged Ginny to higher peaks. She babbled her adoration for him and his cock and his pet veela whore and the way she was raping her girlfriend and the way said girlfriend was the most beautiful witch in the whole world and how she couldn't wait to see her take his fuckrod up her ass and cunny and pretty, pretty mouth. Gabby and Hermione listened to Ginny's fucked-dumb babbling with one ear each, unable to pay more attention than that on account of their mounting, synchronized orgasms. Gabby sat up and roughly fisted Hermione's much larger tits, gripping the child-feeders with her petite hands like ski poles, holding herself steady as she thrashed her tiny pussy back and forth along the older witch's hairy slut-flesh, cumming an unsteady stream of veela jizzum down onto the girl's fire-hot sex, which was also gushing euphoria in the form of addictively tart smelling cum. Hermione reached down to flash her hand back and forth along their hyper-sensitive clits and labia, getting her galleon's worth out of her gorgeous partner's slippery love.

The rich cocktail of she-cum met Harry's nose and went straight to the back of his brain, where it was then rerouted to his cock. Struck with the need to see and hear his cum being gulped down, he mercifully abandoned his assault on Ginny's horribly raw pussy and stood. Black ink flowed, and the rune for his telekinesis spell appeared boldly against his skin.

Ginny shrieked as her body was suddenly lifted into the air. How occurred to her quickly enough, as she was flipped and left suspended upside down, and why did too, a second later, when Harry's twitching cock, looking so much like a monster about to sneeze, pressed its sloppy, spongy head against her eye. She opened her mouth wide and stuck her tongue out, cumming again from the sensation as Harry slid another wet trail along her face, finding her mouth and feeding his too-long and too-thick organ to her, sliding his cum-coated cock upwards, down Ginny's servile throatpussy. She immediately gagged around him, but kept her mouth opened wide, relishing in
the lewd act of having her mouth corked by a man's smelly prick. Her eyes bulged as he worked more and more of himself down her throat, thick veins pulsing in preparation.

When he finally sensed that the poor girl could take no more, he stopped, letting her convulsing throat and desperate gags finish him off. Harry watched with animalistic glee as Ginny gulped down his sperm, drinking his semen with perverted gusto, sucking hard at his entrenched meatstraw. Her throat bobbed lewdly and loud swallowing sounds came from her in rapid succession. He was really filling her up, and though her face was redder than a beet from the lack of air and being upside down, Ginny rose to the occasion and sucked his cock's cum down like the unnaturally talented cumdumpster she'd always wanted to be. The smell of his taint, coated in witch and veela pussy love, was so thick in her nose Ginny almost lost it. It was delicious. When stars started to flash across her vision, Harry finally removed himself, leaving her to gasp desperately, still upside down. A trail of thick, nasty cum dribbled up her lips, running past her eye into her hair. She loved it.

Hermione did too. "That's a good look for you, love," she said, panting, her hands resting on Gabby's straddling thighs. A bit of the veela's cum had wet her belly, and it shone in the firelight. "Don't you agree, Gabby?"

The veela rested back on her folded legs and took in Harry's work. "Oui, she ees as she ought to be." She narrowed her eyes. "Say zank you, slut, eef you enjoyed your mistresses' gift."

"Thank you, Mistress Granger, Mistress Delacour," Ginny said demurely. "Can I come down now?"

Gabby smiled toothily down at Hermione. "Mistress Granger?"

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Ask Harry. I certainly can't get you down."

Harry was rolling his shoulders, but stopped stretching for a moment to look at Ginny. He floated her safely to the ground, setting her next to Hermione and Gabrielle. "Crazy girls," he said, hiding a grin as he reached for the sky, popping his back. Hermione's plan floated on the surface of her mind. He looked at her. "Want me to do that for you?" he asked, to Ginny and Gabby's confusion.

Hermione just looked at him in surprise. "You know it?"

Harry scratched at his cheek and laughed. "Yea, for reasons I won't get into."

She arched an eyebrow. "Okay, slick," she said, patting Gabrielle's thigh. The veela rolled off of her. "About your size."

Harry blinked but summoned his wand all the same. "You sure? Don't mean to brag, but that's a lot to handle if you're not used to it."

Hermione stood and shrugged. "I'm a fast learner."

Harry just laughed and pointed his wand at her. "Falisio Gladalius."

"Besides," she said, ignoring Ginny and Gabby's shocked gasps as her clitoris transformed into an incubus sized cock, "Ginny deserves it." The transfigured organ was huge, and grew right out of the top of Hermione's womanly slit, where her feisty little clit was supposed to be. It was her skin tone and properly formed, and when Ginny started to wipe Harry's cum from her eye to see better, it twitched, drawing amazed gasps from the girls.

"Oh, 'Arry," Gabrielle said, stars in her eyes. "Where did you learn zis? Oh, our relationship wiz Mikko ees going to work so well, I can just tell."
Harry laughed and blushed. "Looking forward to that. As for where I learned it… Haha, well, sometimes you've gotta give a little to get a little, and I'm not 'bove a bit of experimenting, honest enough to say."

Gabby giggled.

Ginny gulped. "What are you planning on doing with that there Billy club, Hermione?" she asked, now somewhat more presentable for her cleaning efforts. "My cunny's a bit sore…"

Hermione chuckled low in her throat. "It's a good thing you've got other holes I can enjoy then, isn't it sweetheart?" She knelt to the ground, lowering herself atop her teenage lover in the missionary. She kissed her cum stained lips. "Mind if I sex your bum a bit?"

Ginny smiled shyly and spread her cheeks. "Lube?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I like you getting it rough, sweetie; not hurt. Of course lube." She looked to Harry, and he obliged with a jab-jab-flourish of his wand. Her new girlcock was slick, shiny, and ready for action, quick as a whip.

Harry saddled up behind her. "Mind if I sex your bum a bit?"

Hermione bit her lip and grinned. "You already know I don't."

"Lube?" he asked, earning a giggle from Gabby, who was moving over towards Ginny's head. It looked like the poor redhead's mouthpussy was going to get tapped by everybody before it was all said and done.

Hermione lined her new appendage up with her girlfriend's tight ring. "Just a little," she said. Harry'd already known that too. Crazy girl wanted to feel the burn.

He lined himself up too.

"On your mark," Ginny said, giggling a bit madly. "Just imagine someone walkin' in…"

The little orgy shared a quick laugh at that.

"Here we go," Hermione said, pushing against and then into her petite redheaded partner without fanfare, her girlcock spearing into Ginny's hot ass hard and fast, drawing gasps and hisses from the pair.

Ginny's hiss was cut off by Gabrielle's cleft pussy, which she lowered carefully down to just above her lips. A tiny bead of Harry's cum leaked from her shy opening, and Ginny lapped it away, repeating the motion over and over, licking long, dog-like stroked into the French girl's crouching cunt. She stopped ever couple seconds to tease at her pristine arsehole, which drew a delighted gasp from the veela.

Harry waited for Hermione to bottom out in Ginny's arse, and then forced the tip of his own, natural cock against her rosebud. She was clean, as he'd known she would be, and twitched wildly at his prick's barely-lubed glans knocked on her backdoor.

"I've only had me or Ginny's fingers," she said, licking her lips. "Don't hold back, just shove it in however you'd like. Rough stuff's my stuff."

Harry knew, but had wanted to hear her say it out loud. "Don't move," he said, gripping her fat, shapely arse in a vice grip. He grit his teeth and flexed his cock, perfecting the angle, and bucked,
breaching through Hermione's sensitive ring like a bull in a china shop. She was all the way in Ginny, and so he went halfway in her, marveling at the hot friction her barely-lubricated asspussy offered his punishing whoremaker.

Hermione made a hollow sound and slapped down at one of Ginny's freckled tits, sending it a jiggle. Her ass burned like a mother, but by God was she in love with the sensation. She jerked herself roughly out of her submissive girlfriend's gaped arsehole till all of Harry was up her backside, leaving half of her still in Ginny. Hermione committed the sensation of fucking a girl's ass and getting her own ass fucked to memory, listening to her girlfriend moan and lap tirelessly away at Gabrielle's adorable cunt while she adjusted. Harry slapped a stinging hand down on her ass, and she moaned, fucking herself forward into Ginny again.

Hermione continued her seesawing, and as she began to understand how to use her girlcock properly, picked up speed and power, till she was ramming herself into Ginny's cheeks with a satisfying smack! and fucking her ass back onto Harry's unhuman length with great, burning ecstasy. She was moaning like a bitch in heat at the sensory overload, and eventually had to pass the torch over to Harry, who used his masterfully trained incubus cock and his grip on her hips to fuck her in and out of Ginny's unreasonably tight perfection.

For her part, Ginny was trying her best to make the veela bitch above her cum, fighting mightily against the urge to lie there and enjoy Hermione's savage, ungentle ravaging for as long as the girl felt like fucking her. It was perfection, the tastes on her tongue, the sounds in her ears, the smells in her nose, the sight of adorable cunt and brilliant girlcock and beautiful green eyes, and above all, the feel of plundering meat carving up her insides, her cunt still sore, slippery wet hot pussy on her lips. Ginny had died and gone to nymphomaniac heaven.

Gabrielle pressed harder and harder down onto Ginny's mouth until her asscheeks had nearly swallowed the slut's face. The girl was fantastically good at eating pussy, alternating between deep, probing tongue-fucks, quick, light lashes against her clit, long laps at her cleft, and even, her favorite, teasing licks and pokes at her immaculate rosebud. Gabby preferred Harry's tongue on her cunt, of course, by a large margin, but something about face-fucking the shameless whore beneath her turned her on, and the idea of her licking her asshole was delightfully dirty. Gabby felt like she was getting one over the redheaded witch, and ground herself against her all the harder for it.

Harry soaked it all in. He jumped from one mind to the next while his body raped his childhood friend's ass, and Ginny's by proxy, on autopilot. Hermione plunging her whole fist into Ginny's oft-abused cunt; Gabrielle sucking him off in bed last night; Ginny watching Molly drench herself in yellow beast cum; Hermione watching her mother drip hot wax onto her latex-clad father through a keyhole; Ginny finger fucking herself in the Gryffindor commons, looking at him; fucking like animals on Gabby's bed while Mikko watched; on and on and on he sampled some of the most erotic memories from the girls' heads, slapping harsh, painful spanks down on Hermione's cheeks as he did, watching them jiggle and listening to her hiss yesss!

He was nearing his limit, and he knew that the girls were nearing theirs' as well. He picked up the pace, fucking himself harder and faster into Hermione's yawning asspussy, sending her own fauxcock ramming down into Ginny's mistreated hole, listening as the redhead licked and gobbled his veela love's pussy with increased fervor, watching as said veela sneered down lovingly at her sex slave, slapping at her cherry-red tits in sync with his own strikes on Hermione's glowing red bottom, faster and faster until Hermione was cumming, and Ginny was cumming, and Gabby was cumming, and then he was cumming. He shot hot, thick ropes of man sperm into Hermione's burning bowels, feeling her twitch around him as she too dumped some shecum into her petite lover's arse. Gabby leaned forward on Ginny's breasts and squirted, drenching the third year girl in aromatic veela cum, a strong stream blasting Ginny in the face as she too ejaculated, her
unplugged cunt clenching around nothing as it too shot some shespunk, catching Hermione in the belly. They all shivered and shook as they came in and on each other, a complete and utter crime against decency, all lewd, sinful pleasures of the flesh, dumping their essences into one another in the name of friendship, debauchery, unchecked arousal, the allmighty instinct to breed, and even a bit of love. They fucked the rest of the night away in bliss, forging a unique bond that would be reinforced again and again over the course of their lives. Despite Harry's promise, they never actually made it back into bed that night, sleeping side by side next to the glowing embers, beneath a shared blanket and the stars above, one great pile of warmth and affection.

AN: 11k+ words in a few days, not too shabby! I hope Hermione and Ginny's getting together wasn't too quick, but if it was, I at least hope you enjoyed their 4 way! Thanks again for reading, reviewing, favorite-ing, and following! Feel free to leave a review if this chapter pleased you, haha!
Chapter Twenty-One

The wind whistled harshly in Harry's ears, the wide, flat expanse of the quidditch field acting like a funnel for the cool spring air. He turned in a slow 360. It never ceased to amaze him just how much grander the pitch looked from the ground. He'd been here before, of course, for practice, but the writhing masses in the stands above heightened his feeling of being dwarfed tenfold. The throngs of spectators stuffing the looming grandstands were specks from down here; thousands of little screaming sprinkles that had come from lands near and far to see the crème de le creme battle it out on this cool spring day.

'Gotten your galleon's worth yet?' Harry thought, glancing at the dark tunnels that quartered the pitch, leading from the field to the inner bowels of the stadium. A medical station of sorts was hidden there, beneath the spectators, so close by necessity. It was a good thing, too. Except for Victor Krum, every other contestant who'd lost had needed that quick medical attention. Some of the students who'd lost were still being treated, almost an hour later. Only banning the unforgivables effectively meant that there weren't any rules at all, since nobody'd actually use one of those curses in front of so many people anyway, and that lack of restrictions meant that the fights so far had seen many nasty bits of magic flying every which way. He too was guilty of casting some less-than friendly curses at his previous opponent, the Beauxbatons girl who'd show her skill in the preliminaries. Their fight had been the first of the tournament, and he'd won after finally catching her with a finger-breaking curse he'd hidden in another spell's shadow. A pair of the standby healers had had to help the poor girl off the field, but her shattered thumbs-up told him she'd be okay. The crowd had loved that, and so had he. They'd be meeting again at some point in the coming days, no question about it. He'd make it up to her then.

Right now, though, he had more important things to focus on: his match with Hermione was about to start, and his old plan to beat her if they met had been thrown out the window. Destroying his friend with an overwhelming telekinetic assault had seemed the best way to walk away from their fight the victor, but there was a problem.

She was the one who'd been matched up against Krum in the first round of the single elimination tournament, and he'd been just as shocked as the Bulgarian to discover her ace. She'd been visibly upset upon having to reveal it so early, but Krum had been the real deal, and his brutal, in-your-face style had forced her hand.

A clone. The girl had managed to somehow flip one of conjuration's fundamental contentions on its head, and create an honest to God clone of herself. It hadn't seemed she'd been able to conjure more than the one copy, luckily enough. He could only guess at how sophisticated and accurate to herself they really were, but one thing was made crystal clear almost immediately after the second Hermione had appeared on the field: it could cast, and not just that, it could cast just as fast as she could. Krum hadn't stood a chance against her two pronged assault, and had fallen to a flawless pincer maneuver shortly thereafter.

Which brought Harry back to the present moment. His telekinesis was strong, but it wasn't horribly versatile, just yet. He was getting better at multitasking with his signature spell, but was still years away from being able to fight two entirely separate battles at once. Hermione's clone had simply dissolved when her fight had ended, so he wouldn't have to hold back against it, but if she really wanted to win, all she'd have to do is block his vision for a moment. If he didn't know which Hermione was the clone, he'd be forced to pull his punches and treat them both like they were the real witch. She'd do it too, he knew. It was part of what made her so formidable: she held
'fair fights' in famously low esteem.

Regardless of whether she did or didn't use his decency against him, Harry would still be forced to fight against two Hermione Grangers, which was a big enough problem on its own, one that he didn't have an answer to. Her river of spells style was almost unbeatable in a fair match up, which was why he'd been hoping to crush her the instant "Go!" was called. With the odds stacked further in her favor, Harry was going to have to improvise if he wanted to win.

'I may even have to use that,' he thought, standing still in the blowing wind. There was a white circle around his feet, painted directly on the grass, which marked his starting position. Hermione was walking hastlessly towards her own circle, some twenty yards away. In his mind, avoiding Ron and Hermione until the final fight would have been preferable. Whether he should or not, he felt confident in his ability to handle Fleur, who'd also made it to the final four, without employing the ace up his sleeve. 'It won't do any good saving it if I lose here,' he told himself, steeling his resolve.

Hermione reached her painted circle and stood in it, apparently bored with him and everything else as well.

Harry grit his teeth. He had a monstrously skilled and intelligent opponent right in front of him: focusing on the final fight here would only lose him this one. The referee, a new one, who hadn't proctored the preliminary matches, was only now stepping on the field. Judging by the hitwizard's sluggish pace, they still had a few minutes to kill.

"Doin alright?" he asked. Honestly, the referee could take all the time in the world getting into position, as far as Harry was concerned. Maybe he'd figure out a way to counter Hermione's technique by the time the lazy guy was ready to call go.

"Not bad," Hermione answered, the beginnings of a smug grin teasing at the corners of her lips. "Thinking about Ginny and this prize money I'm about to win us. Trying to decide whether to buy that nice set of enchanted bedroom kit or put the galleons away for the future. I like to think I'm the kind of gal who'd invest a sudden fortune, but goodness, Harry, you haven't lived until you've seen Ginny bound and gagged. She's a doll in latex and leather. Oh, we really need to get together again, the four of us- it's been too long."

Harry snorted. She was trying to distract him. "It hasn't even been three weeks," he said, though he didn't disagree. He could always go for another little orgy. Duh.

"You're right," she said, shrugging. "It'd be a good way to congratulate me though, don't you think? A nice full body massage from you and Gin and Gabrielle… I can't wait."

Harry thought she was entirely too sure of her chances of winning. Her smug smile and smug voice and that smug glint in her eye… It pissed him off. Fuck his lack of a plan, he'd make Hermione pay for looking at him like that one way or another, clones or not.

"Sorry," he said, doubt fleeing his voice, "but I've already promised to show Fleur what all the fuss is about after I kick her turkey arse and win this tournament." He stepped forward with a grin, flashing his canines, toeing the circle's edge, and clenching his fists tight enough to pop them. Hermione's smile dropped. "After that though, you're free to stop by with your girlfriend and congratulate me till the cows come home. Just make sure to cancel any plans you may have for tomorrow before you come," he said, leaning back with a smug grin of his own. "If you ask real pretty, I may be willing to teach you a thing or two about in that case, you're better off canceling your plans for the entire week."

Hermione scowled through a blush, conceding their little spar. "You're as slick with your words as
ever,” she said, quieter now that the proctor was almost in position, "but let's see how well you manage to back them up, Harry. That fat cock of yours isn't going to help you out this time, bucko."

Harry's eyes widened in epiphany.

Hermione didn't like that look, not one bit. "What?" she asked.

Harry ignored her. The referee was finally in position. All they were waiting on now was for the announcer to introduce the match. Then, they could begin.

"You twos ready?" the hefty hitwizard asked, wiping grubby fingers on his single striped uniform. "Don't want to forfeit or nothin?"

Hermione answered with an icy scowl.

'So judgmental,' Harry thought, a bit fondly. He wasn't much impressed with the referee either, but didn't harbor the same distain for more, well, laidback blokes as Hermione. It did remind him of an earlier thought that had crossed his mind, though.

"Where's that vampiress bird?" he asked, drawing the ref's eyes. "She proctored some of the preliminary matches. Is she here?" He'd forgotten about her till today, but the thought of meeting back up seemed interesting.

"Oh, her?" the ref asked, snorting a leaky boogey back up his nose.

Hermione's lips thinned and she looked away.

"Said she's not feelin too well. Traded assignments with me- not that I wanted to. She gets to kick back an relax on Third Task guard duty, and I've gotta stand out here 'fronta all these folks with a goblinflu! 'S bullshit, 's what it is."

Harry resisted frowning and settled for a nod. It didn't make too much of a difference to him, in the end. He had more important things to focus on, and as the announcer began nearing the end of his annoyingly long introductions, Harry drew his wand and did just that.

"And now, the moment you've all been waiting for, starting right now, not delaying any longer, kicking off this very moment! I~t's, SHOWTIME!" the announcer said, striking a massive gong.

Harry didn't have the time to properly insult the announcer in his head; from the moment the gong started ringing, Hermione was on him, sprinting straight up the field.

"Petrificus," Harry said, sending the paralyzing spell at his approaching friend as quickly as he could. It wasn't the best spell for winning duels- unlike its brother spell, petrificus, minus the totalus, would only immobilize the part of Hermione it hit. As a tradeoff, though, it was a curiously fast-flyer.

He hadn't exactly been expecting the spell to connect: it'd been a potshot, more than anything. Even so, Harry couldn't stop his brows furrowing as Hermione literally split into two, technically dodging both left and right, his white-green petrifying jinx flying harmlessly between both of her.

'Already?' he thought, hunching over and turning rapidly as the Hermiones flanked wide. The memory of an article he'd read last summer, in the muggle newspaper, came to him unbridled. 39 year old Lord Jeremy Baton, a once-respected man who'd been born into his wealth and actually done some good with it, had apparently grown bored of his perfect, boring life. Yearning for the thrill of danger, Lord Baton spent a pretty chunk of change and chartered himself an African
expedition. Vernon had suggested rather definitively, not to Harry, of course, but to Petuna, that the good chap had gone mad, but Harry wasn't so sure. 39 was about right for a mid-life crisis, he thought, and hunting lions would get anybody's blood pumping. Whatever his motivations, Lord Baton's trip did not go well. According to the paper, his guide had fallen suddenly ill and died while they'd been out, leaving him alone in the African wilds, lost and undersupplied. They'd found his clothes and a few of his smaller bones almost a week later. Hyenas, the paper'd said, that's what got him. A whole pack of the buggers, stripped him clean.

As the two Hermiones ran around him clockwise, an even 180 degrees between them, Harry couldn't help but imagine himself as the old English Lord, underprepared and outnumbered against an opponent he'd be lucky to take in a one-v-one on a normal day. She was fast, he thought, faster than humans ought to be, which meant she'd used some accelerant charm without him noticing, without her speaking it. He blinked.

Two spells lashed out at him like mambas, twin orbs of star-shaped obsidian buzzing through the air for center mass. He sidestepped them, and lashed out with his wand at one of the Hermione's with a buckshot of welting hexes, hoping a spread would improve his chances.

It didn't. Drawing a mute circle in the air, the Hermione he'd targeted blocked all of his sizzling beads with an octagonal shield, never breaking her stride.

A skin shrinking curse slammed into his back with the force of a raging bull, buckling his knees. He just managed to stay standing by the hairs on his chin. The skin of his upper back was shrinking fast though, pulling his arms up and to the sides as a square-foot of skin became a square inch. It hurt like a motherfucker with a barbed dick on Mother's Day, but he pushed himself through the pain and cast the counter, having to duck and roll out of the way of another pair of spinning obsidian stars as Hermione tried to capitalize.

'Fuck!' he thought, rolling again to dodge another two stars. He didn't recognize the spell, which boded poorly for him. Whatever they were, they were fast, and Hermione seemed confident that if she could hit him with one, she'd win. Harry had called his witch friend many things over the years, mostly in his head, but even there, he'd never called her a fool. If she thought they'd end the fight, she was probably right.

'Am I going to have to use it already?' he wondered, jumping backwards and unleashing a wide, crescent attack at the witches. It had the potential to hit them both, and would do some horrific things to their nervous system if it did, but Hermione and her clone both dodged it with time to spare, making the point moot.

"You're going to lose, Harry," Hermione said.

"Surrender," her clone said.

"It'll save you a trip to the medbay." She summoned a clump of turf from behind him, almost catching his dodging form in the head as it flew to her.

"And me a tongue lashing from your girlfriend-"

"Not that I'm opposed to that."

"Of course," her clone conceded, lazily dragging her wand down through the air in an arc. Three orbs of light hovered in its wake, like a traffic light. With a smirk, the spells shot forward, twice as fast as even Harry's petrificus had been. All three caught him in the chest and sent him tumbling.

"Gotch'a!" Hermione's clone said, a vicious smile exposing her pretty teeth to the stadium as her...
friend's body fell to the ground.

"It's not like you to brag, Hermione," the voice of the incubus on the ground whispered into the clone's ear. The body on the ground stopped rolling, and revealed itself for the straw decoy it was. The clone's eyes grew wide and bulged in disbelief, and the true witch herself spun around, but neither of the females could stop him from so close. Transfiguring his wand into a sword, in the likeness of Godric Gryffindor's, Harry gripped its handle with both hands and swung, putting his inhuman strength to good use. The transfigured steel slid through the clone like a cloud, relieving it of its head in one silken blow.

The crowd gasped and shrieked in horror above them, only falling still when the headless witch before him crumpled down and dissolved into sand and smoke.

The real Hermione's eyes were wide and full of horror. "J-Jesus Christ, Harry!" she said, clutching her wand and pointing it at him. "What if that'd been the real me?"

Harry smothered a giggle. She still didn't know!

"I'm sorry, Hermione," he answered her gravely, transfiguring his wand back into its natural form. "I can't allow myself to lose here, no matter what."

"Are you fucking crazy?" she asked, shrill voice echoing throughout the stadium.

'Ouch, harsh,' he thought, showing her nothing but resolve on the outside. On the inside, he was finding himself rather tickled by her reaction. "Surrender, Hermione. I won't hold back if you don't."

Her eyes locked onto his hands as the runes for telekinesis blackened.

She grit her teeth. "Tch, yeah right," she said. A brief cloud of smoke obscured her as she split again.

Harry though she looked rather pallid after this casting. 'How taxing is that magic?' he wondered.

"I get it, now," she said, her and her clone spreading out once again.

He'd have liked to pin her with his telekinesis in that moment, her and her clone both, but the truth was that he'd only managed to dodge two of her stoplight spells. The red one had caught him in the shoulder as he'd cast his decoy.

'Dammit,' he thought, hiding a grimace as what he'd guess to be a flesh-eater ate away at his skin beneath his clothes. It was slow going, and if Hermione had any sense, a treatable variation, but that didn't mean it wasn't bloody stinging. He'd have to speak to counter it, and giving Hermione an opening like that at this point would mean certain defeat. He grit his teeth as stealthily as he could and ignored it.

Around him, Hermione was once again employing her hyena technique: poking at his backside over and over with different spells when his attention was on the other her. She cast a net filled with spikes at him, and he split it in half with a fiery crescent. Her clone summoned a dozen gelatin balls the size of watermelons and banished them at him, and he maneuvered through them like a gymnast, watching as they landed and rolled across the ground, so heavy and sticky they ripped up patches of turf like eggwashed cheese might breadcrumbs.

'Trying to pin me down,' he thought, using his telekinesis to send the next batch of globs back, when she cast them again. 'Smart, of course.'
She simply dispelled the orbs and shielded against his telekinesis. He wasn’t able to press the advantage, instead having to dodge another barrage of trapping spells from behind by the skin of his teeth. All Hermione had to do was catch him with one of these types of magic and he’d be toast. She’d done well to recognize the opening her previous strategy exposed her to: while spamming fast, one-hit-down spells from two directions would bring most people to the ground quick enough, Harry had the advantage of inhuman physical attributes and reflexes- he was able to dodge through that kind of barrage, and seize the small gap that’d inevitably show itself as she rained small on-hit curses and hexes at him. Now, utilizing slower, but much, much larger area-of-effect spells, and ones meant to immobilize him once they connected, she’d sealed that gap, and forced him into a frustrating pickle.

Taking care that she didn’t catch on, Harry spied the real Hermione as he dodged over a sudden pit-fall trap. Contrary to what she may have thought, he was able to tell between her and her double. The only problem was that unless he used his trump card, he wouldn't be able to capitalize on his advantage anyway. If he could attack and block with his telekinesis at the same time, he'd be able ignore her clone's attack and focus all of his psychic power down on the real her. He was certain he’d be able to incapacitate her that way- too bad he wasn’t quite to that level yet.

Of course, if this were an actual fight to the death, he wouldn't have this problem. He could just block the attack from behind with his telekinesis and cast something strong enough to neutralize the frontal attack and attacker. The only problem with using that strategy here was that he couldn't think of a spell that was both powerful enough to do that and precise enough to guarantee Hermione didn't get seriously injured at the same time. Whatever crazy thought had invaded her head in the heat of battle, he'd cut his own throat before doing her real harm. Fiendfire, a lazerbeam curse, groundspikes- there were plenty of ways to kill an enemy in this situation, just no good ways to knock a friend out.

Except…

Two titanic earthen hands sprung up from the ground, reaching for him with their massive digits, intent on crushing and immobilizing.

He jumped high over them, just as they came together in an ear-splitting thundercrack. He forced his eyes to stay open despite the fragmenting clay, and so saw as Hermione capitalized on his airborne status, conjuring a sheet from above that mummified him in half a second. In the other half of that second, it hardened into stone, and began to plummet back to the earth like the rock it was, holding him hostage for the ride.

Harry couldn't help but smile while he fell, even as an entirely new rune blackened in on his hand. 'Using my own spells against me,' he thought, channeling his trump card. 'Naughty girl.'

The stone sheet disappeared, and then the clay hands disappeared, and then, one by one, the multitude of other missed traps and snares Hermione had sent his way disappeared too.

Harry landed on the loose earth beneath him gingerly. With a quick bit of focus on it, even the flesh-eater on his shoulder stopped its incessant gnawing, disappearing and leaving his poor butchered skin behind to finally start bleeding.

Hermione watched all of this with wide, unbelieving eyes. Unbelief turned to confusion when her clone failed to disappear. Confusion turned to grim uncertainty as the blood began soaking through his shirt on his shoulder, quickly staining more and more of the garment.

"Harry," she said, muscles tensed.

"What did you do?" her clone asked.
He grinned smugly, a bit like she had at the beginning of their bout. "Like it?" he asked, unminding of his oozing wound. He'd be okay. "It's my newest invention. You have no idea how hard it was to keep this from you, it's just so Hermione from top to bottom. You're really the one who's going to be unstoppable with this, after I teach it to you."

Hermione and her clone resumed circling, but much more slowly now. "What are you talking about, Harry?" she asked, at the same time as her clone now. "How did you dispel everything so quickly?" the Hermiones asked in sync.

'Not gonna fool me with that,' he thought. "It's a new rune-based spell," he said, still alternating his gaze between Hermione and her clone. "I won't go into the details here, but it's actually a lot like my TK runespell. I programmed all the magic I know into it, and now-" he chuckled, unhappy having to show his ace before the finals but happy at the same time, "whenever it detects one of those spells, it automatically dispels them!"

Hermione and her clone immediately let loose with a flurry of magic, each successive spell different from the last. He immediately recognized them as the magic they'd learned through the Hogwarts curriculum, chronologically, and snorted. They all fizzled out of existence only a few feet from the witches.

Two buzzing obsidian stars zoomed out at him, and he had to dodge.

She stopped casting, and he laughed again. "That was quick," he said, a smile on his lips. His really had some amazing friends, now that he thought about it. "Yeah, you've figured it out- I can't dispel magic I don't understand. Hence those nasty looking curses and your pesky double sticking around."

Hermione seemed to be bouncing back, a cool look in her eye telling of her restored confidence. "I know more magic than you do, Harry," she said, not braggadocios, but factually.

Harry grinned, folded his arms, and looked square at her clone. The tip of his wand poked a millimeter out from under his armpit, aimed backwards at the real Hermione. "I know that," he said, charging and storing a spell in his wand. It was just a dirty jinx, light and airy, easy to sharpen and streamline and condense for maximum velocity. His gamble started now. "The real question," he continued, whittling the jinx to a finer and finer point, spinning it within his wand, still in precast, rotating it like a drill bit to reduce wind resistance. "Is this: how much wood could a woodchuck chuck-"

BANG!

Hermione's eyes shot wide at the sound and an alien bubble appeared around the real her in an instant, as white and speckled as an eggshell but translucent like a membrane. He'd never seen anything like it.

Still…

The tip of Harry's wand was smoking from his sneak attack jinx. His muscles were tensed. His shoulder bled. His eyes were locked with Hermione's. There would be only one way to tell if his sucker-punch jinx had landed…

Hermione stared at him, fighting it, fighting it hard, but, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop it.

She blushed, and grabbed her elbows, knees pressing together.
'Success,' Harry thought, breathing a sigh of relief. His arousal jinx had connected after all. And now, with lust coloring her every thought...

She tried to cast the counter, and he dispelled it before it could leave her wand. He searched for the rudimentary mechanics behind her clone technique. It was complicated, and he didn't know if he'd ever be able to cast it himself, even after days and days of study and practice, but for this, he didn't need to. He was able to grasp enough of it to disrupt the magic fueling her doppelganger. She ground her teeth in frustration and denial, and her legs in arousal and heat. Her bubble was next: also insanely complex, and requiring a delicate touch. He popped it, and she was left defenseless.

Three obsidian stars zoomed at him from the tip of her wand, held awkwardly in her hand as she panted and stopped her body from grinding up against itself in search of release. He researched their gist and dispelled them midair. Her face screwed up in despair.

"It's okay, Hermione," Harry said, a soft look in his eye. "You were great. After I teach you this, I won't ever be able to beat you again, I think."

She sniffed hard, and blinked the beginnings of tears away. "You knew which was me the whole time. Cheater," she said, lips pouting out a bit.

Harry laughed kindly. "Yeah," he agreed, tapping his nose. "Sorry about that."

He pointed his wand at her.

"You still have to come by after you're done with Fleur," she rushed to say, bent over, supporting her weight with her hands on her knees. "I want to know how to cast that."

"Sure," Harry said.

"And a massage too!"

"Of course," he said.

Her shoulders slumped, and she had to hold one of her hands away from her crotch with the other. "Okay," she said, sniffing one more time. "Go ahead, before I embarrass myself anymore."

"Hallucinoredening," he said, casting the one other spell he hadn't programmed into the runespell's bank. A pink orb splashed into Hermione's face and became vapor. She breathed it in and immediately fell into a deep, fanciful sleep. He canceled his dispeller and caught her slumping form with his telekinesis, holding her softly an inch off the ground even as she began moaning quietly, 'suffering' the effects of his wet-dream spell.

The crowd was quiet for a long moment, and Harry just stood where he was, taking in a deep breath and enjoying the pleasant breeze. When the wind began chilling the river of blood painting his chest and side red, he started off towards the medbay, his blushing schoolgirl friend floating peacefully behind him.

The announcer declared him the winner, and the crowd went wild.
Chapter Twenty-Two

An hour passed after Harry and Hermione's fight, and in that hour, three things happened: Ron and Fleur's match started, Ron and Fleur's match raged, and Ron and Fleur's match ended.

Harry watched it all with an analytical eye, skipping out on medical treatment just to ensure he didn't miss a beat of the action. He dropped Hermione off, healed as much of his shoulder as he could, as quickly as he could, and returned to the stadium, utilizing Gabby and Luna as buffers to keep the rest of the student body at bay so he could focus on the match in peace.

What a match it'd been, too: Ron and Fleur, dueling it out with such distinct fighting styles. For the bulk of the match, Fleur had been on the back foot. Every time Ron would cast a spell aimed just an inch further to the left of her centermass than the right, she'd dodge the expected way, and usually right into his follow up spell. Her advanced shield spell, taking the form of a small buckler, was the only thing saving her from a swift defeat. Though tiny, the shield more than made up for its small size with its unparalleled defensive properties, turning blasting and fainting and blinding spells away with stalwart reliability.

It was an uneven fight, though, despite Fleur's deft blocking and rocksteady dueling skills. Ron was simply a league above what someone at her skill level could deal with. When she'd proven her shielding capabilities, he'd immediately switched to spells with a larger area of effect, spraying boiling water and slippery oil at her—neither of which she was able to block entirely, resulting in some light burns and a great difficulty holding her wand. Ron spent the next ten minutes scoring similar small wins in his exchanges with Fleur, pressing her further and further into a corner, which Harry knew, meant his inevitable victory. His plan for dealing with the redhead hinged upon his not allowing himself to be pinned down—with Ron, as the variables in a fight went down, the number of moves he could plan ahead drastically increased. Nothing illustrated this fact as well as Ron's penultimate combo move did, his CHECK, with CHECKMATE not far behind.

He'd managed to catch Fleur off balance, and, rather than use the moment to cast at her, he cast up, into the sky, firing off a half dozen cherry-red stunners that disappeared in the clouds. That'd earned him a fair share of confused grunts and even some sneers from the crowd, but they'd all been silenced when, with five deliberately placed disarming charms cast one after the other, he forced Fleur into the exact center of the stunners, which fell in a ring around the French veela. In that one instant where she couldn't move to dodge him at all, Ron dealt the finishing blow: a shield breaker followed midflight by a disarming charm.

Or at least, it should have been the finishing move.

A sense of dubiousness had been coloring Harry's thoughts all fight long. He kept waiting for Fleur to pounce: to use some of that explosive speed he'd glimpsed that day in Gabrielle's bedroom months ago, to dodge and weave around Ron's cleverly constructed barrage and return fire. At any moment, he thought, she was going to show off something spectacular and blow everybody's minds. She walked with a confidence that he didn't think could be faked—confidence that translated over to her combat skills. He'd heard her boast on more than one occasion about her own capabilities, and he believed her. She hadn't been able to show off her skills in the preliminaries due to her mediocre opponents, but he'd glimpsed the surface of her abilities before. She'd just allured her way past her first opponent here, but that boy'd been way out of his league anyway, and would have been as much a pushover for any of them, had they been paired against him. As the fight drew on though, and she seemed to honestly struggle against Ron's assault, even
before he started getting fancy, Harry began to doubt his previous evaluation.

It'd been a ruse.

Ron's shield breaker and disarming spell were perfect: fast, accurate, and potent beyond his years. The only way Fleur was going to avoid those two spells was by moving, and if she did that she was going to knock herself out on Ron's ring of stunners. She didn't do that. Instead, she dropped her shield charm and let momentum reign. The shield breaker dispersed harmlessly on her breasts, the disarming spell ripped her wand from her slippery hand, and the stunners impacted with the ground where they died.

For a single moment, Ron was allowed to believe he'd won the fight. Then, Fleur transformed.

It was over in just a few seconds. Ron made the mistake of blinking when he realized that Fleur wasn't surrendering, despite being disarmed, and in that split-second, she closed the fifteen-meter gap between them and swung.

Ron had always shown the most enthusiasm when it came time to exercise and train their bodies when the three of them met up. When Hermione finally asked him, rather irritated and out of breath, just why he seemed to enjoy working out so much, he'd just grinned. "Guilt-free feasting," he'd said, as though that explained everything. Hermione didn't seem to think it did, but Harry thought it might. If Ron thought pushing himself till he was drenched in sweat gave him a free pass to gorge himself, then more power to him, as far as Harry was concerned. The ratio worked out to where the tall redhead was putting on mass and muscle at a decent pace, certainly better than Harry or Hermione at least, so he didn't see any problem with Ron's reasoning. They were still young so the effects weren't really going to become obvious for a few years, though Harry knew the girls he bedded appreciated his musculature, but all the same, the end result was a spike in strength for all of them, and Ron specifically. Before Harry came into his incubus inheritance and gained that inhuman strength, he would have been more than leery of boxing his buddy. Ron was a strong ginger fuck, especially for his age.

He put up a crossguard with his forearms to block Fleur's talon'd punch. His arms broke and dropped, hanging limp at his sides. He tried one last desperate attempt at knocking Fleur out, casting a wandless stunner at point blank range. She spun out of its path and roundhouse kicked him in the head. In an instant, he was out like a light.

Harry and the crowd at large watched in shocked silence as he crumpled to the ground. It'd been so abrupt, so unexpected, that they were like snails in applauding. When they finally started, it was subdued and unsure. Was it over? Many of them hadn't even seen her move. Had she won?

She had, and she didn't seem perturbed with the lackluster cheering, ignoring the crowd at large to focus straight on Harry instead. Her eyes said bring it on.

Gabrielle was cheering her head off to his left, but Harry ignored her entirely as he locked gazes with the older veela. She was still transformed, cloudy grey and white feathers accenting the avian part of her femme, wicked talons and double-lidded eyes the fatale. Her chin jutted out at him in challenge, and he rose to it.

Getting into position for this match was completely different from when he and Hermione had prepared to fight. Fleur was already in her circle, already transformed, and didn't speak to him as he reached his. The announcer didn't dally—and neither did the proctor, who asked them if they wanted to bow out and then retreated as quickly as he could when he got the expected answers from them.

'No warm-up,' Harry thought. 'No foreplay.' It was amazing, but getting to cum deep in the French
veela's body, something so perfect and grand that wars had been fought for similar sensual zeniths in the past, as tantalizing as that was, Harry hardly cared. His fighting spirit was ten times more aroused than his loins, burning with desire, insatiable in its need to see who was the stronger creature: the veela or the incubus. Every time he got jumped by Dudley's gang, every time Petuna's bony hand met with his face, every time that fucking door locked and the lights went away, all of those experiences were still inside of him. He still had to deal with all of those things. And he would. One day, he really would. But until he could call himself Mr. Rogers and let bygones be bygones, slam-dancing with dragons and veela and crazy magic folk seemed like a great way to express some anger. He wasn't sure if it was a good moral character or the daily pussy he got, but somehow or another, he'd avoided turning into a little fight-starting shite despite his strong taste for it.

But, well, if they were going to hold a fucking Mortal Kombat tournament right next to where he spent his days learning spells and brewing potions like a good boy, and if crazy strong motherfuckers were going to line up, just as eager to brawl as he was… Come on.

The announcer called go, and the two seducing creatures exploded towards one another. Fleur didn't melt him with any fireballs, and Harry didn't turn her into a compact cube with his telekinesis. Before using any of that, they wanted to see who would be the victor in a magicless, stone-age style fistfight.

Harry's fist impacted the veela's face so hard it smoked, and her balled talon'd hand did the same, catching him square in the cheek. They ground their fists into the other's face and locked eyes in a wild stare.

"You hit like a little girl," Harry said, grinning a red grin. His teeth had cut his lip wide open when Fleur's superpowered punch had connected with his face. The taste of his blood made it pump faster.

"And you hit like a leetle boy," she said, flashing her unmarred white teeth at him.

They sprung back on unspoken que, bodies tense for the next exchange. Harry raised his hands and bounced on his toes, knees bent in a kickboxing stance. The main focus of his training with Ron and Hermione had been on their magic, but physical defense hadn't been entirely neglected. There were scores of books out there with phantom, almost hologram-like instructors that would teach the material in the text they belonged to, like an enchanted painting but loads more useful. That's where they'd learned.

Fleur fell into a different stance, her talon'd feet spread in a wide, defensive position, her claws aimed at him tip first, one closer than the other. The sun glinted off their menacing black edges.

"Don't worry, Fleur," Harry said, slowly circling around his avian opponent. She turned to keep him squared. "I'll make you forget all about these bruises after I win."

She let out an amused trill, reminding him of Fawkes, of all things. "You'll have to bruise me first."

She was right: whereas his cheek felt a bit like it was on fire, already puffing up, her face continued to exist in uninterrupted perfection. It pissed him off.

He sprung forward and snapped at her side with a lightning fast kick, aiming for her floating ribs. She ate the blow with a wince and tried to grab him, but his leg was already gone, and her talons speared only air.
Still bending that way, Fleur couldn't dodge or block as he did the same thing to her other side, catching her with another strong kick to the ribs that knocked the air out of her. He finished his combo before she could catch her breath, finding her with a straight and then a hook to the face. He looked for the end with a full-power haymaker, but he overestimated her daze, and wound up catching a palm-strike to the throat in return.

He jumped back gasping, gagging, one hand clutching his throat, the other still held out in a fist. She'd done way more damage with that one hit than he had with four good ones. "Fuck," he wheezed, swallowing loud, painful gulps of air. "That might have killed somebody else, you know."

Fleur straightened up, wincing a bit as her ribs protested. "You're ze barbarian hitting women," she said, a playful smirk shining through her pain. "Don't complain when a maiden such as I defends herself."

She threw her feathered arms back with a grunt and lunged towards Harry foot-first, like a claw-tipped spear.

He sidestepped and seized her ankle midflight, faster than her, and threw her past him.

She flapped her arms again and reversed herself midair, spinning off the ground. She shot in close, catching him around the waist with a tackle that landed them both on the sod. She mounted him, pinning him to the grass. Two quick pops from her balled talons to his nose and he was bleeding beneath her. On the third, though, he dodged, pulling her hand down and using that momentum to throw her off balance. They grappled on the ground, rolling over and over, trying to seize the mount, trading quick blows as the opportunities presented themselves. When the scramble finally stopped, it was Harry who was on his back once again, but this time, Fleur was the one in a bad spot. Harry'd managed to get her into a headlock, and he wasn't letting go.

"Tap out Tweedy," Harry said, gasping. She'd gotten him good in the scramble, twice in the lip and once in the sternum, making it hard to breathe. Not as hard as it was for her, though. "They call this a rear naked choke. Ya ask me, there are better ways you and I can use all three of those words. All you gotta do is tap, and I'll show ya."

"F-fuck you, horndog," she ground out, pulling at his elbow in a fight for air. She was in the same type of situation as the one he'd been in with Hermione: she could easily reach behind her head and slash his eyes, but it just wasn't that type of fight. She struggled and struggled against his hold, but the darkness crept in around the edges of her vision all the same. She was stronger than him, by a good margin, but he was fast, and his form was perfect. She couldn't beat him just using her body.

Fleur aimed her hand back at his face and charged a fireball.

He kicked her away from him with every ounce of his strength, sending her flying across the pitch just as she released the superheated grenade. It exploded and turned the world white and soundless for a second.

"Fuck," he thought he said. Without being able to hear the words, he couldn't be sure. He may have just thought it.

A ringing replaced the silence, and he winced. Colors and shapes filled in, and he blinked hard, trying to focus.

'That was close,' he thought, turning his dirt-stained face to the side. There was a crater where his head had been, mushy black soil and scattered clumps of sod further marring the pitch's damaged
façade. "Too close," he said, for sure aloud this time.

"You're looking ze wrong way."

The sound of soup boiling over and sizzling on the burner closed in on his blindspot, and Harry shielded himself with his telekinesis on instinct.

The explosion still sent him to the ground, rolling twice on the warm grass before he was able to halt himself. He strengthened his barrier and look for Fleur. "Pay attention mate," he whispered to himself, searching the ground for his veela enemy. She was nowhere to be seen. *Invisibility?*

"Up here," she called, and he looked. There, high above the ground, was Fleur, flapping lazily with her arms, which had sprouted hundreds of additional feathers and were now full-blown harpy wings. "You're scrappier zan I zought you'd be," she said, nose now mostly beak and eyes completely obscured behind her plastic-white double lids. She looked truly ferocious now, more beast than young maiden. The self-satisfied smile on her hawkish face only reinforced the impression.

"You can fly?" Harry laughed, eyes strained. "Yeah, of course you can, that's fair." He grabbed his wand and held it at the end like an arrow, whispering a spell beneath his breath that saw an elegant golden bow of light grow into existence. "If this gets rewritten, you know I'm gonna get myself some of those badass demihuman traits—I'm thinking a tail and two stubby little devil horns. That shit'd be legit, don't you think?"

"What?" She asked, caught completely flat-footed. "Rewritten?"

"Nevermind that," Harry said, a disproportionally large golden arrow forming around his wand. He notched the glowing bolt, which was closer to a javelin now than an arrow, and drew back the string.

In the air, Fleur's eyes narrowed and a pair of molten fireballs grew in her hands, their distinct steaming-stovetop hiss loud in the air. "You should 'ave submitted me when you 'ad ze chance."

Harry's shoulders lurched as he suppressed a laugh. "Do you even hear the words you use when you speak? I'd say innuendo was beyond the French's grasp, but Gabby says shit that makes me blush. Are you just a fuckin numbskull or what?"

Fleurs lip curled. "You really should 'ave ended zis when you still could. I'm going to make this hurt, leetle boy."

Harry's chest and arms strained to keep the bowstring pulled back, its golden javelin growing in brightness, now, rather than in size. Where before it had been like an oddly shaped filament bulb, now, it was much closer to a dim star's brightness, radiating out a blinding white and gold that had almost everybody shielding their eyes. Everybody, that is, except for Harry, Fleur, and a small handful of the more magically magnificent spectators. Those that were able to withstand the javelin's brilliance bore witness to one of the greatest clashes of magical interaction when, on unspoken que, incubus and veela alike unleashed their long-ranged artillery.

In the stands, Gabrielle watched through narrow slits as holy gold met regal red. The Zeus-like bolt from Harry's bow struck and detonated Fleur's first fireball, scattering a million embers of red and orange and yellow across the badly-mangled field.

'Powerful!' she thought, heart skipping a beat at the impressive display. From that one meeting, Gabrielle felt sure she knew the match's imminent outcome: Harry's bolt would continue on
through the second fireball, do to it what it had to its kin, and then strike Fleur for the win. This thought brought a cocktail of elation and despair. Her heart was as it would ever be, with Harry, and so she wanted him to win above all else. On the other hand, Gabrielle knew better than anyone else just how hard Fleur had fought to be here today. She deserved it as much as anyone else, Gabby knew. Maybe more. Black played against white in her heart, a chess game with a number of different variables behind each complicating the matter further.

Regardless of her mixed feelings, Gabrielle knew the outcome of the match, and could accept it. Eyes and brain working together to survey the scene below her in slow motion, the young veela prepared to head down and meet with Harry, just as soon as his javelin—

The second fireball completely atomized Harry's javelin, turing the brilliant lance into grey dust as the very magic fueling the spell was incinerated and destroyed.

"'Arry!" she cried, leaping to her feet in horror, dainty hands clasped between her breasts. Upon closer inspection, Gabrielle could spot the subtle differences that lied within Fleur's second plasma ball—it was the same brightness, she noted, but little black orbs of something whirled around within this sphere's interior, like a couple dozen angry bees of leashed destruction. These were what had dismantled Harry's piercing shot so easily, swarming and then zapping the bolt as it had breached the fireball's shell. Gabrielle had never seen any magic even similar to this from Fleur, and as the death orb continued it's flight, slowly to her eyes but at a pitcher's fastball speed in the real world, she hoped she never would again. It was killing magic, plain and simple, and it was headed right for Harry!

'He's fast,' she thought, leaning forward, eyes wide and filled with a deep terror. 'My Harry's so fast. He'll dodge. He'll move in time.'

He didn't.

Back on the pitch, Fleur watched with calm, steely eyes as her atomic fireball enveloped Harry. She couldn't have dodged his lance in time even if she'd tried, and so instead of allowing herself to be backed into a corner, Fleur had made another little wager with her sister's mate. If she was wrong, she would likely live out the rest of her days a despised, self-disgusted outcast. She'd damn herself to a life of misery, and worse, she'd likely damn Gabby right along with her... However, Fleur was rarely wrong, and Harry had proven himself so far to be a good head to bet on; if she was right, and all of her expectations were met, she could suffer her defeat, and go to bed with Harry one hundred percent free of doubts. The loss of virginity was of monumentally significance for veela, and Fleur would not surrender herself to a man on uncertain terms. Harry could take her, if he could take her, but only then, only if.

As the smoke cleared, Fleur was greeted with the results of her little wager.

In an atomized hole, with stinking ozone clogging his nostrils and a smattering of low to mid degree burns all across his arms, Harry panted in the nude. His arms were still X'd in front of his face, reddened and raw in some places, but not the melted skewers of Yankee BBQ he'd been expecting, thank the Lord and magic and Merlin and the Buddha too. He guessed he could understand why Fleur had crossed their little line in the sand, but that understanding did little to calm Harry's heart, which felt like a rabbit was running around inside of him, thumping its little feet in a demand for freedom. Beads of sweat ran down Harry's naked form like bullets, but eventually, after a long few seconds, he was able to convince himself that he really was alive and okay.

A gonging pang of hollowness resonated out from somewhere deep within him, and Harry all at
once realized just how much magic he'd burned through to save himself. The telekinesis spell was only as demanding as its task, but considering that he'd made it coat his entire body, and then poured as much magic as he possibly could into bolstering its strength, Harry guessed that he'd asked quite a lot this time.

'It might have done the job with a lot less power,' he thought, vaguely. 'Not that I'm about to try it out.'

Creating a second skin out of a force field hadn't been an idea as much as it had been an instinctual gamble. The damage on his arms was from the indirect heat of Fleur's death fireball. Like Gabby, Harry too had seen the little balls of midnight destruction zipping around the orb's interior, and also like his beloved, Harry had recognized the imminent death they promised. There had been time to dodge, not a lot, but just enough that he probably would have survived, but the brutal truth of the situation was this: Harry had frozen. It was only for a split second, but still. The urge to pull his hair and call himself names was strong, but he pushed it aside for now. He'd work harder in the future to make sure nothing like it ever happened again, but for now, he had a murderous veela to attend to.

A convenient (and refreshing) gust of wind swept through the graveyard-silent stadium, taking with it the brown and tan cloud of earthen smokescreen which had been obscuring Harry up till then. Gasp and shrieks and incredulous laughter filled the arena, as all at once a very large number of people (which by tomorrow would be a very very large number of people, courtesy of the media) learned a trio of facts about the Boy-Who-Lived all at once: One: he was a badass; Two: he was a good-looking badass; and Three: he was a good-looking badass with a knee-knocking cock the thickness of a godamn Pringles can!

"Holy shit!" someone shouted from the audience. "Harry Potter's hung like a fucking dragon!"

This served as a spark, igniting the whole arena, which whooped and hollered and screamed and laughed in a collaborative effort the likes of which had never been seen before. Some eyes goggled. Some watered with mirth. Some closed politely, or in offense, or in disgust. Many peeked back open. Some swiveled to look at Gabrielle, who was doing a fine imitation of a tomato. Some swiveled to look at Hermione, who could be heard cackling even over the ruckus. Most, however, remained glued upon Harry Potter.

The reaction to the unexpected development was as beautiful and varied as the magical world itself.

Harry felt the tips of his ears warm, but resisted any further reaction to the crowd's cacophony. Part of him wanted to cover himself and hide, while another part of him wanted to grab himself by the root and exclaim, "I have the power!" up to the Heavens. Harry wisely denied both of these knee-jerk reactions and instead focused.

'Pay attention,' he told himself, blinking away some dust. With a little effort he began channeling magic through his wand to make sure it hadn't suffered any damage. He found that it hadn't, and was grateful. Had his trusty tool been turned to ashes, he may not have forgiven Fleur. As it was, Harry was determined to let the bird-bitch know that there were no hard feelings, just as soon as he was done kicking her pretentious ass and fucking her silly.

Fleur looked down at him with relief and embarrassment and something like respect in her eyes.

Harry raised his wand, stepped forward, and returned her look with a serious one of his own. The effect, unfortunately, was somewhat undercut by the stiffening cricket bat of flesh between his legs, rousing as his excitement grew. Swoons and groans and laughs were ignored wholesale from the audience.
Harry’s fingers tensed in preparation. A muscle in his jaw twitched to an unheard rhythm. The wind was pleasantly cool against his exposed skin, and soothed his charred arms. Fleur was hovering, and when her wings were all the way down (and in the worst position for sudden aerial maneuvers), Harry made his move.

"Pondugre!" he called, sending forth a black ribbon the length of the field. It was slower than his javelin had been by almost a quarter, but when Fleur dodged left, and it dodged with her, the method behind his madness became apparent. Rather than coil itself around her in the style of the constrictor, Harry’s spell simply scored a limp slap against her waist before retreating. The ribbon was thin and flat, and made great coiled hoops to either side of Harry, like fishing line, spooled in a reel before the cast.

In the air, Fleur’s ability to maintain her altitude faltered, and she plummeted half of the distance to the ground before halting herself. Sweat began to leak from her fine golden hairline as she flapped her wings at least twice as hard as she had before in order to stay off the ground. In the depths of her enchanting eyes, confusion bled to understanding and then finally back to determination.

'No,' Harry thought, nodding to her with something like sportsmanship. 'Didn't think I'd get you that easily.'

His ribbon had tripled her weight just as he’d intended it to, but if one thing had been made apparent over the course of their fight, it was that Fleur was one strong bitch. He'd have to do better if he wanted to win, and 'Gods,' he thought, blood circulating through his tensed, aching muscles, 'do I ever want to fucking win this.'

A pair of fireballs, both housing their own little sets of killer black gumballs, spawned and then were launched from Fleur's clawed hands.

"That's okay, sweetheart," Harry cried, cartwheeling to the side just as nimbly as he would have on his broom. "I don't mind working for it!"

Twin explosions went off behind Harry, like a pair of perfectly placed grenades just barely avoided. The inferno they spawned in the air was intensely hot, but also small and brief. All the variables added to such that he felt a brief, unpleasant heat, but sustained no injury.

"Prefer these buns toasted, madame?" Harry called, and as soon as Fleur's siren lips parted to retort, attacked. The ribbon split the air with a whistling noise that was audible even over the audience's clamoring.

Recognizing that if she hadn't been able to outmaneuver the ribbon at full speed, she surely would not be able to do so now, Fleur didn't bother trying. Instead, she held her ground, or indeed, her air, and blasted at the ribbon with a furious torrent of napalm-like fire. The flaming spout gushing out from her outstretched palms proved first plenty hot enough to destroy any length of ribbon caught in it, and second, efficient enough for Fleur to maintain it indefinitely. When Harry made to capitalize on the apparent gap this strategy left in her defenses, Fleur again responded, reassigning one of her hands to spew its fiery torrent at Harry.

"Gah—fuck!" the terrestrial-bound incubus cried, canceling his telekinetic attack in favor of a defense as stray embers caught him, even as he dodged the main waterfall-esk fountain of flames. He had to keep on dodging, too, for while his psychic shield was holding up against the errant splashes of molten magic that caught him, Harry doubted he'd last very long at all beneath a concentrated downpour—Fleur's assault might not be costing her much in the way of resources, but he'd be damned if even this weaker shield didn't suck up magic like a motherfucker. And so, to save as much of his dwindling pool as he could, Harry ran, and planned.
Returning to the stands, Gabrielle had mostly moved past the embarrassment of seeing her lover streaking around the field below (and the bombardment of innuendo-laced comments she was suffering through up here) and was now instead focusing solely on the match. Her Harry was fighting back better than anyone had any right to expect—in the ever-loving buff no less—but Gabrielle knew her man, and was perceptive enough even from this distance to notice his flagging endurance. His match with Hermione had been a tough one, and whereas Fleur had advanced past Ronald without sustaining any injuries, the same could not be said about her beau. Oh, he was holding up well, all right, and was even managing to keep Fleur on the back foot a bit with his ribbon, but Gabrielle was still left with a feeling of dread.

"He hasn't figured it out yet?" the dreamy voice of Luna Lovegood called out to her, softly.

Gabrielle turned to look at the spacey girl, delicate brows furrowed together. She watched Harry and her sister continue their deadly dance from the corner of her eye. "He can't dispel magic he can't cast, Luna."

Luna blinked big blue eyes at her slowly, as if startled to see her. "Oh," she started, turning back to the fight, "I know. I didn't mean his new rune thing."

"What then?" the veela teen asked, confused and annoyed.

"It's not really something we ought to talk about here, you know?" Luna said simply, still not turning towards her.

Gabby didn't know but then, after a few seconds of frustrated deliberation, did.

'Something about his heritage,' she thought, turning slowly back towards the fight. 'But that still doesn't explain what exactly he hasn't figured out yet...' She wanted to know, but Luna was right: a stadium packed in to the gills with strangers wasn't the place to discuss such things. As air-headed as Luna could appear sometimes, Gabrielle couldn't fault the wispy blonde's sense of discretion.

Beside her, Luna suddenly asked, "How is it exactly that you fit a penis that large inside of yourself, Gabby? I can't stop thinking about it."

Gabrielle's face and neck darkened until they were nearly purple. The people surrounding them that'd heard Luna's question turned with the most shocked eyes she'd ever seen on anyone.

'Scratch that,' she thought, pretending not to have heard Luna speak at all. It turned out that she could fault the girl's sense of discretion after all. She could fault it quite a bit.

A swell in gasps and screams rose through the audience, and Gabrielle refocused on the match below. When she did, her heart stopped.

Back on the field, Harry could be seen limping, his left leg badly burned as the result of a risky maneuver that hadn't worked out.

'Fuck,' he thought, dispelling his weight multiplication ribbon into a flock of velvety black origami birds. They didn't have the enchanting properties of their parent material, but the birds' wings and beaks were sharp, and should manage to keep Fleur busy for a moment while he assessed the damage.

It was bad, he saw. Worse than the burns on his arms by a decent margin, and more painful, too. The part of his brain in charge of booksmarts knew that this was a good thing, as at least the pain
meant his nerves hadn't been destroyed.

The part of his brain in charge of feeling that pain aimed a friendly FUCK YOU at the booksmarts division.

Divided as his mind was, Harry's heart was unified. Deep in his gut, he knew the match could not be allowed to go on for much longer. He also knew, with a painful bitterness that he was almost ashamed to even possess, that he was not going to win.

He'd had a chance to win the match—still did, in fact, and the thought brought him both comfort and frustration. The simple and short truth of it was such: as good as Harry was with magic, he was twice as good with dark magic. Didn't mean he trained with it too much, didn't mean he used it too much, didn't mean he planned on using it too much, but the truth was the truth. He was just the type of person who understood putting his magic and his soul into his spells. Sometimes that meant really nice things were easier for him, like the patronus charm. Usually, however, it meant those spells, those stinky hexes and jinxes and especially the curses, those of them that needed you to get just a little angry or whatnot, well, they were pretty easy too. He had a lot of fuel to feed those spells from his childhood, as angsty as that was, and as a result, his dark magic kicked all kinds of ass.

Regrettably, their use in this type of situation was dubious at best. They were allowed, of course, but actions had consequences, and putting it into people's heads that he was a dark wizard just wouldn't do.

And, he guessed, he didn't want to irreparably damage Fleur, either. This sentiment had been a bit stronger inside his head before she'd started flinging nuclear fireballs. Now, however, he was beginning to see the merit in maiming...

'No, bad Harry,' he reprimanded himself, dispelling the mental image of a rotisserie-smoked veela. She was a bit of a cunt for using supremely lethal magic, but he supposed her ass was literally on the line, and he couldn't blame her for pulling out the big guns to defend herself. It was just too bad he couldn't pull out his big guns in return—then they could see who the baddest motherfucker on the block really was.

'I'm going to lose,' he thought, still hobbling around as fast as he could, avoiding one of Fleur's imperfectly aimed flamethrowers while she used the other on his birds. A few nicks and scratches notwithstanding, his avian/fabric spell was not proving to be very effective, as he'd known it wouldn't be. It'd probably be smart to at least try and pepper her with some blasting and knock-out hexes while she dealt with his minions, but keeping the telekinetic shield up was draining enough on its own—if he started a barrage of magic now, he'd be more likely to finish it passed out from magical exhaustion than to catch the French bird with anything that'd stick. He was hurt, naked, exhausted, and completely on the back foot, having to focus on defense because he refused to raise his level of killing intent to that of his opponent, for fear of succeeding...

'But fuck,' he thought, a loopy smile starting to grow on his face, 'at least I can see Fleur's tits...'

It was true—while his tweedy kamikazes weren't making much headway on the whole 'tear her to bits' thing, they were doing an unintentionally good job of dismantling her wardrobe. Her transformation had strained and ripped her battle robe in a few places already, but the razor sharp wings and beaks of his ribbon birds had accomplished significantly more. Her grey-blue combat robe had several swooping arcs cut into it, revealing a generous amount of her sides, legs, back, and (notably) her breasts.

Back in Harry's brain, a new pair of opposing factions rallied: the part of his brain in charge of winning the fight versus the part of his brain in charge of spreading as much of his seed as
possible. He tried to quell the dispute and insist upon remaining focused on his bout, but, shit, he was all but guaranteed to lose the fight anyway, so where was the harm in appreciating a nice pair?

'And wowza,' he thought, choking back a giggle, his stiffening manhood thumping against his legs as he ran Spartan-style around the pitch, 'what a pair she has, my goodness.'

From where he was, he could just make out the pale, milky smoothness of her high, fat breasts. They were bigger than he had imagined based upon her clothed appearance, but just as fine. Their height and size and curvature were all mathematically perfect, and seemed to personify her self-assured, lovably-arrogant way. Her nipples were a pink the shade of a promiscuous teen's lipstick, and stood at attention unabashedly, even as the wind blew against them softly.

Harry suddenly realized that he was running around in front of half the country's magical population (and all of his classmates) with a gigantic hard-on, and almost tripped, laughing. Fleur might have beaten him here, but at least (he paused mid-thought to crack up some more, still dodging her increasingly accurate napalm) at least he'd made some memories!

'Damnit though,' he thought, pushing through the pain to run and dodge faster. Fleur had incinerated the last of his birds and was now directing both her fire spouts his way. It was only a matter of time, now. 'I really wanted her.'

It was too bad, though. The only way Harry was ever going to get a chance to seed Fleur was if he beat her here.

'Waitaminute waitaminute,,' he thought, mind racing as fast as his legs now. The phrasing there had triggered a memory, one from the start of school... No, from just before. He'd read something like that in a book.

'The creature book Gabby's mum lent me!' he remembered, a wild thought taking root in his head.

_Choiceling incubi and succubi alike are imbued with the magical quality of sexual omnipotence—a combination of psychic and instinctual talents which together amount to an ability to discern whatever path may exist, down which they will be able to accomplish their Magically Mandated task, ie. seduction!_

It was all at once that Harry realized his best odds for winning this match lied not in ignoring his carnal desires and focusing on the fight, but in the opposite direction entirely.

His plan, ironically enough, relied upon the assumption that Fleur truly was a chaste woman, whom would not allow herself to be seduced on any terms save those they'd agreed upon, namely, his beating her here in the tournament. If the only way to fuck her was to beat her, his instincts should, theoretically, see him through... It would only take a second to find out, but if Harry delved into her mind and came back with the knowledge that he could bed her without winning, then whatever small chance he had of using his instincts to guide him to her womanhood would be gone, and he'd likely find himself losing the match right then and there.

If, however, he scoured the sexual nebula inside of Fleur's soul, and came back with the information he needed...

It was quite possibly the most ridiculous of all the wagers he'd ever made, but all the same, the incubus Harry Potter stood still, and dove, and dove, and dove.

In the stands, Gabrielle watched her partially-barbequed boyfriend finally succumb to his
exhaustion. Her heart clenched in abject horror as he came to a halt, to her eyes, for purposes of surrendering, and Fleur's napalm spouts followed him anyway. Gabby wasn't sure what was going through her sister's head, but as she watched the fire, once again processing the scene before her in quarter-time, come closer and closer to her defenseless love, a seed of hate took purchase in her heart, waiting despite her kind nature to blossom into pure murderous intent the moment her love was taken from her. She wanted to move, to cast something or get down there in person, but time was against her. To have gone so long in search of understanding and love and acceptance from the world, and then to have found it... Was she really going to watch her own flesh and blood reduce the greatest source of love and happiness in her world to a charred corpse without even trying to intervene?

In the milliseconds before her sister's flamethrower could steal her love's life, something unexpected happened: Harry leapt into the flames. Before her feathers and talons could come more than a few centimeters out of hiding, Gabrielle saw something impossible. Not only were the flames not hurting Harry, they were making full contact with his naked skin and not hurting him! She could tell the difference between the flames before that had been redirected away from his skin via his psychic shield and now, and the difference was he didn't have his shield up.

'Impossible,' she thought, eyes full of tears that hadn't built up enough steam to fall yet. None of the fire-freezing spells out there worked against veela flames. The one and only technique was kept secret from all non-veela, and even those veela who weren't proficient enough with their magic to warrant it's knowledge. Her own hottest fireballs still didn't meet the requirements needed for her to be taught; only her mother, Fleur, and her cousin Annabelle had flames hot enough to warrant its teaching.

'So how did Harry—'

"Good," that same dreamy voice said from beside her. It was Luna, once again. "He finally figured it out."

Gabrielle didn't comment, or rather, didn't have time to, for as soon as the word 'out' had left Luna's mouth, Harry had left Fleur's flames.

For what felt to be a long moment, but which was actually a tiny fraction of a second, she watched as Harry reached the zenith of his leap, and her sister. At the start of the match, Gabrielle had been torn between her sister and her beau. Now, she was of one mind.

'Get her, Harry.'
his full nudity on the way, but then decided against it. Any shyness he'd had left was dead in the scorched dirt somewhere behind him, and Fleur's tits were just too nice not to look at.

Though he wouldn't learn about it until later, upon reaching the ground, half-blind and half-deaf, Harry was promptly announced the winner, to an applause that rivaled the ones heard almost exclusively during World Quidditch Cups. He didn't know about this as it happened not because his stunner had left him momentarily hard of hearing, but rather because it had left him with next to no magic. As soon as Harry's feet met the butchered remains of the Quidditch pitch, he went the way of his KO'd opponent, and passed out.

AN: Fightings done for now, time to move to the other "F" thing ;P

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