

## A Witch Scorned

### Chapter 1

Fleur Delacour was furious. She had come home from work early, hoping to surprise her husband, Bill, who had just come home from a four-month long expedition in Egypt. It turns out she was the one surprised, as she came home to find Bill in bed with another woman. She didn't remember much that happened after that, other than the yelling and a few fireballs hurled at her husband and his whore. What she did remember, was Bill trying to reassure her that this was the first time it had happened, and that it meant nothing, it was only sex.

In a rage, she had told him, "Well, eef eet means nuzhing, zhen you won't care eef I 'ave sex wiz someone else. You won't care eef I spend zhe night wiz 'Arry."

"Well," he said, "if that's what you want..."

She slapped him, and stormed out after that. Now, she was walking around the little village near Shell Cottage, trying to calm down and decide what to do. She loved Bill, but it hurt, not just her pride, but her heart, that he would cheat on her. Then to have the gall to act as if it was nothing, that it was just sex, and that he wouldn't care if she were to sleep with someone else. Fleur felt her temper rising again, and had to stop and take a deep, cleansing breath, to get her anger under control.

She hadn't said she wanted to sleep with someone else because she actually wanted to, she had said it to get Bill to understand how much he had hurt her by making him think of her with someone else. Harry was the first person to come to mind in the heat of the moment because he was the only other man that she would even consider letting touch her. He was a close friend, one of the only men that could resist her Allure, even better than her husband, and he had become quite handsome since graduating Hogwarts.

Fleur sighed, she needed to talk to Bill. She needed to know why he had felt the need to sleep with someone else, rather than wait a few hours for her to get home. She needed to know how she could ever trust him again while he was gone for weeks or months on end in another country. Walking down a secluded side street, she Disapparated.

Reappearing at Shell Cottage, Fleur quietly walked in the front door, and was about to call out for Bill, when she heard voices from the living room. Creeping closer, she listened in.

“Bill, have you lost your mind?” Asked a familiar male voice she couldn’t quite place. “First, you get caught cheating on your wife, and now you actually *want* her to have sex with Harry?”

“Look, Charlie,” Bill said, identifying the other person as his brother, likely talking to him through the Floo. “I know I screwed up, and I don’t *want* her to sleep with anyone else. But, if she’s going to, Harry is probably the best choice. Hell, this might even be good for me.”

“And how do you figure that?” Charlie asked skeptically.

“Think about it. Harry’s a great guy and all, but there’s no way he can handle Fleur. She’ll sleep with him, have a horrible time, and realize how lucky she is to have me. Trust me, by tomorrow morning, she’ll come *crawling* back to me.”

Fleur turned around and marched out of the house. She’d come crawling back to him, would she? She’d show that bastard. The moment she reached the ward line, she Disapparated.

She hardly broke her stride as she Apparated to the park across the street from Number 12 Grimmauld Place, and stormed up to the door. Knocking sharply, she waited impatiently for Harry to open the door. When it finally opened, Fleur opened her mouth to say something, only to stop suddenly when she saw no one there.

“Can Kreacher help miss?” Croaked a voice.

Looking down, Fleur saw that the House Elf, Kreacher, was the one who had opened the door.

“Oui, I need to speak wiz ‘Arry.” She told him, taking a moment to calm down from Bill’s latest betrayal.

“One moment, Kreacher will-” He started.

“It’s fine Kreacher.” Harry said, coming down the hallway. “Fleur is always welcome here.”

Harry smiled at her, but it quickly faded to a look of concern.

“Fleur, is everything okay?” He asked worriedly.

“Can we talk?” she asked thickly, the emotions of the day starting to catch up with her.

"Of course." He replied, ushering her into the house.

Harry led her through the newly cleaned and redecorated house and into the sitting room. As she sat down on the couch next to him, her emotions began to catch up with her, and tears started to well in her eyes.

"Fleur, what's wrong?" He asked. "What happened?"

"I came 'ome from work to find Beel een bed wiz anozer woman." She told him.

"Oh no. I'm so sorry, Fleur." He said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

Unable to hold back anymore, Fleur leaned into his chest and cried. For several minutes, Harry held her, rubbing her back soothingly as she cried out her anger and hurt.

"Do you want to talk about it?" He asked, after she had calmed.

"I went 'ome early from work to surprise Beel, he just got back for Egypt today. When I got zhere, 'e was een bed wiz some 'hore." She finished angrily.

"I'm so sorry, Fleur." He said again. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

There was a momentary pause.

“I need you to sleep wiz me.” She told him.

“Er, what?” He asked nervously, his body tensing under hers.

Fleur lifted her head up from his chest, and moved her face closer to his.

“Beel and I agreed zhat since ‘e cheated on me,” she explained. “zhen I can sleep wiz anyone I want.”

Harry opened his mouth to say something, but she didn’t let him, pressing her lips to his. Harry grunted in surprise as she moved her lips against his. Fleur was shocked when Harry put his hands on her arms, and pushed her away.

“Fleur, wait.” He said firmly. “I’m not sure if this is a good idea.”

Fleur felt stunned and hurt. First Bill cheats on her, and now Harry, a close friend and someone she deeply respected, didn’t want her. Was something wrong with her? Was she not good enough?

“It’s not that I don’t want to.” He assured her, seeing the look on her face. “It’s just...”

Harry ran a hand through his hair, causing it to stick up in all directions.

“Look, Fleur,” he said, “I know you’re hurt and angry, and you have every right to be. But, I really don’t think this is going to help things between you and Bill. You’re one of my closest friends, and I don’t want you to do something you’ll regret.”

Fleur felt a wave of guilt rush over her. Harry had always been kind to her, even when she didn’t deserve it. He’d saved her and her sister during the Triwizard Tournament, even after she’d said some mean things to, and about, him. When she’d stayed with the Weasley’s during her engagement to Bill, he’d been the only one to stand up for her when Molly, Ginny, and Hermione had been cruel towards her. Now, he was trying to protect her again, this time from herself. And here she was, trying to use him to get back at her cheating husband. Belatedly, she realized that with her emotions so out of control, her Allure was unrestrained, and yet he still had the will to stop her.

Fleur collapsed against his chest again, fresh tears from her eyes. As Harry’s arms wrapped around her, and he told her that everything would be okay, she wondered if she had made a mistake. She had always considered Harry too young, and not her type. Maybe, she should have given him a chance back during the Tournament. She doubted he ever would have cheated on her, if she was his wife. Thinking back on everything he’d done for her, and how grateful she was to have him as a friend, she decided, for the second time, that she wanted to sleep with Harry.

This time, however, it wasn’t to get back at her husband, it was to repay him for all he had done. It was because she genuinely *wanted* to be with him. Being honest with herself, it wasn’t a totally unselfish decision. She was also curious about what it would have been like, if she had chosen Harry over Bill, even if it was just for one night.

“I need to use zhe bazhroom.” She said lifting her head from his damp shirt.

“Oh, sure.” He said. “Upstairs, first door on the left.”

“Merci.”

In the bathroom, Fleur quickly rinsed her face, and looked at herself in the mirror. She scowled at her red, puffy eyes, and only now realized that she was still in her ugly work robes. Closing her eyes, she focused on her magic, feeling it flow freely through her body. Opening her eyes back up, she looked in the mirror to see that her eyes were back to normal. Pulling out her wand, she thought for a moment before transfiguring them into a simple, semi-sheer white nightie that showed a tantalizing glimpse of the white lacy bra and panties she wore underneath. She looked at herself in the mirror again, twisting to look at the different angles. Her body was what most men considered perfect. Large, perky breasts, a slim waist, wide hips, a muscular, protruding bum, and long, toned legs. Her skin was pale, smooth, and completely blemish free. Pausing, she adjusted her bra to reveal a bit more cleavage, nodded to herself, and turned to leave the bathroom. As she turned to go back downstairs, she noticed the open door to Harry’s bedroom, and smiled to herself as an idea came to her.

“Arry, could you some up ‘ere, please?” She called.

“Yeah.” He called back. “Is everything alright?”

“Oui.” She said, moving quietly into the bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

She heard him climbing the stairs and walking down the hall towards the bathroom, her pulse quickening as her got closer.

“Fleur?” He said from the bathroom across the hall.

“Een ‘ere.” She called from the bedroom, trying to calm her sudden nerves.

“What’s wron-Whoa!” He exclaimed, standing stock still in the doorway, shocked.

Watching as Harry’s eyes drifted down her body, staring at her figure, gave her some of her confidence back. She walked towards him slowly, swaying her hips seductively.

“I want to, ‘Arry.” She said, wrapping her arms around his shoulders, and pressing her body against his.

“You’re sure?” He asked nervously, placing his hands shakily on her hips.

“Oui.” she assured him.

Fleur bit her lip nervously, as Harry still seemed hesitant. Would he turn her down, again? She didn’t know if she could take another rejection.

“Please?” She plead quietly, her vulnerability slipping into her voice.



He sighed.

“I really hope you don’t end up regretting this in the morning.” He said, giving in and wrapping his arms around her waist.

Fleur smiled brilliantly up at him.

“I could never regret being with you, ‘Arry.” She said with conviction.

She wrapped her arms more tightly around him, and pulled him into a searing kiss. Finally, to her immense relief, Harry let go of his hesitation and kissed her back. His hands dropped down, each grabbing a handful of her ass, and pulled her tightly against him. Fleur moan desperately against his mouth, grinding herself against him, but it wasn’t enough. Reaching up to the buttons of his shirt, she fumbled with them for a moment before she gave up, and simply ripped it open, sending buttons everywhere. Harry grunted in surprise into her mouth.

As Harry released her to pull his shirt off the rest of the way, Fleur ran her hands over the surprisingly toned muscles of his chest and abs. She gently took his bottom lip between her teeth, and pulled back, before releasing him. Placing her hands on his chest as they both caught their breath, she pushed him back until his legs hit the chair behind him, and he fell back into the seat. Standing above him, Fleur leaned down, putting her vast cleavage on display, and gave him a peck on the lips.

“Stay.” She ordered.

Standing back up, Fleur began to sway her hips, and lifted her arms over her head, in a slow sensual dance, moving to a beat in her head. Swirling her hips, she slowly turned on the spot until her back was to Harry. Grabbing the hem of her nightie, she lifted it up, and pulled it over her head at a tantalizingly slow pace. Throwing it to the floor, she spun around, now wearing nothing but her lacy white bra and panties. Harry was staring at her with undisguised lust, his eyes raking over her body unashamedly. She felt herself growing wet at the look of desire he was giving her. Sauntering towards him, she knelt on the chair, with her legs on either side of him. Fleur grabbed two fistfuls of his hair and pulled his mouth roughly against hers, her tongue dancing with his, and moved her hips in a riding motion while moaning into his mouth.

Harry groaned in disappointment when she pulled back and stood up again. She gave him a promising smile, and began to gyrate her hips while running her hands down, over her breasts, to her toned stomach, and stopping at her panty covered mound. She let out a low moan as she caressed herself in front of him, then slowly turned on the spot again until her back was to him. Reaching up behind her back, she toyed with the clasp of her bra, and with a flick of her head that sent her hair flying so that it rested over the front of one shoulder and moved her head to look at him, all in one motion, she undid the clasp with a well-practiced flick of her fingers.

Using one arm to cover what she could of her large breasts, leaving a long line of cleavage and the underside of her large, pale globes exposed, she held the bra out to the side tauntingly for a moment, then dropped it to the floor. Turning around while still covering her chest, she walked back up to Harry, sending her mane of silver hair behind her with another flick of her head, she stood, looking down at him.

Harry was breathing heavier than normal, staring at her with his vibrant green eyes that looked darker with lust. Fleur gave him a playful smirk, spun around, and sat in his lap. She could feel his large, hard cock press against her ass as she settled on him. He groaned and gripped the arms of the chair hard as she ground herself down on to him, but made no move to touch her. Grabbing both of his hands in hers, she brought them up, pressed them against her breasts, and tilted her head back to rest on his shoulder. Reaching up behind his head with one hand, she tilted her head back further and pulled him down until his lips met hers. His hands began to roughly knead her full, firm breasts, the fingers of one hand trapping her nipple between them, and squeezing firmly.

Letting go of one breast, Harry trailed a hand down her body to the damp crotch of her panties, rubbing her through the silky fabric. Fleur moaned into his mouth, and thrust herself up against his hand. He moved his hand up, only to slid it right back down a moment later, this time underneath her underwear, his hand resting directly on her, bald, wet mound. When he started to trace his finger through her taugt lips, she pulled away from his mouth with a gasp, her breathing quick and hard. Her head laid back on his shoulder, and she tilted it to the side, kissing and sucking at his neck as he played with her body.

A long, low moan left her lips as two of Harry's finger slid easily into her wet pussy, his palm resting against her mound. He moved them in and out, gradually going deeper, while grinding his palm down on her excited clit. Suddenly, he curled his fingers inside of her, hitting a spot that caused her back to arch, and her body to shudder at the intense pleasure. Her hands scrabbled for something to hold on to as an unexpected orgasm swiftly crept up on her from the sensation of his fingers inside of her, and his palm pressing against her clit.

Fleur's body bucked, her breath came in short sharp gasps, and her muscles trembled. Harry's arm reached across her body, gripping the opposite breast hard as he held her body tightly against his. The other hand moved back and forth rapidly, almost vibrating, as his fingers attacked the sensitive spot inside of her, and his palm ground against her clit. Fleur stiffened, her back arched, and her mouth open as it all became too much for her.

“ARRY!” she screamed.

Her hands gripped his arm as her body shook violently, her free breast jiggling wildly with the movement. She let out a string of short, sharp grunts as she soaked herself, Harry, and the chair as she came hard. With a shudder, Fleur's body finally relaxed, collapsing against him. Harry pulled his hand from her drenched panties and wrapped his arms securely around her, holding her as she rested for a long moment.

“Mon Dieu.” She said, once she got her breath back.

Fleur heard, and felt, Harry chuckle behind her, planting a kiss on her temple. She turned her body so she was sitting sideways in his lap, and looked up at him. He was looking at her with a lopsided, affectionate smile. Smiling back at him, she leaned up and gave him a loving kiss, slower and less intense, but with no less meaning than the ones they had shared earlier. Pulling back, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and took a moment to bask in the feeling of being in his arms. She didn't stay like that for long, though, as she could feel Harry's erection press into her thigh when he moved to adjust himself. Fleur smirked as an idea popped into her head. She didn't usually do this, but if anyone deserved it, it was Harry.

Pressing a kiss to his neck, Fleur slid down his body, coming to rest kneeling between his legs. Working quickly, she undid his belt and, with his help, pulled off his damp trousers. Reaching up, she grabbed the sides of his boxers, placing a kiss on top of the large tent. This caused it to twitch, and her to giggle, before she pulled his boxers down. She watched with growing excitement as inch after inch of his shaft was revealed, until she pulled the waistband past the head. His cock bounced up when it was finally released, nearly hitting her chin, and slapped loudly against his stomach. Throwing his boxers off to the side, she reached out and took his cock into her hand. He was both thick and long, though not monstrously so, and very hard. She could feel his pulse as she gripped him, and the head was a deep, angry red.

Fleur didn't do this often. It wasn't that she disliked it. It was just that any time she tried, one of two things happened. Either they finished so quickly she didn't have time to really get into it, or they lost control of themselves and became too aggressive. She remembered the last time she had tried this with Bill. He lost control and ended up trying to choke her on his dick. Fortunately, he wasn't as long, or as thick, as Harry, and she was able to weather it until he finished. She had decided, however, not to do it again until he was better able to resist her Allure. She was confident Harry would be able to control himself though, he had never let her down before.

Slowly stroking him up and down, she stuck out her tongue, and gave him a long, slow lick from the base, to the head. Swirling her tongue around the tip, she kissed the head softly, tasting his

salty pre-cum as she did. Opening her mouth, she took the head of his cock in to her mouth and gave it a light suck, her tongue massaging the V on the underside. Harry groaned and ran his fingers through her hair. Fleur froze, momentarily worried, then relaxed when he only massaged her scalp with his fingers. Relaxing, she smiled to herself. She knew she could trust Harry.

Fleur licked his shaft, covering it in her saliva, before taking him into her mouth again. Starting with the head, she slowly started bobbing her head up and down, gradually taking more and more of his cock into her mouth with each decent. When she had half of his length in her mouth, the head tickling the back of her throat, she held him there, swirling her tongue around him. Sucking hard, she pulled back up his length slowly, until just the head remained in her mouth.

“Bloody hell, Fleur.” Harry exclaimed; his head thrown back in pleasure.

Fleur pulled off of him with a *pop*. Well, if he thought that felt good... She thought to herself with a smirk.

Stroking him leisurely with her hand, she waited until Harry was looking at her again. She gave him a sexy little smile, and, looking into his eyes, licked his cock from base to tip. When she got to the top, still making eye contact, Fleur opened her mouth and descended on him. Inch after inch disappeared into her mouth. At halfway, when he was tickling her throat, she relaxed as much as she could, and descended even further.

GAK

A loud squelching noise left her throat as she fought back a gag, and continued to push herself further down his shaft. Staring into Harry's shocked eyes, with one last push, Fleur buried the last of his cock in her throat, her nose pressed against his pelvis.

"Holy Shit!" Harry said in wide eyed amazement.

Fleur pulled herself off of him, drawing in a deep breath and wiping a large amount of saliva off her chin. Catching her breath, Fleur smiled as she stroked his cock. She was enjoying this a lot more than she thought she would. Well, at least when she had someone she could enjoy it with. Feeling her excitement rise, she dropped a hand down to play with herself as she went back to pleasing Harry.

Taking him back into her mouth, she didn't waste any time taking half of him back into her mouth, and then forced him back in to her throat. It was slightly easier now, both because she had done it before, and because of all the saliva covering his cock. Fleur continued to stare into his eyes as she slowly swallowed all of him. She held herself at the base of his cock for a moment, before slowly pulling up. Rather than take him all the way out of her mouth again, she stopped once he was out of her throat, took a deep breath through her nose, and descended again. Over and over again, Fleur deepthroated him, gradually getting faster with each repetition.

*GAK GAK GAK*

Obscene noises left her throat as she choked herself on his cock, getting to a speed where her nose was hitting her pelvis hard enough to cause tears to form in her eyes. Pulling off of him to take a moment to catch her breath, a long line of spit connected her chin to his balls. Taking another deep breath, Fleur practically threw herself down on to him, swallowing him whole in one swift movement, and held herself pressed against his base.

“Fleur, I'm cumming!” He nearly yelled.

Harry's hand had tightened in her hair, though not painfully, and he didn't try to hold her down. She felt his body tense up as she pulled back on his cock. Keeping just the head in her mouth, she sucked hard, swirled her tongue, and stroked the rest of his shaft quickly.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted.

Fleur felt him throb hard in her hand, and several jets of hot, salty cum splashed against the roof of her mouth forcefully with each pulse. Harry let out a loud groan as he finished, and he collapsed bonelessly into the chair, breathing hard. Running her thumb up the underside of his cock, she gave on last suck to draw the last of the cum out of his cock, causing him to gasp at the overstimulation.

Keeping her lips sealed as she pulled off of him, Fleur looked up at Harry and opened her lips to show him her cum filled mouth. She rubbed her hand between her legs at the naughtiness of the act, before closing her mouth and swallowing everything down, making sure to accentuate the sound.

“Mmmh.” She moaned, licking her lips. “Zat was fun.” She said with a naughty smile.

Harry gave a tired chuckle and reached out a hand to help her up. Knees aching slightly, Fleur stood up, and Harry pulled her so that she was sitting sideways in his lap, wrapping his arms around her. Leaning down he gave her a brief kiss on the lips.

“That,” he said, “was fucking incredible.”

Fleur smiled at the compliment and curled up against him, happy to cuddle for a bit. One of Harry's hands slid up her stomach to gently cup a breast, his thumb sliding back and forth over her nipple, and he leaned down to kiss her. Unlike their earlier heated kisses, this one was a slower, more romantic kiss. She reached up and ran her fingers through his wild hair, opening her mouth to caress his tongue with hers. They stayed like that for a while, enjoying the kiss and the feeling of being close.

"Arry," she whispered, pulling back so her lips were only a breath away from his. "Take me to bed."

Harry scooped her up in his arms, stood up, lifting her as he did, and carried her over to the bed. Laying her gently down on the bed, he grabbed the waist band of her panties and peeled them off of her. With her legs bent at the knee, he caressed her thighs, and crawled on to the bed with her. Starting on the knee, he kissed his way down her thigh, spreading her legs as he went. Fleur let out a sound like a purr when Harry reached her pussy and began to pepper it with kisses. His tongue ran between her lips, starting at the bottom and sliding all the way to the top. Letting out a low moan, she grabbed his hair and gave it a gentle tug.

"Arry, mon amour." She purred.

Crooking her finger, she beckoned him to her.

"I need you." She said in most alluring voice.

Placing one more kiss on her clit, Harry moved up her body, sucking and biting at the skin of her stomach and breasts as he went. Settling between her legs, he ground his renewed erection



against her, causing them both to moan. When he bent down to kiss her again, she reached down and took him in her hand, lining him up with her entrance. Once he was there, he slowly and easily sank down into her wet, hot pussy. Harry groaned into her mouth as he bottomed out. Fleur hummed in pleasure at the wonderful full, stretching sensation he gave her.

“Melin, you’re tight, Fleur.” He said when he pulled back from her lips.

“You’re so beeg ‘Arry” She moaned.

Caressing his cheek, she gave him a sultry look, biting her lip.

“Please. Fuck me, ‘Arry” She begged.

Fleur loved the dark, lustful look he had in his eyes as he looked at her. Harry was always so strong, so in control of himself. She wanted him to let go, to lose himself in the pleasures of her body.

He claimed her lips in a demanding kiss as his hips started to thrust back and forth. Starting slowly, he pulled out a couple of inches, before pushing back in and grinding his pelvis against hers, putting a delicious pressure against her aching clit. With each thrust, he pulled back further, gaining speed every time he slid back into her. Now, he was pulling back until he was half way out of her, thrusting into her quickly, and rolling his hips when he pushed back in, causing a wonderful friction on her clit as he bottomed out. Fleur made sure to moan, groan, and grunt against his lips with each movement, for once not needing to fake the noises of pleasure she made. Harry pulled his mouth off of hers, breathing heavily, and dropped his head to rest on the pillow next to hers.

Fleur cooed into his ear as he continued to thrust into her. She ran the fingers of one hand through the back of his hair soothingly, the hand running up and down his spine, her nails gliding across the skin. Turning her head, she started to suck and kiss at his neck, feeling a sudden, primal urge to mark him.

“Arder.” She moaned into his ear, gently nibbling on his earlobe.

She could feel Harry’s chest rumble as he growled into her ear and began to thrust into her harder and faster, her body jolting every time their hips met. Fleur wrapped her legs around him, as a loud, rhythmic slapping sound came from between their bodies. Her body began to tense, her nails leaving long red marks across his back as an orgasm started build within her. She continued to kiss, suck and bite at his neck while whispering dirty words into his ear, intent on driving him mad with lust.

“Arry, you feel so good een me.” “Oh, you’re so beeg, ‘Arry. I feel so full.” “Oui, mon amor. Fuck me.” “I love eet ‘Arry, don’t stop.”

Words gave way to grunts every time Harry’s large cock slammed into her. Her nails dug into his skin, her legs tightened around him, and her breath came in pants as her release quickly approached.

“Arry!” She screamed his name.

Her arms and legs locked him in place, hold him buried deep inside her pussy as it convulsed around him. Fleur rolled her hips, humping up against him and grinding her clit hard on to his body, trying to prolong her pleasure. Throwing her back, she moaned and her body shuddered as she came down from her high. Finally, her body relaxed and her arms and legs released their vice like hold on Harry. As she laid there, breathing heavily, enjoying the afterglow of one of the

most powerful orgasms of her life, Harry pushed himself up on his arms and kissed her lovingly. Fleur kissed him back, basking in the moment.

A minute later, she realized that Harry was still hard inside of her. That wouldn't do.

Pushing on his shoulder and bucking her hips, Harry let out a grunt of surprise as Fleur rolled them both over suddenly. Sitting on his hips with her hands on his chest, she giggled at the surprised and confused look on his face at the sudden change. His cock never leaving her.

Leaning down, she kissed him on the lips and whispered, "I want you to cum een me."

She felt him twitch inside of her, his cock pulsing at the thought. Just saying the words made her feel pleasantly dirty, telling a man other than her husband to cum inside of her sent a thrill through her. Sitting back up, she started rolling her hips, grinding herself against him. Harry's hand reached up, groping one of her large, firm breasts as she rode him. Lifting herself up so that just the head of his cock remained inside of her, she dropped back down quickly with a loud, wet *smack*. Fleur let out a sensuous moan, the breast that wasn't being groped by Harry bounced with the movement.

Slowly, she raised herself up again and dropped back down quickly. Again, and again, Fleur raised up until she was nearly off his cock, and then let herself drop back down on to him. She loved the feeling of him filling her so completely, over and over. Although it felt wonderful, it wasn't enough to bring either of them to a finish. Giving up depth for speed, she stopped raising herself up so high, now taking only half of his cock when she lifted up, and started moving faster.

Harry's hands moved to her hips to help her move, his hips thrusting up as she moved down. With her hands on his chest for support, Fleur bounced on his cock rapidly, her breasts

bouncing in rhythm to her movements. Raising his knees behind her, his grip tightened on her hips and he began to slam into her harder and faster. Harry's breathing grew heavier and his thrusts became more desperate. She knew he was getting close.

"Fleur," he said, "I'm gonna cum."

"Oui!" She cried, nearing another orgasm of her own. "Een me, I want eet."

Her begging seemed to be too much for him. Grunting, Harry threw his hips up frantically in short, sharp thrusts. With one last thrust, he buried himself as deep into her as he could. Continuing to grind herself on to him, the feeling of him pulsing inside of her, and the naughtiness of the situation, pushed her over the edge. With a loud cry, Fleur collapsed on to his chest, riding her orgasm as she felt his cum splash against her walls with each throb of his cock. She moaned, excitement and a sense of fulfillment coursing through her at the feeling. Flexing her muscles around him, she did her best to milk every last drop out of him. Harry gave a contented moan as he finished, holding her tightly as he caught his breath.

A few moments later, after she had caught her breath and the last of her orgasm had faded, Fleur lifted herself off of him, and cuddled up to his side. With one leg laid over his body, an arm slung over his chest, and her head resting on his shoulder, Fleur closed her eyes, sighing contentedly. Basking in the moment, all thoughts of what tomorrow would bring left her mind in the blissful afterglow of the best sex of her life.

## Chapter 2

A/N Just a brief explanation about some changes to canon. Fleur and Bill haven't had Victorie yet. Tonks and Remus had a brief relationship after the events of The Half-Blood Prince, but it ended shortly after the start of summer. Frankly, I hate the Remus/Tonks pairing and try to pretend it never existed.

Nymphadora Tonks was tired. She had worked the night shift the night before, and then she had been called in at 7 o'clock in the morning by Dawlish, the new Head Auror. There were several files he needed her to take to Harry about some recently captured Death Eaters who had escaped the Battle of Hogwarts. Given the sensitive nature of the files, he didn't want to send them by owl, and she was the only Auror that had access to Harry's house.

She trudged up to the front door and let herself in, grateful that Harry had keyed her into the wards. Walking through the renovated house, she made her way down the hall and up to the stair case. Thankfully, he had managed to get rid of the Troll foot umbrella stand, and Walburga's portrait was now stored in the attic. Despite that, she still managed to stumble as she walked up the stairs. Just as she reached the landing, she heard a door open and sighed in relief that she didn't have to wake Harry this early in the morning. Looking up, she opened her mouth to call out to him, only to stop and stare in shock at what she saw.

Fleur Delacour, half naked and wearing only one of Harry's shirts, was leaving his bedroom, closing the door quietly behind her.

"Fleur!?"

Fleur spun around quickly, her shirt lifting up just long enough to show that she wasn't wearing anything under it. Her eyes widened and her hand clutched at the unbuttoned shirt, trying to hold it closed over her large chest.

“Tonks! What are you doing ‘ere?” She asked in shock.

“Please, tell me you didn’t do what I think you did.” Tonks said, ignoring the question.

Tonks prayed that this was just some weird misunderstanding, and that Fleur wasn't having an affair with Harry. During the war, they had become good friends. Fleur helped her get over her disastrous relationship with Remus, and Tonks had given her support when Molly and Ginny refused to accept her. She didn’t want to think poorly of her friend, but the evidence was pretty damning. And Harry. Well, she was very protective of the young man who had been to hell and back. Being friends wouldn’t stop her from hexing the pretty blonde if she did something that ended up him getting hurt.

“Eet’s not what you theenk.” She said quickly, holding one hand up placatingly. “Please, just, let me explain.”

Tonks nodded and waved for Fleur to follow her, and led her downstairs to the kitchen. Waving her wand, she sent the percolator to the stove and leaned against the counter, arms crossed over her chest as the smell of coffee filled the kitchen.

“Alright, explain.” She ordered.

Twenty minutes and two cups of coffee later, Fleur had finished telling her everything. Tonks, now sat across from her at the kitchen table, shook her head in disbelief.

“I can’t believe that idiot would cheat on you like that.” She said, her hair turning red in anger.

“Ow am I supposed to trust heem again.” Fleur asked, clearly troubled. “‘E’s gone for weeks at a time, ‘ow do I know ‘e won’t do eet again. Or what eef ‘e’s been cheating on me wiz someone else and I just don’t know about eet.”

“I’m sorry, Fleur. I just don’t know.” Tonks sighed, her hair drooping and turning brown, sad at not being able to help her troubled friend.

There was a moment of silence as Fleur seemed lost in thought. Tonks waited until she raised the cup of coffee to her lips to ask her next question.

“So, who’s better, Bill or Harry?” She asked, smiling impishly and setting her chin in her hands.

Fleur snorted into her cup, spilling some of her coffee down her chin and on to the table.

“Tonks!” Fleur exclaimed, looking scandalized but a smile tugged at the corner of her lips.

“What?” Tonks asked innocently. “You kept saying how great Harry was last night, I was just curious who was better.”

They looked at each other for a moment before both of them broke into a fit of giggles. Tonks was glad to see a smile on Fleur’s face, but she was actually curious about the answer.

“Well?” Tonks asked, recovering first.

“‘Arry.” Fleur said with a fond smile, staring off into the distance.

“Really?” She asked, surprised. “I didn’t think Harry was that experienced.”

“I don’t theenk ‘e is.” Fleur said, shaking her head. “Eet wasn’t ‘is first time, ‘e knew what he was doing, but eet didn’t feel like ‘e had zat much experience.”

“So, what made it so special?” She asked curiously, taking a sip of her coffee.

“‘Arry ees *very* good, but eet wasn’t just zhat.” She explained. “For one zhing, my Allure didn’t bozzer him. Eet’s hard to control eet when I’m having sex, especially when eet’s good. Beel steel loses control eef I don’t control eet, so I can’t enjoy eet as much. Wiz ‘Arry I could just let go. I didn’t ‘ave to worry about him losing control and ‘urting me.”

Tonks frowned. She hadn’t realized it was like that for her. Having to control your magic when it was so closely connected to your emotion would definitely put a damper on things.

“Eet’s ‘ard to explain, but ‘e just,” Fleur broke off, then shrugged, seeming to give up on finding the right words. “‘E made me feel special.”

They sat in silence for a few moments, each lost in their own thoughts. This conversation was making Tonks realize how long it had been since she had a shag. With her work as an Auror,



then Order member, then the war, and now the cleanup, she hadn't had a chance to enjoy herself lately. Fleur's talk of Harry was giving her ideas she wasn't sure she should be having.

"So," she said, "how big is he?"

They continued to talk for another fifteen minutes before Tonks left to go home for some much needed sleep. Fleur let the next day to go to France, both to visit her family and to decide what to do about Bill. For the next week, every time she saw or thought about Harry, her conversation with Fleur in the kitchen came back to her.

Now, she sat in the lounge at Grimmauld Place, sipping drinks with Harry after a long day of testifying against the Death Eaters before the Wizengamot. As Harry complained about how fast the Wizarding government was going back to its corrupt, ineffectual ways, she thought about him. In truth, this wasn't the first time she had inappropriate thought about the boy wonder. The summer before his last year at Hogwarts, and everything went to hell, she'd thought about spending some private time with the enigmatic young man. After her ill-advised attempt to date Remus, she was hoping to have a bit of fun, and figured if anyone else could use some relaxation, it was Harry.

Of course, that never happened. Those damned Death Eaters decided to crash the wedding and she didn't see him again for nearly a year. Since then, he'd been pretty busy. He went straight from the Battle of Hogwarts to a fight to liberate the Ministry. After they'd taken control, and Shack had been named Minister, he just kept working. First, he became an Auror in record time, then was sent straight out to help capture any remaining Death Eaters they could find. She smiled to herself remembering the start of the trials for the ones they managed to capture.

Harry strode straight into the Wizengamot, no one had the balls to stop him and tell him he wasn't supposed to be there. Then, he proceeded to rip the entire governing body a new asshole for fifteen minutes. Not realizing that the trials were being broadcast over the WWN, he called them out on their past corruption and ineptitude that led to the war in the first

place, making him even more of a hero to the people listening. Things started out well, with the Wizengamot actually doing its job right for a change, but now the old grey beards were starting to slip back into their old ways.

Frankly, she thought he looked hot when he was all fire up and had that take charge attitude. She'd always thought he was cute, but in the last couple years he'd really grown into himself. There was a rugged handsomeness to his features now, he'd filled out in all the right places, and there was a new found sureness in his actions, a confidence that he had lacked before. Well, most of the time. There were still moments when he went back to being that cute, slightly awkward, lost young man that she first met. Watching him now, as he lamented the stupidity that infected their government, she made up her mind.

"Hey, Harry." She said, interrupting his rant.

"Yeah?"

"You wanna have sex?" She asked, smiling at the blank, nonplussed look on his face as his eyes blinked rapidly a few times.

"Er, what?" He replied, blankly

"I'm not looking for anything serious." She explained. "Just a bit of fun between friends, y'know."

"Funny." He said after a moment, giving a forced laugh as his cheeks turned slightly pink.

"I'm serious." She assured him. "C'mon, it'll be fun."

He stared at her, as if to gauge her truthfulness, before he swallowed thickly.

"Seriously?" He asked, his voice going an octave higher than usual.

"Mh-hmm." she hummed, nodding her head.

"Oh, er, yeah, I mean, if you want to," he stammered.

"Great!" She said with a bright smile.

Bounding out of her chair, she downed the rest of her drink and she walked over to him and grabbed his hand. Pulling him out of his chair, she set her empty glass down on a table as she dragged him out of the lounge and up the stairs.

"You're actually serious?" He asked again, incredulously.

"Yup." She said, popping her lips at the end as she pulled him down the hall towards his bedroom.

“Bloody hell!” He exclaimed, making her giggle.

She tugged him into the bedroom, kicked the door closed, and, grabbing two fistfuls of his shirt, pushed him up against it roughly. Tilting her head up, her lips crashed against his in a rough hard kiss. For a moment, he seemed frozen in place, but he came around quickly, kissing her back and wrapping his arms around her. He hugged her closers, pressing her body tightly against his, and she moaned into his mouth. Taking his bottom between her teeth, she pulled back, letting them scrape lightly across his lip as it stretched before snapping back into place as she let go.

“I like it when the guy takes charge, so don’t be afraid to be rough.” She told him in a husky voice.

“So, what do you like?” She asked, pushing against his chest and taking a step back from him. “Blonde with big tits?”

Tonks scrunched up her face in concentration, her hair turning blonde and falling down to her shoulder blades. Her breasts expanded, growing to enormous proportions and stretching her shirt until the middle button gave way and shot across the room. She turned to the side, posing with her arm resting over her head, and knee bent, toes pointed. Harry’s eyes widened as he stared at her huge bust, widened hips and protruding bum.

“Or, maybe you like the small, athletic type.”

Concentrating again, she shrank her body down to around five and a half feet tall, her limbs slimmed down, but gained definition. Her breast and butt reduced to a more reasonable size but still looked pronounced on her small frame. Looking at Harry, she saw him gazing at her, more in wonder than in lust, and shook his head to clear his thought.

“You don’t need to change for me, Tonks. I think the way you normally look is beautiful.” He said earnestly.

Tonks rolled her eyes. “C’mon Harry, it’s just a bit of fun. Just tell me whatcha like.”

“Honestly,” He said, “whatever you want to look like is fine with me.”

Tonks smiled mischievously as an idea popped into her head.

“Okay, so, if I wanted to look like this?” She said leadingly.

Closing her eyes, her hair turned grey and scraggly, her limbs became thin and her skin wrinkled. Her ears expanded and sprouted long, grey hairs, her nose became wide and hooked with a large wart on one side. This was a look she named ‘the Hag’, she used to get around Knockturn Alley and listen in to conversations with raising suspicion.

Opening her eyes, she looked at Harry, expecting him to laugh, or to be grossed out by the way she looked. What she didn’t expect, was for him to give her a crooked, affectionate smile as he walked up to her. As he leaned over her, she lost her playful smile, her mouth went dry and her stomach gave a flutter.

“You don’t need to change for me, Tonks?” He whispered.

Tonks gasped when he leaned down and kissed her gently on the lips. She was so shocked that she couldn't hold the change anymore and shifted back to her normal pink haired look. The kiss was brief and soft, but by no means hesitant. She stared at him in surprise when he pulled back, not sure what to say or do as he smiled at her and held her close. As she was filled with a warm, content feeling that she hadn't felt for a long time, she realized that this is what Fleur meant when she said Harry made her feel special. Smiling back at him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

"I'm gonna fuck you so hard for that." She whispered against his lips.

Reaching up, she grabbed his shirt in her fists and wrenched it open, sending buttons clattering to the floor. Harry grunted in surprise and she slipped her tongue into his mouth as her hands traced the muscles of his chest. She wondered when he got so buff as she felt the hard contours of his pecs and abs, feeling them contract under her touch. Placing both hands on his chest, she pushed him back until his legs hit the bed. With a shove, their lips separated as he landed on the bed, bouncing a couple of times as he settled.

Tonks smirked at him as she dropped to her knees and undid his belt, button, and fly. Grabbing the sides of his pants, she yanked them down as he lifted his hips. Harry's hard erection leapt up the moment it was free and smacked against his stomach loudly. She stopped pulling his pants to stare hungrily at his long, fat cock. She immediately regretted not going after him much, much sooner. Shaking herself out of her thoughts, she finished pulling off his pants, and threw them to the side.

She traced a finger from the top of his cock, down the ridge of the large vein on the bottom of his shaft, all the way to the base, smiling as it throbbed under her touch. Wrapping one hand around the base, she lifted him so that he was standing straight up, and wrapped her other hand around his shaft on top of it. With both of her hands holding him, his purple, swollen head still stuck up above her grip. With a naughty smile, she let go with one hand and stroked him up and down a few times, before leaning down and running her tongue from the base to the tip.

Running her tongue up, down, and around his thick, straight shaft, she made sure to get him nice and wet for what she had planned next. Turing her head sideways, she opened her mouth, kissing and sucking the side of his hard length, drawing a groan from above her. Lengthening her tongue, she swirled it around his shaft, drawing it back into her mouth on occasion to get it wet again. When his entire length was good and wet, she moved up so that her head hovered over his head. Working up a mouthful of saliva, she parted her lips just slightly and left it drip down on to it in a long string. She watched as her spit covered his head and dripped down the sides of his shaft, licking her lips to clean them off. Looking up at him, she locked her violet eyes with his green ones and opened her mouth, hovering just above his cock.

Teasing him, she closed her mouth, pressing her lips together and blew cool air across his tip. He inhaled sharply as his eyes widened, his cock jerking hard in her grasp. Again, she opened her mouth, slowly lowering herself until his head was in her mouth. Harry placed a hand on her head, sliding his fingers through her hair. He didn't try to push her down, but it was clear what he wanted. Looking into his eyes, she winked at him, and swiftly pushed her head down, taking his entire cock to the base in one quick movement.

"Holy Shit!" Harry exclaimed, staring at her in disbelief.

Grinding her nose into his curly hair at the base of his cock, his hand tightened in her hair, pulling it roughly and leaving her head with a light stinging sensation. Closing her eyes, Tonks moaned around his shaft. Moving at an excruciatingly slow pace, she dragged her lips back up the shaft of his throbbing cock, sucking hard once he left her throat. As she pulled up off of him, his hand relaxed and let go of her, and he moved it to grip the sheets tightly. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she reached down and grabbed his hands, placing them on her head. She smirked at his questioning look.

"I like it when the guy takes charge and gets a little rough." She said reminded him, in husky voice.

Grabbing his shaft again, she put the head back in her mouth and let go of him. Placing her hands in her lap, she looked up at him with the head of his cock held between her lips and raised an eyebrow at him. Getting the message, Harry tightened his hands in her hair, causing her scalp to sting and a thrill to run through her body. Using the grip on her hair, he pushed her slowly all the way down his cock, forcing his considerable length down her throat. He thrust his hips up as she reached the bottom, pressing her nose into his pelvis as he let out a long, loud groan.

“Fuck, Tonks.” He hissed in pleasure.

Pulling sharply on her hair, Tonks moaned and rubbed her thighs together as he yanked her off of his cock and pressed his lips to hers in a demanding kiss. Pulling away, Harry gave her a smoldering look that set her pulse racing as he pushed his cock back between her lips. As he slid his cock back down her throat, faster this time, Tonks reached into her waist band and pulled out her wand. With a wave, her shirt and pants leapt from her body to land on the floor feet away, leaving her in just her purple bra and panties. She could remove them too, but she’d leave them for Harry to take off later.

Reaching a hand between her legs, Tonks rubbed herself over her damp panties as she continued to take his length again and again. Harry was growing more confident, and began to pick up the pace. His hands tightened in her hair even more, just on the verge of painful, and he began to move her head fast, thrusting his hips harder. Drool fell from her mouth and dripped down his shaft and on to his balls. Pulling her off again, and giving her a moment to catch her breath, he brushed a stray lock of hair behind her ear, and gently caressed her cheek with her thumb.

“I’m getting close.” He told her.

Tonks nodded and continued to take deep breaths, kissing his hand as he stroked her cheek lovingly. Clearing her throat, she smiled at him and placed a kiss on the tip of his cock.



“Give it to me, big boy.” She said playfully.

Threading his finger through her hair again, he pulled her in for one more kiss before moving her head down again. Pressing his head against her lips, she opened her mouth and extended her tongue. Starting off slow, Harry fed his cock down her throat, holding her down at the base for a moment. Tonks closed her eyes and rubbed herself harder as he began to move her head at an increasing pace up and down his throbbing shaft. Soon, his hips began to move in time with her head and he truly started to fuck her throat. He started to grunt with each thrust and she could feel his arms and legs start to twitch. Holding her head in place, he held her halfway down his shaft while he pistoned the rest of his cock in and out of her throat.

*Gak Gak Gak*

A loud, wet noise left her throat as his thick cock assaulted her throat. Her eyes started to water as her nosed bumped into his pelvis over and over again. Tonks moaned loudly at the depravity of the situation. His hands gripped her hair harshly, his hips thrashed rapidly, and a long groan issued from his throat. She felt him reach his peak, his cock pulsing deep in her throat as he held her firmly at the base of his shaft. Harry grunted with each spasm as he fired his cum straight down her throat.

Tonks pulled up, and Harry’s grip relaxed on her head, allowing her to move. She sucked hard as she drew up the shaft of his cock, and felt the last couple of spurts of hot, salty cum coat her tongue as his orgasm trailed off. Keeping his head in her mouth, she gently nursed the last dregs of cum from his twitching cock as he laid back on the bed, eyes closed and breathing heavily. With one last suck, she drew the rest of the way off his cock, sealing her lips around the head as she pulled off of him. Tonks gave him a moment to catch his breath before tapping on his leg. When he looked at her, she opened her mouth to show him the cum she had collected there, and made a show of closing her mouth and swallowing it with a moan.

“Oh, bloody hell.” He said, laying back and throwing an arm over his head.

Tonks giggled, got up off of her knees and crawled over him on all fours. Harry opened his eyes when he felt her move, and stared lustfully at her as she hovered over him, his eyes dropping down to stare at the large amount of cleavage on display. Sitting on his hips, she leaned down to kiss him on the lips, her breast pressing into his muscular chest. His arms wrapped around her and she giggled against his lips when she felt his hands go straight for the clasp of her bra. Quickly, he had it undone, and pulled it off of her body. Grasping her large breasts in his hands, he squeezed them roughly, making her moan. She started to grind her hot, wet core against the muscles of his abs as his fingers pinched and pulled at her hard, sensitive nipples.

Pushing her back, Harry sat up with her in his lap, his head dipping down to kiss, bite and suck at the tender skin of her breasts. Her hands threaded his hair, holding him in place as she moaned and writhed on top of him. Twisting sideways, he laid her down on the bed and slowly kissed his way down her body. Reaching her panties, he placed a kiss on the damp center, just over her clit, causing her hips to buck toward his face. Grabbing the waist band of her last remaining piece of clothing, he quickly yanked them off her body and threw them to the side.

“Really?” He asked, a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth.

Tonks giggled as he looked back down at her pubic hair, currently in the shape of a thin, purple lightning bolt, exactly like the scar on his forehead.

“I thought men liked to mark their territory?” She asked, making the hair go through a rainbow of colors before settling back on purple.

“Oh, so you’re mine now, then?” He asked, kissing her bush and starting to make his way down.

“For now, at least.” She teased. “Maybe longer if you’re really good.”

“I don’t know.” He replied, his breath ghosting over his sensitive clit. “After that blow job I might have to kidnap you.”

Her laugh turned into a drawn-out moan as Harry stuck his tongue between her lips and licked her slit from bottom to top, flicking over her clit at the end. With how excited she was, she wasn’t in the mood for being teased. Threading her finger through his unruly hair, she pulled his head up and pressed it directly over her clit. Harry sealed his lips over her slit and sucked hard, lashing her clit with the tip of his tongue. Pulling harder on his hair, she lifted her hips off the bed and whined wantonly. Playing with herself earlier had gotten her close, and now Harry’s tongue was pushing her over the edge rapidly.

Tonks felt a coil of heat grow in her core, each flick of his tongue pushing her closer and closer to release. Her breathing sped up, coming in sharp gasps, and a near constant whine left her lips as the pleasure built. With her hips thrashing, Tonks finally reached her peak, arching her back as her orgasm exploded through her body. The sudden euphoria took her breath away and she felt herself soak Harry’s face, her bucking hips smearing her release all over his face. Her whole body shook and her legs trembled uncontrollably as a loud moan finally left her throat.

Collapsing to the bed limply, her legs continued to tremble as she pushed Harry’s head away from his overly sensitive slit. With eyes closed, she relished the bliss of the first orgasm given to her by another person in three years. As she caught her breath, she felt Harry kissing his way up her stomach, pausing for a few moments at her breasts, then up to her neck, and finally her lips. She could taste herself on him as her tongue caressed his, and he settled himself between her spread legs, his cock already erect, again, and poking at her thigh.

She was grateful that Harry gave her a couple moments to recover from her intense orgasm. For the next couple of minutes, he kissed her neck and chest tenderly as his hands gently caressing her heaving breasts. A low hum left her throat as she bathed in the afterglow, enveloping her in a sense of ecstasy. Gently, her fingers ran through his hair and along the tensed muscles of his shoulders. While he was sucking on the pulse point on her neck, she cupped his cheeks and pulled him up, into a languid, burning kiss. Quickly, the kiss grew heated and she started to feel the need for more building in her again.

Her smooth calves ran up the back of his legs to trap him in place. She moved one hand from where it was threaded through his hair and reached down to grab hold of his excited cock. Her hand ran up and down his shaft, still damp with her saliva, and guided him to her dripping entrance. As she teased him, running the head up and down between her lips, Harry pushed himself up on his arms and hovered over her.

“You said you like it rough, right?” He asked, looking at her with a crooked smile.

Before she could say anything, he slammed his hips forward, driving the entire length of his cock into her sensitive pussy, his hips clapping loudly as they slapped against thighs and ass. Tonks threw her head back, mouth open in a silent scream. Pain and pleasure overwhelmed her senses, his thick cock stretching and filling her.

“Oh, Fuck!” She screamed, her nails raking across his broad shoulders.

Harry pulled back slowly, drawing most of his length out of her. With a grunt of effort, he jerked his hips forward again, hammering his cock deep into her.

“Yes!” She hissed through gritted teeth.

Harry set a slow, brutal pace that sent her head spinning. He continued to draw most of his cock out of her and then slammed back into her, grunting each time. Her body sank into the mattress with every thrust, her breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly with the force of the impact. Raising her head, Tonks looked down at where they were connected. Her lips were stretched around his girth, grasping at his shaft as he pulled out of her, as if trying to keep him inside. Bolts of pleasure shot through her body when he drove his cock back into her needy cunt, making her body tense from the pleasure. Her head rolled back onto the mattress with a groan as he filled and stretched her when he bottomed out.

Harry paused for a moment, moving his arms under her legs, her knees bent over his bulging biceps. He leaned over her, folding her body and spreading her wide, her ass raised up off the mattress. With his arms holding his weight, he now had more leverage to drive into her even harder. Her hands grabbed the sheets, gripping them tightly for something to hang on to as his pace quickened. The sound of his hips colliding against her ass, his grunting, and her moans fill the room as he hammered into her. Tonks felt her walls quiver around him, her breath coming in short gasps as another climax began to build. Tonks felt her pleasure building fast as his thick, throbbing cock filled her over and over. She just needed a little more to push her over the edge.

“Faster.” She begged.

To her surprise and displeasure, Harry sat up on his knees and pulled out of her. Before she could ask him what he was doing, he grabbed her by the hips and, with an impressive strength she didn't know he possessed, flipped her over onto her stomach. He pulled her up onto her hands and knees, and quickly slid his cock back into her. A gasp left her lips as his hand roughly grabbed a handful of her hair, and shoved her head down against the mattress. She tightened around him at the rough treatment and pushed her ass back against him, desperate from him to start moving again.

With one hand pinning her head to the mattress, the other grabbed a handful of her ass cheek and held her in place. Pulling his cock all the way out of her, he held it poised at her entrance,

his head resting against her lips. Tonks let out a needy whine, trying in vain to push herself back on to him. For a long moment, the anticipation build, but nothing happened. She opened her mouth to yell at him, only to let out a shriek instead as he slammed into her brutally. His hips clapped loudly against her ass, and he set a blistering pace. From the moment he entered her, he fucked her fast and hard, gripping her hair and pressing her face into the sheets as his hips jackhammered his cock into her wet pussy.

She had never expected something *this* from Harry. Grunting and moaning into the soft mattress, her body was on the brink of coming undone from the intense pleasure. His hand left its place on her ass, only to return a moment later with a loud *smack*. The sharp sting sent her over the edge, and she screamed out as she came hard, her pussy clenching around his thrusting cock.

“HARRY!” She screamed as she came.

Her hands clawed at the sheets as the intense pleasure overwhelmed her. Harry continued to thrust into her sopping wet pussy as she spasmed around him, his pace quickening even more. His hand smacked her ass, hard, twice more, the sharp pain mixing with the pleasure and sending her to a new level of ecstasy. Her body quivered as her muscles clenched as the pleasure reached its peak

Tonks went limp as her orgasm ended, her body rocking back and forth with each hard thrust of his hip. Groaning pitifully, she didn't have the strength to move as Harry pounded into her sensitive pussy. His breath came out in great huffs, and he grunted with effort, his hips slapping against her ass at a rapid pace. His muscles flexed and his thrusts became wild. As his cock twitched inside of her, she knew he was close. With just a few more thrusts, Harry buried his cock as deep as he could inside of her. She felt him swell, filling her even more as his cock jerked. She moaned lowly as jets of hot cum splashed against her walls, his hips driving forward with each pulse as he tried of push even deeper into her.

She felt each pulse of his cock as he filled her, and hummed contentedly at the feeling. Finally, his hips jerked one last time and he collapsed against her back. He stayed like that for a minute, pressed against her back, breathing heavily as he recovered. Wrapping an arm around her, he rolled them to the side, pulling her back against his chest, his spent cock slipping out of her. Tonks spun around in his arms, and pushed him onto his back, cuddling up to his chest. Harry kissed the top of her head and threw the covers over their sweaty, rapidly cooling bodies.

“Yeah, definitely gonna have to kidnap you.” Harry said after a moment.

It took her brain a second to realized what he was talking about. She chuckled tiredly against his chest as she remembered what he said earlier.

“I suppose I could stick around for a bit.” She said, snuggling against him and closing her eyes.

### Chapter 3

Harry Potter was nervous. For the last two weeks, the private investigator he had hired on Fleur’s behalf had been following Bill in Egypt. Today, the file was supposed to arrive by owl. The last week had been great for Harry. With Fleur in France with her family, he didn’t feel the need to worry about her so much, giving him time to enjoy being with Tonks. For the last week, Tonks had moved into his house, and his bed. What had started as ‘just a bit of fun’, had turned into something a bit more serious.

Today, Fleur had returned, anxious to find out what the investigator had found out. Although Tonks tried her best to keep things cheerful, they all felt a growing anxiety as the time approached. Now, the three of them sat around the kitchen table at Grimmauld Place, waiting for the owl to arrive.

Fleur and Tonks were chatting and catching up as Fleur told them about what she did with her family for the last two weeks. Harry only half listened as his mind wandered. He was worried about Fleur. He knew that her marriage depended on this, and he could see the stress it was putting on her. Looking to his left, he could just make out the bags under her eyes, and the slight tremble in her hands as she sipped her tea. Looking across the table, he smiled as he watched Tonks, talking animatedly about Dawlish's latest screw up. He loved that she always seemed to be smiling, or trying to make others smile, no matter the situation. Her eyes met his, and she gave him a wink, her hair going from purple to pink.

A rustling sound caught his attention. He looked over to the enchanted window he had installed over the sink. He had put it up to give the room more light, and it was connected to the window upstairs, allowing owls to fly into that window, and out of this one. A large brown owl flew in through the window, silencing the room, and landed on the table in front of Harry. Reaching out, he untied the large brown envelope from its leg, and it took off, flying back out of the window.

"Do you want to open it, or should I?" Harry asked.

Fleur was silent for a moment, her hand hesitantly reaching for the folder, before pulling it back.

"You do eet." She said nervously.

Harry popped the wax seal holding it closed, and lifted the flap, pulling out the papers inside. Looking over then notes and the pictures, it wasn't good. Bill was spending a few nights a week visiting a brothel in Cairo. From the notes of the investigator, who had talked to the girls there, he had been going there for years. There were pictures of him with eight different women, but the notes had a list of names a page and a half long. His anger grew the more he read. While he



didn't care what Bill did when he was single, he had keep doing it after he was married, and was still going as of yesterday, when the investigator sent the files.

"Arry?" Fleur called, a tremble in her voice.

Harry reached out and grabbed her hand, squeezing it. He glanced at Tonks quickly to see her biting her lip anxiously.

"It's not good, Fleur." He said heavily.

Fleur closed her eyes, fighting back tears. Reaching out, she grabbed the files from his hand before he could stop her. Her hands shook as she read them. When she got to the pictures, everything in the room started to shake from her wild magic.

"Fleur?" Hary called worriedly.

"Ow could 'e!?" She raged, throwing the files away from her and breaking down into tears.

Harry wrapped his arm around her and she buried her face in his chest as heaving sobs wracked her body. Tonks walked around the table to sit next to her, rubbing her back soothingly as Harry held her. It was several minutes before she calmed enough to talk again.

"Why would 'e do zhis? Am I not good enough? Am I not-" She cried heartbrokenly.

“It’s not your fault, Fleur. It’s his fault for being an asshole.” Tonks interrupted.

“I weel make ‘im pay for zhis!” She burst out angrily.

“Of course, we will.” Tonks agreed. “Harry, could you give us a few minutes?”

Harry looked at her curiously, but Tonks just smiled at him and winked. Shrugging his shoulder, he gave Fleur a comforting squeeze and kissed the top of her head. Standing, he kissed Tonks on the lips as he passed her, and left the room.

“Now, let’s talk payback.” Tonks said excitedly.

Harry shook his head as he closed the door behind him. Bill was not going to enjoy whatever those two came up with.

Harry spent the next hour in the library, entertaining himself by looking through the books of the Black Library for embarrassing and painful curses to use on Bill. Tonks came in just as he was reading about a curse that caused the victims testicles swell to the size of pumpkins when they became aroused.

“Wother, Harry.” She said, with a wide smile.

She bounded into the room, her grin still in place even as she tripped on the carpet and fell face first onto the floor. Harry held in a laugh as he got up and helped her to her feet.

“You seem to be in a good mood.” He said. “How’s Fleur doing?”

Tonks snorted. “She right hacked off. Nearly set a pillow on fire, she was so mad. Did you know she could throw fireballs?”

Harry shook his head. He'd seen the Veela at the World Cup do it, but he didn't know Fleur was capable of doing it too.

“So, what has you so cheery, then?” He asked, looking at her curiously.

Tonks' smile widened, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and her hair cycled from blue to purple. “Fleur and I have a plan to teach him a lesson.” She said excitedly.

Harry sighed, but smiled at her exuberance. “Do I even want to know?” He asked jokingly.

“Yup. In fact, you need to, because you're going to help.” She told him.

“Alright.” He agreed easily, more than willing to help them get back at Bill.

“Good. He’ll be here soon. Fleur wants to talk to him first. Then, we’re going to tie him to the chair, and you are going to cuck the bastard while he watches.” She explained.

“What!” He said incredulously. “You want me to have sex with Fleur in front of Bill?”

“Oh, c’mon, Harry. It’s not the first time you’ve slept with her, and it’s not like Bill doesn’t deserve it.” She said.

“Well, yeah, but, what about us?” He asked nervously. “I mean, I thought that...”

Harry trailed off. To be honest, he’d always had a crush on Tonks, and the last two weeks had been like a dream come true. Now, he was worried that he had read too much into it.

Tonks stepped closer to him and wrapped her arms around his neck. “I’m not going anywhere, love.” She assured him.

Tilting her head up, she kissed him passionately, tugging his hair and pressing her body against his. Harry kissed her back fiercely, relieved and elated as he pulled her close. Tonks pulled away a few moments later, looking up at him with an affectionate smile.

“So, does this mean that we’re..?” Harry trailed off again, not sure how to ask what he wanted.

She giggled as she watched him struggle to find the words. “Together? Dating?” She offered. “Yes. Whatever you want to call it, yes.”

A massive smile lit up Hary's face as he tightened his arms around her waist and lifted her into the air, spinning in circles. Tonks squealed in surprise and laughed as he spun her around. Setting her down, they stared into each other's eyes, smiling brightly. Then, Harry remembered the conversation they were having.

"So, wait, you're still okay with me sleeping with Fleur?" He asked concernedly.

"Yes, I'm fine with it." She told him.

"But-" He started, still not convinced.

"It's fine." She said, firmly. "I don't mind sharing, as long as you don't me joining in, too."

Tonks smiled at him impishly, and he stared at her wide eyed. He opened his mouth to speak, but she cut him off before he could say anything.

"Look, I promise we can sit down and have a long talk about all of this later. But, right now, Fleur is waiting for us and Bill will be here any minute." She told him.

Harry closed his mouth and nodded. Grabbing his hand, Tonks lead him out of the library, down the stairs, and into the drawing room. When they got there, they found Fleur waiting anxiously, pacing back and forth across the room. She turned to them the moment they arrived.

“Deed you talk to ‘im?” She asked Tonks quickly, then turned to Harry before she could answer. “Deed she tell you? Will you do eet, please?” She pleaded.

“Easy, Fleur. Deep breath.” He said, placing his hands on her shoulder. “She told me what you have planned, and I’ll help. But are you two *sure* this is what you want to do?”

“Oui.” “Yes.” They said.

He looked closely at Fleur, her red rimmed eyes burning with anger and determination. Knowing her as well as he did, he knew that she was hurting, and she really wanted to get back at Bill for all the pain he had caused her. Frankly, Bill deserved it, and he was happy to help her get some payback. He nodded at her and she smiled at him, leaning forwards to hug him tightly.

“Zank you.” She said quietly into his ear, her voice full of emotion.

Harry hugged her back tightly before pulling away. Turning his head, he looked over at Tonks. She was leaning against the back of the couch, smiling brightly at them, and gave him a wink. Harry smiled and shook his head, if she was okay with it, then so was he. Just then, the fire place flared to life and they all turned to look at it. The flames turned green and with a *woosh* Bill stepped out of the Floo.

“Hey guys.” Bill said with a smile.

Harry frowned. Bill’s nonchalant greeting made him want to punch him in the face. Fleur didn’t look impressed either as she crossed her arms over her chest, glaring at him. Tonks was the only one that didn’t look upset, smirking in anticipation.

“We need to talk, Beel.” Fleur said seriously.

“Okay.” Bill said, drawing out the word as he finally seemed to realize something was wrong, the smile falling from his face. “Why don’t we go home, and we can-”

“Non, we need to talk *now*.” She told him in a tone that brokered no argument.

Harry could tell she was just barely holding on to her temper. He slid his hands into his pockets, palming his wand, just in case.

“Alright.” Bill said placatingly, and looked over to Harry and Tonks. “Uh, would you two mind giving us a few-”

“Non, zhey stay.” Fleur demanded, interrupting him again. “Now seet,”

“Fleur-” Bill tried to say.

“Seet!” Fleur ordered.

Bill raised his hands in surrender and sat down in a blue arm chair. Tonks moved over to the drinks table behind Bill and poured herself a drink. Harry moved over to the couch Fleur was standing in front of and sat down on the arm.

"I really wanted zhis to work, Beel." Fleur said. "I 'oped zat we could work zthrough zhis."

Fleur turned and pick up the folder from the Private Investigator off the table at the end of the couch.

"And zhen, I find out about zhis." She said, throwing the folder at Bill with a look of disgust.

Bill picked it up from his lap, brow furrowed in confusion as he opened it. His eyes widened as he stared in shock when he saw what was in it.

"You had me followed!" He exclaimed incredulously.

"I needed to know eef I could steel trust you." She said unapologetically, glaring at him with her arms crossed over her chest. "Eet turns out I shouldn't 'ave trust you at all."

"Fleur," he said weakly.

"Why?" She asked thickly.

"C'mon, Fleur." Bill said, throwing the file to the ground. "I'm gone for weeks, sometimes months at a time. I have to have some kind of relief, my job is stressful, people get hurt or killed all the time. It doesn't mean anything. I don't care about those girls. It was just sex."



“So zhat means eet’s okay to cheat on me?” Fleur demanded angrily. “You ‘ave been cheating on me since we started dating. Zhat doesn’t mean anyzhing? You could ‘ave talked to me. I could ‘ave come to veezit you. You could ‘ave gotten a job ‘ere, in England. But, non. You’d razher spend time wiz your ‘ores zan wiz me.”

“That’s not true, I love you.” Bill pleaded.

“But, not enough to stop sleeping wiz ozher women.” She threw back at him, unaffected. “After everyzhing we’ve been zthrough, zhis is ‘ow you repay me. I put up wiz your mozzer ‘ating me, I stayed wiz you after you were beeten by Grayback. After everyzhing we went zthrough during ze war, zhis is what you do to me!?”

“Fleur-” He begged.

“Tonks.” She called out.

Bill wand flew from his pocket and into Tonks’ hand behind him a moment before black, iron chains wrapped around him, pinning him to the chair.

“What the fuck!?” He yelled, struggling uselessly against the chains.

Fleur slowly walked towards Bill, her hips swaying seductively. Placing her hands down on his bound arms, she leaned over him, the neckline of her dress falling forward and revealing a large expanse of cleavage.

“But, first,” she said in a whisper, “you’re going to sit zhere and watch me do to you what you ‘ave been doing to me.”

“Fl-” Bill’s voice cut off, Tonks’ wand silencing him with a flick.

Fleur straightened up, spun around and walked towards Harry, her wide hips swaying again. Harry stood up as she approached, licking his lips nervously. When she reached him, Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck, staring at him lustfully as she slowly leaned forward to kiss him deeply, her tongue slipping into his mouth to glide along his. She moaned loudly as her fingers slid through his hair. Harry pulled her body tightly against his, her breasts pressed flat against his chest.

Fleur’s hands moved from his hair, down his shoulders and chest, and grabbed the hem of his shirt. She broke the kiss and pulled his shirt over his head, throwing it to the side. Taking a step back, Fleur grabbed the strap of her light blue dress, and slid it slowly off of her shoulder, revealing the black strap of her bra underneath. The other shoulder was next, exposing the smooth, flawless skin of her shoulders as she slipped her arms slowly out of the straps of her dress. Reaching up, she grabbed the sides and began to shimmy it down her body, the curves of her breasts stopping it from falling down. The top of the dress slowly moved down inch by inch, displaying the pale skin of the tops of her breasts, then the cups of her lacy, black bra.

As the dress passed her breasts, there was nothing left to hold it up. She held it to her body teasingly, looking at him with a seductive smile, then let go. The dress fell to the floor, exposing the rest of her body to his gaze. Stalking back up to him, Fleur kissed him on the lips hard, but briefly, moving her lips down his neck, and chest. Descending to her knees, she kissed down his abs, playfully nipping at the skin as her hands began to undo his belt. When it was unbuckled, she unbuttoned his pants and pulled down the zipper. Pulling his pants down his legs, she helped him to step out of them and tossed them out of the way.

Harry's rigid cock strained against the leg of his boxers, tenting them away from his leg. The angry, purple head of his cock peaked out from the leg of his boxers. Fleur giggled at the sight. Leaning forward, she placed a wet kiss on the tip, causing his cock to jerk. Grabbing his boxers, she yanked them down and his cock leapt free, bobbing up and down in front of her face. Harry groaned when Fleur wrapped her hand around his cock, stroking him slowly.

"Such a wonderful cock." Fleur said, placing another kiss on the head. "So much beeger zhan my 'usbands."

Harry had forgotten there were other people in the room, until she mentioned them. Looking up, he saw Bill red faced and screaming silently in his chair, still struggling against the chains. Tonks had moved to a chair that sat to the left of the couch. She was slouched in it, the top buttons of her shirt open, revealing the top of her red bra, and one hand was stuffed down her unbuttoned pants. She smiled at Harry when she saw him looking at her with wide eyes. He hadn't expected her to be so turned on by watching them. His attention was quickly drawn back to Fleur when she took the head of his cock in her mouth.

He groaned as she sucked lightly, looking up at him with a seductive stare. Her head bobbed lower and lower until she managed to shove the entire length of his cock down her throat, her pink lips stretched wide around the base. Looking straight into his eyes, she pulled back at an excruciatingly slow pace, her lips dragging along his girth as her tongue danced around his shaft. As she reached the head, her lips sealed around him tightly and she sucked hard, her tongue dancing along the underside. After a long moment, she pulled her head back, pulling off of him with a loud *pop*.

"I love to suck a beeg, fat, cock." She said, lightly caressing his hard, throbbing shaft with hand and fingers. "Beel could nevair control heemself long enough for me to enjoy eet. Ze only good zhing was zhat 'e wasn't beeg enough to choke me wiz eet."

Fleur stood up, reached behind her back, and unclasped her bra. Harry stared as her large, perky tits bounced free as she pulled off the bra and dropped it on the floor, her pink nipples hard with arousal. Turning around, she smirked at her soon to be ex-husband, his face a mask of fury and humiliation. Bending over at the waist, her breasts dangled and swayed below her as she grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly pushed them down her long, smooth legs. Harry watched with rapt attention as her large, firm cheeks and pink, dripping pussy were slowly exposed to his view.

Fleur straightened up and stepped out of her moist panties. Before she could move, Harry stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. With his cock sandwiched between her luscious cheeks, he kissed her shoulder, working his way up to her neck as his hands slid up her stomach to grab her large, soft breasts. She moaned loudly, tilting her head back to expose more of her slender neck. Harry sucked hard on her delicate skin, intent on leaving a mark while he groped her breasts roughly.

Fleur turned around in his arms, her protruding nipples scraping across his chest as she turned to face him. With a smirk, she placed her hands flat on his chest and pushed him backwards until the back of his legs hit the couch and Harry fell down onto the couch. Turning around so that her back was to him, Fleur sat down in his lap, her legs spread wide to rest on either side of his. Reaching an arm back behind her head, she grabbed a handful on his hair and pulled him forward as she turned her head to the side, kissing him hungrily. While they kissed, Fleur reached between her legs to grab his throbbing cock, stroking it lightly.

Breaking the kiss, Fleur leaned back against his chest, and raised herself up a few inches. She moved his cock down to her slit, running the head up and down between her lips, soaking it in her arousal. Placing the swollen, purple head at her entrance, she slowly sat down on his rigid cock, her moist, pink lips stretching wide around his girth. She threw her head back and moaned loudly as her hot, wet pussy swallowed his shaft, her back arched so that her head rested next to his, her perky tits thrust into the air. Harry groaned as she bottomed out, reaching up with his hands to grab her firm breasts, cupping them while rolled her stiff nipples between his fingers.

Once she had settled on him, she lifted her legs, bending them at the knee, and put her feet on the seat of the couch. Her legs were spread wide, giving Bill a perfect view of Harry's fat cock buried deep in her pussy. Leaning forward, she placed her hands on his knees, slowly starting to bounce up and down on his cock while she smirked at her husband.

"Is cock feels so much better zhan yours." She taunted him, speeding up slightly. "Eet's feels so good to finally enjoy sex. Eef I tried to do zhis wiz you, you'd eizer lose control and 'ump me like a dog een 'eat, or you'd feenish before I could even enjoy eet."

Harry's cock jerked as she humiliated Bill. He found it an incredible turn on to fuck a woman while she insulted her husband. Reaching under her knees, he pulled her against his chests, her legs spread wide and pressed against her chests, squashing her breasts against her thighs. The muscles in his arms bulged and flexed as he used them to lift her up and down on his cock. Fleur moaned as he began to thrust his hip, driving his cock up into her tight, wet heat as he moved her.

Another moan had him looking to the side. Tonks had turned her chair at some point, to give herself a better view. Her shirt was off now, and the cups of her bra pulled down under her large breasts, making them even more perky than they normally did. They bounced enticingly as her arm moved back and forth in her pants, the crotch of her torn jeans was soaked through with her arousal. Her eyes were lock on to the spot where Harry and Fleur were joined, watching lustfully as his cock slid in and out of her tight, gripping pussy. Harry didn't like his girlfriend being so exposed with Bill in the room, but considering he was fucking another woman, he didn't really have room to complain.

"Arry, mon amour, you feel so good een me." Fleur moaned, drawing his full attention back to her. "Was eet worz eet, Beel? Was eet worz going to spend time wiz some 'hore instead of coming 'ome to me?"

Fleur's pussy started flutter around his cock as Harry thrust up into her even harder, feeling his climax beginning to build. Breathing hard, she gripped his arms tightly, her head thrown back to rest on his shoulder. Pleasure bubbled up inside of him, the muscles in his arms burning as he drilled her down onto his throbbing cock. He groaned as his cock slid in and out of her slick, hot pussy, pushing him closer to the edge.

"Fleur." He called out in warning as he teetered on the brink.

"Een me. Cum een me, mon amour." Fleur said, her breath coming in gasps.

Harry grit his teeth and his body tensed as he released inside of her, his cock swelling and pulsing as he shot his cum deep inside of her clutching pussy. As he came, Fleur's body shook in his arms and she let out a high-pitched whine, her pussy clamping down on his jerking cock as she reached her peak. The couch and Harry's thighs were soaked as she leaked around his shaft, even as it pulsed and filled her up with hot, white cum. He let go of her legs and wrapped his arms around her stomach, holding her down on to him as he jerked his hips up, driving his cock as deeply as possible into her as his orgasm trailed off.

Hearing moans coming for Tonks again, he turned and watched as she came hard while she fingered herself furiously. She was still slouched in the chair, writhing as her tits bounced wildly and her arm jerked rapidly. Harry's cock twitched hard as he watched her.

Harry and Fleur were both breathing heavily as they collapsed back onto the couch, eyes closed as they savored the euphoric feelings coursing through them. Fleur recovered first, placing her feet back down onto the floor and lifting herself off of him, groaning as he popped free. On unsteady legs, she walked over to Bill and stood in front of him. Bill had stopped struggling and glared balefully at her as she reached between her legs. Running a finger through her swollen, abused lips, she scooped up some of Harry's cum that had leaked from her, and sucked her finger into her mouth.

“What’s ze matter, Beel. Eet’s only sex, oui?” Fleur’s arm lashed forward, slapping Bill across the face with a thunderous *smack*. “Don’t look at me like zhat, zhis ees your own fault. I deed anyzhing you wanted een bed, and eet steel wasn’t enough.”

Bill stopped glaring at her and looked away in shame. He didn’t see the thoughtful look appear on her face as she looked at him.

“Well, almost everyzhing.” She said with a smirk as Bill’s face snapped back up to look at her. “Zhere was one zhing you always wanted to try, wasn’t zhere? But I said non, because I knew you would lose control, oui?”

Fleur turned to look at Tonks.

“Can I borrow ‘Arry for one more zhing?” She asked.

Tonks smiled, still slouched awkwardly in the chair and breathing heavily as she recovered from her orgasm. “Sure. He’s all yours.” She said.

“Merci.” Fleur said with a bright smile.

Turning around, Fleur walked over to Harry and dropped to her knees in front of him. She grabbed his half hard cock, still covered in her wetness, and took him into her mouth. Sucking hard and bobbing her head up and down, Harry groaned and stroked a hand through her hair as he rapidly grew hard in her mouth. Once he was fully hard again, Fleur pulled off of him and

stood up. She crawled on to the couch on her hands and knees, her hands gripping the arm and her round, full ass sticking out at Harry. Resting her chest on the arm of the couch, she reached back with both hands and spread her cheeks, revealing her swollen, pink slit and crinkled asshole.

“I want you ‘ere.” She told him, running an index finger over her tight, little asshole.

“You’re sure?” He asked with nervous excitement, climbing up onto the couch behind her.

“Oui. Just, be gentle.” She answered.

Harry leaned over her, kissing her tenderly on the lips. Straightening back up, he caressed her back with one hand as the other grabbed his shaft at the base. Looking down, his cock throbbed in anticipation as he lined himself up.

“Wait.” Tonks called out.

Looking over at her, he watched as Tonks climbed out of the chair, grabbing her wand as she stood, and walked over to them. Standing next to Harry, she leaned in, kissing him passionately for a moment. She pulled back and gave him a wide lustful smile. Pointing her wand at his hard shaft, a slick, clear fluid dripped from the end and landed on his cock. With the other hand, she reached out and stroked him firmly, coating his entire cock in lube. Moving her wand over to point at Fleur’s ass, she placed a few drops on her crinkled hole.

Tonks set her wand down on the stand next to Fleur’s head and placed her hand on her lower back. Sliding it down, Tonks’ hand slid between Fleur cheeks and her middle finger circled



around her asshole, spreading the lube around the tight hole. Fleur let out a moan, and Harry watched excitedly as Tonks pushed her finger inside, sinking in to the first knuckle. She sawed her finger gently back and forth, slowly sinking it deeper until she buried it up to the middle knuckle. Fleur continued to moan, dropping her head onto her arms as Tonks added a second finger. Harry licked his lips as he watched the incredibly hot scene of his girlfriend fingering another woman's asshole. Tonks kept moving them in and out until both fingers were buried to the top knuckle of Fleur's tight little anus.

Pulling her fingers out, Tonks grabbed Fleur's cheeks and held them open. "You're up big boy." She said with a smirk.

Harry placed his cock at Fleur's hole, and pushed. He had to push surprisingly hard and was worried that he might hurt her when it suddenly gave way, and the head of his cock popped into her smallest hole. Fleur gasped and let out a long, loud moan.

"You okay, Fleur?" Harry asked, concerned even as he enjoyed the heat of her unbelievably tight ass gripping him.

"Oui." She said as Tonks stroked her back soothingly.

Taking a deep breath, Harry started to gently rock his hips back and forth, gradually sinking his cock deeper with short thrusts. Panting, he marveled at how tight her wall gripped him and the incredible, but dry heat that surrounded him. Soon, he had managed to get half his length into her tight hole as she groaned and mewled under him. Pausing, he stopped his short thrusts, and pulled his cock out until only the head remained inside, then pushed back in slowly. Fleur gasped and let out a low moan as he sank half his cock back into her, pushing slightly deeper than before.

“Does it feel good?” Tonks asked Fleur, brushing her hair away from her face in a tender gesture.

“Oui, eet feels so good.” She groaned, panting heavily.

“Really? You know, I’ve always been curious about anal. Maybe I should give it a try.” Tonks said.

Harry’s cock jerked at the thought, making Fleur giggle.

“Harry liked zhat.” She told her.

“Oh really?” Tonks said, looking back at him with a smirk.

Harry smiled at her for a moment, then strated to make long, slow strokes in and out of Fleur’s tight ass, pushing a little deeper each time. Fleur moaned loudly as he gently fucked her.

“I’m going to miss zhis.” Fleur moaned.

“You don’t have to.” Tonks told her, getting a confused look from Fleur. “I don’t mind sharing, so long as you don’t mind me joining in.”

Tonks bit her lip sexily, looking slightly nervous as Fleur looked at her with wide eyes. Tonks scooted closer to Fleur, their faces close together, and stroked her cheek gently. Harry slowed down as he watched the exchange in surprise. He wondered how he got this lucky. His girlfriend was just as attracted to Fleur as he was, and if she wanted to share, that was fine with him. Fleur had gotten over her surprise, and was looking at Tonks appraisingly, a smirk stretching her full, pink lips.

“I zhink I’d be okay wiz zhat.” Fleur said in a seductive whisper.

Tonks smiled widely and pressed her lips to Fleur’s. Harry’s cock twitched inside of Fleur as he watched their lips and tongues dance against each other. Fleur giggled again, breaking the kiss.

“Harry really liked zat.” She told Tonks.

“Good.” Tonks said. “So did I.”

Tonks kissed her again, her hand reaching up to play with Fleur’s breasts. Harry started to move his hips again as he watched them, pulling his cock most of the way out, and then slowly driving back into her. Fleur moan into Tonks’ mouth as he went deeper and deeper on each thrust. Finally, Harry managed to stuff his entire cock into her tight, gripping ass, groaning at the feeling. With long, deep strokes, Harry fuck his whole length in and out of her, looking down to watch her stretched ring grip him tightly.

“Faster.” Fleur begged before going back to making out with Tonks.

Grabbing her hips in his hands, Harry thrust slowly at first, but gradually gained speed. Giving up depth for speed, he only pulled half way out before driving back in, his hips making her cheeks ripple each time they connected with a *slap*. He panted as he fucked her tight ass harder, Fleur grunting cutely with each thrust as his orgasm grew nearer. He felt something touch his balls as they slapped against Fleur's sopping wet pussy. He looked down to see Tonks had reached down to play with Fleur's clit, his balls glancing across her knuckles as he fucked her.

The girls had stopped kissing, and Fleur was panting harshly, her hands clutching the arm of the couch in a white knuckled grip. Suddenly, Fleur's breath hitched and she screamed, her ass clamping down on him so hard he could barely move. Her pussy sprayed his balls and Tonks' hand as she came hard, legs trembling wildly. Tonks massaged her clit and kissed her straining neck and tensed shoulder as she came over a minute solid. Finally, her ass stopped clenching around his cock and she slumped down, breathing heavily.

"Wow, that looked like a big one." Tonks teased. "I'm definitely gonna have to try this."

Fleur only groaned in response as Harry started to move again. He was soon back to his previous pace, fucking her hard and fast as he felt his orgasm approaching. Spreading her cheeks wide, he watched as his cock speared in and out of her ass, stretching it wide around his cock.

"Fuck!" He yelled at the intense pleasure. "I'm close."

"Wait. Not een me." Fleur called out to him, breaking her kiss with Tonks.

Harry groaned in disappointment and thrust hard into her a couple more times before pulling his cock out of her wonderful ass, watching as it gaped open after he left it. Fleur turned around

and pushed Harry on to his back. Bending down, she looked up at him as she opened her mouth and wrapped it around his cock. Harry stared wide eyed at her in surprise.

“That’s fucking hot.” Tonks said as she watched.

Fleur’s head bobbed quickly up and down on his cock, her tongue swirling around the head as she stroked his shaft rapidly. With how close he was to finishing when he pulled out, and watching her suck his cock that had only moments ago been in her ass, she pushed him over the edge quickly.

“Cumming.” He warned.

Fleur held the head of his cock in her mouth as she jacked him, her tongue flicking the underside of his tip. With a grunt, Harry came, pulsing as he shot jets of hot cum against her tongue, his body muscles tensing. She sucked hard, stroking him with a firm grip to milk every drop of cum for him. With a groan, he finished pulsing in her, dropping his head back down on the couch breathing heavily. Fleur pulled off of him, keeping her lips sealed and the cum inside. Standing up, she walked over to Bill and knelt down so that her face was level with his.

Holding her hand cupped in front of her mouth, she opened her lips, letting Harry’s cum drool out of her mouth in a river of white, collecting it in her hand. A string of cum and spit connected her lip to the pool in her hand, and she licked her lips to break it. She stood up straight and with a loud, wet *smack*, her hand slapped Bill’s cheek brutally hard. His head snapped to the side and the cum in her hand splattered across his face. It was smeared over his cheek, eye and the side of his lips. He turned his head to the side, spitting to keep it from getting into his mouth.

“You can keep your ‘hores.”

## Chapter 4

Harry Potter was concerned. The week following Fleur's confrontation with Bill, she had been staying with him and Tonks. Understandably, she was quite upset and hurt at how her relationship with Bill had ended, and her depression showed in the way she acted. No matter what Harry and Tonks did, they couldn't seem to cheer her up at all. Tonks had even gone so far as to invite her to sleep in their bed at night, where she would cuddle up to him tightly as he laid between the two women. Over the last couple of days, she seemed to be getting better, but he was still worried about his friend. Despite her tough exterior, he knew that Bill's actions had greatly shaken her confidence.

Tonks, as usual, had taken it upon herself to lighten the mood whenever possible. Her bright and cheery attitude and her infectious smile made it hard to be down when she was in the room. She spent a lot of her time before and after work with Fleur. Often, he found the two of them sitting around the house, deep in conversation. It seemed to him that they were quickly becoming much closer friends over the ordeal. Unfortunately, that closeness, along with Fleur's depression, meant that Harry didn't get to spend much time alone with Tonks. Not that he would complain about it. He was grateful she was so willing to help Fleur. After all, it wasn't like he would be any good at it.

Earlier that day, just after he had arrived at work, an owl from Hermione informed him that Bill had told his family about the breakup, but not the reason why. Of course, they were all concerned and curious about what was going on. Knowing that he was the closest to Fleur, they had decided to ask him for the details. While a part of him wanted to just tell them everything so Bill could get the bollocking he so rightly deserved, he held back. It was really Fleur's decision on what to tell them, so he resolved to talk to her about it later, much later. So long as Bill didn't start making up lies to cover his own ass, Harry would keep quiet.

After a long, boring day at work, Harry made his way down to the Atrium and Flooed home. Stepping into the study of Grimmauld Place, he didn't see any sign of the girls.

“Hello.” He called out.

Not getting an answer, he walked out into the hall. As he made his way to the stairs to go shower and change out of his work clothes, he heard music coming from the old ballroom that he had converted into a family room. Curious, he walked over to the doorway and peeked inside. What he saw nearly had his jaw hit the floor. Sprawled out on the couch, Fleur laid on her back with Tonks over top of her as they kissed passionately. He could see the tongues slid and dance along each other when their lips broke apart for a brief second. Some strange, unintelligible squeak made it way out of his throat as he stared at them, open mouthed. Breaking the kiss, they both turned to look at him and smiled at the no doubt humorous expression on his face.

“Eet seems we ‘ave a voyeur.” Fleur said with a rumbling, purr like chuckle. “Should we give ‘im a show, mon ami?” She asked, looking back at Tonks.

Tonks smiled cheekily at him and gave him a wink.

“Mh, I think he’d like that.” She replied.

Giving Fleur on more kiss on the lips, Tonks pushed herself up and stood up. Offering her a hand up, she helped Fleur up to stand in front of her. Tonks put her hands on her hips while Fleur rested her arms around her shoulders. Both of them smiled at each other and giggled as they moved closer together. The laughing stopped when Fleur flipped her hair to one side and moved her face within a hair’s breadth of Tonks’. Leaning forward and tilting their heads, their soft, full lips met in the middle. Again, he could see their tongues caress each other as they darted out of their mouths.

As they continued to kiss, Harry snapped out of his shocked enough to take off his robes and sit down in the chair facing them to enjoy the show. His pants felt as if they were increasingly tight as he watched Tonks reach up to the neck of Fleur's dress and start undoing the buttons slowly, one by one. The front of the dress gaped open as each button was opened, exposing more and more of the tops of Fleur's full, pale breasts and deep cleavage. Next came the cups of her white bra, her hard nipples denting the fabric outwards and the pressed firmly against the material. Finally, as the line of buttons ended at her waist, the dress opened to show just a glimpse of her smooth, flat stomach and the very top of her matching white panties.

Tonks pulled her lips from Fleur's and began to plant soft sensual kisses on her chin. Moving slowly, her lips moved down the front of her throat and then over to the side of her neck, kissing and sucking lightly at the skin. Fleur tilted her head back and moaned contentedly with her eyes closed as Tonks' lips trailed down her neck to her shoulder. Reaching up, Tonks grabbed the neck of her dress and started pushing it off of Fleur's shoulders, sensuously kissing each new inch of skin that was uncovered. When she reached the edge of her shoulder, the dress slipped down her arms, exposing her chest and stomach, and was only stopped by her wide hips.

Fleur pulled her arms out of her sleeves and let the dress hang around her waist as she grabbed Tonks by the cheeks and pulled her into another steamy kiss. Grabbing the hem of her purple t-shirt, she slowly lifted it up, tracing the tips of her fingers lightly over Tonks' skin as it was revealed. First came her toned stomach, the muscles twitching slightly under Fleur's delicate touch as she caressed her lightly tanned skin. Then came the bottom of black bra, the shirt getting caught slightly as it jutted out from her chest. Fleur raked her nails over the thin fabric that covered the bottom of her breasts, making Tonks moan into her mouth as their tongues continued to dance.

Pulling the shirts out a little to get it over her breasts, Fleur pulled the shirt up further, exposing the tops of her breasts as they bulged out over the top of the tight bra. Once the shirt reached her neck, Tonks broke their kiss and lifted her arms up, allowing Fleur to pull it up and over her head. As soon as it was off, Tonks closed the short distance between them, their breasts pressing together as their lips met once again. Grabbing the dress at her waist, Tonks pushed it down over her hips until it was free, and gravity pulled it down to pool on the floor, revealing Fleur's long, smooth legs and jutting ass.



Fleur's hands went to the back of Tonks' bra, deftly opening the clasp with a flick of her fingers. Tonks dropped her arms down and let the bra slip off of her and on to the floor, exposing her large, full tits. Fleur kissed her way down Tonks' neck, bending over slightly as she made her way down to her chest. Grabbing her breasts, she pushed them together and then kissed down between them, stopping when she reached the nipples. Sticking out her tongue, Fleur looked up at Tonks and ran it over the tip of each breast, first one, then the other. As he watched, he could see her nipple slowly harden as Fleur teased them with her tongue. Unable to resist, Harry undid his uncomfortably tight pants and pulled out his aching cock.

He started to slowly stroke his cock as Fleur opened her lips and sucked Tonks' nipple into her mouth. Fleur's cheeks collapsed inward as she sucked hard. Tonks let out a small gasp as Fleur pulled her head back, pulling her breast out, away from her body until her lips broke away with an audible *pop*. Opening her mouth again, Fleur teased that she was going to do the same thing again, only to purse her lips and blow a breath of cool air over her wet nipple instead. Tonks hissed between her teeth, only to moan a moment later as wrapped her warm, wet mouth over the tip of her breast again. Dropping to her knees, Fleur let Tonks' breast fall out of her mouth and started undoing the front of her jeans. With Tonks' help, they were able to quickly work them down her wide hips and smooth, toned legs.

Once they were off, Fleur placed a brief kiss on the top of her black panties, then stuck out her tongue and ran it up the middle of her stomach as she stood. Tonks kissed her fervently as she reached behind her back and undid the clasp of her pristine white bra and pulled it down her arms. Grabbing the huge, firm mounds jutting from her chest, Tonks' lips quickly descended to her chest. Tonks squeezed Fleur's breasts as she wrapped her pull lips around one of the hard, swollen nipples. Fleur moaned and threaded her finger through her dark purple hair, eyes closed in pleasure. A gasp broke through her open lips as she looked down at Tonks, who had taken her nipple between her teeth, gently scraping them along the engorged nub until it slid out from between her pearly whites.

Tonks latched her lips onto the other nipple, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard while her fingers grabbed the other nipple and pinched it firmly. Rolling the hardened nub between her finger, Fleur gasped and panted at the pleasurable torture. In moments her normally pink

nipple was a swollen, angry red from the light abuse. Letting go, Tonks moved her mouth back over and placed soft, gentle kisses on the nipple as her tongue swirled around it lightly. When her lips pulled back, she blew cool air across it, making whine leave the back of Fleur's throat. Tightening her fingers in Tonks' purple hair, Fleur pulled her up and crashed their lips together in a desperate kiss. It was several long seconds before they parted to take a breath.

"I want to taste you." Fleur said in a husky whisper.

Tonks' warm hazel eyes turned dark with lust as she stared hungrily at Fleur as she led her back over to the couch. Pushing her onto her back, Fleur grabbed the waistband of her black panties and pulled them down her legs quickly. Kneeling between Tonks' legs, she bent over, kissing and licking at the smooth, bare skin of her stomach as she slowly worked her way down to her mound. Even from his chair several feet away, Harry could smell the familiar scent of a woman's arousal in the air. The heady, musky scent made his cock throb in need, begging for more than the light stroking he was giving it.

Fleur's lips reached Tonks' bare, moist lips, lightly pressing kisses to the taught lips of her tight pussy. Sticking out her tongue, she licked from the very bottom of her slit, all the way up to the top, stopping just short of her needy clit. Tonks moaned and bucked her hips, desperate for more stimulation. Fleur placed her hand on the inside of Tonks' thighs, spread her legs wide open. Her open mouth hovered millimeters over her sensitive clit, her warm breath washing over it with each breath she took as she hesitated for a long moment. Tonks bucked her hips, desperate for contact, but Fleur's hands held her still. Finally, she moved forward, but turned at the last second and kissed just to the side.

Tonks let out a desperate whine as Fleur did this over and over, coming close but never giving her what she wanted. Harry had never seen her look so desperate as she squirmed on the couch, her breath uneven and her eyes looking nearly wild with need. Fleur paused over her slit for a moment longer than she had before, and Tonks' breath hitched in anticipation. Her lips descended and finally, mercifully, they landed right on her throbbing, needy clit.

“Yess.” Tonks hissed, throwing her head back in rapture.

The moment Fleur’s lips touched her clit, she assaulted it relentlessly with her lips and tongue. She would suck hard for a second before pulling back to flick it rapidly with her wildly moving tongue from all angles, then take it back in her mouth and suck even harder. She even used her teeth, gently scraping them over the swollen, sensitive nub while her tongue pressed down and unglated against it. Tonks writhed and gasped wildly in pleasure on the couch, her eyes open wide but staring at nothing, lost in a sea of pleasure.

“Cum for me.” Fleur demanded seductively.

Suddenly, Tonks’ body tensed as her muscles flexed, the tendons in her neck popping up as they tightened and her breath hitched and then stopped. Fleur pulled her mouth off of her pussy and started rubbing her clit furiously with the tips of her fingers. A long, vibrating moan left her throat as she climaxed hard, drenching Fleur’s fingers and the couch cushion under her. She sucked in a sharp breath as she started breathing again, then began thrashing wildly on the couch at the overwhelming sensations flooding her senses. Fleur used her weight to hold her down at the waist and continued to frantically rub her clit. Tonks arched her back, her eyes rolling into the back of her head until she finally collapsed exhaustedly onto the couch.

As soon as she collapsed, Fleur stopped rubbing her clit and started caressing her stomach soothingly. After giving her a few seconds to recover, she crawled up her body and leaned down to kiss Tonks lovingly on the lips with a deservedly smug grin on her face.

“Are you alright, mon ami?” She asked with a slightly teasing tone in her voice.

Tonks groaned in reply, her eyes closed as she panted heavily. Fleur giggled at her gave her another tender kiss.

"I think our voyeur needs some attention." She whispered so quietly that Harry almost didn't hear it.

Both girls turn and smiled at him as he sat in the chair, having stripped off his clothes while he was watching. His large, hard cock stood straight out from his body, swollen and begging for attention.

"You go get started, I need a minute." Tonks told her.

Giving her a sultry smile, Fleur kissed her one more time on the lips and climbed off of the couch. With her hips swaying, she sauntered over to him. His cock throbbed in anticipation as she dropped to her knees in front of him and ran her fingers down the length of his shaft with a feather light touch.

"You're so 'ard, mon amour." Fleur whispered huskily.

Wrapping her hand around his shaft in a light grip, she stuck out her tongue and licked the underside of his red, swollen head. Harry hissed in pleasure as her soft, wet tongue touched his sensitive tip, a small strand of saliva connecting them briefly as she pulled back. Looking up at him was a steamy gaze, she swirled her tongue around the head of his cock, leaving it glistening in her spit. Opening her mouth, her full, plump lips stretched around his girth as she slowly descended down his length, her tongue caressing the underside of his shaft. Harry groaned as her hot, wet mouth enveloped the top half of his straining cock.

Holding him by the base, Fleur slowly bobbed her head up and down the top half of his length, sucking lightly as she pulled up and teasing him with her tongue as she descended. Harry ran his

fingers through her long, silvery hair as she moved up and down his cock, massaging her scalp. Fleur gave a purr like moan around him, sending delicious vibrations through his rigid shaft. Pulling her mouth off of his cock, she places an open-mouthed kiss on the head and stood up. She crooked her finger at him in a come-hither motion with a teasing smile on her lips. Harry pushed himself to his feet and surged forward, making her squeal in surprise as he wrapped his arms under her bubbly ass and lifted her into his arm.

Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist as he carried her over to the couch. Tonks sat up with her back against the arm of the couch as he approached, giving him room to lay Fleur down on her back, with her head in Tonks' lap. Settling himself between Fleur's spread legs, Harry leaned over her, giving Tonks a passionate kiss before breaking off and doing the same to Fleur. Grabbing his cock by the base, Harry lined the head of his cock up with her dripping entrance and gently push himself inside of her. All three of them looked down to watch at inch after inch of his long, thick shaft sank into her drooling slit. Tonks ran her hands over the front of Fleur's body, trailing her nails along her pale skin and fondling her perky tits.

Fleur moaned loudly as his cock bottomed out and Tonks teased her swollen nipples. Grabbing the back of Tonks' head, Harry kissed her deeply as he started thrusting his hips slowly, easing his wide cock in and out of Fleur's tight, hot core. Reaching up with one hand, he grabbed one of her breasts and groped it in his hand while his other hand gripped Fleur's hip for leverage as he increased his pace. Fleur moaned loudly as his thick cock stretched her tight walls and Tonks teased her soft, pink nipples with her fingers. Pulling back from the kiss, Tonks smirked playfully at him and climbed up onto her knees and straddled Fleur's face. Harry leaned back and watched a Fleur stuck out he tongue and teased it along Tonks' slit, pushing the tip between her wet lips.

His cock swelled and flexed inside of her as her drove his cock deep with every thrust. Tonks leaned over and kissed her way down Fleur's stomach, slowly making her way down to her clit, just above Harry's thrusting cock. Extending her tongue, she licked all around her clit and the top of his shaft as it moved in and out. Harry groaned and thrust a little faster and harder, moving as much as he could without dislodging Tonks. He could feel the tip of her tongue trace along the top of his shaft while Fleur's walls flexed around him as she teased her clit. Both girls would occasionally pause to gasp and moan as they pleased each other.

Grabbing Tonks by the hair, he lifted her head up gently. Pulling his cock out of Fleur, he placed his head at her lips and pushed into her mouth. Tonks wrapped his lips around his shaft and sucked hard on his cock, swirling her tongue around his shaft as she did her best to bob her head in the awkward position. Looking up at him, she grabbed him by the ass and pulled him forward, gagging as his cock slid into her throat until her nose was pressed up against his stomach. Harry groaned loudly in pleasure as he held himself in her throat for a few seconds before pulling back out of her mouth. Tilting her face up, he gave her a fierce but brief kiss before lining his cock up with Fleur and pushing into her tight, hot core once again.

Fleur moaned as he sank his shaft back into her, which in turn made Tonks moan as well. Dipping her head back down, Tonks went back to licking and teasing Fleur's clit while Harry drove his cock in and out of her tight grasp. The feel of Fleur's pussy and Tonks' tongue, along with the show earlier, was quickly pushing Harry towards his climax. He panted as he thrust hard into Fleur and his pleasure swelled. Tonks seemed to notice his approaching end and she wrapped her lips around Fleur's clit and sucked hard. Fleur bucked her hips, squealing into Tonks' pussy as she came from the sudden stimulation. As her walls spasmed around his length, Harry felt his pleasure peak and he came with a grunt, flooding her with a truly massive amount of cum.

His orgasm seemed to go on and on as jet after jet of hot cum shot from the head of his cock to splash against her walls. Harry fell backwards onto his ass in exhaustion when he was finally done, pulling his cock out of her. A river of white cum ran out of Fleur's overflowing pussy without his cock there to hold it in. Tonks descended down on her and Harry felt his spent cock twitch as he watched her lick up the cum that was leaking out of Fleur. After mostly cleaning her up, Tonks got off of Fleur's face and turned around so they were laying face to face again, just as they had when he first found them. Their lips met in a hungry kiss, a combination of their fluids smearing across their lips. Looking between their legs, Harry stroked his cock, getting it hard again to give Tonks her turn. It was going to be a long night.