

“Legillimens.” He didn’t think he’d ever heard a spell said quite so hatefully. There was no subtlety, no gentle probing, just an all-out assault on his mind and the barriers within.

Harry was sitting in the same chair he’d spent many of his mornings since the start of term. He was sweating profusely, the collar of his shirt had a large, damp ring around it. His temple was throbbing, and there was a sharp pain at the back of his neck, like a hot knife between his two vertebrae. He had a white-knuckled grip on the arm of the chair. The wood creaked lightly as he squeezed to the point of pain. The Headmaster watched the entire exchange stoically.

Snape wasn’t looking much better, though. The repeated failures were driving him spare. His face was splotched with red, and there was sweat along his brow. And his greasy, black hair was disheveled.

Except for the spell, next to nothing had been said between the three men. Snape behaved and so Harry decided too as well. *Besides, stopping every one of his attacks on my mind is far more satisfying than any little jab I might be able to throw at him.*

The probe banged against the walls in his mind, again and again with all the relentlessness of an invading army at the gates. But despite the potions master’s best efforts, and they really were his best efforts, he failed.

Harry let one stray thought out into the space of his own mind, just a little nugget for the man to chew on. *Did you think this would be your opportunity to finally get back at me? To put me in my place? To prove to yourself that I really am everything you think I am? It must get tiring being so horribly wrong about me at every turn.*

Snape made an unpleasant noise in the back of his throat that sounded like cursing but really couldn’t be made out as Harry pushed against, the admittedly powerful probe, with a pulse of his own magic. His counter physically forced back Snape two steps. As he tried to right himself, he snarled while raising his wand, *“Leg...”*

“I believe that is enough, Severus.” Dumbledore spoke up then, “Harry has proven himself more than equal to the task as I dare say you left nothing on the table. I shall inform you if we ever need your assistance in the future.”

The professor stared at Harry with dark eyes, fury written across his features. Unable to help himself, Harry smiled back, more than a bit cockily, “Thank you, professor. This lesson was... enlightening.”

Smoothing down his hair, Snape schooled himself before he turned to Dumbledore, “Of course, Headmaster, I must prepare for my morning lessons anyway.” He didn’t spare Harry another glance as he headed toward the door and shut it behind him more harshly than was perfectly necessary.

The throbbing in his head was slowly abating, and the sharp pain had gone dull as his body slowly recovered from the session. Dumbledore shook his head with a sigh, “Must you antagonize him?”

“No, but sometimes it’s just too good of an opportunity to pass up.” Harry didn’t feel one ounce of guilt, “He certainly takes every opportunity to do the same to me.”

“True,” he conceded, “But considering you’d already taken the victory, as it were, I don’t think it was worth rubbing in.”

"I'll keep that in mind for the future, sir." Harry told him, trying to be diplomatic. *But considering how horribly petty the overgrown bat is, it's quite difficult not to take the opportunities when I get them.*

"I suppose, that's the best that I can hope for." Dumbledore gave him a small smile, "Though I must still congratulate you... that was a job very well done. I have learned not to doubt you over the years, but even still, I'm impressed."

"Thank you, sir." Harry replied, proud of the revered wizard's confidence.

"You are as prepared as possible should Tom ever have the opportunity to attack your mind. Though, I still pray that it never comes to something like that."

"Does this mean an end to our lessons then, professor?" Harry knew that Occlumency alone hadn't been the purpose behind their sessions, but they were a predominant part of them. They, along with his exercises in control, had left him with better command of his magic than he could ever remember.

Dumbledore steepled his fingers in front of him, stopping to think, "No... I don't think it does. We may reduce the frequency of these sessions, for a time at least, but I think it would be in your best interest to continue. There's a great deal of knowledge I can impart upon you. And given the potential danger you face... I don't see why we shouldn't give you every tool possible."

While the Headmaster had never been uninterested in his magical education, this was far more direct than in the past, "Why now?"

"Because for the first time in the years we've known each other your magic and mind are entirely your own." The Headmaster didn't hesitate in giving him the truth, "You're an exceptional wizard, Harry, and I only expect you to grow greater with time. But should Tom return, I'll be the first line of defense for the time being... and until recently you had a connection to him that I didn't fully understand. That he might have found a way to exploit. There are many things I still happily shared with you, but the intricacies of how I approach magic... I don't think that would have been wise."

"Why not teach me Occlumency sooner?"

"Your connection was far more complex than a simple spell. So, there was no guarantee that it would actually work." He reasoned easily, "Though had the need arisen, I had every intention of giving you the necessary tutelage."

In his estimation, it was a reasonable explanation, "Fair enough, professor."

His blue eyes twinkled, "Very good, Harry. I think that'll be all for this morning." Though before he left, Dumbledore slid him a potion vial, "Severus was on rather fine form, I imagine you could use a little pick me up." It was true, the pain in his head still hadn't abated, and his arms felt heavy at his side. Uncorking the potion, he downed it in one.

It was Pepper-Up Potion, and in a moment most of the fatigue left his body. With a grateful smile, Harry placed the vial back down on the desk, headed out of the office and made his way to the enchanted staircase. Not in the mood to plod all the way up to the tower, he decided to grab a shower in Anya and Orina's room.

It was still early, but there were a couple Ravenclaws and Gryffindors making their way down from their towers for breakfast already. As he made it to the third-floor landing, he was met by a welcome sight, "Morning Sue."

The Asian witch gave him a shy smile, "Morning Harry." He loved that she still got a bit flustered around him even though he'd literally seen her in the throes of passion, cumming on the end of his cock. She looked down to his sweaty shirt, "Busy morning?"

"Very. But it was successful, so I can't complain." He told her with a chuckle, "I'm just going to grab a shower now."

"You had a good time... yesterday afternoon?" She asked him curiously, stopping him with the touch of his arm.

Harry quirked an eyebrow at that, "I did... Daphne decided that she was tired of waiting."

Biting her bottom lip, Sue looked up at him with dark eyes, her voice was quiet, "It made studying quite a bit harder."

"Sorry about that." He rubbed the back of his head. He knew that Ginny quite enjoyed the sudden bouts of arousal it caused in her, but there was no guarantee that all the girls would feel that way. *Maybe I should be more careful about when I'm making love.*

"Don't be..." Her cheeks flushed slightly. *Or not.* She gave him a wistful little smile, "It was... fun honestly... just more intense than the other times it's happened." *Maybe because it was Daphne's first time?* "And It might have made me realize... that we haven't had a chance... since after the duels." She finished leadingly. It wasn't that they hadn't touched each other... but their best opportunity to be alone had been their dueling practices and that had changed thanks to Fleur. *Not that it's going to be a problem from now on.*

So almost two weeks of being teased. He knew from experience that could be absolutely torturous... wonderful in its own way... but also awful. The Asian witch subconsciously rubbed her thighs together as she looked at him meaningfully.

Making sure that there was no one else coming down the staircase, he took her hand and pulled her along toward what had become his own second room in the castle. They reached it quickly and made their way inside. He wasted no time in capturing her lips.

Pressing her back against the door, they fell into each other. His hand slid between her slender thigh and found her heat dripping and bare, "No knickers?" He smiled against her lips as she tried to hump into his finger. He teased the petals of her sex, gathering a bit of her dewy essence on the tips as she slowly circled her hips.

"I... um..." She was having a hard time thinking as her eyes fluttered shut at his touch.

"You planned this didn't you?" He nipped at her lips, "You wanted to catch me on the way up didn't you?"

She nodded her head frantically, “Knew you were meeting Dumbledore this morning... thought it’d be a good moment to... to catch you alone.” An adorable little whimper escaped her lips as he slid his fingers into her sex.

“You’re so wet for me.” He pointed out as her tunnel squelched with every plunge of his fingers.

“Al... always.” She arched herself into his touch as he cupped her full breast over her blouse, “Please... please... Harry... I don’t just want your fingers.” Her fingers went to the hem of his shirt and slipped beneath the waist of his pants. Her dainty fingers found his shaft, dragging a moan from his throat.

Pulling his cock free of its confines, he let it smack against her tummy. Precum stained her shirt as it rested against her. Giving him a few firm strokes, she angled his cock toward her welcoming heat. Her eyes were dark and needy, as she pleaded with him, “Fuck me...”

She buried her face in the crook of his neck as he buried his cock in her hole with one slow, steady thrust. Her pussy clutched against his cock, “Such a tight little pussy for my big cock.” Hiding her face in his neck, her face flushed in arousal and embarrassment. It didn’t stop her from humping her hips against him, chasing more of that delicious friction, “So impatient...”

“Need it...” She whimpered into him.

It was hard not to feel like a king with such a beautiful girl so desperately needy for him. Taking hold of her narrow waist, he held her in the air and started gliding her juicy twat along his length. Drops of her arousal fell at his feet as he plowed into her again and again.

Sue hooked her legs around his lower back and pulled him in with every thrust. She wasn’t looking for gentle, careful lovemaking. She wanted to be ravished, and he had no problem doing it for her. Though he loved the way her moans were soft and sweet even as he battered the back of her snug hole with brutal thrusts.

“Oh... gods... yes!” Her pussy squeezed down on his cock impossibly hard, clutching and coaxing him to his peak. *Thump. Thump. Thump.* The door creaked lightly under the pressure they were putting on it as they rutted against each other, “I... want... it. Give. It. To. Me!”

Forcing himself to the hilt, her eyes glazed over as warmth filled her belly. Hot cum painted her insides white as he pulsed inside of her. The slender Asian witch twitched and wiggled with every fresh batch of baby batter that filled her. Her body went limp against him even as she kissed against the crook of his neck. There was a glisten of sweat on her brow as she gave him a sex-drunk little smile, “Thank you... really needed that.”

Harry kissed the top of her head, and gave her bum a firm spank that made her gasp, “Any time, Sue.” Her legs wobbled slightly as he put her back down, but she managed to steady herself. The air smelled of sweat and sex, as did they, “Now, I really need to take a shower.”

Sue bit her bottom lip, clearly tempted to join him, but decided against it. Making herself look presentable, she leaned up to give him a kiss on the lips, “I’ll see you later.” With that, she turned and left him behind. He couldn’t help but note that she still had his cum leaking from her tight hole and little did he know, that was just the way she wanted. *These girls... are just bloody brilliant.*

After his shower, he just asked Dobby for breakfast so that he didn't need to run down to the Great Hall only to come back up for Ancient Runes. It meant that he was one of the first into the classroom despite his busy morning.

As he sat waiting for class to start, he found himself looking over the tablet he'd taken at the end of the first task. It was the first time he'd given it a proper look, and he had a feeling that progress was going to be slow.

Padma sat herself down beside him and asked, "What's that?"

"Just something from the first task... I think it might be a clue for the second."

"Mind if I have a look?"

"Be my guest."

The Indian witch looked it over, before she turned to him with a frown, "This is... complex. It looks like some of the languages are manipulated or outright mixed together."

"I noticed that, yeah."

Looking it over again, after a second, she told him, "I want to help you with this."

"Alright." He wasn't going to turn down help when it was offered.

"And I know exactly who else to ask. I'll get this back to you when we're done." Without a second thought, she grabbed the tablet and headed over to Hermione. He watched as Padma explained to his bushy-haired friend.

There was pointing and raised eyebrows until he heard Hermione say, "Oh... if it's for Harry, I'm happy to help." That was all the Ravenclaw needed to hear as she sat down next to her and they started pouring over it before the class started.

Daphne walked in then and took the opportunity to steal the seat next to him. The blonde gave him a knowing smile, "Fun morning?"

"Very." There was no point denying it when she knew full well what he'd been up to.

"Sue certainly looked like she thought the same when she came down for breakfast. Looked like she was practically glowing." She teased him.

"You looked much the same yesterday. I aim to please, after all." He said, always thrilled to bring one of his lovers pleasure.

"I noticed." She gave him a little smile, "It was an interesting experience for me... the whole ridiculous sympathetic arousal. Not yesterday that was bloody brilliant, would recommend." Her voice was soft, and sweet, "Would've been nice if my sister wasn't right there while my pussy was on fire with need this morning."

"Sorry?" He was starting to learn that probably wasn't the right thing to say with his girls though. They knew what they were in for now, and seemed to be happy to dive in with both feet.

"No, it's alright. Made it more exciting in the end." Beneath the table she slipped something into his hands, it was an emerald pair of lacy knickers that quite clearly had a damp spot on the gusset, "Had to take care of myself before I came up here, unfortunately." *I'm starting to wonder if part of the reason my magic chose the girls it did is because every single one of them has an incredible naughty streak.* Not that he was complaining, mind you.

He tucked the skimpy undergarments into his pocket before anyone could see, as she put that day's edition of the *Daily Prophet* on the desk, "While you were having your fun this morning, you missed a different kind of fun down in the Great Hall." Across the front page of the paper were the words ***Apologies from the Editor.***

"Looks like badmouthing a national hero, who just recently was instrumental in putting three terrorists into jail, isn't a good way of selling papers." Daphne said, pleased as he was, "What it is good for is garnering massive public backlash that gets you fired along with a direct rebuke from the Minister of Magic. When you get a chance, you might want to read it. Your godfather had some rather choice words for that horrid bitch."

Harry couldn't help the deep laugh the bubbled up in his chest, "I knew Sirius was going to do **something**, I just didn't expect him to work quite so fast."

"He did in two days what people have been trying for years to do. Gotta say, it's rather impressive."

"Don't tell him that," He snorted, "He's already plenty confident as it is. His ego doesn't need more inflating." They both chuckled as the rest of the class had filed in and Professor Babbling came in from her office.

"Morning everyone, I hope you had a good weekend. It was certainly exciting." She gave Harry a little smile, "Now, today we're going to discuss Muggle-Repelling Wards and how the spell can be bolstered by tying it into a wardstone."

It was a rather standard, theoretical lesson. One which saw them all just taking notes as Babbling explained the basics, and some of the intricacies of the topic. Over the course of the period, Harry found out that Daphne had an impressive ability to multitask. And an equally impressive ability to be discreet.

The entire lecture, she diligently took notes and stroked the inside of his thigh tantalizingly close to his member. She was even bold enough to tease his crown, running her finger along his ridge through the fabric of his trousers. He heard every word, but he wasn't actually listening as he did everything in his power not to give away what the gorgeous Slytherin was doing to him. *Merlin, she's asking for it.*

The period felt far longer than normal by the time that Babbling finally told them, "Right, that's all for the day, you're dismissed." Harry sent a look Daphne's way, but she acted none the wiser.

As everyone packed up, they headed toward the door together. Out in the corridor, she leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek before she giving him a sly wink and telling him simply, "Bye."

He was lucky that he had some semblance of control, because otherwise he would be tempted to drag her to the nearest empty room. Instead, he managed to growl out, "Bye. See you later." *And when I do, I'm going to spank your arse red enough that you won't be able to sit for a day... at least.*

Padma and Hermione came out behind them, just in time to see Daphne pull away. His Gryffindor friend quirked an eyebrow in question while Padma was entirely in the know. The Indian witch leaned up to give him a kiss on the cheek as well, "We'll have that tablet sorted for you in a jiffy, promise." Before he had a chance to respond she bounced away from him, and called out after the Slytherin, "Daphne, wait up."

Hermione was staring at him intently, "You know, we've both been pretty damn busy this year. Haven't had as many opportunities to just hang out, talk and I have a feeling that I'm missing something because of it... I mean you've obviously made some new friends, not that I'm any different, but something tells me there's more to it than that."

Running a hand through his hair, he told her, "It's... rather a long a story."

"Right... honestly, I'm not sure I even want to know. I have a feeling it's going to make my head hurt." That surprised him. Hermione always had a hard time not being in the know, and now that she realized there was something she was missing, he thought she was unlikely to let it go anytime soon. *Turns out she's had some changes these last couple months, too.*

"I'm sure we'll get to it eventually, but now doesn't seem like a good time. We do have Charms to get to."

She gave him a wry smile, and just shook her head, "Great deflection, Harry. Really."

"I know you'd rather pull out your own hair than be late for class, Hermione. I'm just looking out for you." With a roll of her eyes, she headed in the direction of the Charms classroom with Harry just behind.

As they made their way down, they ran into Ginny. She came up to them and grabbed his hand, a little smile on her lips, "Hey, Harry, could I steal you for a second?"

Hermione looked between them, before telling him, "I'll see you in Charms... try not make him late." She directed the last to the redhead.

"Won't take too long at all, just needed to ask him a quick question about a spell I'm struggling with in DADA, since I have it next." Ginny pulled him down a fourth-floor corridor and around a corner into one that was empty... and conveniently had a broom cupboard in it. Opening it, she pushed him in and immediately started pushing at the waist of his trousers.

It was cramped and a little dusty, but there was enough room for the two of them. Though they were pressed close together, not that either of them minded.

"You know, it's really unfair." She said with a pout as she fished his member out and steadily started beating her petite hands.

"What?" He responded dumbly.

"I went to bed last night needy and horny after playing with myself relentlessly because of the afternoon you put me through." She paused just a second to spit on his cock, adding it to the precum that was leaking from his tip, "My broomstick was glistening by the time I was done with Sigrid and Tracey, you know?" He only grunted his acknowledgement as she got going.

"I woke up this morning **hoping** that you'd be in the dorm for once... but nope. Instead, I end up down at breakfast when all of a sudden, my pussy absolutely **throbs**, you beautiful bastard." She leaned down to suck his cock and whined at the taste, or lack of it, "And you even had the gall to clean your cock afterward. Merlin, don't you know you taste even better covered in pussy juice, Harry?"

"I'll keep that in mind." Harry told her with a smirk. He loved seeing her so desperate and needy. She was always a naughty minx, but this just brought it to its extreme.

"You fucking better!" She growled as she turned her back to him and ground her pert bum against his cock. Reaching between her legs, she moved her panties to the side and placed his engorged cockhead at her entrance before shoving her hips back into him hard. Filling her tiny twat with his turgid flesh, she moaned out, "Oh... fuck... so good. I'll never get tired of the way you stretch my little pussy." She had to push up on her tip-toes to make it work and even then she couldn't quite managed to get his whole cock in because of the height difference.

"I certainly hope not." He took hold of her hips, bent his knees slightly, and buried himself into the athletic redhead. He flipped her skirt up over her lovely arse, and watched as her beautifully sculpted glutes quaked with the impact of his hips.

"Fuck me..." She demanded, "Use me, you fucking stud." Her pussy distended slightly with every push and pull of his cock. Her creamy cum gathered at the base of his cock as he hammered into the petite redhead.

"Merlin Ginny, you feel like you were made for my cock." Harry leaned over her back and kissed the shell of her ear. Her cheek was pressed against the wall, and she whimpered with every ferocious snap of hips. Her whole body flushed a rosy red and he felt her sheath tighten hard around his cock, trying to pull the cum from his balls.

"I was... I was... just for you..." She clawed at the stone wall as she shuddered through, "So good... I want your cum... I want to walk around knowing that I have your seed in my cunt for the rest of the day... Just like Sue." Her hand shot back to his hip and dug into his skin.

He didn't bother holding back, letting himself fall into the pleasure of the moment. He filled the ginger's wonderfully grippy hole with ropes of his cum. His thumb dug into the dimples of her back as he held her down against his crotch. Ginny squeaked and beat her hand against the wall as she came around him again. Her tight tunnel did everything it could to get every drop, "Fill that tiny pussy... yes!" Her ass jiggled and flexed as she moaned through her peak.

When he pulled out, cum leaked from her overstuffed hole and dropped thick and white to the ground. But the redhead was having none of that. She cupped her sex with her hand before pulling her panties to the side to stop the flow, "Thank you **so much**." Ginny told him reverently. *What a fucking morning?*

The warning bell went off then and they hurried to make themselves look presentable, though neither of them could do anything about that well-fucked glow, not that they really wanted to, mind you. As they hopped out of the cupboard she gave him a kiss, "Love you."

"Love you, too."

“Now get to class,” She told him with a wry smile, “I don’t want Hermione angry at me, or worse asking questions.” He could only chuckle at this as she headed away from.

Just making it to Charms in time, he slipped in and looked for somewhere to sit. Somehow, it didn’t surprise him that the only available seat was next to Susan.

His other redheaded lover gave him a knowing smile as he slid in next to her, “Hey, missed you at breakfast this morning.”

“I was pretty tired after my lesson with Dumbledore.” He told her more for the people nearby than for her sake.

She just leaned in so that only he could hear, “Among other things...”

“Yes, among other things.”

“So, was it Daphne that’s responsible for my currently dripping pussy?” Susan asked innocently as she brought her hand up to seemingly move something from his collar, though it had the added effect of letting him get a whiff of pussy juice on her fingers.

“Ginny.”

“Lucky bitch.” Susan said low, gaze falling to his crotch. They were stopped from any further conversation as Flitwick took his place in the middle of the room. Susan and Daphne seemed to be of one mind that day, as the redhead left him just as thoroughly teased as her blonde friend by the time they finished with the lesson and headed down to lunch. Though this time, he didn’t have another one of his lovers to milk the cum from his cock.

That night, he found himself in a familiar classroom with a familiar partner. Just the two of them. He dodged to the side and fired off a blindingly bright light at the same time as he cast a spell that shaded his own vision. Without hesitating, he fired off a finisher that hit home. There was a dull thud as Fleur went flying into the wall and her wand went tumbling from her fingers. He summoned it before she got up and had the chance to continue.

There was a cute pout on her full lips as she blew her hair from her eyes, “Well zat iz it zen...” She was on her knees, sitting back on her heels. Just the sight of her there made something in him roar.

Moving over to her, he gave her a sympathetic smile, “Don’t worry, Fleur. You’ll have plenty of opportunity to overtake me again.” She’d managed to win just two of their last six duels and so for the first time, he’d taken the lead in their tally.

“I don’t know if it will do me any good, ‘Arry. I zink you’ll only pull away more.” She gave him a bright smile, “Still, if I’m going to lose at least it is to an actual prodigy...”

“I don’t know about that...” he said humbly.

“You might not, but I do. Now, is zere anything you want to do with your victory, mon amour?” She was looking up at him with hooded eyes peachy bum arch out slightly. Her striking blue eyes were dark, as she accused him, “I would almost say it was not fair today, you were terribly distracting.”

"I was terribly distracting?" He said in credulously. The French veela wasn't wearing her normal school uniform. Instead, she was in a stretchy pair of black trousers that hugged her statuesque legs wonderfully. And then there was her shirt which had a deep-v that showed off a tantalizing hint of her impressive cleavage.

"Oui... you smell... delectable." Fleur said low and hot, her voice just above a whisper. "And I want a taste." She leaned forward and pressed her cheek against the bulge of his trousers, "Can I please?" There was something deeply arousing about the normally confident, and haughty, veela asking permission so demurely.

He ran his hand through her silky, silver-blond, "Are you sure?"

She leaned into his touch as she offered him a brilliant, white smile, "I told you, 'Arry. I 'ave been waiting for weeks."

"To kiss me? Didn't you say." he reminded her with a cheeky smile.

"Among ozzier zings, oui. I didn't zink it was worth getting into ze specifics. I 'ave waited a long time to find ze right person... to suck and fuck... and love." She told him as she slipped her fingers beneath the waist of his trousers and pulled them down with a firm yank. Kissing along the pillar of flesh that was pressing against the stretchy fabric of his pants, she cooed low in the back of her throat, "Zey were right. You are going to reshape me... just for you." There was an eagerness in her voice that sent a wave of lust and need right down his spine. "

"Have Orina and Anya been teasing you?"

Fleur wiggled her eyebrows, "I wouldn't call it teasing... just telling me what I can expect. But I do not zink zat's for today, today... I want to taste you. To suck you until you fill my belly wizz your cum." With that she pulled down his pants and unveiled the prize beneath.

Smack! It hit against her cheek with a heavy thud. Gasping with need, she wrapped on silky smooth hand around him and pressed it against her lips, "Hmmm... you smell so good..." She sniffed near the base of his cock, and he watched her eyes flutter shut, "Like you, manly and woody, but not just you... definitely not just you... Merde!" She licked the side of his shaft, eyes boring into his as she savored his flavor.

"Which one of your lover's iz it?"

"Ginny."

Humming low in her throat, she sucked at the base of his cock, where the redhead's creamy cum had been earlier that day, "I will have to taste it right from ze source." He throbbed in her hand, and Fleur giggled, "Do you like zat? Do you like ze idea of me with my tongue buried in ze ginger's tiny cunt?"

"You're..." His breath hitched as she kissed the underside of his cock, and whipped her tongue across his frenulum, "You're joking right? I don't know how I got so lucky that it's even a possibility."

She pulled up and gave him an absolutely wicked smile, "Oh, it's more zan a possibility, 'andsome. It's just a matter of time. But for now..." Finally, she couldn't wait any longer and opened her mouth. With one slow, steady descent she pushed her lips down his impressive length until they were pressed into the base of his cock. Her throat bulged but she did not gag, she barely even choked. *Thank the gods for*

veela. Despite her inexperience, she let her instincts take hold and did an exquisite job of worshipping his cock.

Slowly, she pulled back up until just his cockhead was still in her mouth. Her tongue scraped against the underside of his shaft as she went right back down. Slow steady strokes enveloped every inch of him in beautiful wet heat. Fleur moaned around his girth as her fingers slipped into her own panties.

With every bob of her head, she drove herself closer to a peak as well. She looked up at him pleading with those striking blue eyes. Something, probably that connection in their magic, told him exactly what she needed from him. Cupping her cheek, he whispered soft and loving, "That's so good, Fleur. So perfect. You're my wonderful little cock-sucker."

Schlick. Glugh. Slick. His simple words of praise caused her to go into a frenzy, fucking her face back and forth along his shaft faster and faster. There was a growing pressure in his groin that tightened, harder and harder, ready to snap. But Fleur came first, she whimpered around his shaft as her body shivered around her digits. He watched the lewd display of her beautiful body shaking through its peak.

Voice strained, just on the edge, he asked her, "Do you want my cum?" Somehow, she managed to nod her head with his cock lodged in her throat. Throwing his head back, he felt the cum traveling up his length.

Fleur pulled back until just the spongy dome was in her mouth. The first rope hit her tongue and her eyes rolled to the back of her head. There was a noticeable wet patch on the front of her stretchy trousers as she went through another, fiercer, peak right after the first.

Without meaning to, she let his cock slip from her mouth. A couple ropes ended up covering her angelic face before she managed to latch back on and greedily suck down the rest of his seed. Almost entranced, she cleaned up every drop before she looked up at him, eyes big and vulnerable. One thing he learned was that, more than anything, *veela* wanted the approval and praise of their lovers and he had more than enough of it for his French lover, "It was wonderful, Fleur. You were wonderful. Would you want me to..."

She shook her head, but beamed up at him, "Ze next time, it iz already too close to curfew anyway." Standing she gave him a naughty little smile, "I'll dream about your taste tonight. The way it made me cum... I couldn't 'ave gotten luckier in a lover."

He gave her a kiss on the forehead that made her melt, "Merlin, it's me who's lucky." If the day had proven anything, it was that he had an embarrassment of riches. *Though, maybe all of us have gotten lucky.*

They parted that night with one more kiss. Fleur headed down to the carriage while he made his way to the third floor. When he opened the door, Orina and Anya both looked as though they were the cat that caught the canary. It was Orina who spoke up though, "So, you had... exhilarating day, no?" *Seems like a bit of an understatement.*