

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

-

Summer Lovin'

-

A loud '*CRACK*' echoed out from the nondescript alleyway. A figure clad in marble grey robes smoothed the ruffles of her clothing, dusting away dirt and grime that wasn't actually there.

Turning, sharp grey eyes surveyed their surroundings, searching for any potential threats with a hand on her wand.

Satisfied, Amelia nodded to herself and walked purposely out of the alley and onto the street.

Muggles hustled and bustled around her, going about their business without a care for anyone else. That suited her just fine, the less attention she drew the better.

After a few minutes of walking, making sure to double back and take alternating streets every now and again, she arrived at her destination. The red haired witch was certain no one had followed her and thus the evasive maneuvers were probably unnecessary yet she did them still. You didn't become the Head of the DMLE by taking chances.

Pushing the door open, Amelia was instantly hit with the sound of loud rock music and the scent of stale beer. The inhabitants of the dive bar looked up as she entered. Most simply observed her with curiosity before turning back to their drinks though she did receive a few intense stares from a group of burly men in the corner. She didn't miss the smirks sent her way as they traded jokes between themselves, most likely about how they'd like to bed her.

Amelia ignored them all. A few innuendoes from a group of idiots would hardly fazed her, though if one got a little too brave she wasn't above taking him down a peg. It may

be against the law for her to use magic on a muggle, but there was nothing stopping her from socking one in the jaw.

Assaulting a handsy muggle wasn't why she was there though. Spotting a slightly haggard looking figure at the far end of the bar, Amelia made one more sweep of the bar and walked over.

The dark haired man didn't deign her with even a glance as she approached, simply staring at his drink in front of him. She sat next to him without a word and peered at him with a scrutinizing gaze.

Though his clothes were rough and torn, he was surprisingly clean, with shaggy hair that looked somewhat kept and a beard in a desperate need of a trim. He wore a heavy black denim jacket over his thin frame, one that had more patches than any of the original material. He rolled a curious pinkish wand between his fingers, most of it kept out of sight in his sleeve.

Minutes passed and neither spoke. The man seemed content to stare at his slowly warming ale while Amelia studied every inch of him, searching for a hint of treachery.

Finally, with a sigh Amelia waved down the bartender and ordered. Once her drink was placed in front of her, a rum with a generous helping of coffee liqueur, she turned back to the man and spoke.

"You know possessing a stolen wand is a felony charge."

The dark haired man breathed out a laugh, the noise quiet and devoid of humor. "If you're going to arrest me, then at least make it for a better reason than wand theft." He muttered. "Though I should warn you, Azkaban doesn't have the best track record when it comes to containing me."

Amelia rolled her eyes. "And here I thought freedom would cheer you up Sirius." Taking a thin folder out from within her robes, the auburn haired witch slid it over to her companion.

Sirius took it without a word, opening it with a slight tremble in his hands. As soon as the folder was opened, the black haired man released a shaky breath, his hands clutching

the thin parchment within like a lifeline.

“That’s the official decree that will be sent out via the Prophet tomorrow morning. Even then, try and keep your head down for a few days, yes? Better if the news circulates for a bit. I doubt you want some glory seeking blowhard throwing curses at you in the middle of Diagon Alley just because he forgot to read the morning paper.” Amelia drawled, sipping her drink with a raised brow.

Sirius opened his mouth to say something, snapping it shut a few times before finally responding.

“Yes I- Merlin Amy thank you! This means more than you can imagine!”

Amelia waved him off. “Thank Dumbledore. If it weren’t for him turning over Pettigrew’s body then I highly suspect your case wouldn’t have gotten anywhere, even with my leverage.” Her face turned serious for a second as she leaned in close. “Though if I were you, I’d take some serious precautions security wise. I imagine many of the Dark Lord’s followers would love a chance to take down the last Black.”

Sirius nodded, a perturbed look upon his face. “Way ahead of you. Dumbledore already came up with a few ideas for warding the old Black family townhome. I also got some safehouses lined up for Harry and I.”

Amelia leaned back satisfied. “Good. So Harry will be staying with you?”

“For most of the summer and holidays while not at Hogwarts.” A sour look passed over his face. “Though Dumbledore insists he stays with his aunt and her family for at least a week or two. Enough to recharge whatever wards surround that place. He made sure to stress to Harry that the wards not only keep him safe, but keep Tuney and her lot safe as well.”

Amelia hummed. “And you don’t believe they need it?”

Sirius scoffed and took a heavy swig from his glass, much of the amber liquid disappearing into his mouth. “I don’t think they bloody deserve it after the shite they put Harry through. You know he slept in a cupboard until he was 11? A fucking cupboard! While their fat pig of a son had an entire spare bedroom dedicated solely to his broken

toys! Psh, I say let Tom and his band of misfits have em.”

“I-” Amelia started, her face morphing slowly into an angry scowl. “WHy was the ministry never informed of this?” She ground out.

“Beats me. Dumbledore probably, though if we’re being honest here, would it have really even made a difference?” Sirius grumbled.

Amelia made to retort. A cry of ‘Of course it would have!’ on her lips before she bit the words back. Legally speaking there was little the ministry could have done, and that would have been before Malfoy or any of his ilk stepped in. They could have sent a few aurors to give the Dursley’s a good talking to, but any criminal investigation or actual charges would have to be performed by the muggle police.

But even then, surely the public outcry would have forced Albus to relocate the boy somewhere else right? Amelia scoffed internally at that stray thought. No amount of public outcry could force Albus Dumbledore to do anything he didn’t want to do. She knew the headmaster held no ill will toward Harry, but just because the man’s a good politician and teacher, doesn’t mean he’s a good guardian for a child.

“I suppose you have a point there. I can only hope that his life will be better now that Mr. Potter is an adult. Having a Godfather who cares for him right by his side doesn’t hurt either.” She said with a small smile.

Sirius cracked one right back. “You’re damn right it doesn’t!” He barked with a raise of his glass. “To new beginnings!”

Amelia clinked her glass against his before tipping it back and downing her drink faster than the ex-convict. Sirius stared at her with a look of awe and amusement on his face before shrugging it off with a laugh.

“Another!” He called towards the bartender. “Now Amy... about my old wand...”

-

‘Fuck ‘Mione! Your mum is hot!’

Hermione fought off the annoyed expression that threatened to overwhelm her features.

Daphne was persistent though, prodding her with errant thoughts as she introduced her girlfriends to her parents.

'One more word about my mother and I'll-.'

'Ooo you'll punish me? I think I'd like that love. I've been such a bad girl after all~'
Daphne purred

'I was going to say that I'll ground you from all sex whatsoever.' She growled over their connection. Ignoring her blonde lover's protest, Hermione turned her attention back to her parents as they sat together in the family den.

"...and since little Hermione believed the library's filing system was so horrible, she spent an entire weekend secretly cataloging the entire academia section! Oh I've never seen Mrs. Slater look so angry yet impressed at the same time before!" Emma Granger laughed. From beside her, Dan her husband chuckled along, both adults pristine white teeth shining behind their grins.

"Do you really need to tell every embarrassing childhood story mum?" Hermione winced.

Emma waved her daughter off as she brought her tea cup up for a sip. Her mother was, true to Daphne's words, a very attractive woman. With a lithe body framed by a gentle swell of womanly curves, she cut an elegant figure that was hidden under a baggy sweater and comfortable jeans. Many had said that Hermione would one day grow to be a mirror image of Emma Granger and if she were being honest with herself, Hermione desperately hoped they were right.

"Come now Hermione, don't be so glum! It's not everyday we get to entertain friends of yours, much less girlfriends!" Emma laughed. "I only wish Harry were here as well. You've told your father and I so much about him that we can't help but want to meet this daredevil boyfriend of yours."

"I can't decide whether I'd like to shake his hand for saving your life three years ago, or clock him in the jaw for dating my little girl and two other women." Dan grumbled from his chair.

Emma rolled her eyes at her husband's words but still leaned over to pat his leg soothingly. "Hermione already explained the situation to us dear, and besides! Relationships like theirs aren't so uncommon in our world either, or did you forget about the McDouglasses? You go golfing with Tom and his partner every other week while his wife, Marlene, is at the neighborhood book club with me."

Dan conceded the point to his wife yet still held a slightly disgruntled look on his face.

Susan giggled from her place on Hermione's left, the red head's hand firmly interlaced with her own. "Don't worry Mr. Granger, even in our world people are a bit bewildered by our relationship. It's not as rare, but still considered unconventional. Even my auntie took a bit to get used to it."

Daphne nodded along to Susan's words. "My parents too were a bit perplexed. In all honesty, I believe they're still having some trouble coming to terms with it. It may be hard to understand, but Susan and I both care for your daughter a great deal. You've raised an amazing woman and I feel so very lucky to have met her."

Hermione blushed at Daphne's words, casting her eyes down bashfully as she sent a pulse of affection over their bond. Daphne met it with a warm embrace of her own, the gentle emotions falling over her mind like a cozy blanket.

Across from them, both Granger's smiled at Daphne with approval.

"That's all we can ask dears." Emma replied. Sharing a brief look with her husband, the older Granger woman stood. "Now don't let us old fuddy duddies ruin your day together. We have a date night planned for ourselves anyway."

Hermione stood to give her parents a quick embrace. Her father placed a chaste kiss on her forehead before going to gather his and her mother's coats. Emma watched her husband leave. As soon as he was out of earshot, the older woman embraced her daughter. "We'll be back around nine so for your father's sake, please have all your clothes on by then."

Her mother pulled back with a wink, smirking at Hermione's blazing red face. The bookworm made to respond but at that moment her father chose to return. Emma pulled

away and gave the trio a wave.

“It was lovely to meet you girls! Don’t be strangers!”

With that the elder Granger’s left. It wasn’t until they heard the telltale sound of a car starting and pulling away that any of the girls made a sound.

“Did... did your mom just give us permission to screw?” Daphne laughed with disbelief. From beside her Susan slowly nodded.

“It does seem like she did. Do you think it’s a muggle thing?”

Daphne shrugged, peering out the window in confusion. “No clue. Hermione love, is that a muggle thi- MPFH!”

The blonde was interrupted as Hermione suddenly crashed her lips against hers. She stood unmoving for barely a moment before she melted into the brunette’s kiss. Hermione pulled her in close, both girls wrapping themselves around each other with wandering hands. Daphne breathed a throaty moan into Hermione’s lips as the other girl kneaded her ass roughly.

“Hey! No fair! Why does Daphne get a hot snog first? She’s the one who was making comments about your mum’s arse!” Susan whined, her thighs rubbing together in arousal.

Daphne pulled back from the kiss with a gasp and a moan as Hermione immediately sank her teeth into the blonde’s neck. “Then come over here if you’re so neglected, Bones.”

Susan bit out a ‘hmph!’ and marched over. Daphne smirked as she did so. She knew the buxom Hufflepuff wasn’t really upset, it was more so a game of theirs. Over the recent weeks, her and Susan had developed a sort of competitive roleplay. Nothing serious, it was simply a game of egging the other on into doing more and more kinky acts.

Their game had culminated into various delicious moments, ones that would fuel Daphne’s wet dreams for years to come.

Her musings were cut short as Susan melded into her side, replacing Hermione's lips on Daphne's own and adding her tongue for good measure. All three girls slowly eased back onto the couch, with Susan and Daphne loudly sharing a sloppy kiss and Hermione straddling the blonde's lap while nibbling on her porcelain neck.

None were sure whose clothes came off first. As Susan switched to delve her tongue down Hermione's throat, hands began to pry and strip until all three were a mess of limbs in various stages of undress.

Susan gasped loudly as Daphne yanked her bra down and began to lavish her bare breasts. The heavy globes were flushed red with lust and her pinkish capped nipples crinkled with excitement. Susan's hands reached out desperately, wishing to find purchase somewhere. They found themselves soon gripping onto the blonde's thighs, the plush flesh still covered by the skirt of her belted summer dress. Pushing the material aside, the gasping red head blindly searched out for her lover's heat. Daphne's moan signaled her success as Susan's hand brushed against the girl's wet slit.

'Of course she didn't wear knickers while meeting my parents.' Hermione griped in her mind, a stark contrast to her current position of wrapped around Susan's torso from behind with one hand in Daphne's hair and the other working to unclasp the Hufflepuffs jeans.

Susan's laugh was mixed with a moan as Hermione's hand found purchase. 'We've known our little snake is a major slut for a while now, love.' Susan replied as she slowly eased her finger in and out of the blonde's wet cunt.

Daphne said nothing to her girlfriends' words, too focused on her task of sucking Susan's tits to care. That just wouldn't do.

A muffled scream was ripped from the blonde's lips as Susan added one more finger to her snatch and another delved into her tight ass.

"That's better." Susan purred with a moan, Hermione's fingers having invaded her own pussy just moments ago.

Daphne released the red head's breast with a cry. She wrapped her arms tightly around

Susan's neck, whimpering as her girlfriend's hand wracked her holes with hard thrusts. The strength was slowly sapped from her limbs, each moan and cry of pleasure forcing her to fall deeper against Susan's pillowy chest.

Susan wasn't in much better shape. Hermione's hand was a blur under her waist band, expertly attacking her sopping wet folds with little mercy. Susan clamped her eyes closed in a pleasurable grimace as her body neared its climax. There was nothing the red-head could do to hold off the tidal wave of pleasure that was soon to come. The only thing she could do was increase the speed of her own hand, slamming her digits into her lover's tight holes with reckless abandon in a desperate attempt to send the blonde over the edge as well. Each wet slap earned another pant of ecstasy from the blonde.

Without warning, Susan's legs clamped together around Hermione's hand. The buxom girl heaved a scream of climax as her body tensed and pussy trembled. Daphne was not far behind. The blonde too tensing only moments later as her orgasm wreaked havoc throughout her body. The small area of the couch under them became *soaked* with their juices, the creamy girl-cum practically gushing from both girls' folds.

"Are you still feeling left out Susie?" Hermione whispered into her ear.

Susan could only groan in response, leaning back sluggishly as Hermione nibbled on her lobe.

"Oh I think she feels very much included." Daphne laughed from atop Susan's breasts. The blonde sat up and adjusted her skirt before throwing a smirk Hermione's way. "But we aren't done yet."

Hermione squeaked as both her girlfriends suddenly turned and pushed her backwards. The bookworm landed harmlessly on the plush couch. She was only given moments to adjust herself before the two half-naked beauties descended on her. Hermione gasped in pleasure as Daphne plunged her head between her thighs and began to lap at the brunette's cunt, while Susan swung her leg over Hermione's face, encompassing the girl's head with her thick pale thighs.

The room was once more filled with breathy moans and trembling gasps.

-

“Alright there Harry?” Tonks whispered to him.

“I’m fine.” Harry grumbled, discreetly adjusting his robes to hide the prominent erection within his pants. He swore Daphne was sending him flashes of what was happening at Hermione’s house on purpose. Thankfully the heavy wooden table they sat at hid the motion from view.

Mostly hid it, that was. From across the table Fleur sent a wink his way with a bite of her bottom lip, her eyes flicking down to gesture towards his crotch. The French witch wasn’t alone in her observation either. Harry pointedly ignored the teasing smirk Tonks threw his way after catching sight of the poorly concealed adjustment. The pink haired auror shook with silent laughter as she turned back to the meeting at hand.

From the head of the table, Dumbledore finished explaining the current status of the ministry to those gathered. With Voldemort’s return now firmly revealed to the public thanks to Barty Jr’s capture confession, the several eyewitnesses from the raid of Riddle manor, and Harry’s own confrontation with the mad man during the third task, Dumbledore had thought it prudent to reform his old resistance group from the first war.

Few original members of the Order of the Phoenix remained, with only Remus, Sirius, and the real Moody in attendance today. This wasn’t much of an issue though. With help from Amelia Bones, the Order was secretly bolstered by loyal members of the DMLE, something that would likely be done officially once Fudge was booted from office.

From what Dumbledore had told Harry, the bumbling minister had tried to cover up all evidence of Voldemort’s return. The fool would have much rather kept his head firmly stuck in the sand whilst Death Eaters ran rampant around the country. If it wasn’t for his slip up when trying to have Barty Jr. kissed, then he might have actually succeeded. Thankfully, Madame Bones had ordered the prisoner to be watched closely by she knew she could trust.

It had actually been Tonks who caught the bumbling minister in the act. The idiot had all

but waltzed into the ministry holding area followed by two junior aurors and his pinkish undersecretary. When Tonks had refused to release Crouch Jr. into their custody, the two aurors on Fudge's payroll had stupidly drawn their wands. Both were out like a light before anyone could blink, their unconscious bodies crumpling to the floor thanks to Tonk's extremely quick and precise wand work.

Fudge's screaming tantrum that followed was enough to alert all other aurors in the area to their presence. Madame Bones was alerted only moments later and had promptly flooded over to give both Fudge and his undersecretary a good reaming. The two junior aurors that accompanied them were fired with barely a word.

The entire incident had been leaked to the Daily Prophet the next morning. Bones suspected it was likely one of the many ministry workers who witnessed the event, though something told Harry a certain beetleish journalist had something to do with it.

Either way, the truth was out and Fudge quickly found himself in hot water with no allies to speak of, only his toadish secretary remained. There would without a doubt be a new minister soon, and by the sounds of it, Madame Bones was the top contender.

Well besides Dumbledore, but the old Headmaster has already denied any want for the office.

"If there is nothing further to discuss I believe we can end this meeting here." Dumbledore intined with a searching gaze around the table. "Very well. Please have a wonderful evening everyone. Harry? A moment if I may."

Harry nodded and stood. Pushing in his chair, he allowed the room to clear out a bit first giving those around him room to exit. He waved goodbye to those he knew as they left, once again ignoring Tonks smirking face as she passed.

"Wouldn't think you'd be one to get all hot and bothered by one of Dumbledore's speeches." Tonks teased quietly.

"The Headmaster does have a way with words. Never know, his report next week may have you creaming your knickers." Harry joked back.

Tonks cackled loudly at his words, drawing a few confused looks from other Order

members.

“Mate the day old Dumbles makes me cream my knickers is the day Merlin himself comes back from the dead.” She guffawed. “I’d say tell your girlfriends to cool it a bit during meetings but I doubt you find being bombarded by images of three girls shagging the daylight out of each other very bothersome.”

Harry shook his head with exasperation. “I should’ve never told you about that.” Seeing Dumbledore finish a conversation with Kinglsey Shackbolt, Harry took his leave of the embarrassing conversation. “I’ll see you later Tonks.” He muttered.

Tonks waved him off with another laugh, the metamorph soon joining up with Hestia Jones as she left.

Dumbledore smiled as he saw him approach, the headmaster's famous twinkling eyes coming out at full force.

“I’d ask what Miss Tonks found so humorous, but knowing my former student it is likely to be something quite debauched.” The old wizard acknowledged as he approached. Gesturing for him to sit, Dumbledore eased into his chair at the head of the table with Harry sitting next to him.

Harry smiled with a sheepish laugh. “Yeah you’d be right about that. Usually at my expense as well.”

“Such is her personality I’m afraid.” Dumbledore chuckled. The headmaster was quiet for a few moments, as if he was considering his next words carefully. “Tell me Harry... how are you feeling?”

He regarded the old wizard with a confused expression. “I’m fine I guess? Should I not be?”

Dumbledore shook his head hurriedly. “No my boy, it is good that you are well. I dare say this last year has proven to be splendid for your mood despite the many challenges you faced! No, what I meant to ask was... Are you having any more of your dreams?”

Harry leaned back as he realized what the headmaster wished to know. “None since

before the third task.”

“Good! Very good! And your scar?”

Harry instinctively moved his hand up to rub the bothersome wound. “Nothing too bad. It’s caused a few headaches here and there, but usually my occlumency is enough to keep it at bay.”

Dumbledore nodded with a smile. “You’ve improved much over this last year Harry. I truly am proud of your progress.” Reaching into his robes, the aged headmaster pulled free a worn tome. “I believe you may be ready to explore more advanced forms of magic. This book is one written by my mentor, Nicholas Flamel himself. I helped him pen much of it. While the magic within this book is not intended for dueling, I do believe much of it could prove useful to you in the dark days ahead.”

Harry took the book gingerly from the headmaster’s hands. He gazed at the worn cover with no small amount of awe, staring at the loopy title written by Nicholas Flamel’s own hand.

Curious Collection of Charms: A Compendium of Lost Spells

Hermione was going to be frothing at the mouth for a chance to read this.

“Professor I- Thank you!” He exclaimed.

“Think nothing of it my boy. You have more than proved yourself capable, though I do still urge caution. I would not give you this book if I did not think you were ready, but there are a few spells within that even I would be hesitant to try.”

Harry couldn’t help but feel a bit curious and fearful of whatever spell would cause even Albus Dumbledore to falter.

“I’ll be careful. I promise.” He swore.

Dumbledore smiled. “That is all I ask. Now go, this old man has taken up enough of your time I think.”

Harry quickly stood and said his farewell to the aged wizard, taking extra care not to

damage the gifted book as pocketed it. As excited as he was to read the old tome, the day had been a long one for him with the Order meeting taking up much of the morning and afternoon. He wanted nothing more now than to see his girlfriends, especially after the pornographic images shoved into his mind.

Ascending the stairs two at a time, he intended to quickly stow away the headmaster's gift for the time being and invite his girlfriends over. So distracted was he by this goal, that he failed to notice the figure hidden within a shadowed corner of the stairwell.

He made to yell out in surprise as something suddenly grabbed him from behind, but a hand quickly clamped over his mouth as a familiar soft body pressed against his back.

"Shh mon amour." Fleur whispered in his ear. "We do not want ze ozers to 'ear."

The purr of her accented voice sent shivers down his spine. He relaxed within her grasp, giving her a nod to let her know he understood. He was suddenly spun around and pushed into the corner she occupied moments before.

He watched as Fleur cast a cautious glance over the banister, looking for any signs of passersby that would interrupt them. Seeing nothing, the French beauty turned to him with a smirk. She stalked towards him one agonizingly slow step at a time, her hips swaying with an exaggerated sway.

Harry's eyes remained glued to her approaching figure. She was still dressed in her Gringotts attire. A prim and pressed navy blue blazer paired with a matching blue skirt, the apparel was professional in appearance and yet still hugged her figure in a sinful way. Each step was accentuated by a soft clack of her high heels against the old wooden floors.

As she finally came to a stop in front of him, the blonde raised her hand to meet his face. She idly traced the length of his jaw, her manicured nail grazing the skin. Leaning forward, Fleur pressed a firm kiss to his lips. He responded in kind, pulling her close to him and deepening the kiss with a lustful passion.

Fleur moaned against his lips but just as it began so did it stop, with the blonde pushing him away as she fought to ease her fluttering breath. He looked at her with confusion,

yet she waved away his concerns, pressing herself close to peck his lips one last time

“I am afraid we do not ‘ave much time. Ze Goblins expect me back soon, zough zat does not mean we cannot ‘ave a leetle fun.” She smirked.

Harry watched with excitement as the blonde bombshell slowly eased herself downwards, until she was settled completely on her knees in front of him.

She wasted no time in reaching for his belt, removing the offending leather and pulling the clasp of his pants free with ease just a few moments later. Her fingers worked quickly to dive under the waistband of his boxers. With one firm pull, the french witch freed his straining cock from its denim prison.

“Mmm~ I shall never get used to ze sight of it. Ze taste too is *intoxicating*.” She breathed with a heavy layer of lust.

Harry stifled a groan as she lathered the underside of his cock with agonizingly slow licks. Her tongue explored him from base to tip, never gaining any speed and instead keeping the same consistent teasing pace.

“If we don’t have enough time to have more than a little fun, then how come you have enough to tease me like this?” He gasped. Her tongue had chosen that moment to wiggle against the sensitive area under the tip of his cock.

Fleur looked up at him demurely, those crystal blue eyes of her swimming with desire as she pumped him with her hand.

“You assume I am not willing to make time for ze teasing.” She cooed.

With that, the blonde descended upon him again. Her pouty lips wrapped around the tip of his cock like it was a sucker. Her tongue whirled around the head, sending sparks of pleasure through the sensitive glans. Harry groaned as she alternated between lavishing him with her tongue and sucking harshly, hollowing her cheeks out as bobbed her head up and down his tip at an excruciatingly slow pace.

“Fuck! Fleur please!” He gasped.

Fleur hummed around his cock, the vibrations sending small tinglings up his shaft.

Popping the head free she looked up at him once more.

“Bien, bien. I suppose you ‘ave earned eet, but I will be expecting you to... return ze favor later.” She smirked.

Harry’s response died in his throat as the busty french witch engulfed his cock with one swift movement. She hilted him deep into her throat with no complaints, her nose pressed firmly against his groin.

Fleur stared up at him with her blue eyes twinkling mischievously. With a wink she began to rock her head from side to side, slowly pulling back as she massaged his cock within her throat before swallowing him completely once more.

Harry cursed heavily under his breath. He grasped a tight handful of the woman’s silvery blonde locks in an effort to ground himself from the intense sensations she was causing with her mouth. Fleur in turn gripped his thighs like a vice, digging her nails into his bare flesh and using them for leverage to slam her face onto his member. The loud wet sounds of her throat constricting around his length should worry him. Anyone down below could surely hear the lewd sounds of the french beauty blowing him. Yet Harry, in that pleasure filled moment, could not find it in himself to care.

Fleur seemed to be of the same mind. With every second that passed, her movements became more and more desperate. Drool poured from her filled lips with every violent bob forward.

GLURK GLURK GLURK

The sound reached a crescendo as she brutally fucked her face with his cock. Harry grunted as a familiar pressure began to build. His hold on Fleur’s hair tightened as his end came closer and closer.

“Fleur- Hng I’m gonna cum- Fuck!” He exclaimed through clenched teeth.

Fleur paid his words no mind, keeping her frantic pace as she sucked. Harry couldn’t hold himself back any longer. With a throaty groan he erupted into the blonde’s throat. Fleur moaned as she swallowed every drop of cum that flooded her gullet, sucking loudly to ensure none was wasted. After a few moments, the blonde released his

deflating member with an audible gulp before smiling up at him with a dazzling grin. Harry smiled back with a satisfied sigh.

Neither of the pair noticed the flash of pink hair peeking over the lower banister. Tonks quietly eased her shuddering breaths as she pulled her hands free from her waistband, finger's slick with her own juices. Without a word the metamorph snuck quietly back down the stairs, removing the privacy barrier she erected for the two earlier as she went.

-

Author's Note

We're back baby! I'm excited to continue this series and I hope you all are too! There will be a small interlude of summer chapter's before 5th year begins so stay tuned...

Thanks for reading!