

Standing there absolutely gobsmacked, Harry watched as his two veela lovers spoke with their elder in hurried Bulgarian. *It's a crime that no one has ever thought to invent a translation spell.* But there wasn't so, for the moment he could only sit and listen, none the wiser of what was actually being said.

**"How can he have an allure?"** Anya asked the Matriarch.

The older veela only frowned, none too pleased with her own lack of knowledge, **"I don't know, it is unheard of, even true male veela don't have an allure. If I could, I would take you all back to the Conclave until we can determine exactly what has happened."**

**"That's not possible."** Anya replied tersely. Not only was she aware that there was no way that the British magical government would allow such a thing, but she had no desire to leave for her own part.

**"I know."**

**"I feel nothing. Certainly nothing like I feel when we use ours."** Orina crossed her arms beneath her bust, not entirely convinced that Iliya was right.

**"No,"** Iliya agreed, **"it doesn't seem to be exactly like ours, but it's there. I could feel it when I walked into the room. Though, it disappeared almost as quickly as it came."**

**"Perhaps... perhaps you can just sense his magic."**

**"No, I've lived long enough to know the difference."** Iliya looked over to Harry again, and he fidgeted slightly under her intense gaze, not sure where to look, **"I'd guess it's why I noticed, and you didn't. It's subtle, far more subtle than the allure is unless a veela is entwined..."** That thought brought her up short.

**"Is it a problem?"** Anya asked, glancing over at Harry in concern. While he didn't know what they were saying he could see enough worry in her eyes that he gave her a gentle smile to try and calm her.

**"I don't think so,"** Iliya said, but she clearly wasn't certain. **"You said that there was something unique about the entwinement?"**

**"There was a piece of the Dark Lord's soul attached to his scar."** Anya explained. She'd been careful not to put that particular information in any letters, **"Our magic, or well mine, burned it away. It was... a rather harrowing experience."**

**"Soul magic?"**

**"From what Harry said, yes."** Orina answered looking acutely unhappy with the conversation.

Iliya approached the younger girl and wrapped her in a hug. Pulling away she cupped her cheeks, **"Oh, my lovely girl. There's nothing to worry about. This is just a quirk of magic that we need to understand."** The Matriarch had known both girls since they were just babies and cared for them deeply.

Looking at Harry again, Iliya asked, **"Have you noticed any odd behaviors around you? Since the World Cup? And I don't mean your libido, I've been made aware of that and seen the evidence for myself."**

Anya translated for him, and he ran a hand through his dark hair, "I... suppose. The girls in my life have been very... affectionate." He fought down a blush, as both Anya and Orina snickered, "But it definitely hasn't been every woman or girl I come into contact with like it is with veela and men."

While she preferred to speak in her native tongue, Iliya could speak and understand English well enough to get his point. She hummed at his explanation, "**So, it is unique as the circumstances of your entwinement. How interesting.**" The older veela was very much intrigued by the entire situation.

"It's... I mean I'm not forcing anybody to do anything they wouldn't want to do with this allure, am I?" *That's the last thing I want to do.*

"No," Anya said adamantly, with a shake of her head. His eyes drifted down to her still exposed bosom despite the situation, "Whatever your magic is doing, I can say that we **want** to do everything we've done with you."

"Right," That didn't really convince him. *If it's a result of their magic, of course it wouldn't affect them. I'm more concerned about the other people I'm around.*

"**I believe that she is right. Though, it will take time to find out for sure.**" As Anya translated that for Harry, Iliya looked to Orina, "**It seems that I will need to stay a while longer.**"

"**Yes.**" Orina was hoping for a quick resolution to this but that clearly wasn't going to happen.

"**It would be best if I find more permanent accommodations while I'm here.**" Iliya said, and Orina agreed. The younger veela were looking for a more permanent place themselves, but not everyone was as considerate as Rosmerta.

"**That might not be so simple.**"

"**Perhaps your young man will have a solution.**" Iliya gave a little smile at the light blush that came to Orina's cheeks at the mere mention of the connection between them.

"Harry, Iliya wishes to stay..." He wasn't surprised given that what he'd just heard, "so she can help us understand this unique situation. But she'll need somewhere to stay besides this inn. People take enough notice of two veela, third and Matriarch for that matter, will draw far too much attention."

"Alright," he said slowly, trying to come up with something on such short notice. There was only one place he could think of that he trusted completely, "Dobby."

The diminutive elf appeared silently and looked around the room. When he noticed Orina and Anya's state of undress, he quickly averted his gaze and looked only at Harry. *Such incredibly good manners. Or maybe Dobby's just a prude.* Hiding a snicker at that thought, Harry told his friend, "I need you to take a message to Sirius. I need him to come here to the Three Broomsticks, and don't just pop him into the room. Have him come through the floo." *I don't need the randy bugger ogling either Orina or Anya.*

"Of course, Master Harry." Just as quickly as he appeared, Dobby left. All three of the veela were looking at him expectantly.

"My godfather has more than enough room for you, and I think he could use the company anyway." He told Iliya in particular. Sirius could house the younger veela as well, but Harry didn't like the idea of them living as far away as London where he'd be much harder pressed to sneak out to see them.

With the serious part of the conversation over, at least for the time being, both Orina and Anya dressed. They only needed to wait a few minutes before there was a knock on the door. Harry opened it to find Sirius waiting on the other side with a massive grin on his face, "You do me proud, Harry." He wiped a fake tear from his eye, "Sneaking out to spend time with your lovely ladies!"

Rolling his eyes, Harry pulled his godfather inside. While he wasn't wrong, that certainly hadn't been the reason he snuck out of the castle. "Mind out of the gutter, you old mutt."

"Hey, I'm not old! And I'm not a mutt either!" Whatever else he had to say escaped him as he looked at Iliya. Harry never saw his godfather so entirely lost for words as he just opened and closed his mouth like a goldfish for a few seconds, "Hel...Hello."

The Matriarch looked amused at his reaction, "Hello." Harry hadn't even considered the fact that there would likely be a significant language barrier with the two of them living together. Iliya continued in broken English, far more heavily accented than either of the two younger girls, "Your godson says you would be able to welcome me while I stay in country."

"He did?" Sirius' eyes snapped to Harry.

"There's some... interesting things happening with my magic. And the entwinement. Iliya is helping us figure out what exactly it is and whether or not it's something to worry about." Harry wasn't going to get into the details at the moment. *There'll be time for that later, when we know what's really going on. For now, I just need him to agree.*

Swallowing thickly, Sirius looked back at the beautiful older veela, "Right... then I'd be happy to have you as a guest. If you're helping Harry than you're a good one in my books." He gave the best roguish grin he could muster in the moment, but Harry couldn't help but notice that his godfather actually blushed at the smile he received in return.

"Good," The older veela said simply. Turning to Orina, she offered her a hug, "**I will see you soon. Once I'm settled, we'll take a closer look at your magic... and Anya's.**" She went and hugged the other young woman and then joined Sirius at the door, "I need to get my things."

"Oh no, I can... I can have my house elf get them for you." Harry couldn't hold back a snicker at Sirius' reaction to the Matriarch, and received a glare from his godfather because of it.

Iliya ignored their interaction, "Lead way."

"Of course." Sirius opened the door for them and with that, they left the three lovers alone in the room.

"I'm..." Both Anya and Orina both started to say, but Harry stopped them.

"No, don't you dare. Either of you." Harry had suffered with enough misplaced guilt in his life, from the death of his parents to Sirius' incarceration, "There is nothing to be sorry for. So, there's something strange going on with my magic, that's nothing new. As long as it's not hurting anyone, and I don't think it is, then it's fine. And it's **not** anyone's fault."

Both girls sagged in relief. Anya stepped over to him and hugged against his side, resting her head against his shoulder, "We just... we forced this on you."

“The entwinement?” Orina moved to his other side, and mimicked her friend while nodding against him, “Maybe a little,” he chuckled, “but if I knew it was going to remove the Horcrux, I would’ve done it a heartbeat and damn the consequences. So, I don’t feel one bit hard done by it.”

“She was right,” Orina said, bringing her hand up to trace circles into his chest while Anya kissed gently at his neck, “we chose **really** well.” They shared a laugh at that.

As much as Harry would love to stay there and just spend some time with the two veela, between the conversation and their... activities before that... he knew that he was pressed for time. With a squeeze against both of their hips, he gave a sigh, “I need to get back to the castle.”

Anya pouted, while Orina shook her head against him, “I do. There’s quidditch practice and I’m not sure that I’ll even be able to make it back in time. And if I’m not there, there’ll be questions I’d really rather not answer.”

“Oh, fine.” Anya pushed away from him with a laugh, “But we vill see you soon?”

Kissing the top of Orina’s head, “Promise.” The kisses they gave him before he left nearly broke his resolve but somehow, he managed. He made his way back to Honeydukes and down the tunnel back into the castle.

He reached the pitch for practice with two minutes to spare. Though Gwenog made sure to tell him, “I expect the team captain to be here sooner.”

Not one to argue with his coach, he just nodded, “It won’t happen again.” He pointedly ignored the smirk on Ginny’s face as he joined his teammates.

---

“Son of a...” Harry cursed as a stinging jinx struck his hand. He managed to keep a hold of his wand despite the pain and fired back with a silent spell of his own, though it splashed harmlessly against a shield.

Sue dropped the shield and looked properly peeved with him, “You’re distracted.” It was just the two of them in an old, unused classroom. They’d been using the same room for weeks as they practiced. The desks were all pushed to the side to give them more than enough room.

“No, I’m not.” Harry countered, and the refusal didn’t sound honest even to him. He didn’t want it to be true, but he was distracted. He had been ever since going to Hogsmeade and meeting Iliya a few days prior. Despite his best efforts he couldn’t stop thinking about the simple idea that he had an allure of some kind. *But I’ve seen no evidence of it. No one is acting any differently around me than usual, trying their damndest to impress me, or falling all over themselves just to get near me.*

He’d even tried to apply some occlumency to keep himself focused but his rudimentary knowledge of the art wasn’t enough to allow him to fully manage it. Sue frowned and took a step toward him, “No, you’re distracted. I’ve landed more hits on you in the last twenty minutes than I have in the last month.”

“Maybe you’re just getting better.” He offered with a small smile.

“I know I am.” She said confidently, and it was true. They’d both improved significantly between the dueling team and their own personal practice, “But as I’ve improved, so have you. Even faster than me

in fact.” Sue didn’t particularly like admitting that fact, but there was no point in denying when someone was better than you.

“I’m fine. I promise.” He insisted, more to himself than to her.

Sue stared at him for a long moment, her dark eyes boring into him, “Fine then. Again?”

“Again.”

She took one step back and fired off a spell without any warning. He brought a shield up to catch it effortlessly. Magic in general was becoming easier with each passing week. They traded spells again and again and again. The room was filled with brightly colored lights as they dipped and dodged and shielded.

Harry tried his best to focus on the moment, but despite his insistence that he was fine. His mind wasn’t fully on the moment, and Sue knew it too. And she had every intention of taking advantage of that fact.

Closing the distance between them, she used her nimbleness and his distraction to force him on the defensive. Each spell she fired off was more aggressive, more powerful as she threw everything she could muster into the fight.

Panting with effort, Sue ducked one of his spells and rolled forward so that she was mere inches from him. The tip of her wand glowed a bright red just next to his temple, and gifted as he was, even he couldn’t avoid a spell from point blank range. As the red light touched him, his world went black.

He didn’t know how long he was unconscious, but what he did know was that when he came to, there was a weight pressed against his chest. Sue looked down at him with dark eyes, her knees on either side of him. She had a satisfied smile on her face, and he thought he understood why, “Congratulations. You did say that you were going to beat me this year.”

“I did,” She agreed, she was still trying to catch her breath from the exertion, “Though I would’ve preferred if I’d managed it when you were **focused**. Especially considering it took me trying my absolute hardest to manage it.”

“Still, you beat me all the same.” Harry tried to push up slightly but she pushed down with her bum and forced his chest against the floor. While her legs were lithe, there was some solid strength there. “Sue?” She lightly ground her hips against his chest, and he could feel a small damp patch forming where her crotch was pressed against him

“You have no idea how much I’ve been dreaming about this.” Sue told him, her voice low and excited, she grabbed at the hem of her skirt and leaned back to show him that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. She had a tantalizingly tiny pussy with small lips. It was bright pink against her porcelain skin and dripping in anticipation. Her mound was bare and puffy and looked baby smooth. There was a strand of her arousal connecting her to his shirt, “I’ve soaked every pair of knickers I own thinking about you, Harry.”

As enticing as that sight was, Harry couldn’t help the doubt that entered his mind. She took the glint of arousal in his eye as a good sign and ran her hand through his dark hair, “I was thinking maybe you’d reward me... for my first victory. Only if you want to, of course.”

“Sue... I don’t think...”

“Am I not pretty enough?” Sue asked him suddenly, and he could only quirk an eyebrow at that question, “I saw you... with the girl at Sprintwitches. She was... stunning.” She blushed prettily at his look, and she squirmed against his chest at the mere memory, “I understand if you don’t want to...after being with her.”

“You’re beautiful, Sue,” Harry insisted, not entirely sure how he’d found himself in this situation. *Let this be my final lesson in fighting while distracted, for Merlin’s sake.* Reticent as he was, Harry couldn’t help but acknowledge there were worse places to end up after losing a duel. If it weren’t for his concern regarding **his allure**, there was a good chance that he’d already be tongue deep in her quim.

“Then do you just not like me?” Sue asked, her earlier eagerness replaced by uncertainty and insecurity. “I thought...” With an embarrassed shake of her head, she tried to push off of him but he stopped her by hooking his arms around her thighs, “Please, let me up.”

“I like you, Sue.” Harry told her, looking up with earnest eyes, “I’ve always liked you, even when I didn’t know you that well.” Given the oddness that had become his love life, he didn’t give any thought to the fact that she’d seen him with another girl, and it had only made her want him more.

“But I’ve still clearly read this wrong.” She said wiggling in his grip, but unable to break free. He was still quite a bit stronger than her, “I couldn’t fancy you more if I tried, I was hoping you felt the same.”

“Who says that I don’t?” Harry asked pulling her closer to his face, “This is quite sudden though.”

“Not for me,” she whined, “I’ve been thinking about it non-stop since the start of term.”

“And how long did you like me before that?” Harry asked, blowing lightly at the inside of her thigh, “Or has it only been since the start of this term?” If he was going to do this, he was going to see if he could learn anything about the unique circumstances he found himself in. *Not that it’ll be a hardship to eat such an exquisite little pussy.*

“I... uh... I’ve always liked you... I suppose.” Sue admitted, her own hands coming up to skim across her bust as she panted with need, “You were cute in first year, and only grew more handsome since. And you were always sweet, and kind and polite and ... well a very good duelist.”

“Well, thank you.” Harry said with a smile, pulling her so that she was directly over his face. He didn’t go straight for her dripping slit, instead kissing at the inside of her thigh and pulling a wanton whimper from her in the process. *Well, I suppose it’s good to know that I’m not creating these feelings in girls from nothing. Or at least not in Sue’s case.*

“You’re... um you’re welcome. Do you think you could... please.” Her eyes were shut, as though simply looking down at him would set her off. However even if she looked down, she wouldn’t see him anymore because he was covered by her skirt. The muscles beneath his fingers were quivering as she stopped herself from simply forcing her leaking slit against his mouth.

“I’m sorry, what was that?” he teased her, blowing on her other thigh. He wanted her to ask him, explicitly for what she wanted.

“Please... eat my pussy?” she asked him quietly, as though she was embarrassed by her own desperate neediness.

“Well, if you’re going to ask so nicely.” Harry unhooked his arms from around her thighs and slid them beneath her skirt to her bare, perky bottom. Her lovely cheeks were firm and smooth, and wonderfully tight as his fingers sank into the flesh and he pulled her against his mouth.

The second he touched her swollen lips with his mouth, she gasped like all the air had been taken from her lungs. Her taste was lovely, like ginger and rose, and she was dripping against his chins as she started grinding herself against him.

Harry had no intention of being a motionless bystander as she chased her pleasure though. His tongue flicked out and delved deep between her folds, “Oh... Merlin, yes!” Her voice was deep and guttural, before she squealed in a pitch that might have broken glass. Luckily for him, he was trapped between her thighs. The velvety skin pressing against his ears on either side of his head.

Her hole was pulling at his tongue like it was a cock, trying to milk him as he swished and flicked it against every sensitive inch of her tunnel he could reach. Her fingers dug into his hair and pulled hard, “Don’t stop... Don’t stop...”

*Like I have any intention of stopping.* No, if this is what she’d been dreaming about, then he was going to fulfill it and then some. Holding her in place, he made her stop squirming and his lips latched on to her clit. Her little bundle of nerves was no bigger than a pinky tip and only just peeking out from beneath her hood. When he flicked his tongue against the sensitive nub, her whole body shook like a leaf.

The grip on his hair became tight enough to hurt but he didn’t care. Her essence dripped down his chin to his neck as he lapped and licked at her heat. Every wiggle pulled another whimper or gasp from her “Oh...oh... oh!” With another loud cry, she came. A small squirt of her juice splashed out of her spasming slit as she writhed and shuddered. She squeezed him between her thighs, but he never let up as she rode through her peak.

Still twitching in the aftershocks, he kept licking lightly at her delicious tunnel as she pushed her skirt out of the way and looked down at him with adoring eyes, “That... that was amazing.” She’d pulled her shirt open, revealing her big, soft tits encased in a bright blue bra. His cock throbbed in his trousers, but this wasn’t about him.

*Oh, sweet girl... you think we’re done.* Without any warning, he started devouring her again. She threw her head back, as her eyes rolled to the back, “Holy hell... so... sensitive.” His tongue was relentless, and it became almost painful for her as she whined sinfully. Every noise he pulled from her was music to his ears and only made him work harder to pull the next one from her.

Then he did something he knew she wasn’t expecting. *I swear, parseltongue sometimes feels like cheating.* “Fuck!” The usually quiet girl couldn’t stop the lewd gasps and curses that escaped her mouth as his tongue started vibrating and flicking with inhuman speed and dexterity.

He ate her to another orgasm and then another. At first, she was begging for more but by the time he’d pushed her through her fourth consecutive peak she was almost crying from the his attentions to her oversensitive sex, “Please... please stop... I can’t take anymore... too fucking good.”

With one final kiss right to her still fluttering lips, he pulled away and looked up at her. Sue pushed off of him and almost collapsed at his side but managed to keep herself up with weak arms. She looked at him like he was something out of a fantasy, adoring and stunned in equal measure. Giving her a roguish grin, he asked, "Good as you dreamed it would be?"

"Better..." she chuckled, "better by ... I don't even know. That was... divine."

Harry was incredibly proud that he'd quite literally blown the stunning Ravenclaw's mind. He hopped up off the floor and licked his lips to get one last taste of her lovely essence before he cleaned himself up.

Sue's legs were unsteady as he helped her up. He helped her button up her blouse as her fingers were still shaking slightly. When she was completely dressed again, he leaned down the small distance between them to give her a kiss, "What do you say to another duel? Something tells me I could beat you right now even if I was distracted."

"Prat." Sue said and smacked his chest, but the small smile she gave him told him she didn't really mean it, "I think I should head back to Ravenclaw Tower that... well it took a lot out of me." She blushed prettily at the admission, and he found it adorable, "Would you walk me back?"

"Try and stop me." He offered her his arm, and she took it with a shy smile. Even after what they'd just done, he doubted there was any getting rid of that part of her... and he didn't want to either.

As they made their way through the corridors toward the Ravenclaw Tower, Harry decided that he wasn't going to worry himself too much about what exactly his entwined magic was doing. *Because at this point, I'm living the dream of most teenage boys. It's hard to look at that as anything other than a gift.*