

Chapter 10

The morning of the Yule Ball, Harry and Fleur made their way down to the Great Hall hand in hand. As soon as they entered, he noticed the stares from the vast majority of the room as they muttered to their neighbors. Even as he turned his back to the rest of the hall and sat down next to Hermione, he could feel their stares like a weight on his shoulders.

“Do I even want to know why they’re all staring at me?” he asked her quietly.

Wordlessly, Hermione handed him her copy of the daily prophet. Next to him, Fleur leaned into him to read over his shoulder.

Harry Potter Forced to Compete in Deadly Tournament by Rita Skeeter

What followed was Hermione’s well written article about how he had been entered into the Triwizard Tournament without his knowledge, and then forced to compete. Towards the end of the article, Hermione became very critical of the Ministry for using a magical artifact as powerful as the Goblet of Fire to ensure students couldn’t back out of such a deadly tournament. She also had a go at them for inviting dozens of students from each school, only to have one of them compete. Hermione suggested that, instead of bringing back a tournament known for its death toll, they should have created a new one. One that would allow the majority of visiting students to compete in a much safer environment.

“It’s a great article, Hermione. And I really like your idea of holding academic, dueling, and Quidditch tournaments instead of one three-person tournament, but do you think it will help?” Harry asked.

“I think so,” she said. “Susan Bones came over to ask me if it was true. From what she said, it seems like most people don’t know the Goblet forces you to compete or lose your magic.”

“Well, I don’t suppose it can make things any worse,” Harry said.

As he loaded up a plate, Fleur suddenly placed a hand on his chin, lifting his head up. Just as he opened his mouth to ask her what she was doing, she bent down and kissed him heatedly. Because of his surprise, he barely had time to react before she pulled back and looked over her shoulder. Following her gaze, he saw the Head Boy, Roger Davies, gaping at her before he glared angrily at Harry and stalked off back to the Ravenclaw table. The hall broke into hushed whispers as anyone who didn't know he was dating Fleur was left without any doubt.

"Sorry," Fleur said. "I'm just tired of being ask to zhe ball. I 'ave told Roger several times I 'ave a date, but 'e keeps asking me."

"Well, I'm pretty sure he knows now," Hermione said with a giggle. "And everyone else, for that matter."

"Bon," Fleur said. "Maybe zhey weel leave me alone."

"What's everyone staring at?" Ron asked sleepily as he sat down across from Harry and began loading his plate high with food.

"Some of zhe boys are upset I am going to zhe ball wiz 'Arry," Fleur said with a smirk before turning to kiss Harry on the cheek.

"You're going with *her*!" Ron shouted and gaped, realizing for the first time Fleur was sitting at the table.

"Oui, 'e is," Fleur said proudly.

"Bloody hell!" Ron exclaimed, still gaping at Fleur.

Harry could feel Fleur growing uncomfortable from the way Ron was gawping at her as if he had never seen a girl before. He was about to say something, but Hermione beat him to it and kicked him, hard, under the table.

“Blood hell, Hermione,” Ron complained as he rubbed his shin. “What was that for?”

“You’re staring,” she hissed at him with a frown. “And stop swearing.”

“Could have just said something,” he grumbled.

“Do you ‘ave a date to zhe ball?” Fleur asked.

Under the table, Harry took her hand and gave it a squeeze, grateful that she was making an effort to talk with his friends.

“Er, n-no. Not yet,” Ron admitted hesitantly.

“Oh, well, zhere ees steel a leetle time, oui?” Fleur asked.

“I ‘spose,” Ron said quietly, his face taking on a thoughtful look.

Harry noticed the speculative looks he was giving Hermione and prayed to Merlin that he wasn’t planning to ask her to the ball. Hermione noticed the looks as well and gripped his knee under the table. They had talked about how to tell Ron before, but neither of them could come up with a way they thought would work. Ron was a good friend most of the time, but as they had witnessed earlier in the year, he had a jealous streak the size of a Quidditch pitch. Neither of them knew how he would react to Harry not only dating Fleur, the most desirable girl in the school, but Hermione as well. They had planned to tell him after the ball, but it looked like Ron wasn’t going to let them wait that long.

“Hey, Hermione. You’re a girl,” he said.

“Oh, well spotted,” Hermione bit back sarcastically.

Harry grabbed her hand and gave it a squeeze trying to keep her calm. Ron and Hermione got along most of the time, but when they fought, they really did bring out the worst in each other. Hopefully, he could keep her from going off at him and making things worse than they needed to be.

“Well, you can come to the ball with me,” he said. “I mean, it’d look pretty bad if we both went without dates.”

Harry, who willingly admitted he still had no clue about girls, knew this was probably the single worst way to ask someone on a date. Hermione gripped his hand painfully under the table as she trembled with anger.

“For your information, someone’s already asked me to the ball,” Hermione hissed, her face turning red.

Ron stared at her, then scoffed and smiled.

“Yeah right,” he said. “Fine, I know you’re a girl. Will you come to the ball with me now?”

Harry couldn’t blame Fleur for staring at him as if he was a slug. Or, for Hermione glaring as if she wanted to hex him into next week. Even he was bristling with anger at the way Ron was treating her so dismissively, as if no one would find her attractive enough to ask her to the ball.

“I told you, I already have a date!” Hermione hissed.

“Oh, yeah?” Ron asked skeptically, his arms folded over his chest. “Who?”

“For your information, Harry asked me to the ball,” she said acidly. “And I said yes.”

“Oh, come on,” Ron said with a smile. “Harry just said he’s going with Fleur. You can’t be going with him. Just admit you don’t have a date so we can go together.”

Hermione glared at him, her face turning a deep red from her anger. Harry decided to step in before either of them said something they would both regret.

“I did ask her,” he said.

Ron snapped his head over to stare at him with a furrowed brow for a moment before smiling.

“Good joke, Harry.” he said.

“Eet’s not a joke.” Fleur said, still angry at him on Hermione’s behalf. “‘Arry eez taking boz of us to zhe ball.”

“They got you in on it, too?” Ron asked with a chuckle.

“You are such an ass!” Hermione yelled as she jumped to her feet.

Grabbing her bag, she slung it over her shoulder and stomped out of the Great Hall.

“What’s wrong with her?” Ron asked.

Fleur looked at him like he was the dumbest person she had ever met, and even Harry had to shake his head.

“We should go check on ‘er,” Fleur said.

Nodding, Harry stood and helped Fleur to her feet. As they left the Great Hall, he pulled the Marauder's Map out of his pocket.

"She's going up," Harry said.

Together, he and Fleur followed her up to the seventh floor. He put the map away as he watched her footsteps disappear when she reached the entrance to the Room of Requirement. When they walked in the door only a minute behind her, they found the room looking exactly like her house again.

"Ermione?" Fleur called out.

When she didn't answer, they started searching the house. Not finding her on the first floor, they went upstairs. After looking into the first couple of rooms only to find them empty, Harry opened the second door on the right. Inside the room, which had floor to ceiling bookshelves along the right-hand wall, and a large desk on the left, he found Hermione curled up on the bed in the middle of the room. Although she was turned away from him, he could hear her sobbing quietly.

"Hermione?" he called out quietly.

Harry hesitated, not sure what to do. Fleur brushed past him and sat down next to Hermione, her hand gently stroking her hair.

"Are you okay, mon ami?" she asked.

"Why does he have to be such a git?" Hermione asked.

"Because 'e eez a boy," Fleur answered with a smile.

Hermione snorted, and Harry was glad to hear she had stopped crying. Walking over to the bed, he sat down just as she sat up and hugged her knees.

“Sorry,” she said. “I know I shouldn’t let him get to me. It’s just...”

“It’s alright, Hermione,” Harry said as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders. “He was a complete tosser the way he asked you to the ball.”

“Oui,” Fleur said. “I don’t know ‘ow you can be friend's wiz ‘im.”

“He’s not usually that bad,” Hermione said. “It’s just, sometimes he can be so insensitive. I mean, he made it sound like he was taking pity on me because no one could possibly want to ask me to the ball.”

Harry rubbed her back soothingly as he heard the anger in her voice growing.

“‘Arry and I want to go wiz you. Eet doesn’t matter what anyone else zhinks,” Fleur said loftily.

“I know,” Hermione said, wiping her eyes.

Smiling, Fleur leaned in and kissed Hermione softly. When they broke apart, Harry did the same, his hand coming up to cup her cheek. When he pulled back, Hermione finally smiled.

“At least you noticed I’m a girl,” she said teasingly.

“Hard not to,” he said with a smile. “How ‘bout we go to Hogsmeade until we need to get ready for the ball?”

“Okay,” she said.

Together, the three of them put on their heavy cloaks and took a carriage to Hogsmeade. Both Harry and Fleur focus on cheering Hermione up as much as possible. Harry even took her to Scrivenshaft's Quill Shop, where they spent a good two hours looking at books. Eventually, Hermione picked out five she wanted to buy out of the score she had been browsing. Harry insisted on paying, which earned him a kiss on the cheek as they left the store.

Fleur, because of her love of charms, dragged them into Dervish and Banges to browse the shelves. Hearing the way she talked about how magical items were made, and the enthusiasm she had for Enchanting, he found himself growing more and more interested in the subject.

After spending another hour walking around the quaint, snow covered village, they made a quick stop at Honeydukes before going to the Three Broomsticks for a late lunch. By the time they were done, the girls were ready to head back to Hogwarts to start getting ready for the Yule Ball. Harry was not sure why they needed four hours to get dressed, but he was at least wise enough not to ask.

Fleur insisted on helping Hermione get ready and had her fetch her robes and bring them back to the Beauxbatons' carriage. Promising to meet them later in the Entrance Hall, Harry decided to relax in the common room until it was time to get ready.

Unfortunately, the moment he stepped through the portrait he was forcibly reminded of his earlier troubles when he noticed Ron sitting on the sofa. As much as he wanted to ignore everything until the ball was over, he knew that if he didn't deal with it now, there was a very good chance of Ron doing something stupid later.

"Hey Ron," Harry said as he sat down on the other side of the couch.

"Hey," Ron said, looking up from his copy of Quidditch Weekly. "Where's Hermione?"

"She's getting ready for the ball with Fleur," he said. "Listen I think we need to--"

“Hey, Harry?” Ginny interrupted.

“Yeah?” he asked, fighting back a sigh.

“Have you seen Hermione?” she asked.

“She’s with Fleur getting ready for the ball,” he told her.

“Shoot,” Ginny said, running a hand through her hair. “I was hoping she could help me with my hair.”

“What d’ya need help with your hair for?” Ron asked. “You’re too young to go to the ball.”

“Because I, unlike you, have a date,” Ginny said with a glare.

“What? Who?” Ron asked loudly, his ears turning red.

“Neville asked me,” she said gloatingly.

“Neville!?” Ron sputtered.

“I don’t think Hermione will be back before the ball, but you could try asking Lavender,” Harry interrupted, hoping to head off another argument.

“That’s a good idea, thanks, Harry,” Ginny said.

With one last glare at Ron, Ginny turned and walked off towards the stairs leading to the girls’ dorm.

“Bloody hell, even my little sister has a date,” Ron said grumpily as he slumped in his seat.

“Have you asked anyone?” Harry asked.

“I asked Hermione,” he grumbled.

“I mean besides her,” Harry said.

“Er, not exactly,” he admitted.

Shaking his head, Harry looked around the room. Maybe if he could find Ron a date, he wouldn't feel so jealous when he saw him with Hermione. Eventually, his eyes landed on Parvati, a pretty Indian witch with a thin figure and nice curves. Without a word to Ron, he levered himself to his feet and walked over to her.

“Hey, Parvati?” he asked.

“Oh, hi Harry,” she said with a friendly smile.

“Listen, do you have a date for the ball?” he asked.

“No, but aren't you going with Delacour?” she asked curiously.

“Yeah, but I'm not asking for me,” he said. “I was wondering if you would go with Ron.”

A thoughtful look crossed Parvati's face as he looked over his shoulder at the gloomy red head.

“Why doesn't he just ask me?” Parvati asked.

“Well, he’s really nervous,” Harry told her. “He said he has trouble talking to pretty girls.”

“Really?” she asked, smiling prettily.

“Yeah,” he said. “You know, there nothing that says you can’t ask him to the ball.”

“I don’t know,” Parvati said thoughtfully. “That doesn’t really sound romantic.”

“Er, I guess not.” Harry said. “But you could always tease him about it later.”

Harry had meant it as a joke, but Parvati’s eyes lit up and she let out a short giggle.

“It would make a good story,” she admitted. “Alright, I’ll go ask him.”

As she walked over towards Ron, Harry crossed his fingers and prayed Ron wasn’t stupid enough to turn her down. Not only would he feel like a berk for putting her in that situation, but Parvati was also one of the prettiest girls in the school. Ron would have to be a fool to turn her down.

“Hey, Ron,” Parvati said.

“Oh, um, hey,” Ron said nervously.

“So, I heard you don’t have a date for the ball yet.” she said

“Uh, no,” Ron said, his ears slowly turning red.

“Good, then you can take me,” Parvati said happily. “Meet me here at quarter to seven.”

Ron gaped at her, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. Before he could make a sound, Parvati dashed out up the stairs excitedly, presumably to get ready for the ball and tell Lavender the news. Harry gaped at her before breaking out into a hearty laugh. Parvati hadn't so much as asked Ron as she had ordered him to go with.

“I-she-what?” Ron asked, looking lost.

“Looks like you got a date to the ball, mate.”

“Yeah-yeah, I do, don't I.” Ron said, puffing up his chest. “She must really want to go with me if she's the one asking.”

Harry snorted quietly at his friend's reasoning but didn't say anything. As long as Ron had a date to distract him from him and Hermione, that was all he cared about.

“Just imagine the look on Hermione face when I show up to the ball with a date and she doesn't,” Ron said almost gleefully.

“Ron, I'm going with Hermione.” Harry said.

“Yeah, yeah, jokes over,” Ron said, waving him off. “You wanna play some chess?”

Sighing, Harry sat down on the couch as Ron pulled out the old, battered chess board. It was really annoying that Ron didn't believe him again, but he didn't want to start fight over it. Ron would learn he was telling the truth soon enough. He just hoped it didn't ruin their friendship. Still, while Harry didn't want to lose his oldest and closest male friend, he wasn't going to give up Hermione to appease him. He would just have to deal with it when the time came. There probably wasn't much he could do to convince Ron in the meantime, anyways.

After spending three hours relaxing in the common room, Harry and the rest of Gryffindor's male population went up to their dorms to get ready for the ball. While he got dressed in the fancy robes Mrs. Weasley had helped him pick out, Ron bemoaned the maroon travesty he was forced to wear. Harry helped him cut off the ridiculous frilly lace, which helped a surprising amount. Leaving Ron to finish plucking stray white threads from his robes, he headed down to the Great Hall to meet Fleur and Hermione.

Arriving a few minutes early, Harry spent a few minutes talking with Cedric as he waited. Cedric was going with Cho, who looked quite pretty in her white, Chinese robes. While they were talking, Krum arrived with an older brunette from Hufflepuff whose name Harry couldn't remember. Finally, just a few minutes before seven o'clock, Fleur and Hermione arrived.

Harry, who had expected them to come in through the front door, didn't notice them as they reached the top of the grand staircase behind him. The first he knew something was going on was when everyone suddenly stopped moving and went completely silent. Turning around to see what was happening, he too stopped and stared.

Fleur smiled smugly as she descended the stairs in her tight silver dress. The shimmering fabric flowed like water over her hourglass curves, and the neck was just low enough to show a hint of cleavage. A slit in the right side of her dress ran from ankle to the top of her knee, giving the crowd a tantalizing glimpse of her sinfully long legs.

Next to her, Hermione bit her lip nervously as she carefully walked down the steps. Her dress was a crimson halter top, leaving her smooth shoulders bare and hugging her body just as tightly as Fleur's. While her dress covered more of her skin than Fleur's, the light, flowing fabric accentuated her figure perfectly.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs, Harry was left utterly speechless.

"I think we broke 'im, mon ami," Fleur said causing Hermione to laugh.

Harry jerked back to life, realizing he looked like an idiot with his mouth gaping open.

“Wow. You two look incredible,” he said.

“Merci.” “Thank you,” they said together.

Smiling broadly, Fleur linked her arm through his right, while Hermione took the left.

“Champions!” McGonagall suddenly called out.

As they walked over to where Professor McGonagall stood next to the door of the Great Hall, Cedric looked over and gave him a cheeky smile.

“Two dates, Potter?” he asked.

“Believe it or not, it was their idea,” Harry replied.

Cedric shook his head with a smile as they came to a stop just in front of McGonagall.

“Mr. Potter,” she said.

Giving a weary sigh, she beckoned him over with a finger. Cursing in his head, Harry led Hermione and Fleur over to her.

“Which of these ladies is your date?” McGonagall asked.

“Er, both of them, Professor.” Harry said.

“And they’re both aware of that?” she asked with a raised brow.

“Well, they are now,” Harry said.

His cheeky response earned him a glare from McGonagall, a smack on the chest from Hermione, and a giggle from Fleur.

“Mr. Potter do you go out of your way to make my job as difficult as possible?” McGonagall asked sternly.

“You know me Professor, this stuff just sort of happens.” Harry said with a shrug.

“Oh, very well,” she said with a weary sigh. “You and Ms. Delacour will have to do the opening dance together. Ms. Granger can join you after that.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said.

Waving them off, Harry, Fleur, and Hermione took their place at the back of the line and waited for the door to open.

“You don’t think she’s disappointed in us, do you?” Hermione asked nervously.

“No, I think she’s just annoyed I’m not doing things normally again,” he told her.

Before they could talk any further, the doors to the Great Hall swung open and McGonagall waved them in. Hermione gasped in awe at the decorations making it look like a winter wonderland.

As expected, the three of them drew the vast majority of the stares and whispers. Hermione tightened her grip on his arm and blushed at the attention. Trying to ignore the butterflies in his stomach, Harry led them over to the Champions’ table and pulled out chairs for them one at a time.

With the exception of being forced to listen to Percy drone on about his job, dinner was quite enjoyable. Of course, they got quite a few questions about their relationship from Cho, and Krum's Hufflepuff date, Sara Lewis. Fortunately, both girls were quite kind in their comments, and congratulated all three of them.

After dinner, Harry nervously opened the ball with Fleur. After all of the dancing lessons for both her and Hermione, he managed to avoid stepping on any toes, but he did miss a couple of steps. Once the dance floor began to fill up, and they were no longer the center of attention, he was able to relax and enjoy himself. Fleur was completely unfazed by the stares she was receiving and smiled brightly as she moved effortlessly around the dance floor.

Once the first dance was over, Hermione took Fleur's place. Hermione seemed just as nervous as he had, but quickly relaxed as they fell into a comfortable rhythm. When Fleur came back after his dance with Hermione, she surprised both of them by grabbing Hermione and twirling her around. Harry laughed at the surprised look on her blushing face.

"I'll go get us drinks," Harry yelled over the music.

While getting a glass of punch, Harry looked around for Ron. He found him just as Parvati was forcibly dragging him out onto the dance floor. With a pale face and an apprehensive look, Parvati patiently guided him through the movements. Harry chuckled as he watched his friend stumble and bumble his way across the dance floor. When Ron caught his eye, he mouthed 'Help me' over his date's shoulder. Smiling, he gave his friend a wave and turned away. A few minutes later, Hermione and Fleur joined him at the refreshments table, looking flushed and pleased.

"Have fun?" he asked, handing them each a glass of punch.

"Oui," Fleur said, kissing him on the cheek.

"It was fun, I just people would stop staring," Hermione said.

"It's your fault for looking too beautiful in that dress," Harry said.

Hermione slapped his arm lightly but smiled happily at the compliment.

"Granger, Beautiful? You need to get your eyes checked, Potter," Malfoy sneered.

Behind him, Crabbe and Goyle laughed. Next to Malfoy, Parkinson gave them a disgusted look.

"Go away, Malfoy," Hermione said. "No one here cares about your worthless opinion, and we have better things to do than listen to your pathetic insults."

Malfoy ignored her and stared at Harry, his eyes glittering maliciously.

"Bringing the Mudblood is bad enough, but bringing the creature, too? Just when I thought you couldn't possibly sink any lower." he sneered.

Harry clenched his fists angrily and made to step forward, but Hermione stopped him.

"Harry, don't. It's what he wants," she whispered to him.

While she was busy holding him back, Fleur stepped forward. Thrusting her glass forward, she threw her drink right in his face. Pansy shrieked and jumped away while Malfoy wiped his face. With his eyes covered, he didn't see Fleur raise her right hand. The moment he looked up at her with a furious glare, she swung her arm and slapped him so hard across the face it sounded like a thunderclap. She hit him with such force that Malfoy's head whipped around, and he stumbled to keep upright. A bright red handprint quickly began forming on his pale cheek.

"You bitch," Malfoy growled, reaching for his wand.

Harry didn't know where she hid it, but Fleur had her wand out in a flash, the tip pressed under his chin. Malfoy face went from anger to fear in a split second as he found himself at the mercy of a furious Fleur Delacour.

"What is the meaning of this?" McGonagall asked as she pushed her way through the crowd that had gathered to watch.

Behind her, Madam Maxime followed behind her, her eyes narrowed.

"Professor, she hit me," Malfoy said, pointing at Fleur.

Fleur scoffed and gave him a disgusted look.

"He called me a creature, and 'Ermione a Mudblood,'" she said.

"It's true, Professor," Cedric suddenly spoke up. "Cho and I heard him. Harry and his dates were minding their own business when Malfoy started insulting them."

Madam Maxime glared down at Malfoy and stepped up until she was towering over him.

"We weel speak to your 'Eadmaster about zhis," she said angrily.

Reaching down, she grabbed Malfoy by the ear and strode off. Malfoy had to practically jog to keep up with her long strides.

"Ow, let go of me!" Malfoy yelled. "Wait until my father hears about this!"

“Ms. Delacour,” McGonagall said sternly. “I can understand your anger, but next time, please inform one of the teachers, or your Headmistress.”

Fleur nodded stiffly, her cheeks a light pink from her anger. Nodding in return, McGonagall left, causing the crowd to disperse.

“That was brilliant,” Harry said with a grin. “But next time I get to hit him.”

Fleur smiled and giggled lightly.

“Violence isn’t the answer, Harry,” Hermione said scoldingly.

“Says the girl who punched him last year,” Harry said, to which she blushed.

“Let’s forget about ‘im and enjoy zhe dance,” Fleur said.

The rest of the ball went by much more enjoyably. Harry spent time dancing with each of his girlfriends, they had a few dances together once the Weird Sisters took the stage, and Hermione and Fleur even shared a couple more dances together by themselves. It was a relief that Parvati kept Ron so busy that he and Hermione didn’t have to worry about him.

Eventually, the hour grew late, and people began leaving the Great Hall.

“Are you ready to call it a night?” Hermione asked. “My feet are killing me.”

They were sitting at an otherwise empty table, where Hermione had taken off her shoes to rub her feet. Harry could feel his own feet aching from dancing so much.

“Oui,” Fleur said with a smile. “I think eet’s time to give ‘Arry ‘is Christmas presents.”

“We’ll have to stop by Gryffindor Tower so I can get my gifts for you.” Harry said.

Instead of exchanging gifts in the morning like normal, Hermione and Fleur had insisted on waiting until after the ball.

Leaving the Great Hall, they walked up to the sixth floor, where Harry and Hermione rushed up to their dorms to grab presents. Meeting Fleur back in the common room as she looked around curiously, they left again and headed for the Room of Requirement. Fleur summoned the room this time, and they found themselves in a room that looked like a penthouse suite. There was a large bed, a comfy looking couch, and a bath sunk into the floor off to one side. One wall was taken up by a massive, enchanted window that gave them a beautiful view of Paris at night.

Grabbing their hands, Fleur pulled him out of his staring and over to the sofa.

“Do you want to go first?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out two square packages wrapped in blue paper with small, fluttering white snowflakes and tied with white bows. Handing one to each of them, he smiled at the completely different ways they opened them. While Fleur tore into hers gleefully, Hermione carefully opened the tape holding one side shut and pulled out her present without tearing anything. Both of them gasped at the books he had gotten them.

For Hermione, he got her a first edition copy of *Hogwarts: A History*, while he got Fleur a very rare book on *Enchanting* written by Anastasia Peverell.

“‘Arry, zhis ees incredible. Zhank you,” Fleur said softly, leaning over to kiss him on the lips.

“How did you even get this?” Hermione asked in awe as she cautiously turned the pages.

“Fleur’s I ordered from Obscurus Books. Dumbledore helped me get yours,” Harry said. “It turns out Bathilda Bagshot lives in Godric’s Hollow, and she knew my parents. I wrote her a letter asking if she had any first editions because I couldn’t find one for sale and she sent me this. That, is the first copy of Hogwarts, A History ever printed.”

“She just gave this to you!?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I don’t think she was very sentimental about it, but she did make me promise that it would go to someone who would appreciate it.”

“Zhat’s so sweet, ‘Arry.” Fleur said.

“There’s a bit more to yours, too,” he told her. “The Potters are descendants of the Peverell’s. Anastasia is my many times great grandmother. Look at first page.”

Raising her eyebrow curiously, Fleur flipped through the pages. Leaning over to look at the book, he pointed out a passage.

A special thank you to my wonderful daughter and son-in-law, Annabella and Henry Potter. Without their help, I may never have finished this book.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur said.

“Thank you so much,” Hermione said, hugging him tightly.

Glad they liked his gifts, Harry hugged her back before getting a hug and a steamy kiss from Fleur.

“Now, it’s your turn,” Hermione said.

Picking up the two small, rectangular packages next to her, she handed them to him.

“These are from both of us,” she said.

Tearing open the wrapping paper, he found a velvet jewelry box underneath. Popping the lid open, he found a thin silver necklace with a lightning bolt shaped pendant made of emerald. While he wasn't really a jewelry kind of person, he still loved it. After going so many years without any real presents, receiving them was still a novelty he wasn't used to. No matter what they got him, he would be grateful for it.

Smiling, he unwrapped the other to an identical necklace and pendant inside.

“Er, did you mean to get me the same thing?” he asked cautiously.

For some reason, this caused Hermione and Fleur to giggle.

“They're not for you to wear. They're for us.” Hermione said.

“You got me a present for you to wear?” Harry asked, confused.

“Well, Fleur and I know you still feel a little uncomfortable using the Imperius Curse on us since we can't throw it off,” Hermione said. “That, and it's pretty dangerous for you to keep using it. It would be really hard to explain if we ever got caught. So, Fleur and I decided to make these.”

“What do they do?” he asked.

“They use an old spell for controlling slaves, but we've modified it slightly. Basically, they control our bodies but leave our minds completely clear. Not only is it completely legal, but we can also tell you if we don't want to do something,” Hermione explained.

“And eet lets us enjoy zhe sex more.” Fleur said with a smirk.

“That too,” Hermione conceded with a smile and a light blush. “Plus, we can take them off whenever we want to, so you have nothing to feel guilty about.”

“Hermione, this is-” Harry broke off, lost for words.

“Do you like it?” she asked nervously.

“I love it,” Harry said, smiling at her. “Thank you.”

Leaning over, he hugged and kissed Hermione before turning to do the same to Fleur.

“You will steel ‘elp us learn to beat zhe Imperius Curse, oui?” she asked.

“I will,” he told her.

“Bon,” Fleur said happily. “Weel you put zhem on us?”

Smiling, Harry took out one of the necklaces and put it around Fleur’s neck as she moved her hair out of the way. Once he had it clasped tightly, he bent down and kissed her neck. Turning back to Hermione, he put the other necklace on her.

“Is that all I have to do?” Harry asked.

“You need to touch the pendant with your skin and say the incantation ‘Tenere’,” Hermione said.

Reaching out, he took one pendant in each hand and pressed his thumb against the emerald pendants.

“Tenere,” he said.

Harry hissed as he felt a sharp sting on his thumbs and the pendants glowed red. Fleur and Hermione gasped as the red glow enveloped them briefly before disappearing. Letting go of the pendants, he looked at his thumbs. There was a small red dot on each of them, as if he had been pricked by a needle.

“Did it work?” Harry asked.

“I think so,” Hermione said.

“Give eet a try,” Fleur said.

“Alright, take off your dress.” Harry said.

Smirking, Fleur stood and slipped her arms out of her silver dress before letting it fall to the floor. The only thing she wore underneath was a pair of black, frilly panties. Harry licked his lips as he took in her large, firm breasts, thin waist, and wide hips.

“Did you try to fight it?” Hermione asked.

“Non,” Fleur said. “Was I supposed to?”

Sighing, Hermione shook her head.

“It would be nice to know if it worked,” she said, though her smile took any sting out of the comment.

“Well, we’ll just have to try it with you,” Harry said with a smile. “Take off your dress.”

He could see Hermione’s face scrunch up as she tried to fight the spell on the necklace, but it did nothing to stop her. She stood smoothly and naturally as she reached behind her neck and untied the knot holding her dress together. It fell down to her waist, revealing her bare, perky breasts before getting caught on her hips. Hermione’s face turned red in her effort to resist, but her hands didn’t even tremble as she pushed her dress down to the floor, leaving her in just a pair of dark red panties that sat high on her hips.

“That’s weird,” Hermione said. “I tried not to move, but at the same time it still didn’t feel like it was forcing me. I really don’t know how to describe it.”

While Hermione spoke, Fleur dropped to her knees and began unbuckling Harry’s pants. In a moment she had his pants open as she stroked his quickly hardening length.

“We’re all yours, mon amour,” she said in a sultry tone, her warm breath washing over the head of his cock. “You can do anything you want to us.”

Harry twitched in her hand at the thought. Running his hands through her long silvery hair, he pulled her lips closer to his rigid shaft. Fleur opened her lips and took him into her mouth, encasing him in a wet heat as her plump lips clamped around his girth. Groaning, Harry bucked his hips, feeding her an extra inch of his length.

“Kneel down next to her, Hermione,” Harry said, his voice deep and lustful.

Fleur scooted over to make room as Hermione dropped to her knees next to her. Moving one of his hands into her curly brown hair, he tilted her head and pushed her face down to the base of his shaft. While Fleur bobbed up and down on the top of his length, Hermione wrapped her lips around him, kissing and licking at his shaft.

“Fuck, you two are perfect,” Harry groaned.

Fleur somehow managed to smile, even with her lips stretched around his girth. Her tongue swirled around his swollen head while she sucked hard, drawing a hiss from Harry. Tightening his hand in her hair, he pulled her off while moving Hermione up to his tip. While Hermione began bobbing on his glistening tip, Fleur obediently let him move her down to take Hermione’s place, but on the other side of his shaft. She even stuck out her tongue to caress his balls and wrap around the base of his cock.

Harry closed his eyes and leaned his head against the back of the couch, savoring the feeling of two mouths surrounding his cock. Eventually, he pulled Fleur out of the way and pushed Hermione down. The brunette choked and gagged as he drove his length down her throat, mercilessly forcing her deeper even as her eyes watered. Harry groaned when her nose pressed into his stomach, her throat spasming around him.

After holding her down for a couple of seconds, he yanked her up, allowing her to take in a gasping breath. As Hermione caught her breath, he pushed Fleur down on his cock. She had a much easier time taking him to the hilt, her eyes staring up at him heatedly with her lips wrapped snugly around his base.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted.

For the next few minutes, he took turns using their throats. While one was recovering, the other was swallowing his length. Despite her struggles, or perhaps because of them, Hermione had a hand buried in her panties, rhythmically moving back and forth as she pleased herself. Under the ministrations of two stunning girls, it wasn’t a surprise when he felt his climax build up quickly.

Holding Hermione head still, he bucked his hips up off the couch, driving his cock into her throat and causing her to gag loudly around his shaft. Nearing his peak, he pulled her off and Fleur took her place. Threading both hands through her silvery hair, he drove his length straight down her throat and bucked his hips frantically. Staring up at him, Fleur moaned around him, her hand coming up to caress his balls.

Groaning, the vibrations pushed him over the edge. Pinning her head in place, his cock swelled and jerked as he flooded her throat. For the first time, Fleur gagged slightly as his cum fired directly down her throat and into her stomach. Despite that, she determinedly stayed in place as he finished.

When his hands relaxed in her hair, she pulled back, sucking hard as she dragged her full lips up his considerable length. Harry hissed as she sucked every last drop from his shaft, her tongue flicking over his oversensitive head and causing him to shudder. With a smug smirk on her lips, she turned to Hermione and shared a heated kiss.

Harry barely softened as he watched them kiss and caress each other, the scent of their arousal causing his pulse to quicken.

“Go lay down on the bed,” he told them.

Breaking the kiss, they smiled at each other as they stood and walked over to the bed, dropping their panties to the floor on the way. Fleur pushed Hermione down on the mattress and then crawled on top of her. Harry followed them and stroked himself back to full hardness as he watched them kiss. His eyes trailed down, gazing at their incredible breasts as they were squashed together.

Moving behind them, his eyes immediately fell on Fleur’s jutting ass as she sat on her knees. Crawling up on the bed on his knees, he took two handfuls of her spectacularly full cheek, kneading them and spreading them apart. With both of their legs spread, he had a perfect view of their bare pink slits, one on top of the other.

Grabbing his cock at the base, he pushed it between Hermione’s lips, swiping it up until it ran between Fleur’s. Both girls moaned into each other’s mouths as he teased them, the head of his cock grazing over their clits. Grinning, he placed himself at Hermione’s entrance and sank in, her damp, tight heat enveloping his length. Leaning over Fleur’s back, he kissed her neck while beginning to thrust in and out of Hermione.

“Mine,” Harry growled possessively.

Parting his lips, he sucked on Fleur’s delicate, pale skin hard, intent on leaving behind a mark. Below them, Hermione moaned loudly and pulled her lips away to pant heavily while Harry picked up his pace.

“Oh God, Harry,” she moaned desperately.

Giving her a playful look, Harry sat up on his knees, pulled out of her, and then thrust deeply into Fleur. Surprised, the blonde arched her back and gasped while Hermione groaned disappointedly.

“Harry,” she whined.

Smirking at her, he thrust into Fleur several more times before pulling out and slamming back into Hermione. Harry plowed into her, sending her body jerking back and forth on the bed under them with the power of his thrusts. Just as she started moaning, nearing her climax, Harry pulled out of her and switched back to Fleur.

“Ugh, you bastard,” Hermione growled.

Harry chuckled and reached between their bodies to squeeze her breasts, his fingers rolling her nipple and drawing a moan from her lips.

“Did you want something, love?” he asked teasingly.

“Harry, please, I’m so close,” she pleaded.

“Please what?” he asked.

“Damn it, Harry. Will you please fuck me?” Hermione begged.

While he'd planned to tease her some more, hearing her beg and knowing he still had Fleur to take care of, he decided to give her what she wanted. Pulling out of Fleur, he drove back into Hermione, pounding her furiously. She let out a squeal, her depths fluttering wildly around him as he slammed into her.

“Cum for ‘im, ‘Ermione. Show ‘Arry ‘ow much you love ‘is big cock,” Fleur said sultrily.

Biting her lip with her eyes shut tight, Hermione trembled under them. Shaking her head back and forth, she let out a short scream as she reached her peak. Harry grunted as she tightened around him but kept his pace as he fucked her through her climax. As her body relaxed and her orgasm waned, Harry pulled out of her and drove into Fleur.

Arching her back, Fleur pushed herself back onto him, her ass clapping against his thighs. Feeling his own climax build, Harry hammered into her frantically. Huffing with exertion, he gripped her hips tightly and pulled her back with each thunderous thrust.

Under her, Hermione slipped a hand between their bodies and started teasing Fleur's clit, causing her to gasp and quiver between them.

“More,” Fleur demanded.

Smiling, Harry reached forward and grabbed a handful of her hair. Pulling her head back, he slammed into her as hard as he could. Hermione lifted her head up and sucked one of Fleur's pink nipples into her mouth while her fingers teased her clit. Harry valiantly fought back his climax, desperate to get her off before he did.

Fortunately, he didn't have to hold back for long. Fleur howled as she climaxed suddenly, her walls tightening as she soaked his thrusting shaft in her arousal. As she came wildly, he yanked himself out of her and slammed back into Hermione just before he reached his peak. Hermione let out a gasp, followed by a low moan as he filled her.

Letting go of Fleur's hair, she collapsed forward and kissed Hermione passionately. As his climax waned, Harry pulled out of Hermione and fell on his back on the bed next to them. A few moments later, both of them curled up next to him, one on each side.

"I love you, both of you," Harry said.

"Love you too," Hermione said.

"Je t'aime," Fleur said breathlessly.