

Chapter 4

"I really don't think this is a good idea." Harry said to Hermione as they walked down the hall to the room where he was supposed to meet Fleur.

"It'll be fine, Harry" Hermione said in a patient tone, having heard him say the same thing several time before.

"She's going to be really cross." He told her, visions of fireball throwing Veela from the World Cup running through his mind.

"She'll get over it." She replied with a roll of her eyes.

Hermione didn't seem to like Fleur at all, despite never actually meeting her, and Harry wasn't sure why. He just hoped that Fleur didn't hex him for bringing her to their meeting, not that Hermione had given him much choice in the matter. Harry sighed and resigned himself to his fate as they rounded the last corner. A few doors down, they reached the room they had been using. Harry took one last deep breath before reaching out and opening the door.

Fleur was already inside, waiting for him. She smiled at him as he entered and opened her mouth to greet him, but snapped it shut and glared at the girl behind him the moment she came into view.

"You told 'er?" Fleur asked angrily, turning her glare to him.

He wasn't surprised to see her angry, and he didn't blame her, but he was surprised to see the fleeting look of hurt that crossed her face. Harry held up his hands in surrender, only slightly relieved she hadn't reached for her wand, yet.

"He didn't tell me anything." Hermione interjected. "I followed him last time you two met. He wouldn't tell me what he was doing and I just wanted to make sure he was safe."

“You spied on us?” Fleur asked accusingly, mercifully turning her glare away from him.

“If someone tried to kill your best friend every year, you’d worry about them, too.” Hermione answered defiantly, completely unapologetic for her actions.

Fleur scoffed and looked over at him. Harry could only shrug his shoulders, after all, Hermione did have a point, even if he disagreed with her methods. Fleur furrowed her brow at him, looking for an answer. She knew him well enough by now that she knew he wouldn’t lie, and that he tended to down play things.

“Harry?” She said in a tone that demanded an answer.

“Well.” He said, drawing out the word and scratching the back of his neck. “First year, our Defense teacher was possessed and tried to kill me. Second year, someone set a giant Basilisk loose in the school, and last year was the whole Sirius Black thing.”

Harry felt bad about blaming Sirius for nearly killing him last year, but the truth would take too long to explain.

“Don’t forget about the Troll you saved me from, or the Dementors. And then, there’s whoever put your name in the Goblet.” Hermione added.

“Ees zhis true?” Fleur asked, focusing her attention on him.

“Er, yeah.” Harry said self-consciously. “I mean, obviously there’s more to it than that, but that’s the basics.”

Fleur stared at him for several long seconds, judging whether she should believe what they were saying. Finally, she nodded at him and Harry let out a sigh of relief that she believed him.

“Zhat still doesn’t explain why you are ‘ere.” She said, turning to glare at Hermione again.

“You’re not the only one who wants to learn how to throw off the Imperius curse.” Hermione said defiantly. “Besides, maybe I can think of something you two missed.”

Hermione and Fleur glared at each other for several long seconds in tense silence. Harry felt like he was watching a standoff in one of those action movies Dudley always watched on the telly.

“Fine.” Fleur barked, a vindictive smirk stretching her lips. “Ave eet your way.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes further at her but didn’t say anything. The mood in the room was still tense, but Harry let out a tentative sigh of relief that spells weren’t being thrown.

“We’ll take turns.” Hermione said, setting her book filled bag on the floor.

“Oui.” Fleur replied. “I weel go first.”

She turned to Harry and threw her long, golden hair over her shoulder. He could feel her Allure filling the room, surrounding him with a warm, pleasant feeling.

“Just do what you would normally do, ‘Arry.” Fleur told him.

Harry nodded, knowing better than to argue with her right now, and took out his wand.

“Imperio.”

Fleur’s face went blank for a moment and Harry felt the curse take hold with very little resistance from her. He wondered if taking a week off to prepare for the First Task had affected

her ability to fight the curse like she had done before. Glancing nervously over at Hermione, who had taken a seat in the only chair in the room and was watching Fleur intently, he hoped she didn't think less of him for what he was about to do.

At his command, Fleur undid the buttons at the top of her robe. Her large breast, pushed up by her light blue bra, came into view as she pushed the robe off her shoulders and down her arms. He watched as the smooth skin of the tops of her breasts bounced slightly as she wiggled the robes down over her wide hips, revealing her matching blue panties. Fleur kicked her robes to the side and strutted towards him, her hips swaying side to side with each step.

She ran her hands over his chest, then turned around and unclasped her bra with her back to him. He could see the sides of her breasts bulge out around the sides of her body tantalizingly, and he had to fight the urge to reach up and take them in his hands. Tossing her bra off to the side, Fleur grabbed the sides of her panties and slowly pushed them down her legs, bending over as she did. With her being so close to him, as she bent over, her bare ass pressed against his crotch, making his cock twitch as it rapidly grew hard in his pants.

Standing up again, she turned around quickly, her perky tits swaying deliciously for a moment as she rubbed her hands on his chest.

"Please fuck me, 'Arry." She begged in a husky voice, staring into his eyes lustfully. "I 'ave missed your cock so much."

Slowly, Fleur dropped to her knees, trailing her hand down his chest and stomach as she descended. Kneeling in front of him, she rubbed her hand over his erection through his pants, making his cock throb against her palm. Moving her hand out of the way, she leaned forward and pressed her lips to the straining bulge in his pants, her hands massaging his thighs as she looked up at him with a pleading expression.

When he still didn't feel her fighting back against the curse, Harry released her. To his surprise, she didn't stand up immediately. Giving him a sultry smile, Fleur grabbed his twitching erection and gave it an affectionate squeeze before she stood up. Turning to Hermione, she had a smirk on her lips.

“Your turn.” she said, giving he a challenging look.

Hermione returned the look with equal measure and stood up, walking over to stand in front of Harry. He gave her a questioning look, and when she nodded at him, he raised his wand.

“Imperio.”

Hermione’s face went slack and, just like Fleur, the curse took effect with very little resistance. At his direction, Hermione began to dance sensuously, almost wildly, to music that only she could hear. She flung her robe off, sending it twirling off to the side as she spun in a circle. With her back to him, she popped her hip to the side rhythmically as she unbuttoned her shirt quickly. Quickly, she had it undone and threw off to the side to join her robe, showing off the plain white bra she wore underneath.

“Accio.” Harry called out, summoning the old, rickety chair from the side of the room.

Taking a seat, Hermione walked over to him and sat on his lap, facing him. She swung her head in a circle, sending her bushy brown hair behind her, a few strands tickling his face. Her hips thrust sensuously against him, dry humping herself rapidly against him while her warm brown eyes stared into his, sparkling with excitement and lust. In an impressive display of flexibility, Hermione grabbed leg arms of the chair and leaned back, then raised her leg up into the air, passing in front of his face and chest as she moved to sit sideways on his lap.

Continuing her spin in his lap, she ended up with her back facing him and stood up. Reaching to the side of her skirt, she undid the button and pulled down the zipper. Grabbing the sides, she pushed the plaid skirt down her legs, bending over as she did and thrusting her round, muscular ass towards his face. As her plain white panties stretched over her smooth, pale skin, Harry could see a wet spot on the gusset of her panties. The damp crotch became see-through, and he could make out the outline of her tight pink lips.

Standing back up, Hermione sat back down on his lap, grinding her cushy cheeks down onto his painfully erect cock. Reaching behind her back, she unsnapped her bra and swung it in a circle over her head, before letting go and sending it flying across the room. Hermione leaned back

against his chest and reached back behind her to grab the back of his head, her fingers running through his hair while her head rested on his shoulder. Harry looked down at medium sized, perky breasts, her red nipples hard and swollen as they stuck out from her tits.

Hermione pushed off of him and stood up again, spinning around to face him and her firm breasts jiggling enticingly with her movements. Grabbing her panties, she pushed them down her smooth, toned legs, kicking them off to the side. Harry saw that she had shaved her mound, giving him a clear view of her tight lips. He didn't get to enjoy the view for long, as she dropped to her knees. She spread his knees apart with her hands and ran them up his legs, rubbing her palms over the bulge in his pants. Dipping her head, she rubbed her nose against his erection, placing a kiss on his shaft over his pants.

Looking up at him with a sultry gaze, Hermione slid her body up his, her hard nipples dragging over his clothes until her chest was even with his face. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled him forward, pressing his face into her perky tits. Hermione shook her chest back and forth, the smooth skin of her breasts sliding across his cheeks and knocking his glasses askew. When she pulled back, Harry released her from the curse.

Hermione blinked as the curse was released, getting her bearings. After pausing for a moment, she leaned forward, kissing him lightly on the lips and then pulled back and stood up. She looked over at Fleur and gave her a challenging look, which was partially ruined by the pink tint to her cheeks and neck.

"Your turn." She told Fleur.

Fleur glared at her and walked over to Harry, grabbing the chair the moment he stood up. Placing it in the middle of the room, she grabbed her wand from her robes and aimed it at the chair. Without a word, she performed an impressive feat of Transfiguration as she changed the old chair into a twin sized, comfy looking bed covered in white linens. Harry licked his lips in anticipation as she stood in front of him with a determined expression.

"Imperio." He cast again.

The curse easily took hold and Harry realized that the two girls were so focused on one upping on each other, that they weren't even trying to break the curse. Not that he had any intention of saying anything to either of them. He doubted it would change anything, even if he did. Standing in front of the bed, Harry quickly removed his shirt as he ordered Fleur to take off his pants. By the time his shirt was off and laying on the floor, Fleur was sitting on the mattress in front of him, opening his pants and pulling them down his legs.

As she pulled them down his hard cock sprung forward, slapping the underside of her chin. Stepping out of his pants, Harry felt her warm breath wash over his sensitive head as it bobbed up and down in front of her open mouth while she stared transfixed at his cock.

Stay on your knees and don't resist.

Harry gathered her hair into a pony tail and used it as a handle to hold her head in place as he pushed his painfully hard cock between her lips, watching as they stretched around his girth as he fed her his length. Hitting the back of her throat, Fleur gagged around his shaft and he pulled back a bit. He mentally commanded her to lick him as he started thrusting his hips back and forth, her tongue swirling around his head and shaft. Hissing in pleasure, he pushed further into her mouth, making her gag again. This time, he didn't stop, driving the entire length of his into her mouth and down her spasming throat.

With his shaft fully buried between her plump, pink lips and her nose pressed against his stomach, Harry held her down on him for several second as she choked around his cock, before pulling back. Once he was out of her throat, Fleur sucked in a harsh breath around his cock, the rush of air cooling his spit-soaked shaft, only to be warmed by her hot mouth a moment later. Harry enjoyed the feeling of her tongue dancing around his length for a few seconds before he pushed back into her throat, holding her down once again.

Fleur still showed no sign of fighting the curse, even as he abused her mouth and throat. He held her down even longer this time, savoring the feeling of her throat massaging his shaft as it spasmed around his intruding length. Finally, he pulled back, leaving her mouth completely, letting her suck in a gasping breath as she coughed. Once she had a moment to recover, Harry pushed his cock back between her swollen lip and thrust his hips forward, driving his cock back into her throat. This time, he pulled back immediately, only to push back in a moment later, fucking her throat at a slow, steady pace.

GAK GAK GAK

Using her hair, Harry held her head in place as he drove his cock into her tight throat over and over again. Fleur's eyes watered, a few tears streaking down her cheeks, and saliva dripped off of her bottom lip and onto her chin. Her breasts bounced and heaved as she choked on his cock. After a minute of relentlessly fucking her throat, Harry pulled his cock back and gave her a chance to catch her breath. She sucked in desperate breaths of air around his drenched shaft, cooling it as the air rushed past. Once her rapid breathing calmed, Harry dove his cock back into her hot, tight throat. Harry thrust in and out of her throat harder and faster, his balls slapping against her chin with each thrust of his hips.

GAK GAK GAK

Fleur gagged even louder around his shaft as he plundered her throat with his length. He paused for a moment on occasion, giving her a chance to breath, even as her tongue still swirled around the swollen head of his cock while she did. A few minutes later, Harry finally relented and pulled out of her mouth. Using her hair, he tilted her ruined face up at him, her eyes red, cheeks tear stained, and her chin and chest glistening with her spit. Still, Fleur didn't fight the curse.

Act like a whore and beg for my cock.

Fleur scooted back on the small bed and laid back, spreading her legs wide. Reaching down, Fleur spread her pink, moist open, showing him the depths of her tight pussy, wet with her arousal.

"Please, fuck me 'Arry." She plead in a husky, ragged voice. "I need eet. I 'ave meesed your cock so badly."

Harry walked up to her and placed the throbbing head of his cock at her entrance, but didn't push in right away. He wanted to hear her beg some more in that sexy French accent. Reaching forward, he grabbed her heaving breasts, squeezing them firmly in his hands.

“Please, ‘Arry.” She whined under him, sounding truly desperate. “I’ll let you use me anytime you want, just please, fuck me.”

Harry couldn’t resist anymore and thrust into her hard, driving his entire length into her in one thrust, his pelvis slapping against hers with a wet slap. Fleur threw her head back and gave a loud, wanton moan, her tight walls fluttering around his shaft at the sudden intrusion. Harry knew he wasn’t going to last long with the build up from fucking her throat, so he didn’t bother to hold back. He fucked her hard and fast, the room filled with the sound of their bodies colliding, Fleur’s ecstatic moans, and his pleasure groans.

Harry slammed his cock in and out of her tight, wet cunt at a furious pace, squeezing her tits roughly as he used them as handles to fuck her harder. Sensual gasps and moans left her throat in a near constant stream as he drove into her, the hot walls of her clutching pussy massaging his rigid length. Harry growled as he felt his climax swiftly approaching, panting in exertion as he thrust his hips hard and fast. The head of his cock swelled, stretching her walls just a little bit more, his orgasm a hair’s breadth away.

Just before he came, Harry grabbed her hard, pink nipples and pinched them hard, pulling them up and stretching her tits upward. Fleur’s pussy clamped down on him, her back arching off the bed, eye’s shut tight and her mouth open wide as she came. Harry’s cock gave a massive lurch as cum shot for the head, spraying forcefully against her spasming walls. Her hands clawed at the bedding while her mouth opened in a silent scream and her body trembling under his as he jerked his hips forward in time with the pulses of his cock, driving his cock as deep as possible.

When his climax finally ended, Harry collapsed forward over Fleur, his weight resting on his elbows as he panted heavily, his forehead resting on the bed next to her. With his eyes closed as he savored the moment, Harry released her from the curse. He was surprised when wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him in place and grabbed his head in her hands. Moving his face to hers, Fleur smiled at him and pressed her lips to his, kissing him for the first time. His moment of surprise ended quickly and he kissed her back, opening his mouth to left her tongue slide along his. Unfortunately, their kiss was cut short by someone clearing their throat.

Harry looked up and saw Hermione leaning against the wall as she watched them, still naked. Lost in the moment, he had forgotten she was there. Hermione narrowed her eyes at him and

he felt a brief sense of guilt. Looking away awkwardly, Harry pulled out of Fleur and stood up. Fleur sat up and glared heatedly at Hermione, who returned the look in equal measure. This time, it was his turn to clear his throat to interrupt.

“I believe it's my turn now.” Hermione said, moving over to them.

Fleur, still glaring at her, climbed off of the bed and, grabbing her wand from her robes, muttered an incantation, conjuring a chair out of thin air to sit on. She sat with her legs crossed and her arms folded over her chest, glaring at Hermione's back the whole time. Hermione pointedly ignored her and walked around the bed to stand in front of him, the tips of her perky, jutting tits bouncing up and down with each step. Staring at him defiantly, as if daring him to try and stop her, she nodded her head, silently telling him to cast the curse. Picking his wand up from where he had dropped it, Harry aimed it at her chest.

“Imperio.”

Once again, there was no fight from Hermione as the curse washed over her, taking control of her mind. Given that he had just had an orgasm, Harry was only partially hard, despite how excited he was. Walking up to her, he grabbed her firm, perky tits and explored them with his hands, squeezing the firm yet soft flesh and teasing her light pink nipples. Bending his head down, he wrapped his lips around one of her stiff nipples, sucking hard as he flicked it with his tongue. Switching to the other one, he gave it the same treatment, before taking it between his teeth and scraping them lightly over the sensitive nub.

Hermione moaned and ran her fingers through his hair. Gradually, his cock grew hard as he played with her breasts, the tip grazing her stomach as he moved. Once he was fully hard, he wrapped his arms around her, grabbing her ass, and lifted her into the air. Laying her down on the bed, he settled between her legs and sat up on his knees, looking down at the tight lips of her glistening slit. Grabbing his rigid cock by the base, he pushed the head of his cock between her lips and moved it up and down, teasing her entrance.

Slowly and gently, Harry sank his length into her core, being careful not to go too fast and hurt her. Inch by inch his cock stretched her unbelievably tight walls, her lips stretching around his girth. Hermione's breathing was fast and deep as she laid on the, her eyes closed at the

overwhelming feeling flooding her body. Eventually, Harry managed to fit his entire length into her grasping pussy, holding still in her to let her adjust to his size.

Tell me how you feel. He ordered her.

“I feel so full.” She told him, opening her eyes to look down at where they were connected. “I can feel it stretching me. It hurt a little at first, but now it feels really good. I’m really glad you’re my first.”

Harry wasn’t surprised to learn he was her first, but he still felt a surge of affection for his best friend. He felt kind of bad that her first time was in this kind of setting and promised himself that he would make it up to her in private later.

Harry pulled his hips back slowly until he was halfway out, then pushed back in, drawing a low moan from her lips. Starting at a very slow pace, he steadily increased his pace over the next few minutes until he was fucking her at a more normal pace. Hermione writhed under him in pleasure, panting and moaning as his hard cock moved in and out of her. She felt even tighter than Fleur, her walls hugged his cock so firmly that he could feel them parting around his swollen head every time he pushed into her.

Harry suddenly felt the bed dip and looked over his shoulder to see Fleur had climbed up behind him, her arms wrapping around his body while he hands stroked his chest. With her large breasts pressed against his back, she kissed his neck, sucking and nipping at the skin. Her hands traveled down his stomach, his abs flexing under her soft touch, until she reached his cock. His cock gave a throb of excitement as he watched her trace along the top of his shaft and between Hermione’s delicate lips to land on her clit. Hermione moaned loudly, thrusting her hips forward as Fleur teased the sensitive nub.

“Ees she fighting zhe curse?” She asked, raking her nails over his chest while the other hand continued o rub Hermione’s clit.

“Er, no, not really.” Harry told her, having trouble thinking with everything going on.

“Zhen perhaps we need to push ‘er furzher.” She purred into his ear.

With one last, hard suck on his neck, leaving a mark on him, she moved over to Hermione and knelt over her head. Fleur smirked down at her as she lowered her slit onto her lips.

“Tell ‘er to lick me.” Fleur told him.

Harry hesitated, and thought about it for a moment, wondering if it would be going too far. In the end, He decided to do it. This was supposed to be about helping them learn to fight the curse by making them do things they didn’t want to do, and, he would be able to fell it if Hermione started to fight against his order. Giving her the command, Hermione poked out her tongue and ran it between Fleur’s lips and pushed it deep into her entrance. Fleur moaned and ran her hands up her body, groping her own breasts and teasing her nipples.

Aroused by what he was seeing, Harry unconsciously began to thrust harder into Hermione, causing her body to rock back and forth on the bed. Fleur leaned forward, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him on the lips as she moaned into his mouth. Harry reached up and grasped on of her breasts, kneading it in his hand. This went on for a couple of minutes before Fleur pulled back and sat up straighter, looking down at Hermione.

“Can you taste ‘im?” She asked as she ground her pussy down onto Hermione’s face, smearing her lips and chin in her dripping excitement. “Can you taste ‘is cum in me?”

Hermione’s only answer was to moan against her slit as she continued to push her tongue deep between her lips. Reaching down, Fleur began playing with Hermione’s clit again, rubbing it rapidly and aggressively, her eyes glazed over in lust.

“Cum for us you leettle ‘ore.” Fleur demanded, panting heavily in her own excitement.

Fleur bent over and wrapped her lips around Hermione’s clit in a sixty-nine, sucking hard and flicking it rapidly with her tongue. Harry slowed down his thrusts so he didn’t dislodge Fleur, watching lustfully as the two girls pleased each other while he fucked Hermione. Both girls

began to moan loudly, their hips jerking as they neared their climax. Hermione came first, letting out a muffled scream into Fleur's cunt as her walls fluttered around his cock, becoming even tighter.

A few seconds later, grinding her pussy on to Hermione's face, Fleur came, raising her head up and moaning as her body quivered. As Harry hadn't told her to stop, too engrossed in watching the show they were putting on, Fleur soon became overstimulated and rolled off to the side to get away from Hermione's tongue. With her out of the way, Harry leaned over Hermione and fucked her harder and faster, slamming his hip into her in a desperate bid to reach his end.

Looking down at her, her face was glazed with Fleur's arousal, her lips and chin glistening with a few beads rolling down her neck. Hermione, who had barely come down from her orgasm before Harry started thrusting into her again, moaned and writhed under him as he repeatedly buried his thick cock into her tight cunt. Soon, Harry felt his climax beginning to build just as Hermione did the same. With a few more hard thrusts, Hermione tightened around him again, the tendons in her neck straining as her head tilted back and she scream out her intense pleasure.

This pushed Harry over the edge and he came into her clutching pussy, coating her walls in his hot cum as it rocketed out of his pulsing cock. Again and again, his cock swelled and jerked, flooding her with his cum until it dripped out of her and onto the bed. Harry panted heavily as his climax waned, resting his head next to hers as he caught his breath. A minute later, he pushed himself up on his arms and cancelled the curse. Hermione's expression became slightly shy as she looked up at him, biting her lip nervously.

Harry gave her a reassuring smile and leaned down, kissing her on the lips passionately. When he pulled back, Hermione gave him a brilliant smile. Sitting up, Harry pulled his cock out of her, allowing more of his cum to leak out of her. Hermione blushed and covered herself with her hand in embarrassment as she stood up and rushed over to grab her clothes. As Harry sat on the edge of the bed, watching her breasts bounce wildly in her rush, Fleur moved to sit next to him. When he looked at her, she leaned in and kissed him passionately on the lips.

When she pulled back a few seconds later, she stood up and walked calmly over to her clothes, her hips swaying exaggeratedly. By the time Harry had gotten up and started putting on his clothes, Hermione had already finished getting dressed.

“So, we’ll meet again on Sunday, right?” She asked, still blushing but trying to pretend she was unaffected.

“Oui.” Fleur answered, putting on her bra, much to his disappointment. “Eef you want to, zhat ees.”

Fleur gave her a smirk and made a show of licking her lips, which caused Hermione to blush even harder even as she glared at the blonde.

“I’ll be there.” She said defiantly, before she turned and stormed out of the room.

Harry shook his head, and finished getting dressed, watching out of the corner of his eyes as Fleur shimmied into her robes. Once she had gotten her arms into the sleeves and the show was over, Harry turned to face her fully.

“So, I’ll see you Sunday.” He said putting on his robe.

“Arry, wait.” She said, waling closer to him as she did up the buttons on her robe. “I ‘ave an idea I zhink we should try.”

“Oh?” He asked.

“I zhink eet might ‘elp eff you ‘eld me under zhe curse longer. Like, for a ‘ole day.” She told him.

“That might help.” Harry agreed after a moment of thought.

“Bon. Zhen tomorrow, you weel put me under zhe curse for zhe day.” Fleur said, smiling at him.

Leaning in, she kissed him briefly on the lips before she turned and left the room. Harry went to bed that night, his dreams will with the debauched images of what he could make the two beautiful girls do while under his control.