

Chapter 5

Early Saturday morning, Harry headed down the stair to the common room, and searched for Hermione. Seeing her distinctive bushy brown hair at a table in the corner of the room, he quickly made his way over and sat down across from her.

“Morning, Hermione.” He greeted her.

“Morning, Harry.” She replied, her face buried in a book.

“Can you do me a favor?” He asked, lowering his voice and glancing around to make sure no one was listening in.

“Of course.” She answered, looking up at him and setting her book in her lap.

“Fleur had the idea that we should use the curse longer to give her more a chance to fight it. Can you cover for me?” He asked. “Just tell anyone who asks that I'm working on figuring out the egg or something.”

Hermione’s expression became stony and she looked at him disapprovingly.

“When did you come up with this idea?” She said almost accusingly.

“She thought of it last night, after you left.” Harry answered, wondering why she was so upset.

“Of course she did.” Hermione mumbled under her breath. “I thought we were all going to work on this together.”

“We are.” He assured her. “I was going to tell you about it when I got back, but you were already upstairs. Besides, I can only use the spell on one person at a time.”

“I suppose that makes sense.” She said after a moment. “But, you’ll work with me on it tomorrow, right?”

“Of course.” He answered easily.

“Fine, I’ll cover for you. Just be careful, if you get caught...” She warned.

“I know. I’ll be careful. I just wish there was someplace better for us to go than that classroo-”

Harry was cut off by a loud *pop* and the sudden appearance of Dobby the house elf right next to their table, his many hats tilting precariously on his head. The whole room had looked over at the commotion and were whispering amongst themselves at the strange sight.

“Dobby, what are you doing here?” Harry asked the words coming out harsher than he intended, but he didn’t like the attention being drawn to him.

“Dobby has come to help the great Harry Potter, sir!” Dobby said excitedly, bounding on his toes and reaching up to steady his tower of hats. “Dobby knows a place where The Great Harry Potter sir can practice his-”

“You know a place where Harry can practice for the Tournament?” Hermione asked quickly, cutting him off.

Harry’s brain was about half a second slower than hers, and he was grateful she had stopped Dobby from saying something that might have caused a serious problem. Dobby smiled brightly and nodded excitedly, his hats wobbling dangerously and nearly hitting Hermione in the face.

“Yes, Harry Potter sir’s miss, Dobby knows the perfect place.” Dobby told her.

“Can you show us?” She asked.

In lieu of answering, Dobby grabbed them both by the hand. A moment later, Harry felt as if he was being squeezed through a straw while spinning wildly, the breath being pushed from his lungs. Thankfully, the sensation only lasted for a second before it stopped, and Harry found himself in a corridor of the castle, still in a sitting position. Gravity took hold and he fell heavily on his ass onto the hard stone floor, gasping from breath as his stomach churned unpleasantly. A groan told him that Hermione hadn’t fared the trip any better.

“What the bloody hell was that?” Harry asked once he had gotten his breath back.

“Dobby is sorry Harry Potter sir, Dobby is bringing you to the Come and Go Room. Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!” He yelled, followed by a thud as he banged his head into the wall.

“Dobby stops!” Hermione yelled, horrified.

Jumping to her feet, which Harry found impressive as he still felt like any movement would result in him being sick, she grabbed Dobby and pulled him away from the wall.

“But, Dobby has hurt The Great Harry Potter sir and his miss.” Dobby said, frantically struggling to get out of her grip.

“No, I forbid you from punishing yourself!” Hermione commanded in a tone that made Dobby stop struggling and look up at her with wide eyes. “Harry and I are fine. Just, give us a little warning next time, okay?”

“Harry Potter sirs miss is too kind to poor Dobby.” He said, tearing up.

“You still haven’t told me what that was.” Harry said, hoping to get Dobby back on task before he got too emotional. “And, where are we anyways?” He asked, looking around.

“That was Apparation.” Hermione stated. “It’s essentially magical teleportation. Fascinating, isn’t it. It was discovered by Linus Sebastian by accident 1102 when he dropped a-”

“Hermione.” Harry interrupted, though he was smiling. “Dobby, where are we?”

“We’s be on the seventh floor, Harry Potter, sir. The elves call this the Come and Go Room, but the ghosts call it the Room of Rekqi, Requira, Requimints-”

“You mean Room of Requirement?” Hermione asked.

“Yes, miss.” Dobby said, nodding happily.

“And where exactly is it?” She asked, looking around at the seemingly empty corridor.

“It be here miss, across from dancing Trolls. You walk in front of the wall three times, and the Room becomes whatever miss needs.” He explained.

Hermione gave Harry a skeptical look. He shrugged and motioned with his arm for her to give it a try. Giving a shrug of her own, Hermione paced back and forth in front of the wall. On the third pass, much to both of their surprise, the hard stone wall seemed to melt into a large, ornate wooden door. Cautiously, Hermione grabbed the door knob and pushed it open, a gasp leaving her lips. Moving behind her, he looked inside to see an oddly modern, muggle home.

Hermione slowly walked inside, with Harry close behind her. As Hermione stared around in wonder, Harry looked closer at the pictures on the wall and immediately recognized the little girl in the photos with the bushy hair and buck teeth.

“Is this your house, Hermione?” He asked.

“Yes.” She whispered in awe, looking around the room. “This is incredible, the magic required to do this...”

Harry rarely saw his friend rendered speechless like this. Out of curiosity, he picked up the phone and to his surprise there was a dial tone.

“Huh, the phone works.” He told her.

“Really?” She asked, taking it from his hand and putting it up to her ear.

She dialed a number and after a few seconds of ringing, someone answered.

“Mum, it’s Hermione, can you hear me, okay?” She asked.

Harry walked a short distance away, giving her some privacy to talk to her family. Picking up the remote, he turned on the telly and started flipping through the channels. Having not spent much time watching it as a kid, nothing really interested him, but he did pause on a channel where there was a rather busty woman talking about badgers while her nipples tried valiantly to escape through the front of her shirt.

Turning the telly off, he looked at his watch and realized he was going to be late meeting Fleur if he didn’t leave soon. Walking back over to Hermione, who was laughing and talking happily with her mother, he waved to get her attention.

“Hold on, Mum.” she said, turning her attention to Harry.

“I have to go meet Fleur.” He told her, pointing to his watch.

Hermione nodded and uncovered the mouthpiece.”

“Mum, I'm sorry but I have to go.” She said into the phone.

“No, you can stay.” He told her. “Talk to your Mum for a bit, I'll bring Fleur here in, say, an hour.”

“Are you sure?” She asked, biting her lip cutely again.

“I'm sure. I know you don't get to talk to them during the year.” He said, smiling.

Hermione smiled back and then uncovered the mouthpiece again.

“I'm still here Mum, just a sec.” She said into the phone.

Covering the mouthpiece again, she waved him closer, just as he was about to leave. When he gave her a questioning, she rolled her eyes and waved him over again, mouthing the words 'come here'. Moving closer to her, she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him down, pressing her lips against his. While surprised, Harry didn't waste time in kissing her back, their tongues dancing together. A few seconds later, they pulled apart at the sound of her mother's voice calling her name again.

Smiling at her, Harry pecked her on the lips one last time and reached around to give her ass a brief squeeze. Hermione let out a cute little squeak and swatted his arm, but there was a smile on her face the entire time. With a cheeky smile, Harry turned and dashed out of the door. The smile stayed with him as he made his way down to the second floor, where he was supposed to meet Fleur. He made it just in time, although he needn't have worried, as Fleur still wasn't there. He waited for a couple more minutes before she showed up. Being a Saturday, she wasn't wearing her uniform, and was instead wearing a long, light blue skirt and a white blouse with a jacket over top.

"I am sorry, 'Arry. My 'Eadmistress needed to speak wiz me." She said when she arrived.

"It's fine." He assured her.

"Merci." She said with a beautiful smile. "Before we start, zhere ees somezhing I want to ask you."

"Sure." He said with a shrug. "What is it?"

"I know zhat you won't, but please do not 'umiliate me een front of anyone. I know zhat you 'ave to make me do zhings zhat I weel 'ate, and I don't mind doing zhem ee front of you, but--"

“I won’t, I promise.” He assured her, cutting her off. “I wouldn’t do that even if you wanted me to. Besides, there’s too much risk of us getting caught.”

“Merci.” Fleur smiled and stepped closer, pressing her lips softly against his briefly.

She pulled away and it took a moment for Harry’s brain to start working again.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Hermione and I found a new room for us to use. It’s on the seventh floor. It’s a lot more comfortable and a lot more private than this room.” He told her, deciding at the last second to surprise her with what else it could do.

“Does eet have a rug? I do not like zhis stone floor.” She said, glaring down at the floor, as if blaming stone for being hard.

Harry couldn’t help but smile at how cute she looked, her expression resembling an irritated child.

“Yeah, it’s got a rug, and a bed, and pretty much everything else you could want.” He said, unable to suppress a smile.

“Really? I cannot wait to see eet. Eet would be nice to be on a bed for once.” She said in a seductive voice, running her hands over his chest.

Harry swallowed and felt his cock beginning to swell at the images running through his head. Fleur smirked at him as if she was able to read his thoughts.

“Er, right. Are you ready or do you want to wait a bit?” He asked, suddenly very interested in getting started.

“Oui, I’m ready.” She answered, stepping back from him.

Nodding, Harry took his wand out of his pocket and aimed it at her chest.

“Imperio.”

Fleur’s face went blank, and she managed a decent struggle against the curse for several seconds before she was overcome. Having control over her mind, Harry thought for a moment about just taking her then and there, but he had a plan for today. Last night, he had up late, coming up with ideas for today. He had tried focus on doing things that would help her fight the curse, but it was hard to ignore the fact he was going to have the most desirable girl in the school under his control for the entire day.

Deciding to stick with his plan, Harry reached into the back of his jeans and pulled out his invisibility cloak. Handing it to her, he ordered her to put it on and follow him as quietly as possible. Once she was under the cloak, as he was sure it covered her completely, he opened the door and led her out of the room. Taking the Marauder’s Map out of his other pocket, Harry made his way through the castle, careful to avoid the more crowded areas and checking to make sure Fleur stayed close.

Taking a hidden staircase up to the sixth floor, he led Fleur to the Gryffindor common room entrance. Checking the map to make sure no one was coming, he opened the portrait and held it open long enough for her to get inside. On a Saturday morning, there was only a few people still there. Moving over to one of the darker corners used for studying, or for couples to get a modicum of privacy, he waited until he was sure no one was looking and then slipped under the cloak.

Once he was sure he was completely covered, he turned to face Fleur and couldn't resist kissing her on the lips. As they kissed, Harry reached up and grabbed her breasts through her shirt. After a little while of just enjoying the kiss and the way her large breasts filled his hands, he started unbuttoning her shirt and untucked it from her skirt. He was doing this in the hope that the threat of getting caught would push her into fighting the curse, and, frankly, he thought it was kind of exciting.

Breaking the kiss, Harry grabbed her black bra, which he noticed was see-through, and pulled it down under her breasts. This made her already perky tits jut straight out from her chest. Grabbing his wand from his pocket, he cast a quick silencing charm around them so they couldn't be heard, and then put it away. His hand went back to her breasts and started playing with them, kneading, pressing them together and jiggling them in his hands.

"Imagine what everyone would think if they saw you now, with your tit hanging out like a slut." He whispered to her. "I wonder how they would react if I pulled this cloak off right now."

Harry could see her breathing pick up and her skin going flush. Bending down, he sucked on her nipple and slathered it with his tongue. When he pulled his mouth off, he blew cool air over her saliva coated nub, making it harden as Fleur bit her lip and whined.

"The girls would probably call you a whore, standing in the common room with your big tits just hanging out. What about the guys, though? Do you think they would just stare like idiots, or do

you think they would come over and grab them?” Harry asked, pinching her hardened nipple firmly.

Fleur moaned quietly for several long seconds as he continued to pinch the sensitive nub between his thumb and forefinger.

“Careful not to moan too loud. They might come over to investigate and decide to bed your over the nearest table and fuck you.” He said, finally letting go of her nipple. “Imagine if I just left you here and took the cloak with me so the entire house can take turns fucking you for the rest of the day.”

Bending down, Harry took her nipple back into his mouth and sucked it gently this time, caressing it with his tongue lightly as if to make up for the earlier abuse. Pulling back, he blew across the pink nub again. Comparing it to the other one, it was visibly reddened and engorged. Pressing her breasts together, he sucked on one nipple and then the next, sucking hard and then pulling back until it popped out of his mouth. Letting go of one breast, he ran his hand up her leg under her skirt, until he reached her panties which he found were damp with her excitement.

Feeling his cock straining against his pants, Harry ordered her to squat, so her feet didn't stick out from under the cloak, and to take out his cock. The moment she opened his pants and pulled down his boxers, his rigid shaft shot up like a coiled spring and slapped her under the chin. At his command, Fleur gripped the base of his throbbing shaft with her long, thin fingers, and then wrapped her plump lips over his engorged head. Harry ran his fingers through her hair as he let her control the pace this time, savoring the feeling of her hot, wet mouth as it enveloped the top half of his length.

Fleur bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue swirling around and caressing his shaft as she moved down, and then sucking hard as she pulled back. Harry groaned as she worked his cock with her mouth, gradually taking him deeper and deeper until his head pressed against her

throat. Tilting her chin up, she stared up at him as she slowly pushed forward, sliding his cock into her tight throat until her lips kissed the base of his shaft. Just as slowly as she had swallowed him, she pulled back, sucking hard while slithering her tongue along the bottom of his shaft. There was a loud pop as she pulled her lips off the swollen head of his cock.

Before she could take him back in her mouth, Harry pulled her to her feet. Reaching under her skirt he tried to pull off her black panties without bending over too far and making the cloak slip off. It was a bit awkward, and he ended up using his foot to push them down past her knees. Squatting down carefully, he picked them up and put them in his pocket. As he stood back up, he pulled Fleur's skirt up with him and then wrapped his arms around her waist and lifted her into the air. Harry pressed her back against the wall and managed to line himself up and thrust into her wet, hot pussy.

Fleur gasped and tightened her arms and legs around him as he sank his entire length into her in a single thrust and then held himself buried deep in her wonderful cunt. The only thing he didn't like, was the way Fleur wasn't really responding to him, other than moans and gasps. So, he ordered her to act like a whore.

The moment he gave her the command, Fleur pulled his head forward and kissed him desperately while jerking her hips at him and moaning. This only lasted for a few seconds, before she pulled her lips away from him.

"Fuck me, please." She begged huskily, her eyes burning with lust.

Harry's cock jerked at her pleading tone and he started driving his cock in and out of her at a steady rapid pace. Fleur tilted her head back and moaned so loudly he looked around to make sure the silencing charm was still working and no one could hear them.

“You love this, don’t you?” He asked, panting as his fat cock forced apart the tight, smooth walls of her hot pussy.

“Oui.” She moaned.

Fleur’s well-manicured nails dug into the skin of his shoulder as he started plowing into her even harder, a loud, wet slap issuing from their bodies as they collided.

“Oui, mon amor. Fuck me, make me your ‘hore.” She begged, jerking her hips into him every time he thrust in.

Harry felt her walls flutter around him and the muscles of her legs tighten, something he knew meant she was close to a climax. Sure enough, a few thrusts later and her legs shook as her arousal soaked his thrusting shaft. Fleur had her head tilted back in a silent scream as her nails sank deeper into his skin. Harry kept up his intense pace, continuing to pound her through her powerful climax. When she finally came down, and her muscles relaxed, it was only Harry’s arms that kept her from falling.

Leaning his face into her neck, he panted hard as his climax approached, his balls churning as they prepared to eject their contents straight into her core.

“Cum for me, mon amor.” Fleur whispered into his ear in a sultry tone. “I am your’s for zhe ‘hole day. You can do anyzhing you want wiz me.”

Harry growled into her neck as his cock throbbed against her spasming walls. His hips thrust back and forth at a blistering speed that he wondered if he might shake the castle.

“I’m you ‘Arry. I’m your slut, your ‘hore. You can ever put eet een my derriere.” She whispered, her warm breath ghosting over his ear.

The image of Fleur, on her hands and knees taking it up the ass while calling herself *his* whore, pushed him over the edge. With a grunt, Harry drove his pulsating cock as deep as possible and unloaded several jets of hot cum into her grasping cunt. Fleur moaned into his ear as he came, caressing the back of his head and neck as he came again and again. When he was done, he leaned against her, kissing her neck while she stroked his back gently. Pulling out of her, Harry put his spent member back in his pants while he caught his breath.

For a moment, he wondered if he should have Fleur fix her bra and shirt, but decided against it. The thought of having her walk through the halls with her marvelous tits on display, only hidden by a thin piece of magical fabric had his cock twitch. Looking around to make sure no one was looking, he slipped out from under the cloak and made his way back out of the portrait with Fleur following close behind. As they made their way to the seventh floor, ideas for how to properly test out the Room of Requirement ran through his mind.