

Perks of a Hero by faseastasiacsch

Summary: I wanted to create a one-shot with a mind reading character as I got inspired by Professor Quill's story forever in a day. So I asked if it was okay for me to use the idea to which Professor Quill agreed.

Harry sat in a hospital bed biding his time as usual for Madam Pomfrey to clear so he could finally leave. After the second task they had a big party in the Gryffindor common room. During the party he was pulled up by the twins and paraded around, sadly the twins had a little too much to drink and they dropped him. Hermione and Ginny brought him to madam pomfrey to make sure he was alright. Madam Pomfrey always fixed him up in no time, she was still not ready to send him back believing he fell on his head. Harry reassured her he was fine as he remembers Ginny hexing the twins as soon as they dropped him by accident. Feeling bored as Harry waited. Luckily for him, Hermione and Ginny entered.

"Hey." He said smiling as they approached.

"Are you alright?" Hermione asked.

"I feel fine." He shrugged. Ginny looked at him with a bit of doubt. He always says he's fine even when just did something incredibly dangerous. "Honest!"

"I'll go and talk to Madam Pomfrey." Hermione said as she left.

"So.... How many brothers are there left?" Harry asked with a grin, Ginny. She returned it with a devious smile.

"Still idiots." Ginny said. Ginny sat down in the chair next to the bed. "Thank you for saving me from the lake." She smiled sweetly.

"Can't believe they put you all down there for just a stupid tournament." Harry said, irritated. "Why a person? Why not just my firebolt or something?" He went on. Ginny grinned as Harry went on a bit of a rant.

"You know.... Hermione and I were planning to reward you again for saving one of us." She said, dangling her shoe on her toes. Harry stopped ranting and looked at her directly in her brown eyes then down to her feet and back at her. "But that went a little out the window thanks to my idiot brothers."

“We could reschedule?” Harry said quickly. Ginny let out a little chuckle.

Just then, Hermione returned with Madam Pomfrey. “Already feeling better, mister Potter?” The elderly witch said.

“Thanks to your care I’m all better and ready to go.” Harry said. Madam Pomfrey eyebrow raised and a slight smile could be seen at the edge of her lip.

“Miss Granger explained to me that she and Miss Weasley will make sure you return to me if anything changes for the worse so you’re free to go.” Madam Pomfrey explained. Harry smiled and immediately started to get out of bed.

“Thank you Madam Pomfrey.” Harry said standing next to Ginny and Hermione.

“Now I don’t want to see you again this year, mister.” Madam Pomfrey said.

“I can’t leave without saying goodbye, you know that.” Harry said leaving the hospital wing with Hermione and Ginny. Poppy puffed and shook her head.

The three walked to the great hall. “Fleur has been getting harassed lately because of the second task.” Hermione said. “Ever since she stood in her swimsuit some of the boys from Drungstrang and Hogwarts became more aggressive in trying to get her attention.” Harry sighed, shaking his head.

“I don’t get it, she’s pretty but why would anyone be so desperate to try and get her attention?” He said. Hermione and Ginny smiled at each other.

“You’re so clueless sometimes it’s actually cute.” Ginny said. Harry rolled his eyes.

The Three of them entered the great hall and Harry noticed the amount of boys around Fleur. When they sat down at the gryffindor table Harry wasn’t entirely getting swarmed by girls but there were a lot around the table more than usual. He then noticed Angelina and Alicia drag Fred and George over both of them looking miserable. Harry was really trying to hold his laugh now.

“Uhm Harry, we’re really sorry....” Fred said.

“For dropping you.” George added.

Harry was trying to hold his laugh. Angelina pushed her elbow in Fred's side looking at him sternly. The look on Fred's face after seeing Angelina made Harry lose his composure and laugh uncontrollably.

"It's fine guys I'm alright." Harry said after he was done laughing. Everybody around him smiled and the twins breathed a sigh of relief, both looked over to their girlfriends who finally started to smile and gave them a kiss on the cheek pulling them back to their seats.

Harry walked alone towards the hospital wing for his check-up, feeling a mix of apprehension and determination. He had assured the girls, Hermione and Ginny, that he would be fine on his own. Both of them had important plans, and he didn't want them to cancel just because he needed a simple check-up. As he made his way through the corridors of Hogwarts, Harry couldn't shake off a nagging feeling that something was amiss.

Suddenly, a faint noise reached Harry's ears from one of the nearby corridors. Given all the times attempts had been made on his life in the past, Harry knew better than to ignore any potential danger. With caution in mind, he swiftly pulled out the Marauder's Map from his pocket. The map revealed two surprising names - Fleur and Suzette - who were currently located in close proximity to Pansy Parkinson as well as Crabbe and Goyle.

A sense of unease washed over him as Harry realized this gathering might not bode well for him or anyone else at Hogwarts. Determined to investigate further without drawing attention to himself, Harry decided it was time to put on his trusty invisibility cloak. Cloaked in secrecy, he stealthily moved closer towards where the mysterious sounds were originating from.

"Are you absolutely certain that this plan will effectively break them, Pansy?" Harry strained his ears to discern the voice; it might have been Goyle or possibly Crabbe. It was difficult for him to distinguish between the two, as both were known for their reticence and tendency to defer to Draco's every word. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but wonder about the potential consequences of whatever scheme they were hatching.

The room was filled with tension as the female voice, unmistakably belonging to Pansy, confidently declared, "Of course it's only a matter of time before they accept their faith." Harry immediately recognized her voice and couldn't help but recall the incident when Pansy had been involved in something similar. It sent shivers down his spine as he remembered how she had attempted to tickle torture Hermione and Ginny mercilessly. Given Pansy's notorious track record for cruelty, it seemed highly unlikely that Fleur and Suzette were willingly present in the room.

As another muffled laugh escaped from somewhere nearby, Harry felt a sense of urgency overwhelming him. He desperately wracked his brain for any possible plan or escape route that could save both himself and his friends from whatever awaited them. Time was running out, and he knew he needed to act swiftly if they were to have any chance at all.

In the dimly lit room, a mischievous grin spread across Pansy's face as she gracefully brandished her wand. Her movements were elaborate and flamboyant, captivating everyone in the room. Fleur and Suzette found themselves helplessly restrained on a sturdy table, their limbs stretched out to their full extent. The unyielding legs of the table securely fastened their wrists and ankles, leaving them with no chance of escape.

Fleur struggled against her restraints, feeling the fabric of her uniform uncomfortably pressed against her mouth as a gag. It was an added humiliation to be silenced in such a manner. Meanwhile, Suzette remained blindfolded, unable to see what was happening around her. A simple napkin had been tied through her mouth as well, effectively silencing any protests or cries for help.

Pansy's wand movements were so precise and skillful that they caused a magical ripple effect in the air, causing feathers to flutter and dance around the girls. Fleur and Suzette found themselves caught in a whirlwind of ticklish feathers, unable to escape their relentless teasing. As the feathers brushed against their skin, it was as if tiny invisible fingers were playfully dancing across their bodies.

Suzette couldn't help but notice how Fleur's allure seemed to intensify under these circumstances. The constant tickling sensation seemed to amplify her natural charm, making it even more difficult for her to maintain composure. It was clear that Fleur was reaching her breaking point, struggling to hold on amidst this torturous ordeal.

Unfortunately for Suzette, this meant that she too had no respite from the incessant tickling. With each passing moment, the intensity of the feather-induced sensations grew stronger due to Fleur's heightened allure. What initially started as an uncomfortable situation quickly escalated into an unbearable torment for poor Suzette.

The combination of Pansy's masterful wand movements and Fleur's irresistible allure created a perfect storm of ticklish chaos for both girls. They wriggled and squirmed against the onslaught of feathers, desperately seeking relief from this unexpected torture. The room was filled with their muffled laughter and pleas for mercy, but Pansy seemed unaffected by their distress. She continued to manipulate her wand with a wicked grin, reveling in the power she held over them.

Quietly, Harry cautiously turned the doorknob and slowly pushed open the heavy wooden door. As he stepped into the room, his senses were immediately assaulted by a sight that left him momentarily speechless. His eyes widened in astonishment at what lay before him - Crabbe and Goyle sat there, their usually vacant expressions replaced with dumbstruck looks of awe. It was as if they were under some sort of enchantment, completely captivated by Fleur's undeniable allure.

Feeling an inexplicable force tugging at his own curiosity, Harry fought against it, determined to resist being drawn further into the room. To his disdain, he noticed a wicked grin spreading across Pansy's face as she relished in witnessing the girls around her suffering.

Holding his wand tightly, Harry swiftly and skillfully cast two stunning spells towards Crabbe and Goyle, causing the brutish duo to slump in their chairs. The room fell silent as Pansy, with an air of disdain, raised her wand defensively.

"Who dares intrude?" she sneered, her eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of the mysterious attacker.

Undeterred by Pansy's defensive stance, Harry confidently aimed a stunning spell at her. However, much to his surprise, she adeptly blocked it and retaliated with a swift counterattack directed back at him.

"Fear not hiding behind your anonymity!" Pansy shouted defiantly into the darkness. Her voice echoed through the room as she challenged her unseen foe to reveal themselves and face her head-on.

Using his quick reflexes and cunning, Harry swiftly devised a plan to create a diversion for Pansy. With precision, he fired various objects into the air, causing them to float towards her. The unexpected sight caught Pansy off guard, allowing Harry the opportunity to move stealthily and free Fleur from her restraints.

Harry cautiously made his way through the crowded room towards Suzette, his heart pounding in anticipation. However, just as he was about to reach her, a sudden curse unexpectedly struck his arm from under the protective cloak he wore. The excruciating pain shot through him like lightning, causing him to lose control and collapse onto the cold floor. As Harry writhed in agony, desperately clutching his injured arm, a gasp of surprise escaped from those nearby. His fall had inadvertently revealed a portion of his body that had been concealed beneath the invisibility cloak all this time. In an instant reaction to this unexpected turn of events, Pansy swiftly raised her wand and pointed it directly at Harry.

Her voice dripped with disdain as she uttered those two words that seemed forever tied to him: "Of course it's Potter again." The contemptuous tone in which she spoke only served to amplify the frustration and anger welling up inside Harry.

"I was so close and now I have to start over again." Pansy complained about Harry's interruption about Fleur and Suzette's tickle torture. "Draco will be so proud of me when he hears you don't leave the hospital wing for a full year when I'm done with you." she ranted on.

"Ça suffit, petite fille!" A voice spilled through Pansy's monologue, echoing harshly in the room. Startled, Pansy quickly turned her head to find a figure emerging from the shadows - Fleur Delacour, her face contorted with anger and frustration. In that moment, it was as if time stood still; Pansy could see the intensity burning in Fleur's eyes as she clenched her wand tightly in hand.

"Wai-" Pansy exclaimed in surprise as she attempted to utter a warning, but her words were abruptly cut off by Fleur's swift and skillful strike. Fleur's wand work was not only rapid but also incredibly precise, showcasing her exceptional magical abilities. In just a matter of seconds, the transformation spell cast by Fleur had completely altered Pansy's appearance, turning her into an utterly comical and absurd-looking clown.

Pansy found herself unable to maintain her balance and collapsed onto the floor, incapacitated both physically and magically.

Fleur's heart rate gradually slowed as she took a deep breath and focused on regaining her composure. With newfound calmness, she skillfully untied Suzette from her binds, allowing her to regain her freedom. As Suzette straightened herself up, Fleur extended a helping hand to Harry, who was still feeling a bit shaken by Fleur's unexpected actions.

Feeling the weight of uncertainty hanging in the air, Harry couldn't help but voice his concerns. "What do we do now?" he asked anxiously, his voice tinged with fear.

Suzette paused for a moment to gather her thoughts before responding reassuringly to Harry's question. "Just give me a minute, mon chérie," she said softly. Motioning for Fleur to join her near Crabbe and Goyle, both girls stood tall and confident as they engaged in an intense conversation.

Harry watched curiously as Fleur and Suzette exchanged words. The atmosphere grew tense while their voices carried whispers that were barely audible over the surrounding chaos. Suddenly, without warning or explanation, Harry felt an inexplicable surge of allure emanating from Fleur for just a few seconds before it quickly dissipated.

“Let’s take you to the hospital wing, mon ami,” Suzette said gently, her warm hand enveloping Harry’s as she guided him out of the room. Concern etched across her face, she led him down the corridor with a sense of urgency.

Harry couldn’t help but feel a mix of curiosity and anxiety as he glanced back at the girls who were now acting as his guides. “What did you do?” he questioned them, his voice filled with both confusion and a hint of worry. Their actions had sparked his concern, wondering if something serious had occurred.

Suzette exchanged a knowing glance with Fleur before offering Harry reassurance in her response. “Nothing you need to worry about, hero,” she assured him softly, pulling his arm against her body for support while they continued their journey towards the hospital wing. Fleur followed closely behind them, her presence providing an additional sense of comfort amidst this mysterious situation.

While Harry lay in bed resting Fleur and her friend joined his bedside. “I’m Suzette.” She said, smiling prettily at him. Harry returned the smile and thought she was rather pretty. Suzette blushed and got a little red.

‘Why would she blush?’ Harry thought.

“Thank you for saving us.” Suzette said.

“I’m really sorry about what happened.” Harry said feeling bad as the boys all went to hogwarts.

“Thankfully you were there to save us.” Suzette trailed her hand against his cheek endearingly.

“What did you do before we left?” Harry asked. Suzette started peaking into Harry’s mind and found herself pleasantly surprised by his character. Loyal, caring, courageous, intelligent and funny.

“just a little harmless fun.” she replied. Looking over to Fleur she joined her friend and started discussing with her in French while Harry lay in his bed.

The professors finally left after a heated debate, Professor McGonagall gave him a tender smile and said he saved Hogwarts reputation at least a little bit, but more importantly he had made her proud once again. Harry simply smiled but felt rather proud of himself thanks to Professor McGonagall’s comment.

Last to leave were Suzette and Fleur. "Join us tomorrow at the astronomy tower at 8am." Suzette whispered in his ear. She then stood up and gave him a wink before leaving with Fleur.

Next day

Harry found out what Fleur and Suzette had done to Crabbe and Goyle. Both seemed almost entranced as they dragged a reluctant Pansy through the school in her clown costume. Even Snape couldn't make the boys stop. It seemed Fleur's allure was powerful enough to make those monkeys work for her.

The following day, Harry eagerly made his way to the astronomy tower as Suzette had asked him to. He couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation bubbling within him, wondering if this meeting held another reward for him like the ones he had received from Ginny and Hermione after saving them from Pansy. The memory of their gratitude still fresh in his mind, he pondered whether Suzette and Fleur had something special planned for him.

As Harry stood there waiting patiently for Suzette and Fleur to arrive, his thoughts wandered towards Fleur's mesmerizing beauty. He couldn't deny that her striking appearance had left quite an impression on him during the second task when she confidently stood in her bathing suit. Her elegance and grace were simply unparalleled.

However, as Harry's thoughts wandered, he couldn't help but find himself increasingly intrigued by Suzette's appearance. Although he hadn't had the opportunity to see much of her compared to Fleur, there was something about Suzette that captivated his attention. It puzzled him how she seemed to possess a unique understanding of certain aspects of his life that even his closest friends were unaware of.

Harry pondered over the possibility that perhaps Suzette possessed some sort of intuitive ability or maybe she simply had a keen sense for picking up on subtle cues and details. Either way, it left him both impressed and slightly unnerved at the same time.

Furthermore, Harry couldn't shake off the curiosity surrounding Fleur's sudden change in attitude towards him after just a brief conversation with Suzette. It made him wonder what exactly transpired during their exchange and what words were exchanged between them.

Was it possible that Suzette had managed to shed light on aspects of Harry's personality or experiences that somehow resonated with Fleur? Did she offer insights into his character or shared stories from their interactions that gave Fleur a new perspective?

Lost in a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions, Harry found himself abruptly pulled back to the present moment as the heavy door swung open before him. The sudden intrusion shattered his reverie, causing his heart to skip a beat. Startled yet intrigued, he turned his gaze towards the source of this unexpected interruption.

To his surprise and delight, it was Suzette who stood there with an infectious smile that seemed to radiate warmth and joy.

Feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness coursing through him like electricity, Harry managed to stammer out a hesitant greeting. His voice betrayed both awe and apprehension as he attempted to gather himself in front of this captivating woman.

Meanwhile, Fleur chimed in with her own cheerful salutation in her enchanting French accent. Her radiant smile added another layer of charm and elegance to the room. Suzette swiftly grabbed him and pulled him to a quieter area. "We wanted to thank you for saving us," Suzette said, her hand gently tracing his chest as Harry nervously swallowed. Fleur stood behind him, her delicate form gracefully approaching his ear. As she leaned in, a soft whisper escaped her lips, carrying with it an air of intrigue and mystery. "Suzette possesses the rare gift of being a natural legilimens," Fleur revealed, her voice laced with admiration. "She can effortlessly delve into the depths of one's thoughts and emotions." A mischievous smile played on Fleur's lips as she continued to divulge the secrets unveiled by Suzette's mind-reading abilities. "And when she delved into your mind yesterday," Fleur paused for dramatic effect, "she was positively elated to discover that you are not like those pigs who roam your school corridors." she then added. "Her mind reading powers and my allure can be very efficient on the weakest of minds, just look at the brutes this morning that dragged the clown through school."

The words hung in the air between them, creating an electric tension that seemed to intensify with each passing moment. Fleur's breath danced across his skin as she whispered seductively into his ear, causing a shiver to run down his spine and ignite a fire deep within him.

"She convinced me," Fleur confessed huskily, her voice filled with desire and anticipation, "that you possess all the qualities necessary for an extraordinary lover - someone truly worthy of capturing a veela's heart."

"I...uh..." Harry was at a loss for words.

Suzette couldn't help but tease Harry, finding him incredibly adorable in that moment. With a mischievous grin on her face, she playfully placed her hand on his crotch, causing a sudden reaction from Harry as he started to harden in his pants. The sight took Suzette by surprise,

and her eyes widened in astonishment. “Mon dieu!” she exclaimed, momentarily forgetting herself and letting out the exclamation with her French accent slipping through.

Fleur happened to glance over at that precise moment, catching sight of Suzette’s unexpected reaction and hearing her exclamation. Intrigued by the commotion between Suzette and Harry, Fleur leaned closer to catch their conversation. The two girls exchanged a quick exchange of words in French before returning their attention back to Harry.

Confused by the sudden turn of events and not understanding what was being said in French, Harry found himself left perplexed amidst this intriguing encounter between Suzette and Fleur.

“My, my, not a little boy after all,” Suzette purred, still rubbing her hand against his crotch. Harry held his breath, unaware of Suzette’s remark about Fleur calling him a little boy during the tri-wizard tournament.

Fleur, with a mischievous glint in her eyes, delicately wrapped her delicate hands around Harry’s chest, playfully tracing the outline of his shirt buttons. The anticipation between them was palpable as Suzette, exuding confidence and desire, boldly placed her hand on Harry’s crotch. The room seemed to buzz with an electric energy as their bodies gravitated towards each other.

Suzette’s movements were deliberate and purposeful as she slowly leaned in closer and closer to Harry. Time stood still for a moment as their lips finally met - a collision of passion and longing that sent shivers down their spines. In that fleeting instant, all inhibitions melted away as they surrendered themselves to the intoxicating chemistry that enveloped them.

The sensation of their mouths melding together was nothing short of enchanting; it felt like fireworks exploding against a night sky filled with stars. Their kiss held both tenderness and intensity, capturing the raw essence of desire intertwined with genuine affection.

As Fleur continued unbuttoning Harry’s shirt, she couldn’t help but be captivated by the magnetic connection unfolding before her eyes. Each touch ignited flames within them all - an irresistible blend of pleasure and vulnerability that left them yearning for more.

In this captivating moment shared between Harry, Suzette, and Fleur, boundaries were pushed aside as they explored the depths of their desires. Their bodies moved in sync, fueled by a shared passion that seemed to consume them entirely.

“Mon ami,” Suzette purred seductively, her voice dripping with desire. “You can touch me as well,” she playfully teased, a mischievous glint in her eyes. Without hesitation, she boldly

reached out and gently grabbed one of his hands, guiding it to rest confidently on her enticingly curved hip.

Suzette, filled with a sense of excitement and anticipation, leaned in closer to Harry. With Fleur by her side, she couldn't resist the urge to explore his neck with gentle kisses. The warmth of their embrace enveloped them as they shared this intimate moment together. Suzette's lips brushed against Harry's skin, leaving a trail of soft sensations that sent shivers down his spine. Each kiss was fueled by a mixture of desire and tenderness, creating an electric connection between them that seemed to ignite the air around them. "Girls," Harry moaned. He felt an overwhelming sensation.

Suzette, filled with a mix of anticipation and nervousness, slowly trailed her fingers along his neck, savoring the warmth that radiated from his skin. As she continued her exploration, her touch gradually descended down towards her knees, causing a shiver to run through her body. With each passing moment, the desire within Suzette intensified as she found herself irresistibly drawn to him. Finally, unable to resist any longer, she extended her trembling hand towards his belt.

Fleur, unable to resist the desire coursing through her veins, continued to trail kisses along his neck, relishing in the taste of his skin. Her lips gradually made their way towards his mouth, eagerly anticipating the moment when they would finally meet and ignite a fiery passion between them. As Fleur and Harry's lips connected, their kiss intensified with an insatiable hunger that seemed to consume them both.

Lost in this passionate embrace, time seemed to stand still for Fleur and Harry as they fervently explored each other's mouths with a fervor unmatched by anything they had experienced before. Every touch sent electric currents surging through their bodies, heightening their senses and deepening their connection.

Meanwhile, Suzette discreetly took on the role of removing Harry's pants with practiced ease. Her nimble fingers worked swiftly yet delicately as she undid buttons and zippers without interrupting the heated exchange happening just inches away from her.

In this moment of pure indulgence and forbidden pleasure, Fleur could feel herself becoming completely consumed by her desires for Harry. The world around them faded into obscurity as they surrendered themselves fully to the intoxicating allure of each other's presence.

As Fleur continued to explore every inch of Harry's mouth with tantalizing precision, Suzette's hand finally reached its destination, gently grasping the waistband of Harry's pants. With a swift motion, she pulled them down, revealing his bare skin and allowing her to fully explore the depths of her desire for him.

Lowering Harry's boxers, Suzette stared in awe at the massive organ that was revealed to her. The sight of it left her breathless and filled with anticipation. Her heavy breathing caught Harry's attention, pulling him away from his passionate snog with Fleur. Curiosity piqued, he glanced down to see what had caused Suzette to abruptly stop. A mischievous smile spread across his face as he noticed Suzette sitting on her knees, completely captivated by his impressive member.

Meanwhile, Fleur couldn't help but let out a small whine as Harry parted her lips and followed his gaze downward. She too became transfixed by the sight before her - just like Suzette had been moments ago. As if drawn by an irresistible force, Fleur found herself joining Suzette on her knees in front of Harry.

Suzette's eyes widened even further as she took in every inch of Harry's throbbing cock before glancing up at him with a mix of excitement and hunger in her eyes. Fleur mirrored this expression, unable to contain her own desire as she locked eyes with Harry. The air was thick with anticipation as they both leaned in, their lips just inches away from his pulsating member.

Both then leaned in and started kissing Harry's member, their lips gently caressing every inch of his throbbing manhood. Their mouths explored the sensitive contours, their tongues intertwining in a passionate dance of desire. Each kiss sent waves of pleasure coursing through Harry's body, igniting a fire within him that he had never experienced before. The softness of their touch combined with the intensity of their passion created an electrifying sensation that left him craving for more. As they continued to lavish attention on his member, Harry felt himself surrendering completely to the overwhelming sensations that consumed him. The room filled with moans and sighs as they indulged in this intimate act, losing themselves in a world where only pleasure mattered.

"MMMhhh Girls," Harry moaned in a low, husky voice as he watched Fleur and Suzette locked in a passionate kiss with his cock between them. The room was filled with an electrifying energy, their bodies pressed against each other, lips moving in perfect sync. It was impossible for Harry to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing sight.

As the intensity of their kiss grew, Suzette couldn't help but feel a surge of curiosity. She wanted to explore more than just the physical connection they were sharing; she wanted to delve into Harry's mind and understand what fueled this intense desire within him.

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Suzette slowly pulled away from Fleur's lips and looked up at Harry. In that moment, she decided to take a daring leap into his thoughts. To her surprise, what she found there went beyond mere attraction or lust.

Harry's mind was brimming with adoration for both Fleur and Suzette. It wasn't just about satisfying his own desires; it was about reciprocating the pleasure he felt being bestowed upon him by these incredible women.

Suzette's face lit up with a radiant smile, filled with confidence and contentment. In that moment, she knew deep within her heart that the decision she had made was undoubtedly the right one for both herself and Fleur. As their eyes locked in a tender gaze, Suzette could feel an unspoken connection forming between them. With a simple yet powerful exchange of thoughts, they reaffirmed their shared desire to continue worshipping Harry's magnificent member.

As he passionately moved one of his hands into her elegant blonde hair, gently tilting her head, he guided her face down to the base of his shaft. With every rhythmic bobbing motion that Fleur performed on the top of his length, a wave of pleasure surged through him. Meanwhile, Suzette eagerly joined in on the intimate act by wrapping her luscious lips around him. Her tender kisses and tantalizing licks along his throbbing shaft intensified the sensations coursing through his body, creating an electrifying symphony of desire and ecstasy.

"Fuck, you two are perfect," Harry groaned.

Fleur, with her lips stretched around his impressive girth, managed to maintain a smile on her face. Despite the intensity of the moment, she remained composed and focused on pleasuring Harry. Her tongue skillfully swirled around his swollen head, applying just the right amount of pressure while she sucked hard. The sensation drew a hiss from Harry's lips, confirming that Fleur's efforts were not in vain.

Feeling the desire to take control, Harry tightened his grip in Fleur's hair and gently pulled her off him. As he did so, he moved Suzette up to replace where Fleur had been moments ago - at the tip of his throbbing member. With Suzette now bobbing on his glistening tip, Fleur obediently allowed herself to be guided by Harry as he positioned her on the other side of his shaft.

But Fleur wasn't satisfied with merely being there; she wanted to go above and beyond to please him. Without hesitation or reservation, she extended her tongue outwards towards his balls and wrapped it sensually around the base of his cock. This added touch sent waves of pleasure coursing through both Harry and Fleur as they continued their passionate encounter.

Harry closed his eyes, relishing in the intense pleasure that surged through his body. He leaned his head against the cool surface of the wall, allowing himself to fully immerse in the moment. The sensation of two warm and eager mouths enveloping his throbbing cock was beyond anything he had ever experienced before.

As Harry's arousal grew more insatiable, he instinctively pulled Fleur away, aching for a change in pace. With an undeniable hunger burning within him, he firmly guided Suzette down towards him. The blonde beauty obediently complied, her willingness evident as she eagerly took him deeper into her mouth.

The intensity of it all overwhelmed Suzette momentarily; she choked and gagged as Harry plunged further into her throat with unwavering determination. Despite tears welling up in her eyes from both pleasure and discomfort, she bravely endured every inch of him thrusting inside her.

Harry couldn't help but groan uncontrollably at the exquisite tightness around him when Suzette's nose pressed against his stomach. Her throat spasmed involuntarily around his length, intensifying their shared ecstasy even further.

After forcefully restraining her for a brief moment, he firmly pulled her back up, granting her the opportunity to fill her lungs with a much-needed gasp of air. Suzette, still recovering and catching her breath, found herself being pressed down onto his throbbing member. This time, however, she effortlessly accommodated him fully within herself without any resistance or discomfort. Her intense gaze locked onto him with an undeniable passion as she sensually enveloped his shaft with her lips tightly wrapped around its 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, Suzette 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 Suzette 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 gently relaxed in her silky hair, she sensually pulled back, savoring the taste as she sucked hard and slowly dragged her full lips up his considerable length. The intensity of Harry's pleasure was evident as he let out a sharp hiss, overwhelmed by the exquisite sensations coursing through him. Her skilled tongue flicked teasingly over his oversensitive head, eliciting involuntary shudders from deep within him.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Harry felt an overwhelming surge of desire building up inside him. With a low growl escaping his lips, he urgently called out to both girls who obediently remained in their designated spots. They eagerly awaited Harry's explosive release that they knew would soon envelop them.

In the throes of ecstasy and unable to suppress his primal instincts any further, Harry moaned with unrestrained passion and unleashed his torrential climax upon Suzette and Fleur. His essence erupted forcefully, covering their beautiful faces with an undeniable mark of shared intimacy.

"That was incredible," Harry exclaimed, making the girls smile as they cleaned themselves up. Fleur and Suzette shared a glance.

Suzette, with a mischievous glint in her eye, casually mentioned to Harry, "Let's do this again next week?" As the words left her lips, she could see the look of utter surprise and confusion on his face. Harry was dumbfounded by the suggestion. However, before he could even respond, both girls burst into giggles and nodded their heads enthusiastically.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became filled with anticipation and excitement. It seemed that Suzette's proposal had struck a chord with Fleur as well. With a seductive tone in her voice and a playful smile dancing on her lips, Fleur couldn't help but add fuel to the fire by purring softly, "This cock deserves everything it gets."

As these words hung in the air for a moment longer than necessary, everyone present knew that something unforgettable was about to happen. The prospect of repeating this thrilling experience next week brought an electric buzz to the room - an energy that would undoubtedly leave lasting memories etched into their minds forever.