

### Chapter 3

Harry Potter was nervous. For the last two weeks, the private investigator he had hired on Fleur's behalf had been following Bill in Egypt. Today, the file was supposed to arrive by owl. The last week had been great for Harry. With Fleur in France with her family, he didn't feel the need to worry about her so much, giving him time to enjoy being with Tonks. For the last week, Tonks had moved into his house, and his bed. What had started as 'just a bit of fun', had turned into something a bit more serious.

Today, Fleur had returned, anxious to find out what the investigator had found out. Although Tonks tried her best to keep things cheerful, they all felt a growing anxiety as the time approached. Now, the three of them sat around the kitchen table at Grimmauld Place, waiting for the owl to arrive.

Fleur and Tonks were chatting and catching up as Fleur told them about what she did with her family for the last two weeks. Harry only half listened as his mind wandered. He was worried about Fleur. He knew that her marriage depended on this, and he could see the stress it was putting on her. Looking to his left, he could just make out the bags under her eyes, and the slight tremble in her hands as she sipped her tea. Looking across the table, he smiled as he watched Tonks, talking animatedly about Dawlish's latest screw up. He loved that she always seemed to be smiling, or trying to make others smile, no matter the situation. Her eyes met his, and she gave him a wink, her hair going from purple to pink.

A rustling sound caught his attention. He looked over to the enchanted window he had installed over the sink. He had put it up to give the room more light, and it was connected to the window upstairs, allowing owls to fly into that window, and out of this one. A large brown owl flew in through the window, silencing the room, and landed on the table in front of Harry. Reaching out, he untied the large brown envelope from its leg, and it took off, flying back out of the window.

"Do you want to open it, or should I?" Harry asked.

Fleur was silent for a moment, her hand hesitantly reaching for the folder, before pulling it back.

“You do eet.” She said nervously.

Harry popped the wax seal holding it closed, and lifted the flap, pulling out the papers inside. Looking over then notes and the pictures, it wasn't good. Bill was spending a few nights a week visiting a brothel in Cairo. From the notes of the investigator, who had talked to the girls there, he had been going there for years. There were pictures of him with eight different women, but the notes had a list of names a page and a half long. His anger grew the more he read. While he didn't care what Bill did when he was single, he had keep doing it after he was married, and was still going as of yesterday, when the investigator sent the files.

“Arry?” Fleur called, a tremble in her voice.

Harry reached out and grabbed her hand, squeezing it. He glanced at Tonks quickly to see her biting her lip anxiously.

“It's not good, Fleur.” He said heavily.

Fleur closed her eyes, fighting back tears. Reaching out, she grabbed the files from his hand before he could stop her. Her hands shook as she read them. When she got to the pictures, everything in the room started to shake from her wild magic.

“Fleur?” Hary called worriedly.

“Ow could 'e!?” She raged, throwing the files away from her and breaking down into tears.

Harry wrapped his arm around her and she buried her face in his chest as heaving sobs wracked her body. Tonks walked around the table to sit next to her, rubbing her back soothingly as Harry held her. It was several minutes before she calmed enough to talk again.

“Why would 'e do zhis? Am I not good enough? Am I not-” She cried heartbrokenly.

"It's not your fault, Fleur. It's his fault for being an asshole." Tonks interrupted.

"I weel make 'im pay for zhis!" She burst out angrily.

"Of course, we will." Tonks agreed. "Harry, could you give us a few minutes?"

Harry looked at her curiously, but Tonks just smiled at him and winked. Shrugging his shoulder, he gave Fleur a comforting squeeze and kissed the top of her head. Standing, he kissed Tonks on the lips as he passed her, and left the room.

"Now, let's talk payback." Tonks said excitedly.

Harry shook his head as he closed the door behind him. Bill was not going to enjoy whatever those two came up with.

Harry spent the next hour in the library, entertaining himself by looking through the books of the Black Library for embarrassing and painful curses to use on Bill. Tonks came in just as he was reading about a curse that caused the victims testicles swell to the size of pumpkins when they became aroused.

"Wother, Harry." She said, with a wide smile.

She bounded into the room, her grin still in place even as she tripped on the carpet and fell face first onto the floor. Harry held in a laugh as he got up and helped her to her feet.

"You seem to be in a good mood." He said. "How's Fleur doing?"

Tonks snorted. "She right hacked off. Nearly set a pillow on fire, she was so mad. Did you know she could throw fireballs?"

Harry shook his head. He'd seen the Veela at the World Cup do it, but he didn't know Fleur was capable of doing it too.

"So, what has you so cheery, then?" He asked, looking at her curiously.

Tonks' smile widened, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and her hair cycled from blue to purple. "Fleur and I have a plan to teach him a lesson." She said excitedly.

Harry sighed, but smiled at her exuberance. "Do I even want to know?" He asked jokingly.

"Yup. In fact, you need to, because you're going to help." She told him.

"Alright." He agreed easily, more than willing to help them get back at Bill.

"Good. He'll be here soon. Fleur wants to talk to him first. Then, we're going to tie him to the chair, and you are going to cuck the bastard while he watches." She explained.

"What!" He said incredulously. "You want me to have sex with Fleur in front of Bill?"

"Oh, c'mon, Harry. It's not the first time you've slept with her, and it's not like Bill doesn't deserve it." She said.

"Well, yeah, but, what about us?" He asked nervously. "I mean, I thought that..."

Harry trailed off. To be honest, he'd always had a crush on Tonks, and the last two weeks had been like a dream come true. Now, he was worried that he had read too much into it.

Tonks stepped closer to him and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I'm not going anywhere, love." She assured him.

Tilting her head up, she kissed him passionately, tugging his hair and pressing her body against his. Harry kissed her back fiercely, relieved and elated as he pulled her close. Tonks pulled away a few moments later, looking up at him with an affectionate smile.

"So, does this mean that we're..?" Harry trailed off again, not sure how to ask what he wanted.

She giggled as she watched him struggle to find the words. "Together? Dating?" She offered. "Yes. Whatever you want to call it, yes."

A massive smile lit up Harry's face as he tightened his arms around her waist and lifted her into the air, spinning in circles. Tonks squealed in surprise and laughed as he spun her around. Setting her down, they stared into each other's eyes, smiling brightly. Then, Harry remembered the conversation they were having.

"So, wait, you're still okay with me sleeping with Fleur?" He asked concernedly.

"Yes, I'm fine with it." She told him.

"But-" He started, still not convinced.

"It's fine." She said, firmly. "I don't mind sharing, as long as you don't me joining in, too."

Tonks smiled at him impishly, and he stared at her wide eyed. He opened his mouth to speak, but she cut him off before he could say anything.

"Look, I promise we can sit down and have a long talk about all of this later. But, right now, Fleur is waiting for us and Bill will be here any minute." She told him.

Harry closed his mouth and nodded. Grabbing his hand, Tonks lead him out of the library, down the stairs, and into the drawing room. When they got there, they found Fleur waiting anxiously, pacing back and forth across the room. She turned to them the moment they arrived.

“Deed you talk to ‘im?” She asked Tonks quickly, then turned to Harry before she could answer. “Deed she tell you? Will you do eet, please?” She pleaded.

“Easy, Fleur. Deep breath.” He said, placing his hands on her shoulder. “She told me what you have planned, and I’ll help. But are you two *sure* this is what you want to do?”

“Oui.” “Yes.” They said.

He looked closely at Fleur, her red rimmed eyes burning with anger and determination. Knowing her as well as he did, he knew that she was hurting, and she really wanted to get back at Bill for all the pain he had caused her. Frankly, Bill deserved it, and he was happy to help her get some payback. He nodded at her and she smiled at him, leaning forwards to hug him tightly.

“Zank you.” She said quietly into his ear, her voice full of emotion.

Harry hugged her back tightly before pulling away. Turning his head, he looked over at Tonks. She was leaning against the back of the couch, smiling brightly at them, and gave him a wink. Harry smiled and shook his head, if she was okay with it, then so was he. Just then, the fire place flared to life and they all turned to look at it. The flames turned green and with a *woosh* Bill stepped out of the Floo.

“Hey guys.” Bill said with a smile.

Harry frowned. Bill’s nonchalant greeting made him want to punch him in the face. Fleur didn’t look impressed either as she crossed her arms over her chest, glaring at him. Tonks was the only one that didn’t look upset, smirking in anticipation.

"We need to talk, Beel." Fleur said seriously.

"Okay." Bill said, drawing out the word as he finally seemed to realize something was wrong, the smile falling from his face. "Why don't we go home, and we can--"

"Non, we need to talk *now*." She told him in a tone that brokered no argument.

Harry could tell she was just barely holding on to her temper. He slid his hands into his pockets, palming his wand, just in case.

"Alright." Bill said placatingly, and looked over to Harry and Tonks. "Uh, would you two mind giving us a few--"

"Non, zhey stay." Fleur demanded, interrupting him again. "Now seet,"

"Fleur--" Bill tried to say.

"Seet!" Fleur ordered.

Bill raised his hands in surrender and sat down in a blue arm chair. Tonks moved over to the drinks table behind Bill and poured herself a drink. Harry moved over to the couch Fleur was standing in front of and sat down on the arm.

"I really wanted zhis to work, Beel." Fleur said. "I 'oped zat we could work zhrough zhis."

Fleur turned and pick up the folder from the Private Investigator off the table at the end of the couch.

“And zhen, I find out about zhis.” She said, throwing the folder at Bill with a look of disgust.

Bill picked it up from his lap, brow furrowed in confusion as he opened it. His eyes widened as he stared in shock when he saw what was in it.

“You had me followed!” He exclaimed incredulously.

“I needed to know eef I could steel trust you.” She said unapologetically, glaring at him with her arms crossed over her chest. “Eet turns out I shouldn’t ‘ave trust you at all.”

“Fleur,” he said weakly.

“Why?” She asked thickly.

“C’mon, Fleur.” Bill said, throwing the file to the ground. “I’m gone for weeks, sometimes months at a time. I have to have some kind of relief, my job is stressful, people get hurt or killed all the time. It doesn’t mean anything. I don’t care about those girls. It was just sex.”

“So zhat means eet’s okay to cheat on me?” Fleur demanded angrily. “You ‘ave been cheating on me since we started dating. Zhat doesn’t mean anyzhing? You could ‘ave talked to me. I could ‘ave come to veezit you. You could ‘ave gotten a job ‘ere, in England. But, non. You’d razher spend time wiz your ‘ores zan wiz me.”

“That’s not true, I love you.” Bill pleaded.

“But, not enough to stop sleeping wiz ozher women.” She threw back at him, unaffected. “After everyzhing we’ve been zthrough, zhis is ‘ow you repay me. I put up wiz your mozzer ‘ating me, I stayed wiz you after you were beeten by Grayback. After everyzhing we went zthrough during ze war, zhis is what you do to me!?”



“Fleur-” He begged.

“Tonks.” She called out.

Bill wand flew from his pocket and into Tonks’ hand behind him a moment before black, iron chains wrapped around him, pinning him to the chair.

“What the fuck!?” He yelled, struggling uselessly against the chains.

Fleur slowly walked towards Bill, her hips swaying seductively. Placing her hands down on his bound arms, she leaned over him, the neckline of her dress falling forward and revealing a large expanse of cleavage.

“But, first,” she said in a whisper, “you’re going to sit zhere and watch me do to you what you ‘ave been doing to me.”

“Fl-” Bill’s voice cut off, Tonks’ wand silencing him with a flick.

Fleur straightened up, spun around and walked towards Harry, her wide hips swaying again. Harry stood up as she approached, licking his lips nervously. When she reached him, Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck, staring at him lustfully as she slowly leaned forward to kiss him deeply, her tongue slipping into his mouth to glide along his. She moaned loudly as her fingers slid through his hair. Harry pulled her body tightly against his, her breasts pressed flat against his chest.

Fleur’s hands moved from his hair, down his shoulders and chest, and grabbed the hem of his shirt. She broke the kiss and pulled his shirt over his head, throwing it to the side. Taking a step back, Fleur grabbed the strap of her light blue dress, and slid it slowly off of her shoulder, revealing the black strap of her bra underneath. The other shoulder was next, exposing the smooth, flawless skin of her shoulders as she slipped her arms slowly out of the straps of her dress. Reaching up, she grabbed the sides and began to shimmy it down her body, the curves of

her breasts stopping it from falling down. The top of the dress slowly moved down inch by inch, displaying the pale skin of the tops of her breasts, then the cups of her lacy, black bra.

As the dress passed her breasts, there was nothing left to hold it up. She held it to her body teasingly, looking at him with a seductive smile, then let go. The dress fell to the floor, exposing the rest of her body to his gaze. Stalking back up to him, Fleur kissed him on the lips hard, but briefly, moving her lips down his neck, and chest. Descending to her knees, she kissed down his abs, playfully nipping at the skin as her hands began to undo his belt. When it was unbuckled, she unbuttoned his pants and pulled down the zipper. Pulling his pants down his legs, she helped him to step out of them and tossed them out of the way.

Harry's rigid cock strained against the leg of his boxers, tenting them away from his leg. The angry, purple head of his cock peaked out from the leg of his boxers. Fleur giggled at the sight. Leaning forward, she placed a wet kiss on the tip, causing his cock to jerk. Grabbing his boxers, she yanked them down and his cock leapt free, bobbing up and down in front of her face. Harry groaned when Fleur wrapped her hand around his cock, stroking him slowly.

"Such a wonderful cock." Fleur said, placing another kiss on the head. "So much beeger zhan my 'usbands."

Harry had forgotten there were other people in the room, until she mentioned them. Looking up, he saw Bill red faced and screaming silently in his chair, still struggling against the chains. Tonks had moved to a chair that sat to the left of the couch. She was slouched in it, the top buttons of her shirt open, revealing the top of her red bra, and one hand was stuffed down her unbuttoned pants. She smiled at Harry when she saw him looking at her with wide eyes. He hadn't expected her to be so turned on by watching them. His attention was quickly drawn back to Fleur when she took the head of his cock in her mouth.

He groaned as she sucked lightly, looking up at him with a seductive stare. Her head bobbed lower and lower until she managed to shove the entire length of his cock down her throat, her pink lips stretched wide around the base. Looking straight into his eyes, she pulled back at an excruciatingly slow pace, her lips dragging along his girth as her tongue danced around his shaft. As she reached the head, her lips sealed around him tightly and she sucked hard, her tongue dancing along the underside. After a long moment, she pulled her head back, pulling off of him with a loud *pop*.

“I love to suck a beeg, fat, cock.” She said, lightly caressing his hard, throbbing shaft with hand and fingers. “Beel could nevair control heemself long enough for me to enjoy eet. Ze only good zhing was zhat ‘e wasn’t beeg enough to choke me wiz eet.”

Fleur stood up, reached behind her back, and unclasped her bra. Harry stared as her large, perky tits bounced free as she pulled off the bra and dropped it on the floor, her pink nipples hard with arousal. Turning around, she smirked at her soon to be ex-husband, his face a mask of fury and humiliation. Bending over at the waist, her breasts dangled and swayed below her as she grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly pushed them down her long, smooth legs. Harry watched with rapt attention as her large, firm cheeks and pink, dripping pussy were slowly exposed to his view.

Fleur straightened up and stepped out of her moist panties. Before she could move, Harry stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. With his cock sandwiched between her luscious cheeks, he kissed her shoulder, working his way up to her neck as his hands slid up her stomach to grab her large, soft breasts. She moaned loudly, tilting her head back to expose more of her slender neck. Harry sucked hard on her delicate skin, intent on leaving a mark while he groped her breasts roughly.

Fleur turned around in his arms, her protruding nipples scraping across his chest as she turned to face him. With a smirk, she placed her hands flat on his chest and pushed him backwards until the back of his legs hit the couch and Harry fell down onto the couch. Turning around so that her back was to him, Fleur sat down in his lap, her legs spread wide to rest on either side of his. Reaching an arm back behind her head, she grabbed a handful on his hair and pulled him forward as she turned her head to the side, kissing him hungrily. While they kissed, Fleur reached between her legs to grab his throbbing cock, stroking it lightly.

Breaking the kiss, Fleur leaned back against his chest, and raised herself up a few inches. She moved his cock down to her slit, running the head up and down between her lips, soaking it in her arousal. Placing the swollen, purple head at her entrance, she slowly sat down on his rigid cock, her moist, pink lips stretching wide around his girth. She threw her head back and moaned loudly as her hot, wet pussy swallowed his shaft, her back arched so that her head rested next to his, her perky tits thrust into the air. Harry groaned as she bottomed out, reaching up with his hands to grab her firm breasts, cupping them while rolled her stiff nipples between his fingers.

Once she had settled on him, she lifted her legs, bending them at the knee, and put her feet on the seat of the couch. Her legs were spread wide, giving Bill a perfect view of Harry's fat cock buried deep in her pussy. Leaning forward, she placed her hands on his knees, slowly starting to bounce up and down on his cock while she smirked at her husband.

"Is cock feels so much better zhan yours." She taunted him, speeding up slightly. "Eet's feels so good to finally enjoy sex. Eef I tried to do zhis wiz you, you'd eizer lose control and 'ump me like a dog een 'eat, or you'd feenish before I could even enjoy eet."

Harry's cock jerked as she humiliated Bill. He found it an incredible turn on to fuck a woman while she insulted her husband. Reaching under her knees, he pulled her against his chests, her legs spread wide and pressed against her chests, squashing her breasts against her thighs. The muscles in his arms bulged and flexed as he used them to lift her up and down on his cock. Fleur moaned as he began to thrust his hip, driving his cock up into her tight, wet heat as he moved her.

Another moan had him looking to the side. Tonks had turned her chair at some point, to give herself a better view. Her shirt was off now, and the cups of her bra pulled down under her large breasts, making them even more perky than they normally did. They bounced enticingly as her arm moved back and forth in her pants, the crotch of her torn jeans was soaked through with her arousal. Her eyes were lock on to the spot where Harry and Fleur were joined, watching lustfully as his cock slid in and out of her tight, gripping pussy. Harry didn't like his girlfriend being so exposed with Bill in the room, but considering he was fucking another woman, he didn't really have room to complain.

"Arry, mon amour, you feel so good een me." Fleur moaned, drawing his full attention back to her. "Was eet worz eet, Beel? Was eet worz going to spend time wiz some 'hore instead of coming 'ome to me?"

Fleur's pussy started flutter around his cock as Harry thrust up into her even harder, feeling his climax beginning to build. Breathing hard, she gripped his arms tightly, her head thrown back to rest on his shoulder. Pleasure bubbled up inside of him, the muscles in his arms burning as he drilled her down onto his throbbing cock. He groaned as his cock slid in and out of her slick, hot pussy, pushing him closer to the edge.

“Fleur.” He called out in warning as he teetered on the brink.

“Een me. Cum een me, mon amour.” Fleur said, her breath coming in gasps.

Harry grit his teeth and his body tensed as he released inside of her, his cock swelling and pulsing as he shot his cum deep inside of her clutching pussy. As he came, Fleur’s body shook in his arms and she let out a high-pitched whine, her pussy clamping down on his jerking cock as she reached her peak. The couch and Harry’s thighs were soaked as she leaked around his shaft, even as it pulsed and filled her up with hot, white cum. He let go of her legs and wrapped his arms around her stomach, holding her down on to him as he jerked his hips up, driving his cock as deeply as possible into her as his orgasm trailed off.

Hearing moans coming from Tonks again, he turned and watched as she came hard while she fingered herself furiously. She was still slouched in the chair, writhing as her tits bounced wildly and her arm jerked rapidly. Harry’s cock twitched hard as he watched her.

Harry and Fleur were both breathing heavily as they collapsed back onto the couch, eyes closed as they savored the euphoric feelings coursing through them. Fleur recovered first, placing her feet back down onto the floor and lifting herself off of him, groaning as he popped free. On unsteady legs, she walked over to Bill and stood in front of him. Bill had stopped struggling and glared balefully at her as she reached between her legs. Running a finger through her swollen, abused lips, she scooped up some of Harry’s cum that had leaked from her, and sucked her finger into her mouth.

“What’s ze matter, Beel. Eet’s only sex, oui?” Fleur’s arm lashed forward, slapping Bill across the face with a thunderous *smack*. “Don’t look at me like zhat, zhis ees your own fault. I deed anything you wanted een bed, and eet steel wasn’t enough.”

Bill stopped glaring at her and looked away in shame. He didn’t see the thoughtful look appear on her face as she looked at him.

“Well, almost everyzhing.” She said with a smirk as Bill’s face snapped back up to look at her. “Zhere was one zhing you always wanted to try, wasn’t zhere? But I said non, because I knew you would lose control, oui?”

Fleur turned to look at Tonks.

“Can I borrow ‘Arry for one more zhing?” She asked.

Tonks smiled, still slouched awkwardly in the chair and breathing heavily as she recovered from her orgasm. “Sure. He’s all yours.” She said.

“Merci.” Fleur said with a bright smile.

Turning around, Fleur walked over to Harry and dropped to her knees in front of him. She grabbed his half hard cock, still covered in her wetness, and took him into her mouth. Sucking hard and bobbing her head up and down, Harry groaned and stroked a hand through her hair as he rapidly grew hard in her mouth. Once he was fully hard again, Fleur pulled off of him and stood up. She crawled on to the couch on her hands and knees, her hands gripping the arm and her round, full ass sticking out at Harry. Resting her chest on the arm of the couch, she reached back with both hands and spread her cheeks, revealing her swollen, pink slit and crinkled asshole.

“I want you ‘ere.” She told him, running an index finger over her tight, little asshole.

“You’re sure?” He asked with nervous excitement, climbing up onto the couch behind her.

“Oui. Just, be gentle.” She answered.

Harry leaned over her, kissing her tenderly on the lips. Straightening back up, he caressed her back with one hand as the other grabbed his shaft at the base. Looking down, his cock throbbed in anticipation as he lined himself up.

“Wait.” Tonks called out.

Looking over at her, he watched as Tonks climbed out of the chair, grabbing her wand as she stood, and walked over to them. Standing next to Harry, she leaned in, kissing him passionately for a moment. She pulled back and gave him a wide lustful smile. Pointing her wand at his hard shaft, a slick, clear fluid dripped from the end and landed on his cock. With the other hand, she reached out and stroked him firmly, coating his entire cock in lube. Moving her wand over to point at Fleur’s ass, she placed a few drops on her crinkled hole.

Tonks set her wand down on the stand next to Fleur’s head and placed her hand on her lower back. Sliding it down, Tonks’ hand slid between Fleur cheeks and her middle finger circled around her asshole, spreading the lube around the tight hole. Fleur let out a moan, and Harry watched excitedly as Tonks pushed her finger inside, sinking in to the first knuckle. She sawed her finger gently back and forth, slowly sinking it deeper until she buried it up to the middle knuckle. Fleur continued to moan, dropping her head onto her arms as Tonks added a second finger. Harry licked his lips as he watched the incredibly hot scene of his girlfriend fingering another woman’s asshole. Tonks kept moving them in and out until both fingers were buried to the top knuckle of Fleur’s tight little anus.

Pulling her fingers out, Tonks grabbed Fleur’s cheeks and held them open. “You’re up big boy.” She said with a smirk.

Harry placed his cock at Fleur’s hole, and pushed. He had to push surprisingly hard and was worried that he might hurt her when it suddenly gave way, and the head of his cock popped into her smallest hole. Fleur gasped and let out a long, loud moan.

“You okay, Fleur?” Harry asked, concerned even as he enjoyed the heat of her unbelievably tight ass gripping him.

“Oui.” She said as Tonks stroked her back soothingly.

Taking a deep breath, Harry started to gently rock his hips back and forth, gradually sinking his cock deeper with short thrusts. Panting, he marveled at how tight her wall gripped him and the incredible, but dry heat that surrounded him. Soon, he had managed to get half his length into her tight hole as she groaned and mewled under him. Pausing, he stopped his short thrusts, and pulled his cock out until only the head remained inside, then pushed back in slowly. Fleur gasped and let out a low moan as he sank half his cock back into her, pushing slightly deeper than before.

“Does it feel good?” Tonks asked Fleur, brushing her hair away from her face in a tender gesture.

“Oui, eet feels so good.” She groaned, panting heavily.

“Really? You know, I’ve always been curious about anal. Maybe I should give it a try.” Tonks said.

Harry’s cock jerked at the thought, making Fleur giggle.

“Harry liked zhat.” She told her.

“Oh really?” Tonks said, looking back at him with a smirk.

Harry smiled at her for a moment, then straked to make long, slow strokes in and out of Fleur’s tight ass, pushing a little deeper each time. Fleur moaned loudly as he gently fucked her.

“I’m going to miss zhis.” Fleur moaned.

“You don’t have to.” Tonks told her, getting a confused look from Fleur. “I don’t mind sharing, so long as you don’t mind me joining in.”



Tonks bit her lip sexily, looking slightly nervous as Fleur looked at her with wide eyes. Tonks scooted closer to Fleur, their faces close together, and stroked her cheek gently. Harry slowed down as he watched the exchange in surprise. He wondered how he got this lucky. His girlfriend was just as attracted to Fleur as he was, and if she wanted to share, that was fine with him. Fleur had gotten over her surprise, and was looking at Tonks appraisingly, a smirk stretching her full, pink lips.

“I zhink I’d be okay wiz zhat.” Fleur said in a seductive whisper.

Tonks smiled widely and pressed her lips to Fleur’s. Harry’s cock twitched inside of Fleur as he watched their lips and tongues dance against each other. Fleur giggled again, breaking the kiss.

“Harry really liked zat.” She told Tonks.

“Good.” Tonks said. “So did I.”

Tonks kissed her again, her hand reaching up to play with Fleur’s breasts. Harry started to move his hips again as he watched them, pulling his cock most of the way out, and then slowly driving back into her. Fleur moan into Tonks’ mouth as he went deeper and deeper on each thrust. Finally, Harry managed to stuff his entire cock into her tight, gripping ass, groaning at the feeling. With long, deep strokes, Harry fuck his whole length in and out of her, looking down to watch her stretched ring grip him tightly.

“Faster.” Fleur begged before going back to making out with Tonks.

Grabbing her hips in his hands, Harry thrust slowly at first, but gradually gained speed. Giving up depth for speed, he only pulled half way out before driving back in, his hips making her cheeks ripple each time they connected with a *slap*. He panted as he fucked her tight ass harder, Fleur grunting cutely with each thrust as his orgasm grew nearer. He felt something touch his balls as they slapped against Fleur’s sopping wet pussy. He looked down to see Tonks had reached down to play with Fleur’s clit, his balls glancing across her knuckles as he fucked her.

The girls had stopped kissing, and Fleur was panting harshly, her hands clutching the arm of the couch in a white knuckled grip. Suddenly, Fleur's breath hitched and she screamed, her ass clamping down him so hard he could barely move. Her pussy spraying his balls and Tonks' hand as she came hard, legs trembling wildly. Tonks massaged her clit and kissed her straining neck and tensed shoulder as she came off over a minute solid. Finally, her ass stopped clenching around his cock and she slumped down, breathing heavily.

"Wow, that looked like a big one." Tonks teased. "I'm definitely gonna have to try this."

Fleur only groaned in response as Harry started to move again. He was soon back to his previous pace, fucking her hard and fast as he felt his orgasm approaching. Spreading her cheeks wide, he watched as his cock speared in and out of her ass, stretching it wide around his cock.

"Fuck!" He yelled at the intense pleasure. "I'm close."

"Wait. Not een me." Fleur called out to him, breaking her kiss with Tonks.

Harry groaned in disappointment and thrust hard into her a couple more times before pulling his cock out of her wonderful ass, watching as it gaped open after he left it. Fleur turned around and pushed Harry on to his back. Bending down, she looked up at him as she opened her mouth and wrapped it around his cock. Harry stared wide eyed at her in surprise.

"That's fucking hot." Tonks said as she watched.

Fleur's head bobbed quickly up and down on his cock, her tongue swirling around the head as she stroked his shaft rapidly. With how close he was to finishing when he pulled out, and watching her suck his cock that had only moments ago been in her ass, she pushed him over the edge quickly.

"Cumming." He warned.

Fleur held the head of his cock in her mouth as she jacked him, her tongue flicking the underside of his tip. With a grunt, Harry came, pulsing as he shot jets of hot cum against her tongue, his body muscles tensing. She sucked hard, stroking him with a firm grip to milk every drop of cum for him. With a groan, he finished pulsing in her, dropping his head back down on the couch breathing heavily. Fleur pulled off of him, keeping her lips sealed and the cum inside. Standing up, she walked over to Bill and knelt down so that her face was level with his.

Holding her hand cupped in front of her mouth, she opened her lips, letting Harry's cum drool out of her mouth in a river of white, collecting it in her hand. A string of cum and spit connected her lip to the pool in her hand, and she licked her lips to break it. She stood up straight and with a loud, wet *smack*, her hand slapped Bill's cheek brutally hard. His head snapped to the side and the cum in her hand splattered across his face. It was smeared over his cheek, eye and the side of his lips. He turned his head to the side, spitting to keep it from getting into his mouth.

"You can keep your 'hores."