

Chapter 3

Harry looked down at Fleur, who was naked and kneeling in front of him, her red lips opened wide to accept his throbbing cock. It had been almost a month since they had started this unorthodox training to teach Fleur how to overcome the Imperius curse. This was the last time they would be able to meet before the First Task of the Triwizard Tournament, and Fleur was determined to finally beat the curse. While she had managed to struggle against it on a regular basis, she had yet to throw it off completely. Today, she instructed Harry to be particularly rough on her, in the hope that it would push her to break the spell that controlled her.

Ordering her to not resist him, Harry slid the swollen head of his cock between her plump lips, pushing in until he hit the back of her mouth. Fleur looked up at him with her hands in her lap as his cock filled her mouth and her lips stretched wide around his girth. Running his fingers through her golden hair, he grabbed her head and thrust his hips forward, driving his cock down her tight throat. Even being under the curse didn't stop her shoulders from hitching as she gagged loudly when he ruthlessly pushed into her throat until his balls rested on her chin.

Fleur's throat spasmed around his shaft, desperately trying to get rid of the intruder even as the rest of her body sat still, staring up at him calmly. Harry held his long cock buried down her throat for several second, relishing the feeling, before he finally relented and pulled back. Her saliva dripped from his length and down her chin to land on her breasts as he pulled out. She gasped loudly, sucking in a lungful of air the moment her mouth was clear, the cool air rushing along the head of his cock.

After giving her a moment to catch her breath, Harry pushed his cock back into her mouth and down her throat, gagging her on his thick shaft. Rather than hold her down on him again, he pulled back once he bottomed out, until she was able to draw in a breath, and then pushed back in again. At a slow, steady rhythm, he fucked her throat, watching as more of her spit rained from her chin to land on her breast. Her eyes turned red and tears ran down her cheeks as he savagely forced his cock into her tight throat.

Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her hot, tight throat spasmed around his shaft, massaging it pleurably. Looking down, his eyes fell on her long, slender neck, and the way it bulged as he force-fed his cock down her gullet. Letting go of her head with one hand, he wrapped it around her neck, gripping it just hard enough to feel the way it swelled as her throat stretched around his cock. For a moment, Harry held himself balls deep in her throat, gently running his hand

over the bulge in her throat. After a few seconds, he yanked his cock back out of her throat, giving her time to catch her breath.

Fleur coughed, panting heavily as her throat was freed of his shaft, her chin and chest glistening with the copious amounts of spit that had fallen out of her mouth. Once she had gotten her breath back, Harry pushed his cock back into her mouth. He grabbed her head tightly and adjusted his stance getting ready to really let loose. Starting slow, he thrust in and out of her throat, gradually gaining speed as he fucked her face.

Glurk Glurk Glurk

Fleur's throat squelched loudly as she gagged around his fat cock, his balls bouncing off of her delicate chin with each thrust. Her face was screwed up in discomfort and her eyes tightly shut as he quickly and brutally fucked her throat with abandon. Harry huffed in exertion as he forced his cock down her throat over and over again. Suddenly, he felt her fight against the curse and her hands twitched in her lap as she continued to gag around the shaft lodged in her throat.

A moment later, her resistance ended as abruptly as it started, and she sat looking strangely calm as he battered her throat. Yanking his cock out of her mouth, Fleur sucked in a much-needed breath of air, coughing as she tried to clear her ravaged throat. Jerking his cock rapidly, Harry dragged his balls up her chin to her mouth, her warm breath feeling great on his cold, saliva-soaked sack.

Suck my balls. He ordered her.

Fleur lifted her head up and wrapped her swollen, battered lips around one of his balls, caressing it gently with her tongue. Harry groaned in pleasure, enjoying the feel of her hot mouth surrounding his shriveled sack. After playing with one testicle of a while, she moved her head over to the other one, giving it the same treatment.

"If only the rest of the school could see how much of a whore you are." Harry said, running a hand through her long, golden hair.

Harry wasn't just saying that to talk dirty, he was doing it in an attempt to provoke her into fighting the curse. He hoped that insulting and degrading the proud young woman would push her into fighting back. Although, he hoped it took her a very long time to finally beat the curse completely.

"I bet they would love to see such an arrogant French bitch on her knees, with my balls in your mouth." He told her.

Feeling his climax starting to build, Harry pulled back and shoved his cock back into her mouth. She gagged loudly as he swiftly invaded her abused throat yet again.

"I'm gonna cum straight down your fucking throat, bitch." He growled.

Harry set a hard and brutal pace from the start, panting as he fucked her throat the way he would fuck her pussy. A loud, wet gagging sound left filled the room as he rapidly thrust back in forth. Fortunately for Fleur, he didn't last long, the pleasure and depravity pushing him over the edge quickly. Grunting, Harry buried his cock as deep down her throat as possible as he came, pulling her head forward and crushing her nose against his pubic bone. His cock flexed and pulsed as he came straight down her throat and into her stomach. Fleur's throat continued to spasm around his shaft, milking him unintentionally.

As soon as his climax had ended, he pulled out of her throat and released her from the curse. Fleur fell forward onto her hands and knees, coughing up bits of his cum and her saliva onto the floor as she struggled to clear her throat and get her breath back. Harry grabbed the towel that Fleur had taken to bringing with her and knelt down in front of her.

"You okay, Fleur?" He asked, handing her the towel.

"Oui." She said, her voice coming out rough as she took the towel from him. "Merci, 'Arry."

Sitting up on her knees, Fleur wiped her chin and chest, cleaning the spit from her body. Harry couldn't help but stare as she cleaned her breast, watching the full, firm mound jiggle as she wiped them with the towel. Noticing his stare, Fleur moved the towel away and shook her chest back and forth, sending her tits swaying wildly. Realizing he had been caught, Harry looked up at her, smiling awkwardly. Fleur just giggled at him.

Standing up, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Fleur winced as she stood, rubbing her knees.

"Are you ready for the First Task." Harry asked, watching her dress as he put on his own clothes.

"Oui." She said, pulling up her panties. "ZhanK you for telling me about zhe dragons."

"It didn't really help though." He said with a shrug. "You already knew."

"Steel, I am grateful." She told him, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek. "You deedn't 'ave to tell me."

"It was only fair." He said, feeling strangely flustered.

"Are you ready for zhe Task?" Fleur asked, pulling her robes on over her head.

"I think so." He answered, buttoning up his shirt.

"Do you need 'elp?" She asked, looking at her curiously as she fixed her hair.

"No, I know what I'm going to do, it's just," Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. "We're fighting dragons, for Merlin's sake. What the fuck are the organizers think?"

“You could always forfeit.” She told him with a playful look.

“I tried.” He admitted. “If I forfeit, I could lose my magic.”

“Really?” She asked in surprise.

“I don’t want to compete.” Harry said, a note of defiance in his voice.

Fleur, now fully dressed, stepped over to him and hug him gently. After a moment of standing still in surprise, he relaxed and hugged her back, taking comfort in her embrace.

“You’ll be fine. I know eet.” She assured him.

Pulling back, she looked at him with a gentle smile.

“We ‘ave spent a lot of time togezher and I ‘ave felt you magic. You are a vairy strong wizard, and you ‘ave a vairy strong mind. You ‘ardly react to my allure. You weel do well in zhe Tournament.” She told him confidently.

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips, much to his surprise. It was the first time they had actually kissed, and it was the first time they had done something without her being under the Imperius curse. Just as he was getting over his surprise, she pulled back, smiled brightly at him.”

“Bonne nuit, ‘Arry.” She said, backing away before turning to leave the room.

“Good night, Fleur.” Harry replied, in a slight daze.

Harry sighed as the door closed behind her, and moved to grab his bag when he saw movement in the dark corner of the room. He watched in shock as Hermione appeared from under his invisibility cloak, glaring at him as she marched angrily towards him.

“Hermione!” He exclaimed.

“What are you doing!” She yelled angrily, slapping him hard on the shoulder.

“What are you doing here?” He asked in shock. “Were you spying on me?”

“I was worried about you!” She shouted. “You’ve been disappearing for weeks, and you wouldn’t tell anyone where you were going, or what you were doing. I thought you were just stressed, and then I find you here with *her*. Do you have any idea how dangerous this is? She’s using you! She’s probably planning to use this to get you thrown out of the Tournament. She could get you thrown in Azkaban, Harry!”

Harry stared at her with wide eyes as she ranted at him hysterically, and he put his hands on her shoulders, desperately trying to calm her down before she reached for her wand.

“She would tell anyone, Hermione.” He said, hoping to calm her.

“And how do you know that?” She asked, her tone indicating she didn’t think he had an answer. “She’s just trying to get you out of the tournament, she-”

“She gave me a vow.” Harry interrupted.

“What!?” Hermione asked, looking taken aback.

“She gave me a vow that she wouldn’t tell anyone what we are doing.” Harry told her, hoping this would calm her down.

“Why would she do that?” She asked, incredulous.

For the next few minutes, Harry explained to her how everything had started with Fleur.

“Why is she so desperate to learn how to throw off the Imperius curse?” She asked once he was finished.

“I don’t know.” He admitted. “She hasn’t told me, yet, but I’m sure she will when she’s ready.”

“I still think this is a bad idea.” She told him.

Harry wasn’t sure why Hermione disliked Fleur so much, but he wasn’t brave enough to ask at the moment. Hermione folded her arms over her chest and paced back and forth in front of him, a thoughtful look on her face.

“I want you to teach me.” she said suddenly, turning to face him with a determined look on her face.

“What?” He asked, confused.

“I want you to teach me how to throw off the Imperius curse.” She told him.

Harry stared at her in utter shock for a moment, images of him using her the way he used Fleur running through his mind before he shook them away.

“Hermione-”

“What, you’ll teach *her*, but not your best friend?” She challenged.

Harry sighed in defeat. He knew Hermione well enough to know that she wasn't going to give up until she got her way.

"Alright." He relented, taking out his wand. "Ready?"

She nodded, looking slightly nervous.

"Imperio."

A blissful look fell over Hermione's face as the spell took hold. At his command, she danced around the, spinning and twirling gracefully. As she moved her skirt flared out, showing her long, muscular legs. After a couple of minutes, when she still showed no sign of resisting, Harry dropped the spell.

"Why did you stop?" She asked after she had spun to a stop.

"You weren't fighting it." He said.

"Well, of course not." Hermione said, as if it should have been obvious. "We only just started. Just do it the way you do with Fleur."

"Er." Harry started, sure that he must have misunderstood her. "Hermione, you saw what we were doing earlier, right?"

"Of course I did. I can handle anything that *she* can." She said, again refusing to use Fleur's name for some reason. "Besides, it's not as if you two were having actual sex."

"Er, right." Harry muttered.

Harry wasn't going to tell her that he had had sex with Fleur before, or that the only reason they didn't today was because it was Fleur's time of the month. He licked his dry lips as he thought about what he was about to do. Unlike the rest of the school, Harry had noticed how beautiful Hermione was becoming. He had fantasized about her countless times late at night. If she was willing to go through with this, he wasn't going to argue with her. Harry raised his wand again, and at her nod, he placed her under the curse again.

Strip

Hermione did show any sign of resistance as she shrugged off her robes and started pulling on her tie. Harry watched with growing excitement, and a growing erection, as she stripped down to her surprisingly sexy black bra and panties. Reaching behind her back, she unsnapped her bra and slid it down her arms, revealing her grapefruit sized breasts. While not as big as Fleur's, they were still a good size and very perky, standing out straight from her chest. Her nipples were the same light pink as her lips and were already hard.

Reaching down, Hermione bent over as she pulled down her panties. Unlike Fleur, who was completely bald, she had a small strip of short brown hair over her lips. As she stood naked in front of him, Harry took the opportunity to walk around her, taking in every part of her delicious body. Walking behind her, he saw her wonderful ass. It was full, round, and muscular, jutting out from her body. Reaching out, he cupped her incredible cheeks, running his hands over her silky-smooth skin. Sliding his hands up her body and around to the front, he groped her breasts, running his thumbs lightly over her hard nipples.

"You're so beautiful, Hermione." He whispered in her ear.

Letting go of her, he walked back around to stand in front of her. He spent another few seconds admiring her naked form before releasing her from the curse. Immediately, Hermione blushed and raised her arms to cover herself, looking away shyly.

"I, I think that's enough for today." Hermione said, trying and failing to hide how embarrassed she was.

“You okay, Hermione?” Harry asked as he watched her dress quickly.

“I’m fine.” She said in a voice that sounded higher than normal. “It’s getting late, and you have the First Task coming up. We’ll do this again after it’s over.”

In her rush to get dressed, Hermione ended up with her back to him as she bent over to pick up her skirt, giving him a wonderful view of her moist lips and puckered hole.

“Looking forward to it.” He muttered to himself, tilting his head to the side as he watched her.