

Chapter 13

“Bugger!” Harry yelled, staring at his fused fingers.

Sighing, he used the counter charm to fix his hand. He’d been practicing constantly but still couldn’t get the spell to give himself webbed hands and feet to work. With the second task the next morning, it didn’t look like he’d be learning it in time.

“You alright, Harry?” Neville asked as he walked into the dorm.

“I just can’t get this spell to work,” Harry said, tossing his wand onto the bed and rubbing his eyes as he leaned back against his pillows.

“Is it for the second task?” Neville asked curiously.

“Yeah,” Harry replied. “I’m trying to give myself webbed hands and feet so I can swim faster, but I just can’t get it to work.”

“Well, I’m not very good at Transfigurations,” Neville said, “but you could always use Gillyweed.”

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“I’ve got it!” Harry exclaimed.

Wrapping his arms around Hermione, she squealed as he lifted her up and spun her around in the middle of the common room.

“Harry!” Hermione yelled laughingly.

Coming to a stop, he set her on her feet and then kissed her hard to cheers from his housemates.

“You got the spell to work?” Hermione asked excitedly.

“Well, no, but I found something else,” Harry admitted. “Neville said I can use something called Gillyweed to not only get webbed hands and feet, but it’ll let me breathe underwater for an hour, too.”

“That’s great!” Hermione beamed for a moment before quickly frowning. “But can you get it in time for the task?”

“They have it at the Apothecary in Hogsmeade,” Harry said. “I was just about to go send Hedwig to order some.”

“I’ll come with you,” Hermione said.

Smiling, Harry took her hand in his, and they headed toward the portrait. Parvati and Lavender giggled, and Harry winked as they passed.

“Ms. Granger!” Professor McGonagall called the moment they stepped out into the hall. “I was just coming to speak with you. I need to see you in my office.”

Harry shared a look with Hermione and felt a sinking feeling in his stomach.

“I guess you were right,” Hermione said with a forced smile. “Go on to the Owlery. I’ll be fine.”

Hugging her, Harry looked over her shoulder at Professor McGonagall.

“She’ll be safe, won’t she?” he asked.

McGonagall gave him a rare smile.

“I assure you, Mr. Potter. every precaution has been taken,” she assured him.

Sighing, Harry gave Hermione a squeeze before pulling back and giving her a heated kiss.

“I’ll get you out of there as fast as I can,” he promised.

“I know you will,” Hermione smiled.

With one last kiss, she turned to McGonagall and followed her down the hall. As she reached the corridor, Hermione turned back and smiled reassuringly. Then she turned the corner and was gone. Sighing, Harry turned and headed for the Owlery.

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The next morning, Harry had barely made it into the Great Hall before Fleur rushed up and pulled him into a tight embrace.

“Zhey took Gabrielle,” she said, trembling as she clung to him.

“What?” Harry asked.

The last he knew, Gabrielle was still at home with her mother in France.

“Maman and Gabrielle came for ze task. Madame Maxime asked to speak wiz ‘er and maman, but she never came back,” Fleur said frantically.

“Shit,” Harry breathed.

Rubbing Fleur’s back, he led her over to the Gryffindor table and guided her to a seat.

“I promise you, we’ll get them back,” Harry assured her with a kiss on the top of the head.

“Did you learn ze spell?” Fleur asked.

“No, but-”

Harry was interrupted when an owl landed in front of him. Breathing a sigh of relief, he took the package and unwrapped it. Inside was a coiled up green, slimy weed.

“‘Arry?” Fleur asked.

“I couldn’t get that spell to work, but Neville found something that should work,” he explained. “It’s called Gillyweed. It will give me gills and webbed hands and feet for an hour.”

“Good,” Fleur said. “Remind me to zank Neville later.”

“Fleur?” A female voice called.

Harry looked over his shoulder at a woman who could easily pass as Fleur’s slightly older sister. She was dressed in a light blue, silk robe that accentuated her figure and attracted the attention of every boy in the room.

“Maman!” Fleur exclaimed, jumping to her feet and giving her mother a hug. “Zey took ‘er, didn’t zey?”

“She will be fine,” Apolline said, her accent noticeably lighter than her daughter’s. “I would not ‘ave let them take her if I wasn’t completely sure of that. Now, are you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?”

“Oh! Maman, zis is ‘Arry. ‘Arry, Zis is my mozzer, Apolline,” Fleur said.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Delacour,” Harry said nervously as he stood and shook her hand lightly.

“Apolline,” she smiled. “It’s so nice to finally meet the boy that ‘as captured my daughter’s ‘eart.”

Fleur took his hand and hugged his arm to her chest, a soft smile on her face as she looked at him. Harry smiled nervously and shuffled his feet.

“And where is this ‘Ermione you’ve told me about?” Apolline asked, looking around curiously.

“They took her for the task,” Harry replied, his throat tightening as if his body didn’t want to let the words leave his mouth.

Fleur gasped and tightened her grip on his arm.

“Merde, I was so worried about Gabrielle I didn’t even notice,” Fleur admitted shamefully.

“It’s alright,” Harry assured her. “You know Hermione would understand if she was here.”

“We need to get zem out of zat lake,” Fleur told him determinedly.

“We will,” Harry replied firmly.

Pulling his hand out of her grip, he wrapped his arm around her and kissed her temple. Fleur buried her face in the crook of his neck and took a deep breath, trembling as she exhaled. Rubbing her back comfortingly, Harry looked over at Apolline, who was smiling softly at them.

“I’ll leave you two to get ready for the task. It should be starting soon,” Apolline said. “We’ll talk more when it’s all over. Perhaps we could ‘ave lunch together?”

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

Smiling back, Apolline stepped forward and put a hand on Fleur’s shoulder. Fleur pulled away from him and hugged her mother. When they broke apart, Apolline surprised him by hugging him as well. It was impossible not to notice the way her prominent breasts pressed into his chest as she held him. Pulling back, she smiled at both of them before turning around and walking up to the Head Table. More than a few sets of eyes followed her swaying backside as she sat down next to Madame Maxime.

Sitting down at the table, Harry wrapped his arm around Fleur as she leaned into him while they ate a light breakfast. He couldn’t speak for Fleur, but each bite tasted like sand in his mouth. Several of their friends came up to wish them luck, including Neville, who turned bright red when Fleur thanked him with a hug.

Eventually, Professor McGonagall called for the champions. They, along with Cedric and Viktor, followed her out of the castle to loud applause from their classmates. As they walked to the lake, Fleur pulled him back until the others were several steps ahead.

“I want to tell maman the truth about ‘ow we met,” Fleur whispered quietly.

Startled, Harry nearly tripped over his feet and stared at her.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” he asked. “What if she turns me in?”

“She won’t,” Fleur assured him. “Maman will understand, and I don’t like lying to ‘er. I need you to give me permission because of ze vow.”

“If you’re sure,” Harry sighed, taking out his wand.

Just as he opened his mouth to give her permission, a sudden thought occurred to him, and he changed what he was going to say at the last second.

“I release you from your vow,” Harry said.

Fleur gasped as the magic keeping her from speaking about their secret lessons vanished. Turning to him with a watery smile, she cupped both of his cheeks and kissed him passionately.

“Zank you,” she said thickly.

“I trust you,” Harry whispered, kissing her briefly. “I should’ve done that a while ago. I just haven’t thought about it in a long time.”

With a loving smile, she took his hand and pulled him down to the newly built dock. For the first time, he really looked at the huge stands that had been built on floating platforms around the edge of the lake. It really was impressive they’d managed to build something like that overnight.

Professor McGonagall led them to four chairs at the edge of the dock and gestured for them to sit. Fleur immediately moved her chair closer to him and leaned into him with a shiver. Taking out his wand, Harry cast a Warming Charm around them.

“Wait here,” McGonagall said. “The task will start as soon as everyone is seated.”

Already, Harry could see people streaming out of the castle. His leg bounced impatiently as he waited for them to take seats. He just wanted to get this task started, so he could get to Hermione and Gabrielle.

It was a torturous fifteen minutes until the organizers were ready to start. Bagman tried to pull him aside, likely to try and give him some last minute advice, but Harry ignored him. Eventually, they were called forward to the edge of the dock where they took off their robes.

“Witches and wizards,” Dumbledore announced. “Something precious has been taken from our Champions and been placed at the bottom of the lake. They will have one hour to complete the task. Champions, you may begin at the sound of the cannon.”

Taking the Gillyweed out of his pocket, Harry stuffed it into his mouth while Fleur started Transfiguring her hands and feet. The Gillyweed tasted sickeningly bitter, so he only chewed twice before swallowing. There was a tingle in his hands and feet, followed by a sharp sting on the sides of his neck. As the seconds passed, he found it harder and harder to breathe. He couldn't seem to get any air in through his mouth anymore.

BOOM!

Fighting down his growing panic, Harry dove into the icy lake with the others. Mercifully, he found he could breathe easily underwater, and it didn't feel nearly as cold as he expected. Fleur and Cedric had bubbles around their face, while Krum's head transformed to look like a shark. Sharing a glance with Fleur, they nodded to each other before taking off into the depths of the lake.

As they swam, Fleur covered herself liberally in Warming Charms and lit her wand. Harry found that he didn't need the extra light, and he put it down to another effect of the Gillyweed. He was also faster than Fleur but stayed by her side.

Following the rocky slope of the lake bed towards the center of the lake, they reached a forest of seaweed. They swam a couple of feet above it, looking for any sort of trail or indication of what direction they should go. More than once, they stopped when they saw movements in the tall weeds, but they never saw what caused it. As they swam deeper into the lake, Harry could make out a sudden drop-off in the distance.

He looked back at Fleur to point it out when a long-fingered hand reached up from the forest of seaweed and grabbed her ankle. He saw the panic in her eyes a moment before she was yanked downwards. Harry swam back to her as fast as he could, several flashes of spell fire illuminating the thrashing weeds.

Suddenly, Fleur reappeared, kicking her legs and casting frantically as she was engulfed by a swarm of Grindylows. He started casting Immobilization Curses as fast as he could, but he had to be careful not to hit Fleur. Through the mass of swirling, squid-like bodies, he saw one of them get too close and puncture her Bubble-Head Charm. His chest tightening in panic, Harry thrust his wand forward.

“Incendio!” he shouted, the words coming out surprisingly clear.

A ball of flames the size of a bludger shot from his wand, a stream of bubbles trailing along behind it like a comet as it boiled the water. The Grindylows shrieked in fright as it neared them and dove back into the cover of seaweed. Harry used his wand to circle the ball of fire around Fleur until all of them had fled. His heart nearly stopped when he spotted Fleur floating limply in the water.

Swimming to her as fast as he could, he wrapped his arms around her and took off straight up towards the surface. As soon as their heads broke the water, Harry pointed his wand at her chest and used a first-aid Charm Hermione had found. Flicking his wand upwards, she coughed up a mouthful of water and started sucking in lungfuls of air.

Harry sighed in relief as she started breathing on her own. Suddenly, she was pulled from his arms and into the air. Dumbledore was directing her with his wand from the dock, levitating her to land lightly next to Madam Pomfrey.

“Ms. Delacour has been eliminated from the competition,” Bagman announced. “Potter will have his work cut out for him to catch up to the other Champions.”

Knowing there was nothing more he could do and that Fleur was in good hands, Harry dove back underwater. His face was set in determination as he shot straight down, intent on rescuing Hermione and Gabrielle.

It took several minutes for him to finally reach the bottom of the lake. This deep, there was no light from the surface. The lakebed was barren, made of soft mud and scattered rocks. Only a small light in the distance gave him any indication of where he should go. Soon, he came across a trail of stone that created a path for him to follow. The light in the distance became several smaller lights coming from what looked like rock huts.

Merfolk peeked out of their homes at him as he swam by, looking at him curiously. A group of young Mermen and Mermaids waved and swam alongside him as he made his way to the center of the village. Harry gave them a small smile and waved back, but he was far too worried to pay them much attention.

At the center of the village, he found a tall obelisk carved of stone in the center of a courtyard. Tied to each side of the obelisk were the hostages, Hermione’s mess of floating brown curls being the most distinct. From his vantage point, Harry could only see Hermione and Cho. A dozen Mermen who looked only a little old than him stood guard in a circle around the courtyard. They wore gleaming bronze armor and held bronze tridents in their hands.

Harry and the Mermen watched each other cautiously as he swam to the obelisk. Circling around, he found a dark haired girl named Sara Lewis. Considering she’d been Krum’s date to the ball, Harry assumed she was his hostage. Moving around further, he found a young, blond haired girl he recognized instantly from the pictures Fleur had shown him. Gabrielle was tied to the left of Hermione, looking as if she was sleeping peacefully despite being at the bottom of a freezing cold lake.

Brandishing his wand, Harry used it to cut Gabrielle free. Holding her to his side, he paused. As badly as he wanted to get her and Hermione out of there, he didn’t feel right leaving the

others. Despite assurances from his professors and the Ministry, he simply didn't trust them to keep everyone safe.

What if Krum and Cedric had been taken out of the competition, he wondered. He hadn't seen either of them since the task started. Checking his watch, Harry saw that there were only fifteen minutes left until the one-hour time limit was up. Seeing that Hermione and Gabrielle were safe for now, he decided to wait.

One of the Mermen furrowed his brow and gestured for him to go up, but Harry shook his head. Only a couple of minutes passed when he spotted a figure in the distance. The young Mermen and Mermaids that had been watching from a distance screamed and scattered as Krum's shark-like visage swam past them. Sparing only a glance at Harry, he freed Sara from her bindings and shot off towards the surface.

Moving closer to Hermione, Harry checked his watch again, then looked around for Cedric. Minutes passed, and there was still no sign of him. Just two minutes before the time limit was up, Cedric finally arrived, his legs and arms covered in scratches. Freeing Cho, he looked at Harry and tapped his watch.

Nodding, Harry raised his wand to cut Hermione free. Before he could, a Merman shot towards him with incredible speed and pressed the tip of his trident against his neck.

"Only yours," he said angrily.

"I'm not leaving her," Harry said, his wand aimed at the Merman's chest.

They floated in place, staring at each other when Harry felt his neck start to sting. His time was up.

"Petrificus Totalus!" Harry yelled.

The blue spell hit the Merman and made his arms snap to his side, the trident falling from his hands. Spinning, Harry cut Hermione free and pulled her to his side when he suddenly felt a searing pain in his stomach. Looking down, he found the prong of a trident sticking from the left side of his stomach, blood mingling with the water. The Merman holding the trident snarled at him and pushed harder.

Screaming in pain, Harry let Hermione go and brought up his wand.

“Stupify!”

The red spell hit the Merman in the face, the boiling water burning his cheek as he fell unconscious. The trident was ripped from his stomach as the Merman jerked back, the right tip breaking off and remaining in his skin.

“Incendio!”

Four balls of fire rocketed from his wand, startling the remaining Mermen as they tried to close in. Harry set them in a protective orbit around him as he hooked his arm through Hermione’s and kicked hard. By now, he could feel his gills receding, and it was getting harder to breathe. As he swam upwards, the Mermen made to follow until an older Mermaid wearing a crown barked at them. They stopped following him, and Harry dropped his Fire Hex to put all of his effort into swimming up.

Breathing became harder and harder as he kicked hard, his arms clutching Hermione and Gabrielle. Just as he saw a glimmer of light from the sun above him, his gills vanished completely. The cold started getting to him, making his hands numb and his body shiver. He held his breath as long as he could, but the surface didn’t seem to get any closer, no matter how hard he swam. Lungs burning and black spots bursting in his vision, Harry held Hermione and Gabrielle to his chest and raised his wand.

“Ascendio!”

They lurched upwards, sending a burst of searing pain through his stomach. Just when he thought he couldn't hold his breath any longer, they burst into the freezing air. Harry realized in his panic he'd severely overpowered the spell. His focus having been on the dock, that's exactly where the spell took them. They arched through the air towards the floating wooden platform, and he managed to twist just enough to cushion the girls' fall.

Landing with a thud, Harry had the wind knocked out of him as the girls landed on his body. The pain in his stomach brought tears to his eyes while he gasped for air.

"Gabrielle!" Fleur shouted.

"Harry! You did it!" Hermione beamed before her face fell with a frown. "Harry?"

That's when they noticed the blood on the front of his shirt.

"Arry!" Fleur shouted. "Someone 'elp!"

"Madam Pomfrey!" Hermione screamed, tears gathering in her eyes.

Pomfrey stopped checking on Gabrielle, who she'd run to first, and rushed over to his side.

"What happened?" she asked briskly, her wand scanning his body.

"Trident," Harry ground out. "The tip broke off in me."

Hermione gasped and squeezed his hand painfully hard as she knelt next to him. Fleur, with one arm still around Gabrielle, knelt down next to him worriedly. Apolline joined them a moment later, one arm going around her daughters while the other wrapped around Hermione.

“Poppy, do you need help?” A woman with dark, curly brown hair asked.

“Andi, yes. Get a Blood Replenisher out of my bag,” Pomfrey said.

A moment later, the woman, Andi, raised his head and poured a potion into his mouth. Harry grimaced at the coppery taste.

“The tip lacerated his liver. We need to get it out,” Pomfrey said. “Can you remove it while I treat his liver?”

“Of course,” Andi nodded. “Harry, this will hurt, but I need you to stay as still as possible.”

Harry nodded tightly.

“On three,” Pomfrey said. “One, two, three.”

Harry cried out in pain when the tip was pulled from his stomach but stubbornly held his body in place.

“Very good,” Andi smiled.

The two healers worked in silence for a couple of minutes, and the pain quickly eased.

“Will he be okay?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“He’ll be just fine, dear,” Pomfrey replied.

Sighing in relief, she leaned forward and kissed his forehead. By now, a large group had gathered around to watch.

“Thank you for saving Gabrielle,” Fleur said tearfully. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t here to help you.”

“It’s not your fault,” Harry said. “I’m sorry I couldn’t stop those Grindylows sooner.”

“Don’t be,” Fleur said.

Smiling, she stroked his cheek and then leaned down to kiss him on the lips.

“What happened?” Hermione asked.

“The Grindylows swarmed Fleur and popped her Bubble-Head Charm,” Apolline explained. “Arry brought her to the surface.”

“E saved my life,” Fleur admitted quietly.

“You would’ve done the same for me,” Harry said.

Fleur smiled and wiped her eyes.

“How did you get stabbed?” Hermione asked.

“The Mermen attacked when he tried to free you,” Apolline answered again, likely so he wouldn’t talk while the healers worked on him. “They didn’t want him taking two hostages. E was very brave and very impressive.”

“I couldn’t leave her down there,” Harry said.

“How do you know that?” Hermione asked Apolline.

“They ‘as a Charm on the lake,” she replied. “We could see everything that was happening.”

“Witches and wizards, we now have the scores for the second task of the Triwizard Tournament,” Bagman announced. “For Fleur Delacour, though she failed to reach the hostages, due to her skillful use of the Bubble-Head Charm and Human Transfiguration, she’s awarded twenty-five points.”

There was loud applause from the Beauxbatons and polite clapping from the other schools and guests.

“I deserve zero,” Fleur said.

Harry and Hermione both reached out to squeeze her hand comfortingly.

“For Cedric Diggory, who was the last to reach the hostages and used the Bubble-Head Charm to great effect, he’s awarded forty points!” Bagman said.

This time, Hogwarts was the loudest to cheer.

“For Viktor Krum and his use of a partial, though effective Human Transfiguration, he’s awarded forty-two points,”

Durmstrang yelled and stomped their feet.

“And now, for Harry Potter,” Bagman said dramatically. “Though he was last to return with his hostage, we all saw his heroic efforts to save Champion Delacour, and his determination to save not only his hostage, but all of them. After a long deliberation with the judges and a vote of four to one, we have decided to award Harry Potter the full Fifty points for outstanding moral fibre.”

Harry blinked in surprise as all three schools, along with the guests, cheered loudly.

“Oh, Harry, that’s brilliant!” Hermione exclaimed.

“You deserve eet,” Fleur said, smiling proudly.

“Can you sit up?” Madam Pomfrey asked.

Harry looked down at his stomach to find it completely healed. Nodding, he sat up slowly.

“Any pain?” Andi asked.

“No. It feels fine,” Harry said.

“You should be alright, but any sign of pain, and I want you to see me immediately,” Pomfrey told him.

Harry nodded while Hermione and Fleur stood to offer him a hand. The moment he was on his feet, they hugged him gently and took turns kissing him. When they pulled back, Apolline stepped forward and kissed both of his cheeks before hugging him.

“Thank you for saving my daughters,” she said sincerely.

"You're welcome," Harry murmured.

Smiling, she pulled back, only for Gabrielle to hug him around the waist. Harry smiled and ran a hand over her wet hair. She spoke quickly in French, and while he'd learned some from Fleur, he only caught a couple of words.

"She says thank you for saving 'er," Fleur smiled softly.

Gabrielle said something that made Fleur blush and caused Hermione and Apolline to laugh.

"What?" Harry asked.

"She asked if you're her brother now," Hermione said through a laugh.

Harry blushed brightly.

"I think it's a bit early for that," Harry said. "How about we be friends for now?"

When Apolline translated for her, Gabrielle squealed excitedly and hugged him tightly. Harry smiled at her while Fleur began to shiver next to him.

"Why don't we get inside and warm up?" he asked.

"Oui," Fleur agreed firmly, then looked at him pointedly. "Why don't you and 'Ermione go get changed while I talk to maman?"

"You sure?" Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur said, smiling and kissing him on the lips. “Meet me in ze carriage in an hour?”

“That’s fine,” Hermione agreed. “I need a nice, hot shower anyways.”

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After sharing a long, hot shower in the Room of Requirement, Harry and Hermione got dressed and made their way to the Beauxbatons carriage. Fleur met them at the door and hugged them tightly when they entered. Looking over her shoulder, he noticed Apolline watching them thoughtfully.

“Come, we’ve ‘as lunch prepared in my room,” Fleur said.

As soon as she started to lead him down the hall, Gabrielle ran over and grabbed his hand. Shaking her head while her little sister chattered away in French, she took Hermione’s hand and gave her a kiss. Hermione blushed lightly but smiled as they followed Harry and Gabrielle down the hall. Apolline trailed after them, watching the way they interacted closely.

Once they were all in Fleur’s surprisingly luxurious room, Apolline pulled Gabrielle aside and spoke with her. Harry, Fleur, and Hermione all took a seat on the couch while they waited and picked at the food on the table. After a few moments, Gabrielle rushed over to hug Harry before leaving the room with a pout. There was a long, awkward silence after the door closed.

“So, I take it Fleur told you how we got together?” Harry asked, deciding to just get the conversation over with.

“Yes,” Apolline said, taking a sip from her glass of wine. “I ‘ave to admit, I ‘ave a few concerns.”

Harry nodded, understanding why she would feel that way. In fact, she was much calmer about the situation than he imagined he would be if he found out his daughter allowed someone to repeatedly cast an Unforgivable on them.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to ask you all a few questions," Apolline said, then looked over at Fleur pointedly. "Without the collar."

"It's a choker," Fleur corrected her while rolling her eyes.

Fleur rose from her seat and sat herself in Harry's lap. Gathering her hair into a ponytail, she pulled it to the side and pulled it over her shoulder. Realizing what she wanted, Harry reached up and undid the clasp on her choker. Holding it in her hands, she turned her head and kissed him briefly yet passionately. He thought she would move back to her seat next to him when she was done, but instead, she leaned back against him and relaxed.

Next to them, Hermione hesitated for a moment before taking off her own choker. Reaching over, she took Fleur's hand in hers while Harry wrapped his arms around the blonde's waist.

"So, you can both take those off anytime you want?" Apolline asked.

"Yes, we designed them that way," Hermione said.

Apolline nodded, her shoulders relaxing slightly.

"Fleur, why did you feel the need to do this?" she asked. "I know things turned out well with 'Arry, but you must know 'ow dangerous that was."

"I know. I-" Fleur stopped abruptly and took a deep breath. "Ever since Monsieur Moody put us under ze Imperious Curse, I had dreams about it. I know ze stories of 'ow zat curse 'as been used on Veela before, but I *needed* someone to use it on me. I couldn't stop zinking about it, and it frightened me. When I 'eard 'Arry could zhrow it off, I knew I needed to learn from 'im. If I could zhrow it off, zen I didn't 'ave to be afraid of what I wanted anymore."

Fleur paused and laced her fingers throw the back of his hand resting on her stomach.

"I also thought if things got out of 'and, I could use my Allure to make 'im stop," she admitted a little sheepishly. "But after ze first night, 'e stopped when I told 'im to. Even when 'e could 'ave used me 'owever 'e wanted, 'e still stopped."

Apolline sighed, "I'm not 'appy about this. I'm glad things worked out as well as they did, but you do know that you could be in a much worse position, don't you?"

"I know," Fleur said with a blush.

"I'd ask you to talk to me the next time you 'ave these kinds of urges, but I get the feeling you won't be leaving 'Arry or 'Ermione anytime soon," Apolline smiled.

"Non," Fleur said firmly, clutching his and Hermione's hands tightly.

"Can you tell me more about these chokers you wear?" Apolline asked.

"Well, Fleur and I liked being under Harry's control, but it was too risky to keep using the Imperious Curse, so we made these," Hermione answered, holding up her choker.

"Did either of you learn to throw off the Imperious?" Apolline asked curiously.

Hermione's cheeks went pink.

"Er, no. We tried, but we couldn't," she admitted. "We think it's because we enjoyed it too much. But it could also be because Harry is too strong for us to overcome. It's hard to tell."

Apolline nodded, "And these chokers, they work like the Imperious Curse?"

“Not quite,” Hermione said. “The enchantments on the chokers are based on old slave collars with a few changes. Essentially, they use a combination of charms to make us follow any verbal command Harry gives us. They don’t work the same way as the Imperious, but it achieves the same results. Obviously, we put some safeguards in place to protect all of us. We can remove them at any time, they can’t be made to work for anyone else, and we can’t be ordered to do anything against our morals.”

“And you’re both ‘appy with this?” Apolline asked.

“Yes.” “Oui,” Hermione and Fleur replied without hesitation.

Apolline stared at them intently before smiling and finishing her wine.

“As long as you’re happy, then that’s all that matters,” she said. “I’m glad you found someone you can trust so much.”

“Zank you, maman,” Fleur said, smiling brightly.

Turning around in his lap, she kissed him tenderly and then offered him her choker. Taking it with a smile, Harry took it from her and placed it around her neck while she held her hair out of the way. After it was clasped, Hermione held up her own in askance. Harry put hers around her neck as well before giving her a kiss. When they broke apart, Fleur cupped Hermione’s cheeks and pulled her in for a long, passionate kiss.

As their lips separated, Fleur leaned closer and whispered into Hermione’s ear. Hermione’s eyes widened, and her head jerked back before the two shared a look. Harry watched them curiously, and after a moment, Hermione bit her lip and nodded. Fleur smiled brightly and hugged her with a quick thanks.

“Maman,” Fleur said, turning back to Apolline, “per’aps it would help if you saw ‘ow ‘appy ‘Arry makes us?”

Harry and Apolline looked at her curiously, but when she slid off his lap, spinning around and dropping to her knees in front of him, she removed all doubt as to what she meant. Harry swallowed thickly and looked up at Apolline, who glanced at him before looking back at her daughter.

“Do you really want to do this, Fleur?” she asked.

Fleur turned back and looked at her pleadingly.

“Please, maman,” she said. “It’s not often ‘Ermione and I can ‘ave an audience.”

“If it’s really that important to you,” Apolline replied, glancing at Harry.

Fleur looked back at him with a smile and rubbed the growing bulge in the front of his pants.

“Please, mon amour,” she begged in a deep, sultry tone.

“This is not how I expected to meet your mum,” Harry sighed.

Fleur smirked at him while reaching for his belt. Opening his pants, she pulled out his cock and kissed the rapidly swelling head. Hissing in pleasure, Harry gathered her hair in his fist to hold it out of the way as she took him into her hot, wet mouth.

“I think I see a large part of the reason you like ‘im so much,” Apolline smirked.

Fleur giggled, her eyes sparkling as she rested his rigid length on her face and kissed the base. Smiling, Harry stroked the back of his fingers across her cheek. Humming contentedly, she pulled back to his head and swallowed half of him, her lips stretched around his thick shaft.

“Take this off,” Harry said, tugging at the sleeve of her robes.

Fleur reached for the back of her neck, where the zipper was, then paused. Sucking hard as she pulled up and off of his cock, her face took on a devilish look while looking over her shoulder.

“Could you get my zipper, maman?” Fleur asked.

Raising an eyebrow, Apolline looked from Fleur to Harry, then to Hermione. She bit her lip thoughtfully, inadvertently making herself look incredibly sexy. Harry pulsed uncontrollably in Fleur’s hand as Apolline rose from her chair and approached slowly. Stopping behind her daughter, she hesitated for just a moment before slowly dropping to her knees.

Fleur took him back into her mouth, swirling her tongue around his head while Apolline reached up and pulled down the zipper on the back of her robes. Pulling her arms out of the sleeves with his head still trapped between her lips, Fleur pushed her robes down to her waist. She wore no bra underneath, revealing her large, full breasts and stiff, pink nipples. Surprisingly, Apolline stayed where she was, her eyes following Fleur’s cherry red lips as they slowly pulled off of his tip.

“Harry’s cock is magnifique, non?” Fleur asked.

“It’s very impressive,” Apolline said, her accent thickening slightly.

“Would you like to try?” Fleur asked, holding his length up and shifting to the side.

Apolline’s eyes widened as she looked quickly from Harry to Hermione.

“You do not mind, ‘Ermione?” she asked.

Harry looked over at his brunette girlfriend as she bit her lip and rubbed her thighs together.

“No, I don’t mind,” Hermione murmured blushing.

Biting her bottom lip, Apolline looked over at his glistening cock before gazing up at Harry.

“And you?” she asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged, “They might be the ones wearing the chokers, but I leave these kinds of decisions up to them. I’m more than happy with my two girls, but if this is what makes them happy, I’m not going to argue against it.”

“Go ahead, maman,” Fleur said. “I know you ‘ave been lonely since papa left.”

Harry let go of Fleur’s hair and softly ran his fingers through it. Her father had abandoned their family two years earlier when his marriage to a Veela began to affect his political ambitions. He hadn’t considered that would be part of the reason she was pushing for this; he’d thought it was just something they found exciting after experimenting with Lavender. Fleur looked up at him lovingly as he brushed a lock of hair behind her ear and turned her head to kiss his palm.

“It’s so ‘ard to find a man I can trust,” Apolline said softly, her eyes locked on the throbbing cock in her daughter’s hand.

“You can trust ‘Arry,” Fleur said with certainty.

Shifting further to the side, she took Apolline’s hand and replaced it with her own on the base of his cock. As if transfixed, Apolline shuffled forward and licked her full, pink lips.

“I’ve missed this,” she breathed, stroking Harry’s length slowly.

She bent closer and paused when she was just an inch away. Harry shivered when her warm, moist breath washed over his damp skin. He pulsed in her hand, and she looked up at him with a sultry smirk. Keeping her eyes on his, Apolline leaned forward and took him into her mouth. The two of them moaned in unison, her's being muffled by the thick cock stretching her lips.

"It feels good, non?" Fleur asked, brushing her mother's hair over her shoulder for a clearer view. "Zis is what made me fall in love with 'is cock. I still remember the first time 'e ordered me to suck 'im. 'E made me beg to suck 'is cock."

Apolline moaned around his length while Fleur smiled, her eyes unfocused as she focused on the memory.

"Ze moment I took 'im into my mouth, 'e grabbed my head and forced 'imself deeper," Fleur panted excitedly. "I loved ze way 'e stretched my lips and ze excitement I felt when 'e entered my zhroat and cut off my air. I almost came from the feel of my lungs burning."

Harry grunted as Apolline did as her daughter described and forced him into her throat. He took him as effortlessly as Fleur, and it convinced him that it must be a Veela thing. Placing his hand on her head, he fisted her hair firmly and held her in place as he bucked his hips, grinding her nose against his groin.

"When 'e was finished wiz my zhroat, 'e pulled and came all over my face. Zen, 'e released me from ze curse to check on me," Fleur continued with a smile. "Zat's when I knew I want to 'is slut. Ze perfect leelte whore who would do anyzhing 'e wanted me to."

Apolline pulled back sharply with a gasp, thick strings of spit dripping from her swollen lips. She moaned while stroking his slick length rapidly. Next to him, Hermione moaned as she lifted her skirt and shoved a hand down her panties. Smiling, Harry reached over with his free hand and caressed her thigh. The sound seemed to bring Apolline out of her trance, and her hand slowed down while she got her breath back.

"I understand why you are dong this, Fleur, and I'm grateful, but why are you okay with this 'Ermione?" Apolline asked.

Hermione blushed and bit her lip as everyone's attention turned to her.

"Well, I like seeing Harry with beautiful women and knowing he's still my boyfriend and find me attractive," she admitted quietly.

"You *are* attractive, Hermione," Harry said.

She gave him a shy, pretty smile and leaned into his side. With her head resting on his shoulder, he kissed the top of her head.

"I don't know if I should be insulted or impressed," Apolline said with a teasing smile. "I've never 'ad a man compliment another woman while I played with 'is cock."

"I find it very impressive," Fleur smirked. "'E 'as two Veela on zheir knees for 'im, and 'e can still talk."

Harry smiled and shook his head while Hermione and Apolline giggled. Kissing her mother on the cheek, Fleur moved over to Hermione and knelt between her legs. Grabbing the waistband of her panties, she pulled them off when Hermione lifted her hips.

"Let me show you 'ow beautiful you are, mon cheri," Fleur said, trailing kisses up the inside of her thigh.

Hermione moaned, her eyes fluttering closed as her hands threaded their way through Fleur's blonde hair. Just as Fleur reached her glistening folds, Harry's attention was brought back to Apolline when she took him back into her mouth. As Hermione moaned, he reached out and ran his fingers through Apolline's long blonde hair.

"Well, I know what my girls like," Harry said. "But what do you want, Apolline?"

The older woman took her time deepthroating his cock as she thought over the question. Pulling back slowly, she sat on her heels and gazed up at him.

“I’ve never allowed a man to ‘ave the kind of control over me that my daughter seems to enjoy. I admit it ‘as made me quite curious,” Apolline said. “I’m also curious if I can fair any better throwing off you Imperious Curse.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked.

Fleur sat back quickly and stared at her mother with wide eyes.

“Yes,” Apolline said, smiling at the shocked looks on their faces. “If Fleur can trust you with so much power over her, then I can too.”

Suddenly, Fleur leaned over and hugged her mother tightly.

“ZhanK you, maman,” she murmured.

Harry had no idea why she was thanking Apolline, but the thought of putting her under the Imperious Curse made him both excited and nervous.

“Can we try it for a few minutes?” Apolline asked.

Harry shrugged, “If you want to.”

She nodded and took a deep trembling breath as he raised his wand. He hesitated for a moment to see if she would change her mind, but the same look of determination he’d seen so often of Fleur came over her face.

“Imperio.”

A blank expression washed over her features, but he could feel her fighting against him. Apolline fought harder than Hermione or Fleur ever had. For a moment, he thought she would be able to throw him off. Then, suddenly, all of the fight went out of her.

“Suck my cock,” Harry ordered.

Apolline bent forward and enveloped him in her mouth obediently. Dropping his wand on the couch, Harry threaded his fingers through her and moved her head up and down. Bucking his hips slightly, he slammed his rock hard length down her tight, spasming throat over and over. Loud slurps and squelches escaped her lips, but she never once gagged around him. Fleur moaned at the treatment her mother was receiving, her hand slipping under her skirt while Hermione bit her lip and fingered herself vigorously.

Eventually, Harry pulled Apolline up roughly so she could catch her breath.

“Take off your blouse,” Harry told her.

She obeyed instantly, her fingers deftly opening the button before shrugging it off her shoulder and revealing the lacy white bra underneath. Harry’s cock throbbed at the sight of her large, pale valley of cleavage.

“And the bra,” he said.

This time, Apolline fought back just slightly before her hand moved behind her back to unclasp her bra. As it fell forward down her arms, her full, perfectly shaped breasts came into view. They looked nearly identical to Fleur’s though perhaps slightly larger. Her areolas were also a bit wider, and her nipples a touch thicker. Harry couldn’t help but reach out and grope them lightly.

Looking back up at Apolline's blank face, he sat back and frowned before releasing her from the curse. She blinked her eyes and shook her head.

"Merde," she muttered. "I can see why you 'ave so much trouble throwing it off. 'Arry is incredibly powerful."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"While I 'ave never been under the Imperious Curse before, I'm quite familiar with mind magic," Apolline explained. "I 'ave never felt something as powerful as that. If you 'and't released me, I don't know if I could 'ave ever broken free."

"Is he really that powerful?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Yes," Apolline nodded while reaching out to stroke his length. "I suspect that very few, if any, would be able to control you or Fleur if you did not want them to."

Standing up, Apolline unzipped her skirt and wiggled her hips as she tugged it down her legs. It pooled around her feet, and her damp, white panties joined it a moment later. Like Fleur, there wasn't a hair on her body besides her head.

"I can understand while you find it exciting," Apolline said, smiling at Fleur. "'Is power is intoxicating."

"Oui," Fleur said with a sultry smirk. "Our 'Arry is very strong."

"I still prefer to 'ave a man worship me," Apolline smiled.

Looking at Harry with a hooded, lustful gaze, she slowly climbed onto the couch and straddled his lap. Her incredibly hot fold brushed his sensitive tip while her breasts ended up centimeters from his face.

“Make love to me, ‘Arry,” Apolline whispered.

Wrapping his arms around her, Harry pulled her forward. He kissed the inside of her breasts softly as he buried his face between her warm, soft mounds. Running her fingers through the back of his hair, Apolline moaned quietly and rolled her hips.

When he ended up at her entrance, she slowly sank down, her sweltering core enveloping his length. As she descended, Harry kissed his way over her collarbone and up her neck. Their lips met in a passionate, needy kiss at the same moment she bottomed out, the entire length of his cock ensconced in her smoldering depths. Kissing along her jaw, Harry nibbled gently at her earlobe when he reached it.

“You’re so beautiful, Apolline,” he whispered. “Merlin, you feel incredible.”

“‘Arry,” Apolline moaned, rolling her hips as she raised and lowered them slowly.

Beside them, Fleur grinned before making her way back between Hermione’s legs. Apolline looked over and moaned at the sight of her daughter pleasing another woman. Gradually, she started bouncing higher and dropping down harder. Harry slid his hands over her ribs and gripped her bouncing breasts, his fingers rolling her thick nipples.

“Mon Dieu,” Apolline gasped, arching her back.

Her folds fluttered around him, and if she was anything like her daughter, it meant she was getting close. Hermione moaned wantonly when Apolline’s Allure flared, her movements becoming almost frantic as her nails dug into his shoulders. Sliding his hands down, Harry gripped her hips firmly and thrust up into her vigorously.

“Oui!” Apolline yelled, gasping as her depths tightened around his throbbing shaft. “More.”

She squealed and wrapped her arms and legs around him when Harry suddenly leaned forward and stood. Spinning around, he practically threw her onto the couch as his cock slammed into her depths. Apolline writhed under him as he dove into her with long, powerful thrusts, the room filling with the sound of his thighs colliding with her ass.

She shook her head back and forth, her blonde hair fanning out messily around her beautiful face before letting out a scream. Harry grunted as her walls clamped down on his cock, their wild fluttering dragging him over the edge. Apolline gasped when he exploded inside of her, the powerful jets of hot cum flooding her depths.

The two of them collapsed, sweaty and breathless for a long moment. When Harry lifted himself up, Apolline smiled widely, her bright blue eyes glittering with happiness. Threading her fingers through his hair, she pulled him down and kissed him tenderly. Their rather intimate moment was interrupted when Hermione cried out next to them. Looking over, they watched as she gasped and trembled through a climax of her own.

Pulling her face from between Hermione’s legs, her chin and neck glistening in arousal, she looked at Apolline and grinned.

“Did you ‘ave fun, mozzar,” she asked.

“Oui,” Apolline smiled. “Thank you. I ‘ad forgotten ‘ow good it could feel.”

Smiling, Harry gave her another kiss before pulling out of her and straightening up. The combination of two Allures and the sight of Hermione climaxing had left him with a renewed erection.

Fleur quickly dove forward and grabbed his hips. Gazing up at him, she leaned forward and swallowed his damp length.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped, both from still being sensitive and the fact that she was tasting her mother on him.

“Fleur, you slut,” Hermione giggled.

“Mhh,” Fleur moaned around him before pulling back slowly and smirking. “Harry’s slut.”