

Summary: Hermione is used to hearing Harry and Fleur shagging every day when she gets home from work. When they start moving around the house and disrupting her routine, though, she's dragged into a game to which she doesn't even know the objective. (Harry/Fleur, Harry/Fleur/Hermione)

Hermione Granger was not surprised to be greeted by the sound of a woman's loud and enthusiastic screams the moment she stepped through the floo and returned home from work. This had become her routine five days a week.

She'd meant it when she let Fleur, Angelina and Audrey know that they could not only continue having sex with Harry, but that they were welcome to drop in freely and use the home she shared with Harry to do it. They'd reached an understanding where Hermione could communicate with them via an enhanced version of the coins she'd created for Dumbledore's Army, letting them know that she and Harry were busy or wanted a night to themselves, and the other three witches would respect that. Other than that, though, the girls were free to drop in any time that was convenient for them in an effort to get laid by Harry, who was generally very accommodating and willing to give all three of them what they craved.

No one utilized that convenience nearly as often as Fleur did. They'd been at this for a little over a month now, and Audrey had dropped by twice—both times with Penelope Clearwater tagging along and joining in, interestingly enough. Angelina usually came over about once a week, depending on her schedule as a traveling quidditch player. But Fleur helped herself to Harry's hospitality every chance she could. If Bill had business to attend to one evening, it was all but assured that Fleur would be spending that evening with Harry. If she thought she could make some excuse to get out of plans to visit the Burrow or socialize with friends, she would eagerly send Bill out on his own so she could drop in on Harry as soon as she could.

She had to find her openings when and where they came on the evenings and over the weekend, but even with Bill currently working with Gringotts and thus at home every night, it hadn't taken long for Fleur to work out a system that got her anywhere from thirty to forty minutes with Harry's dick every Monday through Friday. Bill went into work more around the afternoon and got off later into the evening than was standard, while Fleur and Harry worked more standard shifts at their respective jobs. By the time Harry got home after work, he could rely on there being a naked veela waiting in his bed in order to spend around thirty to forty minutes getting fucked before she went home, cleaned up and got ready just in time to welcome her husband home.

Hermione worked longer hours than either of them, both going into work earlier and coming home later, so she hadn't ever been there for the beginning of any of these encounters. She certainly didn't miss the endings, though. It had become commonplace for her to hear Fleur screaming her pleasure out as Harry fucked her in the very same bed he and Hermione slept in every night. Usually, Hermione would make herself some tea to take into the sitting room, where whatever book she was currently reading was waiting

for her. By the time she'd finished her tea and put her book down, Fleur would be putting her clothes back on so she could go home.

That wasn't how things were going on this Monday, though. Hermione arrived home not to the sound of Harry shagging Fleur rotten upstairs in their bedroom. Instead, she stepped through the floo to screams that sounded much closer than usual. When she went into the kitchen to make her tea, she saw why. Harry wasn't fucking Fleur in their bedroom. He was fucking her in the kitchen. In fact, her bare arse was rocking back and forth on the marble countertop right in front of the teapot. Fleur's chin was resting on Harry's shoulder as he fucked her, and her eyes were closed.

"On the countertop, Harry?" Hermione asked, raising her voice so he would actually be able to hear her over Fleur's screams. "Really?"

Harry turned his head towards her and grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, Mine," he said, using the pet name that never failed to send a little thrill shoot through her ever since he'd first claimed her in Ron's childhood bedroom and declared that she was his. "But Fleur couldn't wait for me to make it up the stairs today. She needed it right away, and I wasn't going to argue with her."

"I'm sure you weren't," Hermione said, rolling her eyes. Few men would want to delay when they were about to shag a woman who looked like Fleur, and Harry was no exception. "Did you have to do it *right* next to the teapot, though? How am I supposed to have my tea?"

"Je m'excuse, Hermione," Fleur said, opening her eyes and looking at Hermione. "It was all my fault. I am insatiable. But I did not mean to get in your way."

"Right," Hermione said slowly. The little smirk on Fleur's face would suggest that getting fucked right by the teapot she knew Hermione went to every day after work had been a deliberate decision. The horny veela must have some purpose in getting fucked right where Hermione would see her, but she wasn't sure what that purpose was. "Well, can I impose upon you to get your admittedly flawless arse off of my countertop and get fucked somewhere else so I can have my tea?"

"Veuillez patienter, Hermione!" Fleur groaned, and Hermione knew French well enough to know that the veela was telling her to wait. "I'm almost there! Please, Harry, just a little more! Plus fort! *Harder!* "

Harry responded to the veela's demands by closing his eyes, turning his head away from Hermione and speeding up his thrusts. Fleur's fingernails scrabbled for purchase on the edge of the countertop as Harry fucked her even harder, and a bemused Hermione watched as the veela screeched, crossed her legs together around Harry's waist and came with a scream that Hermione had gotten very used to hearing after arriving home from work each day. It was so much louder with her in the room with them, and somehow being this close made it sound almost musical to Hermione. Unconsciously, she shifted

her feet and rubbed her thighs together, thinking to herself that the kitchen felt significantly hotter all of a sudden.

Fleur's arse did drop off of the countertop so she could fall to her knees, wrap her lips around Harry's cock and swallow his load, but Hermione still couldn't make her tea right away. There was some cleanup that needed to be done first, because Fleur had squirted and leaked all over the countertop.

Hermione drew her wand to clean it off, not even noticing that she licked her lips while taking in the messy countertop.

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"Welcome home, Hermione," Harry said, smiling at her. "I felt bad about yesterday, so I went ahead and got the tea started so it'd be ready as soon as you got home."

"Yes, I noticed," Hermione said, holding the cup she'd poured. "Thank you for that." She took a sip while waiting to see if Harry would say anything else to explain why he was where he was, but since he didn't, she continued. "Now would usually be the time where I would sit in my favorite chair, sip my tea and read my book. But it would seem that my chair has been taken."

"That would be my fault, I am afraid," Fleur said, offering Hermione a smile that barely qualified as even a half-hearted attempt at sincerity. "I see you in this chair every time I come back down the stairs, and I've always wondered how comfortable it is. One thing led to another, and we wound up as you see us now. I do apologize, but I must say that you have exquisite taste. The chair is *very* comfortable."

Hermione nodded as if accepting the explanation. It was nonsense, of course; all of it. Fleur wasn't in any position to say whether the chair was comfortable or not, because it wasn't her sitting in it. Harry's arse was the one sitting in the chair Hermione had picked out herself after moving in, and Fleur was on top of him, rocking back and forth on his cock with her back against his chest. His cock was her seat, and she was helping herself to it just as she'd helped herself to everything else.

Fleur was playing a game with her. Hermione still wasn't clear on what the objective of the game was, but how it was being played was apparent enough. Fleur had deviated from her usual post-work routine of fucking Harry in bed before she went home, and instead was dragging him into locations where Hermione was sure to see them. Hermione couldn't say whether Harry was aware of what was going on and actively participating in it, or he was simply thinking with his dick and not caring where or how he fucked Fleur, so long as he got to fuck her. Either way, the game was underway, and it was up to Hermione to figure out what her play was.

Should she call Fleur out on what she was doing, and demand to know why she was rocking her hips back and forth on Harry's cock while he sat in Hermione's favorite chair

instead of staying in the bedroom? She couldn't tell if Fleur wanted her to call attention to it and demand answers. Would Hermione win by calling her out, or would she win by playing along, accepting these flimsy excuses and not letting their daily sex disrupt her routine?

"I'm glad you like it," Hermione said, speaking calmly even as Fleur moaned and gave her hips another wiggle. "I think it's a great chair to sit down and relax in after a long day at work." She took another sip of tea.

"Oui, I agree!" Fleur said. She stretched her hands out to grab onto the arm rests of the chair and used them to support her as she switched from rocking on Harry's cock to bouncing straight up and down. "I can think of no better way to relax after work!"

There was nothing relaxing whatsoever about what Fleur was doing, not with how hard she was moving her body and bouncing on Harry's cock. She needed those arm rests to pick up this kind of momentum, and they gave her what she needed. Hermione could hear the veela's arse cheeks slapping against Harry's thighs each time she dropped down now, and she saw her perfect breasts bouncing along with her. Hermione could have picked up her book from the table and sat down in one of the other chairs to read and drink her tea, but instead she stood there and watched. Her eyes followed Fleur's tits as they bounced freely, and she couldn't even pretend that her book would have held her interest in the face of something like that. It wasn't even *fair* for tits to look that perfect! Hermione wasn't even jealous. Harry had proven how sexy he found her a thousand times over, and that was enough for her.

So what if her body wasn't perfection made flesh, the way Fleur's was? That was an impossible standard for anyone to meet. She might as well be jealous at the sun for burning so brightly.

Hermione *was* struck by jealousy suddenly, but it wasn't Fleur she was jealous of. Actually, it was Harry. Harry reached up to grope the veela's breasts as she bounced in his lap, and Hermione felt the jealousy flare hotly. Why should he be free to grope those perfect tits as much as he wanted to, when Hermione could only wonder what they might feel like in her hands?

Fleur looked directly at Hermione as she came, and there was a knowing glint in the veela's blue eyes while they looked at each other. Hermione blushed as her brain caught up to the lusty thoughts she'd just been having, and wondered if Fleur knew what she'd been thinking.

Hermione still wasn't sure what game they were playing, but she couldn't shake the feeling that she'd just given Fleur the advantage.

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When she first returned home on Wednesday, Hermione allowed herself to believe that she'd been more successful in the game than she'd thought she had on Tuesday. Maybe by not calling out the obvious inconsistencies in Fleur's explanations, she'd won the contest, and that was why Harry and Fleur were nowhere to be found in either the kitchen or the sitting room when she got home. She couldn't even hear them going at it upstairs, and the distinct lack of erotic moans in that lovely French accent actually felt odd after the routine Hermione had become accustomed to over the last month.

She really should have known better than to think she'd won anything, though. After she finished her tea and went upstairs to try and learn why Fleur wasn't making any of her usual moans, she found her love and the veela not in the bed, but in the large tub that had recently been added to the master bath at Hermione's own request. Harry was sitting in the tub with his back against the edge, and Fleur was in between his legs. His arms were around her, holding her against his body, and Hermione frowned upon seeing it. She was used to seeing and especially hearing Harry shag Fleur to orgasms powerful enough that her screams were deafening. But sitting together like this and cuddling in the tub felt more romantic and intimate than anything Hermione could remember seeing or hearing them do.

Harry's eyes opened when he heard Hermione push the partially open door the rest of the way open, and he smiled at her. "Welcome home, Mine," he said cheerfully. "Was your tea nice and relaxing?"

"It was," she said. "I can't recall the last time my evening tea in the sitting room felt that peaceful, without anything around to distract me." Fleur's eyes had not opened at all since Hermione had stepped into the master bath, and they still stayed shut now. But a small smile came to her face at the obvious allusion to the fact that it had been over a month since Hermione's return home from work hadn't been accompanied by the sounds of Fleur screaming her pleasure.

"Yeah, after we kind of got in your hair down in the sitting room yesterday, Fleur and I figured you'd appreciate some peace and quiet," Harry said. "We stayed in bed, and silenced the door so you wouldn't hear us downstairs. Not sure why we didn't think of that before, honestly."

"I'm sure it was just an oversight," Hermione said, even though all three of them knew it was shite. Harry grinned, and Fleur let out a quiet giggle while shifting in the water and pulling Harry's arms tighter around her body. "But thank you for being considerate."

"No problem," Harry said. One of Fleur's wet arms came up out of the water to rest against the side of Harry's head, and she turned her head to the side and whispered something that was too quiet for Hermione to hear. "Is something wrong, Hermione? You've been staring into the tub pretty hard."

Hermione started, wondering if the purpose of Fleur's whisper had been to get Harry to ask that question. If so, it felt like she was sending a message to Hermione.

*I know you're staring.*

The power play, if that was indeed what it was, wouldn't have been that effective were it not for the fact that it was true. She was staring hard into the water, trying in vain to see what the bubbles were hiding from her view. She'd never really taken the time to consider what Fleur's perfect body might look like while dripping wet, but now that she'd stumbled in on the veela taking a bath with her man in her tub, she could think of little else. It seemed cruel that the bubbles were there to conceal this look at perfection.

*Bloody hell, what's wrong with me?!* Hermione thought to herself, giving her head a shake. She'd always been able to appreciate an attractive woman, and the threesomes she and Harry had enjoyed with Lavender and Luna had allowed her to gain even greater appreciation for the fairer sex. But never had a woman made her feel so desperate. She'd gotten incredibly horny with Luna, but that was in the midst of a very exciting threesome. She was getting worked up and frustrated right now because of some bloody bubbles that were stopping her from seeing Fleur, even though she'd already seen everything that Fleur had to offer too many times to count.

"No," she said at last, and clearing her throat when she heard how high her voice sounded. "No, nothing's wrong."

Fleur's eyes opened at last, and she gave Hermione a smile. "Perhaps Hermione wishes to join us in the water?" she said.

"It's a big tub, but I still don't think there's room for three in there," Hermione said, trying not to let her imagination run away with her as she imagined climbing into the tub with them both.

"Oh, I don't know, Hermione," Harry said, giving a shrug. "I bet we could make it work if we all squeezed in *really* tight."

"That sounds like fun to me," Fleur said, still looking at Hermione. "But perhaps Hermione would prefer simply to stare at you and me together." She pulled out her wand, which Hermione hadn't even noticed sitting on top of the soap container, and vanished the bubbles. Hermione was finally allowed to see Fleur's body underneath the water, and she had to bite her lip to stop from moaning.

"What do you think?" Fleur asked, smiling. "Do we like the view of us together, Hermione?"

"It looks perfect," Hermione blurted without thinking. Fleur smiled from ear to ear. When she pulled her attention away from the veela's wet breasts and saw that smile, Hermione knew she'd lost whatever game Fleur was playing with her.

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Hermione sighed with relief as the warm water of the shower hit her body. At last, she was free from the temptation and humiliation Fleur was putting her through.

Harry and Fleur had taken their fuck back downstairs today. Hermione had once again returned home and promptly been welcomed by the sounds of her lover and Bill Weasley's wife fucking on the first floor. They hadn't been in the kitchen or the sitting room this time. Instead, Harry had Fleur pressed up against the front door as he stood and shagged her from behind. Hermione didn't have the excuse that they were in her way to justify her watching them this time. She'd been able to make her tea, and the sitting room was free. There wasn't even anywhere for her to sit. She'd just had to stand there after over nine hours in the office and sip her tea, watching as Harry fucked Fleur against the door.

Fleur had taken the game several steps further today, though. Picking up where she'd left off the previous day in the bath, she'd asked Harry to pull her away from the door and turn her around so Hermione could get a better view of them. Hermione hadn't been able to deny that she *was* enjoying watching Harry fuck the beautiful veela right in front of her. Maybe she shouldn't have found it so hot to watch the man she loved fuck another woman right in front of her while she just stood there, but she couldn't help herself. Fleur was perfect, and Harry fucked better than anyone that either of them had found. She couldn't look away. She couldn't get enough.

It had taken all she had not to shove her hand into her knickers and finger herself openly as she watched, but Hermione pulled it off. She stayed until the end, until Fleur let out those irresistible orgasmic cries and Harry came deep inside of her. But there was no one here to watch her and taunt her now. Hermione closed her eyes and moaned quietly, fingering herself in the shower while hearing Fleur's musical shouts in her ears, and seeing Harry pump her full of seed. In here, she didn't have to pretend. She could—

“Would you mind if I joined you?”

Hermione's eyes shot open, and she spun on her heel. Fleur, not waiting for an answer, stepped inside of the shower and shut the door behind her. Hermione took a step back, but there was very little room for her to go anywhere. She was trapped in here with the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen, who was naked and freshly fucked.

“Fleur?” Hermione mumbled, trying not to panic, or throw herself to her knees and bury her face between the veela's legs. “W-what're you doing in here?”

“We ran a little later than usual today, so I wanted to shower before going home today,” Fleur said, stepping around Hermione and placing herself directly under the shower's spray. “I hope you don't mind.”

“Uh, okay,” Hermione said faintly. She might've pointed out that this wasn't the only shower in the house, but her mind wasn't exactly working properly at the moment.

“I would apologize, but I believe there’s no need for that,” Fleur said. “After all, you are enjoying seeing me like this, yes?”

“What?” Hermione asked, jerking her head up and her eyes away from Fleur’s arse. “I mean, why would you say that?”

“Oh, come now!” Fleur said, giggling while washing between her legs. “You cannot get enough of watching Harry fuck me! Why do you think we have been having sex downstairs so much this week? We’ve done it for you. You like seeing us together.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Hermione said, shaking her head. Fleur laughed outright.

“Be that way if you wish,” Fleur said, turning around to grin at her. “But we both know the truth, and soon enough you’ll admit it. Soon, you will admit how much you like watching the man you love fuck me. You’ll admit that we look perfect together—even better than *you* look with him. And when you do admit it, I will give you what you’ve wanted all week. When you can admit that you want nothing more than to watch as I fuck your man, I will give you *moi*.”

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“Who is the sexiest woman your man will ever sleep with?”

“You!” Hermione admitted automatically. Any thought of trying to pretend that Fleur wasn’t the sexiest woman alive, or that watching her with Harry wasn’t the hottest thing imaginable, had been beaten out of Hermione over the last four days. Today, Friday, was the day Fleur saw her game through to its logical end.

“You love watching your lover fuck me, don’t you?” Fleur asked her, standing in front of the bed with her hands on her hips. She was naked, but Fleur did not lose any of her confidence or authority when she lost her clothes. Some women would feel exposed standing there starkers, but Fleur’s confidence only grew when her body was bared in its full glory.

“Yes!” Hermione said. “I love it! It’s so bloody hot! *You’re* so bloody hot, and seeing the two of you together is incredible!”

“Very good,” Fleur said, nodding. “And would you like to join us?” She patted the bed, where Harry was already sitting and waiting, slowly stroking his cock so it would stay hard.

“I’d love to!” Hermione gasped. The last four days had left her so horny that she’d come close to rubbing one out while at work today, which was unthinkable for someone who took their job as seriously as Hermione did. She’d had sex with Harry every night after Fleur had gone home, and it had been as satisfying as always each time. But she hadn’t



been able to get thoughts of Fleur out of her head, and each day when she came home from work to find the man she loved fucking his fellow Triwizard champion, the need to shag Harry *and* Fleur became greater.

“Will you serve me?” Fleur asked. “Will you use your tongue to please me while your beloved fucks me?”

“Yes!” Hermione gasped.

“Beg,” Fleur said, folding her arms across her chest. “Beg to lick me.”

“Please!” Hermione begged, rubbing her thighs together and squeezing one of her breasts. “Let me lick you, Fleur! Let me pleasure you while Harry fucks you!”

“Good girl,” Fleur said. “Climb onto the bed and get on your back. Harry, off of the bed and on your feet, please.”

Harry and Hermione passed each other on the way to their respective positions, and Hermione could see that he looked about as excited as she felt. She threw herself down onto her back and followed Fleur’s signal, scooting lower until her head was right on the edge of the bed. After she was where she was meant to be, Fleur climbed onto the bed and straddled Hermione, planting her knees on the bed right under Hermione’s arms. Her pussy was right above Hermione’s face, and the brunette had to moan at the sight of it. It was the prettiest pussy she’d ever seen, without question.

“Put your hands on my derriere,” Fleur instructed. Hermione was only too happy to reach up and grab the perfect round cheeks above her with both hands. “You may lick me now, and watch as your beloved’s cock buggers me right above your face.”

Hermione held her breath, watching with amazement as Harry stepped closer, lined his cock up and pushed inside of the flawless bum above her. She would have been content to just watch, but Fleur had told her what she was supposed to do, and Hermione would follow her instructions. It didn’t matter to her that this was her bed and her boyfriend; that Fleur was only here with them right now because Hermione had given her permission to visit whenever she wanted. It didn’t even matter that, if push came to shove, she was certain that Harry would have given up the amazing sex he had with Fleur and the others if Hermione asked him to. She knew all of those things. She just didn’t care. She would play Fleur’s game and let her have her way if it meant she got to touch and lick perfection.

Hermione had her orders, and she followed them. She devoted herself to servicing Fleur, forgetting all about technique and trying to prove her worth through simple passion. She tongued Fleur’s pussy, going up and down and side to side, trying to figure out how best she could service the veela. Going after her clit seemed to be the approach that worked best, judging by how she would wiggle her hips and rub Hermione’s thighs when she

tried licking her there. Naturally, Hermione stayed and committed to using her mouth to service Fleur's clit.

She was giving it her all, but she was not naïve. She knew that the far larger reason behind the grunts Fleur was making was happening directly above her. Harry was standing in front of the bed and bugging Fleur hard, and Hermione had the best view possible of it all. All she had to do was look up, and she could see that huge cock she knew so well plunging into the perfect bum she was squeezing. Had she not had a task of her own to carry out, she would have watched the bugging with such focus that she would have barely dared to blink. But it would have been far too easy for her to get so distracted that she didn't do the best job she could in licking Fleur, so Hermione only admired the bugging for moments at a time in order for it not to interfere with her oral performance.

While Harry obviously had more to do with it than she did, Hermione did her part too, and it didn't feel like very much time had passed at all before Fleur let out those orgasmic cries that had become practically an everyday occurrence in Hermione's life. But Fleur's erotic screams had never meant as much to her as they did now, because this time she had played at least some role in bringing them to life.

She couldn't claim any role in Harry's orgasm, but she still watched it eagerly. He held onto Fleur's hips and kept his cock buried up her arse while he came, and Hermione kept her eyes open to see it all, taking advantage of her role being done now that Fleur had climaxed. When Harry pulled his cock out, what felt like the majority of his cum came rushing right back out. It dripped out of Fleur's arse and onto Hermione's face. She didn't try to move her head so it didn't hit her. Instead, she stuck her tongue out and accepted it all, just as she'd accepted the humiliation of surrendering her bed and her man to this veela seductress.

Suddenly, Harry snorted. "Guess you were right all along, Fleur. I thought Hermione was purely dominant, at least with other women. But she got *really* into all of this."

Fleur laughed. "Sometimes, a woman as driven and serious as her needs to just surrender and allow herself to be ordered around. Besides, proving our superiority to other women is second nature to a veela." Hermione felt soft fingers caress her hair. "Thank you for not keeping this amazing man all to yourself, Hermione. Perhaps next week, it'll be *your* turn to boss *me* around, and make me watch you fuck your man."