

It was hard to believe what she was actually seeing. It was reckless and dangerous and... insanely hot. Chole had just the right angle to watch as her best friend's platinum blonde head bobbed back and forth on her boyfriend's length. *Is that really what he is when she's sharing him with seven other women?*

Glugh.... Glugh... Slurp... That was an entirely inconsequential question though, given the circumstances. Chloe could only stand there transfixed as Fleur put on a wonderful show. *Not that Harry is anything to scoff at either.* His breath was strained and airy, the veins in his arm popped out against his pale skin, and his vibrant emerald eyes rolled to the back of his head at the sheer pleasure he was experiencing. Sufficed to say, the two made for quite the sight.

Chloe came to the back of Tomes and Scrolls half-expecting the two of them to be having a row. She didn't know what exactly Solen said, but she knew how easy it was for their younger schoolmate to rile Fleur up. *Clearly, I had the wrong of that.*

It took physical effort not to let her hand drift between her thighs as she watched them lost in the moment. Her friend pulled away, and Chloe couldn't quite hear what she said to her partner. Whatever it was though, it caused his breath to hitch and his body to stiffen. He filled his fingers with Fleur's hair and then his cock pulsed out a thick load of cum that stained Fleur's cheek.

The blonde wasn't going to let anymore of it go to waste and immediately latched onto to his spurting cockhead. The second he filled her mouth, she moaned as though it were the most delicious treat in the world and came on the spot. Her allure hung heavy in the air around them and was doing nothing to help Chloe's own desire. *My god...*

When his climax finally subsided, Fleur gave one last languid lick along his length before tucking him back into his trousers. Neither of them had noticed her presence yet, and so she decided to make herself known. Trying to sound as natural as possible, even if she knew she was flushed with arousal. She gave a little cough to get their attention, and she suddenly had two gorgeous pairs of eyes fixed on her, "Uhhh... we're running a little late for our lunch at ze Three Broomsticks..."

There was a naughty, knowing smile on Fleur's lips as she stood, "Oh, now zat is rude of us!" She took Harry's hand and started to lead him out of the little alcove they'd been hiding in, but Chloe had to stop her. There was something she'd missed. A thick, pearlescent line of cum from her cheek to her forehead.

When Fleur realized what she was pointing to she gave a self-deprecating roll of her eyes, "Zank you, 'ow silly of me?" She gathered it up on one of her slender digits and moved it toward her mouth, but then surprised all three of them when she popped her finger into Chloe's mouth instead.

For a split second, her mind went blank and then everything was warm and electric. *How does it taste so fucking good?!* She could feel liquid heat pooling in her sex, and she bit back a moan. Greedy to get all of it, she swirled her tongue around Fleur's digit until it was completely clean.

With a sexy little smirk, Fleur asked her, "Better?"

Words failed her. Her mind was still preoccupied with what had just happened. So, all Chloe could think to do was give her a wide-eyed nod. Fleur just smiled back as she reached back for Harry and led them all out of the store.

Sufficed to say, that moment was a rather poignant one for Chloe. Since their arrival at Hogwarts, she'd found Fleur's interest in Harry obvious. And she could understand why, he was handsome, talented, and resistant to the allure. There wasn't much more a veela could ask for. But despite being understanding of his better qualities, Chloe had no real interest in him for herself.

In the lead up to the Yule Ball that changed... rather drastically. Every night, and many other times too, she played with herself to thoughts of Harry and Fleur, and all the wonderful things they could surely do to her. It was not even noon on Christmas Day and her fingers were slick with the evidence of yet another session of self-pleasure. It took physical effort on her part not to just proposition them. She'd never wanted anything so badly in her life, but honestly, she had no idea if it was even a possibility.

From what Fleur said, there is actual magic involved. I don't know how any of them would feel about some other girl getting herself involved. And Chole couldn't say that she felt any particular attraction to the rest of the girls, not they weren't good looking, just Fleur... and Harry.

"I'm back!" Chloe just about jumped out of her skin as the door of her room opened suddenly. Fleur came bounding in and plopped herself down on the bed next to her and gave her a big hug.

It was common for them to barge in on each other unannounced, so Chloe found herself discreetly wiping her fingers clean of her own juices on the duvet behind her friend as she hugged her back, **"I see that!"** She returned, **"All done with your harem up at the castle?"**

Fleur huffed, **"It's not a harem..."** she tutted as Chloe made to interject, **"Or a coven. And yes! We're all done for now."** She said the last almost wistfully.

"And what would you call a group of women centering around a single man, then?" The blonde girl didn't have an answer for that, and instead just stuck her tongue out at her, **"Very mature."**

"Always." Fleur assured her with a little giggle, **"Now come on, get yourself out from under those covers... we need to get ready."**

Looking at the clock, she was surprised to find that Fleur was right. *Goodness, where did the time go?* Of course, there were still hours until they actually needed to be ready. And some things just couldn't be rushed with magic. Still she was a little surprised, **"I thought you'd get ready with the others?"**

Fleur quirked an eyebrow at that, **"Of course not. They are lovely, but we all still maintain our other friendships. Daphne is getting ready with Tracey and her sister. Ginny with Luna. Susan with Hannah. So, I will be doing this with my best friend also."**

"And your sister?"

"Yes, and my sister." She agreed, and as though mentioning her was all it took to summon her, Gabrielle appeared at the door.

"What about your sister?"

"I'm going to torment her with bobby pins..." Fleur deadpanned, and Gabby just snorted out a laugh, because they both knew they would never need them thanks to magic.

When they were done, Chloe could honestly say that they all looked fantastic. She always knew that her best friend was stunning but, she looked good enough that she wanted to take her straight to bed.

Not that Chloe was any slouch in her own right. Her hair fell around her shoulder in ringlets, and she was wearing a shimmering red dress that perfectly complemented her lithe figure and made her ginger locks pop just that little bit more.

“I can’t wait until I reach the maturity.” Gabrielle lamented as she turned in the mirror. It was a complaint she’d heard from Fleur repeatedly in their first few years of friendship.

Fleur ran a sympathetic hand down her sister’s back, **“Just a few more years.”** Gabby sighed and nodded her head.

Chloe interjected, **“Should we head up?”**

“You two should.”

“Planning on making an impression?” It wouldn’t surprise Chloe in the slightest.

“Don’t I always?” Fleur gave a little laugh, **“I’ll see you both up there.”**

The night had been wonderful, even without a date, or maybe because of it. The dancing was fun to say the least, and no one could blame her for staring at both Harry and Fleur... and she may have deliberately rubbed her best friend a bit more intimately than was perfectly necessary.

Things were starting to wind down when Fleur sat down in the seat next to her, **“You know he’d be happy to dance with you, too!”**

“What?” It didn’t even really occur to her, but she’d been watching Harry a bit more intently than was probably appropriate.

“You were staring.” It was the same thing that she’d accused Fleur of before her friend finally got her head out of her bum and just went for it.

The difference was she wasn’t going to lie, **“Just lost in the moment. Besides he has plenty of other partners to fill his time.”**

“He’s already danced with Luna, Gabby, and Sigrid... so, if you’re worried about how the rest of us might feel... clearly it’s not an issue.”

I don’t think that Luna, Gabby and Sigrid have been frigging themselves silly for the past week because you fed them your boyfriend’s cum, Fleur. That’s what she wanted to say, honestly, but at the same time, Fleur was right. She was making a big deal out of nothing, and there was no reason for it. She wanted to have a dance with Harry, too and he was more than happy to do it.

Confidently as she could manage, she walked over to Harry where he was taking a brief break as the band readied for the next song. Tapping him on the shoulder, she asked, “Would you like to dance?”

“Twelve...” Anya said with a little giggle from the table, but he didn’t pay it any mind.

“Of course.” Harry took her hand, and she couldn’t help the little thrill it sent down her spine. He led her onto the dance floor, and by some turn of luck the band happened to be on a slow song and so the two of them just swayed together, “You look fantastic, by the way.”

“Charmer...” She shot back, “I know I’m not ze first woman to hear zat from you tonight.”

“Well, when you all look so good... who can really blame me?” He had a point.

It was a lovely moment, one that probably meant more to her than it did to him given he had eight women in his life... but that didn't lessen her enjoyment any. His hand on her hip, the feel of his chest pressed against hers, it all made her feel so very alive.

When the music finished, he gave one last squeeze to her hip before leading her off the dance floor, “Zank you, 'Arry”

“Any time.” He smiled at her, and she could feel her cheeks flush.

“As long as your girls are okay wizz it.” At this point, she knew him well enough to know that he would respect their wishes so long as they were reasonable.

“They're not the jealous types.” He gave a little shrug as they joined the other girls. There were four more songs and the last ended with Harry and Fleur together. Chloe found herself sitting there even as the other girls left for the night. She watched them until the music stopped before finally getting up and heading down to the carriage. *I'm sure they won't be long behind me.*

When she made it to her room, Chloe slipped out of her dress leaving her in a matching set of black lingerie, complete with stockings. As she laid down on her comfy bed, she found her mind slipping back to the night, to Harry and Fleur, and her hands drifted down to an all too familiar place.

The gusset of her panties was wet, and the heady aroma of her arousal filled the air. Slender fingers found their way to her damp petals, “Oh! Oui!” Chloe's eyes snapped open because that didn't come from her, which shouldn't have been possible.

Quite intentionally on their part, her room was right next to Fleur's and when she turned to find the source of the noise her mouth fell open. The wall of her room was transparent, like one-way glass, or at least it seemed that way because while she could certainly see Fleur and Harry, they weren't paying her any mind.

Not that she could blame them even if they could see in. They were far too caught up in each other for any sort of distraction. Chloe didn't know how Fleur did it, or why for that matter, but it was hard to care when she was being treated to the single sexiest show of her life. She just about came on the spot as Harry stood up with his tongue buried between Fleur's thighs.

There was some small part of her that felt this might be wrong, that Harry probably knew nothing about it, and this was an invasion of privacy... But there was a much bigger, impossibly horny part of her that didn't care one bit. It won quite easily.

“Merde!” Fleur squealed in utter delight as she peaked for the first time.

Chloe found herself standing right next to the transparent wall, one hand pressed against it while the other slipped down to her pussy. There sex was raw, and sensual, and absolutely beautiful to watch. When Harry slipped his cock into Fleur's perfect pussy, Chloe came around her own pumping fingers. And then again, and again as they made love. She felt privileged just to be watching them. But every part of her wanted to be in that room right along with her friend.

Her juices dripped down her thighs, staining the silk of her stockings. Her legs were weak from her own peaks, but she braced herself against the wall to keep watching. She could hear every filthy word and exultation and it only served to drive her higher right along with them.

She watched her friend come entirely undone on her lover's cock, to the point where she was desperately begging, "Just... please!"

Then Chloe was treated to the sight of his ass flexing as he buried himself in her clutching cunt. There was a flash of magic, and even through the wall, Chloe could feel the press of the allure. She came one more time with them as they both went through something that looked truly moving.

Fleur passed out from the sheer enormity of the moment, and Harry managed to curl up against her before following right behind.

As they fell asleep, Chloe licked her fingers clean and laid down on her bed. It didn't take her long to follow their example. And she wasn't the least bit surprised when she saw them in her dreams.

But she was surprised when Fleur was the first thing she saw when she woke. It was the feeling of a fingertip gently skimming along the skin of her arm that roused her. Despite her rather vigorous lovemaking, Fleur was smiling softly at her looking totally energized... and naked as she'd been when they finished. When she spoke, it was barely above a whisper, **"Did you enjoy?"**

Blushing redder than her own hair, Chloe didn't try and deny it and just gave a shy nod of her head. Fleur gave a tinkling laugh as she managed to find her voice, **"But why?"**

"Just a little present for you." Her finger moved along her arm to her collarbone and up to her mouth. Just like in the bookstore the week before, Chloe found herself sucking her best friend's finger clean of Harry's cum though this time it was mixed with Fleur's own flavor. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she had a tiny orgasm.

Fleur grinned, **"I knew you would enjoy it. You've been fucking yourself all week. You've wanted it so badly."**

"What? How... how...did you know?" She stammered out. It caught her off guard, because she really didn't think that she'd been that obvious.

"Veela, remember?" There was a knowing little smirk that Chloe wanted to kiss right off her lips, **"And I might've walked in on you diddling your little pussy. You weren't exactly quiet about who you were thinking about."**

"We really need to have a conversation about privacy..."

"Are you complaining about the end result?" They both knew she wasn't... just like they both knew she had no intention of making it harder for Fleur to get into her room.

For a few seconds, they just stared at each other until Fleur got this naughty little look in her eye. She bounced her way off the bed, and Chloe couldn't help but watch her perky tits bounce with each movement. Then she was walking toward the door, and she was treated to the sight of her peachy, bubble butt. Her best friend didn't mind the staring, but she stopped at the door and looked back, **"Are you coming?"**

For a second, Chloe didn't think she'd heard her right, but then she crooked her finger and beckoned her to follow. *There's no way this is actually happening!* She thought the night had already been incredible with her act of voyeurism, but this was more than she could've imagined. And she wasn't foolish enough to question it either. She never moved so fast in her life. Quietly they padded the short distance back to Fleur's room. Harry was lying on the bed, still above the covers, naked with his soft member resting against his thigh.

Taking her hand, Fleur led her over to the bed. They ended up side by side with their head on either of Harry's thighs. Fleur took him between her plump lips and started sucking him softly at first and then harder. He groaned in his sleep and rapidly lengthened but didn't wake up quite yet. When she popped free and offered Chloe his imposing length she hesitated for just a moment. No one had asked Harry about any of this, but Fleur wasn't one to take no for an answer when she wanted something.

"I want to see you with his cock in your mouth." Fleur almost commanded her. It made her gush, and the submissive in her decided to just lean into the desire that had been driving her mad for days. Fleur's hand brushed her hair to the side as she watched her with those big blue eyes.

Chloe wasn't very experienced in this sort of thing... or at all really. That was partially because of her association with Fleur, most boys didn't give her a second look because of her friend. And she genuinely thought she was better off for it. But since she didn't have the innate sexual proficiency of her best friend, it meant she gagged as she slid more of his length toward the back of her throat. Her thick spittle dripped down his length as she coughed.

Fleur cooed and brushed her hair, as her other hand went to his base, and she started stroking the spit into his swollen cock. That was when Harry finally stirred awake.

Chloe stopped and stared up into his emerald eyes. There was a moment of confusion as he looked from her to Fleur, and then realization dawned and he tensed slightly, "What's going on?"

Fleur slinked her way up his body until her lips were kissing against the shell of his ear, "I 'ave one last Christmas present for you... and for Chloe. And for myself as well." She giggled the last, "She wants you... and me...and I want ze best for my best friend... so, fuck 'er pretty pussy for me."

It was just loud enough that she heard every word. And since no one was stopping her, Chloe went about sucking his cock without hesitation. Harry's hand found the top of her head and he got her attention, "Is that really what you want?"

Giving him a particularly hard suck, she nodded her head with his meat still lodged in her mouth. It had the added effect of pulling a bead of precum from him that had her moaning at the taste, "Fuck... I'll take that as yes." She couldn't help but chuckle which sent pleasant vibrations through his shaft.

Fleur watched her with obvious lust in her eyes as she grinded her pussy against Harry's hip. Chloe had never thought about sharing a man with her best friend before, but she was ecstatic it was happening. She sucked and slurped on his knob as Fleur kissed against his chest.

"She looks so good, doesn't she? So sexy with her lips wrapped around your cock?" Harry groaned out his agreement as Fleur took hold of her hair. She pulled her off his cock and came down to kiss her. They pulled apart breathless when Fleur gave her the single naughtiest look she'd ever seen, "I want you to ride 'im." Her thumb brushed against the bottom of her lip as she said it.

“Oui!” She’d never heard a better suggestion in her life.

Chloe slid her way up until her dripping slit was lined up with his rock-hard length. Fleur reached down and slid her panties to the side... and dipped her finger into her dripping slit in the process, “Oh, goddess, you are so wet for us, aren’t you?”

She tried to angle her hips to let him fill her for the first time, but Fleur angled him away, teasing her. She was waiting for an answer. With a desperate whine, she confessed, **“I’m burning up I want it so badly. I’ve never been more turned on in my life... Please just... put him in me.”** It didn’t even occur to her that she’d slipped into French, and her mind went totally blank as Fleur granted her request.

Her breath hitched and she took a shuddering breath as Fleur giggled, “Good, isn’t it?” She bit her lower lip and nodded her head frantically. Harry’s hand found the curve of her hip, and he helped her drop further onto his shaft.

“So... thick...” The feeling of being stretched was wonderful. She expected more discomfort, but the caress of the allure made it all just feel like pure bliss.

As she started bouncing up and down Fleur was right by her side, kissing and caressing her. She came for the first time when her best friend pinched her slippery clit between her fingers as she kissed her pebbled nipple, “Mon Dieu! Oui! Oh.... Oh...” Her entire body flushed, and she was pretty sure she blacked out for a second from the overwhelming pleasure.

It was heavenly. And then it just got better when Fleur laid herself down on Harry’s body and spread her puffy pussy lips apart. Her bare slit was a thing of beauty, and the little trail of white seed that leaked from her made it look that much more delectable. Chloe leaned down and ravenously started licking and sucking her best friend’s gorgeous womanhood.

The second the taste hit her lips she came again. She twitched and spasmed erratically. Harry took hold of her hips and steadily thrust his length up into her sheath while Fleur lovingly brushed her hair. They stared into each other’s eyes as Chloe kept swiping her tongue along her pussy.

“When he finishes in you, I’m going to suck every drop out of your little pussy, too.” Chloe shivered at the very thought, as Fleur turned her head to kiss her lover, “Cum for us, mon amour.”

Harry gave her three fierce, body-shaking thrusts before she felt him bulge and pulse inside of her. It was so warm as she felt him paint the deepest part of her white. And somehow, it just kept cumming until he was leaking out of her creamy cunt down to his own bollocks.

As he finished, Fleur moved down to where they were joined. She felt warm breath on her bum before his cock was slipped out of her snug slit. It was immediately replaced by eager lips. She twitched through another orgasm as Harry gently rubbed her back. She had one passing thought as Fleur was true to her word. *How nice it is to have such caring friends.*