

## Imperio

### Chapter 4

“Keep playing with yourself,” Harry commanded as he stood up from Fleur’s bed. He kept his eyes trained on the front of her panties where her hand was hidden beneath them. The smell of her wet pussy was making his head spin. Harry removed his clothing until he was only wearing his boxers. “Take your hand out of your panties and come over here,” Harry ordered her as he stood at the edge of the bed.

Fleur immediately complied. Her hand slipped from her panties, and Harry could see that her fingertips were shiny and wet. She rolled onto her knees and shuffled over to him. Fleur sat on her knees, waiting for instructions. Her small panties were sitting low on her hips, and the tight material was digging into her flesh. Harry thought that she had never looked sexier. Her head was tilted upward, and she gazed at him with glazed-over eyes. “Pull my boxers down,” he said.

Her hands trembled as she reached out. There was only the slightest hesitation when she rested her palms against his hips. The hesitation didn’t last long, however. Her hands curled around the material, and she tugged it down his thighs. Harry kicked them off his foot, leaving him fully nude in front of her. By that point, Harry was no longer embarrassed to be naked in front of them. His lessons with Apolline had quickly cured him of that indignity. His cock was hard and sticking straight out toward her face. Fleur only let out the smallest of gasps before going quiet. He placed his hand on her warm cheek and slid it around to the back of her neck, where he began playing with the little hairs at the base of her scalp. Fleur shuddered so violently that her perfect tits jiggled. The tips of her nipples were stiff, crinkled, and jutted out from her Galleon-sized areolas. Harry fought the urge to pin her against the mattress and suck them for hours on end. He had a job to do, and Fleur trusted him to do it correctly. “Look at me,” he said. Fleur’s eyes locked onto his, and he was taken by their brilliant blue color.

“You’re not allowed to cum. You can only cum once I give you permission ... Do you understand?” he asked. Fleur nodded in subordination.

“I understand,” she verbally confirmed his order while he played with the small baby hairs on the back of her neck. Fleur was squirming, and the smell of her arousal grew even stronger. Harry then angled his cock upward and rested the underside of his shaft against her face. Her breathing intensified, and he could feel her hot breath on his skin.

“Good ... Now, kiss it,” Harry commanded. Fleur didn’t hesitate. Her lips found the underside of his cock, and she began laying soft kisses along its length. Harry thrust his hips slowly and rubbed his shaft all along her face. “You’re such a good Veela whore,” Harry moaned while trying to rile her up. He wanted to see how she handled more intense emotions while under the curse’s influence. “Maybe once we’re done, I’ll keep you as my pet. Wouldn’t you like that, slut?”

Fleur only answered with a whimper. "Use your tongue on my cock," said Harry. Fleur complied by dragging her tongue from his balls up the underside of his cock. When her tongue reached the tip, she repeatedly flicked it over the little hole where small drops of pre-cum had formed.

"You're talented with your mouth, I see," Harry tried to anger her further. "A whore like you probably sucked off every boy in Beauxbatons," he added. Her grip on the backs of his thighs got tighter, and he could feel her fingernails threatening to dig into his skin. "I suppose one more boy won't hurt. Open your mouth," Harry told her. Fleur moved her head back and opened her mouth.

Harry placed the head of his cock inside of her mouth and thrust forward while holding the back of her head. Fleur gagged loudly as his long cock slid down her throat. His hips then started moving. He tried his best not to hurt her too much. He just wanted to make her uncomfortable enough to start resisting the curse. However, Fleur wasn't able to. She sat there on her knees, gagging loudly as Harry fucked her face over and over. Seeing that he wasn't getting anywhere, Harry pulled his cock from her throat. It came out shiny and wet with her saliva. Fleur's face was red, and she was breathing heavily. Harry loved how her breasts moved with every breath she took. He reached down and took both of them in his hands. He groped them to his heart's content. They felt incredible in his hands. Her skin was very warm, and her nipples were rock-hard. He pinched the stiff nubs and rolled them with his fingers. Harry could feel her body begin to tremble.

"Does this feel good?" he asked her as his fingers tickled the delicate skin on the bottom of her breasts. Fleur's hands were gripping the bedsheets roughly as she was being fondled. She didn't answer. "Well?" Harry asked again. This time, she caved and answered him.

"It does," she relented, and Harry rubbed her nipples with the pads of his thumbs.

"Are your nipples sensitive?" he asked her. He had discovered that asking personal and sometimes embarrassing questions to Apolline had helped her fight off the curse ... if only a little.

"Y-Yes," she stumbled over her words. Fleur was biting her lower lip, which made her look even sexier. The skin of her chest had a slight pinkish hue to it, which told him she was incredibly aroused. Apolline's body reacted similarly.

"Do you like having these gorgeous tits played with?" he teased her and bounced her breasts up and down before clapping them together. Fleur whimpered and nodded.

"In what ways do you like having them touched?" Harry asked her as he sat down next to her. Before she could answer, he moved her onto him so she straddled his lap and faced him. Fleur squirmed on his lap but didn't answer. One of his hands was gently stroking up and down her spine while the other played with her ass. Seeing that she wasn't going to answer so easily, he

gave her ass a hard smack, which made her jump and squeal. "Tell me," he ordered with more force. Fleur gave in and began talking.

"I like 'aving my nipples kissed and sucked," she told him as Harry leaned in and kissed her bare shoulder. Her skin smelled really good.

"What else?" he asked, kissing her upper chest and moving his lips to her throat. Fleur angled her head backward to give him more skin to kiss.

"Lightly bitten," she gasped as he sucked hard on her throat. His fingers pulled the string of her panties from between her cheeks, and he slid them down her crack until he was touching her asshole. Fleur shuddered hard, and her cheeks clenched tightly. Harry then spun her body around so that she was on the bed, lying flat on her back. He moved his face between her breasts and began kissing all over them. The heat radiating from her body amazed him, especially the area between her legs. He moved his hand up the inside of her thigh and placed his hand on her panty-covered pussy. The material was very damp and was clinging tightly to her skin. He could easily feel the crevice between her puffy outer lips. He pressed his fingers against her wet crevice and began massaging her. Fleur moaned and arched her back, pressing her nipple against his face. Harry turned his head slightly and kissed the little pink nub.

Fleur's mind was a maelstrom of thoughts and emotions. She was very annoyed by his demeaning words, even though she knew he didn't really mean them. Fleur was also embarrassed about having to admit to how she liked having her breasts stimulated. On the other hand, she had never been so aroused in her entire life. She could feel these emotions, but the overwhelming power of the curse blunted them. They weren't as important as following his directions. When Harry's lips captured one of her hard, aching nipples, her spine began to tingle, and she knew that an orgasm was close. 'You're not allowed to cum,' Harry's voice echoed in her psyche. It didn't help her situation when his fingers found her covered clit, and he began playing with it. It was swollen with arousal, and it didn't take much stimulation before Fleur was squirming uncontrollably. To make matters worse, Harry was pleasuring her nipples in the exact ways she had described. His warm tongue flicked over the hardened nubs before sucking on them like he was trying to nurse from her. The smell of her wet pussy hung heavy in the air, and it was just one more thing she had to be embarrassed about. She shouldn't have been so turned on by being helpless, and it certainly wouldn't help her in her effort to fight the curse. Harry then lightly bit down on the tip of her nipple, causing her hips to buck. Her clit was mashed into his fingers, and Fleur squealed loudly. Still, she fought the overpowering urge to cum.

Inside her mind, hidden below the fog of the curse, Fleur was very pleased that Harry was paying so much attention to her breasts. Even though she logically knew that she was very beautiful and physically attractive, there was still a part of her that was nervous about showing him her body. As a woman, she wanted to be found desirable by her partner, and she was glad that Harry seemed to like what he saw. His lips were practically attached to her breasts while his fingers massaged her dripping slit. Fleur let out a shuddering breath when he pushed her

breasts together and kissed each of her nipples. He then let go of them and kissed down her belly. He moved until he was settled between her parted legs. Fleur looked at him, and her eyes immediately traveled down to his cock. It was large, thick, and fully hard. Harry's lips didn't stop at her belly button. They traveled further south until he reached the front of her tiny panties. Pushing her legs open further, Harry buried his face between her legs and started kissing her inner thighs. Her first instinct was to close her legs. Harry could no doubt smell just how aroused she really was, and even if he couldn't, he surely could see the massive wet spot on the crotch of her panties. Unfortunately, the curse was still holding strong, so her legs remained wide open. Harry then looked up at her with a boyish grin.

"Let's get a look at what you've been hiding," she heard him tease. Her body acted on its own to help him with her panties. Her legs lifted into the air, and she closed them. Harry tugged the panties up her ass and thighs. They continued to rise over her shapely calves and slender ankles until he plucked them off her bare feet. Harry then held them up between for her to see. Fleur saw a massive wet patch on them. Nearly the entire crotch was completely soaked. The discovery mortified Fleur, but there was nothing she could currently do. She begged herself to snap out of it, but it was useless. "Do you always get this wet when you're aroused?" he suddenly asked her.

She heard his voice clearly, though her mental response was like a tinny echo. She fought the urge to respond, but when asked again, she couldn't stop the words from escaping her lips. "N-Non," she stuttered as Harry examined her panties.

"So ... You only get this wet for me?" he asked with an amused smile on his handsome face. Fleur blushed madly and turned her head. Thankfully, Harry didn't force her to answer. He simply chuckled and tossed her panties over his shoulder. Fleur knew she wouldn't be needing them for any of their lessons going forward. Harry placed his hands on her smooth knees and pushed her legs apart. His eyes were focused on the area between her legs. Once her legs were fully spread, he ordered her to keep them open. Fleur lay there, wide open and vulnerable to anything he wanted to do to her. A large part of her was very excited. That was something she couldn't deny. She had no idea she possessed such a blatant subordination kink. However, she would have to contemplate that fact later on. Harry's head lowered, and she felt his hot breath on her wet pussy.

The scent of her damp pussy made Harry's cock strain as he kissed her smooth mound. His lips traveled all around the outside of her pussy, and every so often, Fleur would squirm so hard that she would accidentally smear her wetness on his face. Fleur's pussy was a perfect little slit that was slightly pink and puffy from arousal. Harry pushed the backs of her thighs up even higher, and he got a good look at her asshole. It was so tight that Harry didn't think anything had ever been up there. He placed the tip of his finger against it and tickled. Fleur squealed but didn't move her lower half. He then slid his finger up to her pussy and penetrated her. Her insides were soaking wet and insanely tight. Her walls hugged his finger and didn't want to let go as he slowly eased it back and forth. When he pulled it out, his finger was slick with her juices. Moving it back to her ass, Harry put a little pressure on the tight hole and slowly slid it in. The tip of his

finger popped into the hole, and he added a little more pressure because of her tightness. His finger sank past the fingernail, and Harry was surprised to see a fat drop of pussy juice leak out of her slit and roll down her smooth taint before pooling around his finger. Harry pulled out and used that wetness to lubricate her hole some more. Fleur gasped loudly when he pushed it back in. This time, he didn't stop until he reached the second knuckle. Fleur was whimpering, and her thighs were trembling. Harry made sure to keep it at a slow and steady pace. Like her pussy, her asshole was tightly clutching his finger as he began to piston it. Cute little squeaks and squeals continuously left her lovely lips, and Harry looked up and asked her, "How does this feel?"

Fleur appeared not to want to speak, but it only took a moment of silence before she broke down and answered. "Strange ... but good," she honestly told him. Harry shot her a teasing smile.

"So my Veela whore is also an anal slut? That's good to know," Harry replied as he began finger-fucking her faster. Fleur's entire body was trembling, and her pussy was flooded with arousal. Streaks of pussy juice were trailing down her ass cheeks and filling the room with her womanly scent. Her face looked stunningly gorgeous while in the throes of pleasure. Her brilliant blue eyes fluttered wildly, and her mouth was slightly agape as she breathed heavily. Her perfect tits were swaying with the movement of her body, and her pink nipples had darkened slightly from her intense arousal. Harry could tell that she was on the brink of needing to orgasm, but she wasn't there yet. He needed to push her over the edge. Dipping his head, he came face to face with her pussy, which was shiny with wetness. The smell of her arousal was overpowering, and he needed a taste. Pressing his tongue right above her asshole, Harry dragged his tongue up her slit and between her lips.

The dull, throbbing need in her pussy grew to an unmanageable level, and all she could do was grip the bedsheets roughly and keep herself from cumming. Fleur had never let anyone touch her ass like that before, and she was shocked to find that she enjoyed it. It felt very weird initially, though not painful like she had feared. Once she got used to the strange feeling, she actually began to like it. When Harry's tongue began to lap at her delicate folds, the finger in her ass added another layer to the pleasure she was experiencing. Harry's tongue felt wonderful, especially when it flicked over her hardened clit.

'You're not allowed to cum ... You're not allowed to cum,' Harry's order rang out in her mind as her body begged for release, but she had no choice but to hold back. A warbling moan left her mouth when his lips wrapped around her swollen bead, and he started deeply massaging it with his tongue. Fleur's hand lashed out, and she grabbed the back of his head by his messy black hair. Her eyes were clenched shut, and her lower half was bucking as she tried to keep the orgasm from going critical. She needed to cum badly. 'You must fight his command!' her own voice enveloped Harry's mental order. However, it was easier said than done. Harry sucked harder on her clit, and Fleur arched her back and cried out. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she desperately fought the curse. Then, with his second hand, Harry slid two

fingers into her pussy and curled them upward. When her g-spot was touched, Fleur finally got what she wanted.

The stranglehold the curse had on her broke, and her hips bucked so hard that her body went momentarily airborne. Harry's mouth never left her clit, not even when a jet of pussy juice squirted from her quivering cunt. Her vision was fuzzy from the mindblowing orgasm, but she wasn't so visually impaired to miss the moment her ejaculate hit Harry full-on in the face. The stream of girl cum splashed out in every direction and drenched her bed and the floor of her room. Fleur didn't care one bit, though. All she cared about was the sweet release her body desperately needed. " 'Arry!" she squealed in a high-pitched voice. His face was still buried in her pussy, and his finger was greedily fucking her ass. Her asshole clamped down on his finger so tightly that he couldn't push it in any longer, forcing him to slowly pull it out.

Eventually, her pussy stopped squirting on him, and she lay there with a dazed look. She had experienced the best orgasm of her life by far. Her body tingled all over in a pleasant way. At some point, Harry had stopped sucking on her clit and moved to lie down beside her. Too embarrassed to speak, she rolled over and faced away from him. She could feel him turn to face her, and his hand rested on her nude hip. His fingers danced along her skin, which felt really good to her.

"Are you okay?" he asked her. The concern in his voice was easy to hear. Fleur nodded her head, not wanting him to think that he had done something wrong.

"I am just a little embarrassed," she admitted with a hoarse and tired voice. "My body 'as never reacted like that during an orgasm," Fleur told him.

"The squirting?" he asked while moving his hand from her hip. He was about to pull it back when Fleur acted on instinct. She grabbed his hand, pulled it to the front of her body, and rested it on her belly. Harry's fingers instantly began playing with her soft skin, and Fleur shuddered pleasantly when he accidentally tickled her belly button.

"Yes," she admitted, glad he couldn't see her flaming red cheeks. "I 'ave never done that before. It is so embarrassing," she confessed, covering her face with her hand. Harry slid his hand up her belly until his fingers were grazing the undersides of her breasts. Fleur scooted closer to him, and she felt his erection press against her bare bottom.

"I thought it was sexy," she heard him say. He then gently caressed the bottom of her breast with his thumb. Fleur's body broke into goosebumps. She then rolled over to face him.

"You did?" she asked softly as he touched her back. His fingers traveled up and down her spine, making her body tingle again. Being so close to his face, Fleur could smell herself on him. The thought aroused her, though she was too tired to do anything about it. The powerful orgasm had taken a lot out of her, and she needed rest. Harry nodded his head in response to her question.

“You can squirt on me anytime you want,” he joked with a teasing smile. Fleur blushed deeply and buried her face against his chest. His arm immediately encircled her.

“Stop teasing me,” she whined and then gasped when her hard nipples brushed against his skin. Harry chuckled and held her tight.

“Do you want to continue, or do you need a break?” he asked her.

“I need a nap,” Fleur answered before yawning cutely.

“Alright. We can continue during your next lesson,” he said and made to get up. Fleur, however, held onto him tightly.

“I don’t mind if you stay,” she told him. That was her way of asking him to stay.

“Are you sure?” he asked while caressing her hip. Fleur smiled tiredly and nodded. Harry sat up and grabbed the piled-up blanket at the foot of the bed. He pulled it up her body and lay back down beside her. Fleur wiggled closer to him, and when the blanket settled under her armpit, Fleur leaned in and gave him a soft kiss on the lips.

“Thank you for ‘elping me,” she said and yawned again.

“No problem,” Harry smiled back and pulled her tightly against him. Fleur curled up around him and was asleep within minutes.