

Imperio

Chapter 2

Harry was sitting on the couch reading a Quidditch magazine when Fleur walked down the stairs in a huff. "What's wrong?" Harry asked, flipping the page.

"Gabrielle," Fleur said, sounding annoyed. She walked over to the couch and dropped down next to him. "'Er friends invited 'er out for lunch, but she refused. She still doesn't want to leave the 'ouse," she told him.

"Maybe it's too soon. She's getting better, though," Harry commented. "She leaves her room and even takes walks around the yard."

"I suppose," Fleur responded, not paying much attention to what he was saying. She seemed lost in her own thoughts. "I do not want 'er getting used to staying indoors. It is not good for 'er."

Fleur remained silent for a minute until she continued. "I just wish we were progressing faster."

Both Fleur and Gabrielle were disappointed in themselves and saw their lack of progress as a failure, despite Harry insisting otherwise. Apolline, on the other hand, was making progress, though very slowly. This cemented her determination to do whatever was needed to succeed. They had only had two more sessions since things had gotten sexual, and Harry thought it might make it awkward between them. However, as it turned out, it was the exact opposite. After quickly getting over the initial embarrassment, Apolline had become more friendly and affectionate, though not so much as to make the other girls notice. The amping up of her training was still a secret between the two.

"It takes time, but you'll get there," he assured her. Fleur looked at him and smiled kindly. "As for Gabrielle, maybe she just needs to feel safe," he told her. Fleur looked to him for clarification. "I'll see if she wants to go get ice cream with me."

Fleur shrugged. "It might work," was all she could say. Harry patted her leg and got up. He went up the stairs and knocked on Gabrielle's bedroom door. When she opened it, her annoyed expression disappeared, and she smiled beautifully at him. Harry couldn't help but smile back.

"I thought you were my sister coming to annoy me again," she confessed, walking back into her room and leaving the door open. Harry followed her in.

"She said you didn't want to go out with your friends," Harry said, sitting on the edge of her bed after Gabby flopped backward onto it. She wore very short shorts that showed off every inch of her smooth legs.

"I do not feel like going out today, that is all," she said, running her fingers through her hair. Harry nodded in understanding, knowing it was an obviously false excuse.

"Yeah ... There are some days when you couldn't pay me enough to leave the comfort of my bed," he wisely stated. Gabrielle nodded in response, glad that someone finally understood.

"But I was hoping you could come with me and get some ice cream. Fleur's not in the mood," Harry said, looking at her pretty face. She immediately perked up when hearing the words ice cream.

"Go out ... You and I ... alone?" she asked, sitting up. As she did, he got a good look down the top of her skin-tight shirt, and she did nothing to stop him from looking. Harry wasn't completely clueless about women, and Gabrielle didn't hide her apparent crush very well. It was easy to deduce by her looks of longing, her lingering touches, and especially how she dressed around him. Like now, she always seemed to wear outfits that showed off the maximum amount of skin without being completely scandalous. Fleur thought it was very amusing and teased him to no end, but Harry took it all in stride. There were far worse things in the world than having a Veela lusting over you.

"Yeah, I was hoping ... but if you're not in the mood, I could just ..."

"Non!" she chirped, gripping his forearm. "I will go with you," she said before she began looking vulnerable again. "You'll stay close to me?" she asked quietly. Harry kindly smiled at her.

"I won't leave your side," he promised. Gabrielle smiled cutely and hopped off the bed.

"Okay, I will go ... Just ... Give me a few minutes to get ready?"

Harry nodded and accepted her hug and kiss on the cheek before he left her room and closed the door behind him. He went straight to Apolline's room and knocked on the door. When she answered it, she also graced him with a beautiful smile. "'Arry," she said in her lovely voice. "What can I do for you?"

"I was just letting you know that I'm taking Gabrielle out for ice cream," he informed her. Apolline raised one of her perfect eyebrows.

"She agreed to leave the 'ouse?" she asked in surprise.

"What can I say? I've got a way with the ladies," Harry joked, huffing on his fingernails and buffing them on the front of his shirt. Apolline giggled, her eyes shining brightly.

"You certainly do," she chuckled. "I'm glad you convinced 'er to go. This will be good for 'er," she stated. "Take good care of 'er," she told him, and Harry nodded. "Bring me back some ice cream. Gabby knows what I like," she said before leaning in and kissing his cheek. Her kisses

had been getting steadily closer to his lips since their training intensified, not that he was going to complain about that.

He went back downstairs and saw Fleur flipping through his magazine. She tilted the magazine in confusion. Looking up at him, she asked, "Is it normal for girls to straddle a racing broom while wearing a bikini?" she asked, looking at one of the advertisements.

"I sure as hell hope so," Harry said as he approached the beautiful girl. Fleur snorted and tossed the magazine onto the couch before standing up.

"No luck, huh?" she asked, seeing he was alone. Just then, Gabrielle made herself known.

The younger Veela came down the stairs, and the first thing Harry noticed was the red, strappy high heels on her feet. Next was her shorts, or rather, the lack thereof. Gabby was wearing denim cut-off shorts that ended just below her ass and absolutely hugged her form. Covering her chest was a red spaghetti strap top that didn't come close to hiding the curves of her breasts. Her cleavage wasn't out of control, but there was enough to grab his attention. Her silvery blonde hair bounced with every step, and golden earrings dangled from her lobes. As always, a light dusting of makeup accentuated her devastating beauty. Over her eyes was a pair of designer sunglasses that probably cost more than the latest Nimbus racing broom. Hanging from her shoulder was a leather bag that was likely equally expensive. Fleur smiled naughtily when she saw this.

"So all it took was an invitation from the 'andsome and dashing 'Arry Potter to make you leave your little dungeon?" Fleur teased. Gabrielle stuck out her tongue in response.

"You are just jealous because 'Arry chose the sexiest Delacour to accompany 'im," Gabrielle naughtily teased and wrapped her arms around Harry's bicep. Harry could feel her breasts pressed against his arm. He had to use Occlumency to keep himself from popping a boner. Fleur snorted at Gabrielle's response.

"Sexiest? Your breasts are no more than mosquito bumps," Fleur smirked as her eyes shined with mirth.

"At least I 'ave a perfect ass, unlike yours that looks like two 'alf-deflated beach balls," Gabby shot back. Harry knew they weren't arguing. The sisters always teased each other like that.

"Why you little ..." Fleur said, stepping forward. Gabby squealed and hid behind Harry.

"Now, now, ladies," Harry called out, stopping their teasing. "I like mosquito bumps ... and I think mishappen beach balls are very sexy," he joined in on the teasing. Fleur, however, turned her attention to him and raised an eyebrow.

"I don't think I 'eard 'er say anything about my ass being ... mishappen. Is there anything you wish to say, 'Arry?" she asked, placing her hands on her wide hips and tapping her foot against the floor. Harry had to admit that she looked incredibly sexy posing like that. Gabrielle burst into giggles behind him.

"Maybe try some squats?" Harry smirked at her. This only made Gabby laugh harder. When Fleur pulled out her wand and took a step in his direction, Harry wisely retreated and pulled Gabby out the front door.

Fleur snorted as they left. Before going to her room, she looked behind her just to make sure her ass was still perfectly round.

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As they walked the streets of the local town, Gabrielle didn't seem all that frightened of being outdoors, but then again, she was glued to his side the whole time. There was hardly a time when she wasn't holding onto his arm. Harry wasn't sure if it was because of her crush or if she truly was scared. To play it safe, Harry allowed her to rub her breasts all over his arm. Harry chit-chatted with her the whole time, asking about her hobbies, her friends, and her school. Gabrielle was quite the chatterbox when she got going. At some point, she let go of his arm to hold his hand. It wasn't the normal kind of hand-holding, but the kind where she threaded her small fingers between his and squeezed their palms together. Gabby looked up at him through her shades, seeing if he would protest. When he didn't she smiled while her cheeks blushed light pink.

"I've never seen such a small girl eat so much ice cream," Harry commented as Gabrielle devoured four scoops of chocolate covered with crushed roasted almonds.

"I will pay for my overindulgence later, for sure. I always get a stomach ache when I eat too much ice cream, but I cannot 'elp myself," she said, licking her spoon with her small, pink tongue. "I was the same way as a child as well. My parents didn't take us to get ice cream often, so when they did, I was forced to eat as much as I possibly could," she explained. Harry smiled and used one of the white paper napkins to clean some chocolate ice cream from her chin. Gabby blushed prettily but looked pleased by his action nonetheless.

"Is that so?" Harry asked, keeping her talking to distract her from the fact that she had finally left her house. Gabrielle nodded.

"One time, I ate so much strawberry ice cream that I vomited it all up on our walk 'ome. My mother 'as never forgiven me for ruining her new pair of shoes," Gabby giggled happily.

"Well, I happen to like my shoes, so if you're going to spew, please aim for the bushes," Harry joked. Gabrielle gave him an unimpressed look in response to his little joke. Harry laughed at her expression, reached over, and tousled her perfectly straight hair.

“ ‘Arry!” she screeched and smacked his hand away. “You’re messing up my ‘air!” she complained, using the bottom of her spoon as a mirror.

“Relax, Gabby. You’re still as beautiful as ever,” he truthfully said. Gabby beamed at his comment and put the spoon down after smoothing out her hair.

“Merci ... but still ...”

“I’ll try and control myself,” Harry said. “Let’s go get your mum and annoying sister some ice cream, or else there will be hell to pay when we get back.” Gabby hopped to her feet and grabbed his hand, even though the counter was only ten steps away.

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Harry and Apolline had moved their lessons to later in the night after the girls had gone to their rooms for the evening. That way, fewer questions would be asked. He softly knocked on her door, and it opened almost immediately. Harry entered without a verbal invitation, and Apolline closed the door behind them. Harry turned and saw her magically lock the door and add all the necessary charms to conceal their various noises. Once done, she walked to the side of her bed and placed her wand on the bedside table. Apolline was wearing a long, silk robe that was cinched around the waist. From the shape of her covered breasts, Harry could tell she wasn’t wearing a bra. He hid his smirk when he noticed how hard her nipples already were. The thin silk material wasn’t very good at hiding them from his sight.

“I am ready,” she said, standing with her arms at her side. Harry nodded and pointed his wand at her. Once the curse had been cast, her eyes glazed over, and her expression became blank. Harry gave the customary order to act as she normally would. He began all of his sessions this way. He then sat down on the edge of the bed and patted his lap.

“Sit,” he ordered. Apolline took a step forward, turned, and sat down on his lap. Her shapely bottom pressed firmly onto his crotch. His hand immediately slipped between the flaps of her robe and found her thigh. His movements were no longer slow and unsure as he slid his hand up the inside of her thigh and squeezed her smooth flesh. His other hand moved up her belly and squeezed one of her breasts. Apolline gasped when his fingers found the hard tip of one of her nipples. He rolled the little nub between his fingers and gave it a tug.

“Your nipples were already hard when I came in,” he commented. “Were you excited about our lesson?” he asked her, greedily groping her breasts.

“Yes,” Apolline moaned quietly.

“Do you like when I touch your body?” Harry asked her while moving his fingers up the inside of her thigh until his fingertips were touching her crotch. He noticed that she was wearing panties

this time. He gently stroked the length of her covered slit and found the material to be damp. Apolline hesitated in answering. "Answer me," Harry commanded forcefully.

"Yes," popped out of her mouth. Harry was pleased by her answer. He pressed his fingers harder against her panty-covered pussy. The heat coming from her body was incredible. She helped him by grinding her pussy against his fingers, which had the pleasant consequence of causing her ass to rub against his hard cock.

"Have you ever fantasized about me?" he asked, stuffing his hand down the front of her panties and cupping her naked slit. He flicked his finger over her hard clit, which made her squeal in pleasure. Apolline didn't answer, and Harry didn't push her. He wanted to see if she could resist. Instead, he spent the next few seconds massaging her clit, causing her to whimper sexily. However, she couldn't resist for long.

"Y-Yes," she whimpered as her pussy coated his fingers in her wetness.

"When you fantasize about me ... do you touch yourself?" Harry kissed the side of her neck while penetrating her with one finger. This was the first time he had dared to enter her body. Her pussy was like a furnace, and her wet, silky walls gripped his finger tightly. He had never wanted to fuck a woman more than he did right then. It seemed that all the fight left her for the moment, because she immediately answered.

"Yes," she gasped as he slowly pistoned his finger into her. Her insides were incredibly tight but also insanely slick. This made finger-fucking her an easy and pleasant task. Harry was growing more confident when it came to teasing Apolline during her training. He wanted her to succeed, so he decided to take things up a level.

"Do you cum when you touch yourself while thinking about me?" he asked, nipping at her sweet skin. Her pussy squeezed his finger tightly as her body tensed. He could feel her trying to fight the curse. To counter this, Harry added another finger, which made her buck against his crotch.

"Yes!" she cried out, almost cumming on his fingers. "I cum very 'ard," she finally confessed. In response, Harry pulled his fingers from her and told her to stand up. Apolline shakily got to her feet, and Harry undid the belt holding her robe together. He opened it up, revealing her nude breasts and soaked panties, and slipped it off her shoulders. He tossed the robe away.

"Turn around," he ordered, and Apolline followed. She turned so that her back was facing him. Harry grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly peeled them over her jutting ass cheeks. He pulled them down her thighs and let them fall the rest of the way. Apolline dutifully kicked them off her feet. "Now spread your cheeks apart."

Apolline's hands were shaking badly as she slowly reached back and gripped her two pillowy cheeks. Very slowly, she pried them apart, revealing her dripping wet slit and extremely tight puckered hole. The smell of her wet pussy was making his cock throb painfully. He ran his finger

across her slit and covered it with her juices. He then placed the pad of his finger against her asshole. Around the rim, he dragged his finger, coating it with her pussy juice. When he tickled the crinkled hole, it puckered even tighter. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass, Apolline?" he asked her. Apolline couldn't see her expression, but she shook her head.

"Why not?" he asked, adding a bit of pressure to her hole. His fingertip was threatening to slip inside of her.

"My husband was not all that interested, and I was afraid it would hurt a lot," she told him in a shaky voice.

"So this is your only virgin hole?" he asked as he stared at her puckering ass.

"Oui," she answered him in French. Her voice was breathy and strained.

"Maybe I should see how tight it is," Harry told her and added a little more pressure. His finger barely got to the first knuckle when Apolline yelped and jumped away, holding her ass. She turned to him with wide eyes but quickly realized that she had successfully fought the curse for the first time.

"I broke the curse?" she asked, sounding quite shocked and ignoring her nudity. Apolline had never been all that shy about being naked in front of him, and that was especially true after several of their more erotic lessons.

"It appears so," Harry chuckled as he stood up. Apolline squealed in happiness and threw her arms around his neck. Harry placed his hands just above her hips and rested them on the curves of her body. Keeping her arms around the back of his neck, Apolline looked at him with a smile on her face, though she was blushing deeply. Having confessed to masturbating while thinking about him, Harry could imagine that was quite embarrassing for her. Neither of them said anything about it. He was sure that she knew how desirable he thought she was. There was no doubt that she could feel his erection pressed against her belly. Apolline leaned in to kiss his cheek, or so Harry thought. Instead, she softly kissed his lips but pulled back before either of them could deepen it.

"Merci, Harry," she said softly. "It was very hard, but I finally heard my voice loud and clear. Even though I heard it, it was still very difficult for me to listen to it," she told him, still pressed firmly against his body. She looked to be in no rush to move either.

"I'm glad you now know what it feels like. Hopefully, it will make it easier in future lessons," he said as he looked into her deep blue eyes. "Do you need a break for today, or ..."

"Non," she said, shaking her head immediately. "I wish to keep trying."

"Alright ... Let's go."

A moment later, Apolline was back under his spell and unable to instantly throw it off. "On the bed," Harry ordered. The nude Veela climbed on the bed and awaited further orders. "Lie on your back."

Rolling from her side, she laid flat on her back with her hands at her side. Harry climbed on after her and grabbed her legs under each knee. He then pushed them forward until her body was folded in half. Her pussy was up in the air, filling the spacious room with her womanly scent. Unable to resist, Harry leaned down and kissed her hairless mound. "You're not allowed to cum ... Do you understand?"

"I understand," Apolline shuddered as he kissed all around her weeping cunt.

"Keep your body in this position," Harry told her while using his thumbs to spread her lips apart. As they pulled apart, Harry discovered the lightest pink color imaginable. She was so wet that he could see her juices pooling in every tiny crevice. Her scent was beckoning him, and Harry gave in and lowered his head.

Harry's tongue dipped deep into her pussy, and he got his first taste of her. There wasn't a huge difference compared to the other women he had gone down on, but her taste was a bit sweeter. That didn't stop him from completely devouring her naked pussy. Within seconds, he was slurping on her juices and massaging her with his tongue. He could feel Apolline trembling under him as she fought to keep a grip on her impending orgasm. Wanting to tease her further, Harry slid his hands up her belly and groped her breasts. He pinched and pulled on her hard nipples while his tongue drew circles around her swollen clit. Her cute squeaks and whimpers of pleasure turned him on greatly, and his cock was threatening to burst straight out of his trousers. Even though he didn't give her an order, her legs spread even wider, giving him more room to operate. Harry rewarded her good behavior by trying out a trick he had learned from a magical, elder tribesman he had met on the Ivory Coast. Apparently, he was very talented with his tongue and spent many hours entertaining his fellow tribesmen's wives when their husbands were out working. Needless to say, once discovered, he was forced to flee to avoid certain death. After a night of heavy drinking and a somewhat modest fee, he agreed to teach Harry his brand of magic that had been taught to him by his father. In Harry's opinion, it was money well spent.

He slid his lips along her wet pussy lips until he reached her clit. Wrapping his lips around the swollen bead, he pressed the tip of his tongue against it. Harry closed his eyes and concentrated. The magic didn't come naturally to him just yet, but hopefully, it would with more practice. He did as he was taught and looked within himself. Feeling his magic churning within his body, with great effort, he willed it into his tongue. The effects were instantaneous. Apolline squeaked loudly and bucked, smashing her clit into his tongue. Harry rolled her hard nipples between his fingers while willing even more magic into his tongue.

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The voice in Apolline's head completely disappeared when a jolt of intense pleasure hit her clit. 'Do not cum ... Do not cum ...' she repeatedly chanted in her head as the curse worked its magic. She cried out, squeezing her eyes shut and bowing her back as Harry's magnificent tongue pressed down hard on her clit. It was a pleasure beyond anything she had ever felt. Lights were flashing behind her eyes, and her brain became foggier than it already was. Then, his tongue began vibrating. She let out a high-pitched scream, and her fingers gripped the bedsheets tightly. All she wanted was to cum, but she couldn't. 'Cum ... Please cum ...' she heard her voice telling her body. Her inner voice sounded just as pleasure-filled as the rest of her. She couldn't, though. Harry told her not to, and she had to follow his orders. Then, Harry sucked hard on her clit, and she could feel the tip of his tongue tracing a circle around it. His tongue began flicking the little bead, first slowly, then faster. Faster, faster and faster, it flicked until it reached a speed that wasn't humanly possible. Apolline's eyes were unseeing, and her mouth was open. She wasn't sure if she was screaming or not. The pleasure had fully clouded her mind. 'CUM, YOU FUCKING BITCH!' she heard her inner voice scream. It was then that the curse had broken.

Free to cum, Apolline screamed louder than she ever had. Her body bucked wildly against his face, and she wrapped her legs around his neck. She was vaguely aware that pussy juice was squirting out of her, but that didn't matter. The only thing that did matter was the sweet relief of the most mind-blowing orgasm she had ever felt. How long her orgasm went on ... she wasn't sure, but that bastard, Harry Potter, certainly wasn't helping by continuing to lap at her quivering lips while greedily drinking her juices.

"Nnguh! Nnnguh!" was what came out of her mouth as she spasmed and continued to come on his face. She wasn't even sure what she was trying to say. Thankfully, Harry stopped licking her and instead caressed her smooth thighs to help her calm down. After ten minutes of this, Apolline finally came down enough to get herself in order. "Enough, 'Arry," she wheezed breathlessly. "That is enough," she begged, gripping his messy hair.

Apolline was on the verge of falling asleep. The orgasm really took it out of her. Her attention was captured by Harry clearing his throat. Wiping the sweaty hair from her face, she looked down and saw that her legs were still wrapped around his neck, and his face was still firmly trapped against her naked pussy. Blushing, she opened her legs and freed him. Before leaving, however, he softly kissed her throbbing clit, causing her to gasp loudly. This was the first sexual thing he had done to her without her being under the Imperius Curse. Apolline liked it very much. He then kissed up her belly and kissed both of her nipples. Apolline bit her lower lip and squirmed under his hovering body. Her legs were still wide open, and he could have fucked her brains out right then and there, and she would have let him. Instead, he moved to her neck. Tilting her head back, she gave him plenty of room to kiss every inch of her delicate skin ... which he did. When his lips found hers, Apolline grabbed the back of his head and kissed him with as much passion as she could muster. Her tongue slid against his, and she could taste herself on him. This fact filled her with satisfaction for some odd reason. Harry broke the kiss sooner than she would have liked.

“Congratulations on breaking the curse again,” he praised her, causing Apolline’s blush to deepen. She enjoyed earning his praise much more than she would have thought. “I’m guessing you need a break,” Harry said. Apolline yawned and nodded. Harry kissed her forehead, and a strange purring sound escaped her mouth.

“We’ll continue tomorrow,” he said, climbing off her body and leaving her nude on the bed. She was grateful that Harry pulled a sheet over her because a few seconds later, she was fast asleep with a large smile etched across her gorgeous face.