

A/N: All characters involved in this work of fiction are consenting adults. No minors or teenage characters have been depicted in explicit situations.

They straightened their clothes as best they could. Fleur fixed her hair and makeup again with her wand, though there was only so much she could do about how thoroughly fucked she looked. Her lips were swollen, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes still glazed with pleasure. Harry checked to make sure his suit was presentable, though his hair was more mussed than before.

They slipped out of the bathroom one at a time, Harry going first. The walk back through the restaurant felt like it took forever. Fleur was acutely aware of Harry's cum leaking out of her with each step, of the wetness between her thighs, of the way Harry's hand rested possessively on her lower back. They could've apparated from the bathroom itself, but there was something depraved about this, and it made her feel even hotter.

Several diners looked up as they passed, and Fleur wondered if they could tell what had just happened. If they knew she'd been thoroughly fucked just minutes ago in the ladies' room. If they could see it in the way she walked, in the flush of her cheeks, and in the satisfied smile she couldn't quite hide.

The thought made her even wetter, and she felt more of Harry's cum slide down her thigh.

They made it outside and around the corner to the alley where they'd arrived. The moment they were out of sight of the street, hidden in shadow, Harry pulled Fleur against him and kissed her hard. His hands gripped her ass through her dress, pulling her flush against him. She could feel that he was hard again already, his cock pressing insistently against her stomach.

"Home," he growled against her lips. "Now."

"Absolutely," Fleur agreed, already reaching for her wand.

They apparated together, already pulling at each other's clothes before they'd even fully materialized in Harry's bedroom.

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Harry's hands gripped Fleur's hips as he thrust into her from behind, both of them still partially clothed from their rushed entrance. Her dress was bunched around her waist, his trousers pushed down just enough. They'd barely made it into the bedroom before Harry had her bent over the edge of the bed, his cock buried inside her within seconds of apparating home.

"Fuck," Fleur gasped, her hands clutching the bedsheets. The fabric twisted in her fists as her whole body rocked forward with each of his thrusts. "Yes, just like that. Don't stop. Harder."

Harry had no intention of stopping. The entire evening had been one long exercise in torture, building and building until he thought he'd explode. The time in the

ladies' room had been nice, but now he was finally able to do what he'd been wanting to do for hours. His hips snapped forward with force, driving deep, and Fleur moaned loudly. He could feel her inner walls gripping him tight, hot and slick and perfect.

"So wet," Harry groaned, one hand sliding up her back to tangle in her hair. He gripped the silky strands and pulled, making her arch her back. "So fucking perfect. Been wanting this all night."

"Your fault," Fleur managed between gasps, her voice bouncing with each thrust. "Been wanting this all through dinner. Been aching for you. Could barely sit still."

Harry pulled her up by her hair, bringing her back against his chest. His other hand slid around to cup her breast through the silk dress, squeezing roughly. The fabric was soft under his palm, her nipple hard against his fingers. Fleur's head fell back against his shoulder, giving him access to her neck. He bit down gently on her pulse point, sucking hard enough to leave a mark, and she cried out.

"Going to fuck you all night," Harry promised against her skin, his breath hot on her throat. "Make up for all that teasing, for that quick fuck in the restroom. Make you scream until your voice gives out. Until you can't walk tomorrow."

"Please," Fleur moaned, reaching back to tangle her fingers in his hair. She pulled his mouth harder against her neck. "Do it. Ruin me."

Harry pushed her back down onto the bed and increased his pace, pounding into her harder. The bed frame hit the wall with rhythmic thuds. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room, mixing with their heavy breathing and Fleur's increasingly loud moans. His fingers found her clit and rubbed in tight circles, and Fleur's whole body tensed beneath him.

"Already close," she gasped, her inner walls starting to flutter around him. "So close. Don't stop, Harry. Right there."

"Come for me," Harry commanded, his fingers working faster. His other hand gripped her hip hard enough to bruise. "Come on my cock."

Fleur shattered with a scream, her pussy clamping down on him hard. Her whole body shook, her arms giving out so her chest pressed against the bed. The sensation of her squeezing him pushed Harry closer to his own edge, but he gritted his teeth and held back. Not yet. He wasn't nearly done with her yet.

He pulled out, ignoring Fleur's whimper of protest, and flipped her onto her back. Her dress was completely ruined now, wrinkled and twisted and sticking to her sweaty skin. Harry yanked it up and over her head, tossing it aside carelessly. Fleur lay there completely naked except for her heels, her skin flushed and glowing with sweat, and her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. Her hair was spread across the bed like a platinum halo.

"Beautiful," Harry said, taking a moment to admire her. His eyes roamed over her body, from her flushed face down to her heaving breasts, her flat stomach, and the wet mess between her thighs. "Absolutely stunning."

“Less talking,” Fleur said breathlessly, reaching for him. “More fucking.”

Harry grinned and climbed onto the bed, settling between her legs. He thrust back inside in one smooth motion, and they both groaned at the sensation. This position let him go deeper, and he took full advantage of it. His hands braced on either side of her head as he fucked her with renewed intensity, his hips driving forward with force.

Fleur’s legs wrapped around his waist, her heels digging into his lower back, urging him deeper. Her hands roamed over his chest and shoulders, her nails leaving red marks on his skin. When Harry leaned down to capture her lips, she kissed him back hungrily, her tongue sliding against his with desperate need.

They were so focused on each other, so lost in the pleasure, that neither heard the front door open downstairs. Neither heard the footsteps on the stairs. It wasn’t until the bedroom door swung open that they realized they had company.

“Well, well,” Gabrielle’s amused voice came from the doorway. “What do we have here?”

Harry and Fleur both froze mid thrust, looking toward the door with wide eyes. Gabrielle stood there with one hand on her hip, a wicked smile playing on her lips. She was still dressed in her work clothes, a fitted blouse that hugged her curves and a pencil skirt that showed off her legs. Her eyes were dark with desire as she took in the scene before her.

“Gabrielle,” Fleur gasped, her chest still heaving. “You’re back early.”

“Clearly,” Gabrielle said, her eyes traveling over the scene with obvious appreciation. Her gaze lingered on where Harry and Fleur were joined, on the way Harry’s cock was buried inside her sister. “My meeting got cancelled, so I thought I’d come see what you two were up to.” Her smile widened. “Looks like I got my answer. And quite a show it is.”

Harry was still buried inside Fleur, both of them completely frozen. His cock was throbbing, still hard, and he could feel Fleur’s pussy clenching around him rhythmically. The sight of Gabrielle watching them was doing things to him that he hadn’t expected.

“Don’t stop on my account,” Gabrielle said, walking into the room and closing the door behind her with a soft click. “Please, continue. I’m thoroughly enjoying the show.”

“Gabrielle,” Fleur started, but her sister cut her off with a raised hand.

“Oh, don’t be shy now,” Gabrielle teased, moving closer to the bed. Her heels clicked on the hardwood floor. Her eyes were fixed on them with an intensity that made Harry’s cock throb inside Fleur. “You’ve been telling me all about your little arrangement. About how you were going to teach me things. About how we were going to share Harry.” She looked directly at Harry now, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. “Well, here I am. Ready and willing to learn.”

Harry felt Fleur's pussy clench around him at her sister's words, and he groaned despite himself. Gabrielle noticed and laughed, the sound low and sultry.

"Looks like someone likes that idea," she observed. She started unbuttoning her blouse slowly, one button at a time, drawing out the process. "So, are you going to keep fucking my sister, or are you going to let me join? Because I have to say, watching you two is making me incredibly wet."

That broke the spell. Harry started moving again, his hips rocking forward slowly at first. Fleur moaned, her eyes locked on her sister as Gabrielle continued to strip. The blouse came off, revealing a black lace bra that barely contained her breasts. Then the skirt, sliding down her legs to reveal matching lace panties. She stood there in her underwear and heels, and Harry couldn't help but stare.

"That's better," Gabrielle purred. She climbed onto the bed, still in her underwear, and positioned herself near Fleur's head. Her hand reached out to stroke her sister's hair. "How does he feel, sister? As good as I told you?"

"Better," Fleur gasped as Harry thrust particularly deep. Her back arched off the bed. "So much better. Thicker. Harder."

Gabrielle leaned down and kissed Fleur, her tongue sliding into her sister's mouth without hesitation. Harry watched, mesmerized, as the two sisters kissed. It was sensual and intimate and incredibly erotic. Their tongues slid together, and he could hear the wet sounds of the kiss mixing with the sounds of his hips meeting Fleur's. When they broke apart, both slightly breathless, Gabrielle looked at Harry with a wicked smile.

"Keep going," she said, her voice husky. "Make her scream. I want to hear it. Want to see her come apart on your cock."

Harry obliged, increasing his pace. His hands gripped Fleur's hips as he pounded into her, and Fleur's moans grew louder with each thrust. Gabrielle watched with obvious fascination, her hand sliding down to rub herself through her panties. Harry could see the damp spot forming on the black lace, could see how her hips were moving in small circles.

"Does she feel good?" Gabrielle asked Harry, her voice breathless. "Is her pussy tight around your cock? Can you feel how wet she is?"

"Fuck yes," Harry groaned, his eyes moving between the two sisters. "So tight. So perfect. Squeezing me."

"Good," Gabrielle said. She reached out and cupped Fleur's breast with her free hand, squeezing and kneading the soft flesh. Her thumb found Fleur's nipple and rubbed it, rolling the hard peak between her fingers, making Fleur cry out. "I can't wait to feel you inside me too. Can't wait to know what she's feeling right now. Can't wait to have this thick cock stretching me."

Fleur's hand shot out and grabbed Gabrielle's wrist, pulling her hand away from her own body. "Take those off," she demanded breathlessly, her voice strained. "If you're joining, you're joining properly. No teasing. I want to see all of you."

Gabrielle's smile widened, satisfaction gleaming in her eyes. She climbed off the bed and stripped off her bra, her breasts bouncing free. Then the panties, sliding them down her legs slowly, putting on a show. Now she was completely naked except for her heels, her body on full display. Harry's eyes roamed over her appreciatively, taking in her curves, her smooth skin, her hard nipples, the glistening wetness between her thighs.

"Better?" Gabrielle asked, climbing back onto the bed. This time she positioned herself right next to where Harry was fucking Fleur, giving her a close up view. She could see his cock disappearing inside her sister with each thrust, could see the wetness coating his shaft, could see how Fleur's pussy stretched around him.

"Much," Fleur gasped. Then she looked at Harry, her eyes dark with desire and something else. Command. "Stop for a moment."

Harry reluctantly pulled out, his cock slick with her arousal and standing straight up. Fleur sat up, slightly unsteady, and pulled Gabrielle into another kiss. This one was deeper, more passionate. Harry watched as their tongues slid together, as their hands roamed over each other's bodies. Fleur's hand cupped Gabrielle's breast while Gabrielle's hand slid down to grip Fleur's ass.

When they broke apart, both sisters turned to look at Harry. There was something predatory in their expressions, something that made his cock throb with anticipation. They looked like they were about to devour him.

"Lie down," Fleur commanded, her voice firm. "On your back. Now."

Harry did as he was told, settling onto the bed. His cock stood straight up, hard and glistening with Fleur's arousal. The two sisters moved to kneel on either side of him, their eyes focused on his erection like it was the most fascinating thing they'd ever seen.

"We've been planning this," Gabrielle said, her hand wrapping around the base of his cock. Her fingers were soft and warm. "Talking about it. Fantasizing about it."

"About sharing you," Fleur added, her hand joining her sister's. They both gripped him now, their hands stacked on his shaft. Together, they stroked him slowly, their movements perfectly coordinated. "About worshipping this perfect cock together. About making you feel things you've never felt before."

Harry groaned as both their hands worked him, their movements becoming faster. Then Fleur leaned down and ran her tongue along one side of his shaft, from base to tip, while Gabrielle did the same on the other side. The sensation of two tongues on his cock was incredible, unlike anything he'd felt before, and Harry's hips jerked involuntarily.

“Patience,” Fleur murmured against his skin before taking the head of his cock into her mouth.

She sucked gently, her tongue swirling around the tip, her cheeks hollowing as she worked him. Then she pulled off with a wet pop and let Gabrielle take over. Gabrielle took him deeper, her lips stretching around his girth as she bobbed her head. Her hand worked what didn’t fit in her mouth, stroking in time with the movement of her lips. Then she pulled off and they switched again, establishing a rhythm. Back and forth, taking turns, their mouths and tongues working together to drive him crazy.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned, his hands tangling in their hair. One hand in Fleur’s platinum blonde locks, the other in Gabrielle’s slightly lighter shade. He could feel the difference in texture, in the way their hair felt between his fingers.

The sisters pulled away for a moment, and Harry watched as they kissed again, his cock between their faces. Their tongues slid together around his tip, licking and teasing. They were making out with each other while using his cock as a focal point, and the sight was so erotic that Harry nearly came right then.

“Not yet,” Fleur said, seeming to sense how close he was. She pulled back and looked at Gabrielle. “Want to show him what else we talked about?”

Gabrielle’s eyes lit up with excitement. “Definitely.”

Both sisters moved to position themselves along his body. Fleur took his cock in her hand and guided it between her breasts, pressing them together around his shaft. The soft flesh engulfed him, warm and smooth. Gabrielle did the same, positioning herself so their breasts were pressed together, creating a tight channel of soft flesh for his cock.

“Oh fuck,” Harry groaned as they started moving, sliding their breasts up and down his length in perfect unison.

The sensation was incredible. Four breasts, soft and warm, squeezing his cock from all sides. He could feel their hard nipples dragging along his skin, could feel the heat of their bodies. Both sisters were looking down at him with wicked smiles, clearly enjoying his reaction, enjoying the power they had over him.

“Like that?” Fleur asked, though she clearly knew the answer. Her voice was teasing, playful.

“Yes,” Harry managed, his voice strained. “Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

They didn’t. They increased their pace, their breasts moving faster along his cock. Every few strokes, one of them would lean down and lick his tip when it appeared between their cleavage. First Fleur, then Gabrielle, their tongues taking turns teasing him. The combination of sensations was overwhelming, almost too much.

“I want to taste you when you come,” Gabrielle said, her voice breathy with arousal. “Want to feel you pulse in my mouth. Want to swallow every drop.”

“Me too,” Fleur added, her eyes dark with desire. “We both do. We want you to come for us. Come in our mouths.”

They released his cock from between their breasts and moved back to kneeling on either side of him. This time, Fleur took his cock deep into her mouth, relaxing her throat to swallow him down. Harry groaned as he felt himself slide into her throat, felt her swallow around him. Meanwhile, Gabrielle focused on his balls, taking them into her mouth one at a time, sucking gently and licking. The dual stimulation was almost too much.

Then they switched positions. Gabrielle swallowed his cock, taking him just as deep as her sister had, while Fleur worked his balls with her tongue. She licked and sucked, her hand reaching underneath to massage his perineum. Back and forth they went, sometimes taking turns, sometimes working together. Their hands roamed over his thighs, his stomach, his chest. They were coordinated, practiced, as if they’d choreographed this entire thing.

Fleur pulled off his cock and looked at Gabrielle. “Together?”

“Together,” Gabrielle agreed.

They positioned themselves so their faces were side by side, both of their mouths working his cock at once. Their tongues slid along his shaft in tandem, meeting at the top to swirl around his tip. Their lips kissed around his head, their tongues occasionally sliding against each other as much as they were sliding against him. Their hands worked together too, one stroking his shaft while the other cupped his balls, squeezing gently.

“Close,” Harry warned, his voice tight with strain. His whole body was tense, pleasure coiling tighter and tighter in his core. “I’m getting close.”

“Good,” Fleur said, her breath hot against his cock. She and Gabrielle positioned their faces even closer together, their cheeks touching, both of their mouths open and waiting. Their hands stroked him faster, their grips tightening. “Come for us, Harry. Give us what we want. Cover our faces. Mark us.”

The sight of both sisters, their beautiful faces so close together, their mouths open and waiting for him, their eyes dark with desire, was too much. Harry came with a groan that was almost a shout, his cock pulsing violently as he released. The first thick rope of cum hit Fleur’s cheek, painting a line across her skin. The second hit Gabrielle’s lips, coating them white. The third landed on both their tongues as they opened wider. They kept stroking him, milking him, as pulse after pulse covered their faces and filled their mouths.

When he finally finished, when the last pulse faded and his cock stopped throbbing, both sisters had cum on their faces and in their mouths. White streaks decorated their cheeks, their lips, their chins. They turned to each other and kissed, sharing his taste between them, their tongues sliding together and passing his cum back and forth. Harry watched, his cock already starting to twitch with renewed interest despite having just finished.

When they broke apart, both sisters licked their lips slowly, deliberately, making a show of swallowing what remained in their mouths.

"Delicious," Gabrielle said, licking a drop from the corner of her mouth.

"Told you," Fleur replied, using her finger to gather the cum on her cheek and bringing it to her mouth to suck clean. "He tastes incredible."

She looked at Harry, and her eyes widened slightly. His cock was indeed already hardening again, growing despite having just finished. "Ready for round two already?"

"Always," Harry said, his voice rough.

"Good," Fleur said. She looked at Gabrielle. "Want to go first? You've been waiting long enough."

"Definitely," Gabrielle said, her eyes lighting up. She climbed up Harry's body and straddled his hips, positioning herself above his cock. She wrapped her hand around his shaft, stroking him a few times to bring him to full hardness.

She sank down slowly, her mouth falling open and her eyes going wide as Harry's cock stretched her. It was different from before, more intense. Fleur moved to kneel beside them, watching her sister take Harry inside her with obvious fascination.

"How does it feel?" Fleur asked, her hand sliding down to rub Gabrielle's clit. Her fingers found the swollen bud and circled it gently.

"Amazing," Gabrielle moaned, her whole body trembling. "So big. So deep. Fuck, I can feel every inch. Can feel him stretching me so wide."

She started to move, rising up slowly before sinking back down. Her movements were hesitant at first, testing, but quickly became more confident as she found her rhythm. Her breasts bounced with each movement, and Harry reached up to cup them, squeezing and kneading the soft flesh. His thumbs found her nipples and rubbed them, making her gasp.

"That's it," Fleur encouraged, her fingers still working Gabrielle's clit. "Ride him. Take what you want. Use his cock."

Gabrielle increased her pace, her hips rolling as she fucked herself on Harry's cock. The sight of her above him, her face flushed with pleasure, her body moving so beautifully, was incredible. Harry thrust up to meet her movements, driving deeper, and Gabrielle cried out.

"Yes," she gasped, her hands bracing on his chest. "Just like that. Don't stop. Harder."

Fleur leaned in and captured one of Gabrielle's nipples in her mouth, sucking hard before biting gently. Gabrielle's movements became more erratic, her moans louder. Harry could feel her pussy tightening around him, could tell she was close.

"Come for him," Fleur murmured against her sister's breast before moving to the other nipple. "Let him feel you squeeze his cock. Show him how good he makes you feel."

Gabrielle shattered with a scream that probably woke the neighbors, her whole body shaking as her orgasm crashed through her in overwhelming waves. Her pussy clamped down on Harry's cock rhythmically, squeezing and releasing in pulses that milked him. But he held back, gritting his teeth and forcing himself not to come. He wanted more. Wanted both of them. Wanted this to last.

When Gabrielle's trembling subsided, when her screams faded to whimpers and her body went limp, Fleur helped her climb off. Harry's cock was slick with Gabrielle's arousal, still hard and ready, standing straight up. Fleur immediately straddled him, sinking down onto his length with a satisfied moan that was almost a purr.

"My turn again," she said, starting to ride him with practiced movements. Her hips rolled, taking him deep with each motion.

Gabrielle recovered quickly and positioned herself near Harry's head. He immediately understood what she wanted. He pulled her forward by her hips until her pussy was above his face, then pulled her down onto his mouth. She gasped as his tongue found her clit immediately, licking and sucking with enthusiasm.

Now Harry was pleasuring both sisters at once. Fleur riding his cock while Gabrielle rode his face. The two sisters leaned toward each other and kissed, their hands roaming over each other's bodies. Harry could hear their moans mixing together, could feel both their bodies responding to his touch. The taste of Gabrielle on his tongue was sweet and musky, her arousal coating his face.

"This is perfect," Fleur gasped, grinding down on his cock. Her movements were becoming more desperate, more needy. "This is what I wanted. All three of us together. All of us pleasuring each other."

"Me too," Gabrielle moaned, her hips rolling against Harry's mouth. His tongue was working her clit relentlessly, circling and flicking. "Better than I imagined. So much better."

Harry increased the intensity of his efforts, his tongue working Gabrielle's clit in rapid circles while his hips thrust up to meet Fleur's movements. His hands gripped Gabrielle's hips, holding her steady as he devoured her pussy. He pushed his tongue inside her, tasting her deeply, before returning to her clit.

"I'm close again," Gabrielle warned, her voice high and desperate. Her thighs were trembling on either side of Harry's head.

"Me too," Fleur added, her movements becoming more frantic. She was bouncing on his cock now, taking him deep with each downward thrust.

Harry redoubled his efforts, determined to make them both come. His tongue circled Gabrielle's clit rapidly, then sucked it into his mouth. His cock drove deep into Fleur with each upward thrust, hitting that spot inside her that made her scream. He

could feel both their bodies tensing, could hear their moans growing louder and more desperate.

Gabrielle came first, crying out as she ground herself against Harry's face. Her thighs clamped around his head, cutting off sound, and he could feel her pussy pulsing against his tongue. The taste of her release flooded his mouth, sweet and musky, and he lapped it up eagerly, not wanting to waste a drop.

Fleur followed seconds later, her pussy clamping down on Harry's cock as she came with a scream. This time, Harry couldn't hold back. The sensation of her squeezing him, combined with Gabrielle's taste on his tongue and the sounds of both sisters coming, pushed him over the edge. He came hard, his cock pulsing violently as he filled Fleur with his release. His hips bucked up, driving deep, as pulse after pulse emptied into her.

All three of them collapsed in a tangle of limbs, breathing hard. Gabrielle climbed off Harry's face and lay beside him, her chest heaving. Fleur remained straddling his hips for a moment longer, his softening cock still inside her, before finally climbing off and lying on his other side. Harry was sandwiched between both sisters now, their naked bodies pressed against him, their sweat mingling with his.

"That was incredible," Gabrielle said breathlessly, her hand resting on Harry's chest. She could feel his heart pounding.

"Agreed," Fleur managed, her voice hoarse from screaming.

They lay like that for several long moments, recovering. Finally, after their breathing had slowed and their hearts had stopped racing quite so hard, Fleur propped herself up on one elbow and looked down at Harry.

"We're not done yet," she said, her eyes already darkening with renewed desire. "Are we?"

"Not even close," Harry agreed, feeling his cock starting to stir again despite having just finished.

"Good," Gabrielle said, her hand sliding down his stomach to wrap around his growing erection. She stroked him slowly, bringing him back to full hardness. "Because I want more. Want to try everything. Want you to fuck me in every position."

"What did you have in mind?" Harry asked, though he suspected he already knew.

Gabrielle and Fleur exchanged a look, and matching wicked smiles spread across their faces. There was mischief there, and hunger, and promises of pleasure.

"Everything," they said in unison.

What followed was a blur of pleasure and sensation that Harry knew he'd remember for the rest of his life. The three of them explored each other thoroughly, trying different positions and combinations. Harry fucked Gabrielle from behind while

she ate Fleur's pussy, her tongue working her sister's clit while Harry's cock worked her from behind. Then Fleur rode his cock while Gabrielle sat on his face, and he devoured her pussy while Fleur ground down on him. They took turns, switching positions constantly, making sure everyone received equal attention.

At one point, Harry had both sisters on their hands and knees side by side, and he alternated between them. A few thrusts in Fleur, feeling her tight heat, then pulling out and pushing into Gabrielle, feeling her different texture. Back and forth, listening to their competing moans, feeling their different responses. Fleur was tighter, gripping him like a vice. Gabrielle was wetter, her arousal coating his cock with each thrust.

"Harder," Fleur demanded at one point, looking back at him over her shoulder. "Fuck us both harder. We can take it."

Harry obliged, pounding into each of them with increasing force. Both sisters were screaming now, their voices mixing together in a symphony of pleasure that filled the room. When he felt his orgasm building again, he pulled out of Gabrielle and thrust back into Fleur, burying himself deep as he came. Fleur cried out as she felt him pulse inside her, filling her with his release for the second time that night. She could feel the warmth spreading inside her, could feel how much there was.

But they weren't done. After a brief rest, during which the sisters used their hands and mouths to bring Harry back to hardness, Gabrielle demanded her turn to be filled. Harry, amazed at his own stamina but grateful for it, found himself hard again thanks to their skilled ministrations. This time he took Gabrielle missionary style, her legs wrapped around his waist as he drove into her with long, deep strokes that made her entire body shake.

Fleur positioned herself so Gabrielle could lick her pussy while Harry fucked her, and soon all three of them were moaning again. Gabrielle's tongue worked her sister's clit with enthusiasm while Harry's cock worked her pussy, stretching her, filling her completely. The dual stimulation had Fleur coming hard within minutes, her thighs clamping around Gabrielle's head as she screamed.

The sight and sound of Fleur coming, the way her whole body shook, pushed Gabrielle over the edge. Her pussy clamped down on Harry's cock as she screamed into her sister's pussy, the sound muffled but still loud. Harry followed moments later, groaning as he emptied himself inside Gabrielle, giving her what she'd been begging for. His cock pulsed again and again, filling her with rope after rope of his release.

They collapsed again, all three of them utterly spent. This time, the exhaustion was too much to fight. They managed to pull the covers over themselves somehow, creating a warm cocoon. Harry was in the middle, with Fleur on one side and Gabrielle on the other. Both sisters had their heads on his chest, their legs tangled with his, their arms draped across his stomach.

"That was perfect," Gabrielle murmured sleepily, her eyes already closing.

"Mmm," Fleur agreed, already half asleep. She pressed a soft kiss to Harry's chest.

Harry lay there, both arms wrapped around the two sisters, and let his mind wander. A month ago, he'd been alone. No family to speak of, few real friends, just existing day to day. Going through the motions of life without really living. Now he had this. Two incredible women in his bed, in his life. Two people who cared about him, who wanted him, who made him feel alive in ways he'd never experienced.

It was unconventional, certainly. Most people would probably be shocked or disapproving if they knew. Two sisters sharing one man, no commitment, no traditional relationship. But Harry didn't care about that. This worked for them. The three of them together, no strings attached, just pleasure and companionship and genuine affection.

He thought about Fleur's words from earlier, from their conversation by the pool. About keeping things light and fun. About not forcing anything they weren't ready for. It made sense. None of them wanted the complications of a traditional relationship right now. This arrangement gave them everything they needed without the pressure, without the expectations.

And yet, Harry couldn't help but wonder if his feelings were already becoming more complicated than he'd intended. He cared about both of them deeply. They were his closest friends, his confidants, his lovers. The thought of losing either of them made his chest tighten uncomfortably.

But those were thoughts for another day. Right now, with both sisters sleeping peacefully against him, their breathing slow and even and their bodies warm against his, Harry felt content. More than content. He felt happy. Truly, genuinely happy for the first time in longer than he could remember.

Whatever this was, whatever it became, he would cherish it. Would protect it. These two women had given him something precious, and he wasn't about to take it for granted. They'd opened their lives to him, shared themselves with him completely, and he would do everything in his power to make sure they never regretted it.

Fleur shifted in her sleep, pressing closer. Her hand moved across his chest, finding Gabrielle's hand on the other side. Their fingers intertwined across his body, even in sleep seeking connection. Gabrielle made a soft sound and did the same, pressing closer to him. Harry tightened his arms around them both, a small smile on his face.

Yes, this was exactly where he wanted to be. Right here, right now, with these two incredible women. Everything else could wait until morning. The questions about what this meant, where it was going, how long it could last. None of that mattered right now.

All that mattered was this moment. This perfect, peaceful moment.

His eyes drifted closed, and within minutes, he joined them in sleep, all three of them tangled together in the aftermath of their passion. The room was quiet except for their breathing, the bed warm and comfortable, and Harry's last thought before sleep claimed him was how lucky he was.

How incredibly, impossibly lucky.