

# **Guiding Harry**

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## Chapter 1: A Veela Finds Her Mate

Fleur Delacour was bored.

It had been important for her to select a fitting companion to accompany her to the Yule Ball. As a veela and also a Triwizard Champion, only the most capable of wizards would do as the man whose arm she was on as she entered. When she and her partner danced to open the ball, it was important that she take the floor with a wizard who would look at home on the cover of any wizarding magazine.

Her first thought had been to approach her fellow Champion, Cedric Diggory. He certainly carried himself well, as evidenced by his being chosen as the Hogwarts Champion. Well, *one* of the Hogwarts Champions anyways. Was he the official champion, or did he have to share that label with Harry Potter? Either way, he appeared to be as capable a wizard as any student in the castle, and even Fleur would acknowledge that he was quite handsome.

Unfortunately he had already asked one of the younger Hogwarts witches to the Ball, so she'd fallen back on Roger Davies as the wizard she actually took with her. What a mistake that was turning out to be! He looked dashing enough in his dress robes, yes, but that seemed to be the extent of what he brought to the table. He was utterly helpless in her presence, reduced to little more than a drooling mess who stared at her dumbly. He didn't respond to a word that she said, and he missed his mouth with his fork all throughout dinner and got food all over those fine dress robes.

And don't even get Fleur started on how poorly he performed on the dance floor! Out there she'd not only had to worry about him being a drooling idiot incapable of stringing words together, but she practically had to tug him around by the hand to get him to move his feet at all. Fleur didn't mind knowing how she affected men; in fact she relished it most of the time. But on a night like this one, she'd been hoping for someone with at least *some* resistance or willpower!

Fleur ignored her disaster of a date and looked elsewhere. She happened to notice Harry Potter and his date sitting at a table with his redheaded friend, the one who had asked Fleur out to the Ball and then run away before she could even reject him, and another girl who appeared to be the identical twin of Harry's date. None of the four looked to be having a good time.

Harry may have felt Fleur's eyes on him, or maybe he just happened to glance up at the right time, because their eyes quickly locked. Fleur stared directly at him, bored and curious to see how he might react. His cheeks colored slightly at the prolonged stare, but he didn't seem to get lost and dragged into feelings of hopeless attraction or uncontrollable lust as the vast majority of the males in the castle did. It was more like the way a timid, inexperienced young man might react when a beautiful woman looked his way, rather than the look of a man ready to bow at the feet of a goddess.

Fleur was intrigued. As amusing as the latter could sometimes be, she could really do with more of the former, particularly on a night like tonight. Rather than a drooling idiot like Davies, she could use a partner who was merely shy but still capable of eating dinner with her without making a mess on his dress robes like some child.

Harry had never occurred to her as an option to ask to the Ball, but now she had to ask herself why. So what if he was several years younger than her? He was an of-age wizard, and more importantly, he was

a very capable one. He was not the *little boy* she'd believed him to be when she was first informed that his name had come out of the Goblet of Fire. He'd proven that with his performance in the First Task. Fleur had watched with no small amount of awe as he took to the air on his broomstick, outflew the Hungarian Horntail and snatched the egg. As she'd watched him complete the task, she'd known that she had misjudged him. The rules might have been set up so only students in their final year of education could be selected, but Harry Potter in his 4th year was a formidable wizard with nerves of steel.

And yet he looked flustered by having her attention on him. He didn't lose his head and try to grovel for attention like most would have if they'd had her staring at them like this, but he didn't seem to know how to handle it either. He seemed far less confident right now with her staring at him than he had on the broom trying to outfly the dragon. It was fascinating, and Fleur decided then that Harry Potter offered more interest to her than Davies or anything else that this Yule Ball had to offer her. While she wasn't yet sure of exactly the form that her interest would take, she wanted to find out. If nothing else, answering that question and gaining a fuller measure of Harry Potter would be a much better use of her night than watching the buffoon she'd brought to the Ball smearing food all over his chin while he stared at her.

She got up from her chair and walked over to Harry's table, ignoring Roger's inane babbling as well as the eyes in Hogwarts' Great Hall that followed her. She was used to having people stare and watch her every movement. Fleur had received such attention her whole life, and if every faculty member and every student from the 4th year and above watched her throw one partner aside and boldly swoop in on a second, so be it. Veela were never shy about going for what they wanted, and Fleur didn't feel those traits any less just because she was quarter-veela.

Gradually Fleur made her way to the table, and its occupants noticed her approach. The redhead noticed her before either of the witches did, and the glazed look that immediately came over him made it clear that her night would not have gone any better if she'd taken him as her date as opposed to Davies. Not that she would ever have considered the likes of him, of course. She paid him as much mind now as she had any other time, which was to say no mind at all.

"Good evening," Fleur said to them. "I 'ope you 'ave enjoyed your night so far?" Ostensibly she was addressing the entire table, but she looked at Harry and Harry alone, leaving little doubt in anyone's mind as to who she was really talking to. Well, perhaps the redheaded boy didn't realize, but he was too busy staring at her and drooling to notice much about the world around him.

"Yes, it's been grand," said the girl in the pink dress robes, the one who had walked in with Harry. The other twin looked even less happy somehow, giving the redhead a venomous look that was probably made all the more venomous in response to him being completely unaware of it. The voice of Harry's date was flat, which of course meant her night had been anything but grand. That was no surprise. Fleur had noticed how stiff and awkward she and Harry had been during the dance to open the night. She hadn't seen them out there since, and it was clear the girl was less than pleased with Harry's performance as her partner for the evening.

Fleur wondered how much of her vocal displeasure was because of her poor date and how much was the automatic dislike that Fleur had received from the majority of women since she began to mature. Either way, it made little difference to Fleur. She wasn't here for the girl. She was here to live up to her veela reputation and snatch her man right out from under her.

"Wonderful," Fleur said cheerfully, ignoring the unhappiness of both girls and continuing to focus her full attention on Harry. She frowned and shook her head. "I'm afraid zat my night 'as not been as pleasant. Roger 'as been poor company. And I was so looking forward to dancing, too!" She heaved a dramatic sigh, but then gasped and let her blue eyes widen as if an idea had just occurred to her. "Oh, but perhaps you could dance wiz me instead, 'Arry!"

"Me?" Harry gasped, looking utterly gobsmacked.

"Oui," Fleur said, smiling wider. "You." She found his astonishment adorable. It was certainly preferable to the drooling of his friend, or of her original date. If she hadn't already known what she was coming over here to do, she would've been determined to snatch Harry from his date after seeing this reaction.

"He already has a date, in case you didn't notice," the woman who had been his date snapped defiantly.

"I did not zink you would mind, seeing as you 'aven't been dancing at all since ze first dance, which you were obligated to do," Fleur said smoothly. "If you aren't interested in dancing with 'Arry, I would be 'appy to." The girl muttered angrily under her breath, but she couldn't seem to come up with a good reply. Harry did offer one, however.

"B-but I'm a horrible dancer," he mumbled. "I was rubbish at it. Parvati can tell you."

"You're not lying there." His date, whose name was apparently Parvati, crossed her arms and glared down at the table. "I thought going to the Ball with a Triwizard Champion would be fun, but you've been a dreadful date."

"Zen zere will be no problem if he spends ze rest of ze night wiz me," Fleur said smoothly. "Perhaps you'd both be better off finding new partners to finish ze night wiz. You can find some other boy who might 'ave more interest in you. 'Arry will be in good 'ands wiz a fellow Champion." She had no doubt that Parvati would happily hex her right now if she thought she could get away with it, but her anger meant less than nothing to Fleur. It was Harry she was here for, and he was about to be hers for the rest of the night.

"I really *am* rubbish at dancing," Harry said, sounding anxious. Fleur just smiled and held her hand out to him.

"Zen I will teach you," she replied. "If you can learn to outfly a dragon, I can teach you how to dance. Just leave everyzing to me, 'Arry. I will spend ze rest of ze night showing you a good time, champion to champion."

Parvati muttered angrily as Harry slipped his hand into Fleur's and allowed her to pull him to his feet, but that didn't matter in the least to the veela. As always, she'd claimed what she wanted.

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"And to zink you were so worried about dancing," Fleur said, laughing as Harry took her for another spin around the dance floor. "You are a quick learner, 'Arry." Perhaps she was exaggerating slightly, but he really had improved pretty quickly. He might not have been an expert dancer or anything, but he certainly kept up with her on the dance floor far better than that oaf Davies had. At first he'd been

hesitant to even put his hands on her waist. But they'd danced for several songs, taken a break to catch their breath and drink some punch, and he hadn't even hesitated when she asked to go back out for more dancing.

They'd danced a total of seven songs together now, and Harry had gotten much more comfortable with it by the end. Fleur had a feeling that no young man in the castle would have brought her as much enjoyment on the floor as Harry had. Cedric seemed to be a good dancer from what she'd seen, but Harry had grown under her guidance. She'd helped shape him into a better, more confident dancer, and seeing how she'd been able to mold him and guide him was nearly as fun as the dancing itself.

"I had a great teacher," he said, grinning slightly. Fleur giggled.

"Ooh, I never knew zat you were so *charming*, 'Arry!" It really had been a cute line, and one that she seriously doubted he would have been able to get out before she approached him. Watching Harry grow was fascinating, and it got Fleur's mind working.

When she'd first approached Harry she hadn't known exactly how far she wanted to take the night. She'd known that she was interested by him and wanted to see if he could do a better job at entertaining her than Davies had, and he'd certainly done that. But the more they danced and the more she interacted with this young man, who was clearly stunned at his good fortune in dancing with her and yet had not been reduced to a blithering idiot by it, the less interested she became in allowing their night to come to an end. And the moment she saw that adorable smile, her decision was solidified.

"D'you want to keep dancing?" Harry asked in the break between songs. He'd been so nervous about dancing with her back when she'd first suggested it, but now he sounded hopeful that she would want to keep going.

"Non, I zink we 'ave done enough dancing," she said, shaking her head. He looked utterly crestfallen, though he cleared his throat and tried to hide it.

"Oh, err, yeah, okay," Harry said quickly. "That's fine, we've been going for awhile. Thanks for making my night better, Fleur. It was a lot of fun for me, and I hope that I--"

"You did not let me finish, 'Arry," she said softly, cutting him off and putting her hand on his chest. He froze and stared at her hand, then into her eyes. She returned the eye contact and smiled. There was no drool and no stupid befuddled look on his face. There was clarity in those gorgeous green eyes--clarity, and amazement.

"I do not want to dance anymore. I did not say anyzing about saying goodnight," she clarified. She moved her hand from his chest down to his hand, and laced her fingers through his. Fleur had no doubt that the story of her leaning her head in and whispering into Harry's ear on the middle of the dance floor would spread well beyond their onlookers and make it into all of the wizarding newspapers, but those people were welcome to write their stories. She would be happy to be linked to the handsome young man she'd snagged from his unworthy date.

"I'm going to continue guiding you to an amazing night, 'Arry," she whispered seductively, feeling him shiver as her breath tickled his ear. "But we will need to take zis somewhere more private for ze rest of my...*guidance*."

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"I can't believe this is really happening," Harry said, staring up at Fleur as she stood beside the bed with her hands on her hips, allowing him to drink in the sight of her naked body. She loved the awe on his face as he stared at her, and she also loved that he wasn't frantically humping the air and hadn't immediately ejaculated all over himself when he saw her. Both of those things had happened more than once with previous would-be lovers, but Harry remained in control of himself despite his obvious lust. "I'm actually in Fleur Delacour's bed."

"Oui, you are," Fleur purred. "And you look so good zere." She had nearly dragged him into the bushes on their outdoor stroll so she could suck his cock, but she was glad that she'd kept her desires in check for a few minutes more. Seeing how quickly she could make him cum and watching him try to keep from crying out in pleasure would have been fun. But bringing him back to her private room on the Beauxbatons carriage meant that she could enjoy him fully.

There was plenty to enjoy, too. She hadn't known what to expect from Harry's body. Given his rather slight physique, she honestly hadn't had very high hopes. But his cock was another story. That thing may very well have been the longest dick she'd seen, and it was *definitely* the thickest. He would still need to be taught how to use it, but Harry was bursting with raw potential.

"I, uh, haven't done this before," he admitted, looking away. "Any of it, I mean. Never even kissed a girl until we kissed out in the garden. Well, you really did most of the kissing I guess, but I think you get the point."

"I do," Fleur said, smirking at his shy admission. "But zat was obvious even before you said eet." He blushed and looked down, and Fleur quickly climbed onto the bed and tucked her finger under her chin to make him look up and into her eyes. "Zere is nozing to worry about, 'Arry. I like it better zis way. You're like a piece of clay zat I can mold into whatever shape I want." Now that she had his attention, she moved down onto her back on her bed and spread her legs wide, presenting him with a view that every wizard in the castle had dreamed of from the moment she arrived.

"I am going to guide you and teach you 'ow to be an ideal lover for me. Do you want zat, 'Arry? Do you want to learn how to please me?"

"Yes," he said quickly. Fleur smiled at his eagerness.

"Zen get on your belly and put your 'ead between my legs so you can learn 'ow to lick me," she said, patting the spot on the bed in front of her. Harry obediently got into the position she'd asked for, bringing his head between her thighs. She wondered if he was aware that he licked his lips as he stared at her pussy.

"Start slowly," she said. "Just run your tongue up and down, and *do not* push it inside. Never do zat." She could have pointed out that some women actually liked a bit of tongue penetration, but she wasn't interested in teaching him skills that might apply to other women. This training was for her benefit alone, so she was going to teach him specifically how to give her what she wanted.

Harry did as instructed, starting her off with slow and simple licks along the entire length of her outer pussy lips. Fleur sighed, enjoying the attention. Far too many of her previous lovers were filled with such all-encompassing desperation and desire once they saw her naked that they failed to listen or

respond to even the most basic commands. That Harry was able to settle in and lick her precisely the way she'd asked him to despite being brand new to any of this was a *very good sign*.

"Zat is very good, 'Arry," she praised him, giving him a pat on the head as well. "Now zat I am properly prepared, you can do more." She took one of his hands and guided two of his fingers towards her clit. "Do you feel zat? Zat is ze clitoris. Zis is where you will focus your attention now zat I'm ready for more. First try moving your tongue in a circle around it."

Her inexperienced yet eager to please lover did as she instructed. The first couple of spirals were somewhat stiff and awkward as he tried them out for the first time, but it didn't take him long to get comfortable and move his tongue in pleasant circles around her clit. His tongue incidentally brushed against her clit occasionally while he worked, and even though she was sure it was unintentional, it was a delightful tease for what was to come. Fleur let out a soft moan of pleasure, and Harry responded to that by licking her with even greater confidence on each successive circling of his tongue.

"Ooh, *oui*, zat's it!" Fleur moaned. "Try using your fingers too! Rub me, but don't put your fingers inside!" Every time anyone had attempted to finger her, they'd tried to shove their fingers deep and fuck her with them. It had been enough to turn her off from the entire idea, hence why she instructed Harry to avoid any penetration. But having two of his fingers rub up and down the outer lips of her pussy while he moved his tongue in circles around and against her clit was exactly what she'd been hoping for. It was no small thing for a lover to be able to follow a basic request once they were confronted with Fleur's naked body, but Harry was carrying out each instruction flawlessly and giving her exactly what she needed. It had truly been an excellent choice to ditch that drooling idiot Davies and make a move on her fellow Triwizard Champion.

"I'm close, 'Arry!" she cried. "So close! You're making me feel so good!" She was moments away from an orgasm that would easily top any she'd had since before she'd left France to make the journey to Hogwarts nearly two months earlier. Now she was ready for that little something extra to push her over the edge. "Put your mouth directly on my clit! Lick it; suck it!"

Harry did indeed put his mouth directly on her clit, but Fleur was unprepared for what exactly he did for her. Technically, you could say that he licked her, but his tongue moved in ways that no other tongue ever had. It vibrated against her clit, and it seemed as if he was hissing. Fleur didn't understand just what was happening, but the one thing she did know was it felt *amazing*.

"Putain! Oh, putain, c'est bon! Tellement bon!" For all she knew Harry didn't know a single word of French, but she didn't cry out for him in this instance. Fleur's scream was for herself, as was her pleasure. She'd hoped to teach him how to lick her and get her off, but he'd exceeded her wildest expectations and taught *her* something. She still didn't know how he'd done what he did, but that little vibrating tongue trick pushed her well beyond what was already going to be a very nice orgasm. Her legs trembled, she tugged at his messy black hair with both hands and made it stick up even more, and her legs squeezed shut around his head.

She was probably putting more pressure on his ears than she really should, but Fleur didn't feel in control of her own body at the moment. This wasn't a wave of pleasure that washed through her. It was a tidal wave, and Fleur was being swept away. It wasn't just the best orgasm she'd had since she came to Hogwarts, but the best orgasm she'd *ever* had. Whether her legs squeezed Harry's head too hard was irrelevant, as was whether every other Beauxbatons student who had come back onto the carriage could

hear her cries of pleasure. Fleur's mind cared about only one thing, and that was the ecstasy that this young champion and his vibrating tongue brought her.

"Mon Dieu!" she groaned after the pressure finally ceased. She let go of Harry's hair and stopped squeezing his head with her legs. Now released from the veela's hold, he pulled his head back and sat on his knees. His ears were red thanks to her legs, and the area around his mouth was visibly damp thanks to her powerful orgasm.

"So was that any good?" he asked. "Did I do okay?" Fleur giggled, sure that he was joking, but then realized that he was looking at her quite earnestly. He honestly didn't know!

"'Arry, 'okay' does not even begin to describe what you just did for me," she said, grinning and shaking her head. "No one 'as ever made me orgasm like zat. You were magnificent."

"Yeah?" Harry said. A relieved smile came to his face, and it inflamed Fleur's desire all over again. Where most men would have been thinking only of bedding a veela and taking their own satisfaction, Harry was focused on how good it had been for her. The veela inside of her purred, recognizing that it had just stumbled upon something more than a simple evening's entertainment.

"Oui," she said, nodding. "Later, you are going to tell me 'ow you just did zat." He opened his mouth to respond, but she shook her head. "Later. Right now you are going to fuck me, mon amour."

Fleur's original plan had been to treat him to a blowjob before they got to the actual sex, figuring that if he couldn't get hard again after she sucked his first load out of him, he probably wasn't worthy of putting it inside of her. But all her plans flew straight out the window as soon as he licked her to such an incredible orgasm. She needed him inside of her as quickly as possible, and she spread her legs once again and held her arms out towards him, encouraging him to come to her.

For just a moment Harry again looked stunned at his good fortune once he realized he was about to lose his virginity with her, but he got over the surprise quickly enough and crawled over to get on top of her. In his eagerness to get inside of her he humped quickly, missing the mark in his haste and rubbing his cock against her inner thigh rather than actually penetrating her. Fleur giggled, amused by this sign of his inexperience. It would once again fall to her to guide him.

"Relax, 'Arry," she whispered. She slid her hand between their bodies, made him groan as her soft hand wrapped around his cock, and slowly guided him into position. "Move forward. Do it slowly."

"R-right," he said as she pulled her hand back and left it up to him. He took a breath, and then slowly pushed his hips forward and slid his cock inside of her. Harry let out a grunt as he penetrated her, and Fleur could only imagine how much willpower it took for him not to cum inside of her right then and there.

"'Ow does it feel, 'Arry?" she asked him. "Does it feel good inside of me?"

"It's incredible," he said. His eyes were closed, and she could easily imagine how much he was struggling against himself. She was proud of her veela heritage, and was well aware that their reputation as ideal lovers was deserved. Harry might not realize it since she was the first woman he'd ever been inside, but no human pussy would have naturally hugged his cock like hers did.



"It will feel even better when you start moving," she encouraged. "Go ahead and start, 'Arry. You can go slow or move quickly. I can 'andle whatever you want to do. Don't be afraid. Just let it 'appen."

It was largely an attempt to reassure him, because she did not expect him to last long at all. Men did not have much stamina or control during their first times, and even a man with plenty of experience would struggle to last long with a veela. He had both of those factors to deal with, and so Harry was under double the pressure. If he had lost control within a minute of starting to thrust his cock back and forth inside of her perfect veela pussy, Fleur would not have been surprised or upset. She'd already gotten what she had hoped for anyway; she'd gotten *more* than she hoped for in fact. Harry and that hissing tongue of his had already given her the greatest orgasm of her life, so if the sex itself ended quickly she would not hold it against him. With everything working against Harry and presenting challenges that just about any man would find it difficult to overcome, there would be no shame in him breaking and cumming inside of her after just a few frantic thrusts.

But he didn't. Harry gave her a few thrusts, slow and careful as he acquainted himself with being inside of a woman for the first time, and those thrusts did not bring him to an end. His next thrusts were a bit harder and deeper now that he was starting to get into it, and still Harry did not cum. The thrusts continued, steadier and more confident as he went along. And as Harry's confidence grew, so too did Fleur's pleasure.

She hadn't expected anything special from his first time, impressive cock size notwithstanding. It was more about breaking him in and introducing him to the act, and perhaps some other day or even later that night he'd be able to take what he'd learned and fuck her well enough for her to find enjoyment out of it too. But Harry was lasting long enough for genuine excitement to build once again inside of her.

"Zat's it, 'Arry!" she panted into his ear. "Keep it going! Keep zrusting your 'ips!" She put one arm around his back, and with the other she squeezed his arse and tried to encourage him to keep going and not let up. "Do not be afraid to use your 'ands, too! Touch my body! Touch my breasts!"

Harry did. He brought both hands to her chest and gave her breasts a firm squeeze, and Fleur moaned. His fingers, whether intentionally or by accident, brushed across her nipples, and she moaned happily at that too. This had been meant as a reward to Harry for improving her night and doing so well with his mouth, but Fleur was getting more out of it than she had expected it to.

Her pleasure built with every thrust of his cock and every squeeze of her breasts, and the possibility of a second orgasm became increasingly realistic. As this was something Fleur had only ever achieved on her own, the potential of a lover getting her off twice in a matter of minutes was almost unthinkable, or at least had been until now.

"Oh, fuck! Fleur!" Harry groaned. "*Fleur*, I'm so close!"

Fleur was close too, but she could sense that Harry would get there before she did. She couldn't complain about that; not when he'd lasted such an impressively long time as it was. He was at the point now where even her best previous lovers would inevitably not be able to take the pleasure anymore and would explode in orgasm. That he had lasted this long with a quarter-veela during his first time having sex was remarkable, but she could expect no more from him.

"Let go, 'Arry!" she said. "Cum inside of me!"

Her fellow Triwizard Champion could keep going no more. He closed his eyes and grunted as he finally began to erupt inside of her. The veela rejoiced internally about claiming the seed of its mate, but it also was so close to its own release that it demanded satisfaction.

She waited until his balls had emptied and he'd finished cumming inside of her, and then she flipped them over so he was on his back and she was on top of him. His cock was softening, and while Fleur had a feeling that she might be able to get it hard again soon enough if she put her mind to it, she was too impatient to wait for that. She locked eyes with him and hit him with a full blast of her veela allure, which she usually only used when someone was annoying her and she wanted to turn them into a babbling idiot for a few minutes. If she'd subjected the likes of Davies or Harry's redheaded friend to this, they probably would have ejaculated inside of their underwear and passed out on the spot.

Her hope was that Harry's willpower and his performance thus far meant that he would respond to a full blast of allure differently than most, and she was correct. He did whimper and moan helplessly as the veela magic touched his nerves, but his cock grew hard again in an instant as his arousal was restored in one pure burst of stimulation. He wouldn't be able to last for long under this kind of intense pressure; no one would. But she didn't need him to last for long. She just needed a minute or two.

With her younger lover now erect again, Fleur dropped back down onto his cock and started riding him wildly. Using her allure in a moment of heightened arousal had brought out Fleur's true sexual nature for the first time in her life, and the veela part of her was in no hurry to release its control over her. She fucked him much more aggressively than she had ever fucked anyone, and even his loud, desperate moans were drowned out by the sound of her arse smacking down against his body and the bed shaking violently beneath them as she relentlessly drove her body up and down on his.

Fleur's mother had assured her that a day like today would come, and now it finally had. Beneath her was a man who had aroused her, pleased her, and lasted long enough with her to draw out her veela side at its full, raw sexual apex, and that was something that she would forever be thankful for. She'd always known that this side was there, ready to be unleashed on a mate with the mental and physical fortitude to handle it, and now she'd found that mate. It was an unbelievably freeing experience.

It was also an immensely satisfying one in a physical sense. If that vibrating tongue trick he'd used on her clit earlier was the greatest orgasm she'd ever had, this one stood right alongside it. Her pussy tightened around his cock as she forced her orgasm out after no more than a minute of this frenzied veela fucking, and Harry's hands fell onto her arsecheeks as he too orgasmed for the second time that night. She could feel his hands shaking as he came, and also his body spasming beneath her. That she'd only needed a minute of that bouncing to make herself cum was very fortunate for him, because he probably couldn't have taken another minute of that targeted allure and frenzied fucking without cumming and then passing out.

As it turned out, he'd been even closer than she'd realized. By the time Fleur's orgasm had reached its conclusion and the human side of her was fully in control again, she realized that his eyes were closed and his body was still, aside from the rapid rise and fall of his heart hammering inside of his chest. It was not the first time Fleur had fucked a man into unconsciousness, but it was the first time she'd ever needed to fully embrace her heritage to do so.

"You are a special man, 'Arry Potter," she murmured to herself as she dismounted his cock and sat down on the bed beside him. As she stroked his sweaty chest with a fingertip, she considered the drastic turn her night had taken.

She'd been hoping that Harry would prove to be a more engaging companion for the evening than Davies had, but he had wound up being so much more than that. She'd found a young man that she could unleash her true self on. It was something that every veela craved, and some spent their whole lives searching for it in vain. Despite her mother's assurances, Fleur had known that finding a man who could bring out her full veela side in bed was not guaranteed. Once a veela found that rare man, they would fight to the death to hold onto it and protect it. Fleur Delacour was no different now that she had found hers.

"I 'ope you are ready, my mate," she whispered. "If zis was how you did on our first night togezer, I cannot wait to see what you are like once I 'ave trained you fully."

As Fleur curled up beside her sleeping lover, the veela inside of her roared in triumph. It had found its companion, and it would hold onto it and protect it throughout the rest of the Triwizard Tournament and beyond.

## Chapter 2: The Morning After

Fleur was generally an early riser, but a glance at her bedside clock told her that it was closer to lunchtime when she finally woke up. At first, she was too groggy to realize why she'd woken up later that morning or why her entire body felt so relaxed and at peace. Then she looked to her left and saw a dark head of hair peeking out from underneath the covers. Of course. She was so relaxed because she hadn't gone to bed alone. She'd ditched her horrid Yule Ball date and closed out the evening with her fellow Triwizard Champion, Harry Potter.

But he'd been so much more than just a suitable dance partner or even a man capable enough to give her an enjoyable night in bed. Her handsome younger Champion had been that rare man who could keep up with Fleur and allow her to fully embrace her veela heritage during sex for the first time in her life. She hadn't just found a companion for the evening. Fleur had found her mate.

Feeling a keen desire to touch him and be closer to him, Fleur pulled the covers back a bit and rested her head on his chest. The movement must have woken him, or perhaps her silvery-blond hair tickled his nose. Either way, Harry Potter mumbled something under his breath and began to stir.

Fleur kept her head on his chest and stared up at his handsome face, watching her younger mate wake up. He was slower to wake up than she had been, and he blinked down at her several times without seeming to understand where he was or who he was with. She could tell when he finally started to really wake up and notice his surroundings because she felt his chest move with his sharp gasp, and she saw his eyes widen behind his glasses. She hadn't spent much time admiring them during their night together since he'd given her so much else to admire, but her lover's emerald eyes really were gorgeous.

"Fleur?" he whispered, still staring at her with surprise in his eyes.

"Oui," she said happily. "Are you fully awake yet, 'arry? Do you remember our night together?" Harry shook his head, but she quickly realized that it wasn't because he couldn't remember.

"Bloody hell," he mumbled. "I actually had sex." His eyes looked into hers. "With *you*." Fleur giggled. The dazed look on his face guaranteed that she took no offense to his words. He couldn't believe his luck, and it showed.

"You did." She ran the fingers of her left hand up and down his belly, rubbing his skin and his light body hair. "And it was *magnifique*." Though Harry didn't speak French, he didn't have trouble figuring that word out. His shy little grin made her want to gobble him up.

"Couldn't have felt half as magnificent for you as it did for me. That was the best night of my life."

"Yours and mine," Fleur said, still stroking his belly. She felt a need to touch him that she'd never felt with anyone before. Only now did Fleur understand what her mother meant when she described her constant desire for physical contact with Fleur's father. Even if it was something as simple as holding his hand while they ate at the table or leaning against him on the couch, if her mother could get away with touching her father without interfering with whatever he was doing, she did it. She and Harry were not married, of course, but it made sense that she felt a similar desire for contact. Marriage or not, the veela had chosen him as her mate.

“It was really *that* good for you?” Harry asked quietly. Fleur recalled telling him that no one had ever made her orgasm as hard as he had, and that was purely due to that lovely hissing trick he’d used on her clit, before he’d penetrated her and brought her true self out. But it would seem that he still struggled to accept that their night together had been as remarkable for her as it was for him.

“We will need to work on boosting your confidence,” she said. “Yes, ‘arry. It was the best sex I’ve ever had. I cannot wait to see how much better you’ll get at it as we continue.” It was still mind-boggling to think that he’d done that to her during his first time.

“Continue?” Harry looked at least as shocked now as he had when he first realized why he’d woken up in bed with her. “You mean that wasn’t just a one-time thing?” Fleur nearly laughed at the question, but she could see that he was serious. Of course he was. After last night, it was obvious to her that he was meant to be her mate, but he was unlikely to understand how a veela thought about these things. What felt natural to her would need to be explained to him.

“No, my adorable young paramour, what we did last night will not be a one-time thing if I have anything to say about it,” she said, smiling. She’d stopped stroking his belly and instead got up onto her knees, placed both hands on his chest, and leaned over him, her face just above his. “When I first approached you at your table, I did not know where our night would lead. But you exceeded my expectations at every turn, from carrying on a conversation with me to dancing with me, and yes, you exceeded my expectations in bed as well. I doubt you realize just how remarkable you were last night, or what it meant to me.”

“I, er, I remember you saying no one had ever made you feel as good as I did after I was done licking you,” he said sheepishly.

“Oui.” Fleur smiled at the memory. “You *will* tell me how you made your tongue vibrate like that, and prove that it was not a fluke.” He opened his mouth to answer, but she shook her head. Learning the truth of that was important, and getting him to do it again even more so, but making sure that he understood what he’d accomplished last night and what it meant for both their futures was the top priority. “Later. What else do you remember?”

“Well, it seemed like you were enjoying the sex, too.” She nodded, but he trailed off and bit his lip. “But I think I passed out at the end, so I thought maybe I fucked it all up.” Fleur did laugh at that, which only seemed to make him feel more insecure.

“‘arry, you passed out because I subjected you to the full affects of my veela allure to get you erect again immediately after you’d just orgasmed,” she said. She moved her hands to his cheeks and smiled down into his eyes, which did not look away from hers. “You did such a marvelous job keeping up with me that you were able to bring out my veela traits in full at the end. Do you know how many men have managed to do that for me?”

“No.” Harry shook his head slightly, and she patted his cheeks.

“Zero,” she said, “until last night. You, Monsieur Potter, gave me what I have been searching for. Am I correct in assuming you know little about veela heritage?”

“Err, yeah,” Harry mumbled. “Sorry, but I don’t know much at all about veela. I didn’t even know that veela existed until the Quidditch World Cup over the summer. I know that you can, like, hypnotize

men, and turn them into drooling idiots. And I know that you can transform, and throw fire. That's about all I know, sorry."

"There is no need to apologize," she said gently, rubbing his cheeks. "I expected no more. Since you mentioned it, only a full-blooded veela can transform, and the fire weakens with each generation. As a quarter-veela, I can manage only a small, weak flame, and even that I can only do when my emotions are running high. But it is our sexual desires and needs that I wish to speak of now, so you may understand what last night meant to me."

Harry nodded, looking at her attentively. Belatedly, Fleur realized that while he had taken the occasional admiring glance at her body this morning, he hadn't gawked at it helplessly, and he gave her his full attention now, maintaining eye contact even though he could stare at her bare breasts if he looked down a bit. Yet more proof that a rare man had fallen into Fleur's lap. Was there any other heterosexual man in the castle who could have looked into her eyes so readily like this when she was naked? Anyone else probably would've tried to roll her over and fuck her by now and likely would have resorted to humping the pillow if she'd rejected them. But Harry was able to carry on an actual conversation with her even now. It was a new and refreshing experience for Fleur.

"Veela, whether full-blood or not, are inherently sexual beings," she explained. "Our veela magic, our allure, naturally allows us to, as you say, hypnotize men, by exploiting their attraction to us and filling their minds with thoughts of trying to impress us. One can usually build up a level of resistance to our allure if they spend enough time in the company of a veela. But when a heterosexual man exhibits natural resistance to our allure, we are intrigued."

"Is that why you came up to me last night when I was talking to Ron?" Harry asked. Fleur noticed that he made no mention of his date.

"Oui," Fleur said, nodding. "You did not know how to handle my attention at first, but you did not grovel at my feet or try to impress me, either. Not many can do that instinctively, at least not outside of times of great tension where they have more pressing things to think of. You would have intrigued any veela. But what you did in this bed was truly impressive. That end last night, where you orgasmed and I used my allure to get you erect again? That was the veela in me taking over during a moment of immense arousal for the first time ever. Holding on long enough to bring me to that point would have been remarkable enough, but the veela remained in control for the remainder of our time together, until we orgasmed together and you passed out."

"Didn't that only take like a minute or two?" Harry asked. "Is that really so impressive?"

"A minute or two of being fucked into the mattress by a veela who is not holding back?" Fleur laughed, bent down, and briefly kissed the corner of his mouth. "Do not sell that achievement short, Harry. Most men would have passed out instantly. All veela search for that rare man who can bring that side out of them and let them be themselves in bed. My mother was lucky enough to find that with my father, but some aren't so lucky. Some veela spend their whole lives searching for that man but never succeed. When we are lucky enough to find such a man, we will do all we can to hold onto him and fight hard to make him ours." She kissed the bridge of his nose. "I intend to do the same."

"Yours?" Harry said, licking his lips as he looked up at her. "You mean, like...your *boyfriend*?"

"I prefer the term *mate*," she declared, watching his eyes get even bigger when he heard her say that. "But if you prefer to think of me as your girlfriend, I will not complain."

"Mate?" he repeated, his voice getting higher. "I don't—I mean, I'm not—"

"Relax, 'arry," she said, giggling at his stammering. "I am not asking you to put a ring on my finger today, or any time soon, and it will be many years before either of us are ready to have a child." He visibly relaxed at that. "But I do not want you to take my feelings lightly, either, or look over your shoulder expecting me to toss you aside for someone else. This is not merely a fling for me. When I call you my mate, it means that I know you are the one for me, and there will never be another." She took his right hand and brought it up to rest on her chest, directly over her heart. "I feel it in *here*. You let me be myself in bed for the first time ever, and it was the most wonderful experience of my life. I believe you said something similar?" He nodded slowly.

"I always figured sex would be brilliant, but I never thought it'd feel like *that*," he admitted.

"Not even I knew it would feel so satisfying," Fleur said, smiling and giving his mouth another quick peck. "Would you like to do more of that, 'arry? Would you like to spend more time around me and get to know me better, while also having sex as often as we can?" Harry let out a sound somewhere between a chuckle and a snort.

"Fleur Delacour took my virginity last night, and now just asked me if I want to date her and have regular sex with her," Harry said. Fleur's eyebrows pinched together, wondering why he was talking to himself, but then he pinched his cheek hard. "That settles it. I'm not dreaming. Apparently, all of this is really happening." Fleur laughed.

"I will take that as a yes," she said, to which he nodded eagerly. "Then you can call me whatever you wish: girlfriend, lover, mate, it makes no difference to me. You are mine, and I am yours. Nothing else matters."

Maybe he didn't yet realize how serious she was when she said she knew in her heart that he was the man for her, that she would have no other for the rest of her life. That was fine. He knew very little about veela, so it would take time for him to truly comprehend that for her, the veela side of her recognizing him as its mate was at least as monumental as her being his wife would be one day. She had him now; they would both learn all that they needed to learn about the other in their coming days, weeks, months, and years together.

She kissed him again, but this was no peck. This was the kiss of a veela who was claiming her mate. Fleur's lips pressed against Harry's hard, and after a few seconds, he started to kiss her back. Her hands held onto his head, running through that adorably messy hair he'd woken up with and messing it up even more, and his arms wrapped around her waist to pull her down flush on top of him.

Fleur was pleased with his restraint and his ability to talk with her like that even while she was naked, but she was even more pleased now to feel him hug her body against his and stroke her back with his hands. She knew that there was still work to be done in molding her exceptional younger lover into the man he was destined to be, but she liked feeling him grab her and touch her like this.

Unsurprisingly, though, it was up to her to take their morning where they both wanted it to go. When she felt him get hard beneath her, she broke their kiss, sat up straight, and wiggled her arse against his cock. She reached down to grab his shaft, and Harry groaned.

“Would you care to be with me again before going for lunch in the Great Hall?” she asked, slowly pumping his cock in her hand.

“I mean, I’m not gonna say no,” he said, groaning as her thumb brushed across his cockhead. “But I’m still feeling pretty tired from last night, so I don’t think I’ll be able to do much.”

"Don't worry about that." Fleur raised her hips, wiggled against the tip of his cock, and slowly slid down onto him. "You already showed me what you can do last night. I simply want to feel close to you, mon amour."

This was Fleur’s second time riding Harry’s cock, but it shared little in common with that first time aside from the position itself. The first time she’d mounted her mate’s dick, it had been at the very end of their first time together, and the veela had been in control. She’d fucked him harder than she’d ever fucked anyone, and at the end of those wild couple of minutes, they came together.

The veela was not bursting free to fuck its mate this morning, though. There was no urgency in Fleur's movement; she didn't even bounce on Harry's cock. She just put her hands on his shoulders and slowly rolled her hips, enjoying having him inside of her without worrying about trying to orgasm. She could see how little energy he had, and she couldn't blame him for it. He'd given her everything he had last night and gone further than she ever dreamed he would be able to. After his first time being fucked by a veela, he was in no shape to give her more in the late morning hours of December 26<sup>th</sup>.

Fleur didn’t need him to be. She wasn’t going to cum doing this, and she wasn’t even slightly concerned about that. She said she wanted to be close to him, and she meant it. She didn’t need to climax this morning. He would make her body sing with pleasure soon enough; after how their first night had gone, she had complete confidence in that. The morning after he’d blown her mind and revealed himself to her as his mate, though, she just enjoyed watching his face and listening to his moans as she gently rode her lover.

Her slow pace wasn't going to get Fleur off, but it was pushing Harry along fairly quickly. His hands squeezed her hips as she rode him, and his moans got louder the longer he was inside of her. It took several minutes, but he inevitably felt his need bubbling up.

“It is okay, ‘arry,” she whispered, rubbing his cheeks again and continuing her slow grind. “There is no need to fight it. Just enjoy.”

“But you haven’t gotten off,” he said tightly. His hands squeezed her arse for a moment without thinking, and when he went to pull them back, she reached back to put her hands over his and keep them right where they were.

“Do not worry about me,” she said, smiling. “I want to watch you cum, Harry.” She put her hands back on his cheeks, pleased that he made no further attempt to let go of her bum. “Cum for me, my boyfriend, my lover, my mate.”



Whether because of the pleasure of her tight sex grinding on his cock, her softly-spoken request, the terms of endearment she used, the affection in her eyes as she stared into his, or some combination of everything, Harry surrendered to the pleasure, squeezed Fleur's perfect arse hard in his hands and bucked up off of her bed as he erupted inside of her.

Simply watching her mate enjoy her body filled Fleur with a warmth that she'd never felt with any other man. There was no doubt that Harry Potter was the only man for her.

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The stares and whispers followed both of them all the way into the Great Hall. Fleur paid them little notice. She'd received such stares all her life, particularly once she started to mature.

Being the Boy-Who-Lived, Harry had likely received those same stares for years, but he seemed more aware of them and discomfited by the attention their arrival for lunch drew. Perhaps he wasn't as good at dealing with the whispers in general, and she knew he didn't have any experience with people staring at him because he'd just walked into the Great Hall hand in hand with the same girl everyone had seen him dancing with and walking out with the night before.

Fleur wasn't going to let him shy away from her now, though. She squeezed his fingers and leaned closer against his side, giving everyone who was watching them even more to stare at.

"Shall we join your friends?" she suggested. Harry flinched a bit at feeling her breath on his ear, but it seemed to give him the necessary jolt.

"Err, yeah," he said, leading her over toward the Gryffindor table. He stopped walking when they neared the table, looking up and down the table and the Gryffindors sitting for lunch, most of whom were looking at them (or staring and/or gawking, in the case of most of the boys.) "Uh oh."

"What is it?" Fleur asked. He made no move to pull his hand out of hers, so she didn't think his 'uh oh' had anything to do with her.

"Ron and Hermione are sitting about as far apart as they can get away with," he muttered. "That can't be good."

Fleur glanced at the table, and sure enough, she saw Hermione Granger, Viktor Krum's partner for the Yule Ball, sitting at one end of the table with a book in front of her and empty space on either side of her on the bench. Fleur had never been introduced to 'Ron' but assumed that was the redheaded boy Harry always hung around with, the one who'd tried to ask her to the Yule Ball and run away before she could reject him. He was sitting next to a couple of other boys close to the other end of the table and gawking at her with his mouth open and potatoes speared on the fork in his hand as if he'd been about to take a bite before she walked into view and distracted him. A short redheaded girl a little ways down threw a wadded-up paper at his face, snapping him out of his dumbfounded reaction to Fleur's appearance. He shook his head, stuffed the fork into his mouth, and looked straight down at his plate.

"Let's see if your friend 'ermione will let us sit with her," Fleur muttered. She did not relish the idea of trying to sit next to the redhead. She'd probably need to help him work on managing his reaction to her sooner or later, if he was such good friends with Harry, but she didn't fancy having to deal with it right now.

“Right,” Harry said. He led Fleur over towards Hermione, who glanced up at them as they got close. “Mind if we sit next to you, Hermione?”

Hermione slid over to the left without a word, bringing her book with her. Harry sat down next to her with a word of thanks, and Fleur claimed the spot on the bench next to him.

“*Merci*,” Fleur said, giving the brunette what she hoped was a friendly smile. She didn’t have many friends, and most women she met didn’t get along with her, but she figured it would be a good idea to try to at least be on decent terms with Harry’s friends. Hermione didn’t exactly smile, but she did give a nod, and her look was more speculative and less openly hostile. That was encouraging.

“*You are welcome*,” Hermione said in French. Fleur’s eyes lit up as she leaned into her new lover’s side and prepared to enjoy some of the French cuisine Hogwarts offered up to welcome their Beauxbatons guests. She could feel the stares growing at the obvious intimacy between them, and it made her lean in even closer.

“*You speak French?*” she asked back eagerly, still in French. Hermione shrugged.

“*Not fluently, but I can converse*,” the brunette said. There was an accent there, and she spoke slowly, but Fleur could understand her easily enough. “*Your English is better than my French, I’m sure.*”

“*Your French is quite good, actually*,” Fleur replied. The brunette looked somewhat proud at the praise, and Fleur wondered if there might be a chance for her and this girl to at least get along. Since she seemed so close to Harry, that would be a great relief. “I wouldn’t want poor Harry to feel left out, though, so I suppose we should switch back to English.”

“Yeah, thanks for that,” Harry said after swallowing some pumpkin juice. “So, uh, did something happen between you and Ron?” Hermione rolled her eyes.

“*Ronald* made a fool of himself, as usual.” Fleur had never really spoken to the girl before sitting down at this table, but just hearing her say the name Ronald like it was a curse word was enough to tell her that the two had gotten into an argument, likely at some point after she and Harry left the ball, since he seemed clueless. “But that’s certainly not what everyone was talking about after the ball ended.” Hermione looked between Harry and Fleur, seeing her almost cuddled into his side even as she began to eat her *salade niçoise* with her free hand.

“Err, yeah,” Harry said awkwardly. He put a sandwich and some chips on his plate, not looking at his friend. “Guess I’ve given everybody something new to whisper about when I pass them in the corridor.”

“You can hardly blame them this time,” Hermione said, staring at them both. “The two of you dancing together would have been enough to get the whole school talking. But then everyone also saw you walk out together.” She leaned in closer to them and lowered her voice. “I went to bed early, but no one seems to have seen you return to the dorm room, either.” Harry chose to take a big bite of his sandwich at that moment, thus giving him an excuse not to answer Hermione right away. Hermione’s eyes looked past him to Fleur next, and she was more than happy to give Harry’s friend the answers she sought once she swallowed the bite of salad in her mouth.

*"He spent the night with me,"* Fleur whispered, switching back to French. Hermione's eyes bulged, and her cheeks turned pink. Fleur hoped that the girl was just embarrassed to learn that her best friend had sex the night before rather than being upset that another girl had gotten to him before she could. If the brunette was nursing a crush on Harry, Fleur could forget about getting on with her.

"Still don't speak French," Harry muttered. "If you're looking at me like that, I've got a pretty good idea what she just told you, though." Hermione continued to stare at both of them, obviously at a loss as to what to say.

*"But how did he change clothes if he never went back to the dorm?"* Hermione asked Fleur. Perhaps she thought it was safer to speak in French since no one around them seemed to understand it, but Fleur wouldn't have cared regardless. She and Harry were both of age, and the standard curfew rules had not even been in effect for the previous night. *"Did you transfigure his dress robes?"* Fleur shook her head.

*"He called that house elf friend of his, and he brought Harry fresh clothes from his trunk,"* Fleur said. The excitable elf, Dobby, had been elated to be able to help Harry and also immediately decided that Fleur must be a tremendous person if she was a friend of 'the great Harry Potter.' There had to be a story behind the elf's devotion to Harry, and Fleur couldn't wait to hear it. She couldn't wait to learn everything she could about Harry and how he'd become the young man capable of giving her a night like last night.

"Dobby?" Hermione groaned. "You used *Dobby*? Really, Harry?"

"He was happy to help," Harry mumbled.

"Of course he was," Hermione said as if it was obvious. Her gaze shifted to Fleur. *"I don't know what difference it really makes, though. It isn't as if everyone won't be able to draw easy conclusions about what happened, especially with you coming in here and cuddling with him while you eat your lunch."*

Fleur swallowed another bite of salad and put her fork down. She was going to need both hands for what she was about to do. She still didn't know exactly how this girl felt about her friend, but it was time for Fleur to clearly mark her territory and let the entire school know that Harry Potter was *hers*.

*"I just didn't want him to have to make his entrance in wrinkled dress robes,"* Fleur said. *"My lover should always look his best."*

Fleur waited for Harry to swallow the crisp in his mouth before she put her hands on his shoulders and turned him to face her. She brought her left hand to his cheek and leaned in slowly, letting everyone in the Great Hall have plenty of advance notice as she came in and planted a deep kiss on her mate's lips.

### Chapter 3: The Prefects' Bath

"So, Harry, have you worked out your plan for the Second Task yet?"

Fleur's innocent question got Harry unexpectedly flustered. He'd been quite relaxed and happy, having just received an enthusiastic kiss as thanks for letting Fleur borrow his beautiful snowy owl, Hedwig, to carry a letter home to her parents that would inform them of her new relationship before the papers inevitably pushed out their own version of events. But now he ducked his head and looked away.

"Err..." He tucked his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and she could see his pale cheeks heating up. Watching him blush was adorable, but she didn't see what he would be embarrassed about.

"It is fine if you don't want to share your plan with me," she said. "I know we are technically competitors in the Triwizard Tournament, and I do hope to win." Since his hands were still in his pockets, she squeezed his shoulder. "But winning is not nearly as important to me as knowing that you are as prepared as you can be for the tasks that await us."

Though measures had been taken to make the modern competition less risky than the often fatal older versions of the tournament, it was still an event meant for students who had nearly completed their schooling. Harry might be of age, but he still had several years left at Hogwarts, putting him at a significant disadvantage compared to her, Krum, or Diggory. He'd shown that he was no ordinary 4<sup>th</sup>-year wizard with his performance in the First Task, but Fleur still wanted to look out for him. Him being her mate meant more to her than just a frequent desire for sex and casual physical contact between them. It also brought a desire to protect him.

"If you don't want to tell me your plan, you don't have to," she assured him. "I just want to be sure that you do have a plan for the task, or at least are working on one."

"Uh, no, I don't really have anything worked out yet," he admitted, looking even more embarrassed. "Still haven't quite worked the egg out."

"The egg?" Fleur frowned. "You mean you have not solved the riddle?"

"Riddle?" Harry looked confused. "The egg just wails every time I open it."

"I see." Fleur had assumed he would at least have figured out what needed to be done with the egg by now, even if he hadn't yet worked out a plan for the task in the lake. But apparently, he was no further along in his preparations than he would have been the first time he opened the egg, presumably shortly after the end of the First Task, which was over a month ago now. It was good that she'd brought it up.

"I figure it's not a big deal yet," he said with a shrug. He sounded somewhat defensive as if he was afraid she was disappointed in him. "I mean, it's still almost two whole months until the task. And I only learned about the dragons like two days before the first task, and that turned out okay. Feels like I've still got loads of time to work out that egg."

"I *could* simply recite the riddle to you, and explain what the task entails," she said, which made him look hopeful. Telling him what she'd worked out would be the easiest solution, but even before she said it, she decided against the simple solution. Why do that when there was such potential for fun?

"I'm not going to do that, though. I think it would be better if you worked it out for yourself, but I'll help you with the wailing," she said, smirking at his obvious disappointment once he realized she wasn't just going to explain it all to him. "I'm sure you'll agree that it was worth the effort once you've worked it out for yourself."

He might have taken that to mean that he would feel a sense of accomplishment after it was done, but what she was really thinking of was how she was going to reward him once he'd solved it. Fleur was confident that he would be able to figure it out; the bigger concern was finding a suitable place for what she had in mind. She'd used one of the two tubs on the Beauxbatons carriage to solve her egg, but those weren't large enough for what she had in mind, and she also didn't see how she would be able to sneak Harry in there and have her way with him without being interrupted. Hopefully, Hogwarts would hold the solution.

"Do you know if this castle has anywhere where you can take a nice, relaxing bath in private?"

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Fleur swam another lap around the large tub in the prefects' bath, enjoying the pleasant warmth of the water. They called it a bath, but this rectangular 'tub' was both the length and depth of a swimming pool. She certainly hadn't been able to swim like this in the small tub in the Beauxbatons carriage when she'd taken the golden egg in with her!

It seemed almost cruel that Hogwarts had such a marvelous tub like this within its walls yet restricted its use to prefects and captains of the house quidditch teams, but Fleur wasn't going to complain. The more exclusive nature of the prefects' bath meant that she was going to be able to have some fun with her mate after he'd solved his riddle.

Harry hadn't known of this bath's existence, but it just so happened that Cedric Diggory both held that knowledge and was looking for a chance to repay Harry after he warned him about the dragons the champions faced in the first task. Cedric hadn't been able to approach Harry during the Yule Ball since Fleur had thoroughly monopolized his time and attention by the end of the dance, but he'd caught up to the pair as they exited the Great Hall after dinner today. Thanks to Fleur, Harry already knew that he needed to take the egg to water, but Cedric happily pointed him in the direction of the prefects' bath and gave him the password. Fleur was there to hear it, and she'd encouraged Harry to follow through on the information as soon as possible. He'd assured her that he would take the egg to the bath that very night.

What he didn't know was that Fleur planned on joining him in the bath. She'd arrived about 15 minutes early and spent some time enjoying the large bath and inspecting its many taps while she waited to surprise her lover.

Fleur considered climbing out of the bath to use the diving board, but then she heard someone else enter the bathroom. She grinned in anticipation and swam closer to the edge of the pool, calculating what position would allow her to greet him with an alluring angle as soon as he was close enough to see her. She wound up sitting with her back against the edge of the large tub, reclining so her breasts were just beneath the water. There were just enough bubbles in the water to obscure them from his view, at least for now. He'd seen all of her, of course, but a little tease could still be fun.

Harry was looking around the room when he entered, so he didn't see her in the tub at first. He flinched slightly when he realized there was someone else in the tub, but she saw him relax as he recognized

her. All the same, a flush came to his cheeks as his eyes ran over her, saw her bare shoulders and realized that she was naked under the water. He'd had the good fortune of seeing all of her, and making love with her, but he hadn't been prepared to see her waiting naked for him in the bath. She'd caught him delightfully off-guard.

"Hello, 'arry," she said pleasantly, smiling at him from her comfortable position leaning against the wall of the tub.

"Err, hi, Fleur," he mumbled. "I didn't know you were going to join me." It looked like he was trying to be polite at first and not stare at her, but then he must have reminded himself that he was free to look at her as much as he wanted because his eyes stopped darting and fixed directly on her.

"Of course I was going to join you!" she said. "I want to support you and make sure that you didn't have any trouble working things out. Additionally, the tubs we have on the carriage are too small for me to truly enjoy. I couldn't resist the chance to relax in such a lovely bath." Fleur stretched her arms out along the edge of the tub, deliberately raising her body slightly so her nipples popped out from beneath the water. Harry's eyes went straight to them, just as Fleur hoped. "I promise I won't get in your way. But if you'd rather solve the egg all by yourself, I suppose I can get out now and give you some privacy."

"No!" Harry said, more forcefully than was strictly necessary. He cleared his throat. "I mean, no. That's alright. You're welcome to hop in the bath with me any time. Not that I take many baths—this is my first since I was a kid, actually. But you know what I mean."

"I do." Fleur tipped her head back and stared up at the ceiling with a smile, enjoying Harry's eagerness as much as she enjoyed the bath itself. "You should go ahead and get undressed, 'arry. Then you can come and join me."

"Right." Harry dropped the egg and started removing his clothes quickly. Fleur suspected that his eagerness to get undressed had more to do with wanting to get in the tub with her than it did with any urgency he felt in solving the egg. He hadn't seemed that concerned about the egg or the Second Task, but a chance to join her in the bath was a different story.

Fleur looked up as he tossed his boxers aside and picked the egg back up. He blushed when he realized she was staring unabashedly at him during his walk, but he continued to hold the egg against his chest rather than trying to move it in front of his groin. Harry was still new to all of this, but he was getting more comfortable by the day with her, and Fleur loved it. She could see what Harry had the potential to become, not just as a lover but as a wizard, and she was going to do whatever she could to nurture that potential and grow his confidence. Her mate was going to become a truly remarkable man, and she would be there by his side to teach him, encourage him, and support him every step of the way through the Triwizard Tournament and beyond.

"This place is amazing," Harry said as he lowered himself into the tub. He looked around at the large tub and its taps, the walls of white marble, and the painting of the sleeping mermaid. Fleur had already done her admiring of the room when she entered, so she instead admired him. She moved her hand through the water, clearing away enough of the bubbles for her to be able to catch a glimpse of his cock under the water. Even before it was fully erect, it was still a more appealing sight to her than anything else this bath had to offer. "Might be worth being a prefect just to be able to use this place any time I wanted."

"You *will* be made prefect next year, if the Hogwarts staff has any sense," Fleur declared. "As for today, you may want to get to work on the riddle. The sooner you solve it, the sooner we can enjoy our bath together."

"Right," Harry said, nodding quickly. Clearly, the hint of sex was a good way for Fleur to give Harry the proper motivation to take care of things that needed taking care of. That was something to remember for the future. "So, err...guess I'll just lift my arms up and open the egg, then, shall I?"

"If that's what you think you should do," Fleur said casually. She wasn't going to outright tell him what he needed to do, not yet, at least. She wanted to see if he could work it out on his own first. Harry held the egg in his arms uncertainly, Fleur's words causing him to doubt himself. She watched silently as he thought it over rather than just opening the egg as he'd originally planned.

"Would just opening it above the water make any difference?" he mumbled, thinking out loud. "Why would that even matter? Maybe I should get it wet first." He looked at her face as if checking his answer, but she just smiled back at him without giving him any hint. "But wait, both you and Cedric specifically mentioned taking the egg into the bath with me. If all I needed to do was get it wet before I opened it, what's the point of the bath?"

He looked down at the egg rather than at her, and after a few moments of silent contemplation, he dunked the egg beneath the water's surface and opened it. Both he and Fleur heard the same incomprehensible gurgling that she remembered from when she'd done the same thing, before she worked out what she actually needed to do. It wasn't the ear-piercing wailing that the egg let out when opened normally, but obviously, it did not bring Harry any closer to understanding his task.

"That was my first thought as well, once I decided to bring the egg to the bath with me," she said. Harry nodded at her slowly, realizing that he must have been on the right track. After lifting the now-closed egg up and staring at it for a few seconds, Fleur saw him preparing to take a deep breath just before he dunked it under the water again. This time, his head went under with it. Fleur grinned, happy that he'd been able to work it out with just a little nudge on her part.

He stayed under for what felt like the length of the mermaids' song before reemerging. She watched him rub at his eyes and glasses while he caught his breath.

"You heard it?" she prompted him. Harry nodded while brushing his wet hair out of his eyes.

"Come seek us where our voices sound," he muttered before shaking his head. "Hold on. I want to listen until I memorize it." He ducked back under the water to listen to the song again. After a third dunk, he was apparently satisfied that he'd memorized the song, though she could tell that he was still considering its meaning. Not wanting to disturb him, Fleur silently beckoned him toward her with her finger. He swam over to her and joined her in leaning his back against the edge of the tub. While he ran the riddle through his head, she brought his left arm over her shoulders and snuggled against his side. He had to be aware of her breast brushing against him, but it didn't visibly break his concentration.

"We have to find underwater creatures," he said slowly, breaking the silence. "In the lake, obviously. But does anything live in the lake apart from the squid? And something with a human voice, at that?" Fleur's hand rubbed Harry's chest above the water, but her touch did not distract him. His head moved

as he looked around the room, and he suddenly sat up straighter as his eyes noticed the painting on the wall. "Merpeople?"

"Good, Harry." Fleur gave him a quick kiss under his chin. She was tempted to reach under the water and grab his cock, but she didn't want to interrupt him just yet. He still had more pieces to put together.

"We need to find the merpeople in the lake before the hour is up," he said, sounding pleased with himself now that he'd worked it out. But he sagged back, his excitement gone almost as soon as it had come. "Meaning I've got to work out how I can breathe underwater for up to an hour."

"Oui," Fleur said softly. "And now you should understand why I wanted you to solve the egg as soon as possible." She gave him another quick kiss, this time on the lips. "Now that you have, there's still almost two months before the task. That should be plenty of time for you to prepare. I'd be happy to share the method I'll be using and help you master it if you like. But for now, that can wait. You've memorized the entire song, yes?" Harry nodded and thought about the rest of the song.

"They're going to take something we'll sorely miss, and we have an hour to get it back," he said. He thought about that for a second before shrugging his shoulders. "Any clue what they might take?"

"Something that is of personal value to us," Fleur said. "I assume that all four of us will have our own item to retrieve from the merpeople, and that it will be important enough to us that we will recognize it as ours as soon as we see it. Beyond that, I don't know."

"Right." Harry nodded slowly. "So, I've got to work out how I can breathe underwater for an hour, and I have to find the merpeople in the lake to get back something I would miss. Oh, and I'm pants at swimming, too." He sighed. "Think I'd rather have another go with the dragon, to be honest."

"Do not doubt yourself, 'arry," Fleur whispered. "I do not doubt that you can complete this task, so you should not either. You have nearly two months to prepare, and if you want my assistance, I will be happy to help you however I can." Technically they might be competitors, but they were in this together as far as she was concerned.

"Oh yeah?" Harry's face cleared, and he gave her a little smile. "Are you sure you want to help your competition, Fleur? Krum and I are tied for first, last I checked. And you're bringing up the rear."

"Cheeky," Fleur said, raising an eyebrow. Harry did have more of a sarcastic side than she'd expected, and it was starting to come out more now that he was getting more comfortable with her. Had anyone else in this castle said something like that to her, Fleur would *not* have taken it well. Coming from Harry, though, she was amused by his playfulness. That didn't mean she was going to let him best her, though. She took his arm, moved it off of her shoulders, and brought it down so his hand rested on her bare arse beneath the water.

"And I was just about to let you inside *my* rear, too," she said. Harry gasped, and his eyes bulged. "I suppose a last-place champion like me is not worthy of being buggered by a man like you, the Boy-Who-Lived, who outflew the dragon so heroically." She removed his hand from her arse and turned in the water, pulling him with her so he stood in front of her as she spread her legs and rested her shoulders and the back of her head against the edge of the tub. "I'll have to settle for being shagged the normal way." She closed her legs. "Unless you don't think I'm worthy even of that, 'arry?"



“Uh, you’re definitely worthy,” he said. “If anything, it’s me who’s not worthy of being with you. You’re the sexiest woman alive, and I’m the luckiest man there is.”

"That's better," Fleur giggled. She parted her legs again and reached beneath the water's surface to grab Harry's cock. She was happy to find it hard and even happier to guide it between her legs. "Now that we've established our worthiness, let's enjoy our bath, 'arry." Harry nodded at her, and she saw him take another deep breath as she let go of his cock and left it up to him to line up. He wasn't preparing to dive under the water to listen to the egg this time, but he didn't appear any less focused on what he was about to do. Their eyes met, and he slid inside of her.

Fleur sighed as Harry’s cock entered her once again. They’d fooled around a bit in the afternoon, but this was their first time actually having sex since their brief encounter in her bed the previous morning. She’d waited the better part of two days to feel his dick going inside her again, and it was worth the wait. He was back where he belonged.

Harry visibly struggled to establish a rhythm as he pulled back and thrust into her. Obviously, he was still fairly new to sex. This was only his third time having sex, or perhaps his fourth if one was to count both times he’d cum inside her the night of the Yule Ball as a separate encounter. Regardless, he was still learning, and the only other time it had been his responsibility to move his hips and thrust into her, they’d been in the middle of her bed. Thrusting in the water was a very different experience, and it took some time for Harry to figure it out.

Fleur did what she could to help him. She put her arms around his neck and peppered his face with kisses, doing her part to help him realize that trying to pull back far wasn’t the best idea in this position. It was intimacy and close contact that she was after right now, and Harry came to realize that just as he’d realized what needed to be done with the egg. Instead of doing his best to thrust his hips back and forth through the water to fuck her, he remained buried inside of her at almost all times. When he pulled back, it was just far enough for her to feel the push back in. The much greater focus was on moving his hips up and down and sliding his cock inside of her that way. By abandoning the classic in-and-out thrusting in favor of rocking and grinding against her, Harry was able to find a steady rhythm within her.

“Good, ‘arry!” Fleur moaned. “That is good!” This was a first for her, too. She'd never had sex in water before, and she'd been unsure of how well it was going to work. But Harry was learning quickly. Actually, they were learning together this time. Fleur had generally thought of their relationship as her being the teacher, the one who guided Harry and helped him become the man, wizard, and lover he was capable of being. But tonight, she and Harry were learning the pleasures of bath sex together. Fleur loved that thought almost as much as she loved Harry's cock sliding around so well inside of her.

Harry took full advantage of how closely their bodies pressed together against the wall of the tub, too. She'd peppered his face with kisses earlier, but as he grew more confident in his grinding, he also took over with the kissing. Fleur's head was tipped back, and she moaned as Harry kissed all over the side of her face and sucked on her neck. She couldn't get enough of him, and he clearly felt the same way, with his mouth moving as feverishly as his hips.

Having sex with Harry in the bath was meant primarily as a treat for him, a reward for him to enjoy after he figured out what he needed to do with his egg and reached the same conclusions about what awaited them in the Second Task that she had a few days after the First Task. She knew she would enjoy it, of course, and she'd certainly come in hoping that he might be able to last long enough and

fuck her well enough that she got to have an orgasm before they got out. But she hadn't known how well he would be able to handle having sex in the water. Would he be able to find enough of a rhythm in the tub to help her at least get close to the joy she'd felt with him in bed the night of the Yule Ball?

The answer to that question was a resounding yes. It may have taken him a little bit of time to find his way, but he'd found it now. Being pressed between Harry's body and the edge of the tub and feeling his cock moving with a purpose inside of her in these short, steady vertical shifts of his hips was wonderful. It wasn't just the physical pleasure that made her feel so good, either. She loved Harry's cock, but it was feeling his desire for her that satisfied her as much as anything.

While he focused on solving his egg, her mate resisted the temptation of sharing the tub with her despite her nudity, which was quite satisfying as a veela used to having men fall at her feet. But now that he had solved the riddle and it was time to enjoy a relaxing time in the bath with his lover, Harry showed her all the passion and lust that he felt for her. He was no less attracted to her than any of the men who usually drooled over her and made fools of themselves in her presence. He was just strong-willed enough to control himself when he needed to and talented and determined enough to bring her pleasure instead of selfishly thinking only about getting off. Even now, fucking her in the prefects' bath and sucking on her neck, Harry continued to think about making her feel good.

He was still just a man, though, and a man who would constantly face the challenge of withstanding the unmatched pleasure of having sex with a veela. No matter how many times they had sex, her pussy would always hug his cock and offer a fit more perfect than any non-veela could have offered him. Wringing the maximum amount of pleasure out of him on every rock of his hips was in her very nature, and it was always going to be a struggle, even for Harry with all his determination, size, and natural talent. She could feel his struggle. She heard him starting to grunt and saw his hands grab on tighter to the edge of the tub. To his credit, he didn't forget himself and try to start thrusting faster in some futile attempt to race against time and get her off before he came. She was glad that he didn't lose his head, but she didn't want him to struggle any longer.

“Go ahead, lover!” She moaned and pulled his head back so she could look into his eyes. Whatever defiance he'd been about to voice died at the look on her face. He'd earned this, and she wanted him to enjoy it. “Let me feel it all!”

Harry, as powerless to resist her as ever, grunted and began to cum. She pulled his mouth to hers and kissed him hard as his cock pulsed and his cum rushed into her. Fleur wasn't far from orgasm, but not quite there. She couldn't have cared less. If necessary, she could just touch herself for a bit after he pulled out. She was too enamored with this feeling of closeness and intimacy with her chosen mate to concern herself with anything else right now. Fleur closed her eyes and enjoyed basking in the moment with him.

Her eyes opened again as she felt Harry break their kiss and pull his cock out of her. He'd been holding onto the edge of the bath for leverage while he rocked his hips, but now he moved his right hand down beneath the water and moved it around until he found her clit. Fleur gasped and stared into the eyes of her mate, who was looking straight at her while he touched her.

“Do you like that?” he asked, checking to make sure he had the right idea. She'd already taught him about the importance of clitoral stimulation, but that had been him rubbing her pussy lips while pulling off that lovely magic hissing of his tongue against her clit. This was his first time trying to bring her pleasure with his fingers on her clit, and his instincts were marvelous.

"Yes!" Fleur exclaimed. She'd been focused on him, but now her own release was right back at the forefront of her mind, thanks to his rubbing. Whether by instinct or purely through luck, Harry managed to rub her clit in perfect circles, giving her just the right amount of pressure. Her hands clutched his wrist tightly, and she stared straight into his eyes, pleading with him to keep going. "It's perfect, 'arry! Just like that! Keep touching me! I'm almost there!"

Now that he knew he was giving her what she wanted, Harry's face grew determined. His fingers stuck to those same wonderful circles, and in very little time at all, his hand finished the job that their fuck started. Her legs closed around his hand, her body writhing in the water as her lover got her off. This bath was meant mostly as a treat for him, but he'd seen to it that she got treated before the end, too. She should have expected nothing less from her mate.

"You were wonderful, 'arry." She sighed and hugged him after he stopped rubbing her clit. Harry put his arms around her, reaching down to grab her wet arsecheeks and give them both a squeeze. Fleur giggled and slapped his shoulder playfully.

"I hope you're not thinking there's still hope for you to get inside of my rear," she said, raising an eyebrow.

"I just wanted to touch you," he said, smiling slightly and giving her bum another squeeze. "Honestly never even considered sticking it up there until you brought it up. I might never be able to get it out of my head now, though."

"Then I suppose we'll have to wait and see if I become worthy of it some day," she teased. Feeling playful, she pulled out of his arms and climbed out of the tub, letting him admire her wet, naked arse swaying from side to side on her way to the diving board. She made sure that the walk took much longer than it otherwise would have, and just before she rounded the corner that would make it so he could no longer stare at her arse, she turned her head to look at her lover. She giggled in satisfaction as she caught him licking his lips and staring openly.

"One day, mon amour," she said. Fleur slapped her own arse and gave Harry the chance to watch it jiggle before she finished her walk to the diving board and prepared to dive into the tub.

Her offer today had not been serious, but the hint of *one day* was. Fleur had never had anal sex, but she was now certain that Harry would have the honor of becoming her one and only someday, likely after he'd done something particularly impressive that she wanted to reward him for.

Based on what she'd seen from him so far, she didn't expect it to take long. It had only been two days since the Yule Ball, but Fleur was rapidly learning that Harry Potter had a knack for not only meeting her expectations but exceeding them. Sometimes, he just needed a little push or an incentive to take care of things promptly instead of leaving them for the last minute. And Fleur would happily offer him all the incentive that he could ever need.

## Chapter 4: Rewarding Effort

“You're really not bothered by this?” Harry asked, waving that morning's edition of *The Daily Prophet* around. He glared at the paper as if it had just insulted him to his face, and it made Fleur smile. Their relationship was only a few days old, but she already knew Harry Potter's personality well enough to know that he wasn't angry because the featured article basically implied that he was weak-willed and unable to take care of himself. No, Harry was angry because the article written by Rita Skeeter insulted *her*. He was feeling protective of her already, and she was delighted to see it.

“No, it does not.” Fleur shrugged her shoulders without a care. “I knew that articles like that one would be coming soon enough.” Her only concern had been writing home to inform her parents and sister of her new relationship before the story started to spread, and she'd succeeded in that. Her parents already knew not to trust a word Rita Skeeter wrote about her, her relationship with Harry or anything else. This was the same hideous woman who had 'interviewed' all four champions at the weighing of the wands and then ignored everything they'd said and just made up whatever she wanted for her article. Still, it was good that they'd already known to expect something like this soon, instead of first hearing about her finding her mate through an article titled *Harry Potter Ensnared by French Veela?!*

“But it's total rubbish!” Harry said hotly, shaking his head and crumpling the paper a bit before he tossed it down onto the table in front of him. It was actually Hermione's copy, but she didn't seem bothered by her friend crumpling it. Seeing the brunette glance at the *Prophet* with her nose wrinkled like she'd smelled something foul, Fleur could only assume that Hermione was no more impressed by the article than Harry was.

That was interesting. Fleur was sure Hermione was offended mainly on Harry's behalf, but at least she was rational enough to see the article for the rubbish it was. Plenty of witches in her position would have jumped at any excuse to suspect Fleur of using foul play to get close to Harry, regardless of all the evidence to the contrary. Fleur was well used to others, especially girls, thinking the worst of her in any situation. It came with the territory of being a veela. But it would seem that Hermione Granger could look at things logically even if she wasn't sure what to think about Fleur yet.

“Of course it is,” Fleur said. “Rita Skeeter does not care about what is true or untrue. She wants only to sell copies of the *Daily Prophet*, and an article like that will do it.”

Fleur would not have known that the Slytherin boy with the white-blond hair who always walked around with a sneer on his face was Draco Malfoy if Harry had not described him to her. She had scoffed at the ludicrous quote Skeeter had printed from him, insinuating (but not outright stating or accusing) that Fleur had targeted him first, only for Draco to successfully repel her from his mind. This, the story went, led to her instead going after poor Harry Potter the night of the Yule Ball, stealing him away from his date effortlessly even though no one had ever seen them speak to each other before that night. The article stopped short of making the claim plainly, but Rita's writing led her readers to the obvious conclusion that the foreign veela was using her 'strange veela magic' and messing with the mind of the most famous young wizard in the world for her own gain.

It was all ridiculous nonsense, but Rita had wizarding photographs of Harry and Fleur together, both from the Yule Ball and in the days since, which confirmed that there was indeed something going on between the two champions. She also had students apparently willing to attach their names to her story, which insinuated that the closeness in those photographs was the result of Fleur addling his mind and sinking her claws into the famous Boy-Who-Lived. With the prejudices many people had against veela,

plus Fleur being a Triwizard Champion dating the Boy-Who-Lived, an article like this was a given. Fleur strongly suspected that she and her mate were in for a lifetime of whispers and rumors about them and their relationship, but she would not let the likes of Rita Skeeter affect her. People had been whispering about her for her whole life, or at least since she had started maturing. None of this was new to her, and she did not care about the opinions of those who she considered beneath her—which was just about everyone.

“It’s bloody ridiculous that something like that can even be printed,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Like you’d ever need to *ensnare* me!”

“Oh, I’d like to think I *have* 'ensnared' you," Fleur laughed. "And you'll never be free of me, I promise." She'd already been holding Harry's hand, but now she leaned in against his side and rested her head on his shoulder. "Let them whisper and write their silly articles. You and I know what we share, my mate. That is all that matters to me.”

There had been even greater attention on them than usual when they first entered the Great Hall today, which Fleur assumed was everyone turning to watch and see if there was any fallout from the article in the Daily Prophet. But there was no sudden battle between Headmaster Dumbledore and the conniving veela who had ‘ensnared’ his most famous student, and Hermione Granger sat beside them at the table without raising a stink. Things quickly returned to what passed for normal for them, which meant they still drew plenty of attention, but they no longer had the eyes of almost everyone staring at them openly.

“You never told me what happened with the egg,” Hermione whispered, leaning her head in so only Harry and Fleur could hear her. “You said Fleur was going to help you with it. Did you solve it?”

“Err, yeah,” Harry said, nodding at his friend while Fleur cast a privacy charm that would prevent anyone from being able to overhear them. They were speaking quietly, but Fleur saw no reason to take any chances. “Fleur and I went to the prefects’ bath, and—”

“The bath?” Hermione’s lips pursed as she ran it through her head. “So putting it in water was necessary to get it to stop screeching? I see.” She frowned and looked at Fleur. “But wait, couldn’t you have just told him that? Why did you go with him?” Hermione’s ears turned red as her brain made the connection a moment later. “Forget I asked that.” She cleared her throat to hide her embarrassment and changed the subject as quickly as she could. “So, you know what you need to do, then?”

Harry nodded and began to retell the story of his trip to the prefects' bath, though he skipped over the sexual elements of his and Fleur's time together. Fleur allowed him to explain the details of the riddle and what it meant for their task to his friend, though she made sure to jump in and make it clear that he had figured out he needed to take the egg underwater with him all on his own. Hermione listened to the story without interrupting, but as soon as Harry was finished the questions poured out of her.

“Do you have any idea about what the ‘something you’ll sorely miss’ could be?” she began. Before Harry could open his mouth, she jumped straight to the next question. “The biggest problem, of course, is that you’ll need to be able to breathe underwater for up to an hour.”

“And I can barely swim at all,” Harry muttered, which made Hermione’s brows knit.

“One problem at a time, my love,” Fleur said gently. She gave Harry a light kiss on the cheek, hoping to reassure him. “As I mentioned, I will be happy to teach you the spell I will be using to allow me to breathe underwater during the task.”

“First you helped him with the egg, and now you’re going to help him prepare for the task itself?” Hermione looked at Fleur with her eyebrows scrunched together like she was trying to figure her out. “He’s your competition, isn’t he? I know you two are *together*, but I assumed you would still want to beat him.”

“*He is my mate first, and my competition second,*” Fleur answered in French, smiling as Hermione’s cheeks flushed. “I want to win the Triwizard Tournament, but making sure that Harry is prepared to deal with each task is far more important than anything else.”

“I see.” Hermione stared at Fleur, and Fleur got the impression that the younger woman was no closer to understanding her than she had been before. To be fair, Fleur wasn’t sure what to think about her, either. She might dismiss most of the students in this castle as beneath her notice, regardless of which school they were from, but Hermione’s closeness with Harry made her an important person for Fleur to understand. It would likely take time for her to figure the Gryffindor witch out, just as Hermione looked to be trying to sort out how she felt about no longer being the only girl Harry was close to. But they were going to have ample time to feel each other out. Fleur wasn’t going anywhere now that she’d found her mate, and while she wasn’t sure exactly how Hermione felt for Harry, their close bond was easy to see.

“What is your plan, then?” Hermione asked eventually, setting her silent observation aside and returning to the conversation. Fleur followed her lead, content to leave solving the puzzle of Hermione Granger for later.

“I will be using the Bubble-Head Charm to breathe underwater during the task,” Fleur said. Harry just looked at her blankly, but Hermione nodded right away.

“That makes sense,” the brunette said. “I’ve read up on that charm.” She looked at Harry. “It creates a large bubble around the head of the caster, giving them an endless supply of oxygen so they can freely breathe in environments where humans normally couldn’t. It can be used to avoid breathing in toxic chemicals or smelling foul odors, but it’s the ability to breathe underwater that is most useful in this instance, of course.” She chewed on her lower lip. “It’s advanced magic, though. We don’t learn that at Hogwarts until our sixth year.”

“It is an advanced charm,” Fleur agreed. “But I know you can master it, Harry. We have almost two months until the task, and I will be happy to work with you as much as it takes.” Harry gave her a slight smile and a half-nod. He didn’t look completely convinced, but she would work with him as much as necessary until casting that charm was second nature for him.

“I’m glad you’re willing to help him, Fleur, but I think we should explore all options,” Hermione said. “Not only is it advanced magic, but Harry just mentioned he’s a poor swimmer. What if the charm is broken, or he struggles with swimming for that long? Fallback options never hurt.”

“You have a point,” Fleur said. Her veela instincts wanted her to diminish any argument made by this girl who was so close to her mate, but Fleur knew that Hermione Granger wasn’t wrong about this. She would happily work on the Bubble-Head Charm with Harry, but if there was a better option for him,

she wasn't going to be too proud to listen. "Full or partial Human Transfiguration is another option I briefly considered. You could transfigure your body, or at least parts of it, into those of creatures who live underwater."

"That would help with the swimming," Hermione pointed out. She was still frowning, though, and Fleur knew why. "But we don't learn that until sixth year, either, and transfiguring your own body can end in disaster if you get it wrong."

"Yes," Fleur said. "I find the Bubble-Head Charm to be a much simpler, and much less dangerous, solution, which is why I chose it."

"Definitely sounds like the better of the two to me," Harry said. "I don't fancy getting stuck with a permanent fish head or something."

"Getting to work on learning the Bubble-Head Charm seems like the best idea, especially since we have a few days left before classes start up again," Hermione said. "If you don't mind working on that with him, Fleur, I can go to the library and research potential alternatives in other branches of magic."

"That sounds good," Fleur said. She gave the other witch a slight nod. Fleur wasn't used to other women around her age being willing to cooperate with her, and part of her still wanted to push Hermione away from Harry, seeing her as the only other woman who Harry was close to, and thus the closest thing she had to competition for her mate. But in her few days with Harry, Fleur had seen glimpses of how deep their friendship was and how much Harry trusted her. As long as she had Harry's best interests at heart and she didn't try to come between them, Fleur would do her best to ignore her veela instincts and treat her mate's friend cordially.

"We can get to work on the charm later, 'arry," Fleur said. She lifted her head to look into his eyes and gave him a playful smile before whispering into his ear. "I think I know exactly how I'll motivate you to work your hardest."

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"That was much better, 'arry," Fleur said, nodding at him. "The charm almost covered your entire head that time." She was trying to encourage him, but she could see his frustration.

"It was too weak, though." He sighed and shook his head. "You didn't even need to draw your wand to try and pop it. I lost it all on my own, and almost right away, too."

"It's still an improvement over where you started," she said, so kindly and gently that just about everyone else in the castle would have been shocked to see this side of her. "This is only our first session together practicing the spell, and you've made real progress. Your friend 'ermione was correct about this being advanced magic, you know. I'm pleased you've done as well as you have, this being your first time learning and casting the charm."

"Not good enough," he said, shaking his head again. "Let me go again."

"As you wish. Remember: don't worry about the strength you put into the charm. This is a spell about precision and endurance, not raw magical power." Fleur took a step back and nodded at him, encouraging him to make another attempt at casting the Bubble-Head Charm. Harry took a deep breath

to calm himself and then cast the charm again, moving his wand hand through the air in the spiral she'd taught him. She knew he'd paid attention to her instructions because his wand movement itself was perfect, just like it had been the last several times he'd attempted to cast the charm. The bubble was the right size this time, covering his entire head. Unfortunately, the protective bubble only lasted for about twenty seconds before it popped. Once again, she hadn't needed to actively attempt to disrupt the charm, because it dissipated on its own. Fleur wasn't disappointed to see it, even if she knew that Harry wouldn't share her feelings.

"Even better," she said, smiling at him. "The bubble was the proper size that time."

"And it still would've done me absolutely no good," he mumbled. He sighed, and his eyes dropped to the floor. Fleur walked over to him, tipped her finger under his jaw, and made him look up at her.

"I admire your determination, mon amour, but believe me when I say that you've already made more progress than I expected you to make during our first session. Or can you look into my eyes and tell me that I'm lying to you to try and soothe your ego?" Harry stared at her for several moments, and eventually his frown softened.

"No, I can't," he admitted. "You're not lying. At least I don't think you are."

"I am not," she stressed. "Keeping you safe and helping you prepare is far more important to me than hurting your feelings. If I was not satisfied with your progress, I would say so. As I said, we have nearly two months before the task, and this was only our first practice session. I'm *very* happy with the progress we made, and you should be, too." Harry stared at her a bit longer, and she was pleased to see a small smile cross his face.

"Okay," he said. "I just want to prove that I belong, you know? That I'm good enough."

"Anyone who doubted whether you belonged in the Triwizard Tournament already looked foolish with your performance against the dragon," Fleur said. Her hand left his jaw so she could put her arm around his shoulders and press her body against him. "Me most of all. To think I called you a *little boy*, and then watched you earn more points in the First Task than I did!" Fleur was not usually one to put herself down, even in jest, but if there was anyone outside of her family who she could let her guard down around, it was her mate. She knew that making light of her initial misplaced arrogance toward him was worth it when Harry snorted and his smile grew.

"Thanks," he said. "But I wasn't talking about belonging in the task, actually. I was talking about proving that I'm good enough to be with someone as amazing as you." Now, it was Fleur who smiled broadly. Her mate really could be incredibly charming at times, and the best part of all was that he wasn't even trying to be. His compliments were even better since she knew they came from the heart. Sincere appreciation was immeasurably better than false flattery, and Fleur would happily soak up every genuine remark Harry made about her and how amazing she was.

"You've proven it many times over already," she assured him. Fleur put her hands on Harry's cheeks and gave him a passionate kiss, though she pulled back before she could get carried away and forget about the plans she'd made for how she wanted to end their first training session. "And I know you will continue to do so." Her hands dropped away from his cheeks, and she took a step back from him. "Now, I promised that I was going to motivate you to work your hardest."



“Right, I forgot about that,” Harry said. “I felt pretty motivated as it was, to be honest.” Fleur couldn’t argue with that, but he didn’t know what she had in store for him.

“Yes, you put a great deal of pressure on yourself,” she acknowledged. “But along with the pressure should come a reward for your hard work.” She turned her back to him and walked away. After kicking her shoes off, she drew her wand as she prepared to conjure a bed. But before she could even get her wand out, a large bed simply materialized in front of her. Fleur stared in surprise for a moment before laughing with delight. This room that Harry’s house elf friend showed them when he asked if there was a good spot in the castle for them to train privately was incredible!

She let go of her wand, sat down on the bed, and crawled up so she could sit with her legs spread and her back leaning against the headboard. Once she was in the right position, she looked up at Harry and patted the spot between her legs.

"Come and sit, 'arry," she said. He hurried over, kicking his shoes and socks off as he raced to climb onto the bed and sit between her legs. Fleur smiled, took him into her arms, and pulled him back so he could sit with his back against her chest. She held him for a bit, kissing the top of his head and sliding her hands beneath his shirt to massage the bare skin of his back. Harry groaned, and she felt him relax in her arms.

“If you wanted to reward me, this was a great idea,” he said quietly. Fleur laughed and hugged him from behind.

"Oh, I haven't even begun to give you your reward," she said before kissing his head again. Her lips moved down to kiss and lick at the back of his neck, and her hands moved around to his front, slid down his body, and shot to his groin. Harry groaned as her left hand slowly rubbed him through his trousers, and she grabbed the zipper at the same time.

“At first, I planned to have you cool down after our session by asking you to masturbate for me,” she said. “If you’d made good progress, I might have gotten naked and had you stare at me while you touched yourself.” She gave the back of his neck a kiss and unzipped his trousers, sliding her hand in and rubbing his cock through his underwear. “But you exceeded my expectations for you yet again, and made even more progress than I expected you to, so I’ve decided to expand your choices for your reward. Do you want to stare at my body and touch yourself as I planned, or would you prefer to let me do it for you?”

"You," Harry said, blurting out his answer almost before the question was even out. "I want you to do it." Fleur chuckled, brought her mouth to his ear, and gave the lobe a nibble.

“I expected as much,” she said. She pulled his cock out and squeezed it lightly in her hand, feeling it harden rapidly. “You made a wise choice, ‘arry. Allow me to show you how much better my hand feels.”

She’d stroked his cock before, but only briefly, and always on the way to something else. But she knew that she could turn stroking his cock for him into a very satisfying act all on its own. She was going to dedicate herself to giving him more pleasure than he probably even realized was possible purely from having his cock stroked, and by the time they left this ‘Come and Go Room’, any frustration he might still feel about not immediately mastering the Bubble-Head Charm would be long forgotten.

As soon as Fleur had the stray thought that this would be even better if she had thought to bring some lubrication with her, a bottle of it appeared on the bed next to her. She grinned down at it and shook her head, deciding that she was going to ask her parents to send a few of her old pairs of socks from home so she could gift them to Dobby. After recommending this room to them, he'd earned them.

Fleur opened the bottle, squirted a generous amount of lubricant into her right hand, and rubbed her hands together to spread it around. Once she'd taken care of that, she returned her hands to her mate's cock and went to work with even greater purpose. She rubbed the tip of his cock with her left thumb and grabbed his shaft with her right hand so she could slowly stroke him.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned. “That feels so good.”

“Of course it does,” Fleur breathed into his ear. “The pleasant warmth and slickness is from the lubricant, so I can't take credit for it.” She licked his earlobe. “But the technique is all mine.”

She knew that she could have just slid her hand up and down his length quickly, and it would have been enough to make him cum after a few minutes. But Fleur wasn't interested in getting him off quickly. Her goal was to take her time, bring him as much pleasure as possible with her hands, and leave him satisfied, relaxed, and feeling much better about himself by the time they were finally done. She wanted his lasting memory of their first time practicing the Bubble-Head Charm to be not the frustration at not mastering it right away, but the pleasure she gave him as a reward for his effort and progress.

He was twitching and groaning very early on into her stroking, but Fleur did not do as he would have done if he was the one wanking his cock. She had no doubt that when he was pleasuring himself, he raced to his orgasm as quickly as he possibly could. But she was here to show him how much better this could feel if he relaxed and allowed her to stroke him at her own pace. Fleur gave him plenty of stimulation by rubbing his tip and sliding her hand up and down his length, with the lubricant making it even easier for her to treat her mate to a smooth two-handed stroking that made him moan and squirm against her body. But she took care not to give him too much pleasure. She could tell how easy it would be to push him over the edge even without trying to if she wasn't careful, because Harry often got relatively close to orgasm even with her deliberate pace. But Fleur was paying close attention to the body language of her mate while she stroked him, and she'd felt, seen, and heard him receive pleasure frequently enough in their first few days together that she could gauge how he was feeling and how far she could push him just by the volume of the gasps, moans and groans her lover made.

Fleur stroked Harry expertly, confident in her ability to bring him consistent pleasure without letting it get out of control or having to pull back so abruptly that it became overly frustrating for him. She wasn't interested in pushing him to the edge and teasing him by pulling back. This wasn't meant to be a frustrating experience for him. Fleur wanted Harry to enjoy the ride she was taking him on and wait for it to reach its natural end rather than going through the usual mindless rush to orgasm that he had to be used to when it was his hand rather than hers that was wrapped around his cock

She could feel her methodical stroking working exactly as intended, too. Harry might have been twitching early on because he was used to jumping straight to pumping his cock quickly and trying to make himself cum, but once they got past that initial phase and she helped him settle into a more sedate and sensual handjob, he relaxed against her and started to enjoy the ride.

It wasn't just Fleur's hands that made Harry feel good. While she rubbed his tip, stroked his shaft and paid attention to his balls every now and then, she sought to make him feel good with her mouth as well. She kissed along the back of his neck, around the side and slid his shirt down far enough to let her kiss his shoulder as well. That was when her mouth wasn't at his ear, which presented so many opportunities to make Harry groan. She kissed and nibbled on the lobe, licked behind his ear, and let him feel her breath directly against his ear as she sighed and spoke to him in breathy tones throughout her slick handjob.

"That's it, 'arry," she whispered into his ear. "Enjoy it. You don't have to rush to get what you want immediately. It is so much better to do it *properly*, is it not?"

"It is," Harry said. His voice was quiet, and despite the consistent pleasure that he'd felt throughout her stroking, he didn't sound stressed or impatient at all. Fleur smiled and licked his earlobe, happy that she'd so effectively helped Harry move on from his frustration at not having mastered the Bubble-Head Charm right away.

"The next time you feel frustrated during our preparation for the next task, remember this feeling," she breathed. Her hand slid down and gave his balls a gentle squeeze while her thumb rubbed his cockhead faster than it had thus far. It was a gradual change, but she'd been so deliberate in her stroking that it was still noticeable for him. "Remember that as long as you continue to apply yourself and put in the effort, I have complete faith that you will master the charm." She moved her hand away from his balls and resumed stroking his cock, pumping him faster now than at any point. Harry was groaning now, getting close to his end with the more direct stroking. Fleur had shown him the pleasure of taking the time for a slower and more gradual build to this, and now that she'd judged that he was ready for his natural end, she didn't hesitate to stroke him more like he might have stroked himself right from the start.

His hands would never have felt as good to him as hers did, of course, even without the lubricant. Nothing Harry had ever done on his own was going to compare to the way she could make him feel, and Fleur took a great deal of pride in that. She loved having this control over her mate and being able to settle his nerves, restore his confidence, and help him relax.

"We'll keep working at it, 'arry, and you'll continue to improve," she whispered while her hands worked him over and pushed him right up to the edge. There wouldn't be any teasing or pulling him back from it now that he was here. "And after every session, I'll make sure to reward you for your effort and progress."

Harry groaned and jerked as her hands and her encouragement finished him off. Fleur let his cum shoot into the air and land on the bed, though there was so much of it that her hands got covered as well. She let him finish shooting before she brought her left hand up to her mouth and licked the cum off of her fingers. Well aware that Harry was watching and listening closely, she turned the simple act of licking her fingers clean into a loud spectacle for his benefit, and then did the same with her right hand after she was done. Once she'd licked all of the cum off of her hands, she brought her mouth back to Harry's ear again. The pleasure at the end of their first training session was over, but she wanted to make sure he immediately started looking forward to their next one.

"If you can hold the bubble longer next time, I'll reward you with more than my hands," she whispered. Harry groaned and shivered against her, and Fleur knew that she'd successfully given her

lover ample motivation to give his all the next time they came to this room to work on the Bubble-Head Charm.

## Chapter 5: Progress Report

Fleur had enjoyed a glorious period of a little over a week between the Yule Ball and the resumption of classes. In that time, with no classes and very little responsibility, Fleur was able to concentrate on her mate to the exclusion of almost everything else. She'd spent that week getting to know as much about his personality and his history as she could. Fleur could now attest that the reality of Harry Potter's life was in many ways even more extraordinary than the stories written about him, and she knew that she much preferred the true Harry, the young man who was sometimes lacking in experience and confidence but who was brimming with potential, to the storybook hero who accomplished things effortlessly. Getting to know this remarkable young man better and getting to teach him how to please her had made for a far better break at Hogwarts than Fleur could have possibly imagined. And to think, she'd been disappointed when the Yule Ball was announced, and she realized she wouldn't be able to go home and be with her family over the holiday!

It had been a very rewarding break, but all breaks came to an end, and classes had resumed for not just the Hogwarts students in the castle but the Durmstrang students on their ship and the Beauxbatons students aboard the carriage. As only the most promising 7th-year students had been allowed to come to Hogwarts and submit their names for consideration to represent their schools, the handling of instruction was catered to them. It was more like informal tutoring than anything else, going over the material and concepts that the students needed to know for their final examinations at the end of the year and preparing them for the career paths they hoped to follow after they finished at Beauxbatons.

In Fleur's case, as the student who had been selected to represent the school, the lessons were optional, and she was given the freedom to attend as little or as often as she desired. She'd taken advantage of that privilege to skip lessons only a couple of times thus far and none yet in the first few days since the end of the break. She already had a clear plan for the Second Task, and Harry was still attending his classes as usual, so there wasn't much to be gained by skipping her lessons. At least they gave her something to do to pass the time.

That said, it wasn't as if the lessons were essential for her. She felt prepared and confident, both in regard to the Second Task and her exams at the end of the year, so when Amalie, her family owl, flew into the carriage with a small package and a letter tied to her leg, Fleur was perfectly happy to excuse herself part of the way through the lesson and step out of the room to read the letter from home, uncaring if any of her classmates might frown or whisper about her behind her back. They may support her in the tournament since she was representing their school, but she had few friends or close acquaintances at Beauxbatons, and she did not need them. She had her family and her mate, and that was enough for her.

Her mate was currently in class up in the castle, but she had a letter from her family in France to open up eagerly once she made it back into her bedroom on the carriage. Fleur was surprised to receive another letter so quickly after the last. Usually, she and her mother had been exchanging letters roughly once a week during Fleur's stay at Hogwarts. For her to already have sent another letter, she must have something that she wanted to let her know about. Fleur set the small wrapped package that came with it aside and opened the letter delicately, seeing her name in her mother's elegant, flowing writing.

*Dearest Fleur,*

*Hello, daughter! I hope that this letter finds you well and that life at Hogwarts is still to your liking.*

*Since you asked about the reaction to Rita Skeeter's article, I can tell you that the worst of her lies have barely been mentioned in reputable circles. Even those in the press and the political scene who have long sought to diminish your father for his marriage to a veela have too much self-respect to lend any real legitimacy to the gossip of Rita Skeeter. Naturally, there is interest in Sebastian's daughter dating her fellow Triwizard champion, who also happens to be the Boy-Who-Lived. But the story has been reported on as a romance between champions and peers, without the suggestion of anything sinister behind it.*

*Your father has been asked for public comment on your relationship but has said little beyond stating his complete support of you and your decisions and that your happiness is all that matters to him. He also confirmed that he has yet to meet or speak to Harry but looks forward to doing so.*

*That is actually why I wrote to you so quickly after our last letter. After your earlier letter in which you mentioned what you'd worked out about the Second Task of the tournament, your father made inquiries with Madame Maxime as well as Headmaster Dumbledore about being able to visit and watch the Second Task. We regret that we were unable to make it for the First Task, but your father was able to reschedule a couple of his meetings and arrange for us to make the trip to Hogwarts the day before the Second Task. Your father, Gabrielle, and I will all be coming to see you, cheer you on and also to meet your mate, of course. I'm certain that any young man extraordinary enough to have you choose them is bound to impress us.*

*That is all for now. Gabrielle begged me to ask you if Harry is as good a kisser as the books say he is and also if he really lives in a castle larger than Hogwarts and has unicorns as pets. I will leave it to you whether or not you humor her. He is your mate, after all—only you can decide whether you want your sister to treat him like the storybook hero, or get to know the real him.*

*Oh, the package contains a pair of your father's old socks, per your request. I thought I should mention it here as I wouldn't want you to open it expecting a gift or sweets from home and receive socks instead. I do not understand why you asked for old socks, but your father laughed and pulled out a well-worn pair that he'd been meaning to get rid of. Gabrielle also insisted that I send a pair of hers as well, so you'll find two pairs of socks in that package. Do with them what you will, I suppose.*

*I will look forward to your next letter, and cannot wait to see you late next month!*

*All my love,  
Mother*

Fleur giggled as she folded the letter up and put it aside. She would leave the socks in the package and allow Dobby to unwrap them; she knew the excitable house elf would love the gift. As for her, she'd just gotten a gift of her own. She was going to get to see her family in person next month! And she would get to introduce them to her mate!

--

Fleur sat back on the bed provided by the Room of Requirement and relaxed after finishing a study session with Harry. She was pleased with his progress in learning to reliably cast the Bubble-Head Charm. She also knew that repeating the same thing day after day could wear on a person's mind and hinder any chance of progress, so today, she'd gone over some other spells that she thought could be useful for him to know, both for the tournament and for all of the life-threatening situations he seemed

to find himself caught up in yearly. They'd put in some good work, and now she couldn't wait to share her news from home with him. He'd already noticed and commented on her cheerful mood earlier, and now she was happy to sit beside him on the bed while she held his hand and recited the letter word for word. There was nothing in there that she wouldn't want to share with him, and she wanted to get his authentic reaction to its contents.

"Well?" she asked, watching his face after she'd gotten to the end. "What do you think?"

"If it's up to me, I'd rather we tell your little sister the truth about my life, rather than playing along with the kind of rubbish they write about me in those stupid books," he said. "If you and I are really gonna be together from now on, it's better for her to get to know the real me."

"We *will* be together from now on, of course, as you already know," Fleur stated simply, smiling at him and bringing her free hand up to cup his cheek. Despite her making her intentions clear about never letting her mate go, he still sometimes said things that made it sound as if that was not a certainty. She didn't take offense to it, though, because she knew it came from him still sometimes struggling to believe that she wanted him and wasn't ever going to change her mind about it. She would happily spend the rest of her life telling him and showing him that he was the man for her.

"And I agree with you about Gabi," she continued. "She may still be a child, but it is best for her to get to know the man rather than the legend." Fleur leaned in and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "We'll show her that the real Harry Potter is a far more impressive wizard and man than the fictional version of him she's read about." He blushed, and she couldn't help but claim another kiss. She almost deepened the kiss and pinned him to the bed so she could have her way with him, but managed to pull back. Before she got carried away, she wanted to gauge how Harry was feeling about the rest. "What did you think about the other things my mother mentioned?"

"Well, it's good that the French public isn't as quick to believe Rita Skeeter's lies as loads of people here are," he said. "Oh, and make sure to thank your mum for sending the socks. I know Dobby'll love them."

"You'll have the opportunity to thank her for sending them, and my father and sister for providing them, in person next month," Fleur pointed out. "That's what I was actually trying to talk to you about, you know. How are you feeling about meeting my family when they come to visit?" She couldn't wait for her parents and sister to meet her mate, but she knew Harry's personality well enough by now to anticipate that he wasn't going to be as excited at the prospect as she was.

"Yeah, I can't wait to meet them," Harry said, meeting her eyes and smiling at her. Fleur was not fooled. He was trying to put on a brave face for her, but she could plainly see how tight-lipped that smile was and how his eyes lacked the confidence and determination she found so attractive when he was focusing on learning the Bubble-Head Charm or mastering the spells she'd shown him minutes earlier. Try as he might to pretend otherwise, Fleur's mate was nervous at the idea of meeting her family, and it was her job to reassure him.

"Liar," she said playfully, smiling at him. "I can tell you're nervous. But you have no reason to be. They're going to adore you as much as I do." She gave him another quick kiss, this time on the cheek, and then kissed her way over to the side of his neck and behind his ear. Fleur was doing her best to help him relax, and when she heard him let out a quiet sigh, she knew she was succeeding.

“How can you be so sure?” Harry asked eventually. “I mean, I know I wasn’t your first partner, but—”

“But you’re the first man, and the *only* man, who I will introduce to my parents as my chosen mate,” Fleur finished for him when he couldn’t seem to put the words together. Harry nodded, and she heard his throat bob as he swallowed thickly. Fleur moved her lips in from the side of his neck and licked his Adam’s apple.

“Yes, my parents will view you very differently than anyone they’ve ever met before, because they both know what it means when a veela finds her mate,” she said, leaving his neck behind and pulling the side of his shirt down so she could kiss his shoulder. “But you do not need to worry about them judging you or finding you lacking. What my father said to the press was true, I’ll have you know. He wants me to be happy above all, and he trusts my judgment. More importantly, he knows what it takes for a man to be chosen by a veela—he knows it even better than you, having been chosen by my mother over twenty years ago. He’s known this day was coming, and has had years to prepare for it. You two will get along splendidly.” Fleur stopped kissing her mate’s shoulder and rested her chin on it instead while hugging him from the side. “He might even be able to be a teacher of sorts for you, if you want him to be. Who better to give you advice than a wizard who knows what it means to be a veela’s mate, hmm?”

“That feels like it could get awkward fast,” Harry said, smiling slightly. It was a genuine smile, at least, so Fleur knew she was helping ease his fears and doubts about meeting her family to some degree. He turned his head to make eye contact with her again. “I’m still new to all this veela mate stuff, so I guess I don’t really understand that part of it from your parents’ side. If they’re going to like me and trust me more from the start because they know what it takes for you to choose me, that’s good.” He clasped his hands in his lap. “But I’m still probably going to be pretty nervous, honestly. I know they have faith in you, but I’ve never even had a girlfriend before, let alone met the parents of a girl I liked. I want to make a good impression.”

“You will,” Fleur assured him. She pulled back slightly, swung one of her legs over his, and sat in his lap. “There is nothing wrong with being slightly nervous and wanting them to like you. But I can promise you that you are going to impress them, not just because you are my mate, but because you are *you*.” She put her hands on his cheeks and leaned her face in, pressing her forehead against his. “You won’t need to do anything special to get my parents or my sister to like you. All you’ll need to do is let them get to know you, and they’ll see for themselves that I’ve chosen well. They’re going to see what a kind and courageous man and what a promising wizard I’ve chosen as my mate. And they’re going to see how well you treat me and how much you care about making me happy.”

Fleur put her arms around Harry’s shoulders and gave him a kiss, but this time, she did not remove her lips from his quickly. This was a kiss between lovers, a kiss between a veela and her mate, and Fleur did not plan for it to end any time soon. She’d waited all day to have some time alone with Harry, and now the next couple of hours were all theirs.

When the kiss changed, it was Harry who was behind that change. He put his arms around her waist and leaned into her, moving her down onto her back on the bed. Fleur was surprised by the change, but she was always happy any time Harry took the initiative like this. She put her arms around his upper back and returned his kiss as he pressed her down on the bed. Fleur moaned against his lips at the feeling of his hands touching her body. When she felt his hands pushing her light blue dress up above her waist, Fleur reached down to grab the dress and help him pull it up even higher. Harry pulled his head away from hers and started kissing the side of her neck while his right hand lightly touched her



sex through her light blue knickers. Fleur moaned his name and wiggled on the bed, expecting him to pull those knickers off next and move to mount her and shag her.

Harry did grab her knickers and pull them down her legs, with Fleur happy to lift her hips and make it even easier for him to get them off of her. But he did not move to get on top of her. He didn't even reach down to unzip his trousers. Harry just kissed his way down her belly and her leg as he settled in on his stomach and brought his head between her thighs. Fleur breathed in sharply, recognizing what he had in mind now. It wasn't what she had expected him to do when he seized the initiative, but she most assuredly welcomed it.

"I thought you were about to mount me, you know," she murmured as she watched him kiss along her inner thigh.

"Is that a complaint?" he asked, looking up at her with his cheek against her thigh. "I can switch if that's what you want."

"*Non*," she said firmly. She couldn't tell if he was actually offering or just teasing her, but regardless, she was going to strike that thought down at once. "Perhaps we will have time for sex later. I will never, *ever* stop you from using your mouth to pleasure me."

"Good." Harry smiled up at her and gave her inner thigh another kiss. "I think this might be my favorite way to take care of you."

On that, Fleur and her mate were in complete agreement. The incredible pleasure he'd brought her with his mouth and that hissing tongue the night of the Yule Ball had not been a fluke. As much as that climax had blown her mind and caught her by surprise, she now knew the story behind it and understood what it was that allowed Harry to work such magic with his tongue. Harry would have been a wonderful lover and mate no matter what, but him being a parselmouth and possessing the ability to stimulate her clit like no one else was an added benefit that she greatly appreciated.

He had more than just the parseltongue trick to make her feel good, of course. She'd taught him how to pleasure her that first night, and he'd paid careful attention and committed those lessons to memory. Even without the rush of surprised ecstasy that came the first time she felt his hissing tongue on her clit, the next times he'd gone down on her had been even better. When it came to eating her out, Harry didn't need to be guided anymore.

Once again, Harry demonstrated that he had learned his lessons well and was committed to taking care of her. He'd started her off with plenty of kisses along her thighs, getting her even more aroused than she already had been. By the time he actually started licking her sex, Fleur was writhing and dripping for him. But he didn't rush straight to her clit, and he didn't even think about penetrating her with his tongue. She'd made it clear that first time that she did not want his tongue inside of her, and he'd never ignored that warning. He began by moving his tongue vertically, giving her outer pussy lips the slow, firm licks that he'd been taught. Fleur moaned, enjoying the attention from her skilled and eager-to-please young mate.

She was so aroused to begin with that Harry didn't need to lick her pussy lips for long before she was ready for more from him. The first time around, she'd guided him through this step-by-step and told him what to do next, culminating in him blowing her mind with that hissing tongue. In the subsequent chances they'd had for him to bury his face between her thighs, she hadn't needed to do more than give

him a little cue that she was ready for him to give her more. Now, she didn't even need to do that much because from her body language, the sounds of pleasure that he brought out of her, and the look on her face and in her eyes that he could observe while peering up at her from between her legs,

Fleur didn't need to say a word to let him know that she was ready for him to move his tongue up and begin to run it in teasing circles around her clit, because his tongue was already moving, changing targets and giving her the occasional flicker of clitoral contact that gave her such a delicious preview of what was soon to come. The first time he'd licked her like this, the brief glimpses of contact had been accidental. She'd assumed that to be the case, and he'd later confirmed it when she asked him. But they were anything but accidental now. Harry knew how effective those little brushes of tongue against clit were at getting her even more eager for her parselmouth mate to show her his true skill, and he deliberately made the most of it.

It wasn't just his tongue circling and brushing against her clit that pushed Fleur closer to the brink. Harry knew what to do with his mouth, and he knew just what to do with his fingers as well. There was none of the artless penetration or fingerbanging that a foolish, impatient man might have attempted in his position. Harry took his index and middle fingers and rubbed up and down her outer pussy lips, matching the pussy rubbing to the tongue spirals, just like she'd taught him. Her effort in taking her inexperienced partner and shaping him into her ideal lover was already paying off wonderfully for Fleur. She knew that there was still more room for growth for him, both as a lover and a wizard. That was a very exciting thought, but the Harry that put his head between her legs and did all he could to bring her pleasure was already a master of the fine art of cunnilingus.

Being the master of it that he had quickly become, Harry perfectly walked that line of teasing, hovering between making her want it more and frustrating her so much that she took matters into her own hands and shoved his face into her sex. There could be fun to be found in the latter, but with Harry so intent on taking care of her, he obviously wanted to remain in control and progress from teasing to bringing her what she sought without her needing to demand it or take it for herself.

For a few moments, Fleur feared that Harry was off the mark this time. The rubbing and circling stretched on for so long that she was whimpering and writhing on the bed, feeling the veela side of her growing irritated and calling for her to take what she needed. But Harry was paying attention, and just when the veela side was about to win out, his tongue stopped swirling, moved directly to her clit, and began to hiss.

Barely over a week earlier, Harry had been a self-conscious virgin who needed to be guided and taught. Now, if this was any indication, it felt like he knew her body and what it needed nearly as well as she knew it herself. He'd drawn that teasing out for longer than she would have expected him to be able to get away with, but just when she'd believed he'd pushed his luck too far and the veela was about to demand satisfaction from its mate, he and that magic tongue of his sprang into action.

All that time he'd spent teasing her, not to mention how close he'd come to teasing her *too* much, culminated with the pleasure that consumed Fleur now. He'd gotten her about as horny as she could possibly be, and the sudden shift from teasing to hissing cut Fleur's whimpering and groaning off into a shaking gasp. Her voice wasn't the only thing that shook, either. Her entire body trembled at the immediate onslaught of ecstasy that could only be brought about by his tongue vibrating against her clit as he licked her. Harry had done a marvelous job at getting her to crave this moment, and now it was here at last. Knowing about his magic tongue did nothing to hurt her appreciation of the way it made her feel. No, his ability to work her up and choose the opportune moment to give her what she sought

made Harry's parseltongue skill an even bigger weapon than it was when he'd first surprised her with it.

The buildup had gone on for what felt like far too long to her impatient veela side, but the actual moment of tongue vibrating against clit lasted for only a dozen or so seconds. That was all that was needed after all the work Harry had done to get her ready for this, and all it took for Fleur to let out a joyous screech as the promised pleasure consumed her. Her upper back shot up off of the bed, her legs squeezed together around his head, and her hands tugged on her mate's hair as she rode it out, coating his face with her orgasm.

Harry did not complain about her legs pressing against the side of his head or her hands pulling his hair. Naturally, he'd expected such a powerful reaction from her, this not being the first time that he'd taken care of her in such satisfying fashion. Fleur's climax was so massive and had her reeling so much that she was barely even aware of what her arms and legs were doing anyway, so it was fortunate that Harry was comfortable enough between her thighs to know what to expect when he accomplished his objective. She didn't give him any words of encouragement or praise as she came, but it wasn't as if he needed them to guide him or affirm his success anymore. The screeching, the hair-pulling, and the legs squeezing his head told him more about just how effectively he'd gotten her off than any mere words could have conveyed.

It wasn't until after Fleur's body started coming down from her massive peak that she finally relaxed her legs and let go of her lover's hair. She blinked and stared up at the ceiling of the Room of Requirement for a few seconds while gasping for breath, and then looked down at Harry. He wasn't licking her anymore, aware that she was too sensitive for any further stimulation at the moment, but his head was still between her legs. He stared up at her, and she laughed at how much his hair was sticking up.

"You look adorable, mon amour," she said softly, ruffling his hair some more. He rested his chin on her leg and grinned up at her, visibly proud of what he'd been able to do for her. He also happened to look irresistibly sexy to her, with his face all sticky thanks to her orgasm. "And you take such good care of me."

"I've gotta do my best, don't I?" he said. His cheeks warmed slightly, but his smile grew. "I'm your mate, after all."

Fleur actually let out a little moan when she heard him say that. Being able to call him her mate still brought her as much joy now as it had the first time she'd done so, but him referring to *himself* that way was even more exciting to hear. The veela demanded that her mate be rewarded, and the witch was in complete agreement. She took him by the hand and sat him up so she could crawl in between his legs.

"That's right," she said. "You are mine, and I am yours. You take care of me, and I take care of you." She grabbed his zipper and pulled it down slowly.

She couldn't wait for her family to meet her mate and see how devoted he was to making her happy and being a man worthy of her. But just as important to her was for her family, Harry's friends, and most importantly, Harry himself to bear witness to her devotion to him. A veela's mate was for life, and if she had a lifetime of Harry's magic tongue to look forward to, it was only right that she did her very best to make him feel that he got at least as much in return. A veela's pride would accept no less.

Fleur smiled around his cockhead as he moaned in response to her initial suckling. Keeping up with her parselmouth mate when it came to oral sex might one day turn into a serious challenge even for her, especially if he was going to keep improving and refining the rest of his technique. But it was a challenge Fleur faced gladly and with great pleasure.

Harry's moan as she bobbed her head and took his cock deeper into her mouth confirmed that this pleasure was mutual between both the veela and her mate. The sound of his moan motivated Fleur to bob even faster, just as she knew Harry was motivated by being able to take care of her. Receiving pleasure like this and feeling such pride at being able to take care of your lover so well in return should ensure that they both had all the motivation they would need for a lifetime of amazing sex, oral and otherwise.