

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.