

Summary - Harry sees that Fleur Delacour keeps sneaking out at night and visiting the same empty room. He follows her to see what is going on.

The Stag Mag

Harry Potter had always been a curious boy. Even back before he knew about magic, he would sometimes follow people who looked like they were doing something fun or exciting. More often than not, they didn't end up doing anything that he cared about. It was really more about the sneaking around that he enjoyed. All of that led up to where he was today. It was close to Christmas time during his fourth year at Hogwarts. The Triwizard Tournament was going on, and much to his annoyance, he had been pulled into it without his knowledge.

He had done pretty well in his first task, which thankfully shut a lot of his nay-sayers up. The Christmas break had just started, and the Yule Ball was just around the corner. He didn't care about any of that at the moment. What he cared about was finding out what in the world Fleur Delacour was doing.

When the other two schools had arrived at Hogwarts, he was somewhat impressed with them. They weren't all that much different than the students at Hogwarts, however. The only one that was different, was Fleur Delacour. The girl was a complete bombshell. It was clear to all that she had Veela blood in her veins. She was simply too beautiful not to be at least part Veela. Not only that, but she also had certain Veela-like characteristics, like deep blue eyes and silvery blonde hair. Needless to say, much of the male population had lost their minds over her. The female population wasn't very impressed with the males of the school, and in turn, was annoyed with his fellow champion. In Harry's opinion, it was kind of unfair to the girl. She didn't do anything wrong. As far as he knew, she hadn't led any of them on. In the end, it was probably just jealousy rearing its ugly head. Harry had been one of the few boys that didn't go bananas over her. Sure, he thought that she was incredibly gorgeous, but what point was there in going nuts over her. It wasn't like she was suddenly going to declare her love for a fourth year, no matter how famous he was. He thought it was best to just admire the view from afar. That was exactly what he was doing now.

He had spent some time watching the girl. Probably a little more than he should, if he was being honest. He couldn't help himself though. At first, he just watched her like every other boy in school. Then he noticed something strange. One night when he was wandering the school after hours, like he often did, he noticed Fleur sneaking around looking for something. She went from room to room, quickly looking through them before moving on. Later he realized that she was searching for a room to use that met her requirements. What those requirements were, he didn't know. He followed her until she snuck back to her school's carriage. After that, he had kept his eye on her. Several more times he found her sneaking to a certain room. He tried to find out what was going on, but he hadn't been able to do it yet. The girl was very good at covering her tracks and leaving no evidence behind. Still, Harry had promised himself that he would figure it out.

A couple of days later, Harry was under his invisibility cloak waiting outside of the Beauxbatons carriage. It was a few minutes before midnight when the door slowly opened. A head popped out with a beautiful face looking around to make sure that the coast was clear. Satisfied that she was alone, Fleur exited the carriage and began making her way back to the castle. Harry quickly followed suit. He made sure to stay a respectable distance away. Fleur was quite crafty and would likely figure out that someone was following her if he got sloppy. Harry had discovered and practiced a spell that would silence his footsteps. Luckily he was a fast learner, and he followed her without making a peep. Fleur moved quickly and gracefully as she expertly traversed the corridors, going to the room that she so often did. He saw that she kept an eye open to make sure that she wasn't seen. The only things that she had with her were the same two things that she always had, her wand which she kept in hand, and her bag that was hung over her shoulder.

Harry had to speed up a bit, he was too far back. He added length to his stride, and soon, she was standing in front of the same door she went into every few days. She looked around one more time and opened the door. Harry took his chance. He was just able to slip in without her noticing. Quickly he snuck to the far corner. Harry looked around. There didn't appear to be anything strange or unique about the room. It seemed to be an old teacher's quarters or perhaps a guest room. There was a door that probably led to a bathroom, a wardrobe, a desk, a set of drawers, and a large bed. That was it. He really had no idea what she was doing in there.

Harry stood there silently and watched the gorgeous blonde. She reached into her bag and pulled out what looked to be a classic muggle school girl outfit. Harry's eyes widened. Why would she need one of those? Fleur also pulled out a camera and set it on the desk. Grabbing the outfit, Fleur went into the bathroom to get changed. It was all very strange Harry thought. Suddenly, he had an idea. Why didn't he just ask her? What was the worst that could happen? She may hex him and toss him out. Even that was doubtful. For whatever reason, she didn't want people to know what she was doing. She probably wouldn't want to anger him and risk him telling. Pulling off his invisibility cloak, he waited for her to come out of the bathroom.

What came out of the bathroom would fulfill his male masturbatory fantasies for the next fifty years. Fleur looked incredible. She was wearing a white button-up shirt that wasn't closed all the way. Quite a few buttons were undone, leaving a wonderful valley of cleavage out in the open. Her plaid skirt was very short. It was much shorter than the skirts the girls of Hogwarts wore. It didn't even reach halfway down her creamy, pale thighs. On her small feet were shiny, black Mary Jane shoes and white knee socks that helped give the entire image such a tantalizing look. Fleur didn't really have a whole lot of make-up on. Frankly, she didn't need it. She was more than beautiful enough on her own. What she did wear simply highlighted her beauty. Her long, flowing hair, which normally went down to her bottom, was pulled up into two pigtailed. His cock was instantly hard.

Their eyes met and both just stood there. Fleur was too shocked to talk, and Harry was rendered speechless by the utter sexiness of her. For a moment, all he did was allow his eyes

to travel the expanse of her insanely gorgeous body. At least he did until she yelped and tried to cover herself.

“Why are you covering yourself? You’re not even naked?” Harry asked, confused at her behavior. Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say, because her face went red, and she screeched in anger. Then she started throwing things.

“Hey! Stop tha ... hey!” he yelped, blocking his face with his hands. “Ow ... what the ...” Harry cried out as he was pelted with anything that the hot blonde could get her hands on. Suddenly, behind his eyes, there was a flash of light, and he crumpled to the ground, dazed and confused. He didn’t know how long he was down there. His head was swimming, and he barely felt someone kneel beside him. His hurting head was pulled and placed on something very soft and warm. It was extremely pleasant.

“Oh ‘Arry! I am so sorry. I did not mean to hit you in the ‘ead!” Fleur apologized profusely. Harry didn’t even know what was going on.

“What happened?” he asked groggily, looking around. It appeared that he was lying on the ground with his head on Fleur’s lap.

“I ‘it you on the ‘ead with that wooden thing right there,” she explained. He looked over at it. It was an old Beater’s bat that looked pockmarked and grizzled. Clearly, it was left here because it was no longer useful if you didn’t count clobbering teenage boys.

“Why did you hit me?” he groaned, rubbing his aching head. He sat up and looked at the girl. She looked repentant.

“I was angry that you were ‘ere and started throwing things. I did not think that I would actually ‘urt you. Sorry, ‘Arry.”

Harry tried to rub away the pain. Slowly, it receded, and he was able to think a little more clearly now. “That’s okay, I guess. I shouldn’t have followed you here. By the way, what are you doing here dressed like that?”

Fleur blushed deeply. “I will tell you, but you need to make a magical promise not to reveal it to anyone.” Harry agreed, and after she told him how to make the promise, he did so. That was when she explained what was going on.

Her family was desperate for money. She didn’t tell him what was wrong with her father, but apparently, he was ill and needed some very expensive treatments. He would be fine as long as he got them, and he would eventually not even need them. The only problem was paying for them. The potions needed were very difficult to brew and needed a potion master. Not only that, but the ingredients were insanely expensive as well, further driving up the price. Fleur was bringing in some very good money by providing sexy photos to a magical American magazine

called FWO. For Wizards Only was a bit of a stag mag, but didn't show any nudity. It came very close but didn't actually show anything. That's what Fleur was doing in this room. She couldn't take pictures of herself in her room, because she had a roommate. A room in the castle was the only place available. They sat down and talked for a while. Fleur actually opened up quite a bit. It seemed that she had been keeping a lot inside of her and desperately wanted to share it with someone. When she talked about the potion ingredients, Harry's eyes widened.

"Powdered Basilisk scales?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Fleur replied. "That is the most expensive part. They are so rare that the price is outrageous."

Harry happily explained how he had killed a gigantic Basilisk, and its corpse was just sitting under the castle waiting to be used. She didn't believe him at first. Harry told her to do what she needed to do, and he would go and fetch some of the scales to show her. Leaving her in the room, Harry went to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom on the second floor and quickly descended. He made sure to be careful, the ceiling wasn't exactly structurally sound. After a few minutes of walking, he was able to re-enter the Chamber of Secrets. Harry had to cover his nose. The snake had started rotting and gave off a sickly-sweet scent. He pulled off around a dozen scales that were as big as his palm and scampered back up the pipe. Harry was quite happy to get some fresh air. It had been less than an hour since he had left, so he very lightly knocked on the door, not knowing if she was in a compromised state. Fleur opened the door and quickly pulled him inside. She was already in her normal clothes.

"I got them," Harry said, holding them up for her to see. She took one and examined it.

"They are very big," she said, looking it over. "I will send it to my Maman tonight. She is very good at potions and will let me know," Fleur told him, putting it away in her bag. Harry just kept hold of the rest. "Anyway, thank you for listening to me 'Arry. I will speak to you again soon." Fleur smiled and left to go back to the carriage. It was getting late, so he made his way back to Gryffindor Tower to get some well-deserved shut-eye.

It was just after lunch the following day that Fleur sneakily asked him to meet her in the same room again that night. Harry agreed, and when the time came, he snuck out of the tower and made his way to the meeting. As soon as he slipped into the door, he was attacked by a joyous Veela.

Fleur squealed and hugged him. " 'Arry! Maman said that they are real Basilisk scales! This will 'elp my family so much," she hugged him again and kissed both of his cheeks, causing his face to go red. They talked for a while as she asked about the carcass. He told her all that he could. In the end, they agreed that they would harvest what was left together and share the profits. Her mother knew the best places to sell the parts to maximize profits. They met up again the following day and harvested the good parts of the giant snake. Scales, teeth, bones, and anything else was collected and sent off to her mother. Fleur was happier and more excited

than she had been in years. The whole ordeal with her father was like a black cloud hanging over her family's head. With the scales and extra money from selling the parts, her family was just about out of debt. It was all thanks to her newest friend.

Harry was asked to meet up with her the following night as well. He did so happily. He liked spending time with the beautiful blonde. When he went inside "their" room, he was stunned to see her in her schoolgirl outfit again.

"I need your 'elp 'Arry," she stated, handing him her camera. "The pictures that I took were not good enough. It is difficult to take quality pictures of yourself without any 'elp. Would you mind taking them for me?"

"Of course," Harry said, taking her camera in hand. "But why are you still sending in pictures? I thought that your family had enough money now," he asked for clarification.

"Not completely. We are in a much better position now thanks to you," she smiled at him, making him blush. "But we still 'ave a little debt, and we need money coming in until my Papa recovers. So for the time being, I will 'ave to keep sending pictures," she told him. "Besides, the money is good, and it is not like I am naked or anything," she happily added.

Harry figured that she was right. The photos were a bit scandalous, but they weren't nudes or anything. He decided to shut up and enjoy himself. She had just given him permission to photograph her near-naked body.

He watched as Fleur jumped on the bed and landed on all fours facing away from him. Her already short skirt hiked up and exposed her thong-clad ass. She looked at him and giggled, wiggling her ass at him. His face turned beet-red, but with shaky hands, he took the pictures. He watched through the viewfinder as she shook her perky ass at him. Her thong was so minuscule that it barely covered her tight puckered hole. Not only that, but her smooth, hairless pussy lips were already hanging out of the sides. His cock had never been so hard. Then she spread her knees apart and arched her back. He nearly nutted on himself from the sight alone. Her skirt slipped all the way up on her lower back and showed him everything. His eyes glided from her ass down to her smooth, shapely thighs. Remembering that he was supposed to be taking pictures, he started snapping.

Fleur flipped over and was now lying on her back. Her shirt was mostly unbuttoned and her braless breasts looked mouth-watering. He couldn't see her nipples, but he could see everything else. All it would take was one careless maneuver and they would burst free of the thin fabric. A boy could dream. She posed for him in various ways, sticking her chest out, or crossing her legs sexily. His eyes were glued to them as they crossed each other. She looked at him and smirked. She knew that she had fantastic legs. She decided to tease him a bit.

" 'Arry? Would you mind taking off my shoe and sock? They need pictures of my feet, mon ami," she giggled, wagging her foot. He nodded and placed the camera down. He got on his knee as

she sat at the edge of the bed. Slowly he unbuckled her shoe and slid it off her dainty foot. Then his hand shakily moved up her leg and gripped the edge of her knee-sock. He peeled it down, watching as more and more of her creamy leg was exposed. His cock was beginning to hurt. Her small foot was finally revealed. Fleur wiggled her tiny painted toes at him and rubbed it against him as he stood up. He blushed heavily as she placed it against his hard stomach. Harry let out a shuddered breath as her bare foot slipped underneath his shirt and glided up and down his stomach.

Fleur moaned sexily for him. "Do you like that, 'Arry?" she breathed out huskily. "Do you enjoy 'aving my sexy foot on you?" she asked, tickling his skin with her toes. Harry couldn't even talk. He was on the verge of cumming and couldn't concentrate on anything else. Fleur foot slowly dipped down and landed on his jeans covered crotch. She added pressure with her foot and wiggled her toes. "Will you cum for me 'Arry?" she breathed out, pulling the side of her unbuttoned shirt open and showing him her bare breast. As she did that, she rubbed the ball of her foot up and down on his hard cock.

He couldn't take it anymore. He shuddered and had his first orgasm from a real-life sexual experience. He felt globs of hot cum fill his boxers and slide down the inside of his thigh. He was mortified until he saw her smirking at him.

"That was just the beginning 'Arry. I am about to show you 'ow thankful I truly am," she breathed into his ear. He looked at her with wide eyes as she pushed him on the bed and started removing his cum-stained trousers. It turned out that following her was the best idea that he had ever had.