

Summary: To help raise money for those affected by the war, Harry decides to work with Witch Weekly and rent himself out to any interested witch for a one night, date night experience. Yet the hero of the Wizarding World is in for a rude awakening as he'll soon realize that the witches of Magical Britain are lusting for far more than just an innocent dinner and conversation.

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Frenching With A Flower

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There was a certain commodity to walking through a busy storefront and not being goggled at like a circus attraction. Every time it happened back home, whether in Diagon or Hogsmeade, Harry could always hear faint whispers of 'freak' in the back of his mind. They always sounded a bit too much like Vernon Dursley for his comfort.

Here in France, within their 'Allée du Pouvoir' most did not look twice at another wizard wandering the shops of magical Paris. He was still well known in France of course, hell even across the world, but it's amazing what a simple color changing charm on one's hair can accomplish.

Still it would not do to drop one's guard, especially in the magical florist shop he found himself in now. Harry shivered slightly at the sight of a small pot of Devil's Snare, memories of first year and a brief scrape with the sneaking vines creeping into the forefront of his mind.

"Monsieur Black? Eh- orduhr for Monsieur Black?" A heavily accented voice called out to the gaggle of customers within the shop. Harry quickly stepped up to the

counter and gave the older witch a small smile. She gave one in return and quickly passed him the bouquet of sparkling-fire lilies. An odd choice of flower, considering there were seen as major burn hazards but considering who he was going to see today, he had a feeling the flame-wreathed flowers would be a hit.

Casting a quick shield charm around the ever burning lilies, Harry stepped from the shop and made his way to the nearest apparition point. A quick twisting teleport later, and he now stood just outside the front gate of a small shell-washed cottage nestled between two sprawling vineyards. He could just make out the edges of a small village out in the distance, past the rolling hills of the french countryside.

Harry wasted no time in walking forward, pushing open the gate with a pulse of wandless magic and knocking on the light blue door of the cottage. The door was flung open quickly and Harry had to take a moment to fend off the thick allure that rushed out to greet him. Fleur Delacour was a breathtaking sight as always, but Harry swore the bombshell which seemed to have grown even more captivating over the last year if possible.

Shaking off the hypnotic veela aura, Harry gave bright smile. "Fleur! It's good so good to see you!" And it was.

The french woman had been a dear friend to him ever since the tournament, a friendship that had only grown when she joined to Order and moved to Britain. Even after her short-lived marriage to Bill had fizzled out, in no small part to Bill's 'wolf-blood' causing him to cheat on her ('More like the stupid git couldn't keep it in his pants' Harry thought scathingly.), the two had remained fast friends, often sharing many letters and the odd drink or two when she was in town.

Fleur responded with a dazzling smile of his own. "Vous aussi! It has been too long 'Arry!" Harry made to respond yet was cut off when the blonde swept him up in a tight embrace. Harry was momentarily stunned, the feeling of the woman's curvaceous body pressed into his own short circuiting his mind. When she pulled back, Fleur quickly placed two firm kisses on each of his cheeks, one coming dangerously close to his mouth.

"Ah- yeah! Way too long. Oh! And these are for you by the way!" He responded quickly, presenting the slightly smushed bouquet to her. Fleur smiled nonetheless and accepted the flame wreathed lilies.

"Merci! Quite the choice of flowers. Most people tend to avoid sparkling lilies as they can be a bit too... passionate for the average person no?" She remarked, her eyes darkening just a bit as her smile widened. "They are assez belle in my opinion however. 'Ow did you know they were my favorite?"

Harry rubbed the back of his neck bashfully. "Ah well- quite the obvious choice when you think about it. Beautiful and dangerous just like a certain someone..."

Fleur let out a tinkling laugh. "My my so flirtatious mon cher!" She giggled as she stepped aside and invited him in. "Perhaps 'Arry Potter is the scandalous womanizer that the tabloids say 'e is!"

Harry laughed as he stepped into the homey cottage and shrugged off his coat. "Or perhaps Fleur Delacour is the dangerous vixen who wishes to ensnare the oblivious boy-who-lived."

Fleur snorted as she led him into the living room. They were both mocking a particularly scathing article that came

out after they were spotted having a friendly lunch together. If you believed the tabloids however, they apparently weren't eating an innocent lunch but instead doing anything from sighting a marriage contract to hosting an orgy right then and there in public. Harry's personal favorite was the theory that Fleur was the latest addition to a growing harem that he needed for his nearly infinite pool of noble houses.

The less said about that the better.

"Let us agree that we are both equally incorrigible lustful people oui?" Fleur giggled. "Come sit, dinner shall be delivered shortly and I 'ave been dying to watch this new film with you!"

Harry smiled as he sat on the couch next to her. When she had contacted him the week before about buying a date slot, he had been a bit blindsided. But the way Fleur explained it, it was less wanting a date, and more of an excuse to donate to charity and guarantee a relaxing evening together as friends.

"So, as you english say, 'what is new?' 'As some scarlet vixen actually sunk 'er claws into you?" She said as she sauntered into the hallway. Harry faintly heard glass clinking together before a 'thunk!' of a bottle opening echoed out from the kitchen.

"Well there has been a few flings I suppose, but nothing serious." He stated as Fleur walked back into the room. The french witch hummed as she handed him a glass of wine, she gently raised a her own glass up to her lips and took a deep sip as she sat. With a delighted sigh, the blonde veela sank back into the plush couch, throwing her legs uncaringly over his own lap as she did so.

“Shame, if I were one of those flings I may ‘ave sank my claws into you quite permanently.” Fleur smirked.

Harry rolled his eyes, letting her harmless flirting roll off his back. Many would kill for a chance for a veela to flirt and whisper passionate words into their ears, but Harry knew it was simply just one aspect of Fleur’s personality. It was nothing harmful, just gentle teasing between friends.

“Bollocks, maybe I should try harder to get into your pants then.” Harry teased back. Fleur laughed as she took another sip of her wine.

Before the conversation could flow further, a knock at the door alerted them of the arrival of dinner. Fleur gracefully stood and sauntered over to the door. Harry couldn’t help his wandering eyes from latching onto her breathtaking ass as it swayed sensually with every step. How Bill could ever throw THAT away, Harry would never know.

Harry heard the poor bloke on the other side of the door practically start whimpering when greeted with Fleur’s beauty, he had to hold back a snort as the blonde witch tried her best to snap the delivery guy out of it and give her their food. Eventually, she proved successful and closed the door just as the enraptured bloke tried to squeak out an invitation for dinner.

“Sounds like I got competition.” Harry smirked as she returned.

Fleur rolled her eyes and began to lay out the food. “Oui, sorry ‘Arry but unfortunately famous war ‘ero does not stack up against food deliverer.” She raised her hand to her face in an exaggerated swoon, adding a love struck sigh for emphasis.

Harry shook his head in exasperation before chuckling along with the witch's antics. Soon they settled into a comfortable silence as Fleur once more settled into the couch and flicked on the film she mentioned earlier. Thankfully it was in English as Harry's French was still woefully horrible. Their food was devoured quickly enough and the containers vanished. Every now and then one of them would make a comment that the other would laugh at, but for the most part they simply enjoyed the movie. Well for the most part.

Harry hadn't noticed it at first, but ever so slowly over the last hour, Fleur had inched her way closer and closer to his side of the couch until she was now practically pressed into his side. He tried his best to force his thoughts away from the intense heat of her body, or the feel of her breasts pushing up against his bicep, or even the way her breath would tickle the side of his neck with every small flutter of her lungs.

When she moved away suddenly, Harry sighed in relief. Yet his relief was quickly dashed when the buxom blonde suddenly nestled her head into his lap as she laid back across the couch. He held his breath, fighting back the building erection as much as he could. It didn't help that Fleur had taken to idly stroking the inside of his thigh.

He counted to ten once, twice, three times trying desperately to fight it off, but his hormones eventually won the one-sided fight. Slowly, his cock hardened within his trousers and Harry could only pray to every god he knew that Fleur wouldn't notice. It seemed his prayers were answered as the blonde witch made no sign of having noticed the new pole within his pants, simply continuing to watch the film and rub circles into his thigh.

A small hiss escaped his lips when her hand brushed against his sensitive tip through the thick material of his jeans. Fleur made no reaction to having just rubbed against his cock but he nearly gave it away when she did so again, and again, and- there was no way she didn't notice as the french bombshell was now literally palming his cock through his jeans, rubbing it with long firm strokes.

Harry couldn't fight back the moan this time and he nearly jumped out of his skin at the accompanying giggle. "Mon dieu! Someone's excited~"

"F-Fleur I-" He was silenced by a finger pressed against his lips.

"Non mon cher, do not apologize. I find it quite flattering. In fact... I believe I would not be a good date if I didn't give you- how you say- a 'appy ending no?" With each word, Fleur had slowly pulled his zipper down inch by inch until she had easy access to his tented boxers. Harry sucked in a breath when she snaked her hand under his waistband and tugged downwards. His cock sprang free a moment later, and the french witch gasped out at the sight of it.

"Morgane, c'est tellement grand!" Fleur exclaimed.

Harry groaned as she suddenly wrapped her petite hand around his shaft, giving it a few test tugs before she began to lazily pump him.

"Mmm~ You know 'Arry I think I was wrong all those years ago." Fleur dipped down until her breath tickled the fleshy tip of his cock, her cerulean blue eyes boring into him from below. "You are no 'leettle boy' after all~"

Without another word, Fleur dove down and wrapped her plump lips around his cock head. Harry hissed as her tongue

flicked across the tip, lathering his glans with teasing licks. He brought his hand up to thread through her silvery locks, the blonde taking this as a good sign as she descended further down in length.

“Fuck!” Harry gasped, his hand clenching tightly in her hair.

Fleur moaned at the small tug, the sound muffled by the cock in her mouth as she began to bob her head furiously up and down his member. One of her soft hands came up to grasp him at the hilt, pumping him in time with her sucks.

Harry found his own hand wandering, moving from her hair and trailing down her spine. When he reached the swell of her hips, Harry hesitated only a moment before diving down all the way and roughly grabbing a handful of her round ass. Fleur whimpered around his cock, working her mouth faster as Harry began to knead the soft flesh of her bum.

“Fleur I’m- ah fuck! I’m gonna cum!” Harry gasped. One moment, the french bombshell was furiously bobbing her head upon his cock, and the next she was suddenly straddling his waist as she shucked off her clothes.

Harry couldn’t help but stare as her giant breast burst free from her brazier, the two globes of flesh defied gravity itself as her nipples crinkled and hardened before his eyes.

“I would say ‘my eyes are up ‘ere’ but I quite like it when you stare at my tits ‘Arry.” Fleur purred into his ear. She accentuated her words with a quick roll of her hips, grinding her fat ass into his painfully hard cock.

Harry groaned as her wet slit rubbed against his length. Fleur took this as her chance to dive forward and capture his

mouth with her own, sucking harshly on his bottom lip before pushing her tongue inside. Not wanting to be outdone, Harry responded in kind, throwing caution to the wind and wrestling her tongue with his own. For good measure, he quickly reached up and began pawing at her breasts, reveling in the feel of the two soft globes.

If he were in a more rational state of mind, Harry would admit that perhaps sleeping with a good friend like Fleur was not the best idea. Such a change in their relationship could prove disastrous in many circumstances but at that moment in time, with her slick cunt rubbing against his cock and his hands firmly on her tits, such rational thoughts were flung firmly out the proverbial window.

As he fought against Fleur's wicked tongue, Harry deftly finished toeing off his trousers. Fleur hummed against his lips and pulled back with a devilish smirk. Without a word, the blonde vixen reached down and tightly grasped his manhood, slowly teasing her own folds with its tip.

"It 'as been a little while since I've been with someone, and even then never with someone as big as you 'Arry. So please... baise-moi~" Fleur whispered in his ear before quite literally slamming herself down and spearing her cunt upon his cock.

His groan of pleasure was drowned out by the scream of ecstasy from Fleur's own lips. The voluptuous witch immediately set a frantic pace, pounding her round ass down upon him as she cursed out in rapid french. Harry could do nothing but watch, tantalized at the way her breasts jiggled and bounced with each rock of her hips. His own hips thrust upwards into her velvety snatch, producing loud slaps of flesh on flesh.

Harry leaned forward and captured one of her jiggling tits with his mouth, immediately biting down lightly on her hardened nub. By the way Fleur cooed into his ear, she approved of the action, her own hand digging into his skull and pressing his mouth deeper into her chest. Harry complied, sucking and nipping at the glorious flesh. One particularly hard bite caused Fleur to still on top of him, her mouth agape in a shocked 'O' before her legs started to trembling and a deep moan spewed forth from her lips. Harry grunted when he felt her pussy walls tighten intensely around him, the fluttering of her womanhood giving away the fact that the veela just came, hard.

Fleur fell forward into his chest, her hips still spasming every now and then. He groaned as the position change caused his cock to dig into her cunt just a little deeper, and Harry had to roughly grab ahold of her ass for support. Gently, Fleur began to rock her hips, grinding his cock inside her pussy. Small gasps and mewls dripped from her mouth, her hot breath spreading goosebumps across his skin. Yet Harry barely noticed, as he instead tightened his grip on her shapely rear and let out a grunt as he came inside the veela's velvety pussy.

Two, three, four spurts of cum painted Fleur's inner walls with his molten hot seed. The blonde cooed into his ear as he emptied himself inside of her, gasping out her approval in a slew of french. With the last drop of cum safely deposited within her quim, Harry slumped back against the couch with a sigh.

"That was- fuck!" Harry gasped

Fleur giggled and placed a chaste kiss against his lips. "Oui, fuck~ But we are not done yet mon amor."

Harry laughed and kissed her back. "Definitely, I might need a minute though."

Instead of looking disappointed like he expected, Fleur instead rolled her eyes and sat up. Harry groaned as she suddenly pulled off him and drop to her knees between his legs. He watched intrigued as she gently kissed the tip of his spent length, a pink flash of light bursting out from her lips. Immediately, Harry felt an intense surge of arousal shoot up his spine, and his softening cock sprang up at full mast in moments.

"Veela magic 'as its uses non?" Fleur giggled at his shocked expression. She leaned forward and took him within her mouth once more, the blonde's own moan matching his at the sensation as she worked diligently to clean their combined juices off his cock.

Harry gasped when she slammed her face all the way down his length and into her throat. The french witch made no protest or even gag at the intrusion, something Harry guessed was thanks to her heritage. Yet as good as fucking Fleur Delacour's throat was, he already tasted the real prize and now he wanted more.

Harry pushed the blonde back and surged forward, essentially tackling her to the ground. The sexy witch gasped out a loud 'Oui!' as he pounded on top of her. In one swift movement, he grasped the back of her thighs and pushed them forward, slamming her shapely legs into her chest and exposing her wet cunt, slink with his cum, to him.

Harry didn't know if it was his own arousal or her veela magic making him feel this way, all he knew was at that moment, he wanted to dominate the sexy slut.

With a growl Harry pressed his cock forward and slammed into her needy snatch. Instantly he set a hard and fast pace, using the back of her thighs as handholds and pressing them down with all his weight. Fleur wailed in pleasure as he violently took her, her pussy quivering with each thrust and soaking their groins in her juices.

“Plus fort, s'il te plaît!” She cried. Harry didn't know what she said but chose to pound into her with more force regardless.

That seemed to be the right move as Fleur suddenly arched her back and cried out. Her pussy spluttered around his cock as she came, but Harry was unyielding. Wet squelches filled the air as Harry fucker her sloppy pussy right through her orgasm. Fleur's cries crescendoed again just moments after her first one, and her cunt squirted out a thick stream of her juices as she came even harder.

Harry's own orgasm was building. Reaching forward, he sharply slapped the moaning witch across her cheek once before grasping her throat roughly. Fleur squeaked at the rough handling, her womanhood quivering all the more.

With a loud roar, Harry exploded inside of her cunt. Cum flooded her depths once more, yet still he drove his cock in and out of her tight pussy. Fleur whimpered as he did so, her mind awash in pleasure and passion at the action. Some primal part of her cooed at the treatment, pleased that she was finally receiving the sexual intensity her body longed for.

This part of her mind practically screamed in approval as Harry pulled out of her cunt and forcefull rolled her over on her hands and knees. Her shaking legs had some trouble holding up her own weight, but soon she grew uncaring of

her physical plight as Harry pushed into her once more. She moaned as he took a fistful of her hair and began to pound her shapely ass like a man possessed. Her head was forced back as he tugged harshly on her blonde locks, the rough treatment forcing her cunt to tighten around his length even harder.

Before long she found herself wailing in climax once more, her mind having long lost count of the amount of times she was driven over the edge. That primal part of her was practically singing in ecstasy now. While she was no whore, Fleur had her fair share of lovers in the past. While some had been more enjoyable than others, none had ever truly satisfied her knees. Bill had been the closest but even he had been... lacking in one aspect or another.

Now though, it seemed the very one she was looking for had been practically right next to her the entire time. She would dwell on what this meant later, as her mind was growing too hazy from pleasure to contemplate it. Her body tensed as another orgasm was driven from her cunt, pleasure like lightning coursing through her body and constricting her muscles. By the way Harry's hips were growing ragged and his body pressed against hers, he was growing close as well.

Pushing back against him, Fleur forced his cock free of her folds. She spun around quickly and practically pounced onto his cock, her mouth immediately encompassing the hard length. Her tongue lashed frantically as her mouth bobbed up and down his cock. She felt it before it happened, the way his shaft swelled within her mouth, and his tip swell before hot cum suddenly splashed against her cum.

Fleur moaned at the taste, she sucked harder, taking extra steps to ensure that the slurping noises coming from

her mouth sounded even more slutty and lewd. From the way Harry groaned and pressed her head deeper into his waist, he approved.

With one last harsh suck upon his tip, she pulled free from his cock and tilted her head back, opening her mouth wide to show off the large pool of cum on her tongue. She made a show of closing her mouth and swallowing the white liquid, a show Harry certainly enjoyed as his cock rehardened once more. Fleur squealed in delight as Harry quickly stood and threw her over his shoulder, his hand coming up to harshly slap against her ass as he walked her to the bedroom.

Oh yes, she definitely should have fucked him all those years ago.

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Author's Note

Fleur joins the party. Hope it was worth the wait, up next we have the Carrow Twins!

Thanks for reading!