

Chapter 3

The next week seemed to fly by as classes picked up and the foreign students settled into the school. From the time Fleur entered the castle in the morning, to the time she left for the carriage at night, she and Harry spent as much time together as they could.

There were several things Fleur disliked about being at Hogwarts. As October marched on, the castle became cold and drafty to the point that she needed to cast Warming Charms on herself just to get through class without shivering. Some of the students, mostly Slytherins, were horribly bigoted against anything that wasn't a Pureblood. Fleur had caught them referring to her as a 'whore,' and a 'creature' more than once, though none had yet dared to say that to her face. To make matters even worse, their Head of House, Professor Snape, was just as bigoted and biased as they were. She and the other Beauxbatons students avoided the man outside of class as much as they could.

And yet, despite all that, Fleur was growing to like being at Hogwarts for one very good reason, Harry Potter. Ever since the night he saved her and her sister, she'd felt a spark between them. Throughout the rest of the summer, she found her thoughts turning to him more and more, his bright green eyes and crooked smile invading her dreams in the most pleasant way.

Fleur had never been as excited or nervous to see a boy again as she was on the way to Hogwarts. Her stomach had felt full of fluttering butterflies as she stepped off the carriage and spotted him in the crowd. She almost hadn't been able to stop herself from running over and leaping into his arms the moment he smiled at her. It was then she knew that what she felt was no silly crush like her little sister.

There was an instant chemistry between them that she couldn't explain, leaving her feeling like a moth drawn to a flame. Being a Veela, Fleur had plenty of experience with the worst of men. She'd seen far too many lose control to the Allure and either act like puppets or become ravenous beasts. That had made her cautious around men, and picky about who she dated, but she couldn't help but feel safe around Harry. He was just so kind, and earnest, and handsome, that she could hardly keep her hands off of him.

Over the last week, she'd teased him horribly, testing to see just how far she could push before he began to lose control. Yet not once, not even for a moment, had his eyes taken on that glazed look she'd seen on so many others. Despite the guilt she felt at leaving him so horribly aroused, it didn't stop the warmth blossoming in her chest when he looked at her with a clear, desirous gaze.

The night before, as Fleur lay in bed, her fingers relieving the tension that had built up in her own core from feeling his hard length pressed against her thigh as they kissed, she made her decision. It was time to make Harry hers.

As she sat at the Gryffindor table for breakfast, waiting for Harry to arrive, she looked over at the pretty brunette with her nose buried in a book thoughtfully. Hermione had been her biggest concern since arriving at Hogwarts. She and Harry showed a familiarity and an affection for one another that she couldn't help but feel jealous of from time to time. As she watched them, however, she realized that their relationship was closer to that of brother and sister than anything else. Hermione had never shown any feelings of jealousy or animosity towards her for the way she acted around him, which was quite the relief.

The last thing Fleur wanted was to drive Harry's friend away but, thankfully, Hermione was becoming a friend, if anything. What did concern her was Harry's other friend, Ron. Glancing over at him, she caught him once again staring at her chest with glazed eyes while shoveling food into his mouth thoughtlessly. Shivering, she turned away and focused back on her plate. While she hated the way he looked at her, that wasn't the problem. No, it was the jealous, nasty look he gave Harry any time she leaned on him, kissed his cheek, or held his hand. Fleur had seen boys fight over her before, even when she showed no interest in either, and she feared that would happen with Ron.

Fleur was drawn out of her thoughts when felt someone standing over her. Smiling, she looked over but, instead of the green eyes and crooked, caring smile she expected, she found an unfamiliar boy leering at her with a smirk. Immediately, Fleur stiffened and leaned away from him while tamping down on her Allure. As her hand dropped to her wand holster as a precaution, she noticed the two other boys with him. Across the table, Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine all looked up as well.

"Hello beautiful," the boy in front said, sweeping his light brown hair back and flashing her a smile.

“Can I ‘elp you?” Fleur asked in a disinterested tone.

“Actually, we’re here to help you,” he said, causing the two boys behind him to snicker and leer. “I’m Cormac, and these are my friends Josh, and Brian. We just wanted to offer our service to... take care of you while you’re at Hogwarts.”

Fleur glared as the boys grinned lecherously.

“Excusez moi?” she asked, her anger causing her to slip back into French.

Still grinning, Cormac leaned close, and Fleur clutched the hilt of her wand.

“Everyone knows Veela need a good shag at least once a day or they go mad,” he said, raking his eyes over her body in a way that made her skin crawl.

Fleur’s eyebrows rocketed into her hairline as she stared at the boy incredulously. Blinking at him, nonplussed, she turned to look back at her friends. Hermione’s jaw had dropped open, and Nadine looked at them like they had two heads. Aurora shared a look with Fleur before busting out laughing, startling Hermione who shook her head as if to clear it.

“Where on earth did you hear *that*?” Hermione asked.

“You’re not the only one that reads, Granger,” Cormac said before turning back to Fleur with a smirk. “Come on, Fleur. I guarantee we can give it to you better than Potter is.”

Any mirth Fleur might have been feeling at their stupidity vanished at the dismissive way Cormac said Harry’s name. Before she knew what she was doing, her wand was out and aimed directly at his crotch.

“Leave,” she growled.

Staring at her wand nervously, Cormac and his friends backed away. He gave her a sneer before the three of them turned away and left. Huffing, Fleur put her wand away and spun back around in her seat.

“Ugh, I can’t believe him,” Hermione said in disgust before looking at her in concern. “Are you alright, Fleur?”

“I’m fine,” Fleur assured her. “I ‘ave dealt wiz worse.”

“I want to know where he read that Veela need sex,” Aurora wondered aloud. “I mean, we go to an all-girls school, who does he think we’re sleeping with?”

“Britain has always been bigoted against non-humans,” Nadine told her, shaking her head.

Hermione bit her lip and looked down guiltily.

“We don’t blame you, Hermione,” Nadine said with a smile, bumping her shoulder.

Looking up, Hermione smiled back.

“Do you want to go check out the library after breakfast and see if we can find that book?” she asked.

“Sure,” Nadine said while Aurora nodded.

“Morning,”

Fleur looked up and smiled softly as Harry took his customary seat next to her. As he turned to smile back, she leaned forward on impulse and kissed him on the lips. It was the first time she'd kissed him like this in public, and Harry froze in surprise for just a moment before kissing her back. Hearing Aurora giggle, she pulled back and smiled at his surprised face. Fleur took his hand in hers and leaned against his side. Across from her, Hermione smiled at them. Despite what she'd suspected, she was still relieved there was no jealousy to be seen on her face.

The same couldn't be said for Ron. Out of the corner of her eye, Fleur saw the redhead frown, then looked down quickly when Harry looked at him.

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"Despite their resemblance to humans, Veela are driven by their base, animal needs. Veela require sex in order to keep their sanity and will stop at nothing to get it. They have no respect for the sanctity of marriage, often stealing husbands away from their wives for months or years at a time, only releasing them when they grow bored. It is for this reason that all Veela in Britain should be immediately bound to a well-respected wizard able to properly control them. Ugh!" Hermione grunted, pushing the book away with a grimace.

"This is disgusting. The Wizengamot just used this book so they could keep enslaving Veela. No wonder they all fled," she added.

Harry shook his head and looked at Fleur, who had remained snuggled up against his side since breakfast. Right now, her presence was the only thing keeping him from hunting down Cormac and Hexing him into next week. They were currently sitting in the library, looking through a pile of books about Veela, all of which contained misleading or outright false information. The only person who wasn't with the was Ron, who had begged off to go play Gobstones the Seamus and Dean.

"It's partly our own fault," Aurora told Hermione as she glared at the book like it had personally offended her.

"What? How?" she asked.

“For thousands of years, Veela covens in Europe used to go from village to village, ensnaring rich and powerful men with their Allure. They used them to take land and protect them if they were attacked. It wasn’t until the formation of the ICW that Veela were given a place among witches and wizards, that they finally stopped. We were given Enclaves in several countries, but some still hold a grudge,” Aurora said.

“That still doesn’t give Cormac the right to say what he did,” Harry growled.

Smiling at him affectionately, Fleur kissed him on the cheek before resting her head back on his shoulder with a contented sigh.

“No, it doesn’t,” Aurora agreed. “I’m just saying that Veela aren’t completely innocent.”

“Aurora,” Hermione said tentatively. “I don’t mean any offense, but why don’t boys act as crazy around you as they do Fleur?”

“Fleur’s a lot more powerful than I am. Plus, she has the accent that boys love. Right, ‘Arry?” she asked with a smirk.

The girls giggled while Harry rolled his eyes. Just because it was true, didn’t mean he had to admit it.

“What are you reading, Nadine?” Fleur asked.

The read head, who was engrossed in her book, gave a start at hearing her name. Blushing, she slammed her book closed.

“Nothing,” she said in a strangled voice.

Fleur lifted her eyebrow but didn't push her on it. As Nadine relaxed slightly, the book was ripped from her hands. Aurora grinned as she caught the book, put away her wand, and opened it. Nadine blushed even more brightly; her eyes wide as Aurora flipped through the pages. The further she got through the book, the higher her eyebrows rose on her forehead. Curious, Hermione leaned over to have a look.

"Oh my," she gasped.

Hermione's face turned red as she sat back in her seat and covered her mouth with her hand.

"Care to explain, Nadine?" Aurora asked, smirking as she turned the book around.

On one of the pages, Harry saw a drawing of a naked couple, the witch sitting on the wizard's lap as they hugged each other. To make matters worse, the drawing was enchanted to move and clearly showed the couple rutting. Harry felt his face heat up as Aurora turned the page. There was a new animated drawing, this time of a witch hanging from her bound hands while her legs were wrapped around a wizard.

"Mmh, maybe we should try zat," Fleur whispered.

Harry's face burned as he tore his eyes away from the book as he felt himself harden. Chuckling, Fleur kissed his cheek and caressed the inside of his forearm. As one, they all turned to look at a red-faced Nadine.

"I thought it was a book on spells!" she insisted.

"The Magick of Sex," Aurora read, looking at the title on the spine.

"I-" Nadine sputtered, then dropped her face into her hands with a groan.

Aurora began giggling, followed by Nadine and everyone else. When Madam Pince shushed them, they put their books away and decided to leave. With a smirk at Harry, Fleur grabbed 'The Magick of Sex' and checked it out. Madam Pince looked at her suspiciously but handed it to her and shoed them out of the library. Harry felt his heart race as Fleur looked at him with smoldering eyes, laced her fingers through his, and led him back out into the hall.

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Harry and the girls spent the rest of the day wandering and lounging around the castle. He really wished there was some sort of open common room where they could all go to and, the more he thought about it, the sillier it seemed that there was no place for friends from differing houses to go to relax together.

Eventually, they found an abandoned classroom on the second floor, near the Transfigurations courtyard, that they could sit in. Hermione eventually talk them into getting some schoolwork done, so Fleur, Aurora, and Nadine went to the carriage to retrieve their books before returning to the classroom. Harry smiled at Hermione when she began to bombard Aurora with questions about the seventh-year classes she was taking, not that the other girl seemed to mind.

Fleur transfigured a desk into a massive, round blue pillow and pulled Harry down onto it. Smiling, she leaned against him for support as they both opened their books and began to read. Harry tried to do the same, but he often found himself distracted by the warmth of her body and the smell of her perfume. More than once, he found himself just staring at her face, taking in her incredible beauty while she filled through the pages of her Charms book. He blushed when Fleur caught him, but she simply smiled softly and kissed him on the cheek before snuggling closer.

Neither of them noticed the knowing smiles Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine shared when they glanced at the pair.

After a while, they all spilt up to put their things away before meeting back up at the Great Hall for dinner. When Fleur came back, she practically floated over to the Gryffindor table with a beaming smile on her face and drawing the attention of everyone she passed.

"I 'ave good news," she said, sitting down next to Harry. "I spoke wiz Madam Maxime and she said I can show you ze carriage."

"Really?" Harry asked.

He had to admit he was quite curious about what the inside looked like.

"Oui," Fleur said, smiling excitedly as she turned to Hermione. "You can come as well, 'Ermione."

Nearby, Ron perked up and looked at her hopefully.

"You can come as well," Fleur told him.

Although Ron grinned excitedly, Harry could hear the lack of enthusiasm in her voice. He knew she didn't like the way Ron stared at her and, to be perfectly honest, he didn't either, but he was glad she invited him. Reaching under the table, he tried to squeeze her hand. Unfortunately, she moved it at the last second, and Harry ended up with his hand on her thigh instead. Fleur turned to look at him with a raised brow as Harry blushed in embarrassment and pulled his hand back. Just as he opened his mouth to apologize, she grabbed his hand and put it back on her warm thigh with a challenging smirk.

Closing his mouth with a *click*, Harry turned back to focus on his dinner, his hand still resting on her leg. Fleur went back to her conversation with Hermione and Nadine while he had trouble thinking about anything other than where his hand was. It took him a few minutes, but he eventually relaxed and began drawing abstract patterns through her thin, silky robe. Fleur glanced at him out of the corner of her eye was a small smile, but otherwise acted like nothing was happening.

Eventually, they all finished eating and made their way out of the hall.

"I can't believe we get to see the Beauxbatons carriage," Ron said loudly as they passed Dean, Seamus, and a few of their other housemates, causing them to look up jealously.

"Ronald, stop bragging," Hermione hissed.

Fleur rolled her eyes as Ron's ears went bright red. Harry was just glad his two oldest friends didn't start arguing as they all made their way across the grounds. Fleur shivered in the chilly night air, so he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and rubbed her arm. Smiling, she leaned against him slightly as they made the trek to the carriage.

Ahead of them, Aurora reached the front door and threw it open with an exaggerated gesture. He heard Hermione and Ron gasp as they walked in. A moment later, he did the same as he stepped into the carriage. The inside was massive. At least three stories high, there was a huge, crystal chandelier hanging overhead that refracted the light coming in from the tall windows surrounding the Entrance Hall. Looking at the windows, he noticed they showed not the Hogwarts grounds, but a grassy field with a white, sandy beach not too far away that led to a sprawling, crystal clear lake.

The Entrance Hall led to a grand staircase with a hallway on either side. The staircase went up one floor, before splitting into two that went up yet another floor in the opposite direction. Everything inside the carriage was made of white, sparking granite just like the picture of Beauxbatons Fleur had sent him. Even after three in the magical world, it was still mind-boggling to see something so big in a carriage so small.

Harry was drawn out of his thought when Fleur giggled next to him. Smiling, he took his hand and pulled him up the stairs, followed closely by the others.

"This is incredible," Hermione breathed, her head swiveling as she tried to look everywhere at once.

"It's not exactly the same, but zis is what Beauxbatons look like," Fleur said.

"It's beautiful," Hermione replied as they reached the second floor.

"Ze library is to ze left, and ze common room is to ze right," Fleur explained.

"Hey, I can see people," Ron said, staring out a window.

Harry and Hermione walked over to take a look and saw that there were a number of girls walking around the grass-covered field.

"Ze windows are enchanted to show what is happening back a Beauxbatons," Fleur told them, a hint of smugness in her voice.

"Can they see us?" Ron asked, then waved wildly before he got an answer.

"Non," Fleur said with a giggle. "Come, I'll show you ze zhird floor."

"Can we look at the library?" Hermione, rather predictably, asked.

"I show you in a little bit," Aurora said with a smile. "I'll warn you now, it's not as big as the one at Hogwarts."

"That's alright," Hermione said as they climbed the right-hand staircase to the third floor.

"Zis is where ze bedrooms are," Fleur pointed out, gesturing to the doors that dotted the walls of the top floor. "Everyone 'as one roommate wiz a bathroom zhat is shared between two rooms."

Pulling on Harry's hand, she led him over to one of the doors and pushed it open. Inside, there were two four poster beds with two light blue hangings, one a gauzy material and the other solid for privacy. Next to each bed was a wardrobe, a vanity, and a small desk.

"Zis is ze room I share wiz Aurora," Fleur said. "Nadine and 'er roommate, Julia, are in ze room next door. What do you zhink?"

"It's great," Harry said, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"I wish our rooms were like this," Hermione said, gazing around the room. "Is this what they're like at Beauxbatons?"

"No," Nadine said, sitting down on one of the beds. "At Beauxbatons there are four girls to a room unless you're a prefect."

"Do you have houses like Hogwarts?" Hermione asked curiously.

"No, we're separated by year," Aurora answered. "We pick who we want to share a room with, and we all share one large dorm that takes up a whole wing of the school."

"But how do you play Quidditch with houses?" Ron asked.

"Quidditch isn't very big at Beauxbatons," Fleur told him. "We choose two captains who pick teams, but zhere are only a few games a year and zhey are not taken seriously."

Despite his love of the game, even Harry had to chuckle at the horrified look on Ron's face.

"But-but it's Quidditch!" Ron exclaimed.

Hermione rolled her eyes while the other girls giggled at him.

“Do you want to go look at the library now?” Aurora asked.

“Yes,” Hermione answered, her brown eye lighting up brightly.

As they began to leave, Fleur grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him to a stop.

“You go ahead,” she told them.

Aurora and Nadine gave them knowing grins that made Harry flush before leaving the room. Hermione smiled at him a bit awkwardly while Ron frowned but left without a word.

As soon as the door closed, Fleur flicked her wand to lock and silence the door. Harry swallowed thickly, his pulse racing and his stomach churning nervously as he turned to look at her. With a sultry smirk, Fleur placed her hands on his chest before sliding them up to wrap her arms around his neck. Harry rested his hands on her wide hips as their faces slowly drifted closer. Breathing in deeply through her nose when their lips met, she didn’t hesitate to pull him into a passionate, open-mouthed kiss.

Fingers threading through his hair, Fleur moaned into his mouth as she pressed her body against his, her large, full breasts flattening slightly against his chest. Feeling daring, Harry let his hand slide down to her bum where he lightly cupped her firm globes. Fleur moaned again and rocked her hips, grinding her thigh against his rapidly hardening erection.

Pulling back, she stared at him with a darkened gaze that made him shiver in excitement.

“Arry,” she breathed. “I want you.”

Leaning forward, she kissed him briefly before capturing his bottom lips between her teeth and pulling back until it slipped free. Turning him slightly, she put her hand on his chest and pushed him back until his knees hit the mattress of her bed, causing him to fall onto it. Smirking, she straddled him on her knees, whipped her hair over her shoulder, and claimed his lips once more.

Harry groaned into her mouth, his hands running up and down her back as their tongues danced. A few moments later, Fleur broke the kiss and stood up again. Staring into his eyes with a smile, she reached up and undid the clasp at the front of her robe. The flap on the front fell forward, revealing her pale chest and a teasing glimpse of her alluring cleavage. Grabbing the neck with one hand, she slowly, teasingly, lifted her shoulder until the robe fell down her arm. Repeating that same movement on the other side, Fleur held her robe up in front of her chest for a long second before letting it fall free. Harry swallowed hard as his eyes dropped to her breasts, the large, pale orbs held tightly in a lacey white bra.

Pulling her arms out of the sleeves, the robe fell further, revealing her tight stomach and thin waist before getting caught on her wide hips. Slipping her hands inside the robe, Fleur slowly rocked her hips from side to side while pushing down. Eventually, the robe fell freely to the floor. Harry's eyes followed its progress, taking in every inch of her wide hips and long, toned legs.

He was broken out of his staring when Fleur grabbed his hands and pulled him to his feet.

"You're wearing too much," she said huskily while pushing his robe off his shoulders.

Grabbing his tie, she pulled him forward into a kiss before loosening the knot and pulling it from around his neck. Harry's hands landed on the warm, smooth skin of her bare waist as she began working on the buttons of his shirt. While she worked on removing his clothes, he became engrossed in running his hands over her exposed skin, caressing it with a light touch. When his fingers trailed over her abs, he felt them twitch slightly while Fleur moaned into his mouth.

It didn't take long for Fleur to divest him of his shirt and run her hands over his muscular chest. Harry hissed pleurably when she lightly raked her nails down his front, leaving light pink lines over his pale skin until her hands reached his belt. As she began unbuckling it, he reached up

and toyed with the clasp of her bra. When she didn't stop him, he popped it open and rested his palm along the bare expanse of her back.

Breaking their kiss, Fleur smiled and let her bra fall to the growing pile of clothes around their feet. While Harry stared, enraptured, at her amazing breasts, she finished opening his pants. They drooped slightly but got caught on the large bulge in the front.

"You're so beautiful, Fleur," Harry whispered, unable to stop looking at her incredible body.

"And you are very handsome, Harry," Fleur whispered back.

Kissing him briefly, she smiled sultrily before slowly dropping to her knees. Harry's breath caught in his throat when he saw her face just inches from his straining erection and her hand reaching for his pants.

"I want to see all of you, mon ange," she said.

Tugging his pants, she pulled them, along with his pants, down to his knees. Harry length burst free and sprang up like it was eagerly begging for attention. Fleur's eyes were locked on his bobbing shaft as she pushed his pants down to his feet so he could step out of them. A gasp left his lips when she suddenly reached out and wrapped her hand around his shaft.

"You are so big and hard for me, mon cheri," Fleur whispered, looking up at him lustfully as she stroked him lightly.

With her eyes gazing into his, she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the first couple inches of his towering length. Gasping, Harry bucked his hips slightly, overwhelmed by the wonderful feeling of her hot, damp mouth enveloping his head. The pleasant tingling he felt from her saliva left an indescribably feeling along his length. Her tongue swirled around him, sending a shuddering up his spine as he stared down into her sparkling blue eyes. With a light suck, she pulled off of him.

“Holy shit,” Harry murmured.

Giggling, Fleur flicked her tongue over the bottom of his throbbing head and then placed a light kiss right on the tip.

“You are so big, ‘Arry,” Fleur said huskily. “I ‘ave been zhinking about zhis all day.”

Harry panted lightly, his mind reeling at the thought of Fleur spending all day waiting to get her hands on his cock. Leaning forward, she kissed the tip one more time before enveloping him in her mouth once more. Closing his eyes with a groan, he ran his fingers through her hair as she pushed him deeper into the moist, hot cavern of her mouth.

When she reached nearly two-thirds of the way down his shaft, his head hit the back of her mouth. Harry marveled at the sight of her pouty lips stretched wide around his girth, shivering as she dragged them back up to his head. Fleur quickly picked up her pace, bobbing up and down on him as her tongue lapped at every inch of his long shaft. Sucking hard, she pulled all the way off of his throbbing length before standing up in front of him.

Slipping her hand under the waistband of her panties, she pushed them down her legs and stepped out of them.

“I need you,” she breathed.

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him onto the bed. Fleur pushed him down on his back before straddling his waist. Harry lengths ended up trapped between his stomach and her bald slit, her taut lips hugging his shaft as she rolled her hips lightly.

“Merlin, Fleur,” Harry gasped.

Reaching up, he cupped her breasts and ran his thumbs over her hard, pink nipples. Fleur moaned, arching her back and grinding down on him harder as she rocked her hips.

“Is this what you imagined when you thought of me?” she asked, panting lightly while she continued to grind on him.

“Nothing I imagined is as good as this,” Harry said.

Fleur smiled brightly down at him and then bent down to kiss him. Giving her pillowy breasts one last squeeze, Harry trailed his hands down her sides to her bum. Grabbing her cheeks firmly, he pulled her down against him hard while bucking his hips up. Fleur ripped her lips away from his to let out a loud gasp. A shiver ran through her body as his steely length ground against her clit, her hips rocking sharply as she stared at him with a darkened gaze.

Putting her hands on his chest, Fleur sat up and shifted her hips until his engorged head rested against her burning, dripping folds. Their eyes locked, she slowly pushed back and sank onto his length. Harry gasped as he entered her. Despite having experience with Katie Bell and Susan Bones, Fleur’s depths were hotter and tighter than anything he’d ever felt before. The pleasurable tingling from her mouth was nothing compared to the feeling of being inside of her. It felt as if his cock was being dipped in sheer liquid pleasure as her silky walls hugged him.

“Fuck. Fleur, you feel so good,” Harry panted.

“So do you, mon ange,” Fleur moaned. “I feel you stretching me.”

Settling her weight down on him, Fleur paused for a moment before rocking her hips. That rocking quickly turned into a light bouncing as she moaned sensuously. Harry cupped one of her bouncing breasts while the other caressed her thigh, feeling her muscles flex under his hand.

“Arry,” she moaned.

Nails digging into his chest, she rose up higher and began slamming herself down onto him. He could feel his head forcing her impossibly tight depths open each time he plunged into her. With the amazing heat surrounding him, he didn’t know how long he could last. Being inside of

Fleur was the most amazing thing he'd ever experienced. Trailing his hand up her thigh, he pressed his thumb against her clit and began rubbing above it in circles.

"Mon amour," Fleur panted.

Grabbing his shoulder, she stared at him lustfully as she began riding him wildly. Harry let go of her breast, watching as both of them began to bounce furiously with her movements as he gripped her wide hip. A low whine began coming from the back of her throat as his thumb pressed down directly on her clit.

Looking up at her incredible figure, beautiful face, and wild eyes, Harry felt like he was being ridden by a sex goddess. That image was reinforced when Fleur began tightening around him while her whine turned into a low moan.

"Arry!" she screamed.

Impaling herself on his length, her hips jerked wildly as she convulsed on top of him. A flood of hot arousal drenched his length, and she leaned forward to collapse on top of him. Harry hugged her tightly as he continued thrusting up into her grasping depths. He was just starting to feel himself building to a climax when she stilled on top of him, her body trembling and jerking spasmodically as she moaned in his ear.

Rolling them both over, Harry thrust into her harshly with long, deep strokes.

"Oui!" Fleur cried, her nails raking lightly over his back. "More!"

Panting with exertion, he thrust into her furiously as he chased his peak. To him, it felt like Fleur rolled from one orgasm into the next as she tightened around him and writhed on the bed.

"I'm close," he grunted in warning.

“Oui, cum in me,” Fleur panted. “Fill me, mon amour,”

Growling, Harry hammered into her, driving her into the soft mattress as his cock swelled. With a loud groan, he buried himself to the hilt and erupted deep in her fluttering depths. As his length pulsed, again and again, Fleur hugged him tightly with her arms and legs while letting out a low, contented moan.

Harry nearly collapsed on top of her by the time he was done, his thunderous climax draining him of all energy. Giggling tiredly, Fleur rolled them over and laid on top of him, his softening length still encased in her welcoming depths. He tried to pull out of her, but Fleur followed the movements of his hips with hers.

“Non, stay,” she whispered, her head resting in the crook of his neck. “I want to feel you inside of me.”

Smiling, Harry turned and kissed her tenderly as he wrapped his arms around her and held her close.

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After cuddling for another half an hour, the two reluctantly got dressed and met up with the others. Fleur smiled at the knowing looks they received from the girls as they followed Aurora, who was acting as the tour guide. Looking over at Harry, she was glad to see the smile that never seemed to leave his face. Feeling the burn in her cheeks, she knew she was the same way.

Eventually, they decided to move to the common room on the second floor when the rest of the Beauxbatons students began to return to the carriage. There, Harry, Ron, and Hermione spent time getting to know some of the girls they'd only met in passing before. Catching the redhead staring at Julia, a pretty Spanish witch with a bust that eclipsed even hers, gave her an idea. Perhaps if she gave Ron another girl to pay attention to, he wouldn't cause problems with Harry later. After returning from her room, she'd noticed the jealous looks he gave Harry when he thought no one was looking.

“Julia, ‘ave you met Ron?” Fleur asked.

“Not yet,” Julia replied, then looked over at Ron.

“Ron,” Fleur called out, drawing his attention. “Zhis is Julia, she is the captain and Keeper for our Quidditch team at Beauxbatons.”

“Er, hi,” Ron said nervously, his eyes lighting up excitedly. “You play Quidditch?”

“Yes, do you?” Julia asked.

“Uh, well – no, but I planned to try out next year,” Ron told her. “I wanted to play Keeper.”

Fleur smiled to herself and leaned into Harry as the two began to talk about players and tactics she had no understanding of. She might like to watch the occasional game, but she never got too deep into the spot.

Unfortunately, it quickly became clear that Ron had no idea how to behave around a girl. He was brash, immature, and far too quick to anger when Julia disagreed with him about something. It seemed it would take much more work if she wanted him to stand a chance with anyone, let alone a woman three years older than him.

At least Harry’s not like that, she thought, smiling to herself as the fingers of the arm he’d wrapped around her ran along her arm soothingly.

Eventually, the hour grew late, and the trio had to head back up to the castle. Fleur pouted, wishing Harry could stay the night as she walked with him to the door.

“I’ll see you in the morning?” Harry asked.

“Of course,” she told him with a smile.

Harry smiled back and let go of her hand as his friends began to head back up to the castle.

“Fleur, I – would you be my girlfriend?” he asked suddenly.

Fleur nearly giggled at the cute look on his face as he waited nervously for an answer.

“Oui,” she said, losing the battle with her laughter as he sighed in relief.

“Brilliant,” Harry said with a bright, crooked grin. “Good night, Fleur.”

“Good night, mon ange,” Fleur replied.

Pulling her close, she smiled against his lips as Harry kissed her softly. After a few seconds, they finally broke apart and he reluctantly headed back up to the castle. Closing the door to the carriage, Fleur leaned against the door with a smile on her face, feeling the happiest she’d ever felt.

“So, what did you and Harry get up to while we were gone?” Aurora asked.

Fleur snapped out of her thoughts and looked over to find Aurora and Nadine grinning at her. Grabbing her arms, they gently guided her toward the stairs.

“How was it?” Nadine asked, her curiosity getting the better of her as they climbed the stair.

“Perfect,” Fleur said with a soft smile on her face.