

Blast From the Past

Forty-year-old Harry Potter was sitting back after work, reading the Daily Prophet while thanking whatever deity that would listen that it was finally the weekend. He took his cup of tea in hand and drank greedily from it.

It had been a long but good day. His co-workers didn't forget that it was his birthday. There was cake and well-wishes and even the occasional gift or two. All in all, it wasn't that bad. Even so, it was taxing having to be smiling and thankful all day long. He was very glad when the workday had ended and he could go home and relax. Hermione and the Weasleys had a small get-together planned for the next day to celebrate his fortieth. That night though, he would be spending it with his beloved, Fleur Potter, formerly Delacour.

They had first met during the Triwizard Tournament in his fourth year at school. He smiled when he remembered the reaction from the males of the castle when the sexy, young Veela had first exited the Beauxbatons carriage. Back then, she was more than a little snooty and turned her nose up at everyone that showed her any interest. Hearing her complain about the castle or the weather was commonplace during those months. Not that he could blame her. He certainly agreed that the weather in northern Scotland was dreadful, and the castle was drafty during the winter. Still, she definitely didn't win anyone over with her constant belly-aching, not that she cared.

It wasn't until Harry had rescued little Gabby from the icy cold lake that she deemed him good enough to at least recognize as a living being. Gabby, however, had taken an instant liking to him. Because of that, Fleur was forced to find out more about him so that she could inform her chatterbox of a little sister. Gabrielle meant the world to her, and she would do anything for her. The easiest and quickest way to find out about him was to, of course, ask him questions about himself, and that was just what she did. During that year, they ended up spending quite a bit of time together. So much so that they became friends. When the year finally ended, they stayed in touch. When Harry defeated Voldemort and fulfilled his so-called destiny, Fleur invited him to France for a well-earned vacation. Harry happily took her up on her offer. Staying with her during that time was great. They got to know each other even better than before. It wasn't long until they were dating.

Harry snickered when he remembered how peeved Ron was when he heard about them dating. His redheaded friend had really embarrassed himself when asking her to the Yule Ball. He nearly peed his pants and ran off while everyone laughed. At least these days they could all have a good laugh at it, including Ron.

Within a couple of years, the two were married and living quite happily in England, though they did keep a cottage in France for whenever they fancied a trip to Fleur's home country.

"'Arry!" he heard his wife call out. Harry raised an eyebrow. She almost never called out for him like that, especially in the house. "Can you 'elp me, please!" her voice echoed from the

bedroom. Harry folded up his paper and tossed it onto the table. Taking a quick drink of his tea while it was still hot, he got up and made his way to the room. When he entered, he immediately froze.

His first response was to ask who the hell was in his room. Of course, after a moment of shock, he realized that it was his wife, only that she was young ... really young. Fleur, being a Veela, was still incredibly gorgeous and looked younger than her forty-three years of age. The girl in front of him was just that ... a girl. She looked even younger than he ever remembered seeing her. "F-Fleur?" he asked, confused. She giggled and spun around.

"Do you like your gift, mon amour?" she bit her lip sexily, turning to show off her panty-clad bottom. Her panties were bunched up and were riding up into her butt crack. He could see her perfect cheeks hanging out of the bottom.

"De-Aging potion?" he suddenly realized. She smiled and nodded.

"Merlin, Fleur! Just how young are you?" he asked, amazed at her transformation. She walked up to him and slid her hands underneath his shirt. He shivered when he felt her nails dragging over his pecs and stomach.

"I calculated the dose to make me the same age as when we first met. I think I overshot it a tad," she giggled. "By my appearance, I believe that I 'ave just turned seventeen," she told him.

Harry pulled her close and he let his hands fall to her bottom. He cupped the perfect flesh that was hanging out of the bottom of her panties. He gave her bottom a squeeze. She definitely didn't have as much meat on her bones as when they had first met. He wasn't one to complain though. When they had first met, he was a short and scrawny bean-pole.

"You were seventeen when I met you, and you were definitely more ... um ... top-heavy, should we say?" he asked, leaning down and kissing her exposed cleavage. She was wearing a black bra and panty set that went wonderfully with her pale skin tone. Fleur smirked at his question and arched her back to give him more to kiss. He gladly let his lips wander.

"I blossomed and filled out in late summer, not long before my final year at Beauxbatons. I was such a skinny twig back then, no?" she asked, popping her hip to the side and posing for him. In his opinion, she wasn't all that skinny. At least not much more than the average girl of that age. Her breasts were small but incredibly perky, and her ass was much the same. It was small, but tight and lovely. He remembered when Gabby was the same age. She too didn't have much meat on her bones until after she turned eighteen.

"You're still just as beautiful as you've always been," he told her, which made her blush slightly. He leaned down and kissed her sweetly. Fleur wasn't satisfied with just a sweet kiss. She soon deepened the kiss until they were full-on making out. After a moment, she broke the kiss and smiled.

“It’s time for your present, ‘Arry!” she giggled and pushed him down onto the bed. Harry watched as she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She let the satin material drop off of her body until her small, perky breasts were exposed. If he had to guess, he’d say that they were small B-cups capped with hard little nipples. Fleur hopped onto the bed with him and unbuttoned his pants. She worked them off until he was down to his boxers. She eagerly pulled those off as well, and his cock sprang free, slapping his belly as it did. She grabbed the base of it and slowly started moving her hand up and down. Harry moaned from the action. She really knew how to give a great handjob. The fingers on her other hand began tickling his sack before she lowered her head and kissed the tip of his cock. Harry instinctively lifted his hips up to try and shove more into her mouth. She wasn’t having that though. Fleur placed her hand on his lower belly and pushed him flat. Her mouth lowered and started licking and sucking on his bloated sack. Needing something to do, Harry reached out and stroked her long, blonde hair.

Fleur dragged her tongue from the base of his cock, all the way up to the underside of the tip. Once her tongue was there, she wiggled it around his sensitive tip before wrapping her lips around the head and plunging down on it. Harry groaned deeply at feeling her throat around his cock. Her head started bobbing slowly at first, but within moments, it was bouncing up and down rapidly as she fucked her face on his cock. His eyes were closed but he could hear gagging and choking from her exuberant display. When he finally opened his eyes, she pulled off of him and gasped. A string of saliva connected her mouth to the tip of his cock. When it broke, she looked at him and smiled while she rubbed the saliva into his mighty shaft. “I ‘ave been waiting for this all day!” she moaned as she straddled his waist. Fleur reached out and ripped his shirt open, causing buttons to fly all over the room. He watched as she brought her legs together and lifted them up while using his lap as a chair. She grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly peeled them off of her body. The damp fabric clung to her pussy lips before finally snapping free. His eyes followed them as they ascended up her slim and smooth legs before they were pulled off of her bare feet. Fleur looked at him and opened her legs.

He desperately wanted to reach out and touch her tight, little slit. It was nothing more than a little split between her bald lips. Her clit was swollen, and he knew that she was ready to be fucked. Grabbing his cock, she lifted up and rubbed the tip against her lips. Dropping down, she threw her head back and moaned as her pussy walls contracted around him. Harry placed his hands on her silky thighs as she bounced a few times before lifting off of him again.

“What are you ...?” he started to ask but was given his answer when she placed the tip of his arousal-slickened cock against her tightest hole.

“I ‘ave already lubed it up for you,” she told him and bit her lip as the head popped in. She squeaked in slight pain as she slowly lowered on him. Harry squeezed her slim thighs tightly as inch after inch of his throbbing cock slid into her lubed-up asshole. It took all of his willpower to not just start thrusting into her. When she finally bottomed out, she collapsed forward onto his chest, breathing heavily. Harry let his hands explore the smooth skin of her back as she took a moment to rest. Once rested, she sat back up and leaned back, placing her hands on his shins.

Fleur opened her legs to reveal her stuffed asshole and damp pussy. She bit her lip sexily and started to slowly ride him. Harry moaned loudly from the incredible tightness of her ass. Fleur was shuddering and trembling with every soft bounce of her body. Fleur loved anal, but as a Veela, her holes always returned to virgin tightness after a few hours. So every time was like the first time for her. As such, Harry didn't get to fuck her ass as often as he would have liked.

As her asshole clenched him tightly, he slid his hands up the insides of her thighs until he reached her lonely pussy. He watched as a bead of arousal dripped off of her inner lips that were barely peeking out from between her plumper outer ones. Using two fingers, he pried her lips open, revealing her wet, pink insides. Placing his hand on her lower belly, he used his thumb to gently massage her engorged clit. Her response was immediate. She wailed in pleasure as her asshole tightened even further. Harry smirked and began moving his thumb in circles, tracing the area around her sensitive bead.

Fleur's eyes were fluttering, and she was choking out unrecognizable gibberish as she felt a fire deep in her belly. Ignoring the pain, she started bouncing on his cock even harder. Soon, she was riding his cock as if her life depended on it. Her asshole would be sore in the morning, but she didn't care. Their skin was clapping together as her cheeks met his upper thighs. Her back was arched, and her small tits were jutting out proudly as her pussy began to throb. The fire in her belly grew into an inferno and within seconds, a fountain of pussy juice began to squirt all over his belly and chest. She cried out pathetically when he shoved two fingers deep into her cunt and curled them. His fingers just started stimulating her g-spot when her asshole clamped down tightly on him, and she had a mind-blowing orgasm.

As Fleur squealed and collapsed forward, the tightness of her ass triggered him and he grabbed her cheeks and plunged as deeply as he could into her bowels. Harry grunted and started to seed her ass with every powerful thrust of his cock. Fleur was thrashing in his arms, but he held her tightly and didn't let her go until cum was leaking from her violated hole. Once his balls were empty, he held her tightly while they recovered.

"That was a pretty good present," he told her, breathing deeply. He felt her nod against his chest. Harry chuckled and kissed the top of her head. He knew that she needed a moment before their night of passion really got started. Like every year, he was in for one hell of a birthday treat.