

**“Are we going yet?!”** Gabrielle asked eagerly, almost bouncing with excitement. Apolline couldn’t help but smile at her growing girl. At eleven years old, she was starting to blossom into the woman she was going to become. And just as she shared her looks with Fleur, she idolized her sister, too. Though, the fact they were going to see her for the first time in months was only half of the reason behind her eagerness. There was a certain dark-haired young man, and savior that she’d been thinking about for years that she wanted desperately to see, too.

*The fact that he’s more than six years her senior is only a minor inconvenience in her mind.* The elder Delacour woman had to chuckle to herself, because she could certainly appreciate the conviction. Not to mention, that while she was hiding it far better than her youngest, she couldn’t wait to get back to England, and Harry. Their night together, as well as the morning after, was often on her mind, and she still sent him letters when time allowed. To put it mildly, she was smitten with the young man, and at the very least, he appreciated someone older to lean on with a sympathetic ear.

The only person not looking forward to their trip and the pending nuptials was her pudgy, grumpy husband, **“My daughter getting married in a backyard tent in nowhere England. It’s a travesty. Is it any wonder that half my colleagues have refused to come?”**

They’d been hearing the same tiresome complaints for weeks now. Apolline was long since tired of them and ignored him, at least for the moment, instead focusing on her daughter. Not that it was anything new, **“Yes, just a few minutes now and everything will be ready. The portkey leaves in less than ten minutes. Try to be patient. We’ll see your sister soon.”**

**“And Harry.”** Gabrielle added, much to her father’s chagrin if the scoff was anything to go by. Jacques didn’t have a single kind thing to say about the young man despite the fact there was a very good chance that he’d have no daughters at all if it weren’t for him.

Apolline turned a scathing look to the man she unfortunately still called husband. *Goddess, just what was I thinking when I married him?* His restraint around the allure had been a large factor in her interest, but she only learned later that had more to do with his own lack of sex drive than any real willpower. Something that only became fully obvious once they’d already wed.

It’d been years since they’d last been intimate with one another, even before her little dalliance with Harry after the tournament. *Not that I want him to lay a single finger on me anyway.* Her husband’s only interest was his reputation and it showed. Pudgy, without a hint of the physique that had caught her eye when they were younger, there was a reason why most people that met her assumed she was a trophy wife, and it wasn’t just her veela heritage.

Deciding to address her husband’s bitter words, she managed her usual patronizing, sweet smile, **“If they weren’t merely your colleagues, but your friends, they wouldn’t care where the wedding was being held. They would simply want to celebrate you and your growing family.”** Jacques glared at her but didn’t say whatever pithy thing came to mind.

She wouldn’t lie and say that it was what she imagined for her daughter’s wedding, but it was what Fleur and her husband-to-be wanted, so who was she to complain. And her side of the family didn’t care where it was being held, only that it was a happy occasion.

As much as he whined and moaned, Apolline knew that he would manage to be congenial once they arrived. One of his few good features at this point in their marriage was his ability to play politician in public. *No, he saves those headaches for me and home alone. If he weren't here so infrequently, it would be far more of a burden.* She suspected an affair, which was galling given her beauty, but didn't care anywhere near enough to call him out on it. If it weren't for the commotion their divorce would cause and the difficulties he was sure to put her through if she demanded one, it would've happened a long time ago.

Gabrielle looked between her parents, a small frown on her face as she glanced at her father. *She probably doesn't appreciate the way he scoffed at Harry.* She hid a snicker behind a cough as they waited in a rather tense silence for those last seconds to tick by. Their things had been sent ahead of them and sorted out by Fleur, so weren't a concern.

They were set to leave just after noon. When the bell chimed, they went to the foyer and found the portkey waiting for them there. The tug on her navel was unpleasant, as usual, but they landed comfortably in a large expanse of English countryside. While she wouldn't lie and say she preferred it to France, it was still quite pretty.

Her husband grumbled beside her as he looked around, **"No one's even here to greet us..."** He looked off into the distance and made a disapproving noise in the back of his throat as he saw the Weasley home.

**"I'm sure they're all quite busy, dear. They are preparing for a wedding, you know?"** As though appearing just to prove Jacque wrong, William came up to them with a warm smile. Looking at him, she could understand what her daughter found attractive. *Even with the scar.* He was tall, had a handsome face, and well-built. It helped that he had a relatively easy-going personality to go along with all of that.

"Welcome to the Burrow," He gestured back to the quite obviously, magically-constructed home that had a uniqueness to it, even if it weren't particularly pretty, "Sorry about all of the security and such, but with the way things have been going, it's necessary."

William shook her husband's hand, who fell right into the wooden smile he used when working but left most people none the wiser. He kissed Apolline's cheek and ruffled Gabrielle's hair, much to the younger girl's chagrin. She wanted to look perfect and he wasn't helping. William just chuckled as she tried to fix what he'd done, "Come along, I'll introduce you to my parents and then show you where you're staying."

Leading them down the dirt path to the home, her husband made idle chit-chat with his soon to be son-in-law, making some small inquiries into his work at Gringotts and not really caring about the responses that he got in return.

Opening the door for them, he let them into the Burrow first. Apolline looked around the home and found it to be comfortable, if a bit small for a family as large as William's. *Must have been quite the struggle when they were all children.* What was far more interesting to her than the house itself was the people in it. There were two people that were obviously William's parents. One of his brother's that she recognized from the tournament years before, a girl that was his only sister that Fleur had lamented her relationship with in the past, and... Harry.

She could feel the way his eyes traveled along her body, and it took a shocking amount of effort just to ignore it. As much as she wanted nothing more than to find a quiet moment alone with him, she knew this certainly wasn't the time or place to stare at the young man. *One night together and some letters in between and this is what he does to me?* It made her feel like an infatuated teenager, and the same giddiness that went along with it. From the way that Gabby perked up next to her, she imagined she was feeling much the same way.

"My mum, Molly, and dad, Arthur," William gestured to the two elder redheads, "Jacques and Apolline Delacour."

"Pleasure to meet you." Arthur shook her husband's hand, a warm smile on his face. He offered the same warm smile to her, and his eyes didn't even glaze over a little bit. *Impressive, I suppose that's where William gets it from.* He was balding, much like her husband, and a bit soft around the middle, but his demeanor was a far cry from Jacques.

Molly was a gracious host, "So happy to have you here."

"And this is Gabrielle." He gestured to the youngest veela in the room who gave everyone a dazzling smile. Surprising even Apolline, she hugged Molly, and then had the audaciousness to bat her eyelashes at Harry. Apolline had to hide a little smirk at that. *Well, no one can fault her for knowing what she wants.*

The young wizard was saved from any further flirting attempts by Fleur's arrival, "Maman! Papa!" She gave them both hugs, though anyone paying attention would notice that her affection was reserved more for her than Jacques. Though, she was quickly displaced by Gabby.

Her younger sister gave her a big hug and started talking in rapid French, "**Tell me what I can do to help, anything!**" While she'd been looking forward to seeing her savior again, Gabrielle wanted nothing more than to help her sister have the best possible wedding, too.

As the pair wandered off, discussing plans, William watched his fiancé leave with a fond smile. Finally, he roused himself and waved for them to follow, "I'll show where you're staying." They walked in silence up the uneven stairs of the Burrow until they reached the fourth floor. The elder Weasleys had cleared out of their own room for the two days leading up to the wedding. It was quite thoughtful of them in her opinion.

William opened the door for them to find that their things had already unpacked for them, "This is yours." He stood in the door only a few seconds longer before heading back down, "I'll leave you to get situated. A lot of things to do downstairs before the big day still."

When the door closed behind him, the false smile immediately dropped from her husband's face. Apolline knew what was coming. He scoffed as he looked around idly touching things in the room. Granted it was nothing extravagant to look at it, but it was cozy and clean so she really couldn't imagine anything to complain about, "**Is this really the best they can do? It's dreadful.**"

Apolline didn't have the patience to tolerate any more of his complaining, "**I'm going to go and see if there's anything I can do to help, Molly.**" Not bothering to wait for a reply, she had little doubt that she'd find him there later... still whining about the Burrow and its hominess.

---

It was a beautiful ceremony, there was no doubt about that. Fleur looked absolutely stunning, not that she would've expected anything less. Her oldest daughter was swaying along to a slow waltz with her new husband in the middle of the dance floor. The party tent was filled with laughter and good cheer. For her part, Apolline was generally having a good time. *Though it would be nice to dance.* And she would prefer not to have to sit there and watch the young man she was infatuated with dance with half a dozen women that weren't her.

That would've been easier if it weren't for her husband was sitting beside her looking a bit bleary eyed from too much wine. She wasn't even sure if he was entirely aware of what was going on around him at this point.

The beautiful blonde jumped slightly as she felt a hand on her shoulder. It sent a pleasant tingle down her spine, and she knew without even looking exactly who it was. Turning to look up, she was captured in the depths of his emerald eyes, and she couldn't help but smile, "'Ello, 'Arry."

The past two days had been something of a torture. Being around him, knowing that he was there, and yet never having a single moment alone with him. Apparently, Molly knew that he and his closest friends intended to leave after the wedding to do... something. And so, she kept the three particularly busy and separated in the lead up to the event.

"Hi," He beamed back at her, "would you like to dance?" He nodded his head toward the dance floor and offered his hand.

There was nothing in the world she wanted more. Taking his hand, she let herself be pulled away. He wasn't the most talented dancer in the world, and he didn't need to be. Just having the right partner could make dancing that much more enjoyable. The feel of his hand on her hip was titillating and she felt so at home swaying to the music with him.

There'd been a method to what he was doing. Dancing with the other women at the party, willingly, meant that no one batted an eye as they took the floor together. Well almost no one, she could feel one pair of eyes on them, and she managed to catch Fleur's gaze before he turned her. There was a knowing look in her daughter's eyes, but a decided lack of judgement.

Quietly, she said to him, "It's good to see you again." There was so much more that she wanted to say, but with so many prying ears around it wasn't the time. *I've missed you and I want you more than I can begin to explain.*

"I was just thinking the same thing." He told her. There was weight in the way he said it, as though he knew exactly what he meant and he really was thinking everything she was, too.

Apolline giggled happily, "It was nice of you to dance wizz Gabrielle. I'm sure I'll here about it for ze next monzz or more."

"She's going to be a handful."

"She's already a 'andful." Apolline agreed. Harry laughed low in his chest, and just the sound of it made her feel warm. The silence that followed between them was charged as they swayed to the music. If anyone was paying attention, they might have thought it inappropriate the way he held her just that

little bit closer than he had any of his other dance partners, or the way they never took their eyes off one another. But she just couldn't bring herself to care.

As the song came to an end, far too quickly for her liking, the music shifted to something much more upbeat and modern. The guests cheered and started bouncing around, and the noise gave Harry an opportunity to whisper in her ear, "Five minutes. In the Burrow."

Her heart hammered in her chest, and she had to focus on her breathing so that no one noticed her reaction. The simple command, because that's exactly what it was, left her nipples diamond hard and her pussy dripping with need. There was no part of her that wanted to wait, but it made sense. *We can't be seen leaving together.* She stood there completely still as he left her behind before finally rousing herself and making her way off the dance floor.

Going over to grab something to drink, just to have something to do while waiting very impatiently, she was met by her daughter. Fleur gave her a beatific smile, "**Having fun, mother?**"

"**I am.**" She squeezed her daughter's arm affectionately, "**It's been a wonderful night.**"

"**More fun than you've had in, oh, about three years?**" Fleur was barely hiding her own amusement, "**I can't imagine why...**" That was a bold-faced lie. Her daughter was often quite blunt, bordering almost on rude, but she was having too much fun to do something like that. *Nor does she want to hurt me.*

"**My oldest daughter married a wonderful young man, what is there not to be happy about?**" It was an evasion, they both knew it, and Fleur had enough fun and so let the matter lie.

Well almost, quietly so that only she could hear she teased, "**I don't think William is the young man you're happy about.**" She tittered as Apolline felt her cheeks redden, "**Enjoy the rest of the night.**" With that her daughter left her and returned to her new husband. *Cheeky child. She is lucky I can't ground her anymore.*

Every second that passed by felt like an eternity. She didn't know if it was a good or bad thing that there was no clock to be seen. Regardless, when she felt like it had been enough time she quietly slipped away from the party.

Hurrying up to the house, she opened the door quietly. The only light in the room was the dim rays coming from the tent outside, "Harry?" She didn't see him in the low light.

"Over here." He said from the little sitting room. Padding over to him, she realized that he hadn't been idle while he waited for her as she felt a spell wash over her. *Something to make sure we're not overheard or disturbed. Notice Me Not, maybe?*

Whatever it was didn't really matter to her the moment that he took her in his arms. He felt warm and welcoming, and she felt... fantastic being there again after so long apart. She hadn't expected to form this connection when she took on her daughters' debts, but she wasn't disappointed by it either.

Harry's hand tangled in her silver-blond hair as he tilted her head to plant a kiss on her lips. It was soft and caring, and made her heart flutter. When he pulled back, he leaned his forehead against hers, "I can't tell you how badly I've wanted to do that for the last two days?" There was a part of her that reasonably worried that the affection she felt for him was one-sided. To find that it wasn't, not in the slightest, left her elated.

“Just ze last two days?” she asked coyly, biting her lower lip as his hand skimmed along her side.

“And every day since the last time I saw you.” It was the perfect thing to say because it was the same way that she’d felt.

“Me too, mon amour.” She gave him a naughty little smirk, “But... was it only kissing zat you were theenking about?”

His hand found the curve of her bum, and her breath caught as he squeezed her perky cheek, “No, it definitely wasn’t the only thing.”

Her hands skimmed down the front of his dress robes, she couldn’t help but admire how nicely they fit him. Just tight enough to show off the sinewy body underneath. Her hands slipped beneath the waist of his trousers and boxers to find him already throbbing and hard for her. Her allure sang around them, and she felt the way he pulsed in time. She reveled in the way his eyes closed at just that simple touch, “Is zis for me?”

“Y... yes.” Stroking him slowly, there was a small wet spot that formed on his boxers as she coaxed out a bead of precum.

“We need to be quick,” she reminded him, “people will wonder where we are if we’re away too long.” Him more than her but it didn’t really matter, “Do you zink you can do zat? Ze last time... you fucked me for hours.”

Harry growled and pulled down the straps of her dress to reveal her lightly sun-kissed tits, full and perky as ever, to his hungry eyes. Tweaking one of her nipples, he rasped out, “Quick, slow, I really don’t care as long as I have you.”

Even in the heat of the moment, it was surprisingly touching. Pulling him down into a heated kiss, their hands roamed purposefully. His trousers ended up around his knees as he bunched the skirt of her dress up at her hips. Her small, soft hand pumped his raging erection, but she wanted more.

And so did he. Pushing her soaked knickers to the side, as she placed hip at her lips, he entered in one fluid motion, “Merde... so full.” She remember with shocking clarity just how it felt to be stretched by him, but the memory alone could never do it justice. Her pussy hugged to every inch of his veiny length as he pulled her as far down onto his cock as he could in their slightly awkward position.

“Gods... I missed this.” He hunched down to fit more of himself into her snug sheath.

“It was worth ze wait, non?” Scratching against the back of his neck, she felt him shiver against her as he started giving her languid, sensual thrusts. Apolline brought one of her legs up to wrap around his waist. It created the perfect angle as he split her sensitive slit again and again.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as they both enjoyed the sensual lovemaking for a few sweet minutes. She knew it couldn’t last, that this wasn’t the time or place, but she couldn’t help but be selfish and revel in it while she could. They were all over each other, with tantalizing touches and soft kisses just enjoying each other for the first time in years. There was a part of her that wondered if it would be this good again. She couldn’t be happier to find that it might be even better. There was no longer a debt, but there was still a deep-seated need.

“Arry...” his name dripped from her lips like honey, “I need you to ravage me. Fuck me hard... make me feel you.” His eyes were dark, so very dark, but he didn’t listen, so she decided to push him, “Please... for me. You don’t know how many times I’ve touched myself to the memory of you fucking into me... relentlessly... like a beast... a stud...”

His nostrils flared and he gave her one particularly firm thrust that battered at the back of her tunnel. It hurt in the best way, but it was only one thrust so she kept going, “I... I even... bought a pensieve... put the memory in and watched it... over and over... and over again. Zere is a replica of your perfect fucking cock in my drawer and it ‘as battered my walls more times zan I can count.” She nipped at his chin as she scratched against his chest, “But nozzing beats ze real thing, mon amour... so, please.”

The absolutely obscene mental image she’d painted for him was enough to break his restraint. She yelped as he pulled her off his cock with a lewd *squelch*, turned her around and bent her over the couch. She didn’t have an opportunity to lament the loss of his cock before he filled her up again. *Smack!* His hips bounced off her plush arse and shook her whole body. This was no longer soft, sensual lovemaking, but brutal, incessant fucking.

Moaning like a bitch in heat, she came around his cock after just the fifth thrust. It was rapturous as she creamed all over his plunging member. It was mind-numbingly good. Taking hold of her perfectly styled hair, he pulled her back and forced her to arch her back and look up at him in. His thumb slid into her mouth, and she sucked on it lovingly as he manhandled her body.

Her words were garbled, and fuck drunk around his thumb as he plowed her, but she still managed a single wanton, “Yessss...”

Her body was made for sex, and her pussy molded to him ways that would have broken lesser men, but not Harry. It just spurred him to new heights. And then he reached between her legs to pinch her engorged clit and her mind went blank. The scream that left her body tested the limits of the enchantments around them, but they held. Juices sprayed from the seal of her tight pussy as he kept thrusting though her peak, covering his trousers and shoes in her girlcum.

And yet, he still persevered. *I forgot just how stubborn he could be.* Somehow finding the strength, she reached down to his cock and fondled his hanging bollocks, and stroked his cock every time he left her warmth, making sure there was no reprieve from the pleasure of her body. Her voice was pure sin as she all but demanded, “Cum in me... I want you to paint my womb white ‘Arry... I have missed the feel of you inside of me... please.”

Holding her down against his crotch, she felt his cock flex inside of her and knew that she was getting exactly what she wanted. It was impossibly hot as he filled her with rope of after rope of sticky, white seed. Just that feeling alone was enough to push her into another orgasm that only prolonged his own.

Slumping over her back, he kissed against the base of her neck as he gave a little smack of her bum. Apolline could only giggle as she felt him slip from her depths. She made sure to cup her pussy and stop any of his load from dripping out of her, “Amazing, as always, mon amour.”

“Funny, I was thinking the same thing.” He chuckled against her back.

Much as they would love to stay there, they both knew that wasn’t possible. They helped each other dress and left for the party separately to avoid suspicion.

When she returned to Jacques, he didn't even seem to realize that she'd been gone. And his first request before she even sat down rankled her, **"Apolline, dear, do you think you could get me more wine?"**

Managing to hide her distaste, she told him tightly, **"Of course."**

However, she didn't get a chance as a patronus came soaring into the tent. It spoke in a voice she didn't recognize, "The Minister is dead. The Ministry has fallen. They are coming. Run."

Panic... that's what followed. Her husband leapt to his feet as her mind went to one thing, **"We have to find Gabrielle."**

It didn't seem to faze him one bit. The coward didn't even try to grab her let alone their daughter, instead he rushed away. There were pops of apparition both arriving and departing, but she had only one thing in mind, **"Gabrielle!"**

There were flashes of crimson and green around them, and Apolline saw one race behind toward where her craven husband had gone. There was a large part of her that genuinely hoped it found the mark. Terrified, she looked around the tent until she found her Gabrielle cowering beneath one of the tables. Unfortunately, that was only half the battle.

Her daughter took her hand as a spell came racing toward them. And as quickly as it came, it was stopped. There was a call that went up, "Potter! We've got Potter!" Harry was standing there between the two of them and two Death Eaters. She knew that she should be worried for them, but all she could muster was a sense of relief that he was there for them. Her wand shook in her hand as she watched them from behind him.

He was quick with a wand and powerful to boot. *I suppose there's a reason why the Dark Lord wants him dead so badly.* So, he managed to dispatch the two masked terrorists with ease. He didn't say anything, just took her hand and ran toward the edge of the tent but not before disillusioning them. Despite the situation, she couldn't help but be impressed with his thinking in a crisis.

When they reached the edge of the Anti-Apparition Wards that had been put in place they popped away. They landed in the foyer of a decrepit looking home, none the worse for wear. Panting, Harry ended the spell he'd placed on them. There was genuine concern as he looked them both over, "Everyone alright?" Gabrielle nodded her head and hugged him around the waist.

"Oui, zanks to you." Apolline replied haltingly with tears in her eyes. Before the words had even finished, she felt it form in her magic, new and yet familiar. And just like that, she found herself with another debt to settle.