

Summary: Fleur is less than enthusiastic about being volunteered to accompany Angelina on a trip to France, but her mood changes quickly once she learns that they'll be spending the weekend at a beach house with Harry. (Harry/Angelina/Fleur)

Content Warnings/Themes: Anal sex, sex on the beach

"Oh, Fleur will be happy to go with you!" Fleur's husband Bill said jovially, upon Angelina telling everyone at the Weasley family dinner about her upcoming weekend trip to France with the rest of the Dorchester Dragons for an international quidditch friendly and press event.

"I'm not so sure about that, William," Fleur said, carefully controlling her voice so her annoyance wouldn't be too obvious. "I had some things I was hoping to catch up on this weekend." Like Harry's cock, for instance. Between Hermione now living with him, the needs of the other Weasley wives and her own responsibilities, Fleur had only managed to have sex with him twice in the last week. That wasn't nearly enough for her liking. From the moment she'd made her first repayment to Harry Potter, any day where she hadn't gotten to fuck him at least once was a disappointment. Her body craved him.

"But it's perfect timing," Bill said, oblivious. "I'll be out of the country this weekend anyway." Yes, that was exactly what had Fleur so looking forward to this weekend. She'd planned to spend as much of the weekend as possible with Harry. Ideally, there would never have been a need for her to put on clothes until Monday morning.

"Honestly, I think it's a great idea, Fleur," Angelina said from across the table. Fleur glared at her, trying to communicate her desires with her words, but Angelina just smiled back. "I could really use someone to show me around France, and who better than you? I know you've talked about wanting to make time to go back for a visit." Fleur couldn't argue with that; she had wanted to go back home for a visit. But that was before she'd become addicted to Harry's cock.

"It would be nice," Fleur said, trying to think up an excuse or at least a way to silently communicate her wants to Angelina so her sister-in-law would drop this. "But--"

"If you're worried about finding a place to stay, I've got that taken care of," Angelina said, interrupting her. "Harry was gracious enough to offer me the use of his beach house in Nice for the weekend. There's plenty of room there for you too. And even though I have to be there for the weekend, I just have the match on Friday at 11 and a few hours of the press thing on Sunday evening. The rest of my weekend is free. I'm sure we'll find *plenty* of interesting things to do there. Harry even mentioned he might drop in for a bit."

Angelina gave her a wink, and Fleur's entire mood changed as she realized what was really going on here. Her sister-in-law wasn't depriving her of a free weekend with Harry; she was inviting her to come along on a weekend trip with her and Harry to his French

beach house. Fleur ignored Ronald's annoyed grumble at the mention of his former best friend, and the awkward looks on the faces of Ron's parents, who had been given the same version of the story that the public received. That version made Ron sound more noble than reality, as it portrayed his massive debts as having been incurred through misfortune rather than greed and spun a tale about it actually being his idea to divorce Hermione and let Harry have her so his financial misfortune would not hold her back. Ron saved some face in public and with his family, save for the Weasley wives who knew the truth. Maybe his brothers suspected, but Fleur wasn't sure.

She also didn't care. Ronald's grumbling meant nothing to her, and neither did Molly getting up hurriedly and dishing out the dessert in an attempt to distract everyone from the empty seat to Ron's left where Hermione previously would have been sitting. All Fleur was thinking about was a weekend in Nice with Harry and Angelina.

"That sounds like a delight, Angelina," she said. "It would be my pleasure to act as your guide for the weekend."

Hopefully she didn't want to see anything beyond the property lines of the beach house, though. Angelina had some actual responsibilities in France, but Fleur had every intention of being naked all weekend long.

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"Well, I'm off," Angelina said, giving them both a wave. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Good luck," Harry said, returning her wave. He would have given her a hug, or maybe a smack on the arse for good luck or something, but he did not expect for Fleur to let him off of this couch any time soon. She'd been tugging on his arm impatiently even as he kissed Hermione goodbye before activating the international portkey to take them to France in the morning, and the moment they'd arrived in the French beach house he'd purchased about a year ago, she'd started yanking at his clothes. They'd been here for over an hour now, and he'd had a naked Fleur Weasley attached to him for every minute of it. Luckily Angelina wasn't expecting them to come with her to her match, because Fleur showed absolutely no sign of taking his cock out of her mouth.

"Hopefully Connor catches the snitch quick so I can get back before that horny veela wears you out," Angelina said lightly. "This is *my* trip, and you've already fucked her to three orgasms before I've even had your dick inside me!"

"Through no fault of my own," Harry pointed out. "It was you who decided you couldn't afford to do anything more than a bit of light fingering before your match." She hadn't even wanted to risk cumming so hard that she didn't move at top speed, so she had him pull his fingers out of her before he could get her off.

"Damn my professionalism," Angelina grumbled, shaking her head before looking up at the clock on the wall. "Okay, I'm really going now. Keep that dick hard for me, Harry."

Fleur, you can have your fun now, but the second I get back, that cock is mine. Mama needs to *fuck*.”

Fleur didn't even dignify Angelina's remark with a response. As she had been doing for the last ten minutes since leading Harry in from the kitchen and shoving him down to sit on the couch, her knees stayed planted on the floor and her lips and tongue continued to slide along his cock. He wouldn't be surprised if Fleur didn't even hear Angelina, because as he had learned in their time together, Fleur was a woman who could shut out the rest of the world around her while she was having sex,

Angelina rolled her eyes and walked to the floor, giving her hips a little wiggle as she did, letting Harry admire her big round arse shaking in the tiny little shorts that she would be wearing underneath her quidditch trousers during the match. Admire it he did. He couldn't wait for her to get back so he could get his hands on that arse.

There was plenty to admire here even while she was gone, of course. This couch in the sitting room was positioned so he could sit and have a marvelous view out through the sliding glass door and out onto the beachfront property. But even though the view was one that wouldn't look out of place in a painting hanging in a museum, Harry never could focus on it for long. It was a great view, yes, but there was an even better view right there at his feet.

Fleur's naked body was a work of art itself, and the look on her face as she bobbed on his cock was arousing enough to break most mortal men. That look was all the more powerful because he knew there was nothing phony about it. Fleur wasn't staring up at him with such lust in her eyes or moaning so loudly around his cock because she knew it would be arousing for him. She really did love sucking his cock. She craved it; she *needed* it. She needed to suck him and be fucked by him, and that need did not seem to lessen in the slightest throughout any of her repayments. He was unsure if Angelina or Audrey were going to wish to be permanent fixtures in his sex life, but he was confident by this point that Fleur would protest vehemently if he or Hermione tried to deprive her of this, whether it was tomorrow, next week, next year or ten years from now. The horny veela's need for his cock could only be described as an addiction.

Feeding that addiction could at times be difficult thanks to how insatiable she was, but every time he was able to make time for Fleur, he was left immensely satisfied for it. The same was true now, and he was sure it would be true for the entire weekend. Her blowjob was as masterful as ever, of course. He knew how skilled she was and had seen all of her tricks by now, but that didn't make them any less effective. She swallowed his cock skillfully, stroked him with her hands and moved her tongue along him like only she could, and she pulled off of his cock to suck on his balls as well. Harry had felt it all before, but it still made him groan and hold onto the couch for support while he fought back his orgasm. No matter how many times he had Fleur suck his cock, her skill as well as her enthusiasm never failed to blow him away. This woman was born to have a cock in her mouth—*his* cock.

He saw Fleur's eyes narrow when she pulled her mouth off of his balls, and he knew what to expect next. She loved sucking his cock, and there was a certain prideful arrogance in her that demanded she finish him with her mouth before she moved on. But her need to finish him with her mouth was superseded by her desire to take him back inside of her cunt. It really hadn't been that long since he'd last been inside of her, at least not by the standards of most people. But for Fleur, the twenty minutes or so since he'd fucked her up against the wall in the kitchen probably felt more like days or weeks. He knew how insatiable she was, and he knew that she was viewing this weekend in Nice as a chance for her to fuck every last orgasm out of him that his body could give her.

Knowing her need, Harry was unsurprised when she shot up off of her knees, climbed on top of him on the couch and sank down onto his cock. She let out an erotic moan as he filled her, and it was accompanied by the slap of her arse hitting his thighs when she dropped down onto him and took his dick fully inside of her.

Harry could, and would, fuck Fleur until her eyes rolled back in her head. But there was plenty of time for that throughout the course of their weekend in France. For now, he would just hold her by the hips and let her bounce away on his cock to her heart's content. Fleur's arms went around his shoulders for support as she immediately got into a quick pace of bouncing straight up and down on his cock, moaning with pleasure each time that the cock she craved hit home inside of her.

Fleur's perfect breasts bounced along with the rest of her body, and Harry's eyes followed their bouncing for a bit before he decided he had to taste them. He brought his head in and took what he wanted, sucking on Fleur's breast and licking at her nipple. She moaned something in French that he didn't understand, but the elated tone of her voice and the increased pace of her bouncing broke all language barriers and let him know exactly how she felt about him sucking on her breasts while she rode him on the couch.

They matched each other's passion, Fleur launching herself up and down in his lap while Harry moved his mouth over to suck on her other breast and reached around her body to squeeze and slap her arse in between bounces. It all culminated in a mutual explosion, Fleur screaming what he was pretty sure were expletives in French and tugging on his hair while she came hard, and Harry sucking on her breast and squeezing her arse as his hips jerked beneath her and he came inside of her.

Their bodies went still, but only for a few moments. Harry had barely down more than catch his breath before Fleur pulled out of his lap, snuggled into his side on the couch and started kissing his neck. She brought his hands to her breasts as well, and he knew that she was doing what she needed to do so he would get hard again as soon as possible.

She really was insatiable. This was going to be a long, amazing weekend.

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“Right,” Angelina said, dropping her bags onto the sand as soon as she found Harry and Fleur out on a lounge chair they’d set up on the beach. “Budge over, Fleur. You’ve had all morning and well into the afternoon. It’s my turn now.” She was dressed in the same shirt and tight shorts she’d been wearing when she left, and her hair was down. It looked like it might still be slightly damp, too. Obviously she’d showered after her match, and then come straight back to make good on her parting comment.

That wasn’t much of a surprise. Angelina was often horny after a match and seemed to be even hornier if she won.

“How’d it go?” Harry asked, watching her pull her shirt over her head and toss it down on the sand.

“We won,” Angelina said, undoing her sports bra and tossing that aside as well. “Not fast enough, though. I’m surprised my slutty sister-in-law didn’t fuck you flaccid while I was gone.”

“I thought you’d have a bit more faith in me than that by now,” Harry said in a deadpan, watching Angelina slide her shorts and underwear down her legs. He was sure that her turning her back to him so he got to watch her arse wiggle during the undressing was no accident. She gave him a smirk over her shoulder and playfully slapped her big bare arse.

“I’m sorry I ever doubted you, Potter,” she said. “Now please fuck my brains out.”

“With pleasure,” Harry said, batting Fleur’s hand away as she tried to grab his cock. “How do you want it? Only fair that you get to pick, since this is your victory celebration.”

Angelina smiled widely. “You, off of the chair, Potter,” she said, snapping her fingers. “Fleur, you stay on it, but sit up on your knees and scoot back so I’ve got some room.” Harry raised an eyebrow at his former captain’s commanding tone but shrugged his shoulders and got up out of the lounge chair despite Fleur’s whine. He just gave her an expectant look, and the veela sat up and slid back into the position Angelina had specified. Angelina, as naked as them now, made herself comfortable on the lounge chair. Her arse was right on the edge of the chair, her lower back was down and her upper body was reclining back against Fleur, with the back of her head using the veela’s chest and breasts as a sort of pillow.

“Alright, Potter,” Angelina said. She spread her legs wide and crooked her finger at Harry. “Gimme what I’ve been waiting for. And you’re going to help him, Fleur. Play with my clit after he’s warmed me up a bit.”

Fleur grumbled, unused to following the commands of other women, much less ignoring her own sexual needs in favor of theirs. But Harry gave her a look that silently let her know what was expected of her if she wanted to continue having fun on this weekend

getaway Angelina had thoughtfully invited her to, and he knew that the veela did as she was bidden.

Not needing to worry about Fleur, Harry got into position to fuck Angelina. He had to stand somewhat awkwardly, with his legs spread and his feet positioned on the towel covering the sand on either side of the lounge chair, but his positioning was only going to be a minor inconvenience for him. He sure as hell wasn't going to let it stop him from giving Angelina what she needed. After using his hand to guide his cock into position, he pushed inside of her for the first time, but assuredly not the last time, during their weekend in France.

Angelina groaned right away, and Harry smiled at seeing how horny she was. He wouldn't be able to fuck her at full speed with the way he was standing, but given how turned on she was, he wouldn't need to worry about it. George's wife moaned as he gave her some slow initial thrusts to reacquaint himself with her body after something like two weeks since their last fuck. He wasn't even really moving much yet, there had been nothing in the way of foreplay, unless you counted the quick fingering he'd given her before she had to go get ready for her match, and yet she was already responding with such excitement. By the time he was actually fucking her for real, Angelina was sure to be making enough noise to make him thankful that they were doing this on the grounds of his private beach house rather than on an actual public where anyone could have heard her.

"And you called *me* a slut," Fleur said, resting her chin on top of Angelina's head as she watched Harry rock back and forth inside of Angelina. "Listen to you, Angelina. He hasn't even pushed it all the way in yet." Harry thought it was more than a little hypocritical for Fleur to tease Angelina about being overeager considering she was watching his cock sliding in and out of Angelina and licking her lips like Dudley staring at a chocolate cake after skipping dinner, but she did have a point. Angelina loved shagging him, but she'd rarely if ever reacted so strongly so quickly, and without him even trying very hard. She must have been looking forward to this weekend even more than he'd realized.

"Not my fault," Angelina sighed. "I kept thinking about Harry's cock the whole time. While I was tossing that quaffle through the hoop, all I was seeing was that big fucking dick going inside me." Harry pushed in deeper than before on his next thrust, and Angelina groaned loudly. "Oh, *fuck!* I d-don't think I've ever played better, honestly! Getting my brains fucked out before a match would be a terrible idea, obviously, but maybe climbing onto that broom with a bit of an edge will keep me sharp!"

"If you want me to edge you before your matches, that can be arranged," Harry said. His right hand was holding her leg by the ankle, and he now moved his left to grab the other leg underneath her muscular thigh. When he started to pick up the pace, he wanted to keep her lower body as still as he could. "But I think you're ready to get shagged rotten now."

“Oh, y-yes, Harry!” Angelina said, looking up at him pleadingly. “Do it! Fuck me good! By the time the sun sets, I want to be so exhausted that you have to carry me back inside!”

Harry rolled his eyes and looked over at Fleur. “You heard her,” he said. “I think she’s ready for you to start playing with her clit now.”

Fleur nodded and leaned forward a bit more, squishing her breasts against the back of Angelina’s head and neck. Her right hand reached down Angelina’s body, and her fingers began to stroke her sister in law’s clit at the same time that Harry sped his hips up and fucked her faster. He gave it to Angelina good, unleashing all of the exhausting force that she’d wisely passed on before her match. She’d done her job and helped her team win their friendly, and now she could afford to take the reward offered by Harry’s cock and Fleur’s fingers.

The veela seemed to know exactly what Angelina needed, and she moved her fingers in perfect unison with Harry’s cock. Harry wouldn’t assume that she was working so well just because she wanted Angelina to feel good. Fleur knew that the faster Angelina came, the sooner she might be able to get another turn of her own. But even if her motivations were selfish, there was no denying that she did a very effective job between Angelina’s legs.

Angelina had been horny and ready to fuck as soon as she arrived, and now she was getting everything she’d refrained from having all morning long. With his cock sliding steadily in and out of her tight cunt and Fleur’s fingers rubbing her clit with the kind of graceful fluidity that seemed inherent in everything she did when it came to sex, Angelina was howling and holding onto the sides of the lounge chair desperately in very little time at all.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” she screamed, her loud shouts of pleasure sounding all the louder in the otherwise calm afternoon on the beach. “Yes, oh, *fuck*, this is what I’ve been waiting for! That’s it, Harry! Give it to me! *Give it to me!*”

Angelina’s eyes closed, and her legs squirmed in Harry’s arms as she finally had her first climax of the day. She’d chosen to wait and put her career first earlier, and now she was rewarded for her patience and dedication by Harry and Fleur fucking and rubbing her to an orgasm that Harry knew from the volume of her screams was more than worth the wait for her.

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“Oh, yeah, the trip’s been great, George,” Angelina said. “The match went well yesterday, and we’ve just been spending a relaxing Saturday around the beach house.”

Angelina listened as her husband talked about what had been going on at Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes. All he could see on the other side of the floo call was her face, so she

didn't need to worry about the fact that she was naked while talking to him, or that she could feel Harry's cum starting to dry on her lower back and arse cheeks. She would probably need to shower after she finished talking to him though. Maybe she could get Harry to join her? That master shower was definitely big enough for two.

"Harry and Fleur?" she repeated, when George asked what the other two were up to. "Oh, they're just sitting outside and playing in the sand."

There had been quite a lot of that over the last day-plus, actually. Fucking inside of the beach house was fun, but when you had gorgeous weather, a private beach and three horny people with nothing but time on their hands, the result was generally lots of sex on the beach. Angelina still had some sand on her legs from when she'd gotten down on her knees to suck Harry's cock while he held Fleur off of the ground and ate her out.

"Yeah, we might go and see some of the sights tomorrow," she said. Actually, she doubted they were ever going to put clothes on, beyond when she had to go fulfill her press obligations in the early evening. But she couldn't exactly tell George that she was going to spend her third straight day getting fucked by Harry in every conceivable position around the beach house and on the beach itself, so she had to at least *pretend* that they might get out and do some sightseeing tomorrow.

"Sounds good, George," she said a couple of minutes later. "I'll see you on Monday morning. Right now? I think I'm going to go take a shower before dinner."

She ended the floo call and glanced out the glass door, snorting when she saw Fleur on her back with her legs flung over Harry's shoulders while he fucked her. The more amusing part was that her front side was covered in sand from the neck down. Obviously she'd just been getting fucked while prone on the sand.

"Guess I'm showering alone," she said to herself, staring for a few moments more before heading for the master bath.

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"Oui, oui, oui!" Fleur chanted, throwing her head back and praising her husband for being fool enough to work up considerable debts with Harry Potter. Had it not been for that, Fleur would never have had the excuse to offer her body to her handsome young fellow Triwizard Champion. And had *that* not happened, she would not currently be in the water on this beautiful beach in Nice, getting bugged by the biggest cock she'd ever seen.

Well, she wasn't actually in the water; not anymore. There was still water dripping down her body, but it was Harry who had the water washing over his feet and lapping at his legs while he held her up in the air and drove his thick cock into her arse. Her hands were clasped together, holding onto his neck for support. Her legs were draped over his arms,

feet dangling as his hands held her by the bum and moved her body up and down on his cock.

It shouldn't have been possible for him to do this with this much strength behind it, but he was not holding her up like this just to show off. He was truly fucking her arse *hard*, pulling her down with enough strength that she never wanted him to put her down. How had she ever lived without a man like this; a man who had a sexual appetite and strength to match even that of a veela?

William was not a bad lover. In truth, she hadn't had much to complain about in her sex life before Harry entered it, save for the fact that his body simply couldn't keep up with her insatiable need to be fucked as often as humanly possible. Or *inhumanly* possible, really. No lone human could keep a veela satisfied all by him or herself. That was one of the reasons why veela had tried to seduce multiple lovers in the past, earning the ire of many human women in the process.

But Harry came far closer to meeting her needs than she'd ever thought any one man, or even any two men, would. Her only real issue had been that she just couldn't be with him as often as she would like. There had been a part of her that had actually been worried that she would find the limits of his stamina at last during this weekend getaway. Three days of nearly nonstop fucking with both her and Angelina to consider? Could even Harry Potter manage that without falling apart?

The answer, miraculously, was *yes*. Sometimes Harry needed a break, but any time she wanted to get fucked, he would rise to the occasion and tend to her as soon as he could. She was a woman who had gotten used to having to wait for her pleasure, but this weekend had been everything she'd ever dreamed of.

It was a shame it had to end. But having him hold her above the water and bounce her on his cock like this was a marvelous way to wind down her weekend. There would probably be some more time to play in bed tonight, but if this was going to be their final session before the sun set, Fleur was glad to go out this way. He'd impressed her with his strength and stamina, and he displayed both in abundance here, fingers digging into the flesh of her arse cheeks as he held her up and buggered her. She didn't know how his arms weren't getting tired, but they didn't shake. He didn't even slow down. He just kept bouncing her, drilling her arse with his cock while the sun beat down on them and water dripped from their bodies.

Fleur held on, knowing that she was safe and secure in Harry's arms. He was a man who would never disappoint her and never fail to please her, and he would never let her fall out of his arms either. That cock wasn't leaving her arse until he'd given her what she wanted. He would accept nothing less out of himself. It was exactly why she needed him so much.

She had never cum solely from being buggered. Anal sex was actually something she rarely did, and only as a special reward. At least that was how it had been before Harry.

He was welcome to her arse any time he wanted it, and not just because he met her needs better than any other man ever had. She felt the pleasure rage inside of her, demanding to be let out, and Fleur screamed as it came. Harry didn't worry about stimulating her clit at all. He didn't need to.

The erotic screams of the veela drowned out the chirping of the birds overhead as she threw her head back, squeezed her lover's neck tightly and squirted all over him. What a lovely vacation.

Though she hoped her mother and father never learned that she had been in France for an entire weekend without seeing them, she felt confident that her mother would understand.

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"Yeah, Harry!" Angelina exclaimed. "Fuck that arse! You fucking love playing with it; now *fuck* it!"

Surprisingly, Fleur had been back in the master bedroom the three of them shared, taking a nap when Angelina returned from her press obligations. Harry had explained that she was conserving her strength for some more fun tonight, but also hinted that she wanted to let Angelina have some fun out on the beach before the sunlight was gone. Angelina found it oddly touching.

She was making the most of whatever time in the sun and on the beach remained to her, because Angelina had left Fleur to sleep while she took Harry by the hand and led him out into the water. He'd chuckled when she revealed she wanted him to bugger her in the water, but she hadn't let Fleur beating her to it throw her off. She would have fun in her own way.

Angelina was down on her hands and knees in the water while Harry held her by the hips and buggered her from behind, thrusting back and forth as best he could with the waves rushing in on them. He couldn't do it all himself, but that was okay. Angelina was more than prepared to do her part too. She was an athlete, after all. She pushed her hips back to meet him, and together the two of them found a pretty steady pace there in the water.

The water was colder than it was during the height of the afternoon, but Angelina liked it. The cooler water rushing over her arms and legs as the waves came in did nothing to cool off her excitement for one final fuck on the beach, and Harry's reliable thrusts were everything she'd been waiting for as she went through her press obligations for the team. She'd smiled for the pictures, signed the autographs and talked with the quidditch reporters about the growing secondary leagues around the world, but the whole time, she'd been thinking about what she was going to do with Harry as soon as she made it back to the beach house.

Somehow, it was still going better than she'd daydreamed about. Having Harry fuck her arse in the water had sounded like a fun idea, but the reality of it was *amazing*. That shy

kid who'd joined the Gryffindor team as a 1st year had grown into such a confident man, and such an amazing fuck!

Harry's left hand left her hip to give her a slap on the arse, and Angelina gasped. Even with the waves washing over their bodies, he was still in complete control of the situation, and Angelina worried about nothing save for what she was going to do when she *wasn't* able to walk around naked and fuck Harry Potter whenever she felt like it.

They fit together so well, and his cock felt so amazing inside of her. IT felt so good even in her arse, which really shouldn't be the case. But she knew how much he loved her big bum, and knowing how much he enjoyed bugging her gave her a thrill. Feeling that massive dick pushing back and forth in her rear was surprisingly fun for her too, honestly.

She would have enjoyed it even if he'd just focused on himself. But when his left hand returned to her hip and his right reached under her body to play with her clit, Angelina had something else to enjoy. She moaned loudly and pushed back harder against him, chasing the pleasure he'd thrown her way. Nothing was going to stop them now; not even the waves that rose up higher on their bodies than before.

"Oh, yes!" Angelina moaned. "Yes, Harry! Oh, yes, yes, fuck, *yes!*"

They came together, Harry filling her bum with his seed at the same time that Angelina's mouth hung open in a long, loud moan of pleasure as his fingers on her clit finished her off. Winning the match had been fun, but she knew that her first thought whenever she remembered this weekend in France was going to be Harry cumming in her arse while the waves hit their bodies.

"Thanks for inviting me to join you on this trip, Angelina," Harry said, giving her arse a light grope and slowly pulling his cock out of her. "It was one hell of a weekend."

Angelina managed a slight chuckle. "You can say that again," she said. "Thanks for letting me use your beach house—and your dick."

Harry chuckled back, got up to his feet and held his hand out to help her up. "You're welcome to both any time you're in the mood for them."