

Guiding Harry

Table of Contents

#Chapter 1: A Veela Finds Her Mate

#Chapter 2: The Morning After

Chapter 1: A Veela Finds Her Mate

Fleur Delacour was bored.

It had been important for her to select a fitting companion to accompany her to the Yule Ball. As a veela and also a Triwizard Champion, only the most capable of wizards would do as the man whose arm she was on as she entered. When she and her partner danced to open the ball, it was important that she take the floor with a wizard who would look at home on the cover of any wizarding magazine.

Her first thought had been to approach her fellow Champion, Cedric Diggory. He certainly carried himself well, as evidenced by his being chosen as the Hogwarts Champion. Well, *one* of the Hogwarts Champions anyways. Was he the official champion, or did he have to share that label with Harry Potter? Either way, he appeared to be as capable a wizard as any student in the castle, and even Fleur would acknowledge that he was quite handsome.

Unfortunately he had already asked one of the younger Hogwarts witches to the Ball, so she'd fallen back on Roger Davies as the wizard she actually took with her. What a mistake that was turning out to be! He looked dashing enough in his dress robes, yes, but that seemed to be the extent of what he brought to the table. He was utterly helpless in her presence, reduced to little more than a drooling mess who stared at her dumbly. He didn't respond to a word that she said, and he missed his mouth with his fork all throughout dinner and got food all over those fine dress robes.

And don't even get Fleur started on how poorly he performed on the dance floor! Out there she'd not only had to worry about him being a drooling idiot incapable of stringing words together, but she practically had to tug him around by the hand to get him to move his feet at all. Fleur didn't mind knowing how she affected men; in fact she relished it most of the time. But on a night like this one, she'd been hoping for someone with at least *some* resistance or willpower!

Fleur ignored her disaster of a date and looked elsewhere. She happened to notice Harry Potter and his date sitting at a table with his redheaded friend, the one who had asked Fleur out to the Ball and then run away before she could even reject him, and another girl who appeared to be the identical twin of Harry's date. None of the four looked to be having a good time.

Harry may have felt Fleur's eyes on him, or maybe he just happened to glance up at the right time, because their eyes quickly locked. Fleur stared directly at him, bored and curious to see how he might react. His cheeks colored slightly at the prolonged stare, but he didn't seem to get lost and dragged into feelings of hopeless attraction or uncontrollable lust as the vast majority of the males in the castle did. It was more like the way a timid, inexperienced young man might react when a beautiful woman looked his way, rather than the look of a man ready to bow at the feet of a goddess.

Fleur was intrigued. As amusing as the latter could sometimes be, she could really do with more of the former, particularly on a night like tonight. Rather than a drooling idiot like Davies, she could use a partner who was merely shy but still capable of eating dinner with her without making a mess on his dress robes like some child.

Harry had never occurred to her as an option to ask to the Ball, but now she had to ask herself why. So what if he was several years younger than her? He was an of-age wizard, and more importantly, he was

a very capable one. He was not the *little boy* she'd believed him to be when she was first informed that his name had come out of the Goblet of Fire. He'd proven that with his performance in the First Task. Fleur had watched with no small amount of awe as he took to the air on his broomstick, outflew the Hungarian Horntail and snatched the egg. As she'd watched him complete the task, she'd known that she had misjudged him. The rules might have been set up so only students in their final year of education could be selected, but Harry Potter in his 4th year was a formidable wizard with nerves of steel.

And yet he looked flustered by having her attention on him. He didn't lose his head and try to grovel for attention like most would have if they'd had her staring at them like this, but he didn't seem to know how to handle it either. He seemed far less confident right now with her staring at him than he had on the broom trying to outfly the dragon. It was fascinating, and Fleur decided then that Harry Potter offered more interest to her than Davies or anything else that this Yule Ball had to offer her. While she wasn't yet sure of exactly the form that her interest would take, she wanted to find out. If nothing else, answering that question and gaining a fuller measure of Harry Potter would be a much better use of her night than watching the buffoon she'd brought to the Ball smearing food all over his chin while he stared at her.

She got up from her chair and walked over to Harry's table, ignoring Roger's inane babbling as well as the eyes in Hogwarts' Great Hall that followed her. She was used to having people stare and watch her every movement. Fleur had received such attention her whole life, and if every faculty member and every student from the 4th year and above watched her throw one partner aside and boldly swoop in on a second, so be it. Veela were never shy about going for what they wanted, and Fleur didn't feel those traits any less just because she was quarter-veela.

Gradually Fleur made her way to the table, and its occupants noticed her approach. The redhead noticed her before either of the witches did, and the glazed look that immediately came over him made it clear that her night would not have gone any better if she'd taken him as her date as opposed to Davies. Not that she would ever have considered the likes of him, of course. She paid him as much mind now as she had any other time, which was to say no mind at all.

"Good evening," Fleur said to them. "I 'ope you 'ave enjoyed your night so far?" Ostensibly she was addressing the entire table, but she looked at Harry and Harry alone, leaving little doubt in anyone's mind as to who she was really talking to. Well, perhaps the redheaded boy didn't realize, but he was too busy staring at her and drooling to notice much about the world around him.

"Yes, it's been grand," said the girl in the pink dress robes, the one who had walked in with Harry. The other twin looked even less happy somehow, giving the redhead a venomous look that was probably made all the more venomous in response to him being completely unaware of it. The voice of Harry's date was flat, which of course meant her night had been anything but grand. That was no surprise. Fleur had noticed how stiff and awkward she and Harry had been during the dance to open the night. She hadn't seen them out there since, and it was clear the girl was less than pleased with Harry's performance as her partner for the evening.

Fleur wondered how much of her vocal displeasure was because of her poor date and how much was the automatic dislike that Fleur had received from the majority of women since she began to mature. Either way, it made little difference to Fleur. She wasn't here for the girl. She was here to live up to her veela reputation and snatch her man right out from under her.

"Wonderful," Fleur said cheerfully, ignoring the unhappiness of both girls and continuing to focus her full attention on Harry. She frowned and shook her head. "I'm afraid zat my night 'as not been as pleasant. Roger 'as been poor company. And I was so looking forward to dancing, too!" She heaved a dramatic sigh, but then gasped and let her blue eyes widen as if an idea had just occurred to her. "Oh, but perhaps you could dance wiz me instead, 'Arry!"

"Me?" Harry gasped, looking utterly gobsmacked.

"Oui," Fleur said, smiling wider. "You." She found his astonishment adorable. It was certainly preferable to the drooling of his friend, or of her original date. If she hadn't already known what she was coming over here to do, she would've been determined to snatch Harry from his date after seeing this reaction.

"He already has a date, in case you didn't notice," the woman who had been his date snapped defiantly.

"I did not zink you would mind, seeing as you 'aven't been dancing at all since ze first dance, which you were obligated to do," Fleur said smoothly. "If you aren't interested in dancing with 'Arry, I would be 'appy to." The girl muttered angrily under her breath, but she couldn't seem to come up with a good reply. Harry did offer one, however.

"B-but I'm a horrible dancer," he mumbled. "I was rubbish at it. Parvati can tell you."

"You're not lying there." His date, whose name was apparently Parvati, crossed her arms and glared down at the table. "I thought going to the Ball with a Triwizard Champion would be fun, but you've been a dreadful date."

"Zen zere will be no problem if he spends ze rest of ze night wiz me," Fleur said smoothly. "Perhaps you'd both be better off finding new partners to finish ze night wiz. You can find some other boy who might 'ave more interest in you. 'Arry will be in good 'ands wiz a fellow Champion." She had no doubt that Parvati would happily hex her right now if she thought she could get away with it, but her anger meant less than nothing to Fleur. It was Harry she was here for, and he was about to be hers for the rest of the night.

"I really *am* rubbish at dancing," Harry said, sounding anxious. Fleur just smiled and held her hand out to him.

"Zen I will teach you," she replied. "If you can learn to outfly a dragon, I can teach you how to dance. Just leave everyzing to me, 'Arry. I will spend ze rest of ze night showing you a good time, champion to champion."

Parvati muttered angrily as Harry slipped his hand into Fleur's and allowed her to pull him to his feet, but that didn't matter in the least to the veela. As always, she'd claimed what she wanted.

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"And to zink you were so worried about dancing," Fleur said, laughing as Harry took her for another spin around the dance floor. "You are a quick learner, 'Arry." Perhaps she was exaggerating slightly, but he really had improved pretty quickly. He might not have been an expert dancer or anything, but he certainly kept up with her on the dance floor far better than that oaf Davies had. At first he'd been

hesitant to even put his hands on her waist. But they'd danced for several songs, taken a break to catch their breath and drink some punch, and he hadn't even hesitated when she asked to go back out for more dancing.

They'd danced a total of seven songs together now, and Harry had gotten much more comfortable with it by the end. Fleur had a feeling that no young man in the castle would have brought her as much enjoyment on the floor as Harry had. Cedric seemed to be a good dancer from what she'd seen, but Harry had grown under her guidance. She'd helped shape him into a better, more confident dancer, and seeing how she'd been able to mold him and guide him was nearly as fun as the dancing itself.

"I had a great teacher," he said, grinning slightly. Fleur giggled.

"Ooh, I never knew zat you were so *charming*, 'Arry!" It really had been a cute line, and one that she seriously doubted he would have been able to get out before she approached him. Watching Harry grow was fascinating, and it got Fleur's mind working.

When she'd first approached Harry she hadn't known exactly how far she wanted to take the night. She'd known that she was interested by him and wanted to see if he could do a better job at entertaining her than Davies had, and he'd certainly done that. But the more they danced and the more she interacted with this young man, who was clearly stunned at his good fortune in dancing with her and yet had not been reduced to a blithering idiot by it, the less interested she became in allowing their night to come to an end. And the moment she saw that adorable smile, her decision was solidified.

"D'you want to keep dancing?" Harry asked in the break between songs. He'd been so nervous about dancing with her back when she'd first suggested it, but now he sounded hopeful that she would want to keep going.

"Non, I zink we 'ave done enough dancing," she said, shaking her head. He looked utterly crestfallen, though he cleared his throat and tried to hide it.

"Oh, err, yeah, okay," Harry said quickly. "That's fine, we've been going for awhile. Thanks for making my night better, Fleur. It was a lot of fun for me, and I hope that I--"

"You did not let me finish, 'Arry," she said softly, cutting him off and putting her hand on his chest. He froze and stared at her hand, then into her eyes. She returned the eye contact and smiled. There was no drool and no stupid befuddled look on his face. There was clarity in those gorgeous green eyes--clarity, and amazement.

"I do not want to dance anymore. I did not say anyzing about saying goodnight," she clarified. She moved her hand from his chest down to his hand, and laced her fingers through his. Fleur had no doubt that the story of her leaning her head in and whispering into Harry's ear on the middle of the dance floor would spread well beyond their onlookers and make it into all of the wizarding newspapers, but those people were welcome to write their stories. She would be happy to be linked to the handsome young man she'd snagged from his unworthy date.

"I'm going to continue guiding you to an amazing night, 'Arry," she whispered seductively, feeling him shiver as her breath tickled his ear. "But we will need to take zis somewhere more private for ze rest of my...*guidance*."

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"I can't believe this is really happening," Harry said, staring up at Fleur as she stood beside the bed with her hands on her hips, allowing him to drink in the sight of her naked body. She loved the awe on his face as he stared at her, and she also loved that he wasn't frantically humping the air and hadn't immediately ejaculated all over himself when he saw her. Both of those things had happened more than once with previous would-be lovers, but Harry remained in control of himself despite his obvious lust. "I'm actually in Fleur Delacour's bed."

"Oui, you are," Fleur purred. "And you look so good zere." She had nearly dragged him into the bushes on their outdoor stroll so she could suck his cock, but she was glad that she'd kept her desires in check for a few minutes more. Seeing how quickly she could make him cum and watching him try to keep from crying out in pleasure would have been fun. But bringing him back to her private room on the Beauxbatons carriage meant that she could enjoy him fully.

There was plenty to enjoy, too. She hadn't known what to expect from Harry's body. Given his rather slight physique, she honestly hadn't had very high hopes. But his cock was another story. That thing may very well have been the longest dick she'd seen, and it was *definitely* the thickest. He would still need to be taught how to use it, but Harry was bursting with raw potential.

"I, uh, haven't done this before," he admitted, looking away. "Any of it, I mean. Never even kissed a girl until we kissed out in the garden. Well, you really did most of the kissing I guess, but I think you get the point."

"I do," Fleur said, smirking at his shy admission. "But zat was obvious even before you said eet." He blushed and looked down, and Fleur quickly climbed onto the bed and tucked her finger under her chin to make him look up and into her eyes. "Zere is nozing to worry about, 'Arry. I like it better zis way. You're like a piece of clay zat I can mold into whatever shape I want." Now that she had his attention, she moved down onto her back on her bed and spread her legs wide, presenting him with a view that every wizard in the castle had dreamed of from the moment she arrived.

"I am going to guide you and teach you 'ow to be an ideal lover for me. Do you want zat, 'Arry? Do you want to learn how to please me?"

"Yes," he said quickly. Fleur smiled at his eagerness.

"Zen get on your belly and put your 'ead between my legs so you can learn 'ow to lick me," she said, patting the spot on the bed in front of her. Harry obediently got into the position she'd asked for, bringing his head between her thighs. She wondered if he was aware that he licked his lips as he stared at her pussy.

"Start slowly," she said. "Just run your tongue up and down, and *do not* push it inside. Never do zat." She could have pointed out that some women actually liked a bit of tongue penetration, but she wasn't interested in teaching him skills that might apply to other women. This training was for her benefit alone, so she was going to teach him specifically how to give her what she wanted.

Harry did as instructed, starting her off with slow and simple licks along the entire length of her outer pussy lips. Fleur sighed, enjoying the attention. Far too many of her previous lovers were filled with such all-encompassing desperation and desire once they saw her naked that they failed to listen or

respond to even the most basic commands. That Harry was able to settle in and lick her precisely the way she'd asked him to despite being brand new to any of this was a *very* good sign.

"Zat is very good, 'Arry," she praised him, giving him a pat on the head as well. "Now zat I am properly prepared, you can do more." She took one of his hands and guided two of his fingers towards her clit. "Do you feel zat? Zat is ze clitoris. Zis is where you will focus your attention now zat I'm ready for more. First try moving your tongue in a circle around it."

Her inexperienced yet eager to please lover did as she instructed. The first couple of spirals were somewhat stiff and awkward as he tried them out for the first time, but it didn't take him long to get comfortable and move his tongue in pleasant circles around her clit. His tongue incidentally brushed against her clit occasionally while he worked, and even though she was sure it was unintentional, it was a delightful tease for what was to come. Fleur let out a soft moan of pleasure, and Harry responded to that by licking her with even greater confidence on each successive circling of his tongue.

"Ooh, *oui*, zat's it!" Fleur moaned. "Try using your fingers too! Rub me, but don't put your fingers inside!" Every time anyone had attempted to finger her, they'd tried to shove their fingers deep and fuck her with them. It had been enough to turn her off from the entire idea, hence why she instructed Harry to avoid any penetration. But having two of his fingers rub up and down the outer lips of her pussy while he moved his tongue in circles around and against her clit was exactly what she'd been hoping for. It was no small thing for a lover to be able to follow a basic request once they were confronted with Fleur's naked body, but Harry was carrying out each instruction flawlessly and giving her exactly what she needed. It had truly been an excellent choice to ditch that drooling idiot Davies and make a move on her fellow Triwizard Champion.

"I'm close, 'Arry!" she cried. "So close! You're making me feel so good!" She was moments away from an orgasm that would easily top any she'd had since before she'd left France to make the journey to Hogwarts nearly two months earlier. Now she was ready for that little something extra to push her over the edge. "Put your mouth directly on my clit! Lick it; suck it!"

Harry did indeed put his mouth directly on her clit, but Fleur was unprepared for what exactly he did for her. Technically, you could say that he licked her, but his tongue moved in ways that no other tongue ever had. It vibrated against her clit, and it seemed as if he was hissing. Fleur didn't understand just what was happening, but the one thing she did know was it felt *amazing*.

"Putain! Oh, putain, c'est bon! Tellement bon!" For all she knew Harry didn't know a single word of French, but she didn't cry out for him in this instance. Fleur's scream was for herself, as was her pleasure. She'd hoped to teach him how to lick her and get her off, but he'd exceeded her wildest expectations and taught *her* something. She still didn't know how he'd done what he did, but that little vibrating tongue trick pushed her well beyond what was already going to be a very nice orgasm. Her legs trembled, she tugged at his messy black hair with both hands and made it stick up even more, and her legs squeezed shut around his head.

She was probably putting more pressure on his ears than she really should, but Fleur didn't feel in control of her own body at the moment. This wasn't a wave of pleasure that washed through her. It was a tidal wave, and Fleur was being swept away. It wasn't just the best orgasm she'd had since she came to Hogwarts, but the best orgasm she'd *ever* had. Whether her legs squeezed Harry's head too hard was irrelevant, as was whether every other Beauxbatons student who had come back onto the carriage could

hear her cries of pleasure. Fleur's mind cared about only one thing, and that was the ecstasy that this young champion and his vibrating tongue brought her.

"Mon Dieu!" she groaned after the pressure finally ceased. She let go of Harry's hair and stopped squeezing his head with her legs. Now released from the veela's hold, he pulled his head back and sat on his knees. His ears were red thanks to her legs, and the area around his mouth was visibly damp thanks to her powerful orgasm.

"So was that any good?" he asked. "Did I do okay?" Fleur giggled, sure that he was joking, but then realized that he was looking at her quite earnestly. He honestly didn't know!

"'Arry, 'okay' does not even begin to describe what you just did for me," she said, grinning and shaking her head. "No one 'as ever made me orgasm like zat. You were magnificent."

"Yeah?" Harry said. A relieved smile came to his face, and it inflamed Fleur's desire all over again. Where most men would have been thinking only of bedding a veela and taking their own satisfaction, Harry was focused on how good it had been for her. The veela inside of her purred, recognizing that it had just stumbled upon something more than a simple evening's entertainment.

"Oui," she said, nodding. "Later, you are going to tell me 'ow you just did zat." He opened his mouth to respond, but she shook her head. "Later. Right now you are going to fuck me, mon amour."

Fleur's original plan had been to treat him to a blowjob before they got to the actual sex, figuring that if he couldn't get hard again after she sucked his first load out of him, he probably wasn't worthy of putting it inside of her. But all her plans flew straight out the window as soon as he licked her to such an incredible orgasm. She needed him inside of her as quickly as possible, and she spread her legs once again and held her arms out towards him, encouraging him to come to her.

For just a moment Harry again looked stunned at his good fortune once he realized he was about to lose his virginity with her, but he got over the surprise quickly enough and crawled over to get on top of her. In his eagerness to get inside of her he humped quickly, missing the mark in his haste and rubbing his cock against her inner thigh rather than actually penetrating her. Fleur giggled, amused by this sign of his inexperience. It would once again fall to her to guide him.

"Relax, 'Arry," she whispered. She slid her hand between their bodies, made him groan as her soft hand wrapped around his cock, and slowly guided him into position. "Move forward. Do it slowly."

"R-right," he said as she pulled her hand back and left it up to him. He took a breath, and then slowly pushed his hips forward and slid his cock inside of her. Harry let out a grunt as he penetrated her, and Fleur could only imagine how much willpower it took for him not to cum inside of her right then and there.

"'Ow does it feel, 'Arry?" she asked him. "Does it feel good inside of me?"

"It's incredible," he said. His eyes were closed, and she could easily imagine how much he was struggling against himself. She was proud of her veela heritage, and was well aware that their reputation as ideal lovers was deserved. Harry might not realize it since she was the first woman he'd ever been inside, but no human pussy would have naturally hugged his cock like hers did.

"It will feel even better when you start moving," she encouraged. "Go ahead and start, 'Arry. You can go slow or move quickly. I can 'andle whatever you want to do. Don't be afraid. Just let it 'appen."

It was largely an attempt to reassure him, because she did not expect him to last long at all. Men did not have much stamina or control during their first times, and even a man with plenty of experience would struggle to last long with a veela. He had both of those factors to deal with, and so Harry was under double the pressure. If he had lost control within a minute of starting to thrust his cock back and forth inside of her perfect veela pussy, Fleur would not have been surprised or upset. She'd already gotten what she had hoped for anyway; she'd gotten *more* than she hoped for in fact. Harry and that hissing tongue of his had already given her the greatest orgasm of her life, so if the sex itself ended quickly she would not hold it against him. With everything working against Harry and presenting challenges that just about any man would find it difficult to overcome, there would be no shame in him breaking and cumming inside of her after just a few frantic thrusts.

But he didn't. Harry gave her a few thrusts, slow and careful as he acquainted himself with being inside of a woman for the first time, and those thrusts did not bring him to an end. His next thrusts were a bit harder and deeper now that he was starting to get into it, and still Harry did not cum. The thrusts continued, steadier and more confident as he went along. And as Harry's confidence grew, so too did Fleur's pleasure.

She hadn't expected anything special from his first time, impressive cock size notwithstanding. It was more about breaking him in and introducing him to the act, and perhaps some other day or even later that night he'd be able to take what he'd learned and fuck her well enough for her to find enjoyment out of it too. But Harry was lasting long enough for genuine excitement to build once again inside of her.

"Zat's it, 'Arry!" she panted into his ear. "Keep it going! Keep zrusting your 'ips!" She put one arm around his back, and with the other she squeezed his arse and tried to encourage him to keep going and not let up. "Do not be afraid to use your 'ands, too! Touch my body! Touch my breasts!"

Harry did. He brought both hands to her chest and gave her breasts a firm squeeze, and Fleur moaned. His fingers, whether intentionally or by accident, brushed across her nipples, and she moaned happily at that too. This had been meant as a reward to Harry for improving her night and doing so well with his mouth, but Fleur was getting more out of it than she had expected it to.

Her pleasure built with every thrust of his cock and every squeeze of her breasts, and the possibility of a second orgasm became increasingly realistic. As this was something Fleur had only ever achieved on her own, the potential of a lover getting her off twice in a matter of minutes was almost unthinkable, or at least had been until now.

"Oh, fuck! Fleur!" Harry groaned. "*Fleur*, I'm so close!"

Fleur was close too, but she could sense that Harry would get there before she did. She couldn't complain about that; not when he'd lasted such an impressively long time as it was. He was at the point now where even her best previous lovers would inevitably not be able to take the pleasure anymore and would explode in orgasm. That he had lasted this long with a quarter-veela during his first time having sex was remarkable, but she could expect no more from him.

"Let go, 'Arry!" she said. "Cum inside of me!"

Her fellow Triwizard Champion could keep going no more. He closed his eyes and grunted as he finally began to erupt inside of her. The veela rejoiced internally about claiming the seed of its mate, but it also was so close to its own release that it demanded satisfaction.

She waited until his balls had emptied and he'd finished cumming inside of her, and then she flipped them over so he was on his back and she was on top of him. His cock was softening, and while Fleur had a feeling that she might be able to get it hard again soon enough if she put her mind to it, she was too impatient to wait for that. She locked eyes with him and hit him with a full blast of her veela allure, which she usually only used when someone was annoying her and she wanted to turn them into a babbling idiot for a few minutes. If she'd subjected the likes of Davies or Harry's redheaded friend to this, they probably would have ejaculated inside of their underwear and passed out on the spot.

Her hope was that Harry's willpower and his performance thus far meant that he would respond to a full blast of allure differently than most, and she was correct. He did whimper and moan helplessly as the veela magic touched his nerves, but his cock grew hard again in an instant as his arousal was restored in one pure burst of stimulation. He wouldn't be able to last for long under this kind of intense pressure; no one would. But she didn't need him to last for long. She just needed a minute or two.

With her younger lover now erect again, Fleur dropped back down onto his cock and started riding him wildly. Using her allure in a moment of heightened arousal had brought out Fleur's true sexual nature for the first time in her life, and the veela part of her was in no hurry to release its control over her. She fucked him much more aggressively than she had ever fucked anyone, and even his loud, desperate moans were drowned out by the sound of her arse smacking down against his body and the bed shaking violently beneath them as she relentlessly drove her body up and down on his.

Fleur's mother had assured her that a day like today would come, and now it finally had. Beneath her was a man who had aroused her, pleased her, and lasted long enough with her to draw out her veela side at its full, raw sexual apex, and that was something that she would forever be thankful for. She'd always known that this side was there, ready to be unleashed on a mate with the mental and physical fortitude to handle it, and now she'd found that mate. It was an unbelievably freeing experience.

It was also an immensely satisfying one in a physical sense. If that vibrating tongue trick he'd used on her clit earlier was the greatest orgasm she'd ever had, this one stood right alongside it. Her pussy tightened around his cock as she forced her orgasm out after no more than a minute of this frenzied veela fucking, and Harry's hands fell onto her arsecheeks as he too orgasmed for the second time that night. She could feel his hands shaking as he came, and also his body spasming beneath her. That she'd only needed a minute of that bouncing to make herself cum was very fortunate for him, because he probably couldn't have taken another minute of that targeted allure and frenzied fucking without cumming and then passing out.

As it turned out, he'd been even closer than she'd realized. By the time Fleur's orgasm had reached its conclusion and the human side of her was fully in control again, she realized that his eyes were closed and his body was still, aside from the rapid rise and fall of his heart hammering inside of his chest. It was not the first time Fleur had fucked a man into unconsciousness, but it was the first time she'd ever needed to fully embrace her heritage to do so.

"You are a special man, 'Arry Potter," she murmured to herself as she dismounted his cock and sat down on the bed beside him. As she stroked his sweaty chest with a fingertip, she considered the drastic turn her night had taken.

She'd been hoping that Harry would prove to be a more engaging companion for the evening than Davies had, but he had wound up being so much more than that. She'd found a young man that she could unleash her true self on. It was something that every veela craved, and some spent their whole lives searching for it in vain. Despite her mother's assurances, Fleur had known that finding a man who could bring out her full veela side in bed was not guaranteed. Once a veela found that rare man, they would fight to the death to hold onto it and protect it. Fleur Delacour was no different now that she had found hers.

"I 'ope you are ready, my mate," she whispered. "If zis was how you did on our first night togezer, I cannot wait to see what you are like once I 'ave trained you fully."

As Fleur curled up beside her sleeping lover, the veela inside of her roared in triumph. It had found its companion, and it would hold onto it and protect it throughout the rest of the Triwizard Tournament and beyond.

Chapter 2: The Morning After

Fleur was generally an early riser, but a glance at her bedside clock told her that it was closer to lunchtime when she finally woke up. At first, she was too groggy to realize why she'd woken up later that morning or why her entire body felt so relaxed and at peace. Then she looked to her left and saw a dark head of hair peeking out from underneath the covers. Of course. She was so relaxed because she hadn't gone to bed alone. She'd ditched her horrid Yule Ball date and closed out the evening with her fellow Triwizard Champion, Harry Potter.

But he'd been so much more than just a suitable dance partner or even a man capable enough to give her an enjoyable night in bed. Her handsome younger Champion had been that rare man who could keep up with Fleur and allow her to fully embrace her veela heritage during sex for the first time in her life. She hadn't just found a companion for the evening. Fleur had found her mate.

Feeling a keen desire to touch him and be closer to him, Fleur pulled the covers back a bit and rested her head on his chest. The movement must have woken him, or perhaps her silvery-blond hair tickled his nose. Either way, Harry Potter mumbled something under his breath and began to stir.

Fleur kept her head on his chest and stared up at his handsome face, watching her younger mate wake up. He was slower to wake up than she had been, and he blinked down at her several times without seeming to understand where he was or who he was with. She could tell when he finally started to really wake up and notice his surroundings because she felt his chest move with his sharp gasp, and she saw his eyes widen behind his glasses. She hadn't spent much time admiring them during their night together since he'd given her so much else to admire, but her lover's emerald eyes really were gorgeous.

"Fleur?" he whispered, still staring at her with surprise in his eyes.

"Oui," she said happily. "Are you fully awake yet, 'arry? Do you remember our night together?" Harry shook his head, but she quickly realized that it wasn't because he couldn't remember.

"Bloody hell," he mumbled. "I actually had sex." His eyes looked into hers. "With *you*." Fleur giggled. The dazed look on his face guaranteed that she took no offense to his words. He couldn't believe his luck, and it showed.

"You did." She ran the fingers of her left hand up and down his belly, rubbing his skin and his light body hair. "And it was *magnifique*." Though Harry didn't speak French, he didn't have trouble figuring that word out. His shy little grin made her want to gobble him up.

"Couldn't have felt half as magnificent for you as it did for me. That was the best night of my life."

"Yours and mine," Fleur said, still stroking his belly. She felt a need to touch him that she'd never felt with anyone before. Only now did Fleur understand what her mother meant when she described her constant desire for physical contact with Fleur's father. Even if it was something as simple as holding his hand while they ate at the table or leaning against him on the couch, if her mother could get away with touching her father without interfering with whatever he was doing, she did it. She and Harry were not married, of course, but it made sense that she felt a similar desire for contact. Marriage or not, the veela had chosen him as her mate.

“It was really *that* good for you?” Harry asked quietly. Fleur recalled telling him that no one had ever made her orgasm as hard as he had, and that was purely due to that lovely hissing trick he’d used on her clit, before he’d penetrated her and brought her true self out. But it would seem that he still struggled to accept that their night together had been as remarkable for her as it was for him.

“We will need to work on boosting your confidence,” she said. “Yes, ‘arry. It was the best sex I’ve ever had. I cannot wait to see how much better you’ll get at it as we continue.” It was still mind-boggling to think that he’d done that to her during his first time.

“Continue?” Harry looked at least as shocked now as he had when he first realized why he’d woken up in bed with her. “You mean that wasn’t just a one-time thing?” Fleur nearly laughed at the question, but she could see that he was serious. Of course he was. After last night, it was obvious to her that he was meant to be her mate, but he was unlikely to understand how a veela thought about these things. What felt natural to her would need to be explained to him.

“No, my adorable young paramour, what we did last night will not be a one-time thing if I have anything to say about it,” she said, smiling. She’d stopped stroking his belly and instead got up onto her knees, placed both hands on his chest, and leaned over him, her face just above his. “When I first approached you at your table, I did not know where our night would lead. But you exceeded my expectations at every turn, from carrying on a conversation with me to dancing with me, and yes, you exceeded my expectations in bed as well. I doubt you realize just how remarkable you were last night, or what it meant to me.”

“I, er, I remember you saying no one had ever made you feel as good as I did after I was done licking you,” he said sheepishly.

“Oui.” Fleur smiled at the memory. “You *will* tell me how you made your tongue vibrate like that, and prove that it was not a fluke.” He opened his mouth to answer, but she shook her head. Learning the truth of that was important, and getting him to do it again even more so, but making sure that he understood what he’d accomplished last night and what it meant for both their futures was the top priority. “Later. What else do you remember?”

“Well, it seemed like you were enjoying the sex, too.” She nodded, but he trailed off and bit his lip. “But I think I passed out at the end, so I thought maybe I fucked it all up.” Fleur did laugh at that, which only seemed to make him feel more insecure.

“‘arry, you passed out because I subjected you to the full affects of my veela allure to get you erect again immediately after you’d just orgasmed,” she said. She moved her hands to his cheeks and smiled down into his eyes, which did not look away from hers. “You did such a marvelous job keeping up with me that you were able to bring out my veela traits in full at the end. Do you know how many men have managed to do that for me?”

“No.” Harry shook his head slightly, and she patted his cheeks.

“Zero,” she said, “until last night. You, Monsieur Potter, gave me what I have been searching for. Am I correct in assuming you know little about veela heritage?”

“Err, yeah,” Harry mumbled. “Sorry, but I don’t know much at all about veela. I didn’t even know that veela existed until the Quidditch World Cup over the summer. I know that you can, like, hypnotize

men, and turn them into drooling idiots. And I know that you can transform, and throw fire. That's about all I know, sorry."

"There is no need to apologize," she said gently, rubbing his cheeks. "I expected no more. Since you mentioned it, only a full-blooded veela can transform, and the fire weakens with each generation. As a quarter-veela, I can manage only a small, weak flame, and even that I can only do when my emotions are running high. But it is our sexual desires and needs that I wish to speak of now, so you may understand what last night meant to me."

Harry nodded, looking at her attentively. Belatedly, Fleur realized that while he had taken the occasional admiring glance at her body this morning, he hadn't gawked at it helplessly, and he gave her his full attention now, maintaining eye contact even though he could stare at her bare breasts if he looked down a bit. Yet more proof that a rare man had fallen into Fleur's lap. Was there any other heterosexual man in the castle who could have looked into her eyes so readily like this when she was naked? Anyone else probably would've tried to roll her over and fuck her by now and likely would have resorted to humping the pillow if she'd rejected them. But Harry was able to carry on an actual conversation with her even now. It was a new and refreshing experience for Fleur.

"Veela, whether full-blood or not, are inherently sexual beings," she explained. "Our veela magic, our allure, naturally allows us to, as you say, hypnotize men, by exploiting their attraction to us and filling their minds with thoughts of trying to impress us. One can usually build up a level of resistance to our allure if they spend enough time in the company of a veela. But when a heterosexual man exhibits natural resistance to our allure, we are intrigued."

"Is that why you came up to me last night when I was talking to Ron?" Harry asked. Fleur noticed that he made no mention of his date.

"Oui," Fleur said, nodding. "You did not know how to handle my attention at first, but you did not grovel at my feet or try to impress me, either. Not many can do that instinctively, at least not outside of times of great tension where they have more pressing things to think of. You would have intrigued any veela. But what you did in this bed was truly impressive. That end last night, where you orgasmed and I used my allure to get you erect again? That was the veela in me taking over during a moment of immense arousal for the first time ever. Holding on long enough to bring me to that point would have been remarkable enough, but the veela remained in control for the remainder of our time together, until we orgasmed together and you passed out."

"Didn't that only take like a minute or two?" Harry asked. "Is that really so impressive?"

"A minute or two of being fucked into the mattress by a veela who is not holding back?" Fleur laughed, bent down, and briefly kissed the corner of his mouth. "Do not sell that achievement short, Harry. Most men would have passed out instantly. All veela search for that rare man who can bring that side out of them and let them be themselves in bed. My mother was lucky enough to find that with my father, but some aren't so lucky. Some veela spend their whole lives searching for that man but never succeed. When we are lucky enough to find such a man, we will do all we can to hold onto him and fight hard to make him ours." She kissed the bridge of his nose. "I intend to do the same."

"Yours?" Harry said, licking his lips as he looked up at her. "You mean, like...your *boyfriend*?"

"I prefer the term *mate*," she declared, watching his eyes get even bigger when he heard her say that. "But if you prefer to think of me as your girlfriend, I will not complain."

"Mate?" he repeated, his voice getting higher. "I don't—I mean, I'm not—"

"Relax, 'arry," she said, giggling at his stammering. "I am not asking you to put a ring on my finger today, or any time soon, and it will be many years before either of us are ready to have a child." He visibly relaxed at that. "But I do not want you to take my feelings lightly, either, or look over your shoulder expecting me to toss you aside for someone else. This is not merely a fling for me. When I call you my mate, it means that I know you are the one for me, and there will never be another." She took his right hand and brought it up to rest on her chest, directly over her heart. "I feel it in *here*. You let me be myself in bed for the first time ever, and it was the most wonderful experience of my life. I believe you said something similar?" He nodded slowly.

"I always figured sex would be brilliant, but I never thought it'd feel like *that*," he admitted.

"Not even I knew it would feel so satisfying," Fleur said, smiling and giving his mouth another quick peck. "Would you like to do more of that, 'arry? Would you like to spend more time around me and get to know me better, while also having sex as often as we can?" Harry let out a sound somewhere between a chuckle and a snort.

"Fleur Delacour took my virginity last night, and now just asked me if I want to date her and have regular sex with her," Harry said. Fleur's eyebrows pinched together, wondering why he was talking to himself, but then he pinched his cheek hard. "That settles it. I'm not dreaming. Apparently, all of this is really happening." Fleur laughed.

"I will take that as a yes," she said, to which he nodded eagerly. "Then you can call me whatever you wish: girlfriend, lover, mate, it makes no difference to me. You are mine, and I am yours. Nothing else matters."

Maybe he didn't yet realize how serious she was when she said she knew in her heart that he was the man for her, that she would have no other for the rest of her life. That was fine. He knew very little about veela, so it would take time for him to truly comprehend that for her, the veela side of her recognizing him as its mate was at least as monumental as her being his wife would be one day. She had him now; they would both learn all that they needed to learn about the other in their coming days, weeks, months, and years together.

She kissed him again, but this was no peck. This was the kiss of a veela who was claiming her mate. Fleur's lips pressed against Harry's hard, and after a few seconds, he started to kiss her back. Her hands held onto his head, running through that adorably messy hair he'd woken up with and messing it up even more, and his arms wrapped around her waist to pull her down flush on top of him.

Fleur was pleased with his restraint and his ability to talk with her like that even while she was naked, but she was even more pleased now to feel him hug her body against his and stroke her back with his hands. She knew that there was still work to be done in molding her exceptional younger lover into the man he was destined to be, but she liked feeling him grab her and touch her like this.

Unsurprisingly, though, it was up to her to take their morning where they both wanted it to go. When she felt him get hard beneath her, she broke their kiss, sat up straight, and wiggled her arse against his cock. She reached down to grab his shaft, and Harry groaned.

“Would you care to be with me again before going for lunch in the Great Hall?” she asked, slowly pumping his cock in her hand.

“I mean, I’m not gonna say no,” he said, groaning as her thumb brushed across his cockhead. “But I’m still feeling pretty tired from last night, so I don’t think I’ll be able to do much.”

"Don't worry about that." Fleur raised her hips, wiggled against the tip of his cock, and slowly slid down onto him. "You already showed me what you can do last night. I simply want to feel close to you, mon amour."

This was Fleur’s second time riding Harry’s cock, but it shared little in common with that first time aside from the position itself. The first time she’d mounted her mate’s dick, it had been at the very end of their first time together, and the veela had been in control. She’d fucked him harder than she’d ever fucked anyone, and at the end of those wild couple of minutes, they came together.

The veela was not bursting free to fuck its mate this morning, though. There was no urgency in Fleur's movement; she didn't even bounce on Harry's cock. She just put her hands on his shoulders and slowly rolled her hips, enjoying having him inside of her without worrying about trying to orgasm. She could see how little energy he had, and she couldn't blame him for it. He'd given her everything he had last night and gone further than she ever dreamed he would be able to. After his first time being fucked by a veela, he was in no shape to give her more in the late morning hours of December 26th.

Fleur didn’t need him to be. She wasn’t going to cum doing this, and she wasn’t even slightly concerned about that. She said she wanted to be close to him, and she meant it. She didn’t need to climax this morning. He would make her body sing with pleasure soon enough; after how their first night had gone, she had complete confidence in that. The morning after he’d blown her mind and revealed himself to her as his mate, though, she just enjoyed watching his face and listening to his moans as she gently rode her lover.

Her slow pace wasn't going to get Fleur off, but it was pushing Harry along fairly quickly. His hands squeezed her hips as she rode him, and his moans got louder the longer he was inside of her. It took several minutes, but he inevitably felt his need bubbling up.

“It is okay, ‘arry,” she whispered, rubbing his cheeks again and continuing her slow grind. “There is no need to fight it. Just enjoy.”

“But you haven’t gotten off,” he said tightly. His hands squeezed her arse for a moment without thinking, and when he went to pull them back, she reached back to put her hands over his and keep them right where they were.

“Do not worry about me,” she said, smiling. “I want to watch you cum, Harry.” She put her hands back on his cheeks, pleased that he made no further attempt to let go of her bum. “Cum for me, my boyfriend, my lover, my mate.”

Whether because of the pleasure of her tight sex grinding on his cock, her softly-spoken request, the terms of endearment she used, the affection in her eyes as she stared into his, or some combination of everything, Harry surrendered to the pleasure, squeezed Fleur's perfect arse hard in his hands and bucked up off of her bed as he erupted inside of her.

Simply watching her mate enjoy her body filled Fleur with a warmth that she'd never felt with any other man. There was no doubt that Harry Potter was the only man for her.

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The stares and whispers followed both of them all the way into the Great Hall. Fleur paid them little notice. She'd received such stares all her life, particularly once she started to mature.

Being the Boy-Who-Lived, Harry had likely received those same stares for years, but he seemed more aware of them and discomfited by the attention their arrival for lunch drew. Perhaps he wasn't as good at dealing with the whispers in general, and she knew he didn't have any experience with people staring at him because he'd just walked into the Great Hall hand in hand with the same girl everyone had seen him dancing with and walking out with the night before.

Fleur wasn't going to let him shy away from her now, though. She squeezed his fingers and leaned closer against his side, giving everyone who was watching them even more to stare at.

"Shall we join your friends?" she suggested. Harry flinched a bit at feeling her breath on his ear, but it seemed to give him the necessary jolt.

"Err, yeah," he said, leading her over toward the Gryffindor table. He stopped walking when they neared the table, looking up and down the table and the Gryffindors sitting for lunch, most of whom were looking at them (or staring and/or gawking, in the case of most of the boys.) "Uh oh."

"What is it?" Fleur asked. He made no move to pull his hand out of hers, so she didn't think his 'uh oh' had anything to do with her.

"Ron and Hermione are sitting about as far apart as they can get away with," he muttered. "That can't be good."

Fleur glanced at the table, and sure enough, she saw Hermione Granger, Viktor Krum's partner for the Yule Ball, sitting at one end of the table with a book in front of her and empty space on either side of her on the bench. Fleur had never been introduced to 'Ron' but assumed that was the redheaded boy Harry always hung around with, the one who'd tried to ask her to the Yule Ball and run away before she could reject him. He was sitting next to a couple of other boys close to the other end of the table and gawking at her with his mouth open and potatoes speared on the fork in his hand as if he'd been about to take a bite before she walked into view and distracted him. A short redheaded girl a little ways down threw a wadded-up paper at his face, snapping him out of his dumbfounded reaction to Fleur's appearance. He shook his head, stuffed the fork into his mouth, and looked straight down at his plate.

"Let's see if your friend 'ermione will let us sit with her," Fleur muttered. She did not relish the idea of trying to sit next to the redhead. She'd probably need to help him work on managing his reaction to her sooner or later, if he was such good friends with Harry, but she didn't fancy having to deal with it right now.

“Right,” Harry said. He led Fleur over towards Hermione, who glanced up at them as they got close. “Mind if we sit next to you, Hermione?”

Hermione slid over to the left without a word, bringing her book with her. Harry sat down next to her with a word of thanks, and Fleur claimed the spot on the bench next to him.

“*Merci*,” Fleur said, giving the brunette what she hoped was a friendly smile. She didn’t have many friends, and most women she met didn’t get along with her, but she figured it would be a good idea to try to at least be on decent terms with Harry’s friends. Hermione didn’t exactly smile, but she did give a nod, and her look was more speculative and less openly hostile. That was encouraging.

“*You are welcome*,” Hermione said in French. Fleur’s eyes lit up as she leaned into her new lover’s side and prepared to enjoy some of the French cuisine Hogwarts offered up to welcome their Beauxbatons guests. She could feel the stares growing at the obvious intimacy between them, and it made her lean in even closer.

“*You speak French?*” she asked back eagerly, still in French. Hermione shrugged.

“*Not fluently, but I can converse*,” the brunette said. There was an accent there, and she spoke slowly, but Fleur could understand her easily enough. “*Your English is better than my French, I’m sure.*”

“*Your French is quite good, actually*,” Fleur replied. The brunette looked somewhat proud at the praise, and Fleur wondered if there might be a chance for her and this girl to at least get along. Since she seemed so close to Harry, that would be a great relief. “I wouldn’t want poor Harry to feel left out, though, so I suppose we should switch back to English.”

“Yeah, thanks for that,” Harry said after swallowing some pumpkin juice. “So, uh, did something happen between you and Ron?” Hermione rolled her eyes.

“*Ronald* made a fool of himself, as usual.” Fleur had never really spoken to the girl before sitting down at this table, but just hearing her say the name Ronald like it was a curse word was enough to tell her that the two had gotten into an argument, likely at some point after she and Harry left the ball, since he seemed clueless. “But that’s certainly not what everyone was talking about after the ball ended.” Hermione looked between Harry and Fleur, seeing her almost cuddled into his side even as she began to eat her *salade niçoise* with her free hand.

“Err, yeah,” Harry said awkwardly. He put a sandwich and some chips on his plate, not looking at his friend. “Guess I’ve given everybody something new to whisper about when I pass them in the corridor.”

“You can hardly blame them this time,” Hermione said, staring at them both. “The two of you dancing together would have been enough to get the whole school talking. But then everyone also saw you walk out together.” She leaned in closer to them and lowered her voice. “I went to bed early, but no one seems to have seen you return to the dorm room, either.” Harry chose to take a big bite of his sandwich at that moment, thus giving him an excuse not to answer Hermione right away. Hermione’s eyes looked past him to Fleur next, and she was more than happy to give Harry’s friend the answers she sought once she swallowed the bite of salad in her mouth.

"He spent the night with me," Fleur whispered, switching back to French. Hermione's eyes bulged, and her cheeks turned pink. Fleur hoped that the girl was just embarrassed to learn that her best friend had sex the night before rather than being upset that another girl had gotten to him before she could. If the brunette was nursing a crush on Harry, Fleur could forget about getting on with her.

"Still don't speak French," Harry muttered. "If you're looking at me like that, I've got a pretty good idea what she just told you, though." Hermione continued to stare at both of them, obviously at a loss as to what to say.

"But how did he change clothes if he never went back to the dorm?" Hermione asked Fleur. Perhaps she thought it was safer to speak in French since no one around them seemed to understand it, but Fleur wouldn't have cared regardless. She and Harry were both of age, and the standard curfew rules had not even been in effect for the previous night. *"Did you transfigure his dress robes?"* Fleur shook her head.

"He called that house elf friend of his, and he brought Harry fresh clothes from his trunk," Fleur said. The excitable elf, Dobby, had been elated to be able to help Harry and also immediately decided that Fleur must be a tremendous person if she was a friend of 'the great Harry Potter.' There had to be a story behind the elf's devotion to Harry, and Fleur couldn't wait to hear it. She couldn't wait to learn everything she could about Harry and how he'd become the young man capable of giving her a night like last night.

"Dobby?" Hermione groaned. "You used *Dobby*? Really, Harry?"

"He was happy to help," Harry mumbled.

"Of course he was," Hermione said as if it was obvious. Her gaze shifted to Fleur. *"I don't know what difference it really makes, though. It isn't as if everyone won't be able to draw easy conclusions about what happened, especially with you coming in here and cuddling with him while you eat your lunch."*

Fleur swallowed another bite of salad and put her fork down. She was going to need both hands for what she was about to do. She still didn't know exactly how this girl felt about her friend, but it was time for Fleur to clearly mark her territory and let the entire school know that Harry Potter was *hers*.

"I just didn't want him to have to make his entrance in wrinkled dress robes," Fleur said. *"My lover should always look his best."*

Fleur waited for Harry to swallow the crisp in his mouth before she put her hands on his shoulders and turned him to face her. She brought her left hand to his cheek and leaned in slowly, letting everyone in the Great Hall have plenty of advance notice as she came in and planted a deep kiss on her mate's lips.