

Chapter 5

“Harry Potter!” Dumbledore called again loudly.

“Harry,” Hermione hissed, elbowing him in the ribs.

Jerking in his seat, Harry stood up and walked up to the Head Table almost robotically. The applause he received was even louder than what it had been for the other Champions as he took the scrap of parchment from Professor Dumbledore. Shaking off his shock, he followed Krum and Fleur’s path through the door to the Trophy Room.

His fellow Champions were standing next to the fireplace quietly. Krum with his ever-present frown and Fleur with a haughty air that made Harry smile. Fleur’s eyes lit up when she spotted him slipping through the door.

“Arry, were you chosen?” she asked hopefully.

Smiling, he held up the scrap of parchment with his name on it. Fleur gave him a dazzling smile before rushing forward to hug him.

“I knew you could do eet,” she whispered.

“Well, that makes one of us,” Harry joked.

Giggling briefly, Fleur pulled back and kissed him on the lips. When they parted, she took his hand in hers and led him over to the fireplace. As he neared Krum, Harry paused and held out his hand.

“I’m Harry,” he said.

“Viktor,” Krum replied. “I look forward to competing with you.”

“Likewise,” Harry smiled.

The sound of the door opening caused the three of them to turn back. Ludo Bagman pranced into the room with a huge, boyish grin on his face while the three school heads, Professor McGonagall and Mr. Crouch, followed at a more sedate pace.

“Harry, good oh!” Bagman cheered.

While Bagman bounced on the balls of his feet excitedly, Madame Maxime moved to stand next to Fleur - who was still holding Harry’s hand – Karkaroff stood behind Krum and clapped him on the shoulder, and Professor McGonagall stood behind Harry proudly.

“Congratulations to all three of you,” Professor Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. The Goblet of fire would only have chosen you if you were the best student to represent your school. Now, Mr. Crouch shall explain the rules.”

As Dumbledore stepped back, Crouch stepped forward and straightened his pinstripe suit.

“As you were told earlier, being chosen by the Goblet of Fire constitutes a binding magical contract,” he began. “Barring serious injury or death, you must compete in each of the three tasks or risk losing your magic. With the danger of the tasks has been toned down compared to previous tournaments, this is not a competition to take lightly. Now, the rules. You may not receive help from any teachers or head of school in learning how to accomplish a task. However, you may ask for help in learning any spell or technique you discover on your own.

“There will be three tasks. The first will be held on the twenty-fourth of November. The second on the Twenty-fourth of February and the final task will be held on the Twenty-fourth of June. Each task will be designed to test you in different areas of magic, with the wizard, or witch, with the best score being crowned Triwizard Champion. For each task, you will only be allowed a

wand to start. Each of you will be examined before each task to ensure fairness. No armor may be worn, no potions may be taken without Madam Pomfrey's approval.

"In addition to the tasks, you will also be required to participate in the Weighing of the Wands ceremony to be held on the tenth of November, as well as the Yule Ball, where you and your partner will perform the opening dance.

"As Champions, you will be exempt from any classes or assignments that interfere with training for the tournament. Any missed assignments or tests will not count toward your overall grade for your classes. Mr. Krum, since this is your NEWT year, examiners from the Ministry will be present at each task, and upon completion of the tournament, they will give you a preliminary next score based on your performance. Should you wish to sit your NEWTs to improve your grades, arrangements will be made.

"Mr. Potter, You will be given a preliminary grade for your OWLs, and Ms. Delacour, your NEWTs. Should either of you wish to sit your exams with your classmates next year, you may. Any questions?"

Harry, Fleur, and Krum shook their heads.

"Very well," Crouch said. "The first task will be a tomb, where you must make your way through a series of traps to grab a key at the end. This key is part of a clue for the third task. Failing to collect the key will make the third task much more difficult. If at any point during a task you feel unable to continue or wish to forfeit, you may do so by sending up red sparks with your wand."

When he finished speaking, Crouch stepped back, and Dumbledore took his place.

"I believe that's all for tonight," he said smilingly. "I'm sure your classmates all looking forward to celebrating with you."

"As everyone filed out of the Trophy Room, Fleur pulled Harry back for a moment. When no one was looking, she pulled him close and gave him a searing kiss.

"I weel see you tomorrow?" she asked when they parted.

"Definitely," Harry smiled.

"Fleur!" Madame Maxime barked before continuing in French.

Harry didn't know what she said, but whatever it was had Fleur looking frustrated.

"Bonne Nuit," she said, kissing his cheek.

"Night," Harry replied.

As Fleur left with her headmistress, she looked back over her shoulder and waved. Harry waved back and smiled as he turned towards the stairs, where he found Professor McGonagall waiting for him. He thought he saw her smiling, but it was gone so quick he couldn't be sure. Clearing his throat and blushing lightly, he put his hands in his pockets and followed her up the stairs.

"Congratulations, Mr. Potter," McGonagall said as they climbed the moving staircases.

"Er, thanks, professor," Harry said.

As they climbed higher, the shock and excitement of being chosen started to fade, and the reality of the situation began to set in. Even though she was a sixth year, Fleur was still three years older than him and a very accomplished witch. Krum, too, was three years older than him and, since the Goblet had chosen him, was the best his school had to offer. How was he supposed to compete with two people who had so much more knowledge and experience than him, he wondered.

"Professor?" Harry asked.

“Yes?” Professor McGonagall replied.

“Do you think I have a chance?” he asked. “I mean, I know the Goblet chose me, but...?”

Harry was jerked from his thoughts when Professor McGonagall stopped and rested her hand on his shoulder. Standing on the landing to the third floor, he turned to look up at her.

“Mr. Potter, while you have never been the most studious of students, you have always been one of the most gifted,” McGonagall told him. “In all the years I’ve been at this school, both as a student and a professor, I’ve never met a student with such an uncanny ability to accomplish the impossible. I have the utmost confidence that you will do your school proud.”

“Thanks, professor,” Harry said with a smile.

With a small smile of her own, Professor McGonagall patted his shoulder and continued on to Gryffindor Tower, where they parted.

“Ah, the champion of Hogwarts,” the Fat Lady cheered.

“Chivalry,” Harry said, giving her the password.

Nodding, the Fat Lady swung open the portrait. Harry was hit with a wall of noise before two sets of identical hands reached out and yanked him inside.

“Bloody brilliant, mate,” Fred yelled over the cheering

“Won us a good bit of coin, you did,” George added.

“You two bet on me becoming champion?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Well, who else would get picked?” Fred asked as if it was obvious.

“Youngest Seeker in a century,” George said, ticking it off on his finger.

“Killed Quirrell and saved the Philosopher’s Stone,” Fred added.

“Killed a Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Fought off a hundred Dementors at once.”

“No one else stood a chance,” they finished in unison.

Harry blinked for a moment, then shook his head with a smile. Suddenly, the twins were shoved out of the way, and Harry was engulfed in hugs by Katie, Angelina, and Alicia.

“Way to go, Harry,” Katie beamed, her dark ponytail swinging behind her as she bounced excitedly on her feet.

“We’re behind you all the way,” Alicia told him.

“Anything you need, just ask,” Angelina added.

“Thanks, girls, that means a lot,” Harry smiled.

Harry would have liked to talk to them more, but someone shoved a Butterbeer in his hand, and then he was being pushed through the crowd. When he neared the fireplace, Hermione jumped to her feet and hugged him tightly.

"I'm really proud of you," she said just loud enough for him to hear.

Grinning, Harry tightened his arms around her, then lifted her off her feet and spun her in circles. Hermione let out a screaming laugh before slapping him lightly on the shoulder when he finally put her down. Giving her a crooked grin, he looked around, a frown slowly forming on his face.

"Where's Ron?" he asked.

Hermione's demeanor changed instantly as she bit her lip nervously.

"What?" Harry asked, dreading the answer.

"Oh, Harry. You know how he is," she told him. "He was already jealous about you dating Fleur, and now you being champion...."

Harry sighed.

"Great," he grumbled. "You know what? Fine. If he wants to be a jealous prat, then let him."

"I'm sure he'll calm down in a couple of days," Hermione said weakly.

"Hey, Harry!" Lee Jordan yelled as he, the twins, and the Flying Foxes came over to join them. "Did they tell you anything about the first task?"

“Yeah, they said we’d have to get through a tomb with traps and retrieve a key that’s part of a clue for the third task,” Harry said.

“Sounds like Curse Breaking,” George said, looking at Fred, who nodded. “We’ll owl Bill. He should be able to give you a few tips.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

“We should go to the library tomorrow and see what spells we can find,” Hermione told him.

“Sure. After breakfast?” he offered.

Hermione nodded but looked at him oddly. She looked like she wanted to ask him something but held back because of everyone around. Harry promised himself to ask her about it later before turning back to the conversation around them.

Being the center of a huge party with all the Gryffindors was a surreal experience for Harry. It was surprising yet gratifying to have the complete support of his house. Especially after the way most of his classmates, including some of his own housemates, had treated him in his second year. Only two things put a slight damper on the mood.

The first was Ron, being a jealous git up in the dorm, and the second was Cormac McLaggen bemoaning the fact he wasn’t chosen.

“I can’t believe that stupid goblet picked a fourth year,” Cormac said loudly to anyone who would listen. “It’s not like Potter’s ever done anything special besides not die, and everyone here has managed that.”

A couple of seventh years, bitter at not being picked, laughed.

“Harry rescued me from the Chamber of Secrets, you arse!” Ginny yelled, her face and ears red with anger.

The whole room went quiet, stunned by the exclamation. It was the first time that Ginny had ever talked about what happened in the Chamber to anyone but Harry, Hermione, and her family.

“It’s fine, Ginny,” Harry reassured her quickly. “You don’t need to-”

“No, I do,” Ginny said, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. “I should’ve said something two years ago. I just – I was embarrassed. Harry singlehandedly saved me from the Chamber of Secrets by killing a sixty-foot-long Basilisk.”

“Fawkes helped,” Harry said.

“Did you forget about that match last year when he cast a full Patronus and still caught the Snitch?” Katie asked angrily, arms crossed over her chest.

“And he saved me from that Troll in first year by jumping on its back,” Hermione added.

“Hermione,” Harry said, his tone asking why she was joining in.

She gave him an unapologetic smile and a shrug.

“Don’t forget the time he caught the Snitch after his arm was broken,” Alicia said.

“What, exactly, have you done that makes you think *you* should have been the Champion of Hogwarts?” Angelina asked Cormac.

Embarrassed and angry, Cormac stood up and stormed up the stairs to the dorm.

“Prick,” Angelina muttered.

“Thanks, girls. But you really didn’t need to do that,” Harry said.

Glancing over at Fred and George, who had stayed suspiciously quiet, he saw them whispering to each other with their heads together. The smiles they wore told Harry Cormac likely had some pranks coming his way.

“You’re our friend and our teammate; of course, we did,” Katie said.

“Besides, Cormac’s been a pain in the arse since he got on the Express,” Angelina told him. “He came into our compartment and basically told us he was going to be the new Keeper this year. He was talking like he was made Quidditch captain.”

“More like he was Merlin’s gift to Quidditch,” Alicia scoffed.

“Any time he wasn’t boasting about himself or leering at our tits, he kept trying to give us tips,” Katie said, her brow furrowed angrily. “I’ve never even seen him fly, and I’m supposed to take his advice?”

“Don’t worry, ladies,” George said.

“Consider it taken care of,” Fred finished with a dangerous grin.

Harry smiled, wondering what mayhem McLaggen was in for. The party went on until midnight when Professor McGonagall came in and told everyone to get to bed soon. The common room gradually emptied until only a few people remained.

“Are you okay, Harry?” Hermione asked quietly.

“Am I that obvious?” he asked, smiling.

Hermione smiled back, “No, but I do know you quite well. So, what’s bothering you?”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“I’m nervous,” he admitted. “I mean, I’m only a fourth year. Fleur and Krum are both twenty and know a ton more magic than I do. How am I supposed to compete?”

“Some things are more important than books and cleverness,” Hermione smiled, echoing her words from their first year. “Harry, the Goblet wouldn’t have chosen you if you weren’t the best choice for Hogwarts. They might know more magic, but there’s nothing stopping you from learning it too. Besides, you have experience they don’t have, and that’s not something you can learn about from any book.”

Harry let out an exaggerated gasp.

“Hermione Granger! Did you just say there’s something you can’t learn from a book?” he asked, acting shocked.

She hit him lightly on the arm, though there was a smile on her face.

“Prat,” she muttered before they descended into a companionable silence.

“Do you really think I stand a chance?” Harry asked eventually.

“I know you do,” Hermione said sincerely, her hand coming to rest on his arm. “You have more heart and determination than any wizard I’ve ever met. You learn the Patronus Charm as a third year, then drove off over a hundred Dementors. Harry, I don’t think you truly understand just how incredible of a feat that is. There are only a handful of wizards in the world that could do something like that. I’m certain you’ll do brilliantly in the tournament.”

Harry smiled shyly and wrapped his arm around Hermione’s shoulders.

“Thanks, ‘Mione,” he said, hugging her to his side.

~

Ron pointedly ignored Harry for the next couple of days, preferring to spend time with Seamus and Dean instead. It hurt that his first friend would be so petty and childish, but he wasn’t going to try and talk some sense into him. Harry had come to realize that Ron expected a lot from life but refused to do the work to earn it. He hoped Ron would grow up and get over himself eventually. For now, though, Harry had much bigger things to worry about.

Classes only got harder now that the other two schools had had time to settle in. Over the next several days, Harry and Fleur had trouble spending as much time together as they would have liked. The day after the champions were chosen, the two of them sat down and talked things over. Both of them decided not to talk about their strategies for the tasks. The only exception would be if one of them learned something they shouldn’t.

With that settled, they ended up only getting closer to one another. While Harry shared stories of his adventures at Hogwarts and a little about his relatives, Fleur was much more open about her family. Her school years weren’t nearly as exciting as his, but she had her own struggles growing up. Veela were much more accepted in France than they were in Britain, but some were still bigoted. Fleur, much like him, was generally well liked, but had a very small, close nit group of friends.

When Harry wasn’t in class or spending time with Fleur, he was studying for the first task with Hermione. Fred and George had gotten a reply from Bill a few days after sending a letter off to

him. He gave them several pages of notes and tips, as well as a list of books that would be helpful. Harry found the whole concept of Curse Breaking quite interesting, though it could be very dangerous.

Before Harry knew it, it was the day of the Weighing of the Wands. Colin Creevy showed up halfway through Potions to collect him, something Snape was not happy about. Between Snape's petty anger and Colin's overexuberance, Harry was relieved to reach the room where the wand weighing was taking place.

Stepping into the room, he discovered he was the last to arrive. Fleur and Krum sat in seats while Bagman talked animatedly with a blonde witch in lime green robes. A portly, balding wizard with a camera around his neck stood nearby. Harry frowned when he caught the photographer eyeing Fleur out of the corner of his eyes.

"Ah, Harry, right on time!" Bagman exclaimed exuberantly. "Professor Dumbledore and the others should be here in just a moment."

The blonde witch, who wore garish makeup, gave him a predatory smile as she strode over to him.

"Hello, I'm Rita Skeeter from the Daily Prophet," she introduced herself while shaking his hand. "Perhaps we could do a quick interview while we wait for the others?"

Without waiting for an answer, she grabbed his arm in a surprisingly strong grip and started pulling him towards a broom cupboard. Having no intention of being trapped in a tiny cupboard with a strange woman, Harry yanked his arm free.

"Do you interview the others?" Harry asked.

Behind Skeeter, Fleur wrinkled her nose cutely and shook her head.

“I thought I’d start with the youngest first. For a bit of color,” Skeeter said, a fake smile plastered on her face as a roll of parchment and an acid green quill hovered in the air next to her. “Now, tell me, how do you feel about being chosen as the Hogwarts Champion at the tender age of fifteen?”

“I’m seventeen,” Harry said.

Despite his short answer, the acid green quill wrote several full lines. He tried to lean over to see what it wrote, but the parchment moved out of the way.

“Do you think you’ll be at a disadvantage in the tournament, being so much younger than your competitors?” Skeeter asked.

“Yes, but I look forward to the challenge,” Harry said.

“And how do you think your parents would feel?” she asked, a falsely sweet smile on her lips. “Do you think they would be proud you were chosen or worried that you feel a constant need to be the center of attention?”

Harry balled his hands into tight fists and barely stopped himself from cursing the stupid bitch out.

“We’re done,” Harry said through gritted teeth.

As he stormed past her, his hand shot out and snatched the parchment out of the air.

“Hey! You can’t do that!” Skeeter shouted.

Reading the parchment, Harry became furious. Nothing on it was close to what he’d said. It made him come across as arrogant and attention seeking.

"Give that back!" she yelled.

"Is there a problem, Rita?" Professor Dumbledore asked as he, Maxime, Karkaroff, and Mr. Olivander entered the room.

"Your student just stole my property," Skeeter sneered.

"I don't appreciate people writing lies about me," Harry said as Fleur read over his shoulder.

"Arry never said any of zis," Fleur added.

"Professor, do you know anyone at the Prophet I could trust to give an interview to?" Harry asked.

"As a matter of fact, I believe Penelope Clearwater just started working there this Summer," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. "I could Floo her for you, if you'd like."

"Thank you, sir," Harry said.

"I would rizzer give an interview to 'er as well," Fleur said.

"As vould I," Krum added.

"You can't do this!" Skeeter shouted.

"I think you'll find that I can," Dumbledore said firmly. "Good day, Ms. Skeeter."

“You’ll pay for this,” Skeeter growled at Harry.

Snatching her quill out of the air, she stuffed it in her bag and stormed from the room. As Ollivander set up a table for himself, Dumbledore walked over to the Floo and stuck his head into the emerald green flames. A few moments later, he pulled his head back out, and a tall, pretty blonde stepped out of the fireplace.

“Hey, Penny,” Harry smiled, glad to see her again.

“Harry!” she exclaimed.

With a beaming smile, she walked over and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you so much,” Penny said. “You have no idea how much this is going to help my career.”

“It was Dumbledore’s idea,” Harry admitted. “I didn’t even know you worked at the Prophet.”

As Penny stepped back with a smile, Fleur stepped forward and took his hand in hers.

“I’m still grateful,” Penny smiled, then glanced down at their hands. “So, are you two...?”

“Oui,” Fleur smiled brightly.

Penny smiled back and pulled a Muggle notepad and pen out of her robe.

“I’m ready when you are, Albus,” Ollivander said.

“Excellent,” Dumbledore replied. “Ms. Clearwater, perhaps you could do interviews after the Weighing? If the Champions are willing, of course.”

“Okay,” Penny said, looking over at them hopefully. “I wish I had a photographer, though.”

“Colin Creevy could do it,” Harry said.

“I’ll send for him,” Professor Dumbledore said.

With a wiggle of his wand, a paper airplane appeared in the air and took flight through the door.

“Now, Ms. Delacour, if you’d like to go first,”

Ollivander examined all of their wands and pronounced them in perfect working order. As Harry was having his wand looked at, Colin appeared in the doorway. He was bent over, panting heavily and clutching a camera to his chest.

Once Ollivander was finished, Penny had him take a few pictures of the group before asking some questions. When she was done, Fleur asked Colin to take a picture of just her and Harry so she could send it to her family.

“You know, if you two are willing to talk about how you got together, it’d make a great article for Witch Weekly,” Penny said tentatively.

“I don’t know,” Harry said. “I don’t really like my private life being in a magazine.”

“What eef Skeeter tries to sell ‘er story to zhem first?” Fleur asked.

“Rita Skeeter is vindictive, and she has a way of finding out things she shouldn’t,” Penny said. “I’m pretty sure she has blackmail on pretty much everyone. No one likes her, even if her stories do sell.”

Harry sighed and turned to Fleur, “What do you think?”

Fleur shrugged, “I know you do not like eet, but ett would not ‘urt.”

After weighing the pros and cons, Harry sighed again and nodded.

“Alright,” he said.

Fleur smiled and kissed him on the cheek. Across from them, Penny smiled, glad to see Harry happy.

“So, how did you two meet?” she asked.

Fleur looked at Harry lovingly before turning back to Penny.

“Eet all started at ze World Cup...”

~

By the time Harry and Fleur finished the interview with Penny, lunch was already over. Deciding to skip class to spend time together, he showed her to the kitchens. Dobby was elated to see him as always.

“Ees zat ze elf you tricked ‘is master into freeeing?” Fleur asked.

“Yeah,” Harry smiled as several Elves loaded their table with food.

“I ‘ave never met a ‘Ouse Elf like ‘im,” she said.

“He’s a bit – odd – but he’s a good friend,” Harry said, then smirked. “At least when he’s not trying to save my life by putting me in the Hospital Wing.”

Fleur giggled, having already heard the story.

“So, how is your training for the first task going?” he asked.

“Good, but I wish you ‘ad books in French,” Fleur replied. “Eet’s ‘arder for me to read een Eenglish.”

“I think I heard Professor Flitwick mention something about a Translation Charm for books the other day. You could ask him,” Harry said.

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

Leaning over, she kissed him on the lips and rubbed his thigh under the table.

“Ees zhere someplace een ze castle we could go to be alone?” she asked suggestively.

“Just the broom cupboards,” Harry told her.

Fleur wrinkled her nose cutely.

“Yous could use the Come and Go room,” Dobby suggested.

"The what?" Harry asked.

~

Up on the seventh floor, Dobby led Harry and Fleur down the corridor to the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy. Fleur eyes the portrait incredulously as the painted wizard tried to make several Trolls in pink tutus do ballet.

"It bes here, Harry Potter, sir," Dobby said excitedly. "Yous need to walk back and forth three times whiles thinking of what yous wanting."

"Okay," Harry said, feeling a bit dubious.

I need a place to be alone with Fleur, he thought repeatedly as he paced back and forth in front of the blank wall. To his surprise, a door faded into sight on his third pass. Opening the door, he found a rather plain room with a bed, fireplace, and couch.

"It worked," he gasped.

"Let me try," Fleur said excitedly.

Harry closed the door and stepped out of the way so Fleur could pace. After her third pass, she opened the door to a beautiful, elegant room. The walls were white, and the bed in the middle was covered in light blue, silky sheets. Against one wall, there was a white, whicker vanity and a wooden study desk. The back wall held a large window that showed a moving picture of a beach.

"Wow," Harry said.

“Zank you, Dobby,” Fleur said. “Eef you don’t mind, I would like some time alone wiz ‘Arry.”

“Yous welcome, miss,” Dobby said with a smile before disappearing.

“Is this your bedroom?” Harry asked as Fleur walked in behind him and closed the door.

“Oui,” she replied.

Grabbing his hand, she led him over to the bed and turned him to face her. Fleur pulled off his tie slowly, then caressed his chest before pushing him back until he sat on the bed. With a sultry smile, she bent forward and gave him a deep, lingering kiss. When she straightened up again, she opened her silky blue school robe and shrugged it off her shoulder. The material pooled around her feet, revealing a set of black satin lingerie underneath.

Harry’s eyes drank in the sight of her flawless, alabaster skin and sinful curves. With a fire in her eyes and her Allure flaring unrestrained, Fleur slowly dropped to her knees. He felt himself harden almost instantly as she reached for his belt, unbuckling it and opening his pants.

“You ‘ave such a nice cock, mon ange,” Fleur whispered seductively as she pulled his length into the open. “You always get so ‘ard for me.”

“How could I not?” Harry smirked, his eyes deliberately dipping to her cleavage.

Following his line of sight with a smirk, Fleur reached behind her back with one hand and unclasped her bra. The sight of her huge, perky breasts jutting from her chest, her light pink nipples hardened in arousal, caused him to throb in her hand. With a giggle, she leaned forward and kissed the underside of his red, swollen head.

“I never thought I would enjoy doing zhis so much,” Fleur mused. “Maman and grandmere always warned me ‘ow men would pull zheir ‘air and force zhemselves deeper. But with you...”

Wrapping her lips around his head, she swirled her tongue around his glans. The feeling, combined with the ever-present tingling sensation of her saliva, drew a groan from his lips. His hips flexed slightly, uncontrollably, while he ran his fingers through her silvery blonde hair. Fleur hummed contentedly and took him deeper, sucking harder. Bobbing her head up and down his length several times, she moved languidly, as if to savor it before finally pulling off of his cock with a *pop*.

Smiling, Fleur placed a kiss on the before tugging his trousers and boxers down his legs. As she tossed them aside, Harry opened the top three buttons of his dress shirt and pulled it over his head.

“Such a beautiful cock,” Fleur murmured.

Bending forward, she took him back in her mouth. With each bob of her head, she took him slightly deeper, her tongue licking and caressing every millimeter of his throbbing shaft. Once his shaft was good and wet, Fleur took a deep breath through her nose and dove down, sending him straight down her throat.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

His muscles flexed, but he fought back against the urge to thrust upwards. Fleur held him in place for several seconds before pulling back slowly, her lips sealed tight around his shaft. As he looked down at her, she looked back up at him with a smile in her eyes. Over and over, Fleur took him to the base, her cute little nose pressed against his pubic bone.

She pulled back up to the head when she needed to breathe, lashing it lovingly with her tongue before driving herself back down. In minutes, Harry was panting heavily, desperately fighting the urge to cum so he could enjoy the feeling of her mouth just a little bit longer. Eventually, though, he could hold out no longer.

“Fleur,” he panted in warning.

Chuckling around his, Fleur focused on the tip while her hand stroked his shaft. Seconds later, he exploded in her mouth, flooding it with his excitement. Fleur moaned as the first jet hit her tongue and sucked hard while her fist flew up and down his spit-soaked shaft. Harry's breath hitched, his legs trembling uncontrollably from the overwhelming sensations.

When he finally finished, he sagged slightly and watched through heavy eyelids as Fleur pulled off of him, careful to keep her lips sealed. As her hand moved up his length one last time, a pearly white bead leaked from the tip. Licking it off, Fleur stared up at him before making a show of swallowing twice.

"You're incredible," Harry panted with a grin.

"So are you," Fleur smiled.

Pecking him on the lips, she stood up slowly. Slipping her hands inside the waistband of her black panties, she shimmied them over her hips, then let them fall to the floor.

Harry grabbed her by the hips and pulled her close. Inhaling the scent of her arousal, he kissed all over her thighs and mound. Standing up, it was now his turn to push her onto the bed. Kissing his way up from her knees, he was already hard again by the time he reached her breasts.

Impatiently, Fleur wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him forward. Somehow, his cock sank unerringly between her folds without aid. Fleur let out a needy whine as he slowly sank into depths. Slipping a hand under her back, he lifted her up slightly and carried her further onto the bed.

"Take me," Fleur breathed. "I need you, mon vilain ange."

My naughty angel, Harry thought, smirking at the nickname.

Pulling back at a crawl, he paused just at her entrance before slamming his hips forward. Fleur arched her back, mouth open in a silent scream and nails digging into his skin from the sudden, brutal intrusion. Grasping one of her breasts roughly, Harry did the same thing a few more times before Fleur let out a wail.

Harry smiled and sucked at her next as she lost herself in the throes of a monumental climax. Letting go of her breast, he kissed and sucked at the delicate skin of her exposed neck.

“Arry,” Fleur gasped, her fingers curling in his hair.

Even as her body spasmed under him, Harry never stopped moving. Each hammering thrust sent her body bouncing off the mattress, her heels digging into his bum, silently urging him on. As she finally came down from her climax, he pulled out of her quickly and rolled her over onto her stomach.

With her bum in the air and her face buried in the sheets, Harry slammed into her from behind. Leaning over her back, he kissed and sucked at her neck while one of his hands groped her chest.

“Mon amour,” she panted.

Incredibly, he pushed her to a second orgasm only moments later. She drenched him in her arousal as his cock continued to piston in and out of her indescribable depths. The feeling of her hot, tight, slick walls was quickly pushing him towards the edge.

Pushing her hair out of the way, he claimed her lips in a demanding kiss as he reached his peak. Fleur moaned into his mouth as the first jet splashed against her depths, followed by several more that flooded her quivering core. When his peak came to an end, both of them collapsed flat on the bed. Harry rolled them onto their sides so he wouldn't crush her, and Fleur hugged his arms to her chest.

Smiling, he kissed her neck and closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of her body pressed flush against his.