

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, Harry? 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 26<sup>th</sup>.

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 discomforted 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.