

The time-turners came crashing down around him as he ran through the Department of Mysteries' Hall of Time. Too concerned with Death Eaters pursuing him, he couldn't be bothered to pay the little nuisances any mind. The glass necklaces bounced off his head and his shoulders from every side and fell to the ground, shattering against the stone floor. Nothing happened at first, as the sands of time scattered across the floor.

But then the world around him shifted, it was drastically more violent than what he remembered it being like in his third year. It made him feel physically ill, far worse than the floo had ever been. When the world stopped spinning, he looked around frantically, afraid that the Death Eaters would be there too.

But they were nowhere to be seen. Relieved, at least for the moment, it all caught up with him. His blood rushed in his ears, and he had to stop himself from retching as the adrenaline slowly left him.

"How the hell did you get down here?" A voice asked from the end of the shelves of now, entirely intact time-turners.

"I..." Harry started to explain, but he didn't get a chance as he blacked out.

When he woke up, he found himself looking at two Unspeakables in gray robes. The one on the left looked vaguely familiar. The one on the right leaned over the table, staring at him with cold, dark eyes, "Who are you?"

"Harry... uh... Harry Potter." He answered groggily. Neither of the two wizards looked toward the scar on his head. But then, he wasn't giving his scar much thought either. For the first time in months, it wasn't bothering him.

"Alright, Harry Potter... how did you get into the Department of Mysteries?"

"I... walked in. With some of my friends." His eyes widened in panic as it all came back to him, "My friends!"

"Sit down," The one on the left commanded, "There were no other unauthorized visitors in the Department. We checked... thoroughly."

"I know you..." he looked at the other man intently, trying to place his face, "You're Croaker." The man's eyes widened only fractionally, but he knew that he was right, "But you're so much younger."

"Some fool playing around in the Hall of Time found himself displaced because of it." The unnamed Unspeakable snorted derisively, "So when are you from then, boy?"

Harry didn't like his tone one bit, but he responded anyway, "1994. And I wasn't playing around in the Department of Mysteries, I was fighting Death Eaters who were trying to kill me."

"What in the sodding hell is a Death Eater?" the other asked, annoyed.

"The followers of the Dark Lord Voldemort." Both men just quirked an eyebrow at the name, "I know. It's a ridiculous name... but, given he's more dangerous than Grindelwald, according to Dumbledore, no one really cares. Besides, people are so afraid of him they won't even say it."

"Never heard of him."

“What year is it?”

“1975.” Harry furrowed his brow in confusion. *Then Voldemort should’ve been around for years.*

“I think I might be able to offer an explanation,” Croaker interjected, “It isn’t natural for a person to travel so far back in time. All who’ve attempted it have never returned. The simple explanation of the hypothesis behind this problem is that Time cannot suffer the effects of someone from the immediate timeline interfering in the past and so it fixes the problem by displacing them to a parallel one.”

“And there’s no way back?”

Both men shook their heads, “There’s no known way to travel forward in time. And that says nothing of the issue of returning to your original timeline.” There was a hint of sympathy in Croaker’s voice and Harry felt his heart sink.

His friends, Sirius, everything he cared about lost because of an accident, “I don’t... Is there... anything you can do to help me?”

“I’m afraid not.”

He was an unqualified, fifteen-year-old wizard alone in the world. It was a sobering thought, “Right... right, of course. Is there anything else?”

“I suppose not.” The cold contempt he’d seen in the other wizard’s eyes initially was gone now, “Now that we know you didn’t breach our security intentionally, we have no reason to keep you.”

He felt numb as he walked his way through the Ministry, escorted by Croaker. The Unspeakable led him to the visitor’s entrance and patted him on the shoulder as they parted, “For what it’s worth, good luck.”

Harry found himself on the streets of Muggle London with a sore head and no idea what to do next. He had no money to his name, and no credentials. There was a mad part of him that wanted to go straight to Hogwarts and find his parents, but they were teenagers living their own lives that were potentially completely different from the ones that they had in his own world. *There’s no Tom Riddle here, there might be no Lily Evans or James Potter either.*

In the end, he decided that he would stay well away from Hogwarts and the people who could one day become his parents. *Who knows, it might upset time and cause some terrible consequences?*

He made his way toward the Leaky Cauldron and Diagon Alley. While London around it looked different, the Leaky Cauldron, and the magicals inside, looked much the same. Penniless, Harry took a chance and walked into Gringotts with nothing more than hope.

The glass was wonderfully cool in his hand and the pina colada inside it delicious. The warm noon sun beat on the sands as Harry lounged on the Pampelonne Beach, just outside of Saint-Tropez in France. It’d been a little over two years since his arrival in the past, and he still counted his blessings every day that he made the decision to go into Gringotts on that fateful afternoon.

There were questions and paperwork, and it took days to work everything out, but by the time he walked out of the marble bank, he was no longer Harry Potter, but Harry Peverell. The family had gone

extinct some four hundred years prior, but their accounts remained active, gaining interest hand over fist without anybody capable of profiting from it, even the goblins.

When the tests were done, and it became clear that Harry had some relation to the legendary family, the goblins were confused and reluctant to allow him access... until he offered them half of the vaults contents in exchange. After that, they were incredibly accommodating.

They helped him acquire tutors to finish his magical education and acquire his credentials. Two years of education took less than six months, and without the distractions of friends and quidditch and Voldemort, he found he excelled magically.

At his request, they got him a French teacher and facilitated his purchase of a home in coastal France. He'd taken a keen interest in the art of wand-making and had a thriving business that saw bright-eyed students meant for Beauxbatons visit for the first time the last summer. He'd already gotten a reputation and expected to see even better business in the next few weeks. That's why he was taking the opportunity to lounge before his days were too busy with excitable preteens looking forward to their first wands.

It was a pleasant, simple life, filled with the sun and sea. Certainly not the life destiny first had planned for him, but one that he enjoyed immensely. All the adventure and death that had pursued him in his earlier life was gone, and it seemed this Britain wouldn't suffer it either. There hadn't been a single whisper of Death Eaters, or Pureblood Terrorists. *And from what I was able to find, Tom never existed to begin with this time around. There was no record of anyone with that name ever attending Hogwarts.*

The beach was relatively busy, but it was serene and peaceful as the sun hung high in the sky. The sound of waves beating steady against the shore was enough to lull him to sleep. Or it would have if it weren't for something that caught his attention at the water's edge.

An absolute stunner, drop-dead gorgeous, young woman walked where the crystal-clear, Mediterranean water could just kiss her toes. She was carrying a drink in each hand from the cabana down the beach and returning to wherever she'd settled.

She was the sort of woman that was hard not to look at. He could only see her from the back, but her hips looked like the perfect place to rest your hands. Her bum looked like it'd been sculpted out of marble by Michelangelo, that's how beautiful it was. And her silver-blond hair, was wavy and fell like water the middle of her back.

All of that would have been enough to get his attention, but that wasn't what had warranted it in this particular case. No, it was the three gents who were following close behind her, and clearly making her uncomfortable. Every eye for 200 meters watched her as she passed, but those three men were taking it a step further.

Seeing as no one else was going to do anything to help her. Harry stood, placed his drink down on the small table next to his beach chair and made off after them. His toes slid between the sand as he jogged to catch them.

The young woman looked around nervously and said something that he could not make out. Whatever it was, two of the men following her splintered off, chatting excitedly about what they were going to get

for her. The third wouldn't be so easily deterred. By the time he caught up, they were on a largely disused, rocky stretch of the beach.

As they disappeared behind a small outcrop of rock, he heard the young woman squeal in surprise and the breaking of glass. Even though he was in nothing but a pair of tight swim trunks, he still had his wand. It was concealed against his forearm, and in his hand in a moment.

Rounding the corner, he found that the young woman was on her back with a scratch on each elbow as the bigger man loomed over her. Harry assumed that the young man was a muggle, but he wasn't about to question him. Silently, he stunned the bastard and watched him drop hard against the water-soaked rocks.

She was entirely unsurprised by the wand, and he was happy for it. The last thing he wanted to do was oblivate her.

Offering a hand to the fallen beauty, he asked in French, "Are you alright?" He noticed that her hand was glowing a faint orange that quickly dissipated.

She took the hand without question, and let him pull her to her feet, "I'm... fine now. I've never had that problem before. I can usually handle them myself. "

"Does this happen often?" Harry asked with a quirked eyebrow.

She mimicked him, though hers was perfectly manicured, and answered slowly, "Yes..." The young woman looked at him as though he were touched, "I've learned to deal with it quite well though. It's usually easier with muggles." She actually kicked the muggle in the stomach, "This one was particularly aggressive though."

Harry smiled, impressed at how good her leg was, "Well, I'm glad I was here to help you." Gently, he grabbed her elbows one by one. Her skin was smooth as marble, but warm and yielding, as he waved his wand over each one in turn the cuts stitched themselves up, "There good as new." He fixed the two glasses as well for good measure.

Looking at him with wide, azure-blue eyes, she spoke softly, "Thanks."

"Anytime," Harry gave her one more winning smile, "Were you joining your friends or..." Now that the situation was dealt with, he was having a hard time not noticing that she was just as beautiful from the front as she had been from the back, with the sort of face that ancient poets wrote timeless prose about.

There was something niggling at the back of his mind that said he should recognize her. But the only woman he could ever remember meeting that came close to comparing to the magnificence in front of him was Fleur, and this certainly wasn't Fleur.

Harry coughed, as the young woman stared at him as though he were the most interesting thing she'd ever seen in her entire life. The noise roused her from whatever she was thinking, "Oh, yes. My friend, Vivienne. Would you..." she hesitated just a moment, surprisingly nervous, "Would you mind walking me?"

“Of course,” Harry had no complaints about spending more time with the enchanting woman, “lead the way.” The only kindness Harry showed the muggle was moving him far enough from the water that he couldn’t be pulled into the sea when the tide rose. *He’ll wake eventually. Maybe tonight. Tomorrow morning at the latest.*

They walked west along the beach when she pointed out, “I didn’t get your name.”

“Oh, Harry... Harry Peverell.”

“The new wand-maker?” She asked a hint of excitement. He nodded his head, “I didn’t expect you to be so young, or handsome.”

Running a hand through his dark-hair, he chuckled off the butterflies in his stomach, “Every wand-maker had to start at some point, though I would say that I’m younger than most.”

“The one in Paris, is old enough to be my great-grandfather,” she giggled, a light tinkling thing that did nothing to lessen what he was feeling, “I’m Apolline, by the way.”

“Well, Apolline,” just saying her name, made her smile, “I can’t argue with you. I’m quite sure old Ollivander has been in his shop since it opened oh... 2000 years ago.”

They reached the next stretch of beach. They passed a woman, maybe thirty years old and she wasn’t wearing a top. Harry’s eyes never left Apolline’s though. A random pair of tits wasn’t nearly as interesting as the young woman in front of him. He thought he saw a light blush on her cheeks as she asked him, “Your accent, it is barely there, but you are English, no?”

“Right, in one.” He told her in English. It’d been a while since he spoke to anyone in his mother language, and it felt odd on his tongue.

“Your French is fantastic.” They continued in French.

“Well, thank you.” It was at that moment that they reached a large blanket completely free of any sand. Harry could feel that there was magic around it. He couldn’t say what exactly they did but they were there. There was a note sitting on a basket that had some snacks in it. Apolline bent at the waist, and Harry was treated to the sight of her jutting bum as it hugged the string of her bikini. *Bloody fucking Merlin.*

“It seems that Vivienne will not be back for some time.” Apolline told him, not sounding particularly disappointed by that news, “She needed to return to her home. You’ve been so wonderful already, and I don’t want to impose....” She bit her lip, and he wanted nothing more than to be the one doing it instead, “but would you like to keep me company while I wait for her?”

“I didn’t have any other plans.” Harry said with a grin. *And even if I did. I would’ve happily dropped them if it meant spending more time with her.*

“No girlfriend to get to? She asked him.

“No.”

Beaming at him, she dropped her bum to the towel, and he thought she might actually be glowing in joy as she patted the spot next to her, “So, where are you from then?”

They sat and talked, the conversation coming easily. It was like they were old friends, and even that undersold it, because he didn't think he'd been this carefree with either Ron or Hermione in what felt like an entirely different.

He learned that she was twenty, had graduated from Beauxbatons three years before, excelled in charms, and grew up outside of Lyon. She was an only child, and was doted upon by her mother and father. Though she did her best not to act like a spoiled brat, "And I manage it most the time as well. Though when I really want something, I still have a hard time not just taking it."

When her fingers brushed against the scar on the inside of his right arm, his breath hitched, "And how in the world did you get that?"

There were a hundred lies he could tell, but he didn't want to lie to her, "Killing a basilisk."

"What?!"

"There was a phoenix, so I survived." He shrugged his shoulder, "I was twelve."

She shook her head, dumbfounded, "You are teasing me."

"I'm really not." They stared at each other for a long moment.

Apolline bit her lip, "You're serious." He nodded his head, staring out at the sea, as she muttered to herself, "One man should not be so interesting."

They fell into a comfortable silence, until he felt her move beside him. Glancing to his left, his eyes widened comically as he watched her pull her bikini top off her chest. Her breasts were works of art, perky, round, and just bigger than a handful. There were no tan lines on her gorgeous skin. Her nipples were small and pink, and terribly inviting. It took incredible willpower not to lean over and just wrap his lips around those, firm little nubs.

Noticing his attention on her, she gave him a sexy smirk that went right to his crotch, "I'm sorry, you don't mind, do you? I hate having tan-lines."

"No, it's... it's fine." His mouth was dry as he watched her lean back and close her eyes. Harry was busy trying to will away the erection that threatened to become blatantly obvious by poking out the bottom of his trunks.

The air became thick, almost like he could pass a hand through it and watch it ripple like waves, but every breath tasted like the finest treacle tart he'd ever had. He felt light-headed, euphoric, and his cock throbbed against his thigh as he reached full mast. It begged to be touched as a bead of precum leaked from the head.

Leaning back on his arms, he looked over at the vision of beauty beside him furtively. He found that her dazzling eyes were open and looked at him intently. Glowing like an angel, everything about her seemed that much more enticing, which was no insignificant thing. He forced himself to look away before he did something he might regret. Her voice reached him soft and serene, "Am I not beautiful?"

"You're... incomparable."

She gave a tinkling laugh that made him shiver and sat up so that their shoulders were touching, her warm breath tickled at his ear, "Oh, you're perfect. Absolutely perfect." Her slender fingers danced down his thigh until she was playing with the leaking dome of his shaft, "In more ways than one."

"Is this not... a little fast?" Harry cursed whatever stupid part of his brain decided to ask such an inane question. *The most beautiful woman you've ever seen his playing with your knob, just shut up!*

"It would be," Apolline squeezed the top of his shaft, pulling a low groan from his throat and another bead of precum from his shaft, "but we know. It is a rare thing to find someone so resilient. And it makes my magic sing." She nipped at his ear, "That you are so handsome only helps."

"I'm... not sure I follow." She gathered all the slick, sticky juices at his slit and started stroking more of his length. It was taking all his willpower not to explode.

"I am veela, 'Arry." She explained eyes locked, "And even with every bit of my allure directed at you. You resist. I cannot think of anything... sexier. Most men would have passed out, or cum in their pants, or both, usually both... but not you." Harry's eyes widened. While he suspected, it was an entirely different thing to have it confirmed.

"I..." Apolline leaned in for a kiss, her lips were full, and pillowy and just the feel of them against his lips was ecstasy. Her tongue slipped between his lips as her hand started beating his length more incessantly. Harry pulled away from with a moan, hands fisted at his side, trying to stave off his release.

"You want to cum for me, don't you?" Apolline's azure eyes were dark with desire as she snaked her other hand into his trunks and tickled his hanging sack, "They are so big... you must have so much waiting for me."

"So good..."

The proud veela radiated joy at his compliment, "You are the first man I have ever touched. The only other ones I ever thought might be worthy finished before I could even start. But not you..."

"Close..." The knot in his groin was growing tighter and tighter with every stroke of her hand against the oversensitive flesh of his almost purple shaft.

"Don't hold back!" Apolline insisted feverishly, "There will be more, and this is only to take the edge off."

"Oh my... fuuckk... yes!" He didn't care who heard him as he reached peak. The entire beach could be staring at him, and he wouldn't know. Fortunately, the magic around the blanket stopped that from happening.

Every fiber of his being was focused on the rapturous climax that exploded in his cock. The first jet of cum came suddenly as his cock recoiled almost violently. Apolline gasped as it splashed against her thigh, and she continued to pump out every drop she could get from his cock. And it was more than he could ever remember before.

Harry's leg shook involuntarily as he experienced the most incredible orgasm of his life. Line after line of his cum shot from his flaming cock-head and covered Apolline's legs and lower abdomen. His eyes rolled back, and his arms gave out as he thudded against the blanket. He had two lives before that moment,

one before the Department and the one after. Now he had three. Because that orgasm was as life-altering as being thrown into a parallel timeline.

For a minute, he knew nothing but the heady euphoria of that pleasure. He stared unseeing up at the clear blue sky until he heard the most obscenely sexy sound he could imagine. His eyes darted to the woman beside him, and he found that she was gathering as much of his thick seed on her fingers as she could manage and eating every drop. His erection had never flagged to begin with, but it pulsed with renewed need at the sight.

Apolline noticed his eyes on her and caught his gaze. With a little smirk she cleaned the last of him off her digits, "You are delicious."

Fucking Merlin, what have I gotten myself into? When he didn't respond immediately, she threw a leg over his thighs, straddling him, "Now for the good part." Harry found it hard to believe it could get any better, but given their position... he had a feeling he was going to be wrong.

That was immediately proven true as she pulled his trunks down his thighs to his knees. His cock thwacked heavily against his abdomen and connected by a strand as it bobbed up and down. Apolline giggled as she untied the string of her bottoms, and revealed her bare pussy mound to him, "You see how I'm dripping for you?"

Harry nodded his head slowly, transfixed by the sight of her tiny, stupidly tight slit right next to his raging erection. Her sex was a vibrant pink with barely-there lips. Grabbing his cock, she pressed the underside against her lips. They felt like they were trying to hug him already as she grinded against him. Apolline used her other hand to toy with his crown, "You're going to be so deep... reshape my little pussy just for you."

Harry shivered, the image making him pulse in her hand, "I want you."

"I know..." Apolline gave him a sexy smirk, "but will you take responsibility for what you're going to do to me. A cock like this will ruin me for other men."

"You'll never need another man!" Harry growled at the very idea.

"I can be very demanding."

"I've never been one to back down from a challenge." He caught her by surprise as he leaned up and wrapped his arms around her feminine shoulders and claimed her lips in a passionate kiss.

Pushing up on her knees, Apolline angled his bulbous, engorged cockhead to her dripping slit. She dropped her weight down, and they gasped into each other. Her sex was utter perfection. Tight like a tailor-made glove just for his cock, she was silky smooth and buttery soft. Her walls felt like they were actually sucking him in as inch after inch was buried inside. When her bum rested against his balls, she wiggled her hips and swirled his length around in her depths.

With a gasp she pulled away and looked down between them, "You're knocking on my womb."

"You're perfect." Harry rested their foreheads together as he grabbed her hips and started pulling her back and forth along him.

Mouth open in ecstasy, Apolline replied, "I know." Their lovemaking was slow and deliberate, each of them basking in the pleasure of the others body, "You are stretching me... soooo wonderfully. I can feel... every vein of your beautiful cock."

Given how ridiculously tight she was around his length, he believed it. Pushing back on her shoulder, he angled her body so that he could do something he wanted to do from the moment he saw her incredible tits. He captured one of her small, thick nipples between his lips and started cukiing.

Appoline threw her head back and started humping her hips more incessantly in his lap. Time had no meaning to him as he rutted against the gorgeous woman. A shadow loomed over them from behind, but he didn't give it any mind. Every one of his senses was fixated on Apolline and the pleasure they could give to one another.

The minutes ticked by as her cream gathered at the base of his cock, thick and white as they grew sweaty in the heat of the sun. His shaft throbbed with every little movement, begging for another release. Begging to fill the beautiful creature on his lap, to seed her.

Apolline's pristine tunnel was just as desperate, sucking and pulling at him with the sole intent of being filled. The veela in his lap screamed as her pussy somehow became tighter, her eyes were glassy as she pulled his face from her breast to stare at him, "Fill. Me. Up. I.... oh... I need your cum."

"Demanding..." He gave her a cheeky smile and earned her nails in his chest for his trouble.

"Please, I... I need you to mark me... as yours. Just give me... your cum." She sounded like she was going to cry from the heady mix of desperation and pleasure.

Unable to hold back any longer, the coil snapped. Filling his hands with her beautiful bum, he held her against his groin as his balls quaked beneath her cheeks. He didn't think he'd be able to produce a comparable load to the first so soon, but he was wrong. Apolline was uniquely capable of pulling ludicrous releases from him as though it were nothing it would seem

"Yes! So warm!" Apolline shuddered through another orgasm as her insane bubble butt rippled in between his fingers. They panted against each other as he painted her womb white. The pressure of her allure lessened little by little as they relaxed against each other.

Their eyes snapped open as they heard clapping behind them. Standing behind Harry, and causing the shadow that appeared, was a pretty young woman who could only have been Vivienne, "Magnificent, truly beautiful."

"Hello Viv," Apolline didn't even blush at being caught in the act, "Enjoy the show?"

"Very much," She said with a smirk, "I leave you alone for two hours and you finally find yourself a man?"

"I got lucky."

Vivienne knew a great deal about veela so did not question any further, "Clearly," she gave Harry a wicked smile, and Appoline hugged him closer possessively, "So, I take it this means you won't be giving Jacques a chance?"

"Jacques?" Harry asked.

“Jacques Delacour,” Vivienne explained, and Harry felt his eyes widen, “He’s a nice enough man, but he cannot truly withstand the allure. He is just better than most.” *I knew I recognized her from somewhere. It was from the fuckin’ Triwizard Tournament.*

“No,” Apolline said firmly, “I will let him down gently, but I won’t be giving him a chance. I found the one for me and my magic knows it.” Harry blushed, pleased at that.

For all that Harry wanted to leave this timeline unaffected, he’d ended up with Fleur’s mother... Harry could only shake his head at the irony that was fate.