

The Language of Lust By Voivode

Harry Potter/Fleur Delacour

Tags:

F/M

Explicit sexual content

Loss of Virginity

First Time

Large breasts

Large cock

Cunnilingus

Parseltongue

Vaginal Sex

PWP

Hogwarts starts at 15

Summary:

Fleur is furious that she ends up lower in the standings after the first task than her youngest competitor, whom she had dismissed completely, and decides to research him. When she learns about one of his most unique abilities, though, figuring out how to beat him in the tournament becomes far less important.

Fleur Delacour was not one to fume in rage, generally speaking. Even Madame Maxime's ridiculous insistence that they speak only English while they were in the dreary country had barely made her upset. Losing most of her friends to petty jealousy when they all hit puberty had been indescribably painful at the time, but that and being disappointed by every boy to whom she had shown affection had served to strengthen her. Every cruel word from a girl she had once called a friend had hardened her heart. Every instance of seeing a boy cum in his pants from her allure slipping as they kissed had dulled the impact of disappointment and wasted time. It got to the point that the only thing that regularly caused her temper to flare was her own failures, and even then, she did not often fail.

"I can't believe I underestimated him," she hissed.

"You can't blame yourself," Marie, one of the few friends she had managed to keep through the years, said. "Who would have expected such a performance out of a fourth year?"

Marie regretted her words the moment she said them.

"A fourth year!" Fleur fumed as she began pacing back and forth, saying, "it is embarrassing. Ze first words out of my mouth when 'e was brought in to join ze other champions and I was 'surely you don't mean for zis little boy to compete,' and now I'm losing to 'im."

She stilled and raked her perfectly manicured nails through her long silver-gold hair. "I must learn more about 'im. I studied Krum and Diggory when I learned zat zey were my competitors because I believed zat my greatest challenge would come from zem."

"Again, only naturally," Marie piped up. "I suppose you could start by asking some of the boys in 'is year about 'im. They'll be particularly affected by you."

"'E isn't," Fleur said. "Zat should have been my first clue zat zere was more to him zan I assumed."

"Could 'e be gay?" Marie asked.

"No," Fleur replied. "'E was definitely attracted to me; couldn't keep 'is eyes from trailing to my legs and cleavage zat first day. 'E's just unaffected by ze allure."

"It's something at least," Marie murmured. "Do you want my 'elp?"

"No," Fleur replied, "I can chat up boys alone. Zank you zough."

"Well, I am 'ere if you need me," Marie said, tracing a finger along her arm, "and just now you look so tense."

Fleur flushed, her anger melting under the heated gaze of the redhead's bright blue eyes. There was a good reason she hadn't lost this particular friend to jealousy about boys. She snaked her hand around Marie's head and pulled her up to kiss her. She could begin researching her youngest competitor in the morning.

Fleur sighed as she settled into the hot water of her bath. She would normally prefer to shower, but this bath had nothing to do with cleaning. She grabbed her golden egg and put it in the water between her feet. Learning that the unintelligible screeching the damned egg had emitted was Mermish had been disconcerting. She was already behind in the standings and would be at a severe disadvantage as a Veela if the second task took place under the lake. There was nothing to do but prepare, though, and that meant learning exactly what this apparent clue said.

"Of course a sound zat obnoxious would come from ze Merpeople," she grumbled. Sinking her head under the water, she opened the egg.

"Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching
ponder this; We've taken what you'll sorely miss,
An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour, the prospect's black,
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back."

She gasped as she lifted her head out of the water. That was even more ominous than she had anticipated. The task would definitely be underwater, and apparently it would involve her race's longtime rivals directly.

"At least it's a few months from now," she thought to herself. *"I'll be at a disadvantage, but I have plenty of time to prepare."*

Getting out of the tub, she grabbed her wand from the nearby table she'd placed it on and vanished the water in the tub and on her. She got dressed quickly and entered the private bedroom she'd been given when she was named champion. Private or not, she found that she was not alone in this instance, discovering a familiar redhead lounging on her bed.

"Zat was quick," Marie said, not even looking up from the book she was flipping through.

"I wasn't bathing; I was listening to ze egg's clue," Fleur replied.

"Did you silence ze room?" Marie asked.

"I figured out 'ow to actually listen to it. It turns out it's Mermish," Fleur replied. "I zought ze infernal screeching sounded familiar and wrote to my mama. She suggested Mermish and said to check ze 'Ogwarts library for a book on ze languages of aquatic magical creatures. She was right."

"I'll admit, zat library is better zan ours," Marie said. "Granted, it's ze only thing about zis place I can say zat about, but still."

"Well, it wasn't pillaged by Grindelwald," Fleur said dismissively.

"Touché," Marie sighed, "so what did you learn?"

"We can go over it later," Fleur replied dismissively. "I'm more interested in what you learned. You did speak to zat *bad faith* little cretin, no?"

"Yes, it turns out my blood is pure enough for ze little shit," Marie said flatly. "Zere wasn't much of value. Ze blond is a walking inferiority complex and 'ates Potter on principle. 'E was utterly delusional, convinced zat everything your vexing competition 'as or 'as accomplished is due to favoritism from 'is professors."

"Well, I can't say I expected much," Fleur sighed. "Ze rest weren't any better?"

"If ze two big ones put zeir 'eads together, zey might 'ave 'alf a brain," Marie replied, "and ze girl who spends 'er time with ze Malfoy boy doesn't seem to 'ave a single opinion of 'er own. Ze rest of ze 'ouse didn't have ze same outright animosity, but none of zem really knew much about Potter, just like ze rest of zem."

"It's infuriating," Fleur hissed. "Ze boy is a walking mass of contradictions. 'E 'as been involved in every major event zat happened in ze school since 'e arrived, but leaves little to no impression on 'is schoolmates. 'E's been famous since before 'e could likely walk, but 'e 'as only two real friends. 'E's one of the most celebrated athletes in ze school and clearly straight, but 'e's never been seen even 'olding 'ands with a girl. We've talked to people from most of ze 'ouses in the school and gotten next to nothing, even from 'is own 'ouse."

"Its weird," Marie agreed. "If ze stories we've 'eard of 'is exploits 'ere are to be believed, and frankly, after seeing 'im out-fly a 'orntail, I could believe even ze most outlandish of zem, 'e should be a bigger presence in ze school. Are you going to talk to ze badgers?"

"It'll probably be a waste of time," Fleur groaned. "Diggory is one of zem and zey 'ave apparently been very 'ostile towards Potter for stealing zeir champion's spotlight. Its ze 'ole reason I 'aven't bothered with zem yet, but I might as well."

"Even if zey choose to speak more ill of 'im zan zey would have before ze selection, zey probably still won't be as deluded as zat pampered snake," Marie said.

"Fair point," Fleur conceded. "I guess I'll return to the library and see who I can find zere, want to come?"

"I would, but I need to finish my paper on water repelling charms," Marie said. "I'll see you at dinner."

"See you zen," Fleur said warmly as Marie left. She had a trip to the library to make. If she was lucky, she might actually learn something.

Dismissive though her reply had been, Fleur had to agree with Marie about the Hogwarts library. Her paternal grandfather had claimed that Beaubatons had been an incredible school before the war and had always lamented that his old alma mater never fully recovered. Even before the destruction that Grindelwald wreaked over France, though, Fleur had to wonder if Beaubatons' library matched its English counterpart.

“At least they have one thing going for them,” she thought with an inward sneer.

She surveyed the students sitting at various tables and tried to remember the few that she had bothered to learn about. She spotted Cedric Diggory sitting with a very pretty young girl of Asian descent. He gave her a nod when she caught his eye, and she smiled briefly in reply. Viktor Krum was sitting with that bushy-haired friend of Potter for some odd reason.

“Maybe he had the same idea as me,” she thought.

She had considered trying to get to know the boy’s friends but had given up on the idea. The brunette had stuck by her friend when everyone else, even his other friend, had shunned him after his name came out of the cup, which suggested a degree of loyalty it would likely be pointless to try and undermine. If the girl turned out to be attracted to Viktor, he might have better luck, but she was neither affected by her allure nor visibly interested in women. His red-haired friend, recently returned to the fold, could barely keep his jaw off the floor when she was in his presence. That trying to get words, much less actual information, out of him would be pointless went without saying.

Eventually Fleur zeroed in on a small group of Hogwarts students, their robes accented with the yellow of the house she was seeking. They looked to be in Harry’s year, she wagered, two girls and two boys. The boys were nondescript, both of them dark-haired and pale, with average heights and builds, from what she could see. The girls were more interesting, or rather one of them was. The Blonde with pigtails was pretty but unremarkable, but the redhead was so generously proportioned that even those awful robes Hogwarts students wore could not hide the swell of her breasts. She looked vaguely familiar, but Fleur couldn’t place her. She clamped down on her allure as best she could and made her way over.

“Don’t worry about it, Justin,” one of the boys said. *“Hufflepuffs always stick together.”*

“Right, that’s their house’s name,” she thought to herself.

“Excuse-moi,” she said, *“do you ‘ave a minute?”*

“Sure,” the boy closest to her, apparently named Justin, said, earning a scowl from the redhead.

“I am looking for a book on, ow you say, aquatic magical creatures, and ze girl by ze stands said she saw a ‘andsome ‘Ufflepuff boy sitting with a blonde and a redhead take it,” Fleur said smiling down at him, *“might she ‘ave meant one of you?”*

“N...n...,” the other boy stuttered. His friend didn’t even manage that much.

“No, we’re doing our Herbology homework right now,” the redhead said shortly.

“Ah, such a shame,” Fleur sighed, *“say, ‘Ufflepuff is ze ‘ouse your champion is in, right? Oh, official champion anyway.”*

"Yeah, Cedric's one of us," the blonde replied, smiling.

"E was very impressive," Fleur said. "It's such a shame that 'e fell behind your other champion."

"Ow," Justin hissed, glaring at the redhead for just a moment before looking sheepish.

"Yeah, he shouldn't even be in the tournament," the redhead said.

"It is strange 'aving four champions in a 'Tri-Wizard Tournament'," she said. "I take it you're not a fan."

"Hufflepuff finally got one thing, and we immediately had to share it," the redhead fumed. "It's not fair."

"Well, I must admit I did not expect 'im to do so well," Fleur said. "I would say zat I underestimated 'im, but it seems zat most did. Nobody 'ear seems to really know much about 'im.

"He keeps to himself a lot," the blonde admitted. "I'm Hannah by the way, Hannah Abbott, and this is Susan Bones, Justin Finch-Fletchley and Ernie Macmillan."

"Bones, that's why she looked familiar. Her mother is a prominent member of the government here, or no, it's her aunt." Fleur thought.

"Charmed," she replied, "you already know, but I am Fleur Delacour. Do you 'appen to know anything about 'im. I've 'eard such bizarre tales of monsters and daring feats, 'eroic rescues, and ze like. It all seems so outlandish."

"It's all nonsense," Ernie said. "A new story comes out every year to pad his fame and justify the weird last-minute points Dumbledore always dumps into Gryffindor cause they're his favorite house. All you need to know about Potter is that he's a midling student at best who lucks his way into relevance at the end of each year. Wicked on a broom, though, I can't deny that."

"And he's fuckin dark," Justin muttered.

"Justin!" Hannah admonished.

"What?" he asked. "I don't care what they say; no parseltongue's ever been one of the good guys."

Fleur's jaw dropped.

"It's just a stupid inherited ability," Hannah argued. "His mum must have been a squib or something."

"'E's a parselmouth?" Fleur managed to ask after a moment.

"Right, that's it," Justin said, "and yes, he is. Tried to sick a snake on me in second year."

“Justin, you know damned well he was trying to send it back at Malfoy,” Susan said, rolling her eyes. “He was the one who sent it after Potter during their duel.”

“You didn’t have the damned thing hissing at you, Sue!” Justin said hotly. “Between that and Potter hissing at it, I barely slept for a week.”

“Excuse-Moi,” Fleur mumbled, leaving the argument behind.

She fled the library as quickly as she could and rested her back against the first wall she found once she was alone.

“A parselmouth; he’s a damned parselmouth,” she thought, her mind racing.

That was more impressive than outflying a dragon. They were incredibly rare: wizards and witches born with the innate ability to speak to snakes. The ability itself had few inherent uses. There were plenty of magical snakes that a parselmouth would be able to command through their unique talent, but the only truly useful ones were either heavily regulated or outright banned in virtually every magical nation on Earth. The true gift of parseltongue lay not with snakes but with sex.

Fleur shuddered as she imagined just what he would be able to do to her. Heat pooled between her thighs, and she was reminded of the only relative she knew of who had ever encountered a parselmouth. Her great-aunt Genevieve had been an outlier among their kind. Though all Veela were by nature bisexual, they tended to favor male lovers if for no other reason than they had difficulty getting pregnant, and if they wanted to, they had to focus all of their attention on men.

Pregnancies for Veela were rare, and unlike with normal witches, who could generally have children far later than their mundane counterparts, it became more difficult as they got older. A Veela who had not had a daughter by the age of thirty would likely never manage to have one, and because their numbers were so low, most Veela felt an instinctive duty to have at least a couple children. Genevieve had been different. Although she had enjoyed male company when she was younger, she had, in her mid-twenties, taken a woman as her lover and looked nowhere else for the rest of her life.

When Genevieve died, her journals had ended up in her sister’s hands, Fleur’s grandmother, and she had in turn given them to her only daughter. Fleur had read them when she was younger and been fascinated by the adventurous life her great-aunt had enjoyed with her lover. Genevieve had also not held back from describing in vivid detail what her sex life with her lover Rebecca had been like. Rebecca had been a parselmouth, and Fleur had spent many a night enthralled with her great-aunt’s descriptions of pleasure beyond imagining.

This Harry Potter was indeed special, possessing a gift far greater than he apparently knew. That the silly English fools around him had seen fit to shun him over it was simply proof that there was only one thing in this country worth devoting her time to other than the tournament. She knew he was attracted to her, and he was handsome, she supposed.

“A boy so plainly inexperienced with women wouldn’t interest me in the slightest normally, but this is no ordinary boy,” she thought to herself.

Fleur stalked the halls, imagining how she might go about seducing her youngest competitor. She was by no means a virgin, like the painfully innocent fourth year clearly was, but she had very little experience with seduction. She had never needed to try to get someone's attention before, generally wishing that she would get less. From the moment her allure started to manifest, nearly every boy she came into contact with was filled with an instant desire for her. She had lost friendships with girls whose boyfriends couldn't help but gawk at her and had returned the affection of the few boys who had actually seemed worthwhile.

Harry Potter was completely resistant to her allure, however, and too shy and awkward to actually make a move on her. Fleur would need to be the pursuer for a change. It would be an entirely new experience and a challenge she would relish. First, she would just need to figure out how best to approach him before she could come up with anything.

As she was contemplating her new plan for the competitor she had been fuming about ever since the first task, she happened to spot him talking with Diggory, of all people.

"Listen, Potter," she heard Diggory say, "I owe you one for telling me about the dragons."

"He told Diggory? Why? And why didn't his Headmaster?" Fleur wondered.

"...Does yours wail when you open it?"

"Yeah," Harry replied.

Fleur heard someone approaching and ducked into an alcove to avoid detection, returning to where she had been spying a moment later.

"Just trust me," Diggory said, clearly replying to some question Harry had asked. "Tell you what, you can use the prefect's bathroom. It's on the fifth floor, the fourth door past that statue of Boris the Bewildered. Just say 'pine fresh' and the door will unlock."

Fleur left the pair behind, a grin slowly forming on her beautiful face. Diggory was clearly telling Harry how to listen to the egg's clue and even giving him an easy location to do it. A rather straightforward way to pay back a favor like warning your competition about the dragons you'd both be facing, but Fleur wasn't about to complain. She had been contemplating how best to go about slowly seducing Harry, but she'd happily take an opportunity like this instead. She just had to find the room Diggory had mentioned.

"It shouldn't be difficult. How many statues could there be on the fifth floor of men who look bewildered?" she asked herself.

Had Harry brought Cedric's hint about what to do with the egg to Hermione, she probably would have cautioned him to learn more about the room in question or at least to pay attention to the schedule

the prefects had for it. Harry had never been one to move that carefully, though, and he knew that the sooner he figured out how to get the hint the egg contained, the more time he would have to plan what he was going to do to try to survive the second task. He had at least had the wherewithal to check the map first and make sure that the room was empty. Not only had he found the room empty, but the entire corridor was, save for Fleur Delacour, who had been speeding down the hallway for some reason. Confident that he wouldn't be interrupting anyone, he put the map away and made his way down, egg in hand.

"I really hope he isn't just screwing with me," he muttered to himself. The Hufflepuff had never seemed like the type to prank him like this, but Harry couldn't exactly say that he knew his fellow champion very well.

"Pine fresh," he murmured. As he heard the door unlock, he glared down at the egg in his hand. He had nearly died getting the bloody thing and had been nearly deafened by it for his trouble. He genuinely hoped that taking a bath with it helped.

"It's a fake dragon egg, so maybe it just needs to be warm to open without screaming. I can't imagine what else Cedric meant by taking a bath with it." Harry thought to himself.

Harry was so focused on the egg in his hand and his worries about the tournament that he failed to notice, until he heard the splashing of water, that he was not alone in the bathroom. He looked up just as the door closed behind him and stood spellbound by the sight before him. Fleur Delacour, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in life, was naked and wet, sitting in a tub so large it could be called a pool.

She was divine; she was a goddess; she had to be the most stunning thing that had ever existed; she was naked. That last thought finally sunk in through the lustful fog that enveloped his brain, and Harry managed, with some effort, to close his eyes.

"Oh, Fleur, I'm so sorry," he said quickly, his eyes clenching so tightly it almost hurt. "I swear, I didn't know you were in here."

Fleur giggled, and the beautiful sound made his already rock-hard cock throb painfully in his boxers.

"Oh, it's okay, 'Arry," she purred, "you can look if you like."

He was so surprised by her response that he opened his eyes again automatically, and his jaw dropped as he did. Fleur had gotten out of the tub to sit on the edge against the wall, facing him. She had crossed her legs, and he could not see between them, but every other inch of her form was on display. Her breasts were large and round, sitting high on her chest. They were the most perfect things he had ever seen. Her belly was flat and smooth, her hips were wide, and her legs were long. As she playfully kicked a foot in his direction, he noticed that even her feet were beautiful.

"Who has beautiful feet?" he wondered.

"I am very proud of my body, 'Arry," Fleur said. "I do not mind showing it."

“You’re perfect,” he breathed. What other word could possibly do her justice? Her flawless porcelain skin, silver-gold hair, and bright blue eyes were gorgeous. The hourglass shape of her incredible body and her heart-shaped face were too incredible for words. He could not have imagined a woman who looked like her if his life depended on it a year ago.

“You are very sweet,” she said. “As I said, I do not mind you seeing me like zis, but zere is one thing you could do for me in return.”

“What’s tha...” he tried to respond. As he spoke, she unhooked her left leg from around her right and moved it slowly over, giving him an unrestricted view of her hairless, glistening pussy. If his cock got any harder, he feared it would explode.

“You ‘ave seen me, ‘Arry,” she purred, her gorgeous accent setting his soul on fire. She stood up then and made a show of swimming across the large tub, giving him a view of her large, round arse. As she reached the edge, she climbed out and walked until she stood just in front of him. “I ‘ave not seen you zough.”

“What?” he squeaked, too flabbergasted to even cringe at his voice breaking.

“It is only fair, no?” she asked, staring right in his eyes.

“You want to see me...” he trailed off.

“Naked? Yes,” she replied.

“Okay, this just isn’t happening. I’m dreaming, and I’m going to wake up in a moment hating myself for waking up at the best part,” he thought to himself.

That was the only possible explanation because things like this did not happen. Fleur Delacour was older than him, a goddess in human form, and she was even the same height as him. This had to be a dream.

“Okay,” he said, earning another beautiful laugh from her.

“You are so cute,” she said as he started getting undressed. “Surprisingly well built too.”

“Must be Quidditch,” he said as he moved. He threw his robe and jumper in a pile, tossing the egg on them, and started removing his pants. He groaned out loud when his cock was finally freed from its cloth prison.

“Mon Dieu!” she gasped.

He looked up at her in surprise and noticed for the first time that night that she had a look on her face other than calm assurance. She quickly shook it off and grinned, looking straight at his cock.

"I don't 'ave to ask if you like what you see," she said teasingly.

"How could I not?" he asked.

She laughed and took a step forward. She placed a hand on his chest, and he swore he felt his whole body tingle under her touch.

"As I said, you are sweet, and cute, and sexy," she whispered, walking her fingers up his chest as she said each word, reaching his collarbone.

"Sexy?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Very," she purred, her face so close he could smell the mint and chocolate on her breath. "Tell me, 'Arry, do you want me?"

Fuck, he loved the way she said his name. He gave her only the slightest nod before she pounced, snaking her arms around his neck and pressing her lips to his. It was like nothing he had ever experienced, wonderful in a way he had never fathomed. He felt her press her tongue to his lips and opened them eagerly to let her in. His hands found her back and he pressed her tighter to him. He couldn't get too close to her. He didn't want there to be a millimetre of air between her body and his. His cock pressed against her flat belly, and he groaned.

And came.

He tried desperately to stop but couldn't even begin to figure out how. He buried his face in her wet blonde hair and moaned in her ear. Spurt after spurt of cum shot from his cock like a geyser, his shame coating her neck and breasts. He let her go as it finished and just stared blankly forward. He couldn't move, couldn't speak, couldn't think. He could only stare at nothing and pray to whatever was out there that the Earth would swallow him whole. Shame and humiliation consumed him, and he felt his eyes sting.

"It's so good," he heard Fleur moan through his daze.

His eyes came into focus, and he noticed that Fleur had taken a step back from him and was scooping his cum off her body with his fingers and eating it. Despite himself, he felt his cock twitch at the sight.

"And so much," she cooed.

It seemed that Fleur had been in a daze herself, for she only then saw how utterly dejected he looked.

"Silly boy, zere's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "I am Veela. I would be insulted if you were not excited. Zat will improve with time and experience."

She stroked his cheek with the hand she hadn't been using to clean herself, and he couldn't help but lean into her touch.

“Still, I’m sorry about that,” he murmured.

“Don’t be,” she replied. “I do not mind being coated in a boy’s cum, especially when it is as delicious as yours.”

He felt invigorated by her words and was thankful that he was completely naked. If he wasn’t, he might seriously have run from the room after that.

“Besides,” Fleur said coyly, “zis just means zat you will last longer when you are inside me.”

“You want to…” he went to ask.

“Very much,” she replied.

His cock returned to its fully hard state in an instant.

She looked down and smiled, saying, “see, zat didn’t matter at all. Come, join me in ze tub.”

He would have joined her in Azkaban just then if she’d asked. He followed her to the tub and got inside, enjoying the perfectly warm water. The second they were both in the water, she kissed him again, shoving her tongue in his mouth to coax his own out to play. He did his best to follow her lead and do what she did, having no other idea what to do. The maddening arousal he had felt before hadn’t returned, but he was still careful not to press his cock against her again, just in case. As her hands started exploring his back, though, his own snaked down to her perfect ass. She moaned into his mouth as he squeezed.

“Just a minute,” she said, breaking off the kiss. She reached for her wand and wordlessly vanished the cum off of her tits, neck, and chin. She set her wand back down and reached for his hands, bringing them to her newly cleaned breasts.

He squeezed lightly, earning a sigh from Fleur, and on instinct, he circled one of her nipples with a rough, calloused thumb. They were incredibly firm and perky, but they felt so soft under his touch, the beautiful flesh yielding under his fingers. He felt her hands on his head for just a second before she dragged him down to her breasts.

“Kiss them, lick them, do what you like, but no teeth,” she instructed.

He wrapped his lips around one of her large pink nipples and flicked his tongue over the hard nub. When Fleur moaned, he switched to the other one and followed suit. From there, he peppered kisses all over the large, creamy breasts. He lifted the heavy mounds to kiss and lick under them, and buried his face between them. He never wanted this to end. Fleur, meanwhile, just leaned back against the edge of the tub and let him worship her to his heart’s content. After a few minutes of this, he felt her hands leave his head and saw her reach behind her. She pulled herself up until she was sitting on the edge and opened her legs for him to see.

From how he was positioned in the tub, Harry ended up nearly eye level with Fleur's perfect pussy. He had never seen one in his life, never had an opportunity in real life, and the one time he had been brave enough to look at the magazine he'd found in Dudley's room, the models in it had been too hairy for him to make out any details. Fleur didn't have a single hair on her sex, though. She didn't seem to have a single hair below her head, actually.

"Arry," she said, drawing his attention away from her beautiful, glistening nether lips, "you are quite big, and I don't know 'ow well I'll be able to take you."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. He didn't know how big cocks usually were, and he hadn't exactly paid attention to his dormmates.

"Qui," she replied, "and it would 'elp if you were to make me wetter first."

"How?" Harry asked.

"Lick," Fleur replied, settling her feet on his shoulders for a moment and pointing at her pussy. "This being your first time, just lick, and kiss as you like, and I will tell you if it is good or not. When I tell you to focus on zis, zough," she paused and pointed at a little nub poking out of what looked like a fleshy hood, "do so."

He grasped her thick thighs in his hands and brought his head down to her pussy. He sniffed as subtly as he could and found a pleasant, heady aroma that made his cock throb.

He tentatively trailed his tongue from the bottom of her pussy to the top. The taste was quite mild, a little salty and slightly tangy, nothing he minded in the slightest. He brushed his tongue back down and kept that up for a few passes.

When he tried to stick his tongue inside her, she objected, "a little 'igher."

He moved higher, as she said, and decided to try the spot she had pointed out before. She hadn't mentioned it yet, but it was worth seeing how she reacted. Her thighs tightened around his head, and she moaned when he flicked his tongue against the little nub.

"Zat is my clit 'Arry," she said, her voice sounding breathier than it had been. "It is very sensitive, so be gentle zere for now."

He quickly figured out a rhythm, making teasing little licks up and down her pussy and swirling his tongue quickly and lightly around his clit each time he reached it. He had no idea if this was good or not, but she was moaning and digging her fingers into his scalp, so he figured he couldn't be that bad.

After a while, she spoke up, "'Arry, I 'eard a rumor zat you are a parselmouth; is zat true?"

He looked up in surprise and said, "um, yeah, but I swear it doesn't mean anything."

She laughed and raked her nails along the side of his scalp. "I know zat; I just wanted to know if you could speak ze language on command."

"I usually need to see a snake for it to work," he replied, "or an image of a snake."

"Ave you tried doing it while thinking of one?" Fleur asked.

"I can try," Harry said with a shrug. "Be warned, though; I have no idea when I'm doing it. It sounds like English to me."

"Curious," she said.

He tried thinking of a snake and said, "is this parseltongue?"

"No, still English," she said.

He tried thinking of a different snake and tried again, "now?"

Fleur just shook her head.

He tried a few different snakes, getting the same answer each time. Just as he was about to suggest that they give up and get back to the far more enjoyable things they were just doing, he tried thinking of the basilisk.

"Now?"

Fleur gasped "zat's it!"

"You are the only person who has ever sounded excited about it," he commented.

"It is a fascinating ability," Fleur said, "ze way your tongue practically vibrates while you do it..."

She trailed off and suddenly looked as though a strange thought had occurred to her.

"Say, do you zink you could try speaking it against my, 'ow do you English say it, cunt?" she asked.

That surprised him. "You think that would be good?"

"I zink it would be very good," she said enthusiastically. "As I say, your tongue vibrates. Just do it against my clit, and keep it up until I tell you to stop."

He moved his head back between her legs and brought his mouth to her pussy. Imagining the basilisk in his mind's eye, he started speaking right to her wet cunt.

"I'm not really sure what to say," he began. The effect was immediate, as he felt Fleur's thighs wrap tightly around his head and heard her scream so loudly that he was glad for the earmuffs. He went to

stop, but remembered what she had said about continuing until she said something, and went back to speaking to her.

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen; it practically hurts to look at you. I have no idea what the hell you see in me, if this is some ploy about the tournament, or if I’m even awake right now, but if you actually want to date me, I swear I’ll be a good boyfriend. I don’t actually know how, but I’ll learn.”

All through this, Fleur continued to scream and convulse under him. He tightened his grip on her hips to hold her steady. When she started to gush fluid from her quivering pussy, he took a break for just a second to collect the tangy nectar into his mouth and went back.

“Not really sure what else to say. To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether tis nobler...how the hell does the rest of it go?”

As Harry tried to remember Hamlet, Fleur’s screaming stopped, and her thighs’ grip on his head went slack. He moved away from her, rubbing his aching jaw, and saw that Fleur had collapsed on her back.

“Fleur!” he cried, jumping out of the tub and kneeling by her head.

“So good!” she gasped. She looked delirious as she lay there panting for breath and staring at the ceiling with wide, unfocused eyes. Her face and chest were flushed red, and her body was still shaking. He cupped her cheek in his hand and waved his other hand over her eyes.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

When she didn’t answer, he felt his heart lurch in his chest. Just as he started contemplating having the most awkward conversation he had ever had with Madame Pomfrey, Fleur grabbed his wrist. She blinked a few tears from her eyes and sat up shakily.

“C’était incroyable,” she whimpered. “Tu es un trésor, mon trésor.”

“Um, what?” he asked.

Rather than answer, she grabbed his head and kissed him passionately. This was wilder than their other kisses, almost manic. Harry supposed that she liked her taste as much as he did. When they broke apart for air, she trailed kisses along his cheek and down his neck. He cried out when she gently sank her teeth into his pulse point.

“I am going to fuck you until your balls are drained dry,” she vowed. The look in her eyes was wild, and Harry found himself amazed that it alone didn’t make him cum again.

She straddled him and grabbed his cock gently, tenderly lifting it to line up with her sopping wet pussy. Once his bulbous head was nestled between her nether lips at just the right spot, she sank down in one smooth motion.

Harry hissed as she enveloped him, wondering how he didn't cum the second his cock slid inside her. He had no words to describe how wonderful she felt around him, so hot, and wet, and tight. He didn't know if Veela's pussies were naturally better than other women's; he had nothing to compare her to, but all he knew was that the soft, warm walls clinging to every bit of his cock like a glove were a paradise he never wanted to leave. She felt like she had been made just for him, and he only hoped that she felt the same.

Her perfect, full lips formed a beautiful o as she took him in, and she closed her eyes for a moment. As it passed, she opened them again to stare down at him, that same wild look in the blue orbs.

"Magnifique," she cooed. "So big."

His heart soared at her words, and he brought his hands to her hips, desperate to hold her in any way he could. Her hands found his chest, and she grinned down at him as she started to move. If he thought being inside Fleur was the most wonderful thing he had ever experienced, having her ride him was even better. The feeling of her incredible pussy squeezing him as she fucked him, stimulating him in ways that drove him wild, the sight of her perfect breasts bouncing on his chest in time with her movements, and the sound of her moaning were too much. He was going to cum; he didn't know how he hadn't already, but he knew he couldn't let it happen. He bit his lip and strained, trying to hold on and at least make her cum first.

"No, no, none of that," she said. "Let go, mon tresor."

"But...I..." he barely managed to argue.

"Cum!" That one word, said as a clear demand, while her crystal blue eyes bore into his own, was enough.

Harry yelped as he came harder than he ever had in his life. A whirlwind of pleasure consumed him so much that he thought it might not ever end. He painted her pussy white, spurt after spurt of cum shooting deep within her until it finally stopped. He collapsed on his back, his heart beating out of his chest as he panted for breath.

"So much cum," Fleur purred, still squeezing and milking his softening length, "such a wonderful stud you will be, mon tresor."

Harry didn't know how exactly that was true; he couldn't have lasted a minute inside her, but as he lay there, dazed and happier than he had ever felt, his mushy mind couldn't be arsed to question it. If the beautiful, smiling woman still straddling him was happy with him, then he was happy.

He felt it then, a gentle warmth that sang to him on a level so deep he couldn't explain it and tugged at the edges of his mind. It was a gentle caress, a warm hug, and a promise of sin all wrapped up in one. Fleur's allure pressed down on him, and though he knew he could resist if he wanted to, like with the Imperius, he chose not to. As he let her in, he felt suddenly invigorated; a second wind breathed into him. His cock, slowly softening inside Fleur, surged back to full mast in seconds. He moaned and looked up at her in question.

"I promised to fuck you until your balls were empty, 'Arry," Fleur said with a grin, "and I always keep my promises."

Harry's eyes went wide as she started to ride him again. No longer worried about his own shortcomings, if she could keep him hard as long as she liked, he focused entirely on Fleur. He cupped one of her breasts and brought his other hand to where they were linked, stroking her clit with his thumb. Fleur cried out and looked at him in surprise. She took the hand by her pussy and put his thumb in her mouth, swirling her tongue around and soaking the digit before placing it back on her clit.

"Just like zat 'Arr," she purred.

He stroked her clit with short, gentle movements and brought one of her nipples to his mouth. Thinking about the basilisk again, he said, "*I hope this works as well.*"

"Fuck 'Arry," Fleur moaned, "zat feels so good."

It didn't make her cum immediately, but it was something at least. He switched to the other nipple and spoke to it in the snake language, all while playing with her clit and trying to hold off his next orgasm. Her pussy still felt incredible, but he had cum not long ago and didn't feel that close again yet.

Fleur buried her fingers in his hair and held his head against her breasts. Her breathing was quicker and more erratic, and she had started grinding on his cock instead of bouncing. Harry suspected she was getting close and was determined not to cum again until he'd made this goddess scream his name. After a few minutes, his own orgasm was fast approaching, and he grew desperate.

"Keep going, keep going, just a little more," she babbled, starting to fuck him faster and faster.

"Cum for me, luv," he practically begged, "cum, I'm close too."

"ARRY!" she wailed, breaking just a second before he did.

Fleur's pussy clenched around his cock almost painfully and drove him over the edge. He groaned as he came again, his orgasm no less powerful than the last one. Her screams echoed through the room, drowning out his strangled groans. When it finally ended, the pair collapsed in each other's arms, too tired to move a muscle as they came down from their highs.

"Incroyable," she whispered, her voice filled with awe.

"Incredible is right," he said. "That is what that means, right?"

"Qui," she laughed, "I shall 'ave to teach you to speak a real language."

He snorted at the dig at English before he realized what that implied: “does that mean you want to keep...erm...spending time together?”

She giggled and lifted herself up to look at him. “I want to do more zan zat.”

“Why me?” He couldn’t help but ask.

“You are ‘andsome, sweet, and funny,” she replied. “You ‘ave a magnificent cock, and your tongue is genuinely magical. Do I need to say more?”

“No, but I wouldn’t stop you,” he joked, smiling widely.

“I should probably stop,” she said with a grin. “I wouldn’t want your ‘ead to swell too much, zis one any way.”

He shivered as he felt her run a nail through his hair. “Does this mean you want to be my girlfriend?”

“We’re both going to be very busy with the tournament, and I know zat Madame Maxime would be furious to learn zat I was dating ze competition,” she replied carefully, “but I zink we could be fuck buddies.”

He felt his cock twitch at her words, and she must have as well because the grin on her face turned feral.

“I’m surprised a girl as beautiful as you doesn’t have a boyfriend already,” he said, hoping she’d mention if there was anyone else.

“I suspect you are going to be ze first one I’ve ever ‘ad more than once,” she said. “Its ‘ard to find a boy ‘oose brain does not turn to mush in my presence much less in my bed. To actually make me cum on your cock, zat is special indeed.”

“Really?” he asked. It had taken every ounce of willpower he had at the end there, but he didn’t think it would be impossible for more experienced guys.

“Qui,” she said, “ze only other lover I’ve ever had ‘oo pleased me is my best friend, and I ‘ave never cum as hard as I did when you ate me out.”

“Your best friend?” he asked. She had just said she’d never had anyone more than once.

“Marie,” Fleur replied.

His jaw dropped and his cock hardened faster than it ever had in his life.

Fleur laughed out loud. “Ze image of me and another girl turns you on zat much? Marie ‘as never cared for boys or men, but maybe if I explain ze wonders of parsel tongue she could be tempted.”

He flipped her on her back and tried to position his cock at her pussy. She laughed again and grabbed his cock to help him.

“You are full of surprises, ‘Arry,” Fleur purred.

“I love the way you say my name,” Harry said.

“Well, you’re going to ‘ear it often, mon tresor,” she replied, “now fuck me.”

He pushed inside with a groan and worked to find a rhythm. If she wanted him as a fuck buddy, that was okay with him, but he hoped she’d want more eventually, and if learning how to fuck her properly helped with that, then that would be a fantastic bonus for what she apparently had in mind.