

**(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)**

**A/N: Fleur gets dicked down hard at long last~**

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Harry considers Fleur's request for a long moment. Then, he pulls his mouth away from her pussy and meets her eyes. The beautiful blonde flushes in response, starting to rise up on her elbows, thinking that he's going to allow her to return the favor like she asked.

Before she can, however, Harry reaches out, grabs her by her shoulders, and firmly pushes her back down, pinning her in place and making her gasp in confusion.

"No. I don't think I will, Ms. Delacour."

Sputtering up at him, Fleur just looks baffled.

"W-Wha...?"

Chuckling at her befuddled expression, Harry slides up the length of her body, pushing his hips between her legs and spreading them further than they already are. His cock, rock hard and ready for action, slaps down onto Fleur's glistening overly sensitive cunt, making her groan and moan involuntarily in response.

"Tonight is about you, Fleur. Only you. Your pleasure. Your ecstasy. Your bliss. I'm going to fuck you, Ms. Delacour. I'm going to bring you to the edge of oblivion and tip you over it again and again. That will be my pleasure. That will be my release."

Staring up at him with wide eyes and a flushed face, Fleur pants noisily in response to his promises.

"B-But I-I..."

Harry raises an eyebrow, his hands running along her form, grabbing hold of her legs and holding them up in the air.

“Are you disobeying your Lord, Ms. Delacour?”

That causes her mouth to clamp shut. The last thing Fleur wants to do is disappoint or upset him in any way. Especially since she still thought he was mad at her for what she'd done to Penny earlier that morning. Too scared to say another word, Fleur just shakes her head vehemently and reaches down to use her own fingers to spread her pussy lips apart for him in offering.

Harry chuckles, his green eyes flashing as he lines his cock up with her slit. He lets his gaze roam over Fleur's gorgeous body for a moment, taking the chance to really admire her naked figure. From her beautiful breasts which even now jiggle with how she's trembling in anticipation, to her perfectly skinny waist flaring out into wide hips, a heart-shaped ass, and the bottom of an hourglass figure.

The body of the French Witch can only be described as 'made for sex', really. And sure, part of that has to do with her veela heritage... but having met both Fleur's family as well as other veelas in completely different universes, Harry also knew it wasn't entirely the veela heritage. Even among her own kind, Fleur Delacour was a beauty without compare.

“P-Please...”

In his study of her, Harry leaves Fleur with no choice but to beg. After all, he's paused and is just kneeling there between her legs, his cockhead pressing against her slit but going no further. Harry raises a brow at her and Fleur goes redder still before opening her mouth to beg harder.

However, it's in that moment that Harry thrusts forward, cutting off whatever she might have said and turning it into a choked gurgling whimper as he stretches her gushing cunt and fills her with every last inch of his cock. Fleur shudders beneath him on top of the aforementioned gurgling and choking on her own spit.

She very nearly goes cross eyed from the experience, her trembling only growing more exaggerated as she shudders there on her back before him.

It's clear she's been anticipating this quite eagerly for a time now. On the one hand in the grand scheme of things, it's only been a few days since Fleur entered his service. On the other hand, all of her previously missed opportunities had led her to this moment. From watching him fuck Death only to be interrupted by the arrival of Penelope Clearwater...to watching as he fucked the Minister and the Senior Undersecretary instead of her.

So yes, he understands why Fleur has been anticipating this so much and he understands why she's reacting so strongly to finally being spitted upon his cock. After eating her out to her first orgasm, Harry has left her so very sensitive and quite primed for this... so now all that's left to do is take advantage.

Without further ado, he begins to fuck her soundly, thrusting in and out in a way that has her body bouncing on the bed and her breasts jiggling back and forth. Her pussy squelches and though it tries to cling to his shaft, she can't stop him from pistoning into her again and again only to pull back out.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

As the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh fill the room, Fleur's moans threaten to overtake them, her audible groaning and squealing and mewling filling the air as well. It's like music to Harry's ears if he's being honest, hearing her unable or unwilling to really hold back her voice.

In no time at all, he draws another orgasm out of her. And then another. After the third, Harry lets go of her legs and grabs hold of her breasts instead, kneading and squeezing them and playing with her nipples in particular. Fleur's eyes widen and then finally begin to roll back in her head from this, her vocalized pleasure getting even louder as she squeals for him.

"P-Please my Lord... more! A-Ah... h-harder!"

Harder he can do. Harder he *does* do, fucking Fleur with deeper and more powerful thrusts by the moment. She clenches around his cock tighter and tighter, but also gushes along his length more and more, making it all too simple to continue to plow in and out of her.

The part veela simply can't contain herself. She can't control herself. Like Harry promised her, he fucks her to the edge of oblivion and then tips her over it time and time again until she's reduced to nothing more than an incoherent mess incapable of a single intelligible word.

This takes about an hour, in the end. Fleur cums for him more times than Harry can count before he finally allows her to milk him of his seed. His balls churn as he empties himself inside of her, filling her with a hot, thick, and sticky load of his cum.

Beneath him, Fleur mewls happily at this, a delirious fucked silly smile on her face even as her eyes grow lidded, her breathing coming out uneven. Even when he pulls out of her cunt, she doesn't really react much though... she's been completely fucked silly.

Instead, as Harry drags his cock back out of her creampie folds and rises off the bed... he's met by another pair of familiar lips. Death drops to her knees before him and happily wraps Morticia Addams' rather plush, pillowy lips around his cock, sucking him clean right then and there with her hands on his ass to hold him in place.

Harry just smirks as she swirls her tongue this way and that, completely cleaning him off. Once she's done, she pulls back off of his cock with a pop, gives him a wicked little grin, and disappears to reappear standing at the door.

Technically, he probably should have stuck around and at least cuddled with Fleur a bit. But... eh, Death knows him all too well. Instead, Harry casts a few cleaning spells on the passed out blonde veela, making sure she's tucked in to bed afterwards. That way she'll wake up nice and warm and not disgusting and sticky.

Then, he follows Death out of the room after summoning a pair of silken pajama bottoms for himself. As they move down the hallway, Death grasps one of his arms, burying it between her large tits as she hums.

“So Master... what do you think you know so far about this world’s... mystery?”

Harry grunts at the way she whispers ‘mystery’ oh so breathlessly into his ear, making sure to make him tingle.

“I think today was quite... productive. The death of all those wizards... I already knew it wasn’t just a mindless curse obviously. I would have been able to feel such a thing. However, today proved that there is most definitely a malicious intelligence at work. And they’re still around, likely embedded in British Magical Society.”

Death hums some more, nodding along with Harry as she just smiles. He might as well be speaking to himself really... they both know she’s not going to tell him anything unless he orders it of her. And Harry won’t do that because he’s enjoying himself a bit too much.

“You know, I hate to say it but I’m a little suspicious of Hermione of all people.”

His constant companion raises both eyebrows at that.

“Oh?”

Huffing, Harry just rolls his eyes.

“She is a brilliant witch. And without me here... well, I’m surprised she even survived the Troll Incident. Unless that didn’t happen in this universe because of whatever it is that’s handling Voldemort.”

Death goes right back to smiling a coy smile as she shrugs her shoulders in a ‘who could say?’ gesture. Harry snorts.

“Needless to say, I didn’t bother asking her about such a thing. Not only would it be suspicious, but it would also be rather... crude to bring up bad memories, especially if it DID happen. Still, in a world where I didn’t exist... I could see Hermione going all Dark Side on the Wizarding World. Especially if she found out how limited her options as a muggleborn witch without the backing of the Boy-Who-Lived actually were.”

Indeed, if it wasn’t for the death of all the wizards in Magical Britain, Harry isn’t sure Hermione would even have been able to get the job at the Ministry that she had now. She especially wouldn’t have been able to if Fudge was still Minister and Umbridge was still his Senior Undersecretary.

That said...

“The only problem is a matter of timing. The deaths apparently started around eight years ago... meaning Hermione would have still been in her Second or Third Year at Hogwarts. Now, she’s smart but I don’t think she’s THAT smart. If the deaths had started in her later years, or even after she graduated, she’d be a prime suspect. But seeing as they didn’t... I have to assume it’s someone a bit older. Someone who has reason to want to destroy the Wizarding World... or perhaps bring it under their control?”

He says that last part half-heartedly without much conviction... and just as they’re arriving in his study as well. This prompts Death to pull away from him and turn to give him another raised brow.

“Under their control, you say?”

She’s not giving anything away... merely prompting him to explain his reasoning out loud and acting as a bit of a sounding board. Harry huffs before moving over to the reason he’d come to the manor’s study this late at night. Specifically... it’s time to upgrade the lands’ wards and this is where the Central Wardstone is set.

As he kneels and pulls open a hidden hatch in the floor, Harry continues to talk out loud even while pulling out the Elder Wand and touching it to the central wardstone.

“Well, it just seems strange to me. If whoever is behind all of this wanted to destroy Magical Britain... they’re taking their sweet time with things aren’t they? Really, they’ve only gone halfway. But maybe they want to make the witches of Magical Britain desperate enough to capitulate to their demands first. If that’s the case, then they’re well on their way to isolating the still living magical beings here on the isles. And if the ICW can be convinced to completely quarantine the British Isles, they’ll be able to have the survivors here eating out of the palm of their hands.”

As he explains his reasoning out loud, Harry casts spell after spell on the wardstone, strengthening property’s defenses several magnitudes beyond what they were originally. Not just the defenses either, but also the security and the reactive capabilities of the wards.

What he’d had before was the standard stuff, the sort of things that pretty much every Ancestral Home in the British Isles had on them... the sort of things that would not stop a particularly dedicated dark witch or wizard from slipping through.

Obviously, after what had happened to him today, such things wouldn’t cut it anymore. Not because he was afraid for his own life obviously, but more because he didn’t want someone like Fleur to be targeted here under his watch. Even if the killer seemed to target only men, Harry wasn’t taking chances.

“I imagine I’m quite the thorn in their side, all things considered. After all, so long as I continue to exist and survive in Magical Britain, the ICW might extend their ‘wait-and-see’ approach and not actually move to completely isolate the Isles. And so long as that remains the case, whoever is behind all of this can’t move forward with their plans.”

He was like a clog in the drain. He had to be removed before things would start moving cleanly again. Of course, in this case Harry was going to be a particularly tough clog to remove. In fact, he had no intentions of going anywhere.

Setting the floor back in place and rising to his feet, Harry turns to Death and grins wickedly.

“The coming days and weeks should be quite interesting as our mysterious schemer gets more and more desperate to kill me. Frankly, I’m not sure I even need to investigate them all that much. Whoever they are... whether its Hermione or someone else entirely... they’ll come for me again in due time.”

In the meantime... Harry did have a lot of things to do didn’t he? He had his new business to finish setting up so he could open and start taking some cases. Then, he had those agreed upon interviews with Lavender Brown and Luna Lovegood to take care of eventually. Finally, there was that warning from Madam Marchbanks about how he should probably prepare for the all-female Wizengamot to try something with him sooner or later.

Harry had to admit... he was looking forward to what the coming days would hold. It all promised to be quite... engaging~

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**A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!**