

The Veela's Claim Chapter 3

Harry was dreaming of Fleur. In his dream, they were back in their bedroom, and she was kneeling between his legs, her silvery blonde hair cascading over her bare shoulders as she looked up at him with those brilliant blue eyes. Her lips were wrapped around his cock, and the sensation was incredible – warm, wet, and perfect.

She took him deeper, her tongue swirling around his length, and Harry groaned, his hand tangling in her hair. She hummed around him, the vibration sending jolts of pleasure through his body, and he could feel himself getting closer to the edge.

"Fleur," he moaned, his hips bucking slightly.

She pulled back just enough to speak, her voice husky and thick with her accent. "You like zat, mon amour? You like when I take you in my mouze?"

"Fuck, yes," Harry breathed, and she smiled before taking him deep again.

The pleasure intensified, building and building, and Harry felt himself teetering on the edge. The warmth and wetness around his cock felt so real, so vivid, and he groaned again, his body tensing.

That groan turned into something deeper, more visceral, and suddenly the dream began to shift. The sensation didn't fade, it grew stronger, more tangible. Harry's mind slowly surfaced from sleep, awareness creeping in even as the pleasure continued unabated.

He groaned again, this time fully conscious, and heard a soft, familiar giggle that made his eyes flutter open.

The sight that greeted him nearly made him come on the spot.

It wasn't a dream.

Fleur was between his legs, completely naked, her perfect ass raised high in the air as she knelt on the bed. Her silvery blonde hair spilled over her bare shoulders, and her blue eyes gleamed with mischief and desire as she looked up at him, her lips wrapped around his shaft.

"Mornin', mon amour," she purred after releasing him with an audible pop, her hand still stroking him slowly, her fingers slick with saliva. "Did you 'ave a good dream?"

"Fuck, Fleur," Harry breathed, his voice rough with sleep and arousal. His hand found her hair, threading through the silky strands. "You were in my dream, doing exactly this."

Her smile was pure sin, her tongue flicking out to tease his tip. "Was I? Well, now you get to 'ave it for real."

She took him deep again, her lips sliding down his length, and Harry's head fell back against the pillow. The warmth of her mouth, the wetness, the way her tongue worked along his shaft – it was even better than the dream.

"I woke up so 'orny," Fleur murmured against his cock, her accent thick and dripping with desire. "And you were right zere, all 'ard and ready for me. I couldn't resist."

"Always ready for you," Harry managed, his breathing growing ragged as she took him deeper, her throat relaxing around him.

She pulled back slightly, her eyes locked on his as she spoke, her hand still stroking him slowly. "I've been zinking about zis since I woke up. About 'aving you in my mouze, tasting you, feeling you get 'arder on my tongue."

"Fuck, the way you talk," Harry groaned, his hips shifting slightly.

Fleur's smile widened, wicked and knowing. "You like when I talk dirty, 'Arry? When I tell you 'ow much I love your cock? 'Ow much I love ze way you taste, ze way you feel stretching my lips?"

"Fuck yes," he hissed as she took him deep again, her head bobbing with such ease, her hand cupping his balls and rolling them gently.

She hummed around him, the vibration sending jolts of pleasure through his body. Her free hand slid up his thigh, her nails dragging lightly over his skin, leaving faint red trails. She released him again, her hand replacing her mouth as she stroked him, her eyes never leaving his.

"I love 'ow you taste," she said, her voice husky and dripping with lust. "I love 'ow you feel in my mouze, down my zroat. I could do zis all day, 'Arry. Just you and me, your cock in my mouze."

Harry's grip tightened in her hair, not forcing but holding on as she worked him over. "You're going to make me come if you keep talking like that."

"Zat's ze idea," Fleur said with a smirk before taking him deep once more, this time all the way to the base.

She hollowed her cheeks, sucking hard, her tongue working along his length in ways that made his toes curl. Her hand moved in tandem with her mouth, stroking what she couldn't fit, twisting slightly at the base. Harry could feel the pressure building, his body tensing, every nerve ending on fire.

"Fleur," he warned, his voice strained. "I'm close."

She didn't pull away. Instead, she doubled her efforts, taking him as deep as she could, her nose pressing against his pelvis, and her eyes watering slightly but never

leaving his. That look—the complete devotion and desire in her gaze, the way she looked at him like he was everything—pushed him over the edge.

Harry came with a groan, his hips bucking as he spilled down her throat. Fleur swallowed every drop, her hand still stroking him gently, milking him through his orgasm. When he finally stilled, she released him with a satisfied smile, licking her lips slowly, provocatively.

"Déllicieux," she purred, crawling up his body to kiss him, her naked breasts pressing against his chest.

Harry could taste himself on her tongue, but he didn't care. He kissed her deeply, his hands roaming over her bare skin, sliding down her back to cup her ass, squeezing the firm flesh. She moaned into his mouth, grinding against him, and he could feel how wet she was, her arousal slick against his thigh.

"Think you can go again?" she whispered against his lips, her hand already wrapping around his cock, which was already beginning to harden again under her skilled touch.

"With you? Always," Harry said, his voice rough with desire.

Fleur laughed, the sound pure joy and lust combined, and Harry flipped them over so she was beneath him. She spread her legs for him eagerly, her hands sliding up his chest, her nails dragging lightly over his skin.

"Zen show me, 'Arry," she breathed, her eyes dark with desire. "Show me 'ow much you missed me. Show me 'ow much you want me."

Harry didn't need to be told twice. His hand slid between her thighs, finding her already soaking wet. He groaned at the feeling, his fingers circling her clit before slipping inside her, two fingers pushing deep.

"So wet," he murmured, his lips finding her neck, kissing and sucking at the sensitive skin. "All for me?"

"Always for you," Fleur gasped, her hips bucking against his hand, seeking more. "Only for you, 'Arry. No one else makes me feel like zis."

Harry added a third finger, curling them just right, hitting that spot inside her that made her cry out. Her nails dug into his back, leaving marks, and he loved it. He loved the way she responded to him, the way her body arched beneath his touch, the way she moaned his name.

"Please, 'Arry," she begged, her voice thick with her accent and desire. "I need you inside me. I need to feel you."

Harry positioned himself at her entrance, teasing her for just a moment, rubbing the head of his cock against her slick folds. Fleur whined, her hips bucking up to meet him, trying to take him inside.

"Arry, please," she whimpered. "Don't tease me."

"Just enjoying the view," Harry said with a grin, his eyes roaming over her body—her flushed cheeks, her swollen lips, her breasts heaving with each breath, her nipples hard and begging for attention.

"You can enjoy ze view later," Fleur said, her tone desperate. "Right now, I need you to fuck me."

Harry thrust into her in one smooth motion, burying himself to the hilt. Fleur cried out, her back arching off the bed, her legs wrapping around his waist, pulling him closer, deeper.

"Yes," she moaned, her voice breathless and filled with pleasure. "Just like zat. Oh, 'Arry, you feel so good."

He set a steady rhythm, each thrust deep and slow, his hips rolling in a way that made her see stars. Fleur matched him, her hips rising to meet his, her body moving in perfect sync with his. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room, along with their moans and gasps.

Harry's lips found hers again, kissing her deeply, swallowing her moans. His hand slid up to cup her breast, his thumb brushing over her nipple, and she gasped into his mouth.

"Arder," Fleur demanded when they broke apart, her voice breathless and needy. "Fuck me 'arder, 'Arry. I want to feel you for days."

He obliged, his thrusts becoming more forceful, the bed creaking beneath them. The headboard began to knock against the wall with each powerful thrust, a rhythmic banging that echoed through the room. Fleur's moans grew louder, her body trembling as he drove into her again and again.

"Touch yourself," Harry commanded, his voice rough and commanding. "I want to feel you come around me."

Fleur's hand slid between them, her fingers finding her clit. She rubbed in tight, desperate circles, her breath coming in short pants, and her eyes locked on his. The added stimulation pushed her closer to the edge, her walls tightening around him with each thrust.

"Arry," she whimpered, her body tensing, every muscle coiled tight. "I'm so close. So close."

"Come for me," he urged, his thrusts becoming erratic as his own orgasm approached. "Let me feel you. Let me hear you."

Fleur came with a scream, his name torn from her lips as her body convulsed beneath him. Her walls clenched around his cock, squeezing him so tight it was almost painful, and the sensation was too much. Harry followed moments later, burying himself deep as he spilled inside her, filling her completely.

They collapsed together, both panting heavily, their bodies slick with sweat. Harry rolled onto his back, pulling Fleur with him so she was draped across his chest. She sighed contentedly, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on his skin, circling the scars she knew so well.

"Zat was perfect," she murmured, pressing a kiss to his chest, right over his heart.

"Yeah," Harry agreed, his hand running up and down her back in soothing strokes. "Perfect."

They lay there in comfortable silence for a while, catching their breath, their hearts slowly returning to normal. Eventually, Fleur propped herself up on her elbow, looking down at him with a satisfied smile that was equal parts love and mischief.

"I 'ave to tell you somezing," she said, her tone playful but with a hint of seriousness.

Harry raised an eyebrow, his hand still caressing her back. "What's that?"

"Last night," Fleur began, her smile turning more mischievous. "I didn't put up any silencing charms."

It took Harry a moment to process that, his post-orgasm haze making his thoughts sluggish. "You didn't? But Gabrielle was right next door."

"Exactement," Fleur said with a satisfied smirk, her eyes gleaming with triumph. "She's been so curious about our sex life, always asking questions, teasing, making zose inappropriate suggestions. I zought maybe if she 'eard exactly what she was so curious about, she'd learn 'er lesson."

Harry stared at her, torn between amusement and disbelief. "You let her hear us on purpose?"

"Oui," Fleur said unapologetically, rolling onto her back and stretching like a contented cat. "She kept saying she wanted to watch or listen. Well, she got 'er wish. Maybe now she'll stop being such a little pest about it."

Harry couldn't help but laugh, shaking his head. "You're terrible."

"Maybe," Fleur said with a shrug, turning back to face him. "But she needed to learn. And besides, it's not like we were doing anyzing wrong. It's our 'ouse. If she doesn't like it, she can use silencing charms 'erself."

Harry's thoughts drifted to Gabrielle despite himself. He remembered how she'd looked last night in that dress, the way the fabric had hugged her curves, how she'd flushed when he complimented her. The way her thigh had pressed against his on the couch, warm and soft. He pushed those thoughts away quickly, a flash of guilt running through him. She was Fleur's sister, just a kid really, even if she didn't look like one anymore.

"Do you think I was too cruel?" Fleur asked, her expression softening slightly as she studied his face.

"Maybe a little," Harry admitted, meeting her eyes. "But I get why you did it. She has been pretty relentless with the teasing."

Fleur nodded, her hand finding his and lacing their fingers together. "She's going through a lot with the maturity. It makes her... different. More confident, more aggressive, more curious about things she shouldn't be curious about. But that doesn't mean she gets to make things awkward for us in our own home."

"Fair enough," Harry said, pulling her closer for a kiss, soft and lingering. "Though I think you enjoyed it a bit too much."

Fleur grinned against his lips, nipping at his lower lip playfully. "Maybe I did. There's something exciting about knowing someone might hear. Made me want to be even louder."

"I noticed," Harry said dryly. "Pretty sure the neighbors heard you."

"We don't have neighbors," Fleur pointed out with a laugh.

"Exactly my point," Harry said, and she swatted his chest playfully.

They kissed for a few more moments, slow and relaxed, before Fleur pulled back reluctantly. "We should get up. Gabrielle will be wondering where we are."

"Or she already knows exactly what we've been doing," Harry said dryly. "Again."

Fleur laughed, climbing off the bed and stretching languidly, her naked body on full display. Harry watched her, admiring the way her muscles moved beneath her skin, the curve of her hips, the sway of her breasts, the way the morning light streaming through the window made her skin seem to glow. She caught him looking and winked.

"Like what you see?"

"Always," Harry said, getting up and pulling on his clothes, his eyes still tracking her movements.

They dressed slowly, Fleur slipping into a simple sundress that somehow made her look even more stunning, the light fabric clinging to her curves in all the right places. Harry pulled on jeans and a t-shirt, feeling more relaxed than he had in weeks.

When they finally made their way downstairs, they found Gabrielle at the dining table, hunched over a thick textbook with parchment spread out around her. She was scribbling notes furiously, her brow furrowed in concentration, her quill moving rapidly across the parchment.

At the sound of their footsteps, she looked up. The moment her eyes met Harry's, her face turned a brilliant shade of red, the blush spreading down her neck and disappearing beneath the collar of her shirt. She quickly looked back down at her book, her quill moving even faster across the parchment, though Harry noticed the letters were becoming increasingly illegible.

Fleur noticed, of course. Her smirk widened as she caught the way her sister's cheeks flushed, the way Gabrielle couldn't quite meet their eyes. Perfect. Gabrielle had gotten more than she bargained for, and now maybe she'd think twice before making more inappropriate suggestions.

"Bon matin, Gabby," Fleur said cheerfully, moving into the kitchen to start breakfast, her tone far too innocent.

"Morning," Gabrielle muttered, not looking up, her hand gripping her quill so tightly her knuckles were white.

Harry took a seat at the table, glancing at Gabrielle's notes, trying to act as normal as possible. "Advanced Transfiguration?"

"Oui," Gabrielle said, still not meeting his eyes, her voice slightly higher than usual. "I 'ave to finish the 'omework."

"Need any help?" Harry offered, genuinely interested. Transfiguration had always been one of his better subjects, and he was grateful for the distraction.

Gabrielle finally looked up, though her gaze darted away almost immediately, landing somewhere over his shoulder. "Maybe. I'm 'aving trouble wiz 'uman to animal transformations."

"Those are tricky," Harry said, leaning over to look at her notes, keeping his voice casual and educational. "The key is understanding the fundamental differences between human and animal anatomy. You can't just visualize the end result. You need to think about how the transformation progresses step by step."

Gabrielle nodded, her embarrassment fading slightly as she focused on the topic, grateful for something concrete to discuss. "Zat makes sense. I keep trying to do it all at once and it's not working."

"Try breaking it down," Harry suggested, pulling the parchment closer and pointing to a diagram. "Start with the skeletal structure, then the muscular system, then the external features. It'll take longer at first, but once you get the hang of it, the whole process will feel more natural."

"Merci, 'Arry," Gabrielle said, her smile small but genuine, though she still couldn't quite look him in the eye for more than a second.

Fleur brought over a tray of croissants, fresh fruit, and coffee, setting it on the table with perhaps a bit more force than necessary. She slid into the chair next to Harry, her hand immediately finding his thigh under the table, her fingers tracing small circles that made him shift slightly in his seat.

They ate in relative silence for a while, Gabrielle occasionally asking Harry questions about her Transfiguration work, which he answered patiently. Fleur watched them with a contented smile, clearly pleased to see them getting along, though her hand never stopped its slow, teasing movements on Harry's thigh.

"So, 'Arry," Gabrielle said after a while, setting down her quill and finally seeming to relax a bit. "What are your plans now zat you're back? You must 'ave been given a long leave, non?"

"Yeah," Harry said, sipping his coffee, grateful for Fleur's hand stilling on his leg. "Kingsley told me to take as much time as I want. After the Albania mission and everything before that, he figured I could use a break."

"As much time as you want?" Gabrielle repeated, her eyes widening. "Zat's practically indefinite!"

Harry laughed. "Not quite. I've got to set an example for the others too. Can't just disappear for months on end."

Gabrielle grinned, some of her usual sass returning. "Why not? You're 'Arry Potter. You could do whatever you want and no one would say anyzing."

"That's exactly why I can't," Harry said, his tone turning more serious. "People look to me, whether I like it or not. If I just take off whenever I feel like it, what kind of message does that send?"

Fleur sighed, her hand squeezing his thigh more firmly. "It's not your job to be a role model for everyone, 'Arry. Not at ze expense of yourself."

Harry turned to her, his expression softening. "I know, love. But someone's got to set an example for those who follow. As much as I don't like it, right now there's no one else. Our society is still recovering. It's necessary."

Fleur's lips pressed into a thin line, but she nodded slowly. She understood, even if she didn't like it. The war had ended years ago, but the scars it left on the wizarding

world ran deep. Harry had become a symbol, not just of victory but of stability and hope. People needed to see him active, engaged, doing his part to rebuild.

The Auror Department was still short-staffed, with many experienced Aurors either dead or too traumatized to return to duty. New recruits looked to Harry for guidance, for proof that things could be normal again. The public scrutinized every move he made, watching for signs of weakness or instability. It was exhausting, but Harry knew the alternative was worse. If he stepped back now, if he showed any sign of faltering, the fragile peace they'd fought so hard for could crumble.

Gabrielle watched them both, her expression thoughtful. She could see the weight Harry carried, the way he never truly relaxed even when he was home, even in moments that should be carefree. It made her heart ache for him, made her want to ease his burden somehow.

The serious mood was broken when Fleur leaned back in her chair, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "Well, since we're talking about plans, I zink last night was a great start to your leave, don't you zink, 'Arry?"

Harry shot her a look, his lips twitching as he tried not to smile. "Fleur."

"What?" she said innocently, though her eyes sparkled with mischief. "I'm just saying, it was wonderful. Very... satisfying. Very loud."

Gabrielle's face turned red again, and she glared at her sister. "Do you 'ave to talk about zat right now?"

"Why not?" Fleur said, leaning forward with a teasing smile. "It's a perfectly natural zhing to discuss. And you were so curious about it before."

"Not at ze breakfast table," Gabrielle muttered, stabbing at a piece of fruit with her fork with unnecessary force.

"Oh, please," Fleur said, waving a hand dismissively. "You're ze one who kept asking questions, who suggested watching us. Now you're all shy?"

"I'm not shy," Gabrielle shot back, her tone sharp, her cheeks burning.

Fleur laughed, the sound light and carefree. "It's okay, Gabby. You just 'appened to 'ear somezing. Not my fault ze walls are zin."

"Or zat someone forgot silencing charms," Gabrielle muttered under her breath, her eyes fixed firmly on her plate.

Fleur's grin widened, unrepentant. "Oops."

Harry shook his head, trying not to laugh at the exchange. "Behave, both of you."

"She started it," Gabrielle said, pointing at Fleur with her fork.

"I'm just 'aving fun," Fleur said, her tone playful. "Besides, now maybe you'll zink twice before making suggestions like watching us. Reality is quite different from fantasy, non?"

Gabrielle's glare intensified, but before she could respond, a tapping sound came from the window. An owl was perched on the sill, a letter tied to its leg.

Harry got up to let it in, untying the letter and offering the owl a piece of croissant before it flew off. He unfolded the parchment, his eyes scanning the contents quickly. A smile spread across his face, wide and genuine, transforming his entire expression.

"What is it?" Fleur asked, her curiosity piqued, setting down her coffee cup.

Harry looked up, his eyes shining with an emotion Fleur easily recognized as immense joy and relief. "It's done. It's finally done."

Fleur's face lit up, understanding dawning on her, and she was out of her chair in an instant. She threw herself at Harry, nearly knocking him backward. He caught her easily, and she kissed him furiously, her arms wrapped tightly around his neck, her legs coming up to wrap around his waist. Harry kissed her back just as fiercely, one hand supporting her, the other still clutching the letter.

Gabrielle watched them, her heart swelling with happiness for her sister even as something sharp and painful twisted in her chest. She pushed the feeling down, focusing on their joy, trying to ignore the ache.

When they finally pulled apart, Fleur was breathless, her eyes searching Harry's face. "It's really done? You're sure?"

Harry nodded, his voice thick with emotion. "Yeah. It's ready. Everything's complete."

Fleur cupped his face, her thumbs brushing over his cheekbones tenderly. She could see how much this meant to him, the weight of it in his eyes, the slight tremor in his hands. "Mon amour," she said softly, kissing him again, gentler this time, pouring all her love into it. "I'm so 'appy for you."

Harry's arms tightened around her, and he buried his face in her hair for a moment, taking a shaky breath. When he spoke, his voice was rough. "I've been waiting for this for so long. It means everything to me. Everything."

Gabrielle felt her own eyes sting with tears, moved by the raw emotion in his voice. She knew it meant the world to him. "Congratulations, 'Arry," she said softly. "I'm so 'appy for you."

Harry looked at her, his smile grateful. "Thanks, Gabby. That means a lot."

Fleur kissed his cheek, then his forehead, then his lips again, her hands running soothingly over his shoulders and down his arms. "You deserve zis, 'Arry. You've worked so 'ard for it."

Harry set Fleur down gently but kept her close, his hands on her waist. He looked into her eyes, his expression serious and filled with love. "I want you with me when I go there for the first time. Will you come?"

Fleur's breath caught, and tears welled in her eyes. She knew what that meant, what he was really asking. It wasn't just about being there physically. It was about sharing something deeply personal, something that mattered more to him than almost anything else. It was about including her in something that was part of his very identity, his history, his family.

"Of course I will," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "Of course, 'Arry. I'll always be zere for you. Always."

They kissed again, slower this time, filled with love and promise and a future they were building together. Gabrielle watched them, her chest tight. She was genuinely happy for them, truly she was, but the wistfulness was there too, a quiet ache she couldn't quite shake, a longing for something she knew she could never have.

When Harry and Fleur finally pulled apart, Fleur still in his arms, she turned to Gabrielle with a teasing smile, though her eyes were still misty. "And you, Gabby. Zis doesn't mean you get to laze about 'ere while we're gone."

Gabrielle rolled her eyes, grateful for the return to normalcy. "I wasn't planning to. I'll 'elp out, obviously."

"Good," Fleur said, her tone mock-stern. "Because zere's a lot to do, and I'm not doing it all by myself."

"I said I'd 'elp," Gabrielle repeated, exasperated. "You don't 'ave to nag me."

"I'm not nagging," Fleur protested. "I'm just making sure you understand ze importance."

"I understand perfectly," Gabrielle said. "You're bossy, as usual."

"And you're lazy, as usual," Fleur shot back without heat.

Harry laughed, shaking his head as he pulled Fleur back against him. "You two are something else."

"She's impossible," they both said at the same time, pointing at each other, and then burst into laughter.

Harry just grinned, kissing the top of Fleur's head. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

XXXXX

The gates swung open smoothly as Harry approached the manor, the ancient magic recognizing him instantly. Fleur's hand was clasped firmly in his, and Gabrielle walked a few steps behind them, her eyes wide as she took in the sprawling property before them.

The manor itself was enormous, a stunning blend of classic architecture and modern luxury. The stone facade was pristine, weathered enough to show its age but meticulously maintained. The windows gleamed in the afternoon sun, reflecting the light like diamonds. The grounds were immaculate, with perfectly manicured lawns stretching out in all directions, flowering gardens bursting with color, and a long driveway lined with ancient oak trees that formed a natural canopy overhead.

"This is incredible," Harry said, his voice filled with awe as he stopped to take it all in. "It's so much better than I imagined. Better than the photos they sent."

Fleur squeezed his hand, her own eyes wide as she absorbed every detail. "It's beautiful, 'Arry. Absolutely stunning. Like somezing from a fairy tale."

"I wish my parents could see this," Harry said quietly, his gaze lingering on the manor, his voice catching slightly. "And Sirius. They would have loved seeing this place restored. It was such a wreck before."

Fleur turned to him, her expression infinitely soft and understanding. "Zey would be so proud of you, 'Arry. You've restored zeir ancestral 'ome, brought it back to life. Zat's somezing truly special. Truly meaningful."

Harry kissed her gently, his heart full. "Thanks, love. For everything."

He took her hand again, his voice soft but filled with warmth and significance. "Come on. Let's check out our new home."

Fleur's eyes shimmered with emotion at his words. Our home. Not his home. Ours. She squeezed his hand tightly, unable to speak for a moment, overwhelmed by what those simple words meant.

They walked up the driveway together, Gabrielle trailing behind, her usual sass momentarily forgotten as she took in the sheer scale and beauty of the property. The front doors were massive, carved from ancient wood with intricate designs depicting phoenixes and stags and other Potter family symbols. Harry pushed them open with a sense of reverence, and they stepped inside.

The entrance hall was breathtaking. High ceilings with ornate molding stretched above them, and a grand staircase curved elegantly to the second floor, the banister polished to a mirror shine. A chandelier hung overhead, crystal drops catching the light and scattering rainbows across the marble floors.

"Wow," Gabrielle breathed, her usual composure completely gone. "Zis is like somezing out of a magazine. Or a palace."

Fleur was equally stunned, her hand over her mouth as she looked around, taking in every detail. "It's magnifique, 'Arry. Absolutely magnifique. I can't believe zis is real."

They explored room by room, each one more impressive than the last. The living room was spacious and elegantly furnished, with plush sofas in deep burgundy and gold, and a fireplace large enough for Harry to stand in comfortably. The mantel was carved marble, depicting scenes from Potter family history.

The dining room had a table that could easily seat twenty, made from a single massive piece of oak, with chairs that looked both antique and incredibly comfortable. A chandelier overhead matched the one in the entrance hall, and the walls were lined with portraits of previous Potter family members, all of whom smiled and waved at Harry as he passed. That was all they could do though, which was a shame.

The kitchen was state of the art, a perfect blend of modern convenience and classic elegance. Modern appliances were cleverly integrated into the traditional design, and there was plenty of counter space. Fleur ran her hand over the marble countertop, her eyes sparkling with delight. "I could cook so many zings in 'ere. Zis is a dream kitchen."

They moved to the library next, and Harry's breath caught. Shelves lined the walls from floor to ceiling, already filled with thousands of books, their spines gleaming in the afternoon light. There was a reading nook by the window, complete with a plush armchair and a small table, perfect for spending hours lost in a good book. A rolling ladder provided access to the higher shelves.

"This is perfect," Harry said, his voice filled with wonder as he ran his hand along one of the shelves. "I could spend entire days in here and never get bored."

"We both could," Fleur said, her hand finding his, her smile warm. "Reading togezzer, just relaxing."

Gabrielle wandered over to one of the shelves, running her fingers over the spines carefully. "Some of zese are really old. First editions, maybe. Zis one looks like it's from ze fifteenth century."

"Probably," Harry said, his voice reverent. "The restoration team said they recovered as many original Potter family books as they could from various sources. Some were in storage, some they tracked down through collectors."

They continued their tour, finding a study with a large mahogany desk and more bookshelves, a music room with a grand piano that Fleur immediately gravitated toward, and a conservatory filled with magical plants and flowers, sunlight streaming through the glass ceiling.

Upstairs, there were multiple bedrooms, each one beautifully decorated in different color schemes. Some were clearly meant for children, which made Harry's heart clench with a complicated mix of emotions.

The master bedroom was stunning. A massive four poster bed dominated the room, draped in deep red silk and gold accents that reminded Harry of his Hogwarts house. There was a sitting area by the bay window overlooking the gardens, a walk-in closet that was bigger than some flats Harry had seen, and an ensuite bathroom with a tub that looked large enough for five people.

Fleur walked over to the bed, running her hand over the silky coverlet, feeling its quality. She glanced at Harry, her eyes glinting with unmistakable mischief and desire. "Zis bed is very big, 'Arry. Plenty of room for all sorts of activities. We'll 'ave to test out 'ow sturdy it is."

Harry laughed. "Fleur."

"What?" she said innocently, though her smile was anything but. "I'm just saying, it looks very comfortable. Very inviting. And zat bathtub? We could definitely 'ave some fun in zere togezzer."

Gabrielle groaned from the doorway. "Can you not turn everyzing into somezing sexual? Just for five minutes?"

"Where's ze fun in zat?" Fleur shot back with a grin, winking at her sister.

They explored the rest of the upstairs, finding more bedrooms, another bathroom with similar luxury features, and even a small library nook with floor-to-ceiling windows that provided a perfect reading spot. By the time they made their way back downstairs, all three of them were buzzing with excitement and wonder.

They settled in the living room, Gabrielle immediately claiming the large armchair while Fleur curled up next to Harry on the sofa without hesitation. She winked playfully at her sister, who rolled her eyes but smiled despite herself.

Harry looked around, his expression thoughtful as he took in the beautiful room. "Everything is beyond what I imagined. The restoration team did an incredible job. But the place could use a more personal touch, you know? It feels a bit staged, like a showroom rather than a home."

Fleur rested her head on his shoulder, her hand on his chest, feeling his heartbeat. "Gabrielle and I will take care of zat, won't we, Gabby? We'll make it feel like 'ome."

Gabrielle nodded enthusiastically, genuine excitement in her voice. "Oui. We'll make it feel lived in and loved. Some photos, personal items, maybe some different decorations zat mean somezing to you. Different cushions, throws, zat sort of zhing. It'll be perfect."

"Thanks," Harry said, his voice warm with gratitude. "I really appreciate it. Both of you."

Fleur tilted her head up to kiss him softly, her lips lingering on his. "We're 'appy to do it, mon amour. Zis is your 'ome. Our 'ome."

Harry pulled her closer, his arms wrapping around her securely. "Always. This is our home. Yours and mine."

They kissed again, slow and sweet and full of promise. Gabrielle watched them with a smile, genuinely happy for them. But beneath that smile, there was a sharp pang in her chest, a feeling she couldn't quite name but that hurt nonetheless. She tried to push it down, tried to focus on her happiness for them, but it lingered stubbornly.

Her smile dimmed slightly, just a fraction, and she looked away quickly before either of them could notice. She stared out the window at the gardens beyond, at the ancient trees and flowering bushes, trying to lose herself in the beauty of it all.

She was happy for them. She truly was. They deserved this happiness, this life together. But that didn't stop the small, selfish part of her that wished things were different, that wished she could be the one in Harry's arms, the one he was building a home with.

Harry and Fleur didn't notice her inner turmoil, too wrapped up in each other. They whispered soft words, their foreheads pressed together, talking about their future in this beautiful home, and Gabrielle let them have their moment.

She'd deal with her feelings later, she told herself. She'd push them down and lock them away like she always did. For now, she'd be happy for her sister, even if it hurt. Even if watching them together made her chest ache and her eyes sting with tears she refused to shed.

Because that's what you did when you loved someone. You were happy for them, even when it broke your heart.

To be continued...