

Chapter 2

Harry sipped his tea, the warmth spreading through him as he sat next to Gabrielle on the couch. Her thigh pressed against his, and he was hyper-aware of her presence – her scent, her warmth, and the way her dress hugged her curves.

She was chatting animatedly about her Charms studies, but Harry was only half-listening, his mind still reeling from how much she'd changed. The little girl he'd once known was gone, replaced by this stunning woman with a playful glint in her eye that was dangerously close to Fleur's.

"You know, 'Arry," Gabrielle said, leaning closer, her voice dropping to a teasing murmur, "I've been practicing some advanced charms. Wanna see one? I could make ze couch do all sorts of tricks right now."

Harry chuckled, shaking his head. "I'd rather not end up on the floor, Gabby. Save it for your NEWTs."

She pouted, but her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Spoilsport. Bet I could impress you."

"Oh, I'm already impressed," Harry said with a chuckle. "You've grown up a lot. It's... wild."

Gabrielle's cheeks flushed, and she bit her lip, clearly pleased. She opened her mouth to say something else, but a soft creak from the stairs made them both turn. Harry's breath caught in his throat as Fleur descended, and his world narrowed to her.

Fleur looked like a vision straight out of his fantasies. The sheer black nightdress clung to her body, the lace accentuating her curves, her cleavage practically begging for attention. The matching gown flowed around her, parting just enough to tease what lay beneath. Her silvery-blond hair was still damp from her bath, cascading over her shoulders, and her blue eyes locked onto his with an intensity that made his pulse race. The veela allure rolled off her in waves, stronger than usual, wrapping around him like a physical touch, pulling at his senses.

"'Arry," she purred, her voice low and sultry, as she crossed the room in a few graceful strides. "You're 'ome."

Harry stood, his tea forgotten on the table, and met her halfway. "Fleur," he breathed, his voice rough. Two weeks without her had been hell, and now she was here, looking like *that*. He didn't care that Gabrielle was watching; all he could see was Fleur.

She didn't hesitate. She threw her arms around his neck, pressing her body against his, and kissed him hard. Her lips were soft but demanding, her tongue slipping into his mouth with a hunger that made his knees weak.

Harry groaned into the kiss, his hands sliding down to grip her hips, pulling her closer. Her curves molded against him, and he could feel the heat of her body through the thin fabric of her nightdress. The veela allure amplified everything – her scent, her taste, and the way her body fit against his. It was intoxicating.

"I missed you," she murmured against his lips, her accent thick with emotion. "So much, mon amour."

"I missed you too," Harry replied, holding her close.

Fleur pulled back just enough to look at him, her hands coming up to frame his face. Her thumbs traced his cheekbones as she studied him, as if memorizing every detail.

"You look tired," she said softly. "But you're 'ere. You're safe."

"Always come back to you," Harry said with a small smile.

Her answering smile was brilliant, and then she was kissing him again.

Her fingers threaded through his hair, her body pressing against his as if she could somehow get closer.

Harry responded in kind, one hand sliding up and down her back while the other gripped her supple ass through the thin silk. He'd missed this, missed her, more than he'd realized.

From the couch, Gabrielle watched them with a mix of emotions. There was happiness for her sister, genuine joy at seeing Fleur so completely loved. But there was also that sharp twist of envy, seeing what she wanted but couldn't have.

She cleared her throat loudly.

Harry and Fleur pulled away slightly, though Fleur kept her arms looped around Harry's neck. Both turned to look at Gabrielle, and Harry had the grace to look slightly embarrassed.

"Don't mind me," Gabrielle said dryly. "Just sitting 'ere like furniture."

Fleur laughed brightly. "Oh, Gabby. Are you jealous?"

"Non," Gabrielle replied, though her tone suggested otherwise. "But some of us 'aven't eaten yet. Can you two save ze snogging for after dinner?"

Harry chuckled, his hand still resting on Fleur's hip. "Sorry, Gabby. Got a bit carried away."

"A bit?" Gabrielle raised an eyebrow. "If I 'adn't said somezing, I zink you two would've started stripping right 'ere in ze living room."

Fleur turned back to Harry, her eyes dancing with amusement. "She might be right, you know."

"Definitely right," Harry agreed, grinning.

Fleur reluctantly stepped back, though she kept one hand linked with Harry's. She looked at her sister with mock severity. "You know, Gabby, one day you'll understand. When you meet someone who makes your 'eart race like zis, you won't be so quick to judge."

Gabrielle rolled her eyes fondly. "I'm not judging. I'm just 'ungry. And watching you two is like watching a scene out of one of zose romance novels you and Maman read."

"Zose are good books," Fleur protested, leading Harry toward the kitchen. "Very educational."

"If by educational you mean full of –"

"Gabrielle," Fleur cut her off with a warning look, though she was smiling. Harry nuzzled her neck, making her giggle before she captured his lips once again.

"Merlin's beard, you two. Get a room already."

Fleur broke the kiss, her lips curving into a smirk as she glanced at her sister without pulling away from Harry. "Oh, we will, Gabby. Don't you worry."

Harry chuckled, his hands still on Fleur's hips, unwilling to let go. "Coming out dressed like that," he murmured, his forehead resting against hers. "Got any idea how tough it is to not rip this thing off?"

"Who's stopping you?" Fleur whispered, her fingers trailing down his chest, tugging at his robes. "You know how much I'd love eet."

Gabrielle rolled her eyes, tossing her book onto the cushion beside her. "Ugh, you're both too much sometimes. Can you at least wait until I'm not sitting right 'ere?"

Fleur turned fully to her sister, one arm still around Harry's neck, her body pressed against his side. "What's wrong, Gabby?" she teased, her tone playful but sharp. "You've been talking a big game all day. Don't tell me you can't 'andle a little affection."

Gabrielle huffed, crossing her arms, which only accentuated her own curves. "I can 'andle it fine. Just don't want to watch you two suck face all night. Some of us 'ave studying to do."

Harry laughed, the tension easing slightly. "She's got a point, Fleur. Let's not scar her for life."

Fleur arched an eyebrow, her lips twitching. "Scar 'er? Please. She's been begging for details about our sex life for days. She's not as innocent as she acts."

Gabrielle's cheeks went pink, but she didn't back down. "I'm not begging for anything! I just asked a few questions. You're the one who got all prissy about it."

"Oh, so now I'm prissy?" Fleur shot back, stepping away from Harry to face her sister, hands on her hips. "You're ze one who suggested *watching* us, you little deviant."

Harry's eyes widened, and he coughed, caught off guard. "Wait, what?"

Gabrielle grinned, unrepentant. "I was joking! Mostly. It was just a thought. Educational, you know?"

"Educational," Fleur repeated, rolling her eyes. "You need to focus on your NEWTs, not my bedroom."

Harry shook his head, a mix of amusement and disbelief on his face. "You two are something else."

The sisters exchanged a look, then burst into laughter, the tension dissolving. Gabrielle leaned back on the couch, smirking. "Fine, fine. I'll behave. But only because I'm starving. Are we eating soon, or are you two just gonna keep groping each other?"

Fleur glanced at Harry, her eyes softening. "Dinner first. Zen we'll see." She winked at him, and his stomach flipped. He knew exactly what that look meant.

"What are we having for dinner?" He asked, trying to steer the conversation to safer ground.

"Coq au vin," Fleur replied, moving toward the stove. "I made it zis morning before work. Just needs to be 'eated up."

"Your favorite French food," Gabrielle added, looking at Harry. "Fleur's been planning zis dinner for days."

Fleur shot her sister another look, this one more pointed. "Some zings are meant to be surprises, Gabby."

"What? It's sweet," Gabrielle said innocently. "Shows 'ow much you care."

Harry squeezed Fleur's hand. "I appreciate it. Really."

Fleur's expression softened, and she leaned up to press a quick kiss to his lips. "Go sit. You've 'ad a long journey. Gabby and I will get everyzing ready."

"I can help," Harry offered.

"Non," Fleur said firmly, gently pushing him toward the dining table. "You relax. We've got zis."

Harry knew better than to argue when Fleur used that tone. He settled into one of the chairs at the dining table, watching as the two sisters moved around the kitchen.

"So, 'Arry," Gabrielle called over as she arranged silverware. "Did you bring me anything from your travels?"

"Gabby," Fleur admonished. "Don't be demanding."

"What? I'm just asking," Gabrielle said, grinning.

"Actually, I did. There's a small shop in Tirana that sells charmed jewelry. Got you a bracelet enchanted by Albanian shamans. Supposed to help with veela allure in public places."

Gabrielle's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Really," Harry chuckled. "It's in my bag."

"Merci, 'Arry," Gabrielle said. "You didn't 'ave to do zat."

"Wanted to," Harry replied with a shrug. "You're family."

Something flickered across Gabrielle's face at those words, but it was gone before Harry could analyze it.

Fleur glanced between them, a small frown creasing her brow, but she said nothing. Instead, she brought the steaming pot of coq au vin to the table, setting it on a trivet.

"Voilà," she announced. "Dinner is served."

They settled around the table, Fleur taking the seat beside Harry while Gabrielle sat across from them. Fleur served the portions, making sure Harry's plate was generously filled.

"You need to eat," she insisted when he raised an eyebrow at the amount. "You've lost weight. I can tell."

"It's only been two weeks," Harry protested mildly.

"Two weeks too long," Fleur replied, her hand finding his thigh under the table and squeezing.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes again. "Are you two going to be like zis all night?"

"Yes," Fleur said simply, not even looking at her sister. Her eyes were fixed on Harry, and the intensity in them made his pulse quicken.

They ate in relative quiet for a while, the only sounds being the clink of silverware and occasional comments about the food. Harry complimented Fleur's cooking, which made her beam with pride. Gabrielle added her own praise, though

she also mentioned that Fleur had stress-cooked three different meals over the past two weeks.

"I was worried," Fleur said, a touch defensive. "You were in a dangerous area, 'Arry. I 'ad to do somezing wiz my 'ands."

"I'm fine," Harry assured her, covering her hand with his. "Not a scratch on me."

"I know," Fleur said softly. "But zat doesn't stop me from worrying."

Gabrielle watched them, her expression unreadable. There was that pang again, that longing. She quickly looked down at her plate, pushing food around with her fork.

As dinner continued, the conversation flowed more easily. Harry told them about the mission in more detail—the tracking spells they'd used, the abandoned warehouse where they'd found the smugglers, the cursed amulets that had to be carefully contained. Gabrielle asked questions, genuinely interested in the Auror work, while Fleur listened intently, her hand never leaving Harry's.

"So what 'appens to ze amulets now?" Gabrielle asked.

"They'll be studied by the Department of Mysteries," Harry explained. "Some might be destroyed if they're too dangerous. Others could be locked away in the secure vaults."

"Fascinating," Gabrielle murmured. "I've been zinking about what I want to do after Hogwarts. Maybe somezing wiz curse-breaking or artifact analysis."

"You'd be good at zat," Fleur said encouragingly. "You've always 'ad a talent for understanding 'ow zings work."

Gabrielle smiled at the compliment. "Merci. I just want to do somezing... meaningful, you know? Not just sit in an office all day."

"Nothing wrong with office work," Harry said. "But I understand wanting more. Just be prepared—fieldwork can be exhausting."

"I'm not afraid of 'ard work," Gabrielle replied with a touch of pride.

"I know you're not," Harry said with a genuine smile.

Fleur stood, stretching languidly, her gown parting to reveal more of the nightdress beneath. Harry's eyes followed her movements, his body already reacting to the sight. She caught his gaze and smiled, slow and deliberate. "I zink it's time we 'ead upstairs, 'Arry. I 'ave some... catching up to do."

"That sounds—"

Gabrielle groaned, cutting Harry off as she tossed her napkin onto the table. "Oh, come on. Can you at least pretend to be subtle? I'm trying to digest 'ere."

Fleur laughed, grabbing Harry's hand and pulling him to his feet. "You'll survive, Gabby. Why don't you go read your Charms book? Or better yet, find your own man to bother."

Gabrielle stuck out her tongue. "Maybe I will. But he won't be as boring as you two, shagging all ze time."

Harry snorted, letting Fleur tug him toward the stairs. "Goodnight, Gabby," he called over his shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah," Gabrielle muttered, waving them off. "Try not to break ze bed. I need to sleep too, you know."

Fleur shot her a wicked grin. "No promises."

As they climbed the stairs, she pressed close to his side, her free hand trailing up his arm.

"She's in a mood," Harry observed quietly.

"She's always in a mood lately," Fleur replied with a slight edge to her voice. "Ze veela maturity 'as made 'er... difficult."

"She seems to have adjusted well otherwise," Harry said. "Didn't feel much of her wild allure."

Fleur made a noncommittal sound. They reached the landing and she led him down the hallway to their bedroom. As soon as they were inside, she closed the door with a soft click.

Then she turned to face him, and the look in her eyes was pure hunger.

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Fleur advanced on Harry slowly, each step slow and each sway of her body made to entice. The silk gown swirled around her legs, and in the soft lamplight of their bedroom, she looked almost ethereal.

"I've been zinking about zis for two weeks," she said, her voice low and filled with promise. "Every night, alone in zis bed, I zought about 'aving you 'ere again."

Harry swallowed hard, his exhaustion completely forgotten now. "Fleur..."

She reached him, her hands sliding up his chest to his shoulders. "Do you know 'ow hard it is to sleep wizout you? To wake up and you're not zere?"

"I'm sorry," Harry said, though his voice was rough. His hands found her waist, pulling her closer. "I'm here now."

"Oui," Fleur breathed. "You are."

She rose on her toes and kissed him again, and this time there was no one to interrupt them. The kiss deepened quickly, becoming heated and desperate. Fleur's fingers worked at the buttons of his shirt while his hands found her waist, pulling her flush against him, and she could feel how hard he already was through his trousers.

Their tongues lapped as they kissed, her fingers working his buttons deftly. In no time, she was pushing his shirt off his shoulders, pressing herself closer. Her veela allure pulsed, wrapping around them both, amplifying every touch, every breath.

Harry groaned, his hands sliding down to grip her ass, squeezing through the thin lace of her gown. "Missed you so fucking much," he muttered against her lips.

"Show me," she whispered, nipping at his lower lip. "Show me 'ow much."

He didn't need any more encouragement. His hands roamed, one slipping under her gown to find the bare skin of her thigh, the other tugging at the sash until it came loose. The gown parted fully, revealing the nightdress that barely covered her or hid anything. Harry's eyes darkened further, his breath hitching as he took her in.

"Fuck, Fleur," he said, his voice rough. "You're perfect."

She smiled, stepping back just enough to let the gown slide off her shoulders, pooling on the floor. The nightdress clung to her curves, the lace teasingly translucent. She turned slowly, giving him a full view, her hips swaying as she moved. "You like?"

"Like?" He laughed, a little breathless. "I'm about to lose my mind."

Fleur smirked as she posed for him, pushing her tits out proudly. Suddenly, a thought occurred to her.

Earlier today, Gabrielle had been so insufferably curious about their intimate life. She'd teased and prodded, and Fleur had shut her down. But now, feeling particularly mischievous—and perhaps wanting to teach her nosy little sister a lesson—Fleur made a decision.

She glanced toward the door, usually warded with every privacy and silencing charm she knew. Tonight, she'd cast nothing. Not a single spell to muffle sound or prevent eavesdropping.

Let Gabrielle hear exactly what she'd been so curious about without any restraints. Maybe that would cure her of her voyeuristic tendencies.

Or maybe not. Either way, Fleur found she didn't particularly care at the moment.

She closed the distance between them again, her fingers tracing the scars on his chest—the ones from the war, the ones she loved to kiss. She pressed her lips to one just above his heart, her tongue flicking out, and Harry hissed, his hands tightening on her hips.

"You're gonna be the death of me," he muttered, pulling her back up for another kiss. This one was hungrier, more desperate, their bodies pressed so close she could feel his heartbeat.

She pushed him toward the bed, her hands on his chest, until the back of his knees hit the edge and he sat down. She straddled his lap, the nightdress riding up her thighs, and ground against him, feeling his hardness through the thin fabric of her knickers. Harry groaned, his head falling back as she rolled her hips, teasing him.

"Fleur," he gasped, his hands gripping her thighs. "You're driving me crazy."

"Good," she said again, leaning down to kiss his neck, her teeth grazing his skin. She sucked lightly, leaving a mark, and he bucked against her, his hands sliding up to cup her breasts through the lace. Her nipples hardened under his touch, and she moaned softly, arching into his hands.

She slid off his lap, kneeling between his legs, her hands working at his belt. Harry watched her, his eyes heavy-lidded and his breathing uneven. She pulled his trousers and boxers down in one go, freeing his cock, already hard and throbbing. She licked her lips, her own arousal spiking at the sight of him.

She wrapped her hand around him, stroking slowly, her thumb brushing over the tip. Harry's head fell back, a low groan escaping him. She leaned forward, her tongue flicking out to taste him, and he cursed under his breath. She took him into her mouth, slow at first, her lips sliding down his length, her tongue swirling around him. She looked up, locking eyes with him, and the way his face contorted in pleasure sent a jolt of heat straight to her core.

"Fuck, Fleur," he gasped, his hand tangling in her hair, not pushing but just holding on. She bobbed her head, taking him deeper, her hand stroking what her mouth couldn't reach. She hollowed her cheeks, sucking harder, and Harry's hips jerked, his breath coming in short pants.

She pulled back, a string of saliva connecting her lips to his tip, and grinned up at him. "You like zat, mon amour?"

"You know I do," he said, his voice rough. He pulled her up, kissing her hard, tasting himself on her tongue. His hands roamed her body, tugging at the straps of her nightdress until it slipped down, exposing her breasts. He groaned, his mouth finding her nipple, sucking hard, and Fleur moaned, her head falling back.

"Arry," she gasped, her fingers digging into his shoulders. His teeth grazed her sensitive skin, and she arched into him, her body trembling with need.

He flipped her onto the bed, his body covering hers, and she spread her legs, letting him settle between them. His hands roamed, one sliding down to her knickers, slipping beneath the lace to find her already wet. He groaned, his fingers brushing her clit, and Fleur bucked against him, a needy whimper escaping her.

"You're so wet," he murmured, his lips against her neck. "All for me."

"Always," she gasped, her hips grinding against his hand. He slipped a finger inside her, then another, curling them just right, and she cried out, her nails digging into his back. He worked her slowly, his thumb circling her clit, building her up until she was trembling, her breaths coming in short, desperate pants.

"'Arry, please," she begged, her voice thick with her accent. "I need you."

He didn't make her wait. He pulled her knickers down, tossing them aside, and positioned himself at her entrance. He teased her for a moment, the tip of his cock brushing against her, and she whined, her hips bucking up to meet him.

"Patience," he teased, but his own voice was strained, his control slipping. He pushed into her slowly, inch by inch, and Fleur moaned, her head falling back as he filled her. He was thick, stretching her perfectly, and the sensation was almost too much.

"Fuck," Harry groaned, pausing when he was fully inside her, giving her a moment to adjust. "Missed this so much."

"Move," she demanded, her hands gripping his ass, urging him on.

He obliged, pulling out almost completely before thrusting back in, hard and deep. Fleur cried out, her legs wrapping around his waist, pulling him closer. He set a rhythm, slow at first but building, each thrust sending waves of pleasure through her.

"Yes, 'Arry," she moaned, her voice loud and unfiltered. "'Arder!"

He obeyed, his thrusts growing faster, deeper, the bed creaking beneath them. Fleur's nails raked down his back, leaving marks, and he groaned, his lips finding hers in a messy, desperate kiss. She could feel her orgasm building, the heat coiling low in her belly, and she clung to him, her hips meeting his with every thrust.

"Fleur," he gasped, his voice rough, "I'm close."

"Me too," she whimpered, her body trembling. "Don't stop."

He didn't. He reached between them, his fingers finding her clit, rubbing in tight circles, and that was it. Fleur came with a scream, her body arching off the bed, her walls clenching around him. Harry followed moments later, his thrusts stuttering as he spilled inside her, a low groan tearing from his throat.

They collapsed together, panting, their bodies slick with sweat. Harry kissed her softly, his hands stroking her sides, and Fleur smiled, her heart still racing.

"I love you," he murmured, his lips brushing her forehead.

"I love you too," she whispered, her voice soft but thick with emotion.

They lay there for a moment, catching their breath, the air heavy with the scent of sex and lavender. Fleur's mind flickered back to Gabrielle's teasing, her suggestion about listening, and she smirked. No silencing charms. Let her sister hear what she'd been so curious about. Maybe it'd shut her up for once.

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In the room next door, Gabrielle lay on her bed, her body trembling and her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. Her hand was still between her thighs, her fingers slick and warm. Her other hand clutched at her sheets, bunched up from when she'd been gripping them tightly.

She'd heard everything.

The walls were thin, and Fleur hadn't bothered with silencing charms – a fact that had become painfully obvious the moment the moans started.

At first, Gabrielle had tried to ignore it, burying her face in her pillow, muttering curses at her sister's shamelessness. But that had only muffled the sounds, not blocked them out entirely. Then she'd tried to distract herself, reaching for her Charms textbook. But the words on the page had blurred as another moan filtered through the wall.

The sounds – Fleur's gasps and moans, Harry's groans, and the rhythmic creak of the bed – had wormed their way into her head, stoking the fire that had been burning in her since Harry walked through the door.

She'd fought it, her hands clenched into fists, her thighs pressed together to quell the ache. But the sounds were relentless, vivid, painting pictures in her mind. Fleur's voice, thick with her accent, crying out Harry's name. The way Harry groaned, low and rough, like he was losing himself in her. Gabrielle's imagination ran wild, picturing Harry's strong hands on her sister's body, his lips on her skin, his cock driving into her.

Her resolve crumbled. One hand slipped beneath her dress, pushing her knickers aside. Her fingers found her clit, already slick with arousal, and she gasped, her hips bucking. She matched her rhythm to the sounds from the next room, circling her clit as Fleur's moans grew louder, more desperate.

In her mind, it wasn't Fleur in that room. It was her. She imagined it was her under Harry, his hands on her hips, his mouth on her breasts, his cock filling her. She imagined it was her making those sounds, the one experiencing everything her sister was experiencing.

She touched herself the way she imagined Harry might touch her, matching her rhythm to the sounds she heard.

“Arry,” she whispered, her voice barely audible, as she slipped two fingers inside herself, pumping in time with the creaking bed. The pleasure built fast, her body trembling, her other hand clutching the sheets. She could hear Fleur’s scream as she came, Harry’s groan following, and it pushed Gabrielle over the edge. She came hard, her body shaking, Harry’s name on her lips as she rode out the waves of her orgasm.

As the pleasure faded, reality crept in. She lay there, panting, her fingers still between her legs, her cheeks flushed with a mix of satisfaction and shame. She pulled her hand away, wiping it on the sheets, and curled into a ball, her heart racing. The sounds from the next room had quieted, leaving only silence and her own thoughts.

She felt a confusing mix of satisfaction and shame. Her body was relaxed and satisfied for the moment, but her heart ached. She'd just pleased herself to the sound of her sister making love to the man Gabrielle wanted for herself.

What did that make her?

She didn't want to examine that question too closely.

She knew this couldn't continue. She couldn't keep pining for Harry, couldn't keep inserting herself into their relationship even in these small ways. It wasn't fair to any of them—not to Fleur, who deserved to be happy without worrying about her sister; not to Harry, who'd never given her any indication he saw her as anything but his girlfriend's little sister; and certainly not to herself, because this unrequited crush was only going to cause her pain.

But knowing something and feeling it emotionally were two different things. Her heart didn't care about logic or fairness. It wanted what it wanted.

She didn't regret it, not really. But she knew she'd never tell Fleur. Never tell Harry. This was her secret, her private indulgence in a fantasy she could never have.

With a sigh, she pulled the blanket over herself, her body still tingling, and closed her eyes, letting sleep take her.

In her dreams, she was in that other bedroom, and the arms holding her were the ones she'd been longing for all these years. The arms of her sister's boyfriend.

To be continued...