

The Time Traveling Professor

Harry Potter stood from the kitchen table, wiped his mouth, and put his emptied plate in the sink. Turning around, he smiled at his beautiful, blonde wife, the sight of the beach behind her in the window a perfect backdrop. Fleur had just taken a sip of her morning coffee when she noticed him looking at her and smiled lovingly in return.

“Have I told you how beautiful you look today?” Harry asked.

“Twice,” Fleur replied with a smirk. “Once when we woke up, and once in ze shower.”

“Well, I’ll say it again. You look beautiful,” Harry told her.

Fleur gave him a dazzling smile and tilted her head back as he walked over, bent down, and kissed her tenderly.

“How about we go out to dinner tonight when I get home from work?” Harry asked as he pulled away.

“Ow about we stay ‘ome, ‘ave a bottle of wine, and go to bed early?” Fleur asked in a sultry tone that never failed to send shivers down his spine.

“Sounds perfect,” Harry smiled.

Fleur smiled back, her cerulean eyes sparkling with unspoken promises as she ran her fingers through his hair and pulled him in for a brief but passionate kiss.

“Urry ‘ome, mon amour,” she whispered against his lips.

"I always do," Harry replied with a crooked smile.

Giving his wife one last kiss, Harry let his hand slip down over her baby blue robe and squeeze her luscious breast. Squealing against his lips, Fleur pulled back and gave his bum a light, playful slap. Laughing together, he grabbed his dark blue Auror robe off the coat rack and threw it over his shoulder.

"I'll be home as soon as I can," Harry said as he made his way towards the door.

"Not soon enough," Fleur said with a sultry look. "Stay safe, je t'aime."

"Love you, too," Harry said.

With one last smile, he opened the door to Shell Cottage and stepped outside. The sea air filled his lungs as he walked towards the ward line, the yellow sand shifting under his feet as he walked. Looking back at the house and wishing he could go back and crawl in bed with his wife, Harry twisted on the spot and vanished without a sound.

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"Harry," a familiar voice called out.

Harry looked up from his paperwork and smiled at Tonks, her hair bright purple and standing on end.

"Hey, Tonks," he smiled.

"You hear about Susan?" Tonks asked, her blue eyes sparkling.

“No, what happened?” Harry asked.

“Apparently, McLaggen decided to get a bit handsy when they were training the new recruits,” Tonks said, shaking her head. “Idiot probably thought she wouldn’t say anything in a crowded room.”

Harry growled and balled up his fist.

“I told Dawlish hiring that prick was a mistake,” he ground out between gritted teeth. “I’ll go have a word with him. Maybe I can talk Kingsley into firing him this time.”

“Not need,” Tonks smirked. “Susan hexed the shit out of him and berated him in front of everyone. He’s at St. Mungo’s having his balls reattached. Shack already said if he causes any more problems, he’s out on his arse.”

“Good for Susan,” Harry said with a grin.

“Yeah, I just wish I’d been there to see it after all the comments he’s made about me,” Tonks said, hair flashing dark red before going back to purple. “The moron even threatened to sue, so I sicced mum on him.”

Harry almost felt bad for McLaggen, knowing firsthand how good of a barrister and how vicious, Andromeda Tonks could be. The woman had spent the last three years prosecuting death eaters for the Ministry. Because of her, hundreds of members of the so-called Ancient and Noble families had been sentenced to Azkaban. Including everything from Ministry employees, to Wizengamot members, to the former Minister for Magic. Between her and Shackbolt, there was no more escaping justice because of who you were, who you knew, or how much gold you could stuff into someone’s pocket.

“Speaking of your mum, how’s the family doing?” Harry asked.

“Good,” Tonks said with a smile. “Now that things have calmed down, I think mum’s starting to get over losing dad. On the subject of dads, Teddy wants to know when his will be visiting again.”

Harry smiled and shook his head as Tonks smirked at him teasingly.

“I still don’t know why he calls me that,” he sighed. “We really need to get him calling my Uncle Harry.”

“You were there for him when Remus couldn’t be,” Tonks shrugged. “You practically raised him for a year while mum and I were... well, you know.”

Harry sighed again, remembering quite well how lost and depressed Tonks and Andi had been after losing Ted and Remus.

“I still feel guilty when he calls me that,” Harry admitted. “It feels like-”

“Don’t,” Tonks interrupted. “You have nothing to feel guilty about. Remus would be happy knowing you looking after him.”

Harry gave a small smile, nodded, and decided to drop the subject. Remus was still a sore subject for Tonks. He knew that she’d loved him, but they’d had a lot of problems towards the end. Their marriage had been especially strained after Remus had left. Twice. Once when she was pregnant and once after Teddy was born.

“Anyways, How’s Fleur doing?” Tonks asked, her smile looking a bit forced.

“She’d good,” Harry replied. “She’s taking some time off work to finish her Charms Mastery.”

“That’s great,” Tonks grinned, this time much more genuinely. “Is she still planning to leave Gringotts?”

“Yeah. We’re already looking at the building across from Fred and George to open up Potter’s Enchantments,” Harry told her.

“Brilliant,” Tonks said. “You know, it’s been a while since you two invited me over for a visit.”

Harry grinned as Tonks pouted, fluttered her eyes, and grew out her breasts at least two cup sizes.

“I’ll have to check with Fleur, but I don’t think she’ll mind if you come over this weekend,” Harry said.

“Good. Training these recruits is frustrating, and I could use a good shag,” Tonks said with a smirk.

Harry shook his head fondly at her bluntness. Just as he opened his mouth to tell her she would definitely get what she wanted, Kingsley burst into the room with Savage and Proudfoot right on his heels.

“Harry, Tonks, we found Dolohov,” Kingsley announced.

Harry shot from his chair and raced to the Head Aurors office, catching Tonks’ arm when she stumbled next to him. Dolohov was the only big name Death Eater to have escaped justice. They’d thought he had either died or run off, but if he was back in England, Harry was going to stop him.

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Fifteen minutes later, after being briefed that Dolohov was staying at Lestrage manor, Harry and over a dozen Aurors were outside the house under heavy Disillusionment Charms. He didn't like the fact that the tip had come in anonymously, but it wouldn't be the first time someone had turned on their old 'friends' to collect the reward.

"Entry team, go," Harry heard through the charmed run in his ear.

Looking over at Tonks, they nodded at each other and sprinted across the grounds. Without breaking stride, Harry let loose a devastatingly powerful curse that slammed into the ancient wards and shattered them like glass.

"Wards are down, second team, go," Proudfoot called out.

By the time he'd finished speaking, Harry and Tonks had already reached the front door. Harry blasted the door open and used it as a shield to enter the house. Several potentially deadly curses slammed into the wood before he banished it at two of his attackers. Tonks entered behind him, her wand spitting out a steady string of spells in retaliation.

Harry only had a second to take in the room, six wizards and two witches, all standing around some sort of ritual circle with Dolohov in the center. He didn't have time to see much more than that as he took on two wizards at once.

"Stall them!" Dolohov barked. "Stebbins, finish the ritual!"

As Dolohov finished his orders, Harry heard the back door being blasted in.

Whatever that ritual is, it can't be good, Harry thought.

One of the Wizards, Stebbins, most likely, continued his chanting and raised a large, ornate dagger. Determined to stop whatever Dolohov had planned, Harry banished the two wizards he was fighting into the wall. After a check to make sure Tonks was holding her own, and seeing

that reinforcements from the back had entered the room, he turned his attention to Dolohov. The bearded, grey-haired Russian growled as Harry stepped into the ritual circle and started raining hexes and curses.

Dolohov was skilled, shielding and deflecting everything sent his way, but seemed reluctant to attack himself.

“Finish it, Stebbins!” he yelled.

Glancing over at the other wizard, Harry’s eyes went wide when the man raised the dagger with outstretched arms, the tip aimed at his own chest. Before he could react, Stebbins stabbed himself in the chest while the witch and wizard on either side defended him fiercely. Immediately, the floor began to shake, and the fighting died as the air tingled with tangible power.

Dolohov threw his head back and laughed sinisterly.

“It’s over, Potter!” he yelled. “The Dark Lord will rise again!”

In a last, desperate attempt to stop the ritual, Harry screamed out in exertion while a wave of pure magical force left his wand. Dolohov’s eye went wide as he was hurled backwards.

“No!” he screamed.

Harry tried to get out of the circle, but he was frozen in place after the first step as the chalk marking glowed under his feet. Quickly, the glow became blinding and the air crackled with energy.

“Harry!” Tonks screamed.

A force grabbed Harry from behind and yanked him back and into darkness.



Seven years. He'd been sent back in time seven years. To make matters even worse, when he'd apparated to Privet Drive, he found another Harry Potter tending to his aunt's rose garden.

This was not good.

After disguising himself and spending a week at the Leaky Cauldron, Harry had come to some truly terrible realizations. Despite it being the summer before his fourth year, there was nothing he could do to save Cedric, Sirius, or anyone else for that matter. With another Harry running around, there was nothing he could do to interfere. Not without the potential of causing a paradox that could destroy the world, or perhaps time itself.

At least, not as Harry Potter.

But, could he tell people? Could he see his friends again without them looking at him like a stranger?

For a moment, he thought of going to Hogwarts and talking to Dumbledore but dismissed that idea just as quickly. He'd lost a lot of trust for the old man towards the end of the war, and he wouldn't put it past him to Oblivate him and put him in a bed next to Lockhart to protect his *plan*.

Harry needed more information. He needed time to figure out what he could do without unintentionally destroying the universe.

By the end of the week, Harry had a solid idea of what he would do. There was one thing he refused to go through the rest of his life without. Fleur. She had saved him after the war, kept him from wallowing in his own misery, and showed him there was life after Voldemort.

For perhaps the first time in his life, Harry decided to be selfish. It was disturbingly easy to break into the Ministry and slip forged documents into the Records Department. Now, he was Harry Peverell, a former Gryffindor with a Mastery in Defense Against the Dark Arts. They wouldn't stand up to scrutiny in England, but it would work where he was going.

The next day, Harry spent what little gold he had on him buying an international Portkey to France. Thankfully, he had his wand to get him anything else he needed once he was there. He felt slightly guilty using magic to get a place to stay, but it wouldn't be for long, and he liked to think people would understand if they knew his situation.

Finding the current Defense professor at Beauxbatons had been easier than he'd thought. The French Ministry was only slightly more challenging to break into than the one in England, but he got what he needed. Address in hand, he Apparated to Nice.

Meeting with Professor Thomas as a recent graduate of Hogwarts looking for an Apprenticeship, Harry used a combination of Legilimency and Compulsion Charms over their hour-long visit. By the time he left, not only was Professor Thomas ready to take a sabbatical due to personal reasons, she recommended Harry to Madam Maxime as a replacement. On only his third day in France, Harry was hired as the new Defense professor and moved into Beauxbatons castle.



By the time school started three weeks later, Harry's nerves were already a complete mess. None of the books he'd been able to find on time travel gave him the answers he was looking for. He'd have to find a way to go to Hogwarts along with Maxime for the tournament so he could talk to Dumbledore. Unless he wanted to spend the next several years stealing books and researching time travel, he really didn't have much choice.

Of course, that wasn't the only reason he was stressed. It wasn't even the biggest reason. No, that was down to a stunning, if still haughty and arrogant, blonde sitting in his classroom. It was beyond painful to see her in the same room yet have no idea who he was or what they had been through together. Despite the change in attitude, he knew the woman he loved was still there, sitting just beneath the surface, waiting for the right man to bring her out.

Maybe I should keep her after class and spank that attitude out of her, Harry thought.

Shaking his head, Harry finished the roll call and began his first official lesson as a professor, albeit under a different name. Not for the first time, he was glad he'd let Fleur talk him into learning French.

"Good morning, class," Harry said in perfect French. "I'm Professor Harry Peverell, your new defense teacher. Now, since most of you will be leaving for Hogwarts in a few weeks, we'll spend our time focusing on the practical side of what you've learned over the last six years. Once I have an idea of where you stand, we'll work on improving your weaknesses. Now, if everyone would grab your wands and please stand up."

Once the class was on their feet, Harry moved the desks off to the side.

"Split up into pairs and start dueling," Harry instructed. "I'll be walking around and jumping in to duel you myself while I see where you stand."

The girls chattered excitedly as they broke off into pairs and began dueling. Harry did his best not to stare at Fleur, but he couldn't stop himself from glancing over at her every now and then. Unfortunately, Fleur's cousin, Claire Beaumont, noticed his eyes straying in their direction. Also a Veela, Claire never quite grew up the way Fleur did. The last time he'd seen her in France, he was stringing along yet another rich, hapless fool with her Allure. Fleur had brought her into their bed more than once in the hopes she would see what a real relationship had to offer. It hadn't worked, but Harry would be more than happy to try again. All in the name of helping family, of course.

As it turned out, Clair also wasn't very good at Defense. She was lackadaisical, her wand movements sloppy, and her repertoire of spells left much to be desired. Fleur, on the other hand, was just as skilled and naturally gifted as he remembered. Harry made sure to spend a couple of minutes testing her and giving a few tips before moving on. He didn't want to ignore her, but it was hard looking at her face and not seeing that spark of recognition in her eyes.

School continued on in this same vein for the next week before Harry faced his first issue.

“Your homework is to practice your shields and write a one-foot essay describing alternative ways of avoiding spells. I’d suggest practicing those as well. I’ll be testing you on them next class. Excellent work, everyone. Class dismissed.”

As most of the girls filed out of the classroom, Harry noticed Fleur waiting at the door while Claire approached his desk.

“Excuse me, professor?” Claire asked, her Allure flaring as she gave him her best flirty smile.

“Yes, Ms. Beaumont?” Harry replied.

“I only got an A on my last assignment, and I really need at least an E so I can go to Hogwarts for the tournament. Surely there must be something I can do to get a better grade,” Claire said, licking her lips suggestively.

Harry smiled, “Of course.”

Claire smiled brightly and let out a simpering giggle as he took the assignment from her.

RIP!

Her jaw dropped as Harry ripped her assignment in half and handed it back to her.

“If you want a better grade, you can redo your assignment tonight - in detention,” Harry said, continuing to smile at her pale, stunned face. “And Ms. Beaumont, the next time you have an issue with a grade I give you, ask me about it without using your Allure.”

“Y – yes, professor,” Claire stammered nervously.

Harry watched her leave with a chuckle, only to have it catch in his throat when he caught sight of the expression on Fleur’s face. It was the same look she’d given him their first night together, and almost every night after. Her blue eyes had darkened with a carnal hunger that sent a shiver down his spine. For a brief moment, he felt as if he was looking at his wife, not the young, spoiled girl she had been.

Then, she turned and left.

Letting out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding, Harry slumped back in his chair.

“Bloody Hell,” he grumbled.

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It took a lot more work to convince Madam Maxime to take him to Hogwarts than Harry had hoped. With her Giant heritage making mind-altering spells far less effective, he had to resort to bringing back the old Defense professor. Professor Thomas would take over and finish the year once Harry was at Hogwarts, then leave again when he returned. Madame Maxime wasn’t pleased with the game of music chairs they were playing with the Defense post but agreed in the end.

While all of that was going on, Harry was also dealing with Fleur’s attention. Since he had turned down Claire, she’d been watching him closely and talking to him during and after class more than usual. Surprisingly, he wasn’t sure how to feel about that. On the one hand, he still loved her more than anything, but on the other, he felt guilty about lying to her. It also didn’t help that his advanced age made him feel like a bit of a pervert, not to mention the ethical concerns of a teacher-student relationship.

Of course, none of that stopped him from enjoying every moment he spent with her. So when she asked for private lessons to prepare for the tournament, there was no way he could refuse.

Over the next couple of weeks, tensions between them build. The hungry looks, lingering touches, and innuendo-filled teasing left Harry flushed and painfully hard more than once as she sashayed out of the classroom. Things would finally come to a head at the beginning of October.



“Great job, Fleur,” Harry said.

Fleur smiled proudly as she dropped her Advanced Shield Charm.

“Now, let’s see how it holds up against an opponent,” Harry smiled.

Without further warning, he began sending a variety of spells at Fleur. Eyes going wide, she threw up her shield just in time to block them. After probing it for weaknesses and finding none, Harry stopped casting and motioned for her to drop the shield.

“Excellent,” Harry beamed. “Let’s call it a night. Tomorrow, we’ll start working on your offense and some... unorthodox techniques.”

He might not be able to directly help her with the tournament, at least yet, but that didn’t mean he could help her prepare in other ways. Despite coming in last when they competed, Fleur had probably been the most skilled out of all of them. This time, he would make sure the world saw her for the incredibly talented witch she was.

“Professor,” Fleur said, breaking him out of his thoughts. “Could we have a duel? I would like to see how I hold up against a professional.”

Harry swallowed at the look she gave him, her eyes raking up and down his figure.

“Alright,” Harry agreed, taking a solid stance. “Whenever you’re ready.”

Fleur smirked before firing off a chain of powerful spells. As he expected, she was extremely talented for only being seventeen. Despite that, Harry’s experience and knowledge far outweighed hers. It was easy to see her becoming frustrated when she was unable to even pressure him, no matter how hard she tried. That’s when Harry felt her Allure burst out and envelope him. Far from being rendered a drooling idiot, Harry smiled contentedly. Fleur’s Allure wrapped around him like a warm, comforting hug, reminding him of being at home with his wife in his arms.

Fleur stared at him with wide eyes when she saw how it affected him. With a sad smile, Harry quickly disarmed her.

“You will be a force to be reckoned with in the tournament,” Harry told her. “I pity anyone that can’t control themselves around your Allure.”

“I don’t plan on using that during the tournament,” Fleur admitted.

“Why not?” Harry asked.

“Even here, some people accuse me of using my heritage to get the grades that I do. In Britain, it will be even worse. I want to prove I am more than just some pretty Veela,” Fleur said firmly.

“That’s admirable,” Harry said. “Of course, it’s up to you how you compete, but if I may give you some advice?”

Fleur nodded curiously.

“Fuck ‘em,” Harry said, causing her to goggle at him. “People like that will always make excuses for why others are better than them. You should be proud of who and what you are. Anyone

who can't see you as an incredibly talented witch *and* Veela isn't worth listening to. If you want to get back at those bigots, remind them of what you are at every chance, and then prove that you're better than them every step of the way."

Fleur stared at him, her mouth clicking closed and her shoulders straightened. There was a fire in her eyes that hadn't been there before. The same fire that his wife had shown more than once when some bigot said she wasn't good enough to be his wife.

"Thank you, professor," Fleur said gratefully.

Harry smiled and nodded before jerking his head towards the door.

"Go on. I'll see you tomorrow," Harry said.

"Yes, you will," Fleur said, her eyes staring into his hungrily.

As she walked from the classroom, her hips swaying alluring, Harry knew he'd be heading to his quarters to take care of himself before joining the rest of the school for dinner.

"That woman will be the end of me," he muttered to himself, then grinned. "But what a way to go."

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In the wee hours of the morning, Harry dreamt of being back at home, his loving wife writhing under him as she welcomed him back. As his eyes fluttered open, he slowly realized that the pleasure he'd felt in his dream was still there. Stiffening, he stared down at the human-shaped lump under his blanket before pulling it back. The hungry blue eyes of Fleur Delacour stared up at him, her pouty pink lips wrapped securely around his rigid, glistening shaft.

“Fleur-”

Whatever else he'd been about to say was cut off with a gasp when Fleur sucked hard, her tongue swirling around his as she pulled off the tip.

“I wanted to thank you for everything you've been teaching me, and especially for what you said today,” Fleur said, kissing his throbbing, engorged head lovingly. “You're right. I shouldn't hide who or what I am to appease some small-minded bigots. I need to embrace my heritage, including the part that's screaming at me to claim my handsome, powerful professor before someone else does. You do want me, don't you, professor?”

“Harry,” he said quickly.

Fleur stopped and blinked up at him.

“Call me Harry,” he repeated, reaching down to stroke her cheek tenderly. “What I'm going to do to you tonight is something no professor should ever do to his student.”

Fleur beamed at him and licked the underside of his shaft like it was an ice cream cone.

“What are you going to do to me, 'Arry?” she asked coyly.

“First, I'm going to make you finish what you started,” Harry said, placing his hands on her head and gently guiding her back to his length. “Then I'm going to see how many times I can make you scream my name before you pass out.”

Fleur closed her eyes and moaned with her lips halfway down his shaft. When she opened them again, she bobbed up and down, gradually taking more of his length until her nose was pressed against his groin. Harry threw his head back and groaned as her throat spasmed around him, his fingers massaging her scalp.

“So good, Fleur,” Harry sighed.

Eyes sparkling, Fleur slowly dragged her lips back up to his tip, her tongue slathering every inch it could reach.

“I love you cock, ‘Arry,” Fleur said, kissing the tip. “I can’t wait to feel you in me.”

With that said, she dove right back on his length. With her lips stretched wide around his grith, Fleur buried him to the hilt in her throat over and over again. Harry grunted and groaned from the incredible feeling. Normally, Fleur loved to take her time and draw out his pleasure as much as possible. Right now, however, she was horny and simply wanted to move on. He knew from long experience that when she got like this, it wouldn’t be long until she got what she wanted.

Fleur stared up at him, her eyes burning intensely as her tight throat easily welcomed him. Each time she pulled back to the tip, her tongue lashed at him frantically, and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard, desperate for her reward.

As his climax began to build, Harry tightened his grip on her head and started thrusting his hips up. Fleur stilled and let him use her mouth and throat as he wished. Thick strings of saliva leaked from her lips and dripped down his shaft and over his balls as they contracted. With a wanton moan, Fleur raked her long nails over the inside of his thighs.

That sudden burning sensation tipped him over the edge. Resisting the urge to bury his length in her throat as he came, Harry gripped the sheets in a white-knuckled grip while Fleur stroked his shaft rapidly. Fleur sucked, sending a shudder through his body as he emptied himself into her mouth. When he was finally done and his body slumped to the bed, Fleur pulled off of him, careful to keep her lips sealed tight.

Smirking, Fleur made a show of swallowing and licking her lips. Harry’s softening shaft twitched in her hand, drawing a giggle from her lips. As she stared down at his length, he felt a blast of her Allure. In moments he was rock hard and throbbing even harder than before. Quirking her lips, she kissed his tip and then sat up.

The blanket fell from her body, and Harry finally got a look at her perfect, luscious breasts. Falling forward onto her hands and knees, Fleur crawled up his body slowly, her lips laying a trail of kisses up to his own. As they kissed passionately, Harry trailed his hands up her body to cup her perky, teardrop-shaped mounds, his thumbs caressing her swollen pink nipples just the way he knew she liked.

Fleur moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips, trapping his length between her heated folds and his stomach. Raising her hips, Fleur lined him up with her entrance and sank down. Both of them groaned as he speared into her depths; her incredibly hot, damp depths hugged his length.

“Arry,” Fleur moaned.

Placing her hands on his chest, Fleur sat up and gasped as he slipped just a bit deeper. Staring down at him, she began raising and lowering herself up and down his length. Her nails dug into his skin, and her body trembled as his girth stretched her walls.

I’ve missed this, Harry thought.

Fleur’s perky breasts bounced with every movement of her body, swaying and jiggling, nearly hypnotizing him with their alluring movements. Nearly, because Harry’s eyes were constantly being drawn to her beautiful face.

Sitting up, Harry grabbed Fleur’s legs and wrapped them around his waist while her arms draped over his shoulder. Smiling, she ran her fingers through the hair at the back of his head and pulled him in for a kiss. With a smile of his own, Harry kissed her while his hand moved to her hips, now moving back and forth instead of up and down.

In the future, this had been one of his wife’s favorite positions. While it wasn’t good for the hard, deep thrusts Harry preferred, Fleur told him that it stimulated not only her clit, but made him hit a certain spot in her depths that drove her wild. Giving the pleasure-filled moan this Fleur gave, that still held true.

Cupping Fleur's thick bum, he helped her move her hips. With a gasp and a shudder, she pulled her lips away from his and buried her face in the crook of his neck. Writhing in his lap, she whimpered and dug her nails into his back, arousal soaking his length. Harry kissed her neck, sucking at her pulse point and drawing another moan from her lips. He smiled as she tightened around him, her hips bucking frantically.

Suddenly, she hugged him fiercely; her body stiffened as she cried out in climax. With a full-body shudder, Fleur trembled and moaned her way through her orgasm. Rolling over so he was on top and Fleur lay on her back under him, a loud, sensual moan left her lips as he drove himself to the hilt.

Harry claimed her lips in a needy kiss as he thrust into her savagely, desperate for a release now that Fleur had been taken care of. Pushing himself up on his arms, he stared into her lust-filled eyes before allowing them to trail down to her jiggling bust. Even on her back, her breasts were still perky, jutting into the air as they bounced vigorously.

"Harry!" Fleur yelled as she was pushed from one climax to the next.

Harry smiled down at her and bent down to claim her lips with his as he continued thrusting. When she pulled back to gasp, he trailed his lips down her down the line of her jaw.

"I told you I'd make you scream my name," Harry whispered.

Fleur moaned and trembled as his breath ghosted over her ear. Sucking at her neck, he continued driving into her depths as his climax approached. Closing his eyes, he savored the feel of her folds wrapped around his length, her soft curves under his body, and the smell of her hair.

With a grunt, Harry buried himself in her depths and let loose with a thunderous climax. Fleur gasped and moaned contentedly, her hands caressing his back as he shook from the force of his orgasm. Panting, Harry collapsed to the side and pulled Fleur to his chest. With an almost purr-like hum, she nuzzled into his chest and hugged herself to him tightly.

"I missed this," Fleur mumbled quietly.

Harry nodded in agreement before her words caught up to him, and he stiffened.

"What do you mean you missed this?" Harry asked.

"Nothing," Fleur said quickly, tensing in his arms.

Harry sat up and stared into her nervous eyes.

"Fleur?" he asked, his voice laced with hope.

"Arry?" Fleur asked, her eyes glistening.

"Did – did you come back too?" Harry asked softly.

Fleur's eyes widened, and she threw herself at him with a relieved sob.

"I knew! I knew it was you," she cried as Harry squeezed her tightly. "What happened? How did we get here? Why am I so young?"

"Dolohov was trying to do a ritual to go back and save Voldemort," Harry explained thickly, tears of relief falling from his eyes. "I don't know how you got here, but I'm so glad you did. I missed you so much."

"I missed you too, mon amour," Fleur whispered.

After just holding each other for a long while, basking in the comfort of the other, Fleur pulled back and looked at him.

“What do we do now?” she asked.

“We change everything,” Harry grinned.

Smiling back, Fleur kissed him lovingly and then curled up on his chest. There would be time to plan tomorrow, for tonight, they had everything they needed. Each other.