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Harry Potter One-Shots/Series

Story: A French Negotiation (Male OC x Gabrielle Delacour)

The rain in London came down in heavy, relentless sheets, drumming a chaotic rhythm against the tall, arched windows of the Thorne's townhouse. Outside, the cobblestones of Belgravia glistened like the scales of some great black serpent, drowned in the gloom of a late October evening. Inside, however, the weather was nothing more than a scenic backdrop, a cold frame for an exhibition of absolute luxury.

Gabrielle Delacour stood by the glass, her fingers lightly touching the cold pane. She watched a drop of water trace a jagged path downward, mirrored by the flickering amber glow of the hearth fire behind her. She was twenty-one now. The soft, rounded features of the girl who had once stood on the banks of the Black Lake, watching her sister compete in a tournament that felt like a lifetime ago, had sharpened. Her cheekbones were high and elegant, her jawline defined with a clean, aristocratic edge, and her eyes—a striking, luminous blue—carried the weight of a woman who had learned that beauty in the wizarding world was both a weapon and a target.

She smoothed the front of her dress. It was made of French silk, dyed a deep, midnight blue that seemed to absorb the candlelight, clinging to the curves of her waist and the full, heavy swell of her breasts.

To the British Ministry of Magic, she had become a nuisance. A foreign national, a creature of partial magical heritage, trying to establish an independent practice in the heart of Diagon Alley. She wanted to open an enchantment boutique—a place where the delicate magic of the Continent could be sold to London's elite. But the Department of International Magical Cooperation, still choked by 'post-war paranoia' and drowning in bigotry, had made her life a living hell.

They demanded registries. They demanded background checks. They demanded a British sponsor of impeccable standing and immense wealth.

They demanded someone like Julian Thorne.

"You're staring at the rain as if you expect it to apologize to you, Gabrielle," a voice drawled from the shadows of the room.

Gabrielle turned slowly, her heels clicking softly against the dark oak floorboards. Julian sat behind a massive mahogany desk, his posture relaxed but radiating an undeniable authority. He was in his late thirties, his dark hair touched with silver at the temples, wearing a tailored charcoal suit that screamed of old money and deep-seated influence. In his right hand, he swirled a glass of amber firewhisky, the ice clinking softly against the crystal. His dark eyes were fixed on her, tracking the

slow, deliberate movement of her hips as she walked away from the window.

"I am simply wond-ering why a ceety wiz so much magic cannot manage to conjure a de-cent sunny day," she purred, her voice carrying that thick, smoky French accent that turned every syllable into a carnal invitation.

Julian smirked, taking a slow sip of his drink. "If we had sun, we wouldn't know what to do with it. It ruins the British aesthetic of ambiguity." He gestured to the leather armchair across from him. "Sit. Let's talk about your... administrative difficulties."

Gabrielle did not sit. Instead, she sauntered to the edge of his desk, her hips swaying beneath her tight silk robes. She ran a manicured fingernail along the polished wood, leaning forward to offer him a deliberate view of her cleavage. "Zey are not deefeeiculties, Julian. Zey are insults. Ze Meenistry is asking for a list of my clients in France. Zey want me to register my lineage. Zey treat me as if I am some dangerous beast zey must leash and break."

"Aren't you?" Julian asked, his voice dropping an octave, a predatory glint dancing in his eyes. "A Veela in the heart of London, weaving charms that bypass standard counter-curses? You must admit, the Department of International Magical Cooperation has a duty to protect the public from being... unduly influenced."

Gabrielle let out a soft, melodic laugh that vibrated with a sharp, hungry edge. "I do not need to use my magic to influence men, Julian. You know zis. And I certainly do not need a leash... unless, per'aps, it is you who is 'olding it."

"And yet, here you are," Julian pointed out, leaning back in his chair. "In my study. In the middle of a storm. Asking for my signature on a document that binds my name to yours for the next five years. A formal sponsorship is a permanent mark on my record, Gabrielle. If your boutique fails, if you sell a cursed necklace to a Minister's wife, or if you cause even the slightest diplomatic incident, the Ministry will look to me to clean up the mess. It is my head on the chopping block."

Gabrielle stopped her pacing, standing directly in front of his desk. She leaned forward, resting her palms on the mahogany. The action pushed her breasts together, the deep neckline of her dress offering him an unobstructed view of her creamy, pale cleavage. She saw his eyes dip instantly, his pupils dilating as he took in the sight of her. The heat of her Veela nature simmered just beneath her skin, a subtle, intoxicating warmth that began to fill the space between them.

"I do not fail, Julian," she said, her gaze locking firmly onto his, her eyes dark with intent. "I am a Delacour. My family 'as enchanted ze courts of Europe for generations. And you know ze exquisite value of 'aving a woman like me in your debt. My connections in Paris alone are worz ten times ze paper you would sign—not to mention, my sister being so close wiz ze great 'ero of Magical Britain."

Julian set his glass down on the desk with a soft *thud*. He didn't look at the drink. His eyes were locked on her face, and then, very slowly, they drifted down to the swell of her breasts again, watching the rapid rise and fall of her chest.

"I am a businessman, Gabrielle," he said softly, his voice thick with a sudden, heavy tension. "I don't deal in future promises. Paris is far away, and French gratitude is a very abstract currency. Harry Potter's name might carry a lot of weight, but he has been nothing but a quiet tool for the ministry and his aids. I am a man of tangible assets. If I am to be your gateway into this country—if I am to put my reputation on the line for you—I require a more... immediate return on my investment."

The silence that followed was heavy, broken only by the crackle of the fireplace and the drumming rain. Gabrielle's heart hammered against her ribs, but it wasn't fear that quickened her pulse. It was the thrill of the hunt, the sudden, sharp shift in the power dynamic.

She had known what this meeting would entail. She had known the price of Julian Thorne's influence long before she knocked on his heavy oak door. He was a man who took what he wanted, and she was a woman who knew exactly how to use her surrender to buy her freedom.

"I zought you might say zat," she whispered, her voice dropping to a low, seductive purr as she moved behind the desk, her hand sliding toward his lap.

She stood up straight, her fingers trailing over the edge of the desk as she walked slowly around it. Julian didn't move. He watched her like a beast watching its prey approach, his chest rising and falling in steady, heavy breaths. When she reached his side of the desk, she didn't hesitate. She stepped between his spread knees, her silk dress brushing against his trousers, her intentions clear.

"On your knees, then," Julian commanded, his voice a low, gravelly growl that sent a shiver straight down her spine. "Let's see how much this sponsorship is actually worth to you."

Gabrielle's knees went weak, not from weakness, but from the sudden, intoxicating rush of submission. She sank down onto the thick, plush rug, her midnight-blue silk dress pooling around her like a dark cloud. She looked up at him from the floor, her silver-blond hair falling over her shoulders, her bright blue eyes wide and dark with anticipation.

Julian's hand shot out, his fingers wrapping around her jaw with a firm, commanding pressure. He tilted her face up, forcing her to look at him. His grip was right on the edge of painful, asserting his dominance in an instant, but Gabrielle only let out a soft, trembling sigh, her lips parting.

He reached down and unfastened his belt, the metallic click sounding incredibly loud in the quiet room. He unzipped his trousers and pulled himself out. He was already hard, a thick, heavy length of flesh that throbbed with lust, his veins standing out against the rigid shaft. Gabrielle stared at him, her tongue sliding out to wet her lips, her Veela instincts hummed with a primal desire to please, to captivate, to conquer through surrender.

"Well?" Julian asked, his hand coming down to rest heavily on the top of her head, his fingers

tangling in her silky, silver hair. "Don't keep me waiting, Gabrielle. You wanted to negotiate."

She leaned forward, her hands coming to rest on his thighs, feeling the hard, tensed muscle beneath his suit trousers. She parted her lips and leaned in, her breath hot against the crown of his cock. She took the sensitive head into her mouth first, tasting the salty pre-cum that had already gathered there, her tongue swirling around the tip in a slow, agonizing circle.

Julian let out a low grunt, his fingers tightening in her hair, pulling her head forward.

Taking the cue, Gabrielle opened her mouth wider, sliding her lips down his shaft. She was practiced, her throat relaxing as she took him deeper, her tongue coating him in warm, wet saliva. The contrast between her pale, flawless skin and his dark, rigid cock was striking. She moved her head in a steady, rhythmic motion, her eyes looking up to meet his as she sucked him, showing him exactly how much she was willing to do for his signature.

"Ah, fuck, you're good," Julian muttered, his hips twitching forward, pushing his cock a little deeper into her mouth. "That's it. Take it all, you beautiful little witch."

The praise made a warm flush spread across Gabrielle's cheeks. She let out a muffled moan around his thick shaft, her hands sliding up his thighs to grip his hips, anchor herself to him. Julian's hand in her hair became firmer, more demanding. He didn't want a polite, gentle service. He wanted to use her.

"Open wide," he growled, and before she could prepare, he began to set the rhythm himself. He gripped her head tightly, holding her in place as his hips began to thrust forward, driving his hard cock deep into her throat.

Gabrielle gasped, her eyes watering as the thick head of his cock bumped against the back of her throat. She didn't pull back. The force of his movements triggered something deep within her—a raw, submissive thrill that made her clit throb beneath her silk panties. She let out wet, choked noises, her hands squeezing his thighs as he fucked her mouth, his thrusts becoming faster, harder, completely unapologetic.

"Yes, take it," Julian whispered, his voice dark and dripping with authority. "Show me how dirty a Delacour can be. Sucking a British wizard on the floor like a common whore just to get a piece of parchment. Does your family know you're down here, choking on my dick?"

Gabrielle groaned, the dirty talk sending a jolt of pure heat straight to her core. She sucked him harder, her tongue working furiously against his shaft as he thrust deeper, her cheeks flushing red, her saliva dripping down his balls. She loved the humiliation of it, the absolute contrast between her high-society persona and the raw, animalistic reality of what they were doing on the floor of his study.

Julian's breath was coming in ragged pants now. He reached down with his free hand, grabbing her chin and forcing her mouth open even wider as he gave three hard, deep thrusts, burying himself to

the hilt in her wet warmth. He held himself there for a moment, let her feel the sheer size of him stretching her lips, before slowly pulling out with a wet, sucking sound.

Gabrielle fell back slightly, panting, a thin line of saliva connecting her bottom lip to his glistening shaft. She looked up at him, her eyes glassy, her lips red and swollen from his rough treatment.

"Good girl," Julian rumbled, his eyes dark with lust. He didn't let her rest. He reached down, his strong hands grabbing her by the waist and hoisting her to her feet with an ease that made her gasp.

Before she could regain her balance, Julian swept his arm across the mahogany desk. A stack of parchment and his half-empty glass of firewhisky were sent flying, clattering onto the floor. The glass shattered, the amber liquid pooling on the rug, but neither of them cared.

Julian grabbed her hips and pushed her back against the edge of the desk. The cold wood pressed against her lower back, a sharp contrast to the burning heat of his body as he stepped into her, pinning her against the desk.

"Your dress," Julian muttered, his fingers already clawing at the delicate silk of her bodice. "It's in the way."

"Julian, please—" she started, but her voice was a breathy gasp as his hands gripped the fabric and pulled. The silk was strong, but Julian was stronger, and with a sharp *rip*, the top of her dress was torn open, exposing her breasts to the cool air of the room.

Gabrielle let out a soft cry, but as his eyes fixed on her chest, she felt a wave of intense pride. Her breasts were full and perfectly shaped, her nipples already hard, dark pink buds pointing proudly upward. Her Veela magic flared, her skin beginning to emit a soft, iridescent glow in the dim light of the study, making her look almost ethereal.

"God, you are beautiful," Julian whispered, his voice losing its mocking edge for a fraction of a second, replaced by pure, unadulterated lust. He reached out, his large hands cupping both of her breasts, squeezing them tightly.

"Ah! Oh, Julian..." Gabrielle moaned, her head falling back as his rough thumbs flicked across her sensitive nipples. The pain and pleasure bolted straight down between her legs, making her incredibly wet.

Julian leaned down, burying his face in her cleavage. He inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of her—jasmine, rain, and the sweet, musk of her Veela allure. He began to lick and bite her breasts, his teeth scraping lightly over her tender skin, leaving faint red marks that stood out vividly against her pale flesh. Gabrielle whimpered, her fingers tangling in his dark hair, pulling him closer, arching her back to offer herself to him completely.

"You like that, don't you?" Julian murmured against her skin, his breath hot. "You like being marked. You want everyone at the Ministry to see what I did to you."

"Yes... yes, please, Julian," she whimpered, her accent thickening as her breath hitched. "I am yours to use. Please... take what you want..."

Julian smiled against her skin. He pulled back slightly, his hands moving to cup her breasts again. He pressed them together, forcing the soft mounds of flesh into a tight, deep cleavage. He took his hard, throbbing cock and aligned it between them, rubbing the slick head against the valley of her breasts.

Gabrielle's breath hitched. "Oh... oh mon dieu..."

"Look at this," Julian commanded, his voice tight with restraint. "Look at your beautiful tits, Gabrielle."

She looked down, her eyes wide as she watched him slide his thick shaft between her breasts. The friction was incredible. Her skin was soft and slippery with her own sweat and his pre-cum, and as he began to move his hips, sliding his cock back and forth between her breasts, she let out a loud, high-pitched moan that echoed off the high ceiling.

"Ah! It feels... so good... Julian, yes!"

Julian's pace quickened, his hands gripping her breasts firmly, squeezing them around his shaft to create a tight, warm sleeve. He thrust forward, his cock sliding all the way to her collarbone before pulling back, the wet friction making a squelching sound that filled the room. He leaned down, catching one of her hardened nipples between his finger while he continued to fuck her breasts, pinching and pulling while his hips set a relentless, pounding rhythm against the desk.

Gabrielle was losing her mind. The sensation of his hard cock sliding against her breasts, combined with the intense pressure on her nipple, was driving her over the edge. Her hips twitched, her legs wrapping around one of his thighs as she tried to find her release, her body crying out for more. She was dripping wet, her panties soaked through with her own desire, her Veela magic humming a high, sweet note of pure surrender.

"You're so tight," Julian groaned, his eyes closed as he pumped his cock between her breasts. "I'm going to ruin you, Gabrielle. I'm going to make sure you think of me every time you look at that shop of yours."

"Yes... make me yours... fuck my tits, Julian, yes!" she cried out, her head thrashing from side to side on the desk.

He gave several more hard, fast thrusts, his breath coming in short, harsh gasps, before slowly pulling his cock out from between her breasts. He was shining with wetness, his chest huffing as he looked down at her. Her breasts were flushed red, covered in his spit and his pre-cum, her nipples swollen and wet.

"You're not done yet," Julian whispered, his voice dark and promising.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and spun her around, forcing her to face the desk. Gabrielle didn't protest. She placed her hands flat against the cold mahogany wood, her fingers gripping the edge as she bent over. Her torn dress was bunched around her waist, and Julian reached down, gripping the lace of her panties and tearing them down her legs in one swift, brutal motion.

She stood there, completely exposed from behind, her pale, rounded ass cheeks glowing in the firelight. She was trembling, her chest pressing against the desk as she looked back over her shoulder at him, her eyes begging.

Julian stepped close behind her, his hard chest pressing against her back. He reached down, his fingers spreading her cheeks, exposing her wet, dripping pussy. He rubbed his thumb over her swollen clitoris, and Gabrielle let out a loud, pathetic whimper, her hips jerking back against his hand.

"Look how wet you are," Julian whispered in her ear, his breath hot and teasing. "You're practically begging for it. Is this how they do business in France, Gabrielle? Getting bent over a desk like a bitch in heat?"

"Please, Julian... please, fuck me," she sobbed out, the dirty talk completely stripping away her pride. She wanted him inside her. She needed to feel the weight of his dominance, to have him seal the contract in the most promising way possible. "I need you... I need your cock inside me... please..."

"Say it," he demanded, his hand gripping her hip, his fingers digging into her skin, leaving white marks that would surely turn to bruises by morning. "Tell me who owns you."

"You... you own me," she gasped out, her tears wetting the polished wood of the desk. "Julian owns me. Please... fuck me."

Julian let out a dark, satisfied growl. He positioned the head of his cock against her wet, throbbing entrance. He didn't ease himself in. With one powerful, relentless thrust of his hips, he buried himself deep inside her, his pelvis slamming against her ass cheeks with a loud, fleshy smack.

"AH!" Gabrielle shrieked, her head falling forward, her silver-blond hair veiling her face as she took every single inch of him.

She felt as if she were being split in two. He was so big, so thick, filling her up so completely that her breath was taken away. She gripped the edge of the desk so hard her knuckles turned white, her body shuddering around him as her tight walls clenched down on his invading shaft.

"Fuck, you're tight," Julian groaned, his voice choked with pleasure. He stayed still for a moment, letting her adjust to his size, his hands gripping her waist so tightly she could feel his nails through her skin.

Then, he began to move.

He pulled back until only the head of his cock remained inside her, before driving back in with a heavy, primal force.

Smack.

The sound of their bodies meeting was loud, drowning out the sound of the rain outside. Julian was relentless. He didn't offer her a gentle, loving rhythm; he fucked her with a hard, driving pace that made her body bounce against the desk with every stroke.

Gabrielle was crying out, her moans turning into loud, breathless shrieks of pleasure. "Oh! Oh, god! Julian! Faster... please, faster!"

"You like it rough, don't you, you little slut?" Julian growled, his hand reaching around her body to grab one of her heavy, bouncing breasts, squeezing it brutally as he drove into her. "You wanted this. You wanted my name on your papers. Now you've got my dick in your cunt."

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me... fuck your little French bitch!" she screamed, her Veela allure flaring wildly, filling the room with a sweet, heavy scent that made Julian's eyes roll back in pleasure.

He was losing control. The combination of her tight, clamping pussy, her beautiful, bouncing breasts, and her wild, desperate moans was too much. He began to pound into her with a frantic, desperate energy, his hips slamming into hers over and over again. Every thrust was deep, bottoming out against her cervix, sending waves of intense, agonizing pleasure straight to her brain.

Gabrielle's vision was blurring. She was on the verge of a shattering climax, her body tightening, her muscles twitching. "Julian... I'm going to come... I'm coming... oh, god!"

"Come for me, Gabrielle," Julian ordered, his voice raw. "Take it all."

With a final, desperate cry, Gabrielle's body convulsed. Her pussy walls clamped down on his cock in a series of violent, rhythmic spasms. She screamed, her head falling back as her climax washed over her, a wave of pure, golden fire that made her entire body tremble.

The feel of her tight, pulsing cunt squeezing him drove Julian over the edge. He let out a loud, animalistic roar, his hips locking against her ass as he thrust one last time, burying himself as deep as possible. He held her tight, his fingers digging into her thighs as his cock began to throb, shooting thick, hot loads of cum deep inside her womb.

"Ah... fuck... Gabrielle..." he groaned, his body shaking as he came, pouring his warmth into her, sealing their deal in the most visceral, permanent way possible.

They stayed like that for a long, quiet moment. The only sound was their heavy, ragged breathing and the steady patter of the rain against the window. Julian's chest rose and fell against her back, his forehead resting on her shoulder, his breathing slowly returning to normal.

Finally, he withdrew. The sound of his cock sliding out of her wet, cum-filled pussy was loud in the

quiet room. Gabrielle sank down onto her elbows on the desk, her legs trembling so violently she could barely stand, a slow mixture of his cum and her own juices dripping down her inner thighs.

Julian stepped back, his face expressionless once more as the professional mask slid back into place. He zipped up his trousers and buckled his belt, adjusting his jacket as if nothing had happened. He walked around to the other side of the desk, reaching into a drawer and pulling out a fresh piece of parchment and a silver quill.

He sat down, his hand steady as he quickly wrote out the formal sponsorship papers, his signature bold and clear at the bottom.

"There," Julian said, his voice calm, confident, and completely devoid of the raw lust from moments before. He slid the parchment across the desk toward her. "Consider your stay in Britain secured, Gabrielle."

Gabrielle slowly pushed herself up, her body aching, her breasts still flushed and marked by his teeth and hands. She looked at the paper, and then up at him, a small, knowing smile playing on her swollen lips.

She had gotten exactly what she wanted. The price had been high, and her body would bear the marks of his dominance for days, but for Gabrielle Delacour, the rewards were always worth the risk. She reached out, her fingers closing around the parchment.

"Zank you, Julian," she whispered later, her voice still husky and breathless from their encounter. "It was a ple-azure doing business wiz you. I will definitely come back for... more business meetings."



