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Harry Potter One-Shots/Series

Story: A Death Eater's Mistress (Antonin Dolohov x Fleur Delacour)

The cold stone of the Malfoy Manor dungeon seeped through Fleur's thin, torn clothes. She huddled in the corner of her cell, wrapping her arms around her knees. The darkness down here was heavy and oppressive, smelling of damp earth.

She shivered.

It had been weeks since the fall of Dumbledore. The world outside was spiralling into chaos, and here she was, locked in a cage like an animal. She had just started her career at Gringotts, just started to find her footing in Britain, and now she was at the mercy of monsters.

Footsteps echoed down the corridor, accompanied by a low, grating laugh that made the hairs on the back of Fleur's neck stand up. Fenrir Greyback. The werewolf didn't even need a full moon to act like a beast. He stopped in front of her iron-barred door, his yellow eyes gleaming in the dim torchlight. He sniffed the air loudly.

"Smells good in here," Greyback growled, his voice a nasty rasp. "Smells like sweet little birds. Veela birds."

Fleur pressed herself harder against the wall. "Leave me alone," she said, her heavy French accent clipping the words. "Go away."

"Oh, I don't think so," Greyback chuckled, leaning his grimy face against the bars. Two other Snatchers stood behind him, grinning lecherously. "The Dark Lord doesn't care much for half-breeds. Gives us lots of... leeway. You've got a pretty face, bird. Let's see what else you've got under there."

He reached for the heavy iron keys on his belt. The clinking sound was deafening in the quiet dungeon. Fleur's heart hammered in her chest. She had no wand. She was completely defenceless.

"I swear, if you touch me, I will tear your eyes out," Fleur spat, trying to sound braver than she felt.

Greyback just laughed harder. He fit the key into the lock. "I like it when they scratch."

"Put the keys away, Greyback."

The voice cut through the damp air like a whip. It was calm, low, and incredibly dangerous. Antonin

Dolohov stepped out of the shadows at the end of the hall. He wore dark, tailored robes, his face set into an unreadable mask. His dark eyes flicked from the werewolf to the cowering Veela in the cell.

Greyback scowled, his hand pausing on the key. "Mind your business, Antonin. The girl is a half-breed. She's fair game."

"She is a witch who works at Gringotts," Dolohov corrected, walking slowly toward them. "She has magical blood. You do not touch her. The Dark Lord has no use for your filthy habits ruining valuable assets."

"She's a prisoner!" Greyback snarled, bearing his pointed teeth.

"And you are a dog," Dolohov replied coldly. He drew his wand, just an inch, but it was enough. The air around him crackled with dark, heavy magic. "Walk away, Fenrir. Before I put you down like one."

Greyback glared at him for a long, tense moment. He looked at Dolohov's wand, then back to Fleur. "Fine. Keep your little bird for now." He spat on the stone floor and stomped away, his cronies scurrying after him.

Fleur let out a shaky breath, her body trembling. She looked up at Dolohov through the bars. He didn't say a word to her. He merely glanced at her huddled form, his expression stoic, and turned to the guard standing near the stairs.

"Make sure the beast doesn't come down here again," Dolohov ordered.

"Yes, sir," the guard said quickly.

Dolohov walked away without looking back. Fleur watched his retreating back, her mind racing. Why had he stopped them? A Death Eater saving her from a werewolf didn't make any sense.

The guard walked over to her cell, shaking his head. "You got lucky, girly."

"Why did he do zat?" Fleur asked, her voice raspy. "Why did 'e stop zem?"

The guard snorted. "Don't go thinking he fancies you. Dolohov... he's got his own rules. He hates seeing magical blood treated like dirt by the likes of Greyback. Even when kills wizards, he makes sure to give them a clean death. Muggles? Mudbloods? He'll torture them all day. But a pure witch? Even a half-Veela? He reckons you're above the beasts. Just be glad he was walking by."

Over the next few days, Fleur noticed a shift in her routine. While the muggle-borns screaming in the cells down the hall were fed scraps of rotting food, a house-elf began appearing in Fleur's cell twice a day with fresh bread, hot stew, and clean water. The thick layers of grime on her skin were washed away by a cleaning charm cast by a silent guard.

She knew who was behind it. Dolohov.

She sat on her cot, chewing on a piece of warm bread, thinking about the tall, dark-haired Death Eater. He was a ruthless killer, she knew that. But this twisted sense of morality, this protection he offered her... it sparked something curious inside her. She wasn't just a rat in a cage anymore. She was something he was actively keeping safe.

A week later, the heavy cell door creaked open. It wasn't the usual guard. It was Dolohov himself.

"Get up," he said, his voice flat.

Fleur stood slowly, smoothing down the front of her torn dress. "Where are we going?"

"My chambers. You have a job to do."

He turned and walked out, expecting her to follow. She stepped out of the cell, blinking against the brighter lights of the upper levels of the Manor. They walked up winding staircases and down long, opulent hallways until they reached a heavy oak door. Dolohov pushed it open and gestured for her to enter.

His room was large, filled with dark mahogany furniture, heavy green drapes, and a massive four-poster bed. In the centre of the room sat a solid wooden table, and on it rested a strange, jagged silver chalice.

"What is this?" Fleur asked, stepping closer to the table.

"A cursed object from a recent raid," Dolohov said, shutting the door behind them and locking it with a wave of his wand. "My men brought it in. Anyone who touches it with bare skin has their flesh boiled off. You work at Gringotts as a curse-breaker, do you not?"

"I am a junior curse-breaker," Fleur corrected, crossing her arms under her breasts. The movement pushed her large cleavage up, but Dolohov kept his eyes on her face. "I am still learning."

"Then you will learn quickly," Dolohov said. He stepped closer to her, his height towering over her. He smelled of dark magic, expensive tobacco, and leather. "You will break the curse on this chalice. You will work on it here, under my supervision."

Fleur lifted her chin stubbornly. "And if I say no? I will not help the Death Eaters."

Dolohov's eyes narrowed. He stepped even closer, until his chest was almost brushing against hers. "Then I will send you back down to the dungeons. And I will tell Greyback that you are no longer under my protection. I hear he is very eager to show you how a werewolf treats a stubborn bird."

A cold shiver ran down Fleur's spine at the mention of the werewolf. She remembered the smell of him, the look in his yellow eyes. She swallowed hard. "Fine. I will do it."

"Good girl," Dolohov murmured. He pointed to a chair at the table. "Sit."

For the next four days, Fleur spent hours in Dolohov's room. He gave her a wand—not hers, but a basic, borrowed one—and watched her as she worked on the chalice. It was complex, ancient magic, requiring delicate incantations and precise wand movements. The work was exhausting, but it beat sitting in a cold cell.

And it gave her time. Time to observe Antonin Dolohov.

He usually sat in an armchair by the window, reading reports or cleaning his wand. He was quiet, calculating, and undeniably intimidating. But her instincts were sharp. She could feel the subtle shifts in the room's energy. She could feel him watching her.

It was the watching that started to change things.

Fleur was a Veela. She was deeply attuned to the emotions and desires of men. And despite his cold, controlled exterior, she could feel the tension rolling off Dolohov in waves. It wasn't the violent, animalistic lust of Greyback. It was a slow, simmering heat. A deep-seated arousal that he was fighting desperately to suppress.

Fleur, ever the survivor, saw an opportunity. If he was already protecting her out of principle, having him desire her would only cement her safety. She decided to play the game.

She started small. When she leaned over the table to inspect the runic carvings on the box, she made sure to let her torn robes slip just a little bit, exposing the deep cleavage of her large, heavy breasts. She would pretend not to notice, but out of the corner of her eye, she saw Dolohov's pen stop moving. He would stare at her chest, his jaw clenching tight, before forcing his eyes back to his parchment.

Another day, she "accidentally" dropped her wand. Instead of simply crouching, she turned away from him and bent over at the waist, sticking her ass out as she reached for the wood. She heard the soft sound of him shifting uncomfortably in his leather chair.

On the third day, the room was overly warm. Fleur pulled her thick blonde hair up off her neck, letting it cascade down her back. "It is very 'ot in 'ere," she murmured, unbuttoning the top two buttons of her dress. The fabric parted, revealing the deep plunge of her cleavage and the swell of her huge, soft breasts. She leaned over the table to inspect the chalice, making sure her chest was pressed lightly against the wood, her tits spilling forward.

His dark eyes were locked on her chest, a heavy, dark lust swimming in them. Her Veela aura pulsed in the room, feeding off his arousal, amplifying it. The air grew thick, buzzing with unspoken tension.

"Focus on your work, Delacour," Dolohov said, his voice a full octave lower than usual. It sounded rough, strained.

Fleur looked back at him, batting her long eyelashes. "I am focusing, Antonin. But ze magic, it takes a lot out of me. I am so tired." She stretched her arms above her head, arching her back. Her breasts thrust forward prominently.

Dolohov stood up abruptly, his chair scraping loudly against the floor. "I have matters to attend to," he snapped, turning on his heel. "The guards will take you back to your cell."

Fleur giggled softly to herself.

The game was on. She was a prisoner, yes, but she realized she held a different kind of power over him.

By the fifth evening, the curse was nearly broken. Fleur was being escorted back to Dolohov's room by a low-ranking Death Eater. The manor was darker than usual, the shadows long and menacing. As they rounded a corner in the east wing, a large figure stepped out in front of them, blocking the path.

Greyback.

"Where are you taking my little bird?" Greyback growled, his eyes fixed on Fleur.

The guard stuttered, taking a step back. "Dolohov... Dolohov wants her in his chambers. She's working on—"

"I don't care what she's working on," Greyback said, stepping closer. He grabbed the guard by the throat and threw him against the stone wall. The man slumped to the floor, unconscious. Greyback turned to Fleur, a filthy grin spreading across his face. "Dolohov isn't here right now. It's just you and me."

Fleur backed away, her heart pounding. "Don't touch me!"

"Shut up," Greyback snarled. He lunged forward, grabbing Fleur by the hair. She screamed, a sharp, terrified sound, as he yanked her toward him. He slammed her against the wall, his heavy body pressing her into the stone. He buried his face in her neck, sniffing loudly. "You smell so sweet. So clean. I'm going to ruin you."

"Get off me!" Fleur shrieked, kicking at his shins. She managed to push her hands against his chest, but he was too strong.

"Confringo!"

A jet of red light blasted down the hallway, striking Greyback square in the back. The werewolf howled in pain, flying off Fleur and crashing into a suit of armour down the hall.

Fleur slumped against the wall, gasping for breath. Dolohov stood at the end of the corridor, his wand raised, his face twisted in fury as he sneered at the werewolf. He stalked down the hallway, the dark magic rolling off him in waves.

Greyback scrambled to his feet, holding his side. "You're crossing a line, Antonin! She's a prisoner!"

"She is my mistress," Dolohov said, his voice deadly calm, but echoing loudly off the stone walls. "And if you ever touch her again, I will blast your head off your shoulders and mount it on the wall. Let her go."

Greyback looked at the quiet rage in Dolohov's eyes. He knew a lost cause when he saw one. Spitting blood on the floor, the werewolf turned and limped away into the darkness.

Dolohov turned to Fleur. His chest was heaving. He reached out and grabbed her arm, his grip tight but not bruising. "Are you hurt?"

"No," Fleur whispered, staring at him.

His mistress.

The words echoed in her mind. He was claiming her.

"Come with me," he demanded, dragging her down the hall toward his chambers.

When they got inside, Dolohov slammed the door shut and locked it with a heavy thud. He paced the room, running a hand through his dark hair. He was pacing like a caged animal himself.

"I cannot leave you alone in this place for five minutes," Dolohov muttered. "That beast..."

Fleur stood near the table, watching him. Her fear of Greyback was melting away, replaced by the heavy, electric heat filling the room. Dolohov had claimed her. He had protected her again. He was furious not just because of the broken rules, but because of his own twisted possessiveness.

She walked toward him slowly. Her hips swayed with natural Veela grace. "Antonin," she said softly.

He stopped pacing and looked at her. His eyes were dark, dilated. "What?"

"You said I was yours," she whispered, her French accent thick and sultry. "You said I was your mistress."

Dolohov clenched his jaw. "I said it to keep that animal away from you."

"Did you?" Fleur purred. She stopped right in front of him. She looked up through her eyelashes, letting her allure wash over him completely. The room felt incredibly hot. "Because I 'ave seen ze way you look at me when I am working. I see where your eyes go."

Dolohov swallowed hard. "You're playing a dangerous game, Delacour."

"I am a prisoner," she said, trailing a delicate finger down his chest. "I 'ave nothing to lose. But you... you are holding yourself back. Why?"

"Because you belong in a cell," he growled, though he didn't pull away from her touch.

"Zen put me in one," she challenged softly. "Or... take what you want."

With a sudden, decisive movement, Fleur dropped to her knees.

Dolohov's eyes widened, taking a half-step back, but Fleur grabbed his waist to steady him. She looked up at him, her big blue eyes staring right into his. She reached for the heavy silver buckle of his belt.

"Fleur..." Dolohov warned, his voice warning her.

"Shh," she shushed him, unbuckling the belt. She unbuttoned his dark trousers and pulled the zipper down. He was already completely hard, straining against his black underwear. Fleur pulled the fabric down, freeing his thick, throbbing cock. It sprang out, hitting her softly on the cheek.

"Ah, you are so big for me," she whispered, running her hands lightly up the shaft. It was thick, veiny, and hot to the touch. A drop of pre-cum leaked from the slit at the top.

Dolohov groaned, his hands flying to her hair. He grabbed thick handfuls of her blonde locks, holding her head in place. "Fuck," he swore loudly. "You beautiful little bitch."

Fleur smiled against his skin. She leaned forward and pressed her lips to the tip of his cock. She kissed it gently, swirling her tongue around the slit, tasting the salty pre-cum.

Dolohov hissed, his hips jerking forward automatically.

Fleur opened her mouth and took the head of his cock inside. She sucked lightly, swirling her tongue around the sensitive ridge. She bobbed her head down, taking more of his thick length into her warm, wet mouth.

Slurp. Slurp.

The wet sounds filled the quiet room. Fleur worked her mouth up and down his shaft, using her hand to stroke the base where her mouth couldn't reach. She looked up at him while she sucked, making sure he was watching her.

Dolohov was staring down at her, his face a picture of pure ecstasy. "Yes... fuck, yes, suck it, you dirty French whore. Suck my cock."

Fleur moaned around him, a muffled "Mmmph" slipping out. She reached up and pulled the top of her dress completely down. Her massive, heavy breasts popped out, the large pink nipples hard and erect. She grabbed them with both hands, squeezing her tits together and pushing them up.

She pulled her mouth off his cock with a loud *pop*. "You like my tits, Antonin?" she teased, her lips wet with her spit and his pre-cum. "You want to fuck zem?"

"Bring them here," he commanded gruffly.

Fleur leaned closer, sandwiching his thick, hard cock between her massive, soft breasts. She pressed her tits tightly together, trapping his dick in her cleavage.

Dolohov let out a ragged breath. He grabbed the back of her head with one hand, and with the other, he reached down and grabbed her breast. He squeezed the soft flesh roughly, his thumb rubbing angrily over her stiff nipple. "Fuck, they are so big. So heavy."

He started thrusting his hips, sliding his cock back and forth between her tits. The friction was incredible. Fleur added to the sensation by licking the tip of his cock every time it slid up to her mouth.

Slap, slap, slap.

The sound of his hips hitting her chest echoed in the room. He was fucking her tits, hard and fast.

"Ah! Oh, Antonin, yes!" Fleur moaned, playing up her submissiveness, letting her head fall back a little so he had full access to thrust against her cleavage.

"You like that, Veela?" he grunted, thrusting faster. "You like a superior wizard's cock on your pretty tits?"

"Yes! I love it, it feels so good!" she whimpered.

"I'm going to cum," he growled suddenly, his body tensing. "Open your mouth. Open it!"

Fleur opened her mouth wide, waiting. Dolohov pulled his cock out from between her breasts and stroked himself rapidly for a few seconds.

"Fuck!" he roared. Thick, hot ropes of cum shot out from his cock. The first heavy load hit Fleur right on the cheek, splashing across her nose. The second rope hit her lips, and the rest splattered down over her chin, dropping heavily onto her exposed, heaving breasts.

Fleur closed her eyes, letting the warm, sticky seed coat her face and chest. She slowly opened her eyes and ran two fingers over her cheek, scooping up a dollop of his cum. She put her fingers in her mouth and sucked them clean.

"Mmm, so good," she whispered, looking up at him like a devoted pet.

Dolohov stared at her, breathing heavily. His eyes travelled over her beautiful face covered in his cum, down to her huge, sticky tits.

The last shred of his control completely snapped.

He grabbed her roughly by the arms and hauled her to her feet. "Over the table," he barked.

Fleur didn't hesitate. She turned around and leaned over the heavy wooden table, sweeping the pieces of parchment and her wand to the side with a clatter. She bent at the waist, sticking her ass out. Dolohov reached down and grabbed the hem of her torn dress, ripping the fabric all the way up her back with a loud *rrriip*. She wasn't wearing any underwear. Her round, pale ass was completely exposed to him.

"You've been asking for this all week, haven't you?" Dolohov snarled behind her. He stepped up flush against her backside.

"Yes, master," Fleur breathed out, leaning her chest flat against the cold wood. Her huge tits squished against the table.

Dolohov didn't bother with foreplay. He grabbed his still hard cock, spat into his palm, and rubbed it down his shaft. Then, he grabbed her wide hips, lined himself up, and slammed inside her wet pussy with one brutal thrust.

"AHHH!" Fleur screamed, her back arching violently. He was so big, and he stretched her completely tight. The pain was sharp for a second, but it quickly melted into intense, burning pleasure.

Dolohov groaned loudly, his hands gripping her hips like vices. "Fuck, you are tight. So fucking tight and wet."

He pulled almost all the way out and slammed back in again.

Smack!

His pelvis hit her ass cheeks with a loud, wet slap.

"Oh, God! Fuck!" Fleur cried out, her nails digging into the wood of the table.

Dolohov started pumping into her with ruthless, aggressive speed. He was a brute, pounding away at her. Every thrust was deep, bottoming out inside her.

Smack! Squelch! Smack! Squelch!

The sounds of their bodies slapping together and the wet, sloppy noise of his cock plunging in and out of her soaked pussy filled the massive room.

"Take it, you little Veela slut," Dolohov cursed, his breath hot on her back. "Take my fucking cock."

"Yes! Oh, yes, fuck me! Fuck me 'ard!" Fleur screamed, her French accent breaking under the pleasure. She pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts, wanting him deeper.

Dolohov reached around her waist with one hand and grabbed one of her massive tits. He squeezed it hard, kneading the heavy flesh, pinching her nipple tightly between his fingers.

"Ah! Antonin! Oh, oh!" Fleur babbled, her mind going hazy with lust.

He pulled his hand off her breast and raised it in the air.

SLAP!

His heavy hand came down hard on her left ass cheek. The sting was sharp and incredibly hot.

Fleur gasped loudly, her hips jerking forward. "Ah!"

SLAP! SLAP!

He spanked her again, leaving bright red handprints on her pale skin. The pain mixed with the incredible fullness of his cock inside her, sending a jolt of electricity straight to her clitoris.

"You like being spanked, you dirty little half-breed" he grunted, fucking her faster. "You like being my whore?"

"Yes! Yes! Hit me! Fuck me!" she moaned shamelessly. The dark, twisted nature of their situation only made it hotter. She was locked in Malfoy Manor, a hostage of the Dark Lord, and she was getting brutally fucked over a table by one of his most feared men. And she was loving it.

Dolohov reached forward and grabbed a huge handful of her blonde hair. He yanked her head back, exposing her long, elegant neck. She choked on a gasp as he pulled her up slightly, altering the angle of his cock so it hit her G-spot dead on.

"Oh my god! Right zere! Right zere!" Fleur cried out, her body trembling.

Dolohov let go of her hair and brought his hand to the front of her throat. He wrapped his large fingers around her neck and squeezed. He didn't cut off her air completely, but he squeezed hard enough to make her gasp, pinning her down to the table.

"Look at you," Dolohov snarled, thrusting violently into her. "Taking my cock like a good little bitch. I own you now. Do you understand me? You belong to me."

"I am yours! Ah! I am yours, Antonin!" Fleur whimpered, her face flushing red from the choking and the intense pleasure. She was incredibly close. The rough fucking, the spanking, the hand around her throat—it was all too much.

"I'm going to fill you up," he roared, his thrusts becoming erratic. He let go of her throat and grabbed her hips again, pounding into her with all his might.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Cum for me!" he ordered.

"I'm cumming! Oh, fuck! I'm cumming!" Fleur screamed. Her vaginal walls clamped down hard on his thick cock, convulsing violently. Her whole body shook as a massive orgasm ripped through her.

Dolohov felt her squeezing his cock and lost the last of his control. "Fuck!" he bellowed. He drove his cock deep inside her to the hilt and held it there.

Fleur felt the hot, pulsing jets of his cum shooting deep into her womb. He was filling her up, completely claiming her from the inside out. He pumped his seed into her for what felt like an eternity, his heavy body slumped over her back, chest heaving.

When he finally finished, he slowly pulled his cock out of her. A loud, wet *schhhlick* sound echoed in the room. A thick mixture of his bright white cum and her slick juices immediately started dripping down the inside of her thighs, pooling on the floor.

Fleur collapsed fully onto the table, panting heavily, her breasts squished flat, her legs shaking uncontrollably. She felt entirely used, completely ruined, and utterly satisfied.

Dolohov stepped back, zipping his trousers up. He looked down at her naked, red, cum-covered body spread over his table. He walked over to the side of the table and grabbed her chin, tilting her face up to look at him. His cum was still smeared across her cheek and chin.

"You did well, Delacour," he said, his voice surprisingly soft, though still rough around the edges.

Fleur looked up into his dark eyes. She felt his seed leaking out of her pussy. She smiled, a genuine, completely wicked smile. "As you said... I am your mistress now."

Dolohov stared at her for a long moment. He let go of her chin and levitated the cursed chalice, moving it to a safe shelf. "You will sleep in here tonight," he said without looking at her. "Tomorrow, you will finish breaking the curse."

Fleur pushed herself up off the table, wiping a stray drop of cum off her lip with her thumb and

popping it into her mouth. She looked around the lavish, dark bedroom, feeling the warm, comforting ache between her thighs. She was a prisoner in a house of horrors. The Dark Lord was winning the war outside these walls. But in here? In this room?

She lay down on the massive, soft bed, pulling the heavy green duvet over her bare, sensitive breasts. She watched Dolohov as he sat down in his armchair, his dark eyes locked onto her form in his bed.

The darkness that had once seemed so oppressive, so terrifying, now wrapped around her like a warm blanket.

She had survived.

More than that, she had conquered a piece of the nightmare. As far as being a prisoner went, Fleur Delacour realized with a sleepy, satisfied sigh, she really wasn't completely unhappy.



