

Peace and Quiet While Curious

Harry stood before the door to the Room of Requirement. Things were going fine. He had settled into a nice routine of training with Bella, sex with Bella, and then the rest of his schoolwork. Things weren't as crazy in this timeline. Yes, he was still famous, but it was spread out among others as well. It was curiosity that brought him here after last time where he met an alternate version of himself.

The Room had taken him to the past. While he had interacted with another world, he hadn't traveled there. He guessed that made sense, how would he get back anyway? Plus, there was no guarantee it would be somewhere safe.

He hadn't told Hermione about it yet. She was smart, but her self-control over things like this was next to zero. Not that he had any grounds to judge. After everything, it felt good to have something that was his own little secret. Bella knew, but she didn't seem interested in exploring it. He chalked that up to him telling her what her life had been before they had first met. Other than that, he wasn't sure if anyone knew the Room could do this. Or, if they knew the Room was still active. Come to think of it, he wasn't sure if anyone in this timeline had been to the Room before.

Trixie's Troublemakers had started out as a study group that gradually became a militia. They had used the defunct dueling room instead of the Room. Bella had been absolutely livid that Umbridge had canceled the sport. The pink toad tried to act tough, but even she knew to fear Bellatrix Black. As such, the Dueling Room was one of the few safe spots in the castle.

Harry scanned his new memories of this timeline. He tried to find something about the Room. The horcrux inside had been destroyed, otherwise Riddle would still be a problem, but he couldn't remember how it was found. It gave him a migraine if he tried to think about it. The two timelines ratcheted the mental dissonance to painful levels. Harry was sure if that reaction spoke of tampering with his memory, or if the memory simply didn't exist. Either way, he wanted to find out who found the Diadem.

Harry steeled himself and opened the door. A cool breeze washed over him as he entered. The Room had taken the form of a lost and found. Organized rows of shelves held long forgotten items. He could feel the evil that only came from a horcrux. It was not something he had ever wanted to experience again. At least it told him he was in the right place. Or time. Whatever the correct term was. There was another aura that tickled his senses as well. He couldn't quite place it though.

He closed his eyes and let his magic guide him. The other aura was in the same direction as the horcrux. He slowed his approach as the feeling grew in strength. The horcrux muddled everything. Its cloud of evil could be felt even among countless magical artifacts. That meant someone had approached it and the horcrux was trying to corrupt whoever it was.

"Avada Kedavra." A melodious voice yelled.

The cloud of evil from the horcrux halted as a familiar scream echoed through the room.

"C'était désagréable." The previous voice muttered.

Harry smiled; he knew that voice. His suspicions were confirmed when Fleur rounded the corner. Her wand was up, and she had sent a chain of spells at him before he could get a word out. Harry deflected the first spell and dodged the rest.

"arry?" Fleur paused, but her wand was still ready.

"Hello, Fleur." Harry replied.

"You do not look like you, no?" Fleur studied him. "Who are you?"

"Harry Potter." He flashed her a roguish smile. "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same." Fleur kept her wand pointed at the center of his chest.

"I wanted to know who destroyed the horcrux." Harry spun his wand along his fingers then slipped it smoothly into his holster.

Was he showing off? Yes, a little, but he hadn't seen Fleur in a while. They had been friends ever since the end of the Triwizard Tournament in both timelines. She looked older than then, but not as old as when he had seen her recently. It was hard to tell which timeline they had spoken recently.

She was wearing a light blue colored sundress that didn't show off too much cleavage or stop too high above her knees, almost like a casual version of the Beauxbatons uniform. At least in theory, Fleur had chosen a conservative outfit. It really wasn't. In practice the dress was perfectly fit to her gorgeous body and didn't hide even an inch of the underlying curves. Her hair was done up in a loose bun. She looked like she was simply taking a stroll on a nice summer day rather than destroying an evil artifact.

"You are not the 'Arry I spoke to this morning." She narrowed her eyes.

"Time travel." Harry shrugged. "It gets confusing."

"*Je peux voir ça.*" Fleur sighed. "Time travel? You do not look..." She waved her hand at him. "Bothered."

"It's been happening a lot recently." Harry chuckled. "Why are you the one to destroy the diadem?"

"You know?" She sighed. "Of course, time travel. Do you not know? I am Veela. *Je suis magnifique.*"

She said the last bit in an overly haughty tone. Their eyes met before they both broke into laughter.

"I am a curse-breaker." Fleur replied. "You know this, no?"

"I did not." Harry shook his head.

"How else do you think the goblins would 'ire me?" Fleur walked closer to him. "They are not as... angry at Veela. Still, they are not pleasant. I must work 'ard to keep my job and their respect."

"I'll believe that." Harry nodded.

Fleur came to a stop just outside of reach. She slowly walked a circuit around him.

"Making sure I am me?" Harry asked.

"*Non.*" She shook her head. "I want a look at the man you become."

Fleur sniffed. Her eyes widened. She got closer and sniffed him some more.

"Fleur?" Harry laughed as her nose touched his neck. "Stop it."

Her eyes were dilated, and her cheeks were flushed when she stepped back.

"You 'ave 'ad sex." Fleur slapped him on the shoulder. "Today? Non, last night."

"I showered!" Harry replied. "How can you tell?"

Fleur arched an eyebrow at him.

"Veela." Harry rolled his eyes. "Of course."

"I know this scent." She had moved back, but she was still close enough to easily touch. "An older woman, 'Arry? *Espèce de vilain garçon*."

"Stop it." Harry took a step away from her. "You're being rude."

Fleur giggled.

"Who is the lucky witch?" Fleur asked. "Do I know 'er?"

"A true gentlemen does not kiss and tell." Harry shook his head.

"Oh?" A wicked smile played across her lips. "You keep secrets? There is nothing I could do to convince you to tell me?"

Harry gave her firm shake of the head as he crossed his arms. She took a step closer to him. Her fingers walked along his crossed arms. They continued up to his shoulders before she booped him on the nose. Harry broke, he laughed.

"Ah-ha! I have won. Now, you must tell me." Fleur smiled brightly at him.

"How does that count as winning?" Harry shook his head.

"I made you laugh." Fleur preened. "That is your defeat. Share your secret."

"No." Harry shook his head.

"Please?" Fleur pouted.

"Tempting." Harry shook his head again. "Still, no."

He felt her allure envelope him. It raised goosebumps along his skin. He was able to avoid any mental manipulation from her innate magic, but the physical reaction was still there. In simple terms, he now had an almost painful erection.

Fleur knew he could resist her allure.

"Now you're just being a brat." Harry glared at her without any real heat to it.

"You are so mean to me." Fleur huffed.

"Yes." Harry rolled his eyes. "I'm a horrible, evil man."

"I guess I will 'ave to resort to drastic measures." Her voice had a small purr to it.

"What is that sup-" His words were cut off as their lips met.

Fleur stared at him with open hunger and a teasing smile. His head spun. Many of his dreams about Fleur had started in a similar fashion.

"What are you doing?" Harry whispered.

"Drastic measures." Fleur repeated. "Do you want to stop?"

Harry shook his head. Fleur pounced. A bed materialized behind them and caught their fall.

"Aren't you with Bill?" Harry asked in a moment of clarify.

"Bill?" Fleur scrunched her brow in thought. "Bill Weasley? He is a co-worker. Are we together in the future? Am I happy?"

Fleur didn't get off of him as she spoke. Instead, she adjusted herself so that she sat on his lap. Harry tried to sit up, but she pushed him back down. She gave him a little shake of the head as she shifted once more. This time, she settled on his dick. Even through the layers of clothing he could feel her heat and there was no way she could miss his erection. She absently began to rock atop him as she thought.

"E is cute." Fleur pondered out loud, all the while keeping her pace steady. "I am not a fan of that silly earring. It is so... garish."

Harry moaned. He didn't really care about what she was saying. Her dry-humping was driving him wild.

"Fleur?" Harry asked.

"Hm?" She looked down at him. No longer distracted she increased the pressure on his shaft and made sure to get every part of it along her clothed pussy.

"I'll have to resort to my own drastic measures if you don't stop." Harry growled.

"Oh?" Fleur sped up for a few moments before she stopped completely. "Such as?"

"I'm going to flip you onto the bed, tear your panties off, and torture you with my tongue." Harry stared directly into her eyes. "Then, once you've begged for me to fuck you, I'm going to pin your legs above your head."

"And then?" Fleur said in a whisper.

"Then, I'm going to fuck you until you can't walk straight." Harry ran his hands along her thighs.

"You silly *leetle* boy." Fleur teased. "You think I am some fragile witch? I am Veela. We are made for sex. I will drain you dry and leave you as nothing more than a dried shell." A smug smile crossed her lips as she started to rock once more. "Do your worst."

Harry returned her smile with one of his own. He didn't bother with words. His hands gripped her hips, he lifted her up, and rolled so that she was on her back now. Fleur giggled as she bounced on the bed. She shook her head as he stuffed his head up her skirt. Her laugh turned to a gasp as Harry ripped away her panties, just as he promised. His mouth was on her lower lips before she could speak. Her back straightened and any thought of words left her.

Fleur let out a loud moan as his tongue began to furiously explore her slit. She tasted amazing. Ambrosia on his tongue. He was going to enjoy this. Her eyes went wide as his talented tongue slipped inside of her. Stars sparked in her vision as he fucked her with his tongue. Her legs kicked out. Harry didn't stop, he simply hooked her legs over his shoulders as she let out a wordless scream.

He slid a hand along her legs. A shock went through her body as his fingers found her clit. He slowly rubbed her sensitive button while he slipped in a finger. He started to thrust it inside of her fast enough to keep her racked with pleasure. Fleur gripped his hair through her dress, desperate to touch him as he provided overwhelming waves of pleasure. She started to shake as she approached the edge of another orgasm.

Harry kept focused on his task. His tongue pumped into her welcoming pussy as he slowly drove her to cum again and again. He gingerly added a second finger. The added sensation made her whimper. He carefully explored with his fingertips until he found a little patch he was searching for. A bit of pressure, and a little wiggle, had her screaming. He pulled back to massage her sensitive lips in a slow build to pleasure. His fingers moved in long, deeper thrusts that made her pussy clench.

"Yes." Fleur managed to finally speak. "Just like that. Please."

Harry pulled back without warning. Fleur reached for him, desperate to pull him back to continue.

"You stopped." Fleur whined.

"I told you." Harry flashed a wild grin at her. "Torture."

"You are so mean to me." Fleur pouted.

"Take off your dress." Harry ordered.

Fleur wiggled out of it without an argument leaving her only wearing a bra. It was a cute little strapless half-cup the same color as her dress. He stole a quick look at the remains of her panties to see they matched as well. She snapped it open with ease to give him a full look at her gorgeous body.

"Now you." Fleur pleaded.

Harry stripped out of his clothes. He enjoyed the way her eyes devoured every bit of exposed flesh and decided to make a show of it. Stripping wasn't something he was familiar with, but he knew how to tease. He pulled his shirt up slowly and stopped just below his nipples. Fleur let out a little whimper. Harry pulled the shirt off completely before he moved on to his pants. His own desire was about to get the better of him as much as he wanted to keep teasing her. It was a rush to finally return the favor after all the times she had teased him.

"Fuck it." He muttered to himself.

A snap of his fingers stripped him completely. His clothes appeared folded neatly on a nearby shelf. He leaned over her and trailed kissed along her torso. His lips locked onto her collar bone. Then he started to suck and kiss her neck as hard as possible. He wanted to mark her in more ways than one.

The brief view of Harry's body was enough to send a spike of desire through her very core. He was lithe and fit with enough muscle to make her mouth water. Not to mention, he had a hell of a cock. She didn't have time for measurements, but it was impressive.

Fleur opened her mouth to say something but found her lips occupied when Harry leaned in to kiss her. His tongue invaded her mouth with more skill than she expected. Her arms automatically wrapped around his body. She held him close as their tongues wrestled and explored. Fleur could feel the heat of his manhood against her slit. Her eager, wet lips hugged his shaft as he grinded against her. Now she was on the receiving end of the not-so dry humping.

"Oh, oh, fuck me." Fleur gasped.

"Gladly." Harry growled.

His hands went to her firm, shapely ass. He squeezed it as he lifted her up, angling her so that his tip was aligned perfectly. He slowly sunk down into her, easing her wet folds apart with a steady pace. Fleur shuddered and twitched as her pussy opened to his cock.

Fleur was tighter than any other witch that Harry had ever felt before. He found himself getting closer with each thrust, much too fast for his liking. He had a promise to keep. Harry leaned back, he reached behind him to her legs and grasped her ankles. As he said, he pinned her legs up beside her head, practically folding her in half. The new position left her completely helpless and allowed him to reach deeper than before. It became even more of a struggle to keep from cumming as she became tighter with each thrust.

He tried to think of anything else to stop his orgasm. It didn't help that the sound of the claps of his hips crashing into Fleur's body were loud enough to echo in the room. He tightened his grip on her ankles so he could get even more power in his thrusts.

"Your pussy was made for my cock." Harry groaned. "I can't get enough of you."

Fleur bit her lower lip and squeezed her cunt around his pumping cock. It was meant to tease him, instead her legs shook in his grasp as a scream escaped her lips.

"I'm close." Harry started to pant. "Get ready."

"Yes." Fleur screamed. "Fill me. Breed me!"

That sounded fine by him. Harry snapped his hips forward in a couple of final thrusts before he slammed himself deep into Fleur's pussy. A moment later, a torrent of cum began to fill Fleur. The second burst of cum filled her completely.

He wasn't sure if it was magic, or something to do with her being a Veela, but he pumped more of his seed into her than he had ever done. Her lower stomach had a little bump, almost like she was already pregnant. Fleur set a hand on her lower tummy to feel the bulge.

"You are a beast." Fleur moaned.

Harry let go of her legs. She let them slide down his body until they hooked behind his back, pulling him close.

"Did you tell me to breed you?" Harry teased.

"Yes." Fleur stared at him with a blazing hunger.

A heavy pulse of her allure erased every bit of fatigue. His body felt refreshed, and his erection was back to full hardness again. Harry gave her a crooked smile. He pulled back his hips and punched forward. A wet slap accompanied the clap of their bodies.

"Gladly." Harry pounded into Fleur's freshly fucked cunt.

The sound of their clapping bodies echoes around the room. This time each thrust was accompanied by a wet slap as well. She wasn't sure if the cum was making her extra sensitive, or if his cock was hitting deeper. Either way, every other thrust sent her over the edge. A string of orgasms made her vision go white. Her head lolled back as she desperately held on to consciousness.

"Do it! Breed me!" Fleur's voice had an inhuman trill to it.

The sound touched something primal in him. Harry planted his cock deep into Fleur. She wrapped her arms around him as he let loose another massive load. Fleur swore it felt like it went directly into her womb. Her body slowly went limp as Harry pumped out every last drop of cum into her.

Harry collapsed next to Fleur on the bed. He rolled onto his back and pulled her close. Fleur rested her head on his chest.

"This was unexpected." Harry kissed the top of her head. "Your Harry won't be me for a few years."

"My 'Arry." Fleur said with a sigh. "I like the sound of that." She paused. "Are you sure that your lady won't get jealous?"

"No." Harry shook his head. "Bella told me the other day she wanted more kids."

"Bellatrix?" Fleur gasped.

"Damn it." Harry ran a hand over his face.

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Harry was tired by the time he left the Room. Fleur had asked for a shower, so at least he didn't have a cloud of sex following him around. They both were too wore out to do more than some groping while they washed.

He knocked on Bella's door before he entered. She told him to treat it like his own, but it was still polite.

"Come in." Bella called from inside.

Harry heard someone giggle. She wasn't alone. It was still the school year so it wasn't unusual. They sounded young though, maybe a first year. Harry stepped into the room and froze.

Bella indeed was not alone. Fleur Delacour sat across from her. While that was unexpected, it was the little blonde girl that Bella bounced on her knee that really shocked him. The little girl turned to look at him and his heart started to hammer in his chest. She looked like a miniature version of Fleur, or a younger version of Gabrielle. The little girl couldn't have been more than five years old.

The only thing that made her stand out from her mother were her bright green eyes.

"I know that look." Bella smiled as she addressed Fleur. "I think he's ready to meet her properly."

"Arry." Fleur stood and took the little girl from Bella. "Meet my daughter, Lily."

Harry's jaw dropped.

"I named her after her grandmother." Fleur gave him a Cheshire grin. "They say she has her eyes."