

## Play Date Complete

1.

Life changed after the war. Harry realized that he was going to live long enough to have an actual family. Ginny realized that she wanted to go pro, which left no time for family. That led to a split. Harry also figured out that he was done fighting. Being an auror no longer had any appeal to him. He had killed Voldemort, let someone else deal with the cleanup.

Now, his focus was on Teddy. He was almost three now and was chaos in toddler form. Luckily, he hadn't inherited Tonks' clumsiness. Otherwise, they would have spent a lot of time with the doctors. Harry was doing his best to raise him with a healthy mix of muggle and magical experiences.

Teddy didn't have a handle on his metamorphic abilities yet. Right now, it was instinctual. When he woke up and saw Harry he would change his hair and eyes to match. When he was angry, his hair would turn red. Bright blue meant he had the zoomies, which usually happened right before bed. His hair would straighten out and hang limply around his face when it was nap time.

All in all, Harry loved being a dad. He yearned to have more.

"Da." Teddy wobbled over to him.

"Yes, Teddy?" Harry leaned forward to look him in the eyes.

"See Vic." Teddy said with a seriousness that belied his age.

"Is that how you ask?" Harry spoke in steady, gentle tones.

"See Vic please." Teddy corrected.

"Good job." Harry smiled at him. He plucked his mirror from the nearby table. "Fleur."

Mirror communication had really taken off, but it would never truly replace Owl Post. There were still things that were delivered, but nothing beat a quick mirror-call for little things. Harry was just thankful that people were beginning to embrace the type-quill. It was a quill charmed to pair with a keyboard that wrote the same as a typewriter. The old style, of course, getting electricity to mingle with magic was still a bit of an issue. It was similar enough to almost work, but different enough to cause problems. They had managed to clear up the interference though. Muggle gadgets continued to work around magic. It was brought up, by a certain bushy-haired muggle-born, that with the increase of technology, pockets of magical interference would become a security risk.

"Harry." Fleur smiled at him. "Tell Teddy we will be over in a minute."

"I'll unlock the door." Harry smiled back.

Floo travel with a child was stressful and apparating was even worse. The Doorway Network was a life saver. It was a simple setup. Each door had a specific name, like the Floo. All you had to do was say the name, open the door, and walk through. If the other side wasn't ready, or locked, you would end up in a magical waiting room.

Teddy was right beside him when he unlocked the door. Victoire was almost three, which meant they were partners in crime. Harry swore they had their own little language. It had only taken one disastrous visit for Fleur and Harry to set up wards on a playroom. Harry was one of the few people who knew that Fleur was about a month along when her and Bill were married. It didn't take a genius to figure it out, but there were just too many things going on.

Fleur was dressed in a light blue sundress that seemed to float around her even as she stood still. Victoire wore a similar dress, except hers already had grass stains along the bottom and she was barefoot that left a couple of muddy footprints. Her Veela heritage was obvious with her near-silver hair and flawless skin.

The play dates were a natural progression. Bill was constantly away on jobs leaving Fleur and Victoire alone. Harry's main focus was on Teddy, so they began to talk over the mirror, sharing stories and techniques. That led to one or the other visiting, which resulted in one of the rooms in the newly restored Potter Manor becoming the playroom.

Having Fleur as a friend also made the Weekly Weasley dinners easier. It was still hard to see Ginny, even if they split on good terms. Things got even harder when she brought over her boyfriend for the first time. Even worse when the guy turned out to be impossible to hate.

"She was chasing gnomes again." Fleur gave him a bright smile.

Victoire led the way to the playroom. She and Teddy were quickly absorbed in an adventure. The room had originally been the ballroom, which meant that naturally, there was a huge ball-pit in the middle. It was charmed to be self-cleaning and adjustable depth. There was a mix of muggle and magical toys, a multiple play structures, a small castle, and pool section complete with a waterslide constructed to look like a small beach, complete with its own magically charmed sky. Numerous safety charms, and the watchful eye of Kip, the house elf, helped keep things from getting too crazy. Harry still had no idea how they had managed to make the ball-pit explode.

One of the best additions, in Harry's opinion, was the skybox. It was modeled after the VIP section at sports arenas. The view was elevated to keep the kids in sight, had a full kitchen, deluxe bathroom complete with size appropriate fixtures for the kids, and a separate sleeping area for nap time. The setup helped the kids feel more independent while keeping the parents close by.

Harry directed Fleur into the skybox. She strolled over to the window to watch the kids play. Harry busied himself making some coffee and a variety of snacks. Fleur had introduced him to the wonderful world of premium French coffee, and he hadn't looked back. He poured two cups, setting one out for Fleur, before joining her by the window.

"It smells good." Fleur smiled at him. Her accent was still there, but not nearly as strong.

"I'm learning." Harry took a sip. "It's still not as good as yours."

"I am Veela." She put on a mock-sneer. "More than that, I am French."

"You're a goofball." Harry chuckled.

Fleur slapped him on the shoulder. She grabbed her cup, adding a bit of cream, before joining him. He watched her take a sip. She gave him a small nod of approval.

"Victoire seems to be in a good mood." Harry said.

"We spoke with Bill last night." Fleur gave a small smile. "He told her a bedtime story of the tomb he is working on."

"Did he say when he'd be home?" Harry turned to face her.

"Next month." She sighed. "If it wasn't for these visits, I would go mad."

"I love your company, but there are other people you could see." Harry tried to soften the blow.

"Who?" Fleur scoffed. "The few friends I had in France are living their own lives. Aside from Bills family, and you, I don't know anyone I can trust enough."

Harry arched an eyebrow at her. "Your allure?"

"As a mother, my allure is muted, but still there." Fleur explained. "It will adjust once Victoire is a bit older. But, no, I worry for her sake, not my own."

"How so?" Harry asked.

"A Veela, like other witches, have random outbursts of accidental magic." Fleur sighed. "Only with a Veela it is also the allure. It is unfocused, strong, and creates chaos. Witches who encounter it experience sudden urges of jealousy and aggression. Wizards." She shook her head. "A different sort of aggression. Only family is spared."

Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer for a gentle hug. She leaned her head on his shoulder.

"You are always welcome here." Harry whispered.

He moved to kiss the top of her head. Fleur chose that moment to look up at him. Their lips met in a clumsy peck. The two froze, staring at each other. Harry dropped his cup, which magically floated over to the counter, trailing a finger along Fleur's neck, and tilting her chin. He leaned in slowly, waiting for her to tell him to stop.

Fleur met him halfway. She moaned as their lips met. They pulled away, searching for something in each other's eyes. Harry rested his forehead against her.

"If I kiss you again." Harry took a deep, calming breath. "I won't stop."

"Good." Fleur kissed him like a woman possessed.

Her hands ran through his hair. Harry groaned, his tongue slipping into her mouth. Their kisses deepened as they shuffled toward the bedroom. Harry raises his arms to help her strip off his shirt. Her fingers dragged down his freshly exposed chest.

Fleur leaned her head back, offering him her neck, as her hands dropped lower. Harry eagerly took the invitation, kissing along her pulse-line, ending each with a slight suction. She paused, gasping at the sensation. Fleur growled, focusing her attention back on his jeans. One hand stroked the hardness through the fabric while the other worked on opening the zipper.

Harry moved his hands lower, slipping it under her dress, and caressing her thighs. He found a line of fabric, and quickly tore it off of her.

Fleur gasped. She glared at him through hooded eyes. "You brute."

Harry twisted them around, laying her out on the bed. He flipped up her dress, exposing her naked lower half. Harry let out a breath as he took in the beauty before him. Her pussy was, for lack of a better word, perfect.

Fleur succeeded in getting his pants undone, pulling them roughly down to his knees. Her hand grasped him, stroking his hardness, as he settled between her legs.

"You are so beautiful." Harry whispered.

"As are you, *mon amour*." Fleur kissed him gently.

The kiss stoked a fire in him. A long dormant need that was beyond passion. It was a hunger, a longing, that he had ignored for the last few years.

Her grip loosened, but she continued to stroke him. She traced the veins along his length. Harry teased her clit with the pad of his thumb before sliding a finger inside of her. He worked steadily, stroking her clit before adding another.

Harry moved closer, setting his cock along her pussy. Fleur moaned as she grinded into him. He adjusted himself to her opening. They locked eyes. Fleur nodded. Harry took her hands, weaving his fingers in hers. He slowly began to feed his cock into her.

Fleur bit down on his shoulder to muffle her scream. Harry gritted his teeth, trying not to cum right then. Not only was this Fleur, but it had also been a long time since he'd had sex. Her scream drifted into a pleasant moan. Harry pulled out until the head of his cock was still inside her before pushing back in.

She took him to the hilt easily. Fleur pulled him into a kiss. Her hips pushed up into his thrusts, urging him faster. Still holding hands, Harry picked up speed.

Fleur brought her knees up, letting him reach even deeper. The sudden charge caused her pussy to throb around him. It was almost too much for him. He was on the edge.

"I'm close." Harry groaned.

"*Moi aussi*." Fleur's voice came out breathy.

Harry wanted her to cum first. He increased his pace, adding more power as well. Fleur's moans got louder. Kissed him hard, her tongue wrestling his own. It was too much. Even the great Harry Potter had limits. He growled as he unloaded inside of her, filling her to with his warm, thick seed.

The feel of him cumming inside of her sets Fleur off. Her orgasm rocks them both to the edge of the bed.

"*Je t'aime tellement*." Fleur screamed.

Harry slowly rocked back and forth, shortening his strokes as he pulled away from her.

He slipped into the bed beside her. Fleur settled against him.

"Next time will be longer." Harry began to stroke her leg.

Fleur nodded. "I thought I could last longer. It has been too long."

Harry kissed her shoulder. "I will do all I can to correct that."

Fleur giggled and slapped him lightly on the chest.

"Come on." Fleur adjusted her dress before getting back to her feet. "I'm sure the children will be along *dans un moment*. They seem to have a sense for these things."

Harry fixed his clothes as well. He cast a quick charm cleaning them both up.

"See you at nap time?" Harry wiggled his eyebrows at her.

2.

Fleur had been right. The kids had a sixth sense regarding them getting alone time. Three days. It had been three days. Harry couldn't be mad at the kids. Teddy had a nightmare and needed some extra cuddles. Victoire took a tumble, scratching up her chin. Healing it was easy, but she was traumatized which meant she had to stay close for comfort.

Harry hoped that she didn't regret what had happened. They shared a few longing looks and shy smiles, but there wasn't enough privacy for anything more. For once, Bill had been able to talk to them every night. Victoire, with her limited vocabulary, had told Teddy all the stories her dad had shared.

"Da." Teddy said as he approached.

The little guy walked with a purpose. Well, as much as he could manage on his little legs. Harry couldn't help but smile. He knelt down to eye-level.

"Yes, Teddy?" Harry asked.

"Vic stay here, please." Teddy said.

"Ask Auntie Fleur." Harry motioned to the woman as he spoke. "If she says yes, then I say yes."

Teddy nodded. A look of determination flared behind his little eyes. He stumbled a few feet away from Fleur, practically face-planting on the floor. Teddy popped back up, seemingly not even aware of his fall. Harry forced himself to stay where he was. Rushing over to check on Teddy would only make the situation worse than it actually was. If he wasn't crying, then things would be fine.

Harry watched as Teddy spoke to Fleur. She smiled and nodded. Teddy rushed back to Victoire to share the good news. Fleur smiled warmly as she watched him go. She looked to Harry, the warmth in her gaze turned to a smoldering heat.

Fleur winked at him. It sent a jolt down his spine. He cleared his throat, trying not to let her see that he was blushing. Judging by her smile, he had failed. It took a concentrated effort not to tell the kids to head to bed right now.

"What do you want for dinner?" Harry asked as he approached the kids.

"Pizza!" Teddy yelled.

"Chicken Nuggets!" Victoire yelled just as loud.

Teddy stopped. He stared intently at his friend for a long moment. Almost like the little guy was considering if he truly knew her. The underlying sense of betrayal played across his face.

"How about both?" Harry offered.

"Yay!" Teddy shouted; all of the previous internal conflict instantly banished.

Harry led them up to the skybox. He prepared a quick pizza for Teddy and chicken nuggets for Victoire. Once they were settled, he made Fleur a pheasant dish that he had learned on a trip to France. It was deceptively simple, but the spice mix had to be perfect. Over the years, he had noticed that the two Veela had a predominantly carnivorous diet.

Fleur watched him move around the room. Her gaze was intense, her breathing grew deeper. When their eyes met, he could see hers were clearly dilated. She took a deep breath, shifting her attention to the kids.

"Mama?" Victoire asked as she stood up from the table. "Storytime with daddy?"

"I'll see, *ma poupette*." Fleur said. She kissed the little girl on the top of the head. Taking out her mirror, she stepped away from the table. "Bill."

After a moment another voice answered.

"Fleur?" Bill Weasley asked from the mirror. "You're early."

"We're staying the night at Harry's." Fleur explained casually. "Victoire would like storytime before bed."

"I'm sorry." Bill sighed. "I can't tonight. We broke through to a new chamber. I don't think any of my team will get much sleep tonight."

Fleur nodded. "Will you say goodnight?"

"Sure." Bill replied.

"Victoire." Fleur bent down to hold the mirror to her daughter.

Harry had to stop to admire the glorious cleavage. A quick look up at him let him know she was doing it on purpose.

"Daddy? Story?" The little girl asked.

"I can't tonight, Torie." Bill answered. "I love you. Goodnight."

Victoire pouted. "Goodnight."

She stomped off back toward Teddy. Harry was shocked when instead of going to her friend, she came up to him. Victoire held out her arms in the universal sign for 'pick me up' that all kids knew. He scooped her up and gave her a hug. She snuggled against his chest for a moment.

With that complete, she wiggled out of his arms and continued over to Teddy. She had left a slight smear of ketchup on his shirt as she climbed down. Harry cast a quick cleaning charm on both of them before they slipped back into the play area. Another twenty minutes or so and they'd be practically asleep on their feet.

"Bill." Fleur turned the mirror to speak to him. "That is the third time this week."

"I know." Bill spoke softly. "This job is bigger than we thought. I don't know when I'll be home."

"You are supposed to be home next week." Fleur glared at the mirror as she spoke.

"I can't leave my team." Bill replied.

It sounded like an ongoing argument. Harry busied himself by casting cleaning charms on his shirt. At some point Teddy had managed to stick a pepperoni on the shoulder of Harry's shirt. He couldn't even remember when he had gotten close enough to reach.

"We will talk later." Fleur snapped. "Goodbye."

The image of Bill blinked out. Fleur let out a string of rapid-fire French. Harry had learned quite a bit, but he couldn't keep up with her. From what he could pick out, she was cursing up a storm. Most of it was directed at Bill and his job. He wasn't sure, but the word marriage popped up a few times. It was not said in a kind way.

She didn't look at him for a while. Instead, she concentrated on making a fresh serving of coffee. Harry winced as she practically battered the poor machine.

"Fleur." Harry spoke softly as he approached.

Fleur began to yell something at the machine in French.

"Fleur." Harry repeated, still using a soft voice.

She froze. His words finally seemed to register. Slowly, she turned to look at him. A shiver ran down his spine. Her eyes were those of a predator staring down its prey. They had taken on a golden sheen to them.

Fleur stalked over to him, moving much faster than he expected. She hooked her clawed hands under his arms and lifted him off his feet. The air whooshed by his ears as she pressed him up against the wall that had been at least twenty feet away.

She kissed him roughly, devouring his lips. Her tongue invaded his mouth. Harry barely had a chance to react. She didn't let up. His head was starting to swim from lack of air. Finally, she pulled away, turning her attention to his neck before ripping his shirt open.

"Fleur." Harry moaned.

No response. Harry gathered what little sanity he had left.

"Fleur." He filled her name with a dose of his magic.

She rocked back on her heels, letting him go in the process. Harry dropped a few inches to his feet. He didn't even realize she had been holding him off the ground. The moment of peace passed. Fleur shivered at the touch of his power. She smiled, flashing a row of sharp teeth.

"The kids." Harry said before she could attack again.

Fleur blinked. She cocked her head to the side in a very bird-like way. Harry fought back a chuckle. Slowly, the golden sheen of her eyes faded back to the icy blue. She held up her hands, watching as her claws shifted back to fingers.

"*Merci*, 'Arry." Fleur finally said. "If you had not interrupted me, I would not have stopped."

Harry shivered. She hadn't called him 'Arry in years. Her accent was muted these days, her pronunciation practically perfect.

"Trust me." Harry smiled at her. "It was a struggle."

Fleur pouted.

"What brought that on?" Harry asked.

"Bill." Fleur practically spit out the name. "Not just him. The emotion. It is hard to control that part of myself when I get passionate." She sighed. "And you are teasing all the instincts for a proper mate."

"How?" Harry said the word slowly, drawing it out.

"You provided food for our little ones. You served them, and me before your own. Victoire even knows you are safe for comfort." Fleur held his gaze as she spoke. "Every part of my instincts are telling me to claim you as my mate."

"Oh." Harry said. He mentally slapped himself. Articulate as ever.

Before they could say anymore the kids returned.

"Momma." Victoire swayed as she spoke to Fleur. "Sleep here, please?"

"We are staying the night." Fleur assured the little girl.

"No." She grumped. "Here." She pointed to the room below.

"You want to sleep in the playroom?" Fleur asked.

Teddy and Victoire nodded. Fleur looked over to Harry.

"I can put up some tents." Harry offered.

"No." Victoire whined. "Here."

"Not a magical tent." Harry knelt down to speak to her eye-to-eye. "I can show you."

Victoire studied him for a long moment. Her mouth pressed into a thin line. She stole a glance over to Teddy. Her friend gave a happy smile.

"Da has good tent." Teddy nodded.

"Ok." Victoire didn't sound convinced.

Harry led the group back into the room. He found a good spot near the castle grounds that had been charmed to feel like grass. A quick summoning charm brought a stack of blankets, some pillows, a couple of sleeping bags, and a few sticks. Harry assembled a frame, using magic to fortify the hold, before draping a blanket over to create a simple A-Frame tent. He spread out another thick blanket on the ground before setting two sleeping bags side-by-side.

"Ta-da." Harry said as he stepped back to show Victoire.

The little girl squeed and clapped.

"Good tent." Teddy climbed into his sleeping bag as he spoke.

"Momma, sleep here?" Victoire asked. Her big blue eyes were deadly.

"Yes." Fleur said with a smile.

A bit of wand work and Fleur had set up another tent to share with Harry. It was more complex than the A-Frame. Her construction was basically a yurt. She gave Harry a sly wink.

"Show off." Harry chuckled.

"Time for bed, *ma poupette*." Fleur spoke soft and sweet.

The sound of Teddy snoring interrupted before Victoire could argue. Harry chuckled. He quietly walked over to his godson and cast a few charms on him. One to clean his teeth, another to clean him in general, and the last to change him into some PJs.

"This happens a lot." Harry said to Fleur.

Victoire shuffled over to the tent. She crawled inside and was out before her sleeping bag had been zipped up. Harry repeated the process. Her clothes were swapped for another set of Teddy's PJs. They hadn't prepared for a sleepover.

He turned to see Fleur standing at the entry to her tent completely nude. His breath caught in his throat. Her body was fit, her breasts wonderfully sized, and her skin practically glowed under the false stars. Fleur raised a hand, beckoning him to follow her. He watched as she turned around and disappeared into the tent. She had an amazing ass.

Fleur led him to the center of the space. She had transfigured the leftover blankets and sticks into a bed. Her hands expertly undressed him once. He was completely nude, including his socks and shoes somehow, before he made it to the bed.

"This is our true first time." She whispered, nibbling his ear. "There will be many more."

Her kiss sent shocks of pleasure racing along his nerves. She began to stroke him to hardness, one hand working his shaft while the other teased his crown. Harry tried to reach out to touch her. Fleur moaned as he began to caress her skin.

"So hard for me, already?" Fleur cooed. "I have been wanting you too, 'Arry."

"I was worried that you-"

His mind went blank as her tongue flashed out, licking his cock from top to bottom in a quick motion.

"You taste so good." Fleur's eyes flashed gold for a moment.

Fleur pressed him flat on his back. She climbed up onto his lap. Their eyes locked eyes as she lowered herself onto his hardness.

"This." She began to rock her hips. "This is what I need."

She braced herself on his chest and began to bounce. Harry gripped her hips, pressing into her as she dropped low. Fleur moaned, speeding up. Her eyes flashed gold when he hit deep. The hands braced against his chest sprouted claws.

Harry rolled them over, putting her on the bottom. Fleur's mouth opened to scream. He kissed her hard as he added more power to his hips. Her sharp teeth grazed against his tongue.

He leaned back, pressing her legs together, and tossing them over one of his shoulders. Lifting her up, he began to slam his aching cock with in a feral speed.

"Mate." She growled out. "Breed."

Harry pounded into her, reaching as deep as he could. Fleur covered her mouth with her clawed hands. Her muffled screams mingled with the sharp slap of their bodies. A jolt of pure pleasure rocketed through his body as she clamped down on his cock. It was too tight, he couldn't move, but her pussy massaged him.

Every muscle in his body tightened as the first shot of cum let loose. Each pulse after was accompanied by another full-body flex. It was as if every single muscle in his body was trying to pump his seed as deeply as he could.

Fleur moaned underneath him. The sounds reminded him of the morning birdsong. Eventually, she released him. Harry fell on the bed beside her. Fleur tossed a leg over him, pulling him closer. The last thing he saw before sleep took him was her licking his seed of a clawed finger.

"Da." Teddy grouched.

Harry started to wake up. The situation at hand rushed into his mind. He sprang upright, clutching his blanket across his lower half.

"Teddy." Harry said quickly. "Um... I can explain. You see, Auntie Fleur..."

"Vic outside with momma." Teddy interrupted. "Da scramble eggs?"

Harry found his glasses. The interior of the tent was different than he remembered. There were two bed, one on each side rather than just a single in the middle. Fleur must have done it after he had fallen asleep.

It was a bit embarrassing. He didn't usually pass out after sex, but then he didn't usually have full body orgasms. Harry stood, wrapping the blanket around him.

"Yeah." Harry smiled at Teddy. "Eggs I can do."

"Yay!" Teddy ran out of the tent without a look back.

Harry found his clothes, well his pants and what remained of his shirt, in the middle of the tent. He would have thought it a dream if not for the lingering scent of sex. A quick mending spell got his shirt in decent enough condition.

He stepped out to see Victoire holding a mirror and talking excitedly. Fleur stood nearby with a fake smile on her face. She turned to watch him approach. Her expression changed from desire, hunger, and then worry.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"Harry!" Bill's voice came from the mirror. "Unlock the door!"

"What?" Harry asked.

"Bill came home early for a surprise." Fleur explained through a false smile. "He couldn't talk last night because he was waiting for the port key. He's waiting at the door."

Harry stared at her for a long, pregnant moment. "Oh."

3.

Teddy was having a rough day. As was Harry. Bill had surprised Fleur and Victoire with a trip to France to visit family. That meant that they weren't able to meet for their usual playdate. There was also the fact that Harry had no idea how this new development impacted his relationship with Fleur.

Harry tried to keep his godson happy. When that didn't work, he settled on distraction. Andromeda was a life saver. Time with grandma was just what Teddy needed. It also allowed Harry to get some boring Lord Potter work done that he had been putting off.

He kept his seat in the Mot. It was important to keep an eye on the laws that were being put through. Harry wasn't going to let something like the last war start brewing again. Those he could deal with, even if it was a headache. The daily grind was just mind numbing.

Harry was responsible for not only the Potter and Black lines, but the revived Perevel bloodline. Apparently, gathering the three Hallows had met the criteria to activate the family magic. The really fun part was that since he claimed the titles of Lord Potter and Lord Black he couldn't turn down Lord Perevel. Luckily, the holdings and wealth had been absorbed by the Potter line years ago. Still, two noble households and all their holdings was enough for him to consider changing his name and moving to Canada. No one would think to look for him there.

It boiled down to him having a lot of paperwork. He had hired a team of solicitors to keep things running smoothly, but there were still things only he could sign. It turned out that both families owned a large amount of land, both commercial and residential. The first thing he did upon finding that out was drop the rent on residential plots to the minimum allowed by law. Yes, there was a stated percentage that rent could not be lowered beyond.

At some point, Harry had fallen asleep. It wasn't until he felt the door activating that he woke up. Andromeda stepped through holding a fussy Teddy. His hair was black with streaks of gray in it to mirror his grandmother. It didn't have the same voluminous curls she did, showing he was running out of energy.

"He's been asking for Vic all day." Andromeda said as she put Teddy down.

The little guy stomped and stumbled over to Harry. He climbed up in his godfather's lap. The little guy was asleep when his head touched Harry's chest.

"They're visiting family in France." Harry explained. "Thank you for taking him. He needed some time out of the house and I had some paperwork to do. Remind me why I didn't name you Lady Black?"

"Because I'm not crazy enough to accept." Andromeda said with a smile. "Any word when they will get back?"

"I'm not sure." Harry adjusted Teddy as he spoke. "Three more days, I think. Maybe a week."

"Are there any other kids his age to invite to visit?" She asked.

"Not that I know of." Harry replied. "Fred, Angelina and George's son, just turned one.

"Not that I know of." Harry replied. "Fred, Angelina and George's son, just turned one. He's the closest in age that I can think of. Muggles aren't an option until Teddy has more control."

Andromeda gave Teddy and Harry a kiss on the forehead before leaving. Teddy woke up for a moment when the lips touched his forehead.

"Da?" The little boy asked blearily. "Want Vic."

"I know, Teddy." Harry replied.

He carried his godson upstairs and put him to bed.

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Harry woke up the next morning to the sound of his name. He sat up, trying to figure out where it came from. Teddy didn't call him Harry, but the wards hadn't activated. A minute or so of groggy searching uncovered the culprit.

His mirror. The name that appeared was Fleur, but it wasn't her voice.

"Hello?" Harry answered.

The smiling face of a young woman giggled at him. She looked almost exactly like Fleur, except she was a few years younger.

"Such a sight, 'Arry." Gabrielle said through giggles. "Your hair."

It didn't escape him that her accent only appeared when she said his name.

"Thank you." Harry said flashing her his roguish smile. "I worked on it for hours."

He held out his hand, summoning his glasses. A moment later he took another look at the mirror. Gabrielle was holding the sleeping form Victoire. She also appeared to be in his waiting area for his door.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" Harry asked.

"Tori has had a hard day and night." Gabrielle explained. "She has been asking for her 'Di-Di' since they arrived."

"Teddy missed her too." Harry said with a sigh. "I'll be right down once I find my pants."

"I don't mind, 'Arry." She purred his name.

Harry ended the call. A quick flick of his wrist summoned a fresh outfit. Another motion hit him with a quick cleaning spell. It wasn't as effective as a shower, but it would do for now. He made it to the door and opened it. Gabrielle breezed inside. Victoire was still asleep on her shoulder.

"It has been so long, 'Arry." Gabrielle pouted. "No letters, no calls. Did you forget about me?"

"Gabrielle." Harry sighed. "It's impossible to forget about you. I wrote to you last week. Aren't you still supposed to be at school?"

"It is vacation." She replied setting the sleeping child on the couch.

Her eyes locked on Harry. They were wide, dilated, and had a gold sheen to them. Harry adjusted his stance, shifting his feet to an angle to create a smaller target. His wand was still in his room. Thankfully, he was quite adept at wandless magic. Too many times being helpless had taught him a lesson.

"Gabrielle." He said slowly.

"*Cette coquine. Elle savait que tu etais a moi.*" Her voice was somewhere between a growl and a screech.

"You'll wake up Victoire." Harry hissed.

That seemed to snap her out of his. Her eyes shifted back to their natural blue. The claws on her hands faded away. She stole a glance at her niece to see the little girl still asleep.

"What was that about?" Harry asked.

"You smell like her." Gabrielle spoke sharply as she got closer to him. "I knew something was different about her when she arrived. I did not think it was you."

"I'm confused." Harry said.

"You fucked my sister." Gabrielle poked him in the chest as she said each word. "*Non*, more than that. You bred my sister. I can smell her on you."

Harry sighed. There was no use denying it.

"Why did it take you so long to smell it?" He asked.

"Victoire." She answered. "Her scent is one of family, the brood. Much as you smell now."

"And Bill?" Harry asked.

"Bill." She mocked. "Bill. Underneath all that dust and dry air, he smells like any other man."

"Not family?" Harry asked, he didn't want to admit that he felt more than a little proud at that.

Gabrielle snorted and rolled her eyes. She stared hard at Harry for a few long moments in silence.

"There is only one thing to do." Gabrielle crossed the space over to him. "You must breed me."

"You want me to sleep with you?" Harry asked.

"Non. Breed me." She began to undo her pants. "Sleeping with you would accomplish nothing."

"I wouldn't say that." Harry grumbled. "No, wait. Why do you want me to breed with you?"

"Fleur knew you were mine." She hissed. "If you breed with me now, I can still claim you as my mate since she is married to another."

"Gabrielle." Harry said taking a step back. He took a breath. "Gabby, listen to me."

She paused.

"I never agreed to be your mate." Harry tried to sound as steady as possible.

She rolled her eyes.

"I claimed you as my mate." She repeated. "Stated my intention. You know." She waved her hand in the air. "Called dibs. I get first shot at seducing you. She made her choice with *Bill*."

Gabrielle copied Fleur's much stronger accent from years ago. It was spot on.

"We can't." Harry said.

"You love her?" Gabrielle asked sharply.

"Yes." Harry replied without a thought. He blinked. "Oh, fuck, I love her."

Gabrielle growled.

"But that's not the only reason." Harry quickly followed it up.

She stared at him, waiting. Harry motioned to the couch behind her. She turned to see Victoire wobbling upright. The little girl looked at her auntie with a goofy smile. Her eyes shot open wide when she saw Harry. All drowsiness was gone. Victoire hopped off the couch and rushed over.

"Di-di!" She yelled holding her arms out as she approached.

Harry scooped her up. Gabrielle's jaw dropped.

"Di-di." Victoire agreed with a nod. She snuggled against him. "Where Eddy? Di-di scramble eggs?"

"She calls Teddy 'Eddy'." Harry explained. "I think she's calling me daddy."

"*Merde.*" Gabrielle whispered.

4.

Fleur leaned against the kitchen counter. Bill was somewhere outside, swimming, possibly. She was having a hard time caring. It had been a long time since she had a proper French Roast cup of coffee, but she couldn't enjoy it. Her thoughts were with Harry. She wished she could have taken Victoire to see them. She wanted her 'Di-di'.

Victoire called Bill 'Daddy' but that was only after a lot of helping develop the pronunciation. Fleur was more than aware that people judged her just as much for her accent as they did from her heritage, and she worked to make sure that Victoire didn't have one. Originally, the little girl would say 'Di-di'.

Thankfully, Fleur was quick to point out that was what she called Teddy. It was a lie, but no one else knew that. Bill was never around. Gabrielle had just finished school and hadn't spent enough time with her niece to know. Luckily, her parents had never been to Harry's home to hear what Victoire actually called Teddy.

Victoire wanted Harry, and it was breaking Fleur's heart. Her little girl had already made the connection. So far, she only tolerated Bill's attention when Fleur was in the room. Victoire was noticeably fussier when he tried to hold her or got too close.

Fleur didn't blame her. It wasn't just the Veela in her that was tired of him. Bill was a good match on paper. Her allure had minimal impact on his behavior, he was a passable lover, and he provided for the family. In reality, he was never around, the time they spent together was usually a moment away from arguing, and he was barely a passable lover. Bill had missed her birthday, which she understood. It was a rare case that he could just pop back home in the middle of a job. However, he also missed her daughter's birthday twice, and had to leave directly after dinner last Christmas.

Until recently, Victoire had adored him. Though her attention was growing thin as she got older. This surprise trip to see her family had been rough. Bill didn't seem how short Fleur had been with him. He had commented a couple of times that Victoire was grumpy, but simply handed her off to Gabrielle or Fleur. The first night they spent together was thoroughly disappointing, and that was compared to their previous times being intimate. If she thought of his performance when compared to Harry, it was pathetic.

It all came back to Harry. She wasn't certain she was pregnant, but there was a very good chance. The instinctual transformation during sex was hard to ignore. It was talked about, but it was usually mentioned only in passing. Finding a proper mate that could handle the transformation was almost a myth these days. Though it wouldn't be the first time that Harry had proved that he was indeed something special.

She could have easily written off the situation as a misunderstanding. Except, that didn't work since it hadn't been the only time they had slept together. That sweet, accidental kiss had shined a light on the feelings she had been hiding for so long. Fleur had confessed her love for him.

Fleur perked up when she heard the door in the sitting room open. It was the one connected to the network, only people who were keyed into the wards could use it without needing it to be unlocked. Only Gabrielle and Victoire had used it this morning and had been gone the majority of the day. They had gone to see Teddy and Harry.

She hurried to meet them, trying her best not to appear too impatient. Gabrielle had a dreamy smile on her face as she walked out to the hallway. It sent a spike of dread deep to Fleur's being. She watched as her little sister seemed to float through the house to the room that had been set aside for Victoire. Fleur trailed behind, trying not to panic. She knew that look; she knew what caused that effect.

Being around Victoire muted some of her Veela nature. It happened naturally to any who was in proximity of their young. Right now, it didn't help matters. Fleur recognized the scent of her daughter, her sister, and the lingering scent of Harry's home, but there was something more to it. A stronger undertone that was aggravating her.

It wasn't until Gabrielle had put Victoire to bed that Fleur was able to get the full range. Gabrielle was covered in Harry's scent.

Fleur's eyes turned deep gold, she launched herself at her sister. Gabrielle reacted just as fast, tackling her to the ground. They attacked each other with claws and teeth, fighting like wild animals. One moment Fleur was about to take a bite out of Gabrielle's cheek and the next she was hovering in the air, immobilized.

Their mother watched from nearby with her wand out.

"What is going on?" Apolline asked.

Veela all had a familial resemblance. It took a strong wizard, or other magical creature, to truly alter the appearance of their offspring. As such, Apolline looked more like their older sister than their mother.

The stately Veela took a step forward. She stopped, now close enough to catch the scent. A sharp eye studied both of her daughters in turn.

"I have not had to separate you two in years." Apolline snapped. "Yet here you are, two grown women acting like children fighting over a toy."

"She... She..." Fleur growled as she glared at her sister. "She knows what she did."

Gabrielle looked incredibly smug.

"You two will have a civil discussion to settle this." Their mother ordered.

Apolline floated the two along the hallway until they reached the study. She set them on opposite sides of the room before locking the thick doors. Once that was done, she took a seat and released her daughters.

"Sit." She ordered.

Fleur huffed but listened. Gabrielle smiled primly as she took a seat.

"Hello, mother." Gabrielle said sweetly. "How was your day?"

"It was pleasant." Apolline answered. "Your father took me for a tour of the vineyards. They smell wonderful this time of the year."

"That does sound-" Gabrielle started to say.

"She slept with my mate!" Fleur cut in.

"He was mine first!" Gabrielle yelled back.

They both stopped as their mother raised her wand. She hadn't used any magic, but they knew she wasn't bluffing. Being frozen while listening to a lecture was not something that either wanted to experience again.

Apolline arched an eyebrow. "You slept with Bill?"

"No." Gabrielle scoffed. "I would never."

Apolline fixed her eyes on Fleur and waited.

"She slept with Harry." Fleur whispered.

Apolline looked to Gabrielle.

"No, I didn't." She said in a sing-song voice. "Not yet."

"But..." Fleur glared at her. "His scent is all over you."

"He let me borrow a shirt so that Victoire could cuddle it." Gabrielle explained offhandedly. "It may have *accidentally* rubbed against me a few times."

"And why would Victoire need to cuddle his scent?" Apolline asked.

"Di-di means daddy." Fleur said with a sigh.

"Ah." Apolline said. "And you claim he is your mate why?"

"They had sex." Gabrielle cut in. "She knew I had claim to him."

"Gabby." Their mother chided. "A crush does not mean you claim him."

"But she knew." Gabrielle whined. "You know. She knows! He was to be mine. But no, the golden child has to claim the wizard I have wanted for years! She already has a husband. They have a child together."

"Gabrielle." Apolline snapped. "Stop acting like a child unless you want to be treated as one."

Gabby took her seat again.

"Sex with a man does not mean he is your mate." Apolline addressed Fleur. "I love your father, he is my mate, but I have many lovers. Your father would be a husk of a man if I did not."

"It was more than just sex." Fleur said softly.

Apolline waited for her to continue.

"I transformed." She whispered.

Apolline and Gabrielle gasped. The older Veela pointed her wand at Fleur, casting a quick charm. Fleur's lower stomach glowed. It was too early to tell the gender, but she was indeed pregnant. Gabrielle screamed, she hopped to her feet, and stormed to the doors. Only to find them locked in place.

"Let me out!" Gabrielle yelled.

"Sit down." Apolline ordered.

Gabrielle kicked the doors a few times. She tried the handle, but still, it didn't work. Fire erupted from her hands.

"Gabrielle." Her mother yelled. "Let go of your fire right now and sit down."

The younger Veela huffed. She grumbled as she stomped back over to her seat.

"You hold no love for Bill?" Apolline asked.

Fleur shook her head.

Apolline shifted her attention to Gabrielle. "You are set on Harry as your mate?"

"Yes, of course." Gabrielle snapped.

Apolline met her eyes. The younger Veela shrunk under the scrutiny.

"Yes, mother." Gabrielle said, much more subdued.

"Baring the child of another man while married is one of the many disgusting tales witches and wizards spread about Veela." Apolline spoke firmly as she set her eyes on Fleur. "You will not dirty yourself, or your children, by doing such a thing. It was clear you were finished with Bill before this happened. End your marriage immediately. After a time, join your mate."

Gabrielle yelled.

"Little one." Apolline snapped. "And what do you propose?"

"Harry will mate with me." Gabrielle answered. "Our child would be conceived while I am unattached to another and my claim on him would be legitimate."

Fleur glared at her little sister. Her fingers began to shift to claws.

"Have you already had sex with him?" Apolline asked.

"No." Gabrielle answered barely above a whisper. "I tried this morning, but he is in love."

Fleur visibly relaxed at that.

"He loves me?" She squeaked.

"Yes." Her sister rolled her eyes.

Apolline stood. She flicked her wand at the door. "We will speak with Harry tomorrow. No more fighting."

Fleur hopped to her feet. There was a bright smile on her face. She rushed over to Gabrielle.

"Tell me everything." Fleur's words came out fast and a little too loud.

"Fleur." Her mother cut in. "You need to speak with your husband."

The smile fell off of Fleur's face. She nodded solemnly.

"Gabrielle." Her mother shifted her stern gaze to the younger Veela. "Are you going to put your plans for the future aside to become a mother? You finished school less than a week ago."

Gabrielle shrunk a bit at that. Apolline left her daughters in the study.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Gabrielle asked.

She stared at her sister for a moment. It seemed like a genuine offer. There wasn't a hint of malice, or gloating.

"No." Fleur shook her head. "Could you stay with Victoire until we are finished speaking? I don't want her alone if there is yelling."

Gabrielle nodded.

Fleur held her head up high as she left the room. It wasn't hard to find Bill. He was in their room, packing. Frustration flared up in her chest.

"I'm sorry, babe." Bill said hurriedly. "I've got to get back to the site. The team came up against a nasty ward array that needs an experienced breaker."

"I want a divorce." Fleur stated.

Bill froze. He turned slowly to look at her. The expression on his face was one of pure confusion. It only made her angrier. How could he not understand?

"I know it's sudden, but it's my job." Bill sounded like he was explaining it to a child.

"It is always your job." Fleur snapped. "You have been at your mother's house more often than our home."

"I can't miss those dinners." Bill countered.

"But you can miss birthdays?" Fleur pressed. "Anniversary's?"

"That's not fair." Bill said as he finally stopped packing.

"Victoire has seen your brothers more in the last year than you." Fleur continued.

"But..." He searched for words. "Fine."

"Fine?" Fleur flinched. "Fine?"

"You're right. I haven't been around. It's not fair to you or Victoire." Bill said with a sigh. He turned back to packing.

Fleur felt herself bristle. She didn't have to look at her hands to know they had shifted to claws. This bastard wasn't even going to argue? He was just giving up. How did she ever marry this man?

"I've been fucking Harry." She snapped.

Bill froze. He turned to look at her. Fleur braced herself. It was stupid, and childish, but this was just too much. His casual dismissal was getting to her.

He nodded. "That makes sense. You're over there all the time."

"That's it?" Fleur yelled. "We've been together for three years. We have a child together!"

"Yeah." Bill shrugged. "I have to stop by Gringotts for a Port Key. I'll have the account manager contact you. Tell Victoire I love her."

Bill grabbed his suitcase and slipped by her. He was down the hallway before she could even reply. The floor flashed signaling his departure.

Fleur didn't move. She looked at the room. The few things he had brought were gone. It was like he had never been here in the first place. She didn't remember going to the other room. It wasn't until Gabrielle shook her shoulder that she even blinked.

"There wasn't any shouting." Gabrielle said. "That's good, right?"

Fleur shrugged. She sat on the bed next to her daughter. Slowly, she settled in beside her, cuddling the little girl close. The scent of Harry's shirt was soothing. Fleur drifted off to sleep.

5.

It had been seven days since Gabrielle visited with Victoire. No one had come to visit, or even called. Harry had to ask Andi to take Teddy for a few days to stop the little guy from moping. The plan was perfect, except it left Harry alone with his thoughts.

He had caught up on his Lordship paperwork. It was boring and monotonous, but it had to get done. The sheer number of sneaky things slipped in innocuous documents was alarming. It made him glad that he hadn't become an Auror and also made moving to Canada a lot more appealing. Even the so-called 'Light' members of the Mot had some questionable practices. Harry wondered how many squibs there were out in the world that held claim to 'ancient and noble' houses without even knowing.

For now, it was just him and a nice cup of coffee. He had been working on making it better. Fleur constantly sung the praises of a proper French Roast and he was going to achieve it.

Someone knocked at the door. Harry paused, mid-sip. It hadn't come from the Network Door. Whoever it was had used the front door to Potter Manor. He could not remember the last time that had happened. Hardly anyone knew where Potter Manor was located, and only a couple of them were allowed access to the wards.

Harry put the cup of coffee down. He grabbed his wand, placing it in his off-hand as he approached the door. Harry pulled the door open. His wand was tucked just out of sight, lined up with the opening just in case it was needed.

Fleur stood outside. She blushed at him and gave a little wave. Harry let out a deep breath. He drank in the sight of her. She was wearing a silver sundress that swirled around her legs. Her hair hung loosely around her shoulders. The smile on her face was fragile.

"May I come in?" She asked softly.

"Of course." Harry replied stepping aside to allow her passage. "Victoire?"

"She is with my mother." Fleur spoke once the door was closed. "Teddy?"

"He's with Andi." Harry replied.

Fleur nodded. "I'm sorry I have not visited sooner."

"I didn't sleep with Gabrielle." Harry said before he could stop himself.

Fleur laughed. "I know. She tried to make me think you did."

"I will believe that." Harry said with a smile. "Would you like some coffee? I just made some."

Fleur sniffed. "It smells almost like coffee."

"My Veela wasn't on hand, so I had to make it myself." Harry quipped.

"Your Veela?" Fleur asked.

Harry stumbled a step. He looked at her, trying to gauge her feelings.

"We should talk." Fleur said with a sigh.

Harry tried not to flinch. That did not sound good. He led her over to the former study that had been converted to a relaxed dining room. He pulled out her chair across from where he had been sitting previously.

"Gabrielle came back from her visit with the intent on angering me." Fleur said as she poured herself a cup of coffee. She took a sip before adding anything. "You are improving."

"Thank you." Harry replied with a smile. "How did she do that?"

"The shirt you gave to Victoire to cuddle." Fleur answered. "She rubbed it against herself to spread your scent on her. It made it smell like you two had been intimate."

Harry chuckled.

"It was not funny." Fleur glared weakly at him. "Mother was there to keep us from tearing each other apart. There were claws involved."

"Oh." Harry stopped laughing.

"We spoke." Fleur continued. "It made me realize something that I had not allowed myself to admit."

Harry looked up at her.

"I love you, Harry Potter." She said with a bright smile. "I am yours. I want to have your babies." She placed a hand on her lower belly. "I am going to have your baby."

Harry's face went through a myriad of expressions. Guarded hope, elation, shock, confusion, and then pure joy before it went blank.

"Our baby?" Harry asked. "I'm going to be a daddy?"

Fleur nodded. Harry rushed around the table. He pulled her into a hug, pressing a deep kiss against her lips. Harry leaned back and rested a hand on her lower belly.

"What about Bill?" Harry asked after a moment.

"We are divorced." Fleur replied with a snort.

"You're getting divorced?" Harry asked.

"Non. We ARE divorced." Fleur answered. "He filed the paperwork through Gringotts the day that Gabrielle came back from her visit. He dropped it off on his way back to the work site. I told him I wanted a divorce and that we were sleeping together."

Harry blinked a few times. He tilted his head to the side.

"How did that go?" Harry asked. "Are you ok?"

Fleur waved away his concern. "It was nothing. Just like the rest of that relationship."

"I'm glad it was a clean break, but what an idiot." Harry shook his head.

Fleur nodded.

"What does that mean for us?" Harry asked.

"I am afraid there is only one thing to do." She sighed dramatically. "It falls to me to make an honest man out of you. We must be wed, live together, and have many, many babies."

"Are you asking me to marry you?" Harry chuckled.

"Would you expect anything less of me?" She countered. "I am your Veela."

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Fleur rested in the soft nest of blankets in the master bedroom. Giving birth in the magical world was much easier than the mundane. It was still painful, but there were potions to help the muscles become more flexible. Couple that with aftercare salves and a new mother experienced something that felt closer to a rigorous workout session.

Harry sat nearby, cuddled up on the bed beside her. They both marveled at the newest member of their family, Lily Apolline Potter. The majority of Veela had similar facial features, nearly exactly the same body type, blue eyes, and all of them had the same near-white, blonde hair. Lining up a group from a different parts of the world would look like a family gathering. Deviation on the form was minor if any happened at all. A slightly different shape to the nose, the lips might be a little fuller, or, on rare occasions, the hair was a different shade of blonde.

Their little girl, while clearly a Veela, had iridescent black hair. Though it did lack the Potter wildness. Teddy and Victoire were on the other side of Fleur. The family was completely enraptured, as was Fleur's mother, father, and sister.

"I have come to a decision." Gabrielle announced.

The family looked at her. They waited for her to continue.

"Pregnancy would not interrupt my research and I should be finished by the time the baby comes." She said it with pure confidence.

Harry looked to Fleur. His wife sighed and shook her head.

"That's great, Gabby." Harry said. "Who's the lucky guy?"

"You are, of course." She replied.

Harry blanched. He turned to Fleur. She nodded in agreement.

"There is no one that would be worthy of my sister." She said finally. "Count yourself lucky I am not well connected among my people. There would be a flock waiting for you. A powerful wizard like you would be a treasure for generations to come."

"Is it too late to move to Canada?" Harry muttered.