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Chapter 20 – A Princess & Her Shadow

~ Fleur Delacour ~

Fleur sat on the edge of the mattress; her hands clutched tightly in her lap. Her silver-blond hair fell loosely over her shoulders, free from the tight pins she had worn all day. She looked at her bare feet, her toes digging into the thick rug.

She was still trembling. Not from the cold—the heating charms in the carriage were hummed perfectly—but from the sheer, staggering weight of what had just happened, the adrenaline finally running out.

The glamour was gone.

The man she had known as Sebastian Gray, the silent, lethal shadow who had guarded her with such efficiency, was standing by the window. But he was not Sebastian. He was Harry Potter.

The lost child. The tragic ghost. The brother of the boy who had been paraded around as the saviour of their world.

He stood with his back to her, his broad shoulders braced against the window frame as he stared out into the dark, misty grounds of Hogwarts. He had shed his heavy dragon-hide coat, standing only in his thin black shirt, the fabric stretching tight over the hard muscles of his back.

Fleur's throat felt dry.

The Veela magic within her was quiet, no longer projecting the aggressive, defensive shield it did moments ago when his life's story had been shared. It had settled into a soft, warm hum, completely focused on the man by the window. She didn't feel the suffocating jealousy she had felt when she saw him with her mother, nor the sharp, biting anger she had carried all week.

She felt a raw, aching vulnerability. There were no more secrets between them. The mask had been ripped away, and beneath the scars and the dark magic, she had seen him. Really seen him.

"You are very quiet, 'arry," she said.

Her voice was a soft, tentative whisper, the heavy French accent wrapping around his true name for the first time. It felt strange on her tongue, yet incredibly right. It felt real.

Harry didn't flinch at the name.

He stood still for a long moment, then slowly turned around. His emerald eyes, no longer hidden behind the cold green ice of his glamour, looked at her. They were tired, shadowed by the ghosts of a childhood he had tried to burn away, but as they locked onto hers, the coldness melted.

"It's a strange feeling," Harry said, his voice a low, gravelly rumble. "Hearing that name from you. I've spent more than a decade trying to make sure no one ever said it again."

He walked toward the bed, his movements fluid and silent. He stopped a foot away from her, towering over her, but there was no threat in his posture. He looked down at her with an intensity that made her heart hammer against her ribs like a trapped bird.

"Are you afraid of me, Fleur?" he asked softly. "Now that you know what I am?"

Fleur looked up at him, her blue eyes wide and shining in the firelight. She stood up, her bare feet pressing into the rug, closing the final distance between them. She reached out, her hands trembling slightly as she rested them flat against his chest. She could feel the rapid, heavy thud of his heart beneath the fabric, the solid heat of his body radiating into her palms.

"Non," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "I am not afraid of you. I 'ave never been afraid of you, 'arry. I was afraid of ze shadow of being left in the dark. I was afraid of ze secrets. But now... zere are no more secrets."

She leaned her forehead against his chest, inhaling the scent of him that had become her anchor in this strange, cold country.

"I do not care about ze Potters," she said, her voice muffled against his shirt. "I do not care about ze British or ze lies. I care about you. Only you. I 'ave... I 'ave fallen for you, 'arry. Completely. Wizout any shields."

The confession was a physical weight leaving her chest.

She had spent weeks trying to tease him, trying to charm him with her allure, trying to play the game of seduction to prove she was strong enough to handle him. But now, stripped of all the games, the truth was simple. She loved him.

Harry let out a long, ragged breath. His arms slowly came up, wrapping around her waist, pulling her flush against his hard frame. He buried his face in the silver-blond waves of her hair, his grip tightening until she could barely breathe, but she didn't care. She wanted to be crushed by him. She wanted to melt into his skin.

"You're an idiot, Fleur," Harry murmured, his voice thick, carrying a warmth she had never heard from him before. "I'm a mess. I'm a weapon, a man whose profession is centred around killing. I bring nothing but trouble."

"Zen I shall be an idiot," she whispered, looking up at him, her lips parted. "But I am *your* idiot, 'arry."

He looked down at her, his emerald eyes dark with a sudden, overwhelming emotion. The cynicism, the professional distance, the anger—it all vanished, leaving only a raw, naked hunger that made her core clench with a sudden, heavy wetness.

"Fleur," he whispered her name like a vow.

He leaned down, his mouth catching hers in a kiss that was entirely different from the time before. It wasn't the dominant claiming like their lust-filled encounters.

It was slow. Worshipful.

His lips were warm, pressing against hers with a gentle, soft deliberation that made her knees feel weak. He tasted of the firewhisky he had sipped earlier, but beneath the spice was a sweetness that was entirely him. Fleur let out a soft, whimpering sigh, her hands sliding up his chest to wrap around his neck, her fingers tangling in the messy black locks of his hair.

He kissed her as if she were made of glass, as if a single rough movement would shatter her.

He slowly pulled back, his eyes searching hers. He reached down, his fingers finding the sash of her silk robe. He untied it with a slow, deliberate movement, parting the fabric to reveal the sheer white nightgown she wore beneath. His hands were warm as they slid under the silk, resting on her bare hips.

"Are you sure, Fleur?" he asked, his voice a low, gravelly murmur. "Once we do this... there is no going back."

"I do not want to go back," she said, her blue eyes locked onto his. "Take me, 'arry. Please."

He didn't answer with words.

He reached behind her, pulling the sheer nightgown over her head in one smooth, gentle motion. Fleur stood before him completely naked, her pale, creamy skin glowing like pearl in the firelight. Her breasts were heavy, the nipples already hard and rosy, her waist curving into hips that were soft and inviting.

Harry's breath hitched.

He had seen her naked before, countless times. But there was something different this time. He looked at her as if she were the only beautiful thing in a dark, decaying world. He quickly stripped off his own clothes, his boots clattering to the floor, until he stood bare before her. His

body was a map of muscle, his chest and arms marked by the silver scars of his past, but his cock was already fully erect, thick, heavy, and throbbing with a silent demand.

He lifted her easily, carrying her to the centre of the bed. The silk sheets were cool against her back, but the heat of Harry's body as he climbed over her instantly chased the chill away. He bracketed her hips with his knees, his shadow falling over her, but his eyes were soft.

He leaned down, kissing her collarbone, his mouth moving slowly down to the swell of her breast. He took one rosy nipple into his mouth, sucking gently, his tongue swirling around the sensitive bud.

"Ah... 'arry," Fleur gasped, her back arching off the mattress, her hands gripping his shoulders. The sensation was electric, a sweet, localized heat that shot straight to her core.

He moved to the other breast, treating it with the same gentle worship, his hand sliding down her stomach to rest on her thigh. He stroked the soft skin, his fingers moving slowly, teasingly, toward the damp heat between her legs.

Fleur parted her thighs for him, her heart hammering. She was wet, so wet, her juices already slicking her inner folds. As his fingers finally made contact with her swollen clit, she let out a sharp, trembling breath.

"You're beautiful, Fleur," Harry murmured, his fingers gently parting her labia. He found her clitoris, rubbing it with a light, circular motion that made her hips buck off the bed.

"Mon dieu... 'arry... please," she whimpered, her French accent thick and heavy.

He didn't rush. He slipped a single finger inside her, finding her incredibly tight, her walls clamping down on him like a vice. He felt the thin, delicate barrier of her hymen, the physical proof of her innocence. He paused, looking up at her face.

"It's going to hurt, Fleur," he whispered, his thumb soothing her clit. "Just for a moment."

"I know," she gasped, her eyes wet with tears of anticipation. "I do not care. I want you inside me. Only you."

Harry positioned himself between her thighs. He guided the head of his thick cock to her entrance, rubbing it against her wetness, coating himself in her juices. He leaned down, pressing his forehead against hers, his hands locking with hers on the pillow.

"Look at me," he commanded softly.

She looked. She locked her sapphire eyes onto his emerald ones, finding her strength in his gaze.

Slowly, with an agonizing, gentle deliberation, Harry pushed forward.

Fleur gasped, her eyes widening as she felt the thick, heavy ridge of his cock begin to stretch her open. He was massive, filling her to a degree she hadn't thought possible. As he hit the barrier, he paused, giving her time to adjust, his breath warm against her lips.

"Breathe, Fleur," he whispered. "Just breathe."

She took a ragged breath, her fingers tightening around his. "Now, 'arry. Do it."

With a single, firm thrust, Harry pushed through.

Fleur let out a sharp, high-pitched cry of pain, her body going rigid beneath him as the barrier tore. A hot, stinging sensation bloomed in her belly, her inner muscles clamping down on him in a desperate, tight spasm. Tears spilled over her lashes, wetly painting her cheeks.

Harry froze, holding himself deep inside her. He didn't move. He leaned down, kissing her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, whispering soft, gentle words of comfort against her skin.

"I've got you," he murmured, his voice a soothing caress. "The pain will go, Fleur. I promise. Just let yourself relax."

Fleur clung to him, her face buried in his neck. She took deep, shuddering breaths, focusing on the solid, warm weight of him inside her. Slowly, the sharp sting began to fade, replaced by a deep, throbbing ache that quickly transformed into a heavy, pulsing warmth. Her inner muscles relaxed, stretching to accommodate his impressive size, her own wetness lubricating the tight channel.

"It... it is gone," she whispered, looking up at him, a watery smile touching her lips. "Move, *mon amour*. Please."

He began to move.

It was a slow, rhythmic slide. He pulled out almost completely before driving back in, his movements incredibly gentle, worshipful. He was giving her time to feel the pleasure, to let the sensation build.

Fleur let out a soft, long groan, her hips automatically rising to meet his thrusts. The friction of his thick shaft against her newly opened walls was heaven, a sweet, agonizing pleasure that made her head spin.

"Ah... 'arry... mmm," she vocalized, her gasps filling the quiet carriage. She was vocal, her voice

carrying that distinct, throaty French lilt that made Harry's blood run hot. "You feel... so big... so warm..."

"You're so tight, Fleur," Harry groaned, the strain of his control visible in the tight lines of his jaw. "So perfect."

He increased the pace slightly, but he remained gentle, his thrusts steady and deliberate. Every time he bottomed out inside her, his pelvis hitting her mound with a soft, wet sound, Fleur let out a high, keening cry of pleasure. Her hands roamed his back, her nails scratching lightly at his skin, anchoring herself to him.

The pleasure built rapidly, a tight, hot coil in her belly that was expanding with every slide of his cock. She was close, so close, her inner walls pulsing around him.

"Harry... I'm going to... oh *mon dieu*!"

"Cum for me, Fleur," he whispered, driving deeper.

With a final, deep thrust, Fleur's body seized. A powerful, shattering climax ripped through her, her inner muscles contracting violently around his shaft in a series of intense, pulsing spasms. She screamed his name, a loud, ragged cry of pure ecstasy that echoed off the carriage walls, her head throwing back against the pillow.

The tightness of her release was the final straw for Harry. He let out a low, guttural roar, driving himself to the hilt inside her, and erupted. He pumped his hot, thick cum deep into her womb, his body shaking with the force of his release. He didn't stop until the last shudder wracked his frame, collapsing against her, his chest heaving, his face buried in her neck.

For a long moment, the only sound in the room were Fleur's desperate gasps for air.

Fleur lay beneath him, her heart hammering, her body tingling with the afterglow of her first climax. She felt stretched, filled, and utterly complete. She ran her fingers through his damp black hair, a soft, content smile resting on her lips.

But as the seconds ticked by, as her breathing began to settle, a different kind of heat began to simmer in her blood.

The memory of the library. The memory of the mirror. The memory of that day in her mother's room before she had to depart for France.

She had watched him with her mother. She had seen the raw, dominant predator he became when he let go of his control. She had seen the way he spanked her, the way he pulled her hair, the brutal, relentless pace that had turned the proud Apolline Delacour into a screaming,

sobbing mess of pure pleasure.

She had enjoyed the gentleness. She loved him for it.

But the Veela inside her was a creature of fire, and she didn't want to be treated like glass forever. She wanted to be consumed. She wanted to feel the beast for herself.

Fleur reached up, her hands finding his jaw. She forced him to look at her. His green eyes were soft, sated, and quiet.

"You were very gentle, 'arry," she whispered, her voice holding a sudden, challenging lilt. "And I loved it. But..."

Harry raised an eyebrow, his eyes narrowing slightly. "But?"

Fleur smirked, a wicked, defiant expression that she had inherited from her mother. She slid her hands down to his chest, pushing him up slightly so he was hovering over her.

"But I saw you wiz Maman," she said, her voice dropping into a low, purring whisper. "I know what you are, 'arry. I know ze beast inside you. And I do not want you to treat me like a doll anymore. I want you to take me. Properly. The way you took 'er."

She bit her lower lip, her sapphire eyes burning with a sudden, competitive fire. "Show me ze beast, 'arry. Be rough wiz me. Make me scream."

The words were a spark tossed into a powder keg.

Harry's green eyes darkened instantly, the soft warmth vanishing, replaced by a flash of raw, dominant hunger that made Fleur's stomach flip with a delicious, terrifying thrill. The predator was back.

"You're a brat, Fleur," Harry growled, his voice dropping into that deep, gravelly register. "You have no idea what you're asking for."

"Try me," she challenged.

Harry didn't waste another second.

He grabbed her wrists, his grip iron-hard, and pinned them flat against the pillow above her head. He didn't give her time to adjust. He pulled out of her wet heat with a wet, sucking sound, only to immediately reposition himself.

His cock was already rock-hard again, throbbing with a renewed, violent energy. He grabbed her by the hips, his fingers digging into her flesh with bruising force, and drove into her.

It wasn't gentle. It was a powerful, devastating thrust that buried him to the hilt in one motion.

Fleur let out a sharp, choked scream, her head throwing back, her eyes going wide as she felt him bottom out against her cervix. The sheer force of the impact shook her entire body, her inner walls scrambling to accommodate the sudden, massive intrusion.

"Ah! *Mon dieu!* 'arry!" she wailed, her voice cracking with the intensity of it.

"You wanted the beast, Fleur," Harry growled, leaning down so his lips brushed her ear. "Now you've got him."

He began to fuck her with a brutal, relentless pace. He hammered into her, his pelvis crashing against her rump with a wet, slapping sound that filled the room. He didn't pull out slowly; he yanked almost completely out before slamming back in, his weight driving her deep into the mattress with every stroke.

Fleur was incredibly vocal now.

The high-pitched, elegant gasps of her first round were gone, replaced by loud, ragged screams of pure, unadulterated ecstasy. She thrashed beneath him, her head moving side to side, her hair a silver tangle across the pillows.

"Oui! Just like zat! Ahhh! 'arder, 'arry! 'arder!" she screamed, her French accent thick and broken by the thrusts.

Harry released her wrists, but before she could bring her hands down, he grabbed her by the waist and flipped her over.

"Oof!" Fleur grunted as she landed on her hands and knees.

She didn't have time to complain. Harry knelt behind her, his hands gripping her wide hips, pulling her ass back until she was perfectly aligned. He entered her from behind in one smooth motion.

Fleur shrieked, her hands gripping the sheets, her back arching dangerously. The angle allowed him to go even deeper, hitting a spot that made her mind go entirely blank, her vision exploding in a shower of white sparks.

"Who do you belong to, Fleur?" he growled in her ear, his thrusts becoming faster, harder.

"Y-you!" she sobbed, her hips bucking back to meet his pelvic bone with a wet slap. "I am yours!"

Sebastien... 'arry... yours!"

"Good girl," he growled.

He began to hammer into her, his pace becoming a blur of motion. He grabbed her silver-blond ponytail, pulling her head back so her throat was bared, his other hand coming down hard on her right buttock.

SMACK!

The sound crackled through the carriage. Fleur let out a sharp, weeping gasp of pleasure, her ass cheek jiggling wildly, a bright red mark blooming on her pale skin.

"You like that, you little slut?" Harry growled, his voice raw and guttural. "You like being spanked like your mother?"

"YES! OUI! Spank me! Fuck me, 'arry! Break me!" she wailed, lost in the delirium of the pleasure.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

He spanked her repeatedly, turning her pale flesh a delicious shade of angry red. He fucked her without mercy, driving her higher and higher, her inner muscles pulsing and clamping down on his shaft with a desperate, tight spasm.

He bent over her, his mouth attaching to her neck, biting and sucking, marking her pale skin with purple bruises that would tell the entire world who she belonged to.

The room was echoing with the sound of their bodies colliding — the wet slap of flesh, the heavy, metallic clink of the headboard hitting the wall, her loud, broken screams, and his deep, animalistic grunts.

"I'm going to cum! 'arry! *Je jouis!* Ahhh!"

"Cum for me, Fleur!" he roared.

With a final, earth-shattering thrust, Harry bottomed out inside her, his hips locking against hers. He let out a loud, guttural shout as his release hit him, pumping jet after jet of hot, thick semen deep into her stretched canal.

Fleur convulsed, her own climax hitting at the exact same moment. She screamed his name, a

long, drawn-out wail of pure, unadulterated ecstasy, her body collapsing flat onto the mattress as her legs gave out.

They stayed there for a long time, Harry panting heavily against her back, occasionally kissing her back, his cum filling her completely.

Slowly, the world began to settle. The heavy, desperate gasps for air began to slow, the silence of the carriage returning, heavier now, filled with the thick, carnal scent of their sex.

Harry slowly withdrew, a thick, white stream of his semen immediately leaking from her stretched, swollen entrance, painting her inner thighs. He rolled onto his back, pulling her limp, exhausted body into his arms.

Fleur was blissfully exhausted.

Her muscles felt like jelly, her skin sensitive and warm. She let out a soft, content sigh, nuzzling her face deep into the crook of his neck, her silver hair spilling over his chest. She curled her leg over his hip, cuddling him tightly, her hand resting over his heart.

She could feel the steady, heavy thud of his heartbeat, the solid reality of him.

She had lost her virginity to the man who had won her heart, she had seen the beast, and she had never felt more loved, or more safe, in her entire life.

She fell asleep with a smile on her lips, her body leaking his warmth onto the sheets.

~ Harry Potter ~

The warmth of the carriage was a suffocating blanket that usually irritated Harry, but tonight, with Fleur's soft, exhausted form draped over his chest, it felt almost tolerable.

He lay in the dark, staring at the canopy of the bed. The rhythmic, steady rise and fall of her chest against his ribs was a grounding anchor. He ran a hand slowly down her back, tracing the smooth curve of her spine, his fingers lingering on the soft, sensitive skin of her hip. She let out a soft, sleeping sigh in response, her face nuzzling deeper into the hollow of his neck, her warm breath tickling his collarbone.

A faint trickle of his cum, mixed with her own juices, was slowly leaking from her pussy, wetly painting the inside of her thigh and the sheets beneath them. He didn't care about the mess. For the first time since he had stepped foot back in Britain, the constant, grinding pressure in his chest was gone. The storm of his magic had settled into a quiet, contented hum.

He had expected the revelation of his name to destroy him, to fracture his mind and unleash Wrath in a wave of chaotic destruction.

But instead, it had brought him this. This quiet, unbroken peace.

'You look remarkably settled, my Liege,' Wrath's voice rumbled in the back of his mind, the tone carrying a dry, amused respect. *'The Veela's magic seems to have done what my armour could not—provided you with a shield.'*

'Shut up, Wrath,' Harry thought back, a faint smile touching his lips. *'I'm trying to enjoy the silence.'*

'Enjoy it while it lasts, Master. The world does not let kings sleep for long.'

As if on cue, a sharp, aggressive sound cut through the quiet of the room.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

Harry's eyes snapped open, his emerald gaze instantly sharp, the lazy contentment vanishing in a heartbeat. He didn't move, careful not to wake the sleeping girl in his arms, but his hand instinctively twitched toward the nightstand where his wand lay.

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.

The sound was coming from the enchanted window.

Harry turned his head slowly.

Through the sheer velvet curtains, he could see a dark silhouette perched on the sill outside.

An owl.

And not just any owl—a large, aggressive screech owl with mottled brown feathers, aggressively tapping its sharp beak against the glass.

Harry let out a silent, weary sigh.

He slowly disentangled himself from Fleur's grasp. She whimpered slightly at the loss of his body heat, her arms reaching out blindly in her sleep before she curled into a ball, clutching the pillow he had just vacated. He pulled the thick duvet up to her shoulders, tucking it gently around her chin, before sliding out of the bed.

He didn't bother getting dressed, standing naked in the cool air of the room, his hard, scarred muscles gleaming in the dim light of the hearth. He walked to the window, his movements silent,

and flicked his wrist.

The locking charms on the window clicked open. He slid the glass pane up.

The cold Scottish wind rushed into the room, bringing with it the scent of pine and damp earth. The screech owl hopped onto the sill, ruffling its feathers aggressively, its yellow eyes glaring at him as if he had personally insulted its lineage by making it wait. Attached to its leg was a thick, heavy parchment letter sealed with a blob of purple wax—the distinctive seal of the Hogwarts Headmaster.

Harry untied the letter, his fingers steady. The moment the parchment left its leg, the owl let out a sharp, demanding click of its beak.

Harry rolled his eyes. He reached onto the small table nearby where Fleur kept a dish of dried, sugar-coated almonds. He tossed a couple to the bird. The owl snatched them out of the air, swallowed them whole, and let out a slightly more agreeable huff.

Harry unrolled the parchment.

The elegant, looping script of Albus Dumbledore was unmistakable.

Harry,

I must request your presence in my office immediately. The circumstances of your selection, and indeed, your survival, require our urgent attention. The Ministry officials, along with your parents, are currently waiting. We must discuss the path forward.

Albus Dumbledore

Harry stared at the letter, his eyes narrowing.

A summons. Now. In the middle of the night, after he had just spent the last hour coming to terms with the circumstances.

The sheer, staggering arrogance of the old man, made Harry's blood simmer. Dumbledore thought he could still command him. He thought that pulling the name *Harry Potter* from a cup gave him the right to demand Harry's presence like a disobedient student.

And the Potters would be there.

James and Lily, undoubtedly weeping, clutching their hands, desperate to play the role of the doting, remorseful parents who had finally found their lost lamb.

Harry let out a low, dangerous hiss of air through his teeth.

"A headache," he muttered to himself. "An absolute, inevitable headache."

He wasn't going. Not tonight. He had no desire to deal with their tears, their explanations, or their frantic, guilt-ridden apologies while his skin was still warm from Fleur's touch. But he knew that simply ignoring it would only bring them to the carriage, disrupting the peace he had promised to protect.

He needed time. And he needed reinforcements.

Harry walked to the small writing desk in the corner of the room. He conjured a small scrap of parchment from thin air with a silent flick of his wand. He picked up a quill, dipping it in the black inkpot, and wrote a single word in a sharp, aggressive script:

Tomorrow.

He folded the scrap of parchment, sealing it with a drop of simple, un-marked wax. He walked back to the window, tying the note securely to the screech owl's leg.

"Take this back to the old man," Harry whispered, his voice cold. "Tell him he can wait. And if you tap on my window again, bird, I'll have Wrath pluck your feathers out one by one."

The owl let out a sharp hoot, spread its wings, and launched itself back into the rainy night, disappearing into the darkness toward the castle.

Harry sat down at the desk, the cool wood of the chair grounding him. He looked at the blank parchment before him. He knew Dumbledore wouldn't let this go. The Ministry, the Daily Prophet, the Potters—they would all be circling him like vultures tomorrow, demanding a piece of Harry Potter.

He was powerful, yes. He had Wrath, and he had his training. But in the arena of British politics, he was alone.

Grindelwald couldn't step into the light to help him without starting a war, and Madame Maxime's influence had its limits. Fleur's family could also only do so much when they had to navigate their own treacherous waters of bureaucracy.

He needed leverage.

He needed someone who knew the system, someone who had the political weight to keep the Ministry off his back, and someone who actually cared about *him*, not the "Boy-Who-Lived's" tragic brother.

He dipped his quill into the inkpot.

He began to write, his hand moving with a quick, decisive stroke. He laid out the situation, the legal binding of the Goblet, and the necessity of having *him* standing behind him when the storm broke tomorrow.

A soft, warm presence pressed against his back.

Fleur had woken up, missing his heat. She had padded across the room, completely naked, her silver-blonde hair falling in a wild, messy curtain over her shoulders. She wrapped her arms around his neck from behind, burying her face in the crook of his shoulder, her warm skin a beautiful contrast to the cool air of the room.

"What are you doing?" she murmured, her voice thick with sleep, her lips brushing his ear. "It is... too early for writing."

Harry smiled, leaning his head back against her shoulder, his hand coming up to cup her thigh where it rested against his chair.

"Just needed to sort some things out for tomorrow, princess," Harry whispered, his green eyes glinting with a dark, confident light as he finished the final lines of the letter.

Fleur opened her eyes slightly, her gaze drifting to the parchment on the desk. She saw his name, written in his true, elegant hand, and she saw the opening line of the missive.

Dear...

She smiled, a slow, victorious curve of her lips, and kissed his cheek.

"Good," she whispered, her grip on his neck tightening. "Let the dogs bark. The beast 'as 'is pack."

Author's Note

Reviews, likes, comments, all are very welcomed. Let me know your thoughts on the current chapter. See you soon.



