

Chapter 4

"You know," Gabrielle said idly, stabbing at a grape on her plate, "I could just watch you two tonight."

Fleur paused in the middle of drawing her eyeliner. She glanced at her sister's reflection in the vanity mirror, her hand still raised to her face, and the corner of her mouth slowly curved upward.

"Pardon?"

"You 'eard me," Gabrielle said, popping the grape into her mouth with an air of perfect innocence.

She was sitting cross-legged on the bed, her plate of fruit balanced on her knee, watching Fleur get ready. The dress Fleur had laid out on the armchair was absolutely criminal, a midnight blue thing with a neckline that plunged and a hem that stopped well short of anywhere respectable. Gabrielle had assessed it when she first came in and kept her opinions to herself. Mostly.

"You're joking," Fleur said.

"Am I?" Gabrielle tilted her head, looking the picture of innocence.

Fleur finished her eyeliner and turned around on her stool to face her sister properly, crossing her legs and resting her chin on her hand. Her expression was somewhere between amused and thoroughly entertained.

"You are unbelievable," she said, but she was smiling. "Completely, utterly unbelievable."

"I prefer 'practical'," Gabrielle said. "I'm already 'earing everyzing anyway. At least if I watch I'd actually learn somezing useful."

"Oh, now we're back to 'educational'," Fleur said, her voice rich with mockery.

Gabrielle waved her fork dismissively. "I'm serious. My veela maturity is done, which means at some point, I will actually 'ave to do zese zings. And I'd like to not be a complete disaster when ze time comes."

"You won't be a disaster."

"You don't know zat."

"I do know zat," Fleur said, not unkindly but with the certainty of someone who has looked at her sister and made an assessment she trusts. "You're clever, you're confident when you want to be, and you look ze way you look. Ze combination is not one zat tends to produce disasters."

"Being pretty doesn't mean you know what you're doing," Gabrielle said.

"Non," Fleur agreed. "But it 'elps enormously with ze nerves of whoever you're doing it with. Believe me."

Gabrielle was quiet a moment. "It's easy to say zat when you've never been nervous about it a day in your life."

"What was zat?"

"Easy for you to say," Gabrielle said a bit louder, picking through her fruit. "You're you. You've never had to worry about zat sort of zhing in your life."

"What is zat supposed to mean?"

"It means," Gabrielle said, gesturing vaguely at her sister's general existence, "zat you look like zat. You walk into a room and every person in it loses zeir mind. You've never once had to wonder if someone would want you."

Fleur studied her sister for a moment, then got up from her vanity stool and moved to sit on the edge of the bed beside her. She reached over and stole a strawberry from Gabrielle's plate.

"You look like me," she said simply.

"I look like a smaller, less impressive version of you."

"Gabrielle."

"It's true," Gabrielle said, not with self-pity but with a matter-of-fact tone, as if she was stating the obvious. "You're," she gestured again, "zis. And I'm," another vague gesture at herself, "zis."

Fleur looked at her sister. Really looked at her, without any sentiment or bias. She didn't want to flatter her sister or lie to her.

Gabrielle was sitting there in a loose shirt and shorts, completely unadorned, her silvery hair pulled up in a messy knot, and she was still almost disarmingly beautiful. Her skin was flawless, her features sharp and delicate all at once, her lips naturally full in a way that drew attention without trying. The shorts she had on were short enough that the full, generous curve of her thighs was entirely on display, and the shirt she wore, while loose, could not hide what was underneath it. The fabric shifted with her breathing and the shape it suggested was not subtle.

"Gabrielle," Fleur said, her eyes drifting over her sister with frank appreciation, the way a woman acknowledges another woman's figure without pretense. "Look at yourself. Really look."

"I do look at myself. Zat's how I know —"

"Those legs of yours go on forever," Fleur said, nodding pointedly at them. "I know men who would do embarrassing zings to get your attention."

Gabrielle blinked.

"And your tits," Fleur continued bluntly, her eyes moving there casually, "are arguably as good than mine."

"They are not."

"Zey are round," Fleur said, as though discussing the weather. "Fuller now, too, now zat your maturity is fully done. And zey sit very high. It's quite spectacular, honestly." She tilted her head, appraising. "And with zat waist you have, ze contrast is," she made a small gesture that conveyed considerable admiration, "notable."

Gabrielle's cheeks were going pink despite her best efforts. "Stop it."

"I'm being honest. You asked me to be 'onest." Fleur stole another strawberry. "And your backside, mon dieu, Gabby. I saw 'Arry trying very hard not to stare at it when you came down for breakfast last Tuesday."

The effect was immediate. Gabrielle's breath caught, and a flush rushed up her neck, staining her cheeks a deep, satisfying rose. She suddenly became very interested in her remaining grapes.

"He was not," she said, her voice about half an octave higher than usual.

"He was," Fleur said, entirely untroubled by the admission. "You bent over to pick up your textbook and he looked away very quickly and pretended to be very interested in his coffee. It was quite obvious."

Gabrielle said nothing. She was doing a remarkable job of appearing focused on her fruit, though her fork had been hovering over the same grape for the last ten seconds.

Fleur watched her with bright, delighted eyes. "You're blushing."

"I'm not."

"Your face is the color of my lipstick."

"It's warm in 'ere."

Fleur laughed, the sound full and genuine. "Oh, Gabby. You're thrilled."

"I am not thrilled," Gabrielle said, and then ruined it entirely by smiling despite herself. "I'm just," she cleared her throat, "surprised. Zat's all. Does it not bother you?"

"Zat 'Arry noticed you have a spectacular arse?" Fleur picked up her lipstick from the nightstand and uncapped it, tilting her head in consideration. "Non. Not even slightly."

"Really."

"Really," Fleur said, matter-of-factly. "You're a fully matured veela, Gabby. You 'ave tits and an arse zat would make a saint's eyes wander. It would 'ave been strange if he hadn't noticed." She paused, applying the lipstick and checking her reflection. "He loves me. A glance is just a glance."

Gabrielle hummed. She was quiet for a moment, and then her lips curved into something small and pleased that she clearly wasn't trying very hard to suppress. She resumed eating.

Fleur watched her with a fond smile, turning the lipstick over in her fingers. Her little sister, sitting there glowing quietly like someone had lit a small, warm candle inside her. It was endearing, really. And also a little funny.

"You know," Gabrielle said after a comfortable beat, pulling her knee up to her chest, "while we're talking about all of zis. Ze silencing charms."

Fleur's expression became supremely neutral. "What about zem."

"You need to actually use zem." Gabrielle pointed her fork. "Last night. Ze night before. Ze night before zat. Honestly, Fleur, do you 'ave any idea how much I am putting up with? I 'ave my NEWTs coming up. I need to sleep. What I do not need is to lie zere in ze dark listening to," she cleared her throat with great feeling, "you."

"Well," Fleur said, "you could always use zem yourself."

"I do! I do use zem." Gabrielle sounded genuinely aggrieved. "And zen something happens at some point in ze night, maybe ze charm fades or maybe you two are simply zat loud, and I 'ave to keep reapplying zem because apparently whatever I cast isn't strong enough, and it is exhausting, Fleur, truly it is."

"Poor zing," Fleur said, completely unrepentant.

"I 'ave to apply ze charm, fall asleep, wake up because somehow I 'ear it anyway, apply it again, fall back asleep—it is a whole ordeal, Fleur. A genuine ordeal. And you don't seem bothered at all."

"We're not actually zat loud," Fleur said serenely, knowing perfectly well they were exactly that loud and having already made her peace with it.

Gabrielle stared at her sister for a long moment. "You screamed 'is name so 'ard Tuesday night I zought you'd pulled somezing."

Fleur bit the inside of her cheek. Her expression held for another second, then cracked. She turned back to her mirror.

"Well," she said.

"You're laughing," Gabrielle said flatly.

"I'm not."

"Your shoulders are shaking, Fleur."

"I'm cold."

"You're absolutely insufferable," Gabrielle said, but there was no real heat in it. She watched her sister collect herself in the mirror, that small satisfied glow about her that had everything to do with the night and nothing to do with being cold. "Fine. Fine. If you won't use ze charms, zen just let me watch. I've already 'eard everything zere is to 'ear. At zis point it would be genuinely less disturbing to actually see it."

"Ze answer," Fleur said pleasantly, reaching for her eyeshadow palette, "is still non."

"But —"

"Non, Gabby."

"I'm just saying zat at zis point, after everything I've involuntarily witnessed —"

"Non."

"You are the most unreasonable person I 'ave ever —"

"Non." Fleur turned around and fixed her sister with a calm, pleasant, utterly final look. "Apply your own charms, go to sleep, and stop asking me zis. One day you'll 'ave your own apartment and your own boyfriend and you can be as loud as you like, and I will not complain even once."

Gabrielle sank back against the headboard and sighed. "I can't believe you're my favorite person sometimes."

"I know," Fleur said warmly. "It's a burden for both of us."

"So," Gabrielle said, studying Fleur's reflection. "What time is 'Arry back?"

"Soon." Fleur secured a pin.

"Hmm." Gabrielle pulled her knee up to her chest. "Where are you two going?"

"Zere's a place he likes. A Muggle club in the city. We go sometimes."

Gabrielle accepted this with a nod, though she kept her eyes carefully on her plate. The pleased color was still in her cheeks. She couldn't seem to make it go away and had clearly stopped trying.

Fleur returned to her vanity and picked up her mascara wand. There was a comfortable quiet for a few minutes, just the small sounds of Fleur working and Gabrielle eating.

"Are you going to be alright on your own?" Fleur asked, her eyes still on the mirror.

"I'm of age, Fleur."

"I know how old you are."

"Zen stop asking me zat like I'm twelve."

"Force of 'abit," Fleur said, entirely unbothered. "You'll eat properly? Zere's leftover ratatouille in the fridge. Don't just 'ave toast and call it dinner."

"I won't 'ave just toast."

"You 'ad just toast last Friday."

"I was busy studying."

"You can study and also eat a real meal, Gabby, ze two are not mutually exclusive." Fleur set down the mascara and uncapped her blush. "And don't stay up waiting for us. You look terrible when you don't get proper sleep."

Gabrielle threw a grape at the back of her head. Fleur caught it without turning around and set it primly on the vanity edge.

"Veela reflexes," she said.

"I hate you," Gabrielle said pleasantly.

"No you don't."

She sat back on her stool and surveyed herself critically. Her hair was done, her makeup immaculate, and all she had left was to put on the dress. She looked, by any reasonable measure, extraordinary. She tilted her head.

"How do I look?" she asked lightly, knowing she looked good.

Gabrielle didn't even hesitate. "Utterly fuckable," she said. "Truly. Ze moment 'Arry sees you in zat dress, he is going to want to turn directly around and take you back upstairs. I give it thirty seconds before 'e tries."

Fleur laughed, pushing up from the vanity stool. She picked up the dress from the armchair, stepped into it, and zipped it up with a small shimmy that settled it into place over her hips and chest. She turned back to face her sister.

Gabrielle looked at her and sighed. "Merde," she said, with sincere respect. "Yeah. You're not leaving zis flat, 'e'll never let you."

"Good," Fleur said, smoothing the fabric over her hips with satisfied hands. "Zen I suppose you'll get exactly what you've been asking for."

Gabrielle gave her a long, fond look. "How kind of you," she said dryly. "Making all my dreams come true."

"Don't start," Fleur said, laughing as she went to the mirror for a final look.

They came down the stairs together a few minutes later, Gabrielle with her empty plate and Fleur with her small clutch, looking perfectly composed and in her element.

They'd barely reached the bottom step when a soft crack echoed from the front hallway.

Harry walked through the door and stopped.

He'd come straight from work, still in his dark robes from the Ministry, and the split second after he saw Fleur, he completely forgot to say anything at all. His eyes moved over her slowly, from the low neckline to the way the dress sat on her hips to the legs it left out in the open, and he stood exactly where he was.

"Right," he said at last, his voice coming out lower than he intended. "We're going right back to our room."

Gabrielle burst out laughing.

Fleur crossed the room to him, her heels clicking against the floor, and took his lapels in her hands. "Hello to you too," she said, tilting her face up.

Harry kissed her without further ceremony, one hand coming to the curve of her waist, and the way he kissed her left very little ambiguity about where his mind was. Fleur leaned into it, her fingers curling in his lapels, and they were immediately somewhere well beyond what any reasonable third party wanted to witness.

Gabrielle stood on the stairs and watched them.

Something tightened in her chest the moment she saw Harry's face, the way he'd gone completely still and then looked at Fleur like she'd walked out of a painting specifically for him. She knew that look. She'd been watching him look at her sister with some version of that look ever since they got together, but it still landed somewhere it had no business landing.

"Oh, brilliant," she said, mostly to herself. "Off to a wonderful start. We're all going to be very mature about zis."

They didn't stop.

She watched another moment, against her better judgment. Harry's hand had moved from Fleur's waist to the curve of her back, pulling her in closer, and Fleur made a sound into the kiss that bounced pleasantly off the hallway walls and went directly into Gabrielle's ears.

Right.

"I'm right here," Gabrielle said, more pointedly. "Zere are plans. You said zere were plans." Her voice came out slightly less steady than she intended, and she was very

aware of that, so she cleared her throat firmly. "Don't actually get started, you two. You 'ave somewhere to be."

Fleur pulled back. Her lipstick was thoroughly ruined, smudged over her mouth and, memorably, transferred in a vivid print to the center of Harry's lips. Harry pressed his mouth together and then clearly thought better of pretending that wasn't there.

"Welcome home," Gabrielle said to him, very dryly.

"Cheers," he said, equally dry, with evident effort to collect himself. He stole another quick kiss off Fleur while she was still catching her breath, which made her laugh and push at his shoulder.

"Go and get ready," she told him, already turning toward the small mirror on the wall to fix her mouth. "You 'ave ten minutes."

"I'll be five," he said, and smacked her ass on his way past, cleanly and without breaking stride, which made her gasp and spin around.

"'Arry!"

He was already halfway up the stairs, grinning. He gave Gabrielle a brief, amused look as he passed her on the way up, not at all embarrassed about any of this. Gabrielle tracked him with her eyes until he disappeared around the landing.

She turned back. Fleur had turned around from the mirror too, dabbing at her ruined mouth. She caught Gabrielle's eyes and read the look on her face immediately, the way she always could.

"Don't," Fleur said.

"I didn't say anyzing."

"You are doing ze face."

"I don't 'ave a face."

"You absolutely 'ave a face." Fleur turned back to the mirror. "You've 'ad it since 'e came through the door."

Gabrielle descended the last few steps and tucked her hands into her pockets. "I'm just impressed by ze lack of restraint, zat's all. Funny, all I saw was —"

"Gabrielle."

"— you two being entirely ready to ignore ze plans entirely and —"

"Gabrielle."

"I'm just saying I feel very seen," she finished, "in my earlier assessment. About what would 'appen when he saw you in zat dress. You lasted approximately thirty seconds before proving me exactly right."

Fleur's cheeks went just slightly pinker than they already were. She pressed her lips together against a smile, reapplying her lipstick with great dignity.

"It was a kiss," she said finally.

"Uh-huh."

"You are insufferable."

"I learned from ze best." Gabrielle hopped the last step, gave her sister a fond sideways look, and tucked her smile away. "Go 'ave fun. And Fleur."

Fleur glanced at her reflection, then her sister's.

"Ze charms," Gabrielle said, pointing one finger. "Please. For the love of everything. Use ze charms."

Fleur's smile was radiant and completely unrepentant. "I'll consider it."

Gabrielle shook her head slowly. But she was smiling too as she watched her sister finish fixing herself up, and if there was something quiet and a little wistful underneath the amusement, she kept it exactly where it belonged.

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The club was the kind of place that swallowed you whole the moment you walked through the door.

It wasn't enormous, but the music hit you in the chest before you even made it inside, a deep, rolling bass that settled into your bones and made your pulse adjust to match it. The lights were low and colored, moving in slow patterns across the crowd, and the air was warm and smelled like spilled drinks and perfume.

Harry had one hand on the small of Fleur's back as they made their way through the crowd to the bar. The dress was even more unreasonable in this light. He'd made peace with the fact that people were looking at her because they always looked at her, and because she was always worth looking at, and because she had never once in her life needed his feelings about it to stop.

She ordered for them both, leaning over the bar and saying something to the bartender in rapid English with a thick French accent, coming back with two glasses of something dark.

"What is it?" he asked, taking his.

"Drink it," she said, and clinked her glass to his.

He did. It was good. He didn't ask again.

They found a space at the edge of the floor, close enough to the music to feel it properly but with enough room to breathe, and they'd been there less than ten minutes before Fleur had her back against his front, his hands on her hips, and they were moving. She danced with total ease, the way she did everything, with the sense that she was the one setting the rhythm and the music was simply agreeing with her choices.

Harry held her, his hands moving from her hips to her waist, her back against his chest, and they settled into the particular kind of dancing that is mostly an excuse for two people to get their hands on each other in public.

She turned her head, lifting her chin, and said something close to his ear. He bent to hear her.

"I told Gabrielle, by ze way. About you noticing 'er backside."

Harry leaned back. "You what?"

Fleur's eyes were bright and pleased with herself. "She went bright red," she said, matching his volume to the music. "It was adorable."

"Fleur," Harry said.

"What? She liked it." Fleur turned in his arms to face him, her hands going to his chest. "Don't act like you weren't looking."

"I," Harry said, and then stopped, because the honest answer was not entirely in his favor. "She bent right over without warning. It wasn't intentional."

"She knows," Fleur said easily. "It's fine. It pleased 'er enormously. She glowed for about ten minutes after I told 'er."

Harry studied her face. There was something at the edges of this conversation, something Fleur was steering toward. He'd been with her long enough to recognize when she was circling something on purpose.

"Why are you telling me this?" he said.

Fleur smiled. Her hands slid up his chest, and she tilted her chin up.

"She brought up ze watching again, by ze way," she said. "Tonight. While I was getting ready."

He raised an eyebrow.

"She raised ze subject of ze silencing charms as well," Fleur continued, her voice light with amusement. "Gave me quite ze speech about 'ow exhausting it is for 'er. 'Ow she 'as to keep reapplying zem. Very put-upon." She paused, her eyes holding his. "And

zen asked again if she could just watch instead, since she's already 'eard everything anyway."

There it was. Harry looked at her steadily, holding her eyes, and what he saw there was exactly what he'd suspected.

"And what did you say?" he asked.

"I said non. But I 'ave to say, 'Arry, when she said it, and I told 'er no," her tongue touched her upper lip very briefly, "I could see what she was imagining. And I thought about it." Her eyes didn't waver. "I could not stop thinking about it, honestly. Ze two of us. And 'er, watching."

Harry's hands tightened slightly where they rested on her waist. The music moved around them and the crowd moved and none of it was particularly relevant at this moment.

"Is that so?" he said.

"It is," she said. "And you're interested. Don't lie to me. I know your face, 'Arry."

He was quiet for exactly one second. "I'm not lying."

Fleur's eyes flashed with something warm and electric. Her hips shifted against his in a slow roll that was not strictly about the music, feeling him up.

"You want to talk about something?" he said.

"I want you to tell me I'm terrible," she said hotly, her lips curving.

"For thinking about it?"

"For doing what I do," she said, her voice dropping a register. "You've noticed, haven't you? When we're all three in a room togezzer and I—" she tilted her head in a small, eloquent gesture, "—and she's right zere and I know she can 'ear everyzing and I make sure she does."

Harry looked at her. The warmth between them had shifted into something else now, still easy, still close, but full of sensuality.

"Yeah," he said. "I've noticed."

Fleur watched his face with intent, satisfied eyes. "Does it bother you?"

"Does it look like it bothers me?"

She rolled her hips against him again, and felt the answer to that question register. Her smile spread slowly. "No," she said. "It does not."

"She's shown a remarkable amount of restraint, all things considered," Harry said, keeping his voice low, his mouth close to her ear now. "A newly matured veela, living in our flat, hearing everything. She hasn't actually done anything."

"She is remarkably composed," Fleur agreed, her fingers curling into his shirt.

"And you keep making it harder for her," Harry said. "Intentionally. You're a terrible person."

Fleur's eyes darkened at the tone of his voice. "I know," she said, and the way she said it was anything but regretful.

Harry looked at her for a moment. "You're a dirty girl," he said. "Doing zat to your own sister."

Fleur made a sound low in her throat, her hips pressing forward into his. "Say zat again."

"No."

"'Arry."

"I'll say it again later," he said, his hands sliding from her waist to her hips to the curve of her backside through the thin fabric of the dress, pulling her in with a firm grip. She exhaled against his throat, her nails digging lightly into his chest through his shirt.

They danced. Or they did the thing that functions as dancing when two people have completely stopped caring about the music. Her back was against his front again, his arms around her, his mouth at her neck, and she let her head fall back against his shoulder and closed her eyes for a moment.

"'Arry," she murmured.

"Mm."

"Take me somewhere."

He already had his hand in hers. She went willingly, her pulse already ahead of the rest of her, and the door swung shut behind them on the warmth and the noise and the rest of the evening.

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The alley ran alongside the back of the building, narrow and dim, the music reduced to a muffled thud through the brick wall. The air outside was cooler, sharp after the warmth of the club, and Fleur exhaled as the door swung shut behind them.

Harry had her backed against the wall before she finished the exhale.

She pulled him in by the collar of his shirt and kissed him hard, the way she'd been thinking about since the front door of their flat, since he'd looked at her in that

hallway with his mouth pressed together and his hands moving to her waist. He kissed her back with both hands braced against the wall on either side of her, then one hand dropped to her hip and the other found her thigh, sliding beneath the hem of her dress.

She gasped into his mouth.

His fingers found the edge of her knickers and she tilted her hips toward him, her heel lifting off the ground. The wall was cold through the thin fabric at her back and Harry was warm everywhere else as she arched into him, her hands in his hair.

“Arry,” she breathed.

He worked the fabric to the side and touched her, and the sound she made echoed against the brick. She bit her lip, hard, trying to keep it down, not succeeding particularly well.

“Someone will ‘ear,” she managed.

“This was your idea,” he said against her jaw.

“I didn’t say stop.”

She could feel him smile against her skin. His fingers moved, spreading her wide and pushing inside her, and in no time, she was a writhing mess against him. She pulled at his hair, her knee coming up against his hip, and it took her embarrassingly little time in this state to be completely gone. She was already gone, had been gone since the club, since the flat, since he’d walked through the front door and looked at her like that. All he was doing now was finishing what the last three hours had started.

“Arry,” she gasped, the word coming out thin and high as he began rubbing his thumb over her clit, “I swear if you stop now I will —” but she didn’t finish the threat because he didn’t stop, and her head dropped back against the wall. She stopped caring about volume entirely.

When she came, it was with his name half-swallowed in her throat and her nails leaving marks through his shirt. He held her through it, her weight against him, one hand still working her lower lips, the other arm steady around her back, and she rode it out in trembling fragments until she was limp against him, breathing hard into his shoulder.

“Merde,” she whispered eventually.

“Yeah,” he agreed, not remotely humble about it.

She laughed breathlessly and pulled her head up to look at him. His expression in the dim light was dark and focused on her and she felt another bolt of heat go through her despite herself.

“Now,” she said, reaching for his belt.

“Here?”

“Right now,” she confirmed, pulling it loose with efficient hands.

He didn’t argue. She got his trousers open and he shifted, both hands going to her hips, lifting her clean off the ground so her legs wrapped around him and her back pressed full against the wall. The dress rode up and she reached down between them, guiding him. He pressed against her entrance and in no time, he pushed into her. They both went completely still for a moment as he slid inside, burying himself to the hilt inside her gushing quim.

The music still thumped through the wall. Somewhere down the street a car passed, oblivious. The alley was empty, dark, and entirely indifferent to them.

Harry took one good look at her before he moved, and nothing else was relevant.

He fucked her slow and deep at first, each movement meant to draw out her pleasure, his hands firm on the backs of her thighs where he held her up, and his forehead against hers. She had one hand clamped on his shoulder and the other twisted in his shirt, and she moved with him, matching him, her hips rolling to meet each thrust.

“Fuck,” he said, rough, his lips brushing her cheek.

She turned her head, captured his mouth, kissed him open and desperate while he kept moving, and the sounds she made into the kiss were the kind she usually reserved for when there was definitely nobody nearby to hear them. Well, nobody apart from her dear sister.

He picked up the pace and she broke the kiss with a sharp exhale, throwing her head back with a gasp.

There was nothing careful about it now. He drove into her and she took it gladly, her legs locked around him, her back scraping against the brick wall with each thrust and not caring at all. He had one hand pressed flat to the wall to hold on and the other hooked under her knee, angling her, and all she could do was whisper his name and moan in sheer bliss.

“Arder,” she gasped.

He obliged. The wall was unforgiving and the angle was sharp and it was exactly, precisely perfect. She could feel everything building again, impossibly quickly, because the whole evening had been foreplay and her body had very little left to give before it came apart entirely.

“Arry,” she said, her voice cracking on it. “Arry, I’m —”

“I know,” he said, strained. “I know, come on —”

With a wail, she shattered. It hit harder than the first time, and she buried her face in his shoulder as she shook through it, her walls gripping him tightly. Harry’s rhythm stuttered and he followed her over in no time, spilling deep inside her in thick, hot spurts.

His breath was hot against her neck and his hands were gripping her so hard she would feel them tomorrow.

They stayed like that for a long moment. Him with his head dropped against the wall beside hers, her with her face in his neck, both of them breathing. The bass from the club still thumped through the brick at her back. Somewhere above them a window was open, and they heard a brief burst of conversation before it was gone.

Eventually, Fleur became aware of her surroundings again. The brick, the cool air, the state of her dress, the way her legs had gone comprehensively unreliable, and how deliciously her creampie'd pussy throbbed.

She unlocked her legs from his waist carefully and he set her down, her heels finding the uneven ground. His hands steadied her until she'd confirmed her knees intended to function.

She looked up at him.

He looked thoroughly, wonderfully disheveled. His shirt was untucked, his hair in a state that would take at least a minute to sort, and his neck marked faintly where her teeth had been a few moments ago. He was looking down at her with the expression he always had after they had sex, that particular mix of satisfied and soft, like he'd come home.

She probably looked similar or worse. She found she had absolutely no concerns about it.

"I need a mirror," she said.

"You look fine."

"I look like I was just fucked against a wall in an alley."

"You were just fucked against a wall in an alley."

She pressed her lips together, hiding her smile. "True." She smoothed her dress down over her hips with both hands, working it back into something that looked, and ran her fingers through her hair. Whatever she'd done to it earlier in the evening was thoroughly gone. She tilted her chin up anyway and smiled at him.

"Good evening," she said.

Harry laughed. He tucked his shirt back in, ran a hand through his own hair without any notable result, and then reached out and corrected a strand of hers that had gone entirely sideways.

"Better?" he said.

She took his hand as he lowered it and turned it over, pressing her lips to his palm. He curved his fingers against her cheek, his thumb brushing just below her eye.

“Much,” she said.

The door to the club opened further along the alley, spilling a brief wash of music and two strangers who had their own evening to be getting on with. They went the other direction without a glance.

Fleur turned back to Harry, her hand still in his. She leaned her shoulder against the wall beside her, looking at him in the dim light, and he looked back.

“Gabrielle is going to ask how ze evening was,” she said.

“She will,” Harry agreed.

Fleur’s smile was bright and warm and entirely wicked. “I’m going to tell her it was very educational.”

Harry shook his head slowly, his mouth losing the battle it was clearly fighting against itself. “You are completely incorrigible.”

“Mm.” She pushed off the wall, stepped toward him, and tilted her chin up to press a final kiss to his mouth. “But you love it.”

He didn’t argue with that, because there was nothing to argue with.

To be continued...