

“So, Harry, have you worked out your plan for the Second Task yet?”

Fleur’s innocent question got Harry unexpectedly flustered. He’d been quite relaxed and happy, having just received an enthusiastic kiss as thanks for letting Fleur borrow his beautiful snowy owl, Hedwig, to carry a letter home to her parents that would inform them of her new relationship before the papers inevitably pushed out their own version of events. But now he ducked his head and looked away.

“Err...” He tucked his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and she could see his pale cheeks heating up. Watching him blush was adorable, but she didn’t see what he would be embarrassed about.

“It is fine if you don’t want to share your plan with me,” she said. “I know we are technically competitors in the Triwizard Tournament, and I do hope to win.” Since his hands were still in his pockets, she squeezed his shoulder. “But winning is not nearly as important to me as knowing that you are as prepared as you can be for the tasks that await us.”

Though measures had been taken to make the modern competition less risky than the often fatal older versions of the tournament, it was still an event meant for students who had nearly completed their schooling. Harry might be of age, but he still had several years left at Hogwarts, putting him at a significant disadvantage compared to her, Krum, or Diggory. He’d shown that he was no ordinary 4th-year wizard with his performance in the First Task, but Fleur still wanted to look out for him. Him being her mate meant more to her than just a frequent desire for sex and casual physical contact between them. It also brought a desire to protect him.

“If you don’t want to tell me your plan, you don’t have to,” she assured him. “I just want to be sure that you do have a plan for the task, or at least are working on one.”

“Uh, no, I don’t really have anything worked out yet,” he admitted, looking even more embarrassed. “Still haven’t quite worked the egg out.”

“The egg?” Fleur frowned. “You mean you have not solved the riddle?”

“Riddle?” Harry looked confused. “The egg just wails every time I open it.”

“I see.” Fleur had assumed he would at least have figured out what needed to be done with the egg by now, even if he hadn’t yet worked out a plan for the task in the lake. But apparently, he was no further along in his preparations than he would have been the first time he opened the egg, presumably shortly after the end of the First Task, which was over a month ago now. It was good that she’d brought it up.

“I figure it’s not a big deal yet,” he said with a shrug. He sounded somewhat defensive as if he was afraid she was disappointed in him. “I mean, it’s still almost two whole months until the task. And I only learned about the dragons like two days before the first task, and that turned out okay. Feels like I’ve still got loads of time to work out that egg.”

“I *could* simply recite the riddle to you, and explain what the task entails,” she said, which made him look hopeful. Telling him what she’d worked out would be the easiest solution, but even before she said it, she decided against the simple solution. Why do that when there was such potential for fun?

“I’m not going to do that, though. I think it would be better if you worked it out for yourself, but I’ll help you with the wailing,” she said, smirking at his obvious disappointment once he realized she

wasn't just going to explain it all to him. "I'm sure you'll agree that it was worth the effort once you've worked it out for yourself."

He might have taken that to mean that he would feel a sense of accomplishment after it was done, but what she was really thinking of was how she was going to reward him once he'd solved it. Fleur was confident that he would be able to figure it out; the bigger concern was finding a suitable place for what she had in mind. She'd used one of the two tubs on the Beauxbatons carriage to solve her egg, but those weren't large enough for what she had in mind, and she also didn't see how she would be able to sneak Harry in there and have her way with him without being interrupted. Hopefully, Hogwarts would hold the solution.

"Do you know if this castle has anywhere where you can take a nice, relaxing bath in private?"

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Fleur swam another lap around the large tub in the prefects' bath, enjoying the pleasant warmth of the water. They called it a bath, but this rectangular 'tub' was both the length and depth of a swimming pool. She certainly hadn't been able to swim like this in the small tub in the Beauxbatons carriage when she'd taken the golden egg in with her!

It seemed almost cruel that Hogwarts had such a marvelous tub like this within its walls yet restricted its use to prefects and captains of the house quidditch teams, but Fleur wasn't going to complain. The more exclusive nature of the prefects' bath meant that she was going to be able to have some fun with her mate after he'd solved his riddle.

Harry hadn't known of this bath's existence, but it just so happened that Cedric Diggory both held that knowledge and was looking for a chance to repay Harry after he warned him about the dragons the champions faced in the first task. Cedric hadn't been able to approach Harry during the Yule Ball since Fleur had thoroughly monopolized his time and attention by the end of the dance, but he'd caught up to the pair as they exited the Great Hall after dinner today. Thanks to Fleur, Harry already knew that he needed to take the egg to water, but Cedric happily pointed him in the direction of the prefects' bath and gave him the password. Fleur was there to hear it, and she'd encouraged Harry to follow through on the information as soon as possible. He'd assured her that he would take the egg to the bath that very night.

What he didn't know was that Fleur planned on joining him in the bath. She'd arrived about 15 minutes early and spent some time enjoying the large bath and inspecting its many taps while she waited to surprise her lover.

Fleur considered climbing out of the bath to use the diving board, but then she heard someone else enter the bathroom. She grinned in anticipation and swam closer to the edge of the pool, calculating what position would allow her to greet him with an alluring angle as soon as he was close enough to see her. She wound up sitting with her back against the edge of the large tub, reclining so her breasts were just beneath the water. There were just enough bubbles in the water to obscure them from his view, at least for now. He'd seen all of her, of course, but a little tease could still be fun.

Harry was looking around the room when he entered, so he didn't see her in the tub at first. He flinched slightly when he realized there was someone else in the tub, but she saw him relax as he recognized her. All the same, a flush came to his cheeks as his eyes ran over her, saw her bare shoulders and realized that she was naked under the water. He'd had the good fortune of seeing all of her, and making

love with her, but he hadn't been prepared to see her waiting naked for him in the bath. She'd caught him delightfully off-guard.

"Hello, 'arry," she said pleasantly, smiling at him from her comfortable position leaning against the wall of the tub.

"Err, hi, Fleur," he mumbled. "I didn't know you were going to join me." It looked like he was trying to be polite at first and not stare at her, but then he must have reminded himself that he was free to look at her as much as he wanted because his eyes stopped darting and fixed directly on her.

"Of course I was going to join you!" she said. "I want to support you and make sure that you didn't have any trouble working things out. Additionally, the tubs we have on the carriage are too small for me to truly enjoy. I couldn't resist the chance to relax in such a lovely bath." Fleur stretched her arms out along the edge of the tub, deliberately raising her body slightly so her nipples popped out from beneath the water. Harry's eyes went straight to them, just as Fleur hoped. "I promise I won't get in your way. But if you'd rather solve the egg all by yourself, I suppose I can get out now and give you some privacy."

"No!" Harry said, more forcefully than was strictly necessary. He cleared his throat. "I mean, no. That's alright. You're welcome to hop in the bath with me any time. Not that I take many baths—this is my first since I was a kid, actually. But you know what I mean."

"I do." Fleur tipped her head back and stared up at the ceiling with a smile, enjoying Harry's eagerness as much as she enjoyed the bath itself. "You should go ahead and get undressed, 'arry. Then you can come and join me."

"Right." Harry dropped the egg and started removing his clothes quickly. Fleur suspected that his eagerness to get undressed had more to do with wanting to get in the tub with her than it did with any urgency he felt in solving the egg. He hadn't seemed that concerned about the egg or the Second Task, but a chance to join her in the bath was a different story.

Fleur looked up as he tossed his boxers aside and picked the egg back up. He blushed when he realized she was staring unabashedly at him during his walk, but he continued to hold the egg against his chest rather than trying to move it in front of his groin. Harry was still new to all of this, but he was getting more comfortable by the day with her, and Fleur loved it. She could see what Harry had the potential to become, not just as a lover but as a wizard, and she was going to do whatever she could to nurture that potential and grow his confidence. Her mate was going to become a truly remarkable man, and she would be there by his side to teach him, encourage him, and support him every step of the way through the Triwizard Tournament and beyond.

"This place is amazing," Harry said as he lowered himself into the tub. He looked around at the large tub and its taps, the walls of white marble, and the painting of the sleeping mermaid. Fleur had already done her admiring of the room when she entered, so she instead admired him. She moved her hand through the water, clearing away enough of the bubbles for her to be able to catch a glimpse of his cock under the water. Even before it was fully erect, it was still a more appealing sight to her than anything else this bath had to offer. "Might be worth being a prefect just to be able to use this place any time I wanted."

"You *will* be made prefect next year, if the Hogwarts staff has any sense," Fleur declared. "As for today, you may want to get to work on the riddle. The sooner you solve it, the sooner we can enjoy our bath together."

"Right," Harry said, nodding quickly. Clearly, the hint of sex was a good way for Fleur to give Harry the proper motivation to take care of things that needed taking care of. That was something to remember for the future. "So, err...guess I'll just lift my arms up and open the egg, then, shall I?"

"If that's what you think you should do," Fleur said casually. She wasn't going to outright tell him what he needed to do, not yet, at least. She wanted to see if he could work it out on his own first. Harry held the egg in his arms uncertainly, Fleur's words causing him to doubt himself. She watched silently as he thought it over rather than just opening the egg as he'd originally planned.

"Would just opening it above the water make any difference?" he mumbled, thinking out loud. "Why would that even matter? Maybe I should get it wet first." He looked at her face as if checking his answer, but she just smiled back at him without giving him any hint. "But wait, both you and Cedric specifically mentioned taking the egg into the bath with me. If all I needed to do was get it wet before I opened it, what's the point of the bath?"

He looked down at the egg rather than at her, and after a few moments of silent contemplation, he dunked the egg beneath the water's surface and opened it. Both he and Fleur heard the same incomprehensible gurgling that she remembered from when she'd done the same thing, before she worked out what she actually needed to do. It wasn't the ear-piercing wailing that the egg let out when opened normally, but obviously, it did not bring Harry any closer to understanding his task.

"That was my first thought as well, once I decided to bring the egg to the bath with me," she said. Harry nodded at her slowly, realizing that he must have been on the right track. After lifting the now-closed egg up and staring at it for a few seconds, Fleur saw him preparing to take a deep breath just before he dunked it under the water again. This time, his head went under with it. Fleur grinned, happy that he'd been able to work it out with just a little nudge on her part.

He stayed under for what felt like the length of the mermaids' song before reemerging. She watched him rub at his eyes and glasses while he caught his breath.

"You heard it?" she prompted him. Harry nodded while brushing his wet hair out of his eyes.

"Come seek us where our voices sound," he muttered before shaking his head. "Hold on. I want to listen until I memorize it." He ducked back under the water to listen to the song again. After a third dunk, he was apparently satisfied that he'd memorized the song, though she could tell that he was still considering its meaning. Not wanting to disturb him, Fleur silently beckoned him toward her with her finger. He swam over to her and joined her in leaning his back against the edge of the tub. While he ran the riddle through his head, she brought his left arm over her shoulders and snuggled against his side. He had to be aware of her breast brushing against him, but it didn't visibly break his concentration.

"We have to find underwater creatures," he said slowly, breaking the silence. "In the lake, obviously. But does anything live in the lake apart from the squid? And something with a human voice, at that?" Fleur's hand rubbed Harry's chest above the water, but her touch did not distract him. His head moved as he looked around the room, and he suddenly sat up straighter as his eyes noticed the painting on the wall. "Merpeople?"

“Good, Harry.” Fleur gave him a quick kiss under his chin. She was tempted to reach under the water and grab his cock, but she didn’t want to interrupt him just yet. He still had more pieces to put together.

“We need to find the merpeople in the lake before the hour is up,” he said, sounding pleased with himself now that he’d worked it out. But he sagged back, his excitement gone almost as soon as it had come. “Meaning I’ve got to work out how I can breathe underwater for up to an hour.”

"Oui," Fleur said softly. "And now you should understand why I wanted you to solve the egg as soon as possible." She gave him another quick kiss, this time on the lips. "Now that you have, there's still almost two months before the task. That should be plenty of time for you to prepare. I'd be happy to share the method I'll be using and help you master it if you like. But for now, that can wait. You've memorized the entire song, yes?" Harry nodded and thought about the rest of the song.

“They’re going to take something we’ll sorely miss, and we have an hour to get it back,” he said. He thought about that for a second before shrugging his shoulders. “Any clue what they might take?”

“Something that is of personal value to us,” Fleur said. “I assume that all four of us will have our own item to retrieve from the merpeople, and that it will be important enough to us that we will recognize it as ours as soon as we see it. Beyond that, I don’t know.”

“Right.” Harry nodded slowly. “So, I’ve got to work out how I can breathe underwater for an hour, and I have to find the merpeople in the lake to get back something I would miss. Oh, and I’m pants at swimming, too.” He sighed. “Think I’d rather have another go with the dragon, to be honest.”

“Do not doubt yourself, ‘arry,” Fleur whispered. “I do not doubt that you can complete this task, so you should not either. You have nearly two months to prepare, and if you want my assistance, I will be happy to help you however I can.” Technically they might be competitors, but they were in this together as far as she was concerned.

“Oh yeah?” Harry’s face cleared, and he gave her a little smile. “Are you sure you want to help your competition, Fleur? Krum and I are tied for first, last I checked. And you’re bringing up the rear.”

“Cheeky,” Fleur said, raising an eyebrow. Harry did have more of a sarcastic side than she’d expected, and it was starting to come out more now that he was getting more comfortable with her. Had anyone else in this castle said something like that to her, Fleur would *not* have taken it well. Coming from Harry, though, she was amused by his playfulness. That didn’t mean she was going to let him best her, though. She took his arm, moved it off of her shoulders, and brought it down so his hand rested on her bare arse beneath the water.

“And I was just about to let you inside *my* rear, too,” she said. Harry gasped, and his eyes bulged. “I suppose a last-place champion like me is not worthy of being bugged by a man like you, the Boy-Who-Lived, who outflew the dragon so heroically.” She removed his hand from her arse and turned in the water, pulling him with her so he stood in front of her as she spread her legs and rested her shoulders and the back of her head against the edge of the tub. “I’ll have to settle for being shagged the normal way.” She closed her legs. “Unless you don’t think I’m worthy even of that, ‘arry?”

“Uh, you’re definitely worthy,” he said. “If anything, it’s me who’s not worthy of being with you. You’re the sexiest woman alive, and I’m the luckiest man there is.”

"That's better," Fleur giggled. She parted her legs again and reached beneath the water's surface to grab Harry's cock. She was happy to find it hard and even happier to guide it between her legs. "Now that we've established our worthiness, let's enjoy our bath, 'arry." Harry nodded at her, and she saw him take another deep breath as she let go of his cock and left it up to him to line up. He wasn't preparing to dive under the water to listen to the egg this time, but he didn't appear any less focused on what he was about to do. Their eyes met, and he slid inside of her.

Fleur sighed as Harry's cock entered her once again. They'd fooled around a bit in the afternoon, but this was their first time actually having sex since their brief encounter in her bed the previous morning. She'd waited the better part of two days to feel his dick going inside her again, and it was worth the wait. He was back where he belonged.

Harry visibly struggled to establish a rhythm as he pulled back and thrust into her. Obviously, he was still fairly new to sex. This was only his third time having sex, or perhaps his fourth if one was to count both times he'd cum inside her the night of the Yule Ball as a separate encounter. Regardless, he was still learning, and the only other time it had been his responsibility to move his hips and thrust into her, they'd been in the middle of her bed. Thrusting in the water was a very different experience, and it took some time for Harry to figure it out.

Fleur did what she could to help him. She put her arms around his neck and peppered his face with kisses, doing her part to help him realize that trying to pull back far wasn't the best idea in this position. It was intimacy and close contact that she was after right now, and Harry came to realize that just as he'd realized what needed to be done with the egg. Instead of doing his best to thrust his hips back and forth through the water to fuck her, he remained buried inside of her at almost all times. When he pulled back, it was just far enough for her to feel the push back in. The much greater focus was on moving his hips up and down and sliding his cock inside of her that way. By abandoning the classic in-and-out thrusting in favor of rocking and grinding against her, Harry was able to find a steady rhythm within her.

"Good, 'arry!" Fleur moaned. "That is good!" This was a first for her, too. She'd never had sex in water before, and she'd been unsure of how well it was going to work. But Harry was learning quickly. Actually, they were learning together this time. Fleur had generally thought of their relationship as her being the teacher, the one who guided Harry and helped him become the man, wizard, and lover he was capable of being. But tonight, she and Harry were learning the pleasures of bath sex together. Fleur loved that thought almost as much as she loved Harry's cock sliding around so well inside of her.

Harry took full advantage of how closely their bodies pressed together against the wall of the tub, too. She'd peppered his face with kisses earlier, but as he grew more confident in his grinding, he also took over with the kissing. Fleur's head was tipped back, and she moaned as Harry kissed all over the side of her face and sucked on her neck. She couldn't get enough of him, and he clearly felt the same way, with his mouth moving as feverishly as his hips.

Having sex with Harry in the bath was meant primarily as a treat for him, a reward for him to enjoy after he figured out what he needed to do with his egg and reached the same conclusions about what awaited them in the Second Task that she had a few days after the First Task. She knew she would enjoy it, of course, and she'd certainly come in hoping that he might be able to last long enough and fuck her well enough that she got to have an orgasm before they got out. But she hadn't known how

well he would be able to handle having sex in the water. Would he be able to find enough of a rhythm in the tub to help her at least get close to the joy she'd felt with him in bed the night of the Yule Ball?

The answer to that question was a resounding yes. It may have taken him a little bit of time to find his way, but he'd found it now. Being pressed between Harry's body and the edge of the tub and feeling his cock moving with a purpose inside of her in these short, steady vertical shifts of his hips was wonderful. It wasn't just the physical pleasure that made her feel so good, either. She loved Harry's cock, but it was feeling his desire for her that satisfied her as much as anything.

While he focused on solving his egg, her mate resisted the temptation of sharing the tub with her despite her nudity, which was quite satisfying as a veela used to having men fall at her feet. But now that he had solved the riddle and it was time to enjoy a relaxing time in the bath with his lover, Harry showed her all the passion and lust that he felt for her. He was no less attracted to her than any of the men who usually drooled over her and made fools of themselves in her presence. He was just strong-willed enough to control himself when he needed to and talented and determined enough to bring her pleasure instead of selfishly thinking only about getting off. Even now, fucking her in the prefects' bath and sucking on her neck, Harry continued to think about making her feel good.

He was still just a man, though, and a man who would constantly face the challenge of withstanding the unmatched pleasure of having sex with a veela. No matter how many times they had sex, her pussy would always hug his cock and offer a fit more perfect than any non-veela could have offered him. Wringing the maximum amount of pleasure out of him on every rock of his hips was in her very nature, and it was always going to be a struggle, even for Harry with all his determination, size, and natural talent. She could feel his struggle. She heard him starting to grunt and saw his hands grab on tighter to the edge of the tub. To his credit, he didn't forget himself and try to start thrusting faster in some futile attempt to race against time and get her off before he came. She was glad that he didn't lose his head, but she didn't want him to struggle any longer.

“Go ahead, lover!” She moaned and pulled his head back so she could look into his eyes. Whatever defiance he'd been about to voice died at the look on her face. He'd earned this, and she wanted him to enjoy it. “Let me feel it all!”

Harry, as powerless to resist her as ever, grunted and began to cum. She pulled his mouth to hers and kissed him hard as his cock pulsed and his cum rushed into her. Fleur wasn't far from orgasm, but not quite there. She couldn't have cared less. If necessary, she could just touch herself for a bit after he pulled out. She was too enamored with this feeling of closeness and intimacy with her chosen mate to concern herself with anything else right now. Fleur closed her eyes and enjoyed basking in the moment with him.

Her eyes opened again as she felt Harry break their kiss and pull his cock out of her. He'd been holding onto the edge of the bath for leverage while he rocked his hips, but now he moved his right hand down beneath the water and moved it around until he found her clit. Fleur gasped and stared into the eyes of her mate, who was looking straight at her while he touched her.

“Do you like that?” he asked, checking to make sure he had the right idea. She'd already taught him about the importance of clitoral stimulation, but that had been him rubbing her pussy lips while pulling off that lovely magic hissing of his tongue against her clit. This was his first time trying to bring her pleasure with his fingers on her clit, and his instincts were marvelous.

"Yes!" Fleur exclaimed. She'd been focused on him, but now her own release was right back at the forefront of her mind, thanks to his rubbing. Whether by instinct or purely through luck, Harry managed to rub her clit in perfect circles, giving her just the right amount of pressure. Her hands clutched his wrist tightly, and she stared straight into his eyes, pleading with him to keep going. "It's perfect, 'arry! Just like that! Keep touching me! I'm almost there!"

Now that he knew he was giving her what she wanted, Harry's face grew determined. His fingers stuck to those same wonderful circles, and in very little time at all, his hand finished the job that their fuck started. Her legs closed around his hand, her body writhing in the water as her lover got her off. This bath was meant mostly as a treat for him, but he'd seen to it that she got treated before the end, too. She should have expected nothing less from her mate.

"You were wonderful, 'arry." She sighed and hugged him after he stopped rubbing her clit. Harry put his arms around her, reaching down to grab her wet arsecheeks and give them both a squeeze. Fleur giggled and slapped his shoulder playfully.

"I hope you're not thinking there's still hope for you to get inside of my rear," she said, raising an eyebrow.

"I just wanted to touch you," he said, smiling slightly and giving her bum another squeeze. "Honestly never even considered sticking it up there until you brought it up. I might never be able to get it out of my head now, though."

"Then I suppose we'll have to wait and see if I become worthy of it some day," she teased. Feeling playful, she pulled out of his arms and climbed out of the tub, letting him admire her wet, naked arse swaying from side to side on her way to the diving board. She made sure that the walk took much longer than it otherwise would have, and just before she rounded the corner that would make it so he could no longer stare at her arse, she turned her head to look at her lover. She giggled in satisfaction as she caught him licking his lips and staring openly.

"One day, mon amour," she said. Fleur slapped her own arse and gave Harry the chance to watch it jiggle before she finished her walk to the diving board and prepared to dive into the tub.

Her offer today had not been serious, but the hint of *one day* was. Fleur had never had anal sex, but she was now certain that Harry would have the honor of becoming her one and only someday, likely after he'd done something particularly impressive that she wanted to reward him for.

Based on what she'd seen from him so far, she didn't expect it to take long. It had only been two days since the Yule Ball, but Fleur was rapidly learning that Harry Potter had a knack for not only meeting her expectations but exceeding them. Sometimes, he just needed a little push or an incentive to take care of things promptly instead of leaving them for the last minute. And Fleur would happily offer him all the incentive that he could ever need.