

As Harry returned to his dorm room, he struggled to process what had just happened.

Fleur shattered his first impression of her in minutes. To be fair, she didn't present herself as what he would call humble or even remotely sexual. After the way they met, Harry might have taken her for one of those naive, homeschooled kids whose parents never had *the talk* with them.

Her tight polos, skirts, and stockings left a lot to the imagination. Her old-fashioned style stood out among the rest of the students, and not in a good way. It didn't make her look bad, exactly, just uptight.

Harry never would have expected a girl who dressed like that to enjoy erotica, but her explanation made a lot of sense.

She clearly enjoyed reading and writing. He could see how someone like that wouldn't want to watch a pair of strangers fuck on a screen. But in her head? Well, why not?

When he reached his computer, Harry didn't hesitate to send Fleur his work. She only gave him her email, but he didn't mind. They barely knew each other.

He was already hard imagining her reading the stories and enjoying them. They weren't great, but neither was most erotica. The writing wasn't the point, though. The hot scenes were. And he had plenty of them.

By the time he woke up the next morning, she had already replied. There were no words, just a phone number.

After sending a quick text, identifying himself and asking if she'd read anything yet, she shot back an evasive reply.

"Are you doing anything today? Want to meet in the library?"

The more they spoke, the more her poetry writing made sense to him. She wasn't the type of person to drag out a conversation by adding all sorts of unnecessary stories or details. She just got to the point.

As usual, Daphne was home for the weekend, and Harry didn't have any work to do now that the short story competition was over. So, he replied that he could meet up whenever she wanted.

And that happened to be right away. He rolled his eyes at first, feeling like he was being pulled around on a string by this girl he barely knew, but what else was he going to do today? Read, maybe play some video games.

A week before, he would have scoffed at the idea of spending a day with Fleur. But now? He wanted to know more. She clearly had layers that he'd never seen, and he was growing more interested the more he learned.

Within fifteen minutes, he'd dressed and made his way to the library. Magical University was big, but the library sat right in the middle of campus.

Dark clouds filled the sky and a light wind put a chill in the air. If he hadn't been in such a hurry, he would have checked the weather and brought an umbrella. He wore a light jacket, so at least he could pull it over his head if he had to run home.

Fleur was easy to find. She sat at a corner table in the café near the library's entrance. Students filled the room, either studying or chatting quietly, and the smell of coffee hit Harry as soon as he opened the door.

The girl must have woken up early, because she already had two cups of coffee sitting beside her laptop. She was in a more usual state that day. Back to wearing a buttoned-up polo that nearly reached her jaw, and a loose white skirt with black stockings. Her short blond hair looked pristine, though some of it hung in front of her face while she looked down at her screen.

She had her back to him, and Harry Potter's curiosity needed quenching, so he walked up behind her carefully.

Sure enough, she was reading one of his stories. He couldn't tell which one, but his face heated as he glanced at her current page. It was, without a doubt, a sex scene. He glanced at the tables nearby, wondering if anyone noticed, but no one was paying Fleur any special attention.

She was definitely bolder than he would have guessed. Harry had always thought of his stories as the kind of thing someone would read in bed, alone. Yet Fleur had a page filled with every dirty word imaginable open in the middle of a crowded café, and she didn't even bother hiding it.

He stepped into her field of view and waved to get her attention, then Fleur looked up at him with a plain, if stern, expression.

"Hey, I'm just going to go grab a coffee. I'll be right—" he began.

Fleur pressed her fingers against the table and nudged one of the coffees in his direction. "No need."

He blinked a few times. "That's for me?" She nodded. "Uh, thanks, but I have a pretty specific order. You can never really trust coffee shops."

"Two sugars, an eighth cup of milk, and a squirt of cinnamon syrup?"

His jaw fell open, and he took the seat across the table from her. "Y-yeah. How did you know that?" He took a sip, and it only confirmed her words.

Fleur shrugged, not bothering to even look at him as she typed something. "You posted it on Instagram once a year or two ago."

She caught him mid-sip, and some coffee dribbled down his chin. His eyes widened. He wasn't a fan of social media, so it had been months since he'd logged in. He couldn't even remember posting anything about coffee!

"Wow. Well, thanks for the drink. Did you have any trouble finding me?" he asked.

She shook her head quickly. "A simple google search of your name yielded the major ones. Facebook, Instagram, and a few others. Then I searched your username from those sites and found some more. I'll be honest, I didn't expect your Pornhub account to be that easy to find. All you had to do was rearrange your usual account name. You're an author, Harry. Amateur or not, you can be more creative than that."

Harry Potter's face turned red as a few students nearby turned to look at them. Pornhub wasn't a common topic of conversation here, apparently.

He lowered his voice, hoping it would cue her to do the same. "I honestly never really worried about it. It's easier to remember a few names and passwords than a dozen, you know?"

"That's how people get hacked, Harry. One compromised account, and you can lose them all," she said like a scolding mother. "Besides, if you were really worried about people knowing about your obsession with MILFs, maybe you should have worked harder to hide it."

His cheeks grew even hotter, and he instinctively threw up one hand to hide his face. She didn't even pause or whisper, saying the term *MILF* as casually as if they were talking about the weather!

"What's wrong?" she asked. Suddenly, her lips curled into a slight smirk. "Is it the MILF thing?"

"I'm not obsessed! Do you really have to keep saying it?" he sputtered.

"It was shameful, wasn't it? You barely want to say anything right?" he pressed on.

She shrugged. "No. Did you have to write over twenty stories about them?"

Harry shook his head. "No, but they're easy! It's a common fantasy and not too kinky, so he didn't feel weird writing about it. Every man has a hot older woman in his life, or at the very least met one once. A friend's mom, a hot teacher, anything."

"Oh, and I suppose all those videos in your pornhub history were just for research?" Fleur asked.

"That shit's public?" Harry Potter's voice rose for a moment before he quieted down.

He had never even considered that other people could see his history. He considered pulling out his phone now just to set his profile to private, but based on the way Fleur was acting, she would probably call him out for looking at porn in the library.

"Very much so," Fleur nodded. "I guess that's one way to find out I'm not your type," she sighed.

"For the last time, Fleur," Harry said, "I'm not obsessed with MILFs! And I don't even have a type! Beautiful, interesting women come in all kinds! Including forthright poets with a penchant for polos, and no sense of another person's privacy!"

There was a little bite in his tone, but he was still reeling from Fleur's detective work. It wasn't so strange to look into someone's online presence, but she had gone too far.

She didn't seem to notice that. Fleur's lips pressed together and curled upward. "Really? Y-you think I'm beautiful and interesting?"

Harry sighed. For a woman who seemed so interested in details, she just missed a lot of them. "Of course. You're obviously pretty, Fleur, and how many other students have written as much as you have? Poetry isn't my thing, but I still respect it, and you're clearly skilled at what you do. I'm a writer too, so how could I not find that interesting?"

Her smile widened for a second before she cleared her throat and pulled it back under control. "Perfect. See, I've been reading through your work, and I have some notes."

She spun her laptop around and pushed it toward him. As Harry had already noticed, she was reading one of his stories, but now he realized she was reading it in a word document.

And it was filled with notes, corrections, and a few long paragraphs under a 'suggestions' heading. His jaw fell open as he glanced up at her proud expression.

"I've only gone through five stories so far," Fleur said, "but I kept noticing so many errors that I'd mark them down for you!"

"Wow. Um, thank you," Harry replied. "This is a pretty old story, though. I'm not honestly sure it'd be worth implementing these changes."

Fleur's expression fell. "But... you should still look at them! I know you can't just change the entire plot, but the typos..."

"Right. Definitely!" Harry agreed. "Those are easy enough. And don't get me wrong, I'll definitely read everything here. It should help my future stories, even if I can't change this one."

Her smile returned, and the self-satisfied look on her face was just so cute. But as she stared at him for a few long seconds, he realized she expected him to read all of her notes right now.

Well, he had nothing else to do today. His face grew a deep red again. He skipped past the typos, as those were simple changes, but the more descriptive critiques were different.

Some of it was good and useful, like pointing out a plot hole here and there, but others...

Well, she specifically called out some of his descriptions of sex positions and reworded them to be clearer. She did a better job than he did, to be honest, but knowing the girl across the table from him wrote such dirty descriptions while sitting in this café was strange, to say the least. She even suggested different positions, or ways to expand the sex scenes that she thought would be hotter. After going through a few stories like this, some of Fleur's preferences became clear. To be fair, after looking through Harry Potter's Pornhub history, she knew exactly what he was into. Now he knew she liked face-fucking, facials, the sixty-nine position, and exhibitionism.

Not what he expected to learn today, but there it was.

When they finally finished with the last story, Fleur was in the best mood Harry had seen from her. Every time he took her advice seriously, she beamed a gorgeous smile at him and even grew a little fidgety. He got the sense that she didn't have other friends to work with like this, or maybe they just didn't want to listen to her criticism.

As he turned the laptop back around, Fleur gritted her teeth and glanced down for a long moment. He heard a small grunt. If he hadn't known any better, he might have thought she was choking. But, despite spending a few hours here, they hadn't eaten anything.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked, both confusion and concern growing.

She nodded quickly and muttered, "I'm sorry, um. I dropped something under the table. Do you mind picking it up?"
"Sure."

Growing more confused, he pushed his seat back and fell to his knees to search. As he realized that she never told him what she dropped, he also noticed nothing on the ground around her.
Then he looked up and between her legs.