

In lord Black version, I'm not a lady killer by any means, but I'm no Quasimodo either. In this form, I was slim, despite the noble features typical of Blacks, I chose a sallow complexion, with numerous traces of hanging over the cauldron for too long. My illusion was polished. What's more, for the average magic user it is impossible to remove thanks to the use of parseltongue. I was dressed in a Muggle suit which was becoming more and more fashionable abroad. By appearing in it at important foreign meetings, I hoped to introduce this fashion to England.

On the other hand, I'd noticed that since I started adding to the illusion gray hair at the temples, women somehow seemed more attracted to me. Maybe it matured me; some said it made me look "distinguished" and worked well with my hazel eyes. I'd thought of it as extinguished rather than distinguished but was willing to accept their opinion over my own.

Carl returned before Fleur did, carrying our drinks, and we chatted as I waited for her. The bar wasn't busy, and he turned out to be gregarious. He'd just told some dumb joke, and I was laughing as Fleur came around the corner; tiny, gorgeous, and perfect, her doll-like beauty and femininity took my breath away once again.

"Damn, she's just incredible"

Carl chuckled. "Yeah, she's a rare beauty. The rarest."

He wandered away, giving us privacy like a wise barkeep should. We drank and chatted, enjoying each other's company. Fleur'd moved her bar stool closer to mine when she'd returned, and our touching became more intimate and sexual; when I stroked her delicate jawline and then her slender, graceful neck and ran my fingers through her silken hair for the first time my cock throbbed with arousal, and when she ran her fingers lightly across the bulge of my erection it was obviously time to move on.

Fleur stretched to nuzzle my neck, and I felt her soft lips graze my jaw as I breathed her seductive scent. She whispered, "You have a room here..."

"I do, yes. Can I invite you up"

"I thought you'd never ask." She slid from her stool and took my arm when I rose. Standing, the top of her head barely reached my collarbone, even in her

tall heels, and I was again struck by how very small and delicate she was. She couldn't have weighed over ninety pounds

I asked Carl to have a bottle of wine sent up to my room, and in the elevator, we kissed. It surprised me because I'd heard that hookers don't kiss much, but Fleur was hungry and insistent, stretching up to meet my lips as I bent to hers. They were as soft and lovely as they'd looked, and she thrust her tongue into my mouth demandingly as she reached down and cupped my package, her fingers kneading my hard cock through my pants.

She smiled up at me seductively. "Mmm, very nice, so big and hard. I can't wait to slide my lips over it and feel you inside of me."

I smiled back. "It's like you read my mind." I wrapped my arms around her, allowing my hands to slide down her sleek back to that delicious little ass, squeezing it, each of my hands covering one small, firm cheek. "You're an incredibly beautiful woman, and this little butt of yours is amazing. You're not going to mind if I spend a bit of time kissing and nibbling it, are you?"

She sighed happily. "Not at all; I'm looking forward to it."

"I haven't told you this yet, but I love your hair too; I have a thing for sexy hair, and yours is like my best fantasy come true."

She laughed, a rich, sensual sound. "A handsome man with a hair fetish who likes tiny little asses – I think we were made for each other"

"You think it's a fetish, my hair thing?"

"Isn't it? It's alright if it is, Harry, we all have them in one way or another."

I stopped paralyzed, how she knew it was me.

"Myślisz, że my Veela mamy tylko nasz allure? Z daleka wyczułam twoją aurę." She laughed, then changed the subject, causing my nervousness to calm down. "Oh, trust me There's not a soul alive who doesn't have one small thing or another that becomes a fixation."

In her line of work, she'd probably seen many things that I couldn't begin to imagine. I nodded, "I'm sure you're right, and I guess you'd know more about that than I would. Speaking of which, we haven't discussed this yet, but I'm sort of assuming that this is a cash transaction..."

The elevator reached my floor, the fifth, and the door slid open. She leaned back against the open door so that it couldn't close. "Is that going to be a problem?" There was that frank, honest stare again.

"Not at all; I just wanted to be sure we were clear."

Fleur smiled. "I usually get between one hundred to five hundred galleons if you want me to spend the night."

I was surprised; I haven't been with many hookers, but it was more than I'd ever paid. Then again, she was by far the most beautiful, sexy, exotic one I'd met, and I knew that her small size alone would fascinate many men; the idea that she could command such a price was not inconceivable.

I covered by saying, "That's a pretty broad range. How do you decide what to charge?"

"I don't, you do. You pay me what you think I'm worth. I like you Harry, you're a good guy; I trust you to do what you think is right."

She'd succeeded in surprising me yet again. "Thanks, I appreciate that, but it's a risky way to do business."

She shrugged. "I try to be very selective and very careful."

"Carl said that about you; seems he was right." "He's a decent guy. So, are we good then?"

"Sure, yeah; no problem." I had a hunch this might easily cost me the full fifteen hundred, she was already that special to me.

She took my hand and led me from the elevator; I turned us toward my room as she said, "Good, because I'm very horny"

When I laughed, she looked up at me. "Is that funny You don't think a girl like me can get horny for her date?"

I shook my head. "No, it's not that. Just the way you said it so bluntly caught me off guard."

She giggled, the first truly 'girlish' sound I'd heard her make. "Well, I am You might be surprised to know that you're all my fetishes, wrapped up in one incredibly handsome package."

She smiled, and as I swiped my key to open my room, she reassured me. "It's alright, Harry. I love that about you. I love your self-assurance that comes with it; you're obviously successful and confident, tall, very masculine. That's all good."

I smiled and bent to kiss her. "Thank you... I think. I've told you how much I love your little butt and your gorgeous hair, but I failed to mention that when I first saw you, since the last meeting, you took my breath away. You're an incredibly beautiful, sexy, sensual woman."

Fleur smiled happily and flowed into my arms for a hug before guiding me backward to the bed, where she pushed me back so that I sat on the edge of the mattress. She crawled up onto my lap, straddling my legs, and we kissed, tongue-wrestling as she unbuttoned my shirt. I put my fingers to work sliding the short zipper on the back of her tight sheath down and soon pulled it away, baring her small, perfect breasts.

Her nipples were very erect, delicious little raspberries at the peak of her miniature mounds, and when I bent my head to suck on them she moaned low in her throat in appreciation. As I enjoyed sucking and licking her hard little nipples, she worked my belt and zipper until she'd freed my erection, which stood up hard and throbbing from my open pants. By now my balls felt heavy with arousal, the annoying ache of several days of unmet need replaced by an exhilarating pressure.

Her fingers roamed expertly over me, her touch light and sensual. She leaned back, pulling her breasts away from my lips, and looked down. "My god, you have a gorgeous cock, so big and thick and hard"

I'm not; I'm right around average, but watching her fondle me I could appreciate how much her tiny hands exaggerated my size. It was oddly gratifying, despite recognizing reality, and I enjoyed it.

"That feels amazing, Fleur. I love the way you touch me, so soft and delicate. It's a tease, but it's great."

She smiled as she stroked my cock, reaching one small hand beneath to hoist my eager balls out as well before squeezing them gently but firmly. I ran my hands up the outside of her thighs and under her dress, curious to explore her apparent lack of underwear, but ran into a small, taut string above each hipbone.

“Ah, you do have panties on I was betting that you didn’t.”

She laughed. “Little boy, it’s just a tiny thong – more of a g-string, actually.”

Whatever she chose to call it, I wanted to feel the heat of her pussy and find out if she’d truly been aroused, maybe enough to soak through the crotch of her thong. I returned my hands to her knees, slowly stroking down her silky-smooth legs, then very lightly ran the backs of my fingers up the insides of her thighs. I felt her shudder as I stroked that special erogenous zone.

Her skin was astonishing, smooth, soft, and warm, and when I felt the lace edge of her panties I ran my fingertips over the silky fabric at the crotch, feeling her heat.

When She said, “Why don’t you take that off” her voice sounded strained. “You take it off me.”

She pushed me onto the bed. The soft mattress sagged beneath me, but it made me feel more like floating.

I didn’t hesitate; I slid my fingers under the side cords and tore it free, dropping it on the floor. “I’ll buy you a new one.”

“Mmm, yes, you will.” She leaned forward, sliding her crotch leaving a wet trail of her excitement on my stomach as we kissed again, and then she began to slide down my body. I felt the softness of wet pussy on my sex and my hard cock sliding between her labia other as she continued down, and then my own hard cock against her taut stomach, her diamond-hard nipples against my abs.

Her hands were soon on me, warm and slippery, massaging my cock and balls. It felt amazing, and when she sat back on her haunches between my legs to stroke me, I stuffed a pillow under my head so I could watch.

She masturbated me skillfully using massage oil, and this making my hard cock shine as her hands moved over me. She touched all the right spots, might possess, teasing the sensitive crown, my balls, my perineum and even tickling my ass, her touch always as light or as firm as needed, and just when I thought I couldn't take any more she leaned forward and took me into her mouth.

She didn't ask me first, which was probably good instincts on her part, and if anything, her fellatio technique was even better than the handjob, her lips and tongue performing magic tricks that soon had my teapot boiling. I groaned. "Fuck, Fleur, you're going to make me come."

She let me slip from her lips and looked at me, one small hand tightly gripping my rock-hard shaft. "Harry I know. Do you want to come in my hands, in my mouth, or inside of me"

This, I suppose, was the moment of truth... or one of them, at least. I knew what she wanted, but asked anyway. "Where would you like me to come"

She didn't hesitate. "Inside of me"

I felt her body shudder with pleasure as she groaned, "God, that feels so good Your cock is huge"

Sensing that it wasn't a time for modesty, I avoided my usual self-deprecation and thrust hard into her instead. She cried out and held herself against me tightly, her free hand seizing my balls. "Fuck, ohh, fuck Ohh, god yes, fuck me Please fuck me"

I did, thrusting my hips up in a rhythm she soon matched, expertly riding my cock so that she could enjoy my full length sliding in and out of her but never allowing me to slip free. It was skillful and intense, her tight opening squeezing me firmly, milking my shaft. I'd had my hands on her hips, holding her as I fucked her pussy, but when she leaned back over me I let them slide up and around her ribs to cup her breasts.

Her nipples were hard and oily from sliding against my skin earlier, and when I tweaked and pinched them I felt a spasm ripple through her, her slick opening

clamping tightly on my cock. She had both hands back, braced against my chest.

She turned around so that she was straddling me again but facing away and my view was of her sleek legs, tight little ass, and the flare of her hips below her slender waist. She bent forward slightly and shook that delicious little bottom at me. “How do you like this view”

I liked it very much. What I saw was a very small, very beautiful woman, with a very small, firm, perfect ass, her tight, puckered brown star gleaming with oil as it winked at me. It was all just incredible.

“I like it a lot, Fleur.”

“I thought you might.” She slowly lowered herself onto me, settling her bottom against my groin and grinding her hips so that my oily cock, trapped against my stomach, slid in the valley between her taut buttocks. I could feel her warmth, I could feel the moisture she was creating as started to trickle down my taut cock. I groaned as she slid her ass along my aching shaft.

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She was so tight on me that I knew I wouldn't last long, but the interruption as she'd switched from blowjob to mounting me had given me enough of a respite that I was good for the moment. In fact, I was just noticing that her movements were becoming less measured and more erratic when she said, "Ohh, fuck, I'm gonna come"

"Ohh, god yes It feels so fucking good Harry..." She'd been about to ask me something but instead decided to go non-verbal. Leaning her weight on one hand long enough to grab my right wrist, where I'd been fondling her breast, she pulled my hand down towards her bliss button.

She gasped, "Please..." I simply reacted, pressing and stroking it. My mind was awash in the sensations of heat, hardness, satin-smooth skin and her tight body clamping down on my own straining cock.

"Ohh, god, oh fuck... coming Ohh, god... Harry..."

The walls of her vagina pulsed around my penis, swelling against with every thrust, as she came, and with my thumb and index finger, I grabbed her clitoris squeezing. I felt the first powerful contraction and her entire body began to shake.

We were both breathing heavily, but she was the first to speak. "Oh my god, that was amazing I haven't come like that in a very long time."

I groaned, "Me too; that was incredible" I slid my hands up her stomach to her small breasts It surprised me, frankly, that it felt so sensuous against her smooth, oily skin, and her hard nipples responded so eagerly that it just felt right.

I laughed softly. "You are absolutely covered with cum"

She sighed happily. "I know, I thought I was never going to stop coming, and I could feel you blasting into me. Lucky for you, I'm multi-orgasmic." She moved slightly, and that squeezed my flaccid cock out of her. She cried out "Ohh, god" at the sense of loss while I groaned deeply, the sensations on my still-sensitive, post-orgasmic cock almost painful in their intensity.

No longer impaled on me, she stood and turned around, lowering herself to sit on my lower stomach. She looked down at my neck and collarbone, where the



transparent pearls she'd blasted over her shoulder earlier glistened. "Did I do that"

I laughed. "Yeah, you did; I was inside, remember You, meanwhile, were spraying like a firehose."

"Sorry." She leaned forward to lick them off, lying atop me, in the process smearing my entire chest and stomach with the slick of the fluids that came out of her during her powerful orgasm. She giggled as she realized what she'd done and proceeded to lick her way down my chest, cleaning me with her lips and tongue. I could feel my own flaccid dick against her taut tummy.

She scooped up a dollop of her cream with a finger and offered it to me, holding it near my lips as it slowly began to slide from her fingers.

When I grimaced she laughed and took it herself, hungrily sucking it in.

"Yeah, I'm aware; Fleur, there may be some barriers I'm not prepared to knock down. Not yet, at least."

She grew serious. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that. I understand, and I can't tell you how much I appreciate all you've already done. You're an amazing man, Harry..." her eyes welled with emotion.

"It's all very exciting, but I'm not sure how far I can go." I held my arms open. "Come here, let's talk for a while 'til I catch my breath. I have some questions."

She giggled. "Really You want to cuddle and make pillow-talk You really are a strange man"

I laughed. "Yeah, that's pretty fucking weird, isn't it Just shut up and come here."

Apparently, it was the wrong thing to say because the dam broke and the tears flowed. She melted down into my arms. Somewhere inside I knew Fleur was once my family; my mind kept reminding me of that, but everything else about the situation, from her diminutive size to her soft skin, seductive scent, beautiful hair, feminine voice, and even her tears, said otherwise, tempted to possess it, to take possession of it forever.

I think it's called compartmentalizing, but somehow I shelved the conflicting thoughts and held her, my left arm under her, my right over her shoulder, pulling her to me. When her sobs finally quieted, I said, "Hey now, what's wrong"

"I'm such a freak, abandoned Veela"

I hugged her closer. "You're not a freak."

I thought for a moment before replying, "Well, there's this; if I'm eating chicken and I get even a little bit of gristle in my mouth, I'm done. Doesn't matter if it's the first bite of dinner, I'm done, grossed out, appetite gone."

"That's kinda prissy, but it doesn't make you a freak."

"Wait, I wasn't finished; on top of that, one of my favorite fantasies would be to watch my wife or girlfriend fuck some guy and then go down on her and eat her cum-filled pussy. If I can't even stand a little chicken yuck, how am I going to lick out a pussy full of some other guy's cum"

She laughed. "You're right, you are a freak"