

I couldn't help but stop to take stock of how well things we were going for me right now; the divorce with Bill was FINALLY complete, I had actually met someone interesting on the dating column in the Daily Prophet my friends signed me up for, and I was the keynote speaker for the Regional Healer Association Meeting tomorrow night. A year ago, some would have said that I was a hot mess. Giggling to myself at that thought, I glanced at the clock.

7:45 p.m. Speech rehearsal time is over; it's time to get ready for my date. Another giggle rattles through my head. Alright, it may not be the conventional date; things are evolving, right And I, Fleur Delacour, am now a woman of evolution. I stepped into my closet and grabbed a cute red sleeveless blouse with an attached scarf, knowing the red complimented my sea-blue eyes and glossy platin hair. I also loved that scarf, it could be tied several different ways, and all pulled the eye to my décolleté. Other than my piercing blue eyes, my ample cleavage is my best asset. A quick stop at the makeup table to refresh my makeup and add my favorite matte lipstick. I surveyed myself in the mirror. This is stupid; we are not doing a normal date, just a mirror date. We received two-way mirrors from the Daily Prophet that did not show the image. He won't even see me. Another giggle starts to erupt, but I stop, looking again at myself, and say out loud, "But I feel sexy," and if I feel sexy, then I will emote sexy on the call.

At the appointed time, our mirrors connected. I heard it quickly, he says, "Good Evening, Flower," and there it is...The Voice. That masculine, sexy, warm ray of sunshine envelops me and lights me up from the inside out, I knew him from somewhere. How can three words make me want to smile, do cartwheels, and giggle, all while making me tingle, create a yearning deep in my soul and awaken arousal that has long been sleeping Because of The Voice, Mr. White, as he was named in the newspaper, he could say anything, and I would likely swoon.

"Good Evening Mr. White," I say, trying not to betray myself and the cacophony of feelings he creates in me. "How are you this evening" Why did I want to add Sir at the end of that question That was odd. I supposed Mr. White just commanded respect. She pictured him in expensive tailored silk robes, and dragon leather shoes that smelled rich and earthy. While caught in

her fantasy, Mr. White had answered and returned the question; now, there was an awkward silence waiting for me to fill it with my answer.

“Flower, are you ok”

“Er uh... yes sorry.. what was that Oh, I am good, just last-minute details for tomorrow night. You know, practicing my speech again and again. Trying to decide between the black or gray suit.”

“Black,” he says definitively. “Always black. Accented with a power color, like red. The red will accent your blue-colored eyes.”

My mouth is gaping; I look down at my red top and wonder how he got in my head. I self-consciously wanted to wrap my arms around my chest to protect myself. But as my forearm came to cover my breasts, I feel that my nipples have stiffened. I hadn't even noticed until I touched them now and it sent electricity to my core. My nipples had always been super sensitive. Apparently, his husky voice and his support of my speech are more exciting than alarming to my body

The date continued with the typical conversation, happenings of the week, anecdotal childhood stories, and twenty questions to get to know each other better. Listening to him talk in that sinewy voice continued to feed the flame growing my core. At the end of the call, Mr. White thanked me for a wonderful evening and asked if we could have an afternoon date on Sunday, as he would love to hear about the inevitable success of the speech. Smiling at his unconditional support, I agree, and we are set for another date at 2:00 p.m. on Sunday.

I lean back in the chair and took a deep breath, exhaled slowly, and could feel my whole body humming. “What the hell is wrong with you, Fleur” I said out loud to myself. I close my eyes, take another deep breath, inhaling slowly, hold that breath, center myself. As I exhale slowly, I see Mr. White caressing my face and saying, “Good evening Fleur” in that voice that runs over you in a waterfall, warm but forceful. My eyes pop open in surprise; what the hell was

that It was a fluke. But my heart is racing, my breath is fast, and that arousal in my core sure is awake. Is this how men feel in my presence? Have I met the legendary male Veela. I was asking myself.

This cannot happen now; I chide myself. I have too much to do. I am going to take five minutes of meditation to center myself and then get to work. I stand up, and for the first time, I notice just how much yearning Mr. White has awakened in me. It's as if my bikini briefs have gone swimming without me. They are drenching with my sex juices, and now standing, I can even feel that juice running down my right leg. I shake my head; this reaffirms my need for meditation and focus.

I set the timer for five minutes, lie down on the floor, legs slightly spread, arms out to the side, and eyes closed. Exercises I learned as a child to control my allure Veela. I start with deep breathing, inhale for four, exhale for eight; inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. As I begin to feel my body relax, Mr. White enters my mind again. But I don't stop breathing this time. He takes my hand in his and kisses my wrist, then up my arm.

"Fleur, it's so good to meet you in person finally." His voice is not so much a sound as it is smoke filling the air around me and holding me tightly. I can't hold back the soft moan he elicits.

He is kissing my collar bone now, up my neck. His lips are like a whisper on my skin, and my whole body shivers with each beautiful graze. His hands follow the path of his kisses and reach their peak, cupping my face in his robust hands as he kisses my lips with a passion that makes my knees buckle and fall into his arms.

There is no relaxing meditation now. Not until I find some relief from this pent-up sexual arousal. As I see Mr. White kissing me and caressing me, I gently start to caress my breasts. Roll my nipples between my thumb and index fingers. As I moan to his kisses, I moan to my touch. I pull and tug on my hard nipples as I never have before. The pulsing rises between my legs. I

can feel the flood of juice running out from between my lips down between my cheeks to pool on the floor.

Mr. White catches me as I fall into his arms and lays me on a couch that just magically appears as things do in your fantasies. He kneels next to me, kissing me hard, then whispers in my ear, "Fleur, I want to make you climax."

I have never been speechless....until that very moment. I finally exhale and muster an "mmhmm," thinking smooth Fleur, smooth!! But Mr. White seems undeterred. He pulls the straps down on my dress to expose my breasts and takes one gently in his mouth while massaging the other. He quickly moves from gentle to fervently suck on my nipple, biting gently, swirling his tongue around, then moving over to the other breast. My body is writhing now with excitement. I am raising my chest towards his mouth, pushing my voluminous, ivory tits as if feeding him, and unabashedly begging him not to stop. Our moaning and groaning mingle in a beautiful chorus of gusto and zeal.

All the while, I am torturing my tits as I lay on the floor, where I was supposed to be meditating. Mmmmmmm, is it possible to climax from just rubbing your tits Because I might just do it now

Back on the couch, Mr. White continues to suckle on one pretty pink nipple while the other hand trails down south in his slow, aggravating way. I arch my back as his finger slides down as if he has a string tied to me, and I am his puppet to control. He rubs over my smooth mound, and I cry out loud; I can feel him grinning as his mouth is on my tit. He teases me by running his hand down my right inner thigh slowly and then back up my left inner thigh.

"Ohhhh, pleaseee!!" I moan.

"Is there something I can do for you, Fleur?" he whispers into my ear in that voice as potent as poison.

I surprise both of us as I shout, "Rub my clit or finger fuck me or something!!!!"

We both laugh until he jams two fingers in my sex hole, and no one laughs anymore. I inhale sharply. It has been a long time, and my pussy is tight. He holds his fingers there, and I hold my breath for what seems like an eternity.

Then he withdraws his fingers, and just as I exhale slowly, he goes in again, a little softer this time but fast and deep, deep as if he is hoping to find a treasure down there.

“Breathe, my darling. And try to relax. This is supposed to feel good.” He begins to move his fingers in small circles. I purposefully focus on relaxing my hips and my core. As we work together, I feel my tunnel walls relax and begin to stretch. Mmmmmm....it’s tight in a good way now. I move with him now. I pump my hips up and down as he moves his fingers in circles.

“Yes, my girl, that’s it. Feels good, doesn’t it?”. Again all I can muster is a squeaky “mmhmm.”

A low grunt comes at my ear, I think that was a laugh of satisfaction, but I can’t analyze it at this moment.

“Yes, that’s my good girl,” he says as he starts to move his fingers in and out, in and out, then in circles. He repeats this process as I continue to hump his hand.

“Oh, Mr. White, please, you’re gonna make me cum,” I moan.

In the lowest timber possible for a human voice, he says, “Yes darling, I am.”

Back on my floor, I am rubbing my clit; it is so swollen and primed for an orgasm. I pinch it between my fingers and rub it in circles. Yelling to no one in particular, “Oh, Mr. White fuck me fuck me” I am so close to climax but need

more. So, I slide two fingers into my hot, wet cunt, and move in as deep as possible. Fucking myself just as Mr. White is in my fantasy.

“Are you ready to climax, Flower? I am going to take you there in just a moment,” Mr. White whispers in my ear, his voice so low and thick it is more like a vibration in my body than a voice in my ear.

For a third time, my lack of articulation is not lost on me, “mhm.”

“Here we go.” While still fucking my hot box with two fingers, White pushes his thumb up and rubs my clit, sending my stimulation into overdrive.

“Holy FUCK” I yell as I am overwhelmed by his touch.

“Ok, Flower, I want you to cum. Cum for me now. Drench my hand in your juice.” I hump his hand harder, he finger fucks me deeper and rubs my clit faster “Ooooooh, I’m cumming now.”

“Yes, you are a good girl.”

Back on my floor, I am finger fucking with one hand and rubbing my clit with the other hand. And as his voice rings in my head to cum, I have the biggest, hardest orgasm in my life.

I lie there riding the wave of spasms that shakes my body in ecstasy. As I finally come back to the real world, I hear a beeping noise and realize the five-minute alarm has been going off for a while now. Giggling again, I think to myself, well, not meditation, but relaxing nonetheless. I’m going to leave the rest of my to-do list until morning and get a good night’s sleep.

As I drift off to sleep, I think of one more thing to add to the to-do list I should message Mr. White tomorrow and suggesting we do a video date Sunday. I would sure like to see the face that goes with that voice.

