

“This must break your hurt, love. All those years you spent fantasizing about becoming Mrs. Harry Potter, and now you’re at his stag party.” Harry snorted at the quip from Jordanna, a trainer on the Holyhead Harpies who also happened to be Ginny’s girlfriend. He’d only really spent any time around her in the last month, since quidditch season was over and Ginny was back in town rather than traveling for matches with the team, but she was fun to have around.

“Yes, little teenage Ginny’s dreams have been *crushed*,” Harry’s first real girlfriend said dryly. “All that time spent practicing writing *Mrs. Ginny Potter*, all those love letters she composed but never delivered—wasted.” She and Harry shared a smile. He doubted many guys had an old girlfriend at their stag party, but Ginny genuinely was a good friend of his. They’d been each other’s firsts, but they had like two months total together romantically, and over a decade as friends. He was happy to have her here at this small get-together.

“They weren’t all undelivered,” Harry pointed out. “Remember the poem you had that dwarf sing to me on Valentine’s Day my second year at Hogwarts, your first?” Ginny’s brown eyes flashed, but Harry ignored the warning sign. “How did it go again? Eyes as green as a fresh pickled—”

“Finish that sentence and you’re going into your wedding night short two balls,” Ginny said fiercely, cutting him off.

“We wouldn’t want that,” Neville said, smirking.

“Definitely not,” Jordanna agreed, nudging Ginny’s side with her elbow. “I’m sure you’re dying to suck on those balls once more, for old times’ sake.”

“My mouth was never anywhere *near* his balls, I’ll have you know,” Ginny said. “Nor will it be.” Her cheeks were turning as red as her hair, and Harry smiled to see it. Ginny was almost always the one making others blush in embarrassment from her teasing, but she’d seemingly met her match with her girlfriend.

“Really?” Harry did his best to act surprised, even disappointed. He knew that Jordanna accepted that there were no lingering romantic feelings or regrets between he and Ginny, and that they truly were just friends, which was why he was comfortable playing along. “Not even if I ask nicely, as a special treat for my stag party?” Jordanna laughed, delighted to have a partner in teasing Ginny.

“You can ask,” Ginny said after clearing her throat in an attempt to shake off her embarrassment. “But only if you want the special treat to be your bogeys turning into bats and flying out of your nose.”

“Something tells me that’s not really what Fleur had in mind when she set this up,” Harry said.

“Unlikely,” Neville agreed. “You really don’t have any more clue what’s coming here than we do, Harry?”

“None.” Harry shrugged. “This was all Fleur’s doing, from the guest list down to the entertainment, whatever it is.”

Harry wasn’t originally planning on having any sort of stag party. He and Hermione were doing a relatively small, secret wedding with just family and close friends. If they’d done anything else, half of the wizarding world would have tried to secure an invitation for the social status if nothing else. Even

the date of the wedding was a secret known only to those trusted few. The magical world knew that Harry and Hermione were getting married soon, and while the topic was frequently written about in most every paper, writers could only speculate as to the date or location.

He'd been fine not having any sort of stag party, knowing that it would only draw attention and allow the curious public to zero in on a time frame for the upcoming wedding, and Hermione had felt the same way about having a hen night. But Fleur would not hear of it. She had been adamant and took on the responsibility of all the planning herself. Fleur had been so insistent that Harry and Hermione had let her have her way, with the condition that they had to be kept small and done in private so no one would catch on. Hermione didn't know anything about her hen night, beyond that it would be witches only. Hermione *did* know what Fleur had in mind for him, though all she would say to him about it was that it was going to blow his mind, and he had her permission to enjoy it. Harry had taken the portkey Fleur left for him without a clue what to expect. He was glad she'd honored his request that it be kept small and private, but he would admit to being surprised that Fleur herself wasn't present.

Harry had sort of expected that Fleur all but demanding she be allowed to throw him a stag party was really just an excuse for some fucking, but there was no sign of the veela who had set this all up. There were only four people present in the dark room which reminded Harry of the atmosphere in a club's private rooms. It was just Neville sitting in an armchair, Ginny and her girlfriend side by side on a love seat, and Harry sitting in the middle of a large pink couch that was incredibly comfortable. There had been no question that the couch had been meant for him and him alone. He wasn't sure why he'd been given something so big all for himself, but he was happy to enjoy some of the food and drink Fleur had left for them and talk with the few guests she'd invited to join him for what was apparently going to be an even smaller celebration than he'd expected.

"If I know Fleur, she's got something wicked up her sleeve," Ginny said. Harry nodded in agreement. This was fun, but he knew there had to be more in store. Fleur had already said as much. Every time she'd brought it up, she'd smiled and told him that he was going to have an unforgettable night.

"And while we wait to see what it is, I'm happy to enjoy the free champagne," Jordanna said, pouring herself some more. Harry declined when she offered to pour him some as well. He'd had only a little bit to drink, and he wanted to keep it that way. Whatever Fleur had prepared for him, he had a feeling he wanted to be fairly sober and at his best for it.

They talked for another twenty minutes or so before the lights in the room they'd come to via portkey went out. Harry perked up on his couch, knowing that something was coming now. The lights returned after a suitably dramatic pause, but they were dimmer than before. It was as if he was in a movie theater, with everything up until now being the coming attractions where the audience sat around and was free to chat. Now was the feature presentation.

When the lights returned, they strategically spotlighted a lone figure standing in front of Harry with its back to him. With their back turned like this, Harry couldn't see the person's face. He definitely recognized that long, silvery-blond hair that hung down their back to the waist, though. She might have her back to him, and she might be wearing a bulky blue robe, but he'd recognize that hair anywhere.

"So, I guess you turned up after all, eh, Fleur?" he said. She giggled but did not turn her head towards him. Rather than turning around to look at him or talk to him, she undid the robe and shrugged it off her shoulders. It pooled around her feet, and she stepped out of it, letting Harry see the light blue bra

and thong she was wearing beneath it. The moment the robe hit the floor, the spotlight grew to encompass not just her, but the couch Harry was sitting on as well. The half-naked veela's hips began to shake, and Harry's eyes naturally dropped to her arse. He stared at that bum, both mesmerized and confused. It was a lovely bum, to say the least, but something about it looked different. He had seen Fleur naked and fucked her from behind enough to recognize her arse in an instant, and he was convinced that it was thicker than this one. The bum he saw swaying so enticingly in front of him was more of a heart shape than Fleur's was. Heck, based on what he could see, her body looked slimmer in general than Fleur's, and taller than he would have expected Fleur to look, even in the heels she was wearing.

As if she knew that he'd realized something wasn't quite as he was expecting it to be, she turned her head back over her shoulder to look at him. He'd been on the right track when he saw that silvery-blond hair that he'd never seen on anyone but a veela. It just wasn't the veela he'd assumed it was.

"*Gabrielle?*" he mumbled. He panicked briefly, but just as quickly reminded himself that Fleur had mentioned going to her Beauxbatons graduation close to a year ago now. It had been a decade since he'd pulled her out of the lake, and in that decade, she had grown into a woman every bit as breathtakingly beautiful as her older sister.

"Oui." She was smirking at him playfully over her shoulder while continuing to wiggle her hips. She could tell that he was floored, and she clearly delighted in having shocked him so. Her smile felt less arrogant than Fleur's would have in this same situation, but possibly even more pleased.

"Bloody hell," Jordanna whispered. "Ginny, would you be offended if I said that's the sexiest woman I've ever seen?"

"Fleur might be," Ginny said, her voice sounding higher than usual. "Or maybe not. If there's any woman in the world who she might tolerate being on her level, it'd probably be her little sister."

Ginny and Jordanna were unknowingly echoing what was running through Harry's head as he watched Gabrielle Delacour shake her ass in front of him. Objectively, he'd always considered Fleur the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, and a strong candidate for the most beautiful woman in the world. He could say that openly; even Hermione agreed with him. But now that he was seeing Gabrielle gyrate in front of him, he was forced to reevaluate that. He seemed to remember thinking that she looked basically like a miniature version of her sister when she was young, but there were noticeable differences between them as adults. She was taller than Fleur, slenderer and willowier. Her arse, as he'd noticed right away, was more heart-shaped, and her eyes were a darker shade of green than Fleur's.

She wasn't a smaller replica of Fleur, as she'd been when she was younger. Now she was a woman in her own right, and her differences helped Harry appreciate her just as much as he'd always appreciated Fleur. Before the lights had gone out and Gabrielle had appeared to take her robe off and shake her arse in his face, Fleur had undoubtedly been the most beautiful woman he'd ever met. But she had competition for that title now.

"Do you like what you see, Harry?" she asked, spinning around to face him head-on. He noticed that she had a thicker French accent than her sister, though he spent far more time noticing how great her body looked from this angle too. Her boobs didn't look quite as big as Fleur's, but they filled out that bra nicely, and they seemed to fit her more slender body perfectly. She had fantastic legs, too, and Harry took his time in gazing at them down to the high heels and then going back up. But when he

made it back to the top, his breath hitched once they made eye contact. It was as perfect a face as he had ever seen, and the way she was smiling at him felt innocent, sweet, loving and filthy all at once. He couldn't even describe the way that smile made him feel, other than that his cock was becoming a growing problem in his trousers.

"You're fucking *perfect*," he said honestly. Gabrielle giggled and smiled in delight.

"I'll second that," Jordanna said.

"Thirded," Ginny jumped in. "I might've been upset that she turned around if that arse wasn't so amazing."

"You are welcome to enjoy the view," Gabrielle said. While wiggling her body around, she reached a hand behind herself and slapped her arse. Jordanna groaned. "But no touching." Harry exhaled sharply as Gabrielle bent over at the waist and put her hands on his knees. "Only Harry can touch me tonight."

"Are you sure?" Harry whispered. "How did Fleur talk you into this?" Surprisingly, it was Ginny who snorted.

"Sounds like *someone's* forgotten that a certain little veela was making eyes at him when she came in for Fleur's wedding," Ginny said. Gabrielle had batted her eyelashes at him back then, now that Ginny was making Harry recall it. It hadn't made much of an impression on him back then, but she hadn't looked like *this* back then. "I hardly think dear Gabrielle needed any convincing."

"Non." Gabrielle laughed and shook her head. Her hands were starting to slide higher up Harry's legs, along his thighs now. "I have always wanted you, Harry. But I had to wait. My sister said I should only come to you when you would see me as a woman, not a girl." Her hands moved along his inner thighs to his erection bulging in his trousers. She rubbed that bulge while looking into his eyes innocently, or at least with the illusion of innocence. "Well? Do you see me as a woman now, Harry?"

"I think you can feel the answer to that under your hand right now," he said, which made Gabrielle giggle. "Bloody hell, you're amazing!"

"You do not know the joy it brings me to hear you speak of me this way," Gabrielle said. She took her hands off of his legs and climbed onto the couch instead, going down onto her back, stretching out and lying in his lap. "It is everything I ever dreamed of." She giggled and bit her lip. "Well, I dreamed of being the one you married, in truth. But your future wife is allowing me to be with you like this, and I can never thank her enough for that."

"Neither can I," Harry said. Hermione had allowed him to carry on with the remaining Weasley wives, and she wasn't bothered about the involvement of Luna, Katie, Alicia and Penny as well. Now she had given her approval for Fleur's 18-year-old sister to come and 'entertain' him during his stag party. Harry was a lucky bastard, and he knew it.

"If we are both happy to be here, why are your hands still at your sides, Harry?" Gabrielle said. Her voice oozed seduction and sexuality. "The others may only watch, but I want you to touch me. Please, *touch me.*"

With Gabrielle in his lap, Harry only had to move his hands slightly to reach her breasts. Gabrielle let out a little whimpering sigh as he gently squeezed them through her bra, and her hands covered his, encouraging him to keep groping her.

“Your ex-boyfriend is a lucky bastard,” Harry heard Jordanna say. Ginny said something in response, or at least he was pretty sure she did. Harry wasn’t really paying much attention to them anymore. The beautiful 18-year-old veela in his lap was all he really cared about right now. Groping her tits was great, but after the little dance she’d given him and all the flawless skin on display, he was quite ready for more. First, though, he had to make sure that Gabrielle wanted him to do more than just touch.

“Mind if I take this off?” he asked her, grabbing her light blue bra by the hooks.

“Please,” Gabrielle said, nodding up at him. Harry undid the bra and tossed it aside, uncaring of where it landed. Distantly, he heard Ginny teasing Neville about telling Hannah he’d caught a veela stripper’s bra out of mid-air, but Harry was far too busy gazing at Gabrielle’s bare breasts to think much on it.

“Not as big as my sister’s, I know,” she whispered, biting her lip as she looked up at him. Harry assumed that she wouldn’t have made that comparison if she didn’t know that he fucked Fleur regularly, and thus would have an intimate understanding of and appreciation for Fleur’s breasts.

“They’re perfect,” he said seriously, to which she gave him another dazzling smile. If this woman was even going to entertain the idea of doubting her sexiness in the slightest bit, even in comparison to her older sister, he wasn’t going to hear of it. Who cared if her tits were a little smaller than Fleur’s? They were perky, soft and amazing. They were perfect, just like the rest of her. The Delacour sisters were the sexiest women Harry had ever seen, and after all his fun with Fleur, it was now his privilege to grope Gabrielle’s breasts too.

She moaned and writhed in his lap as he rolled her breasts in his hands and stroked her nipples. Every writhe, wriggle and moan made Harry want her more, and she certainly seemed to want it at least close to as badly as he did.

“How far do you want this to go, Gabrielle?” he asked her. His hands stroked down her flat belly, and his thumbs hooked into the string of her thong underwear.

“All the way,” she said at once. “I want to give you everything, Harry.”

There was no question about her sincerity, or her desire. It was quite possible that no woman had ever looked as eager about doing this with him. Gabrielle’s look was reminiscent of Fleur’s when life circumstances forced them to go several days or even a week without shagging once, only Gabrielle seemed like she’d been waiting even longer and needed it even more than her older sister ever had. That look, plus remembering what Gabrielle had said about always wanting him, made him curious.

“Have you ever had sex, Gabrielle?” he asked. She shook her head, and he took a shaky breath. She was a virgin. She was as sexy as any woman he’d ever seen, she was writhing around in his lap wearing only a thong, and she was a *virgin*.

“It could only be you, Harry,” she whispered, looking up at him with a loving smile. “No Beauxbatons boy could have ever measured up, once I met you and you became my hero.” She batted her eyelashes

at him again, and it left an exponentially bigger impact on him than it had at Fleur's wedding. "Please, Harry. Be my first."

Harry nodded, ignoring the murmurs from their small but captivated audience. This was the second time in a little over a month that he was being trusted with a woman's first time, and in Gabrielle's case, she'd been waiting for him specifically. He took his responsibility very seriously, and with Fleur having arranged this and Hermione approving, nothing was going to stop him from giving Gabrielle what she'd been waiting for.

"Okay," he said. He slid her thong down her legs, and Gabrielle lifted her hips and shifted her feet around to help him get it off of her. The thong was tossed aside, and Harry wrapped his arms around Gabrielle's waist and lifted her slender body up off of the couch. "But we're going to do this my way."

Gabrielle gasped as he went down onto his back and dragged her with him. They wound up with her on her back, lying down on top of him with her arse roughly around his upper chest. One of her legs was flung over the side of the couch, and the foot of the other was right on the edge of the cushion. Naturally, her pussy was right in front of his face.

"Keep your legs spread, just like this," Harry said. Everything was set up as he wanted it now. It was time to dig in. Before Gabrielle could say a word, Harry opened his mouth and took a long lick down her outer pussy lips. Gabrielle gasped right away, and her hips rocked to rub her pussy against his face. Harry didn't mind that. She could hump and wiggle about if she wanted. As long as her pussy was still there for his mouth to reach, he was happy.

"Harry!" Gabrielle whimpered as he started going down on her. "Oh, Harry! Yes! Yes!"

From the moment he'd lifted Gabrielle up and brought her down on top of him, he'd been able to see just how hot her arousal was burning already. Thus, he hadn't spent any time with lighter touches or licks along her thighs to warm her up. This virgin veela needed no warming up. She needed to be stimulated directly, and Harry wasn't going to hold back. He went straight in to eat her, relying on Gabrielle's reactions to guide him towards whatever worked best for her.

She made it very easy for him, because Gabrielle was incredibly responsive to everything he did for her. She sighed and moaned his name happily when he moved his tongue up and down, but she got even louder when he got his whole mouth involved in eating her out. Him moving his head in circles to brush her with his cheeks and nose in a full-blown devouring had Gabrielle's hips and arse rocking and her pussy grinding against his face, and he kept his head moving to keep up with her. No matter how Gabrielle wiggled or humped on top of him, Harry was able to give the young virgin veela the deep, enthusiastic oral worship she so deserved. After waiting and dreaming specifically of him for years, how could he do anything else? This wasn't about him having a great time during his stag party. It was Harry rewarding this ethereally beautiful woman for her belief in him, that he alone was the man meant to take her first time. In turn, she rewarded him by moaning, panting and sobbing his name as he dedicated his mouth and his entire face to her pleasure.

"Fucking hell, she's loud," Neville said in wonder. Had he been paying more attention to what his friends were saying, Harry would have noted how out of character it was for Neville to curse.

“Yeah, she really is,” Jordanna agreed. “Has he always been that good at eating a witch out, Ginny? Because I’d have had a hard time leaving anyone who could make me moan like that, and I don’t even like blokes.”

“He was pretty good,” Ginny mumbled. “But he definitely didn’t make me sound like *that*.”

Harry knew that his skill had improved considerably in the time since he’d been with Ginny. But he also knew that so much of this loud response was because of how needy Gabrielle was. Knowing what he knew of veela sexual urges from Fleur, Gabrielle’s hormones had to be going crazy from repressed arousal. He didn’t know how she’d made it this long without ever being with another, but he knew just how fucking lucky he was to be the one who got to make the virgin veela moan this loudly and hump his face with this much excitement.

There was still more he could do for her, of course. From this angle with her on top of him on her back, Harry could reach both her breasts and her pussy easily. He’d been stroking her belly and her legs with his hands while he used his mouth on her. But eventually he pushed one hand in from her thigh towards her sex, and the other slid up to grab onto one of her perfectly perky tits. Two fingers teased at her clit, a breast was squeezed, and a stiff nipple was stimulated by a thumb.

“Harry!” Gabrielle whined. Her hips were rocking even faster now; so fast that Harry’s head had to start almost whipping around to keep up with her in order for his mouth to remain attached to her pussy. “Yes, Harry! Oh, oh, oh! Ohhhhh, yes! Yes, yes.....yesssss!”

Gabrielle came with a shriek that easily drowned out the conversation from his friends, if they weren’t silently watching and listening in awe to the sound of a veela experiencing a climax brought on by another for the very first time. Harry was used to the orgasmic cries of Fleur, but there was more to it from Gabrielle. This wasn’t just a cry of immense pleasure. It was the shriek of a veela who had finally awoken to her true nature.

Harry had been promised a stag party he would never forget, and this was certainly true. He was never going to forget making Gabrielle screech like that or having her squirt all over his face. Squirting might have been too tame a word for it, to be honest. He didn’t know if it was because she was a veela experiencing this for the first time or what, but she drenched his face and his mouth throughout her orgasm. Harry stuck his tongue out to swallow some of it and stuck it right back out to lick up some more.

“Fuck, you taste good,” he mumbled. Gabrielle was too busy panting to hear him, but he heard someone chuckle from somewhere in the darkness. This was incredible. But he wasn’t done yet. There was still something left to do. And unless her sex drive wasn’t anywhere near as large as that of her older sister, he had a feeling Gabrielle wanted it even more than he did.

He flipped Gabrielle over onto her belly on the couch, pulled his shirt over his head and tugged his trousers and underwear off as fast as humanly possible. His aching cock flopped out into the open, and he ignored the size-related banter between his ex and her girlfriend in favor of pressing his erection against Gabrielle’s arse. She groaned and wiggled against it right away.

“I’ve never taken a veela’s virginity, so I’m not sure how your needs differ from humans,” he said, hotdogging his cock between Gabrielle’s buttcheeks. “Do you want me to fuck you, or make love to you? Feels more like a time for a fuck to me, but I don’t know if your body is prepared to—”

“Fuck me!” Gabrielle interrupted with a shout. She was humping back against him now, or at least trying to, though his hand on her back kept her from accomplishing much. “*Fuck me, mon amour!*”

That was all Harry needed to hear. His body was calling out, demanding that he take the sexy young woman beneath him, and she had just echoed that demand. It might be her first time, but he wasn't going to take it easy on her in the slightest. He was going to show this virgin veela what it was like to get shagged rotten. He took his cock in hand, guided it to her entrance and shoved into her, unceremoniously taking Gabrielle's virginity with a careless thrust. She reacted not with a pained groan, but with a gasp of excitement. Harry thrust all the way into her, not stopping until his cock was fully stuffed inside of the veela's warmth and his balls were right up against her skin.

“So much!” Gabrielle moaned. “You feel so large in me!” He knew that this wasn't her complaining. First time or not, she was happy to have him all the way inside of her on that first thrust. “Please, more! I want to feel more, Harry!”

His pause had actually been primarily to take a deep breath for his own benefit, because his mind had been assaulted by pleasure the moment he pushed into Gabrielle. He was very familiar with the snug warmth of Fleur's pussy hugging his cock every time he was inside of her, which he knew to be a veela trait meant to fill him with an undeniable desire to give her everything he had. But that feeling was even more pronounced with Gabrielle. Taking a woman's virginity was great, and fucking a veela was a sensation that would bring many men to their knees. But fucking a virgin veela was a first even for Harry, and Gabrielle's tightness had him closing his eyes and gritting his teeth even as he did as she begged and pulled his cock back to give her another thrust.

This definitely wasn't going to last long at all, but that was no excuse for him to sit around and take it easy on her, and himself. If his first time with Gabrielle wasn't going to stretch on for any length of time, he just had to live in the moment, throw caution aside and just fuck her as hard as he could for however long this went.

From that point on, there was no pausing while buried balls-deep inside of Gabrielle, and no need or even opportunity for her to ask for more. Harry slammed his hips down to drive his cock all the way into the veela's pussy and pulled back up just to repeat it again, and again, and again, pounding her into the couch. He put his arms around her, hugging her body up beneath her armpits and putting even more of his weight into his thrusts as he kept her upper body pinned beneath him. His hips slapped against her heart-shaped ass constantly, and Gabrielle moaned and shouted with every thrust.

He'd thought that he'd shagged Katie pretty hard for it being her first time, but Gabrielle was getting him at his absolute fiercest. He was fucking the shite out of her as hard as he could possibly fuck a woman; hard enough that she could barely even breathe, let alone think about talking. It was hard enough to make her claw at the arm rest of the couch, which squeaked beneath them. Harry's feet were sliding over the edge of the couch, and he threw his whole body into each massive thrust. He was fucking her so hard that he felt it might have been too much to handle even some of his more experienced lovers. For a virgin to be able to get fucked like this without issue felt like it shouldn't have been possible.

But there Gabrielle was, shouting at the top of her lungs any time she managed to get sound out of her lungs. They were just screams and moans rather than being exclamations in either English or French, but it was enough for Harry to be able to tell that she was not just accepting this pace for her first time

but thriving in it. She was a virgin, but she was a veela as well, and it was the veela who was winning out. It was winning out in its battle to make Harry cum too, and he was in no position to stop it.

Fortuitously, he managed to get Gabrielle off again just as the pressure in his balls, thighs and stomach became too much for him. When he erupted inside of Gabrielle's tight sex with an animal-like roar, it was to the sound of her squealing even louder. He got to feel her tight pussy squeeze even tighter around him as well, and it forced his orgasm to shoot even higher. Harry's seed kept rushing out of him to fill the no longer virgin veela up, and by the time it finally dried up, he nearly collapsed on top of his slender lover.

"My fucking God, that was amazing," someone mumbled in the darkness.

"Yeah, I know," someone else said. "That was still no reason for you to hump my leg, Jor."

"Would you rather I went over to the other chair and dry humped Neville instead?"

"Too late for that," Ginny laughed. "You were too busy touching yourself to notice, but he rushed off to the loo a couple of minutes ago. Probably too shy to have a wank out here."

Harry shook his head, tuning their conversation out and looking at the veela beneath him. He pulled out of Gabrielle slowly, rubbing her shoulders and her lower back. He knew she'd enjoyed herself greatly, so he wasn't worried that he'd gone too hard on her or anything. He just wanted to look after her and pamper her after the incredible stag party she'd given him.

"Thank you, Gabrielle," he said after catching his breath and rubbing her back for a couple of minutes. He leaned down to kiss her shoulder blade. "That was incredible."

Gabrielle slowly rolled over onto her back and smiled up at him. Her face was red, her entire body was sweaty and her silvery-blond hair was all over the place. The signs of the thorough fucking she'd just received was obvious, but her elation was equally obvious.

"Thank you, Harry," she said. "So much. You don't know what this meant to me."

"I think I have some idea." He brushed some hair out of her eyes and smiled down at her. "I don't know where things go from here; if you're interested in more, or how Hermione and Fleur would feel about that. But whether this was a one-time thing or the beginning of something more than that, I just want you to know that this was one of the best nights of my life." Gabrielle's smile was as dazzling as any that he'd ever seen.

"We can talk about the future tomorrow," she said, running her fingers through his chest hair and stroking his skin. "But I'd be happy to go again in a few minutes, if you want to." Harry barked out a laugh.

"Sure," he said. "But maybe we can have a drink first."

"I think we all need a drink after that," Ginny said, before laughing. "I knew it was a good move to ask to come to Harry's stag party instead of Hermione's hen night!"