



Falling

For

Fleur

Falling for Fleur

Chapter 1

"Kids! Kids, wake up!"

Harry woke in an instant as Mr. Weasley shook everyone else awake. There was a sound like thunder in the distance, followed by screams. The look on Mr. Weasley's face told him this was more than just someone getting overexuberant with fireworks.

"What is it?" Harry asked, slipping his glasses onto his face.

"Hurry, get dressed," Mr. Weasley hissed.

As Harry and the rest of the Weasleys threw on their clothes, the screaming and rumbling grew rapidly closer. Grabbing his wand, Harry rushed out into the main room of the tent, where he bumped into Hermione as she and Ginny left the girls' room.

"What's happening?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know," Harry said.

"This way, quickly," Mr. Weasley instructed urgently, waving them towards the front of the tent whilst holding the flap open for them.

As Harry exited after the twins, the acrid smell of smoke filled his nostrils. Men, women, and children of all ages began running past them in their night clothes with pale, worried expressions on every one of their faces. Just as Ginny stepped out onto the grass field, he saw a ball of fire engulf a row of tents less than a hundred yards away. The renewed panic sent a surge of bodies rushing past them in terror.

“Quick, get to the forest!” Mr. Weasley yelled. “Fred, George; Ginny is your responsibility. Run fast and stick together. Bill, Charlie, Percy, with me.”

“Dad!” Ginny yelled worriedly.

“I have to try and help,” he told her gently. “Now go! Run!”

Mr. Weasley pushed against the tide of the panicked crowd with his elder sons right behind him, moving towards the explosions, while Harry and the others took off in the opposite direction, Fred dragging Ginny by the hand.

“Look!” Hermione yelled, her finger pointing up into the sky.

Harry looked up to see the campground owner, his wife, and their young daughter being held at least fifty feet above the ground. The man shouted obscenities while the woman and girl desperately tried to keep their night dresses from falling up as they were spun around wildly. Looking down, Harry found four cloaked figures in bone-white, skull-shaped masks laughing with their wands pointed at the family.

Death Eaters.

But what were they doing here, he wondered. They hadn’t been seen for sixteen years. Not since Voldemort’s body was destroyed the night he killed his parents and tried to kill him.

Distracted by the sight, Harry was shoved to the side by a large man bulldozing his way through the crowd. Too late, he realized the crowd around him was pushing him in a different direction than his friends.

“Harry!” Hermione shouted, getting battered by the mass of bodies rushing past her as she tried to move towards him.

Harry realized there was no way they could reach each other without one of them getting trampled.

“It’s alright!” he screamed back. “I’ll meet you near the entrance, where the Portkey brought us!”

Hermione bit her lip, clearly not happy, but the crowds continued to force them apart. Soon, he couldn’t see them at all in the mass of people. Following the group of people he was caught in, Harry soon realized that they weren’t heading for the woods like he thought; they were heading for the ward line. Ahead, he could see people Disapparating en masse. Having only just turned seventeen, he didn’t yet know how to Disapparate himself.

Pushing himself through the crowd, Harry escaped the stampede and moved off the trail they were following toward the woods. He knew the general direction he needed to head in and began moving through the brush. It was hard to see, and he stumbled several times over roots, rocks, and fallen branches, but he didn’t dare light his wand. The sound of screaming and distant explosions became eerily muffled the deeper he went into the thick line of trees.

Harry fought down a sense of rising panic and instead focused on moving ahead in a straight line. The sound of his breathing and the beat of his racing pulse thundered in his own ears. Not even the animals of the forest were making a sound around him, making his own footfalls the loudest sound he could hear.

Soon, he heard a new sound. The unmistakable sound of human voices coming from just ahead of him. Tightening the grip on his wand, Harry crept closer, careful not to make a sound that would give him away as he peaked around a tree.

“Well, what do we have here?” A male voice asked.

Harry’s stomach clenched in a knot as he made out five cloaked and masked Death Eaters cornering a young woman and a little girl, both with the same long, silvery blonde hair. The little girl hid behind the older one, her bright blue eyes wide with terror.

“Looks like we’ve got ourselves a Veela, gents,” the man closest to the girls crowed to the laughter of the others. “Well, go on, give us a show.”

With a twirl of his wand, the young woman’s shirt was viciously torn from her body. A yelp of pain and fear left her mouth as she was left completely topless. The men laughed lecherously as they eyed her large bust. Bravely, the woman stood tall and pushed the girl further behind her instead of covering herself.

“Please,” she begged in a soft, trembling voice. “I will do what you want, just let my seester go.”

The Death Eaters laughed.

“Oh, don’t worry,” one of the other masked men said, stepping forward. “I’ll take good care of her for you.”

Harry felt of a knot of disgust in his stomach while rage boiled in his veins as the Death Eaters laughed again. He knew he had to help. Spotting a large fallen log between him and the Death Eaters, he extended his wand.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” he murmured.

Slowly and carefully, he levitated the log off the ground at roughly chest height. As the Death Eaters walked toward the girls, he waited until all five of them were past any trees blocking them, just a couple of feet shy of being able to reach out and grab them.

“DEPULSO!” Harry shouted.

The group of Death Eaters turned as one at the sound of his voice. Shock washed over Harry as he watched the two-foot-thick log slam into them and send them flying like bowling pins. Even from several yards away he could hear the sound of bones breaking over their pained cries.

One unlucky Death Eater at the back ended up being trapped between the log and a large tree behind him, his chest taking the full brunt of the impact. Hands shaking from the adrenaline surging through his system, Harry watched wide-eyed as the man crumpled to the ground as soon as the log stopped holding him up.

It took a moment for him to tear his eyes away from the devastation he'd wrought. Shaking himself, Harry pushed himself off the tree he had been hiding behind and raced towards the girls. Staring in shock at the carnage in front of them, the older one spun at the sound of his racing footsteps, a fearful look on her face.

"Come on, we need to go," Harry told her.

Glancing back at the groaning Death Eaters on the ground, she looked intently into his eyes before nodding. Clutching at her sister's hand, she began pulling her after him. They'd only gone a couple of steps before he heard her stop.

"Wait," she called. "Zhey 'ave my wand."

Harry cursed. He wanted to tell her to forget about it, but he knew he'd never be able to leave his own wand behind. Taking aim, he tried a spell he'd only seen Mrs Weasley use once earlier in the Summer, when she summoned Fred and George's homemade sweets from their pockets.

"Accio wands," he incanted.

To his own surprise, six wands leapt up into the air and sailed towards him. Holding out his empty hand, he caught all of them in a neat pile. As he stared at his hand in wonder, the girl quickly picked out her wand and gripped it tightly.

"Zhank you," she said gratefully.

Nodding, Harry stowed the rest of the wands in the pocket of his jacket. Suddenly, they heard murmured voices, and the sound of dry leaves and small twigs breaking under foot.

“We need to go. Now,” he said urgently.

Without waiting for a reply, Harry turned and pushed through the foliage, quickly covering ground. Looking sideways to see if the girls were keeping up, his eyes were inexorably drawn to her large breasts, bouncing wildly from her panicked running. Fortunately, she chose that moment to look over her shoulder to see if they were being followed. Harry forcibly tore his eyes away from her chest and looked dead ahead.

Once they were a couple of hundred yards away, they slowed their pace to a quieter walk. All three of them panted heavily while he tried to calm his own racing heart. Turning, he made to look over at the girls, but once again his eyes were drawn to the older girl’s chest of their own accord. Harry only caught a glimpse before tearing his eyes away again.

Now’s not the time to be a perv, he scolded himself.

Quickly, he unzipped his jacket and shrugged it off his shoulders.

“Here, put this on,” he said, holding it out to the older girl without looking at her.

With his eyes focused ahead of him, he didn’t notice the girl pause in surprise before smiling as she took the jacket.

“Merci,” she said.

Harry didn’t dare to look at her until he heard the sound of the zipper being pulled up.

“I’m Harry, by the way,” he said.

"I'm Fleur," she replied. "And zhis is my seester, Gabrielle."

With Fleur properly covered, Harry finally looked over at her. As he met her bright, deep blue eyes, they smiled at each other.

She really is beautiful, he thought, before mentally shaking himself.

Looking down at the little girl, who looked to be no older than ten, he tried to give her a reassuring smile. She smiled up at him cutely, before her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped. Frantically, she began tugging at the jacket he'd just given to her sister. Gabrielle spoke rapidly in a language Harry didn't understand, presumably French. He did catch one thing that he understood.

Harry Potter.

The older girl raised an eyebrow at her sister before looking closely at his face. Harry felt himself flush slightly under her gaze and turned away while running a hand through his hair. He never noticed Fleur's eye darting to his forehead before a small smile stretched her lips.

"Zhank you, for saving us," she said quietly.

"Oh, er, don't mention it," Harry said.

They continued to walk through the eerily quiet forest in silence for a few more minutes. With the distraction of the Death Eaters, Harry wasn't even sure they were heading in the right direction anymore.

Next to him, Gabrielle said something in French, and Fleur answered in a gentle tone.

“Everything okay?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur said. “She is just tired.”

Looking back at the little girl, it was only then that he realized both he and Fleur had slowed their pace for her to keep up. Indeed, Gabrielle looked utterly exhausted, her little feet dragging with each step. Thinking for a moment, Harry put his hand on Fleur’s arm to get her to stop. She looked at him curiously as he dropped down to one knee.

“Hop on,” he said to Gabrielle, patting his back. “I’ll carry you for a bit.”

Furrowing her brow cutely, she looked up at Fleur, who spoke to her in French with a smile on her face. Her eyes widening, Gabrielle walked up behind him and wrapped her arms around his neck. Grabbing her legs with his wand still clutched in one hand, Harry stood and adjusted Gabrielle until she was in a more comfortable position. With her situated, he began walking again.

“You go to ‘Ogwarts, oui?” Fleur asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “You?”

“I go to Beauxbatons,” she said.

“Where’s that?” Harry asked.

Fleur turned and looked at him oddly.

“It’s in France, you ‘ave not ‘eard of it?” she asked.

"I grew up in the Muggle world, I don't know anything about magical schools except for Hogwarts," Harry explained.

"Oh," Fleur said, blinking in surprise. "What's it like zhere?"

"In the Muggle world?" Harry asked, his brow furrowed.

Fleur giggled, "Non, at 'Ogwarts."

"Oh, right," Harry said, feeling a bit embarrassed. "It's great. I've always felt like it was home, you know. The halls can be a bit of a maze at times, and some of the portraits are kind of odd, but I love it there."

"From what I 'ave read, it seems vairy different zhan Beauxbatons," Fleur said. "I 'ope I will like it zhere."

"Are you transferring?" Harry asked curiously.

"Non, I'm coming for zhe tournament," she said, looking at him oddly again. "Did zhey not tell you?"

Harry shook his head.

"I guess not," he said. "What tournament?"

"Zhe Triwizard Tournament," Fleur said, then continued at his blank look. "It's a tournament between zhe zhree best schools in Europe. Beauxbatons, 'Ogwarts, and Durmstrang. One Champion is chosen from each school to compete in zhree tasks to see which is zhe best."

"Huh," Harry said, shifting Gabrielle slightly on his back. "I guess that's the surprise happening at Hogwarts everyone was going on about this summer."

"I cannot believe zhey didn't tell you," Fleur said.

"Yeah, it gets kind of annoying," Harry agreed. "So, what's Beauxbatons like?"

"It's beautiful," Fleur said with a smile. "Zhe castle is made of white marble and glass. Zhere is a beach on zthree sides wiz a forest at zhe back. In zhe morning, you can see zhe Unicorns grazing on zhe grass while you 'ave breakfast."

"It sounds great," Harry said, imagining it like the type of castle most little girls dreamed of.

"Oui, and when zhe Tournament starts, you will see why it is zhe best," Fleur said, lifting her chin.

Harry smiled.

"I think Hogwarts might have something to say about that," he said.

"Oh, will you be entering?" Fleur asked with a raised brow.

"Maybe," Harry teased.

"Zhen I will apologize now for 'urting your ego," she told him in a serious tone.

Harry chuckled and Fleur dropped her rather haughty expression to smile at him. They talked for a while about their schools and the Triwizard Tournament until they heard loud voices

coming from just over the top of a small hill. Immediately, they ducked behind trees, Harry dropping down to a knee.

“Gabrielle,” he whispered.

Looking over his shoulder, he noticed for the first time that the little girl had fallen asleep. Fleur gently roused her, speaking rapidly in French. Waking up, she looked around worriedly and climbed down from his back to stand behind her sister.

“Do you zhink it’s zhe others?” Fleur asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said.

“Zhere can’t be zhat many Deaz Eaters, can zhere?” she asked.

There were indeed a large number of voices, but again, Harry just didn’t know the answer. What if Voldemort had found a way to get his body back without anyone knowing, and this was some big attack? Who knew how many Death Eaters were still loyal and just waiting for him to come back?

Thinking quickly, Harry reached for his pocket, only to remember Fleur was wearing his jacket.

“Fleur, reach into the right pocket of my jacket,” Harry whispered.

Doing as he asked, she pulled out a sheet of dark, gossamer fabric, and reached out to hand it to him. Harry made to take it, then stopped when his eyes landed on Gabrielle’s frightened expression.

“Put it on,” he said, pulling his hand back. “Hide here, I’ll go check it out and come back if it’s safe.”

"What about you?" Fleur asked, looking torn as she glanced between him and Gabrielle.

"I'll be fine," he replied with a smile he hoped looked reassuring as he stood. "If I'm not back in five minutes, leave without me."

"Arry," Fleur called worriedly.

But Harry had already left. Wand in hand, he dashed forward and climbed up the gentle hill as quietly as he could. When he reached the top, he laid down on his stomach and crawled forward to peek over the edge. A wave of relief washed over him when he saw it was just a mass of regular witches and wizards, and not Death Eaters.

Turning around, he slid back down the hill and jogged back over to the tree where he'd left Fleur and Gabrielle.

"It's safe," he said. "It's just a group of campers."

The air in front of him rippled as Fleur took the cloak off and stuffed it back into the pocket of his jacket. Together, the three of them climbed back up the hill and peeked over the edge.

"Who's there?" a frightened man in a long white robe and sleeping cap yelled, his wand held out threateningly even as the tip trembled.

"Don't shoot," Harry called out. "We're not Death Eaters."

As they stepped into the light of dozens of Lumos spells hanging high in the air, the people at the edge relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled.

Pushing her way through the crowd, she sprinted up and slammed into him with a bone crushing hug.

“Oh, Harry. We were so worried about you,” she said.

“Good to see you, too, Hermione,” Harry smiled, patting her back.

Pulling back, she looked him over quickly before noticing Fleur and Gabrielle standing next to him.

“Oh, right,” Harry said. “This is my best friend, Hermione. Hermione, this is Fleur, and her sister Gabrielle. I ran into them in the forest.”

“Bonjour,” Fleur said.

“Hello,” Hermione replied.

“You ‘aven’t met a woman named Apolline, ‘ave you?” Fleur asked.

“No, I haven’t,” Hermione told her apologetically. “But if you’re looking for someone, the Aurors have a post where you can report someone missing.”

“Zhank you,” Fleur said with a smile, her eyes moving between Harry and Hermione curiously.

“I’ll show you where it is,” Hermione said, then turned to Harry. “Mr. Weasley is helping out. He told us to tell him as soon as we found you.”

"Is everyone else alright?" Harry asked as she began leading them towards the center of the group.

"Ron twisted his ankle pretty bad when he stepped in a fox hole, but besides that, everyone else made it here fine," Hermione said.

Harry nodded in relief and looked back at Fleur. She was scanning the crowd of faces with a worried look on her face.

"So, who's Apolline?" he asked.

"Our mozzar," Fleur said, her eyes still moving rapidly from face to face.

"I'm sure she's fine," Harry said, reaching out to squeeze her arm comfortingly.

Fleur spun her head around to look at him, then smiled and surprised him by taking his hand in hers and squeezing it lightly.

"Harry, there you are," Mr. Weasley called out.

Harry quickly let go of Fleur's hand as he spun around at the voice. Around them were a large number of Aurors running about. At the back, he could see a number of cots set up in rows where Mediwitches and wizards attended to campers with burns, cuts and scrapes.

"Thank Merlin you're alright," he said, smiling while running a hand through his thinning red hair.

"Sorry," Harry said, feeling guilty for making him worry. "I got separated from Ron and Hermione, then I ran into a few Death Eaters –"

"What?" Hermione asked sharply, glaring at him while Mr. Weasley looked at him worriedly.

"Er, well," Harry stammered.

"Arry saved us," Fleur interjected quickly. "My seester and I were cornered by Deaz Eaters when 'e 'it zhem wiz a tree. We would be worz zhan dead if not for 'im."

"You hit them with a tree?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"It was all I could find," Harry said defensively.

Mr. Weasley chuckled as Hermione glared at him again.

"That's our Harry, always the hero," Mr. Weasley said, clapping him on the shoulder. "Though I do wish you would worry us less."

"Sorry," Harry said again.

"Well, now that I know you're safe, I really need to get back to work," he said.

"Wait," Fleur called out as he turned away. "Can you help us find our mozzer?"

Mr. Weasley sighed and smiled at them sympathetically.

"Come with me," he said.

Turning around, he walked them over to a table where an Auror with a rather square face was sitting with a roll of parchment in front of him. Behind him, a woman with dull red hair and a monocle was giving orders as more Aurors ran back and forth.

“Dawlish, I’ve got another name for the missing list,” Mr. Weasley said.

“Name?” the Auror grunted.

“Apolline Delacour,” Fleur answered.

“I’ll let you know when we find her,” Dawlish replied in a bored tone, a floating quill writing down the name in front of him.

“That’s it?” Fleur asked incredulously.

“We’ve got hundreds of people missing and we still don’t have the names of everyone here,” Dawlish said in annoyance. “I’ll let you know when we have something.”

“Excuse me,” Mr. Weasley said distractedly as a Ministry worker called for him.

“How do I report a Death Eater attack?” Harry asked.

Dawlish looked up at him like he had two heads, and Harry realized how that might have sounded.

“Er, sorry. I mean, we ran into some Death Eaters in the forest,” Harry said. “I managed to hit them with a log and-”

“Look, kid, I don’t have time for tall tales,” Dawlish barked. “Now get out of here, I’ve got real work to do.”

Narrowing his eyes at the Auror, who turned back to his parchment, Harry reached over to Fleur, pulled the wands out of his jacket pocket, and slammed them on the table.

“Their wands,” Harry growled. “Will you listen to me now?”

“I’ll take those,” the woman with the monocle said, holding out her hand. “Where did you get them?”

“I took them off some Death Eaters we ran into in the forest,” Harry said, still angry at the other Auror for ignoring him.

“Zhey cornered me and my seester,” Fleur said. “Zhey disarmed me, vanished my shirt and zthreatened us, but ‘Arry saved us by hitting zhem wiz a tree.”

“Impressive,” the woman said, looking at him closely before turning to the side. “Auror Jones.”

A tall, regal looking woman in blue Auror robes walked over and looked at her questioningly.

“Put these wands into evidence and find out who they belong to,” the woman said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Jones replied, pulling a brown paper bag out of her pocket and placing the wands inside.

With a tap of her wand, red tape leapt from the tip and sealed the bag closed.

“Where did you say this happened?” the woman asked.

“Over by the back road, a couple hundred yards inside the trees near the ward line,” Harry told her.

The woman nodded and turned back to Auror Jones.

“Have Shacklebolt and Tonks take a team to check it out,” she said. “We might get lucky and catch a few of them still there.”

“Yes, Director Bones,” Auror Jones said before walking over to a tall, dark-skinned wizard and a witch with spiky pink hair.

“What was your name?” Bones asked.

“Er, do you need it?” Harry asked, which earned him a raised eyebrow. “I’d really rather not deal with attention.”

“I only need it for our records in case we have any further questions,” Bones said with a stern look.

Harry sighed.

“Harry Potter,” he said.

Thankfully, Bones gave no reaction other than to nod and write down his name.

“You’re staying with the Weasleys, correct?” she asked.

“Yes,” Harry confirmed.

“Good, I’ll contact you through Arthur if we need anything,” Bones said.

With a nod, she turned away and began handing out orders to other Aurors.

“Come on, I’ll take you to the others,” Hermione said, then turned to Fleur. “You and your sister can come with us while they look for your mum, if you want.”

“Merci,” Fleur said.

Hermione led them back through the crowd once more and slightly off to one side where there were a few small fires going. From there, it was fairly easy to spot the large crowd of redheads. Bill, Charlie, and Percy were missing, but Harry figured they were still helping the Ministry. As they approached, Ron gaped at Fleur with his mouth hanging open until Ginny elbowed him hard in the ribs. Even the twins looked at her with glassy eyes for a moment before physically shaking themselves.

Harry looked over at Fleur as she moved closer to him, her arm bumping into his. It took him a moment to remember she was a Veela. He wondered why he wasn’t as affected by her as the others seemed to be but decided not to worry about it for now. As he took a seat around the fire, with Fleur and Gabrielle sitting down next to him on one side, and Hermione on the other, Fred and George grinned and gave him a wink.

They sat and talked for quite a while, with Gabrielle falling asleep in Fleur’s lap and Fleur dozing lightly with her head on Harry’s shoulder. The camp had fallen fairly quiet, and as night gave way to early morning, more and more people began to leave.

“Fleur!” A woman shouted behind them.

Fleur jerked awake and looked behind her.

“Maman!” she yelled.

As she climbed to her feet, Gabrielle springing awake, Harry watched them run over to a stunningly beautiful blonde woman. Smiling softly, he watched as Fleur and Gabrielle hugged their mother in relief. While they spoke rapidly in French, Mr. Weasley walked past them with a tired smile and made his way over to them.

“Good news,” he said. “We’ve managed to sort out the Portkeys, and our tent is fine. The Ministry is having everyone who’s staying camp here for the rest of the night. Our Portkey doesn’t leave for a few hours yet, so why don’t you set it up and get some rest.”

“Great idea,” George said tiredly.

“Splendid,” Fred added, his voice lacking its usual exuberance.

Shaking her head, Hermione stood up and took the rolled-up tent from Mr. Weasley. Harry stood to help her set it up, only to find himself being hugged tightly by Fleur and Gabrielle’s mother. Even though she spoke in French, he understood enough to know she was thanking him. Harry blushed at the feeling of her soft, curvy body being pressed flush against his. Tentatively, he hugged her in return and patted her back.

“Er, you’re welcome,” Harry said.

Looking over her shoulder, he saw Fleur covering her mouth as she giggled lightly.

“She says zhan k you for saving us from zhe Death Eaters,” Fleur said.

Fleur spoke to her mother in French, which for some reason, caused her to pull back and kiss both of his cheeks. Smiling widely, she gave him one more quick hug before walking back over to her daughters, leaving Harry with a light blush. Reaching up, he touched his cheek where the touch of her lips still tingled pleasantly. Briefly, he wondered if Fleur’s kisses felt like that.

With Hermione leading the charge, it only took a few minutes to set up not only their tent, but the Delacours' tent as well.

"Well, I guess we should get some sleep," Harry said to Fleur once they were done.

As tired as he was, he'd enjoyed her company and was not looking forward to leaving her in the morning. Fleur smiled at him as the others began piling into the tent exhaustedly.

"Would you say goodnight to Gabrielle first?" she asked. "She asked me not to tell you, but she's been a fan of those Harry Potter books for years."

"She knows those are fiction, right?" Harry asked.

"Non, and I do not want to be the one to tell her," Fleur said, smiling and chuckling when he groaned.

"Alright," Harry acquiesced. "Where is she?"

"In the tent," she told him. "Come, I will show you."

A tad nervously, Harry followed Fleur into her tent. While it looked normal on the outside, like the Weasleys', it was much larger on the inside. Unlike the Weasleys' tent, the Delacours' was even larger and much nicer. It felt more like stepping into a small cottage than a large tent. Gabrielle, who was sitting on a couch with her mother, looked up and smiled at him before running over. She hugged him tightly around the middle while Harry smiled and patted her on the back.

"Goodnight, Gabrielle. It was nice meeting you," Harry said.

Fleur translated for him, and the little girl bid him goodnight before letting out a huge yawn. Smiling, Apolline stood, gave him another quick hug, and bid him goodnight before leading Gabrielle over to one of the bedrooms. As soon as the door closed, Fleur took his hand in hers.

“Come wiz me,” she said softly.

Harry’s nerves skyrocketed as she pulled him over to another bedroom on the other side of the tent. Closing the door, Fleur turned to face him and reached for the zipper of his jacket. Slowly, she pulled it down, revealing more and more of her perfect, pale white skin. Nervously, Harry looked up and stared at the wall over her shoulder. With the jacket hanging wide open, Fleur reached up, her fingers curled under his chin while her thumb pressed against the front. Gently, she moved his head to face her.

“I would not do zhis if I did not want you to look,” she whispered, her bright blue eyes sparkling as she stared into his.

Swallowing thickly, Harry looked down as she shrugged off his jacket. Her breasts were, in a word, perfect. Large, exquisitely shaped, and capped with wide, light pink areolas and soft pink nipples, he couldn’t imagine how they could look any better. Despite their generous size, they jutted from her chest in defiance of gravity. Harry couldn’t help but wonder just how soft they would feel in his hands as they bounced slightly from the movement of her shoulders.

He was broken out of his staring when Fleur ran her hands up his chest, over his shoulders, and wrapped her arms around his neck. Stepping closer, her breasts flattened as they pressed against his chest while she looked at him with a small smirk.

Slowly, her beautiful face drifted closer until her full, soft lips pressed against his. Harry wrapped his arms around her, his hands resting on the smooth skin of her back as he confirmed that, yes, her kisses did have that same pleasant tingle that her mother’s did. Fleur slowly moved her lips against his and then slipped her tongue into his mouth. Having virtually no experience with girls, or kissing, Harry did his best to follow her lead and caressed her tongue with his.

She tasted slightly sweet, and he idly wondered if that was because of something she ate, or if it was another thing unique to Veela. Moaning softly, Fleur ran her fingers through his hair before taking his bottom lip between hers and sucking lightly as she pulled back. As his lip slipped free, she smiled and traced her nails along his scalp.

“Zhank you,” she said softly.

“Yeah, any time,” Harry said, feeling a bit dazed.

Fleur gave a short, musical laugh before leaning forward to kiss him again. Grabbing his right hand from her back, she brought it around and gently placed it on her breast as they kissed slowly and deeply. Giving her full, soft mound an experimental squeeze, Fleur hummed in a way that almost felt like a purr. When Harry ran his thumb lightly over her hardened nipple, she pressed her hips firmly against his, grinding her firm thigh against his prominent erection.

Harry groaned at the sensation, his own hips bucking forward unconsciously. Chuckling against his lips, Fleur pulled back, breaking their kiss and opening her eyes but keeping their bodies pressed firmly together. She stared searchingly into his eyes for a long moment - for what, he didn't know – before smiling widely at him, showcasing her perfectly straight, white teeth.

Leaning forward, she kissed him briefly, yet deeply, before her hands slid back down to his chest. Gently, she pushed herself back from him, her blue eyes sparkling. As much as he wanted to continue holding her until the sun came up, Harry let his arms go slack as she stepped back.

Her smile turning into a smirk, Fleur walked a few steps over to the dresser, her hips swaying alluringly. With her back to him, she popped open the button of her jeans, unzipped them, then slipped her hands inside the waistband to push them down her legs. Harry stared as her light blue panties came into view inch by inch. Bending at the waist, Fleur gave him a good look at her prefect, heart shaped bum and long, muscular legs. He thought he saw a damp spot in the center of her panties just before she straightened up, but it was gone so quickly he decided it may have just been a trick of the light.

Smirking over her shoulder at him, she pulled a fresh set of clothes out of her dresser. Putting on a pair of loose, cotton shorts, Harry's eyes were once again drawn to her incredible breasts as they bounced enticingly with her movements. Regretfully, his view of her magnificent chest was then blocked as she pulled on a loose t-shirt.

Being covered did little to take away from her hold on him, Harry found. As she walked back up to him, her breasts bounced under her shirt, causing his erection to give a needy throb. When she got close, Harry wrenched his eyes away forcibly to look up at her beautiful face. Fleur had a rather amused look in her deep blue eyes as she looked at him.

"I will see you at 'Ogwarts, oui?" she asked.

"Definitely," Harry said with a smile.

"Bon," Fleur said, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Lacing her fingers through his hair, she pulled him in for one more brief, yet deep kiss before pulling back.

"Goodnight, 'Arry," Fleur said softly.

"Night, Fleur," Harry said.

When she stepped back, he smiled and gave her an awkward little wave before stepping out of the room. As the door closed, Fleur threw herself back onto her bed with a wide grin on her face.

On the other side of the door, Harry took a deep, calming breath. Seeing the living area was empty, he reached down and adjusted his uncomfortable erection into a better position. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to make it less visible.

Leaving the Delacour tent, he walked back over to the Weasleys' and quietly slipped inside. Everyone was already fast asleep, and a loud snoring came from the boys' bedroom. Sighing, Harry toed off his shoes and took off his jeans before climbing into his cot. It wasn't until he'd gotten himself settled that he realized Fleur still had his jacket.

I guess that gives me a reason to talk to her tomorrow, he thought with a grin.

Harry felt like he'd only just fallen asleep when he was shaken awake by one of the twins. Forcing open his heavy eyelids, he took a few moments to let his still rigid erection calm before standing up and getting dressed.

The tent was a flurry of frantic movement as everyone packed their bags. Once outside, Mr. Weasley quickly rolled up the tent. Percy was still nowhere to be seen, presumably helping Mr. Crouch, Harry thought, but Bill and Charlie were both there.

"Right, I think that's everything," he said. "We should head over to the Portkey early. I expect there will be quite the line."

"Arry," a familiar voice called out.

Harry turned around to see Fleur walking toward him with his blue jacket in her hand, her mother and sister following a few feet behind. Both Harry and Fleur lit up with smiles as they looked at each other, and neither of them noticed the interested look Bill was giving her.

"I forgot to give you zhis," she said, holding out the jacket.

"Oh, thanks," Harry said as he took it from her.

Quickly checking to make sure his dad's cloak was still in the pocket, he slipped it on, the smell of Fleur's perfume lightly wafting from it.

“Are you leaving?” Fleur asked, looking at the packed bag he hoisted onto his shoulder.

“Yeah, our Portkey leaves soon,” Harry said apologetically. “What about you?”

“The international Portkey’s do not leave until later,” she said.

“Sorry kids, but we really must be going,” Mr. Weasley said.

“Alright,” Harry said.

When he turned back to Fleur, she smiled and leaned in to kiss both his cheeks, the second one landing on the corner of his mouth and pulled him into a tight hug.

“Write to me?” she asked in a breathy whisper that sent tingles down his spine.

“Definitely,” Harry said.

Fleur smiled widely as she stepped back. Smirking at the two of them, Apolline stepped up to give him a quick hug and thank him once again in French before Gabrielle hugged him around the waist. With one last wave, Harry followed the Weasleys towards the Portkey. Looking over his shoulder, Fleur smiled and blew him a kiss.

“You two seem close,” Hermione said.

Blushing slightly, Harry turned back around with a shrug.

“I can’t believe you made friends with a Veela,” Ron said, staring off into the distance with a dreamy look on his face.

Hermione glared at him while Fred and George dropped back with identical grins on their faces.

“Sorry, Ronnikins,” Fred said.

“It looks like this one’s already taken,” George continued.

“Didn’t even notice Bill staring at her, did she?” Fred asked.

“Too true,” George agreed.

“Gerroff me,” Ron grumbled, shrugging their arms off his shoulders.

“Tell us, Harry,” Fred said.

“What’s your secret?” George asked.

Harry shrugged uncomfortably.

“Dunno,” he said. “Oh, by the way, I found out that big secret everyone’s been talking about. You guys ever heard of the Triwizard Tournament?”

The Twins’ faces lit up while Hermione looked at him curiously. The rest of the trek to the Portkey, everyone was mercifully distracted by talk of the tournament.

Not for the first time, Harry found himself anxiously awaiting the start of the school year. Although this time, it was for an entirely different reason than before.

Chapter 2

Harry swerved around Fred and then rolled over the top of George before throwing his weight forward and letting the Quaffle loose. As it sailed towards the hoop Ron was guarding, the battered red ball just grazed past his fingertips. Ron cursed and swooped down to retrieve the Quaffle while his teammate, Ginny, flew by to give him a high five.

Just as Harry was flying back into position, he caught sight of a white blur moving towards him.

"Time out!" he called with a smile on his face as he watched Hedwig wing her way over to him. "I'm gonna take a break guys."

The Weasley's grumbled behind him as Harry landed on the ground just in time for Hedwig to perch on his outstretched arm.

"Hey girl, have a good flight?" he asked, stroking the feathers along her crest.

Hedwig gave a soft hoot and nipped at his finger affectionately before holding her foot out to him. Untying the letter, he moved the snowy white owl up to his shoulder as he walked over and sat down next to Hermine, who was reading her Charms book while lounging in the sun.

"Who's it from?" she asked curiously, glancing up from her book for just a moment.

"Fleur," Harry said, unable to suppress his smile.

Breaking open the red wax seal, he unfolded the letter which caused a picture to fall into his lap. Picking it up, he felt his cheeks heat up as he stared at the picture of Fleur and her mother, Apolline, standing on a pristine, white sandy beach in matching, and very revealing, silver bikinis. The two stunning women smiled and waved, and the picture of Fleur even blew him a kiss. Harry glanced over at Hermione and was relieved to see she was still engrossed in her

book. Quickly he stuffed the photo in his pocket before turning his eyes to the neat, flowing handwriting on the parchment in his hand.

Dear Harry,

First, I would like to thank you again for saving me and my sister from those Death Eaters. I shudder to think what they would have done to us if you had not arrived when you did. I know Gabrielle is grateful as well. She has been reading those Harry Potter books since the moment we got home. I hope you do not mind, but I have sent along a letter from her as well. My maman would also like you to know that you are always welcome to stay with us, should you ever decide to visit France. Perhaps you could come next summer? The picture I sent you was taken on our private beach, and I would love to show you the village near our home. I think you would like it here very much.

I must admit, I was not looking forward to spending a year in Britain. Your country has never been kind to Veela, and I am not fond of the cold weather. However, seeing you again has given me something to look forward to besides the Tournament. I am glad I will have at least one new friend waiting to greet me. I just hope you are not too offended when I beat Hogwarts and prove Beauxbatons is the better school.

Take care mon ange, I will see you soon.

Love,

Fleur

Harry could wipe the smile off his face even if he wanted to. Still, there was one thing that he didn't quite get.

"Hey, Hermione?"

"Yes?" she asked, looking up from her book.

"You know French, right?" Harry asked.

"I get by, but I'm not fluent," Hermione said, looking at him curiously. "Why?"

"Do you know what this means?" he asked, pointing to the words 'mon ange'.

Hermione smiled and then covered her mouth as she suppressed a laugh.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Nothing," she said quickly. "It means my angel. It's a term of endearment."

"Oh," Harry said, blinking in surprise even as his heart raced.

"It's sometimes used between lovers," Hermione continued with a teasing smile, causing him to blush under her gaze. "Did you two –?"

"No!" Harry exclaimed quickly as he felt his cheeks burn. "We didn't – you know, but, er..."

"But?" Hermione pressed.

"Well, we kissed," Harry said. "The thing is, she said she wanted to thank me for saving her and Gabrielle, so I'm not sure if she actually likes me or not, you know?"

"Oh, Harry," Hermione said, shaking her head in exasperation. "A girl like Fleur isn't going to kiss someone unless she wants to. Besides, if it was just out of gratitude, why would she write to you? Trust me, she likes you."

"You really think so?" Harry asked, a note of hope in his voice.

"I'm positive," Hermione said, patting his arm as she smiled at him. "So, what was it like? The kiss, I mean."

"It was great," Harry told her, his lips turning up in a soft smile. "It sort of tingled where her lips touched, but in a good way, and it felt soft, and warm, and - I don't know, it's hard to describe. Just don't tell Ron about any of this, you know how he can get."

"I won't," Hermione said, then leaned over to hug him. "I'm happy for you."

"Thanks," Harry said, hugging her back lightly.

"Hey, Harry!" Fred shouted. "You playing or what!?"

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Later that night, as Ron's loud snores filled the cramped and messy room, Harry wrote a long letter to Gabrielle. He hated telling her the books she read about him were fiction, but he made it up to her by telling her about the adventures he had at Hogwarts. When he was done, he wrote another letter to Fleur before folding them up and setting them next to Hedwig's cage, telling her she could take them whenever she felt up to it.

As Harry changed into his pajamas, he came across the photo Fleur had sent him, still in the pocket of his jeans. For the first time, he noticed writing on the back. It read, *tap with your wand when you are alone*, in Fleur's flowery handwriting. Curious, Harry grabbed his wand out from under his pillow and gave the picture a tap. The surface rippled like water but, at first, nothing seemed to change.



With a wave, Apolline stepped out of frame. Fleur beamed out from the photo, blew him a kiss, and then reached behind her back. Harry's eyes went wide as saucers as she untied the string hold on her top. Giving him a teasing smirk, Fleur slowly bared her perfect breasts with a sultry look. Running her hands up her stomach, she gave her soft, perky mounds a squeeze, lifting them up before letting them fall back down. Bouncing on the tips of her toes, her incredible breasts bounced and jiggled alluringly before she broke down into a silent giggle.

As he lay in his cot, Harry reached under the blanket and gave his rock-hard length a squeeze as he stared at the photo. The picture of Fleur continued to strike sexy poses and run her hands over herself teasingly while smiling out at him. Quietly, Harry slipped the picture between his stomach and the waist band of his boxers. Covering it with his shirt, he snuck out of Ron's room and tip toed to the bathroom.

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The rest of the summer past quickly, with Harry and Fleur sending letters every few days. Unfortunately, it didn't take long for the rest of the house to figure out what was going on. The twins tease him about it mercilessly, Ron grumbled about how lucky he was to be talking to a Veela, and Hermione was just curious about what Beauxbatons and their classes were like.

Gabrielle, while upset to learn her favorite stories were a lie, was elated to hear about the real stories Harry wrote to her about. He was pretty embarrassed to learn that Fleur now read his letters to her as bedtime stories nearly every night. Despite that, when she told him that those stories were helping to keep away the girl's nightmares about the World Cup, he continued to send more.

The ride on the Hogwarts Express was the same as always; greeting friendly faces and being annoyed by Malfoy. Harry was extremely glad Fleur had told him about the Tournament beforehand. He couldn't imagine how insufferable the blonde git would have been otherwise.

Once the first years had been sorted, everyone had eaten their fill of the opening feast, and people traded stories of their summers, Dumbledore stood to make his start of year announcement.

“Welcome all to another year at Hogwarts.,” he said, his arms spread wide with a kind smile. “I trust you have all had sufficient time to empty your minds of everything you learn last year. As a reminder, the Forbidden Forest is, as its name suggests, forbidden. For a list of banned items, see the parchment outside Mr. Filch’s door, which I believe has now reached an impressive five hundred and forty-two items as of this evening. Normally, this is the time I would announce Quidditch tryouts, however, this year, there will be no Quidditch cup.”

At that pronouncement, the hall broke into pandemonium. Students from all four tables shouted in disbelief, with the Weasley twins being the loudest. Harry sat and stared at Dumbledore in utter disbelief. He knew things would be different this year, but he never considered that they’d cancel Quidditch because of it.

BANG!

There were a series of startled cries before the Great Hall fell quiet after Dumbledore let off a cannon blast from his wand.

“Thank you,” the headmaster said calmly. “Now, as I was saying, there will be no Quidditch cup this year because Hogwarts will be hosting the Triwizard Tournament.”

Surprise and confusion rippled through the Great Hall.

“For those of you that are unaware, the Triwizard Tournament is a competition where the three best students from the three top schools in Europe compete to determine who will be crowned the Triwizard Champion,” Dumbledore continued. “In the past, the Tournament was fraught with danger until it was cancelled almost four hundred years ago due to the horrendous death toll. I can assure you that this iteration of the Tournament will be much safer. However, due to the difficult and challenging nature of the tasks, only those seventeen and above will be allowed to enter.”

There was a bit of grumbling from some of the younger students, but the older ones looked excited as they whispered to their neighbors.

“Eternal glory,” Dumbledore said, drawing the students’ complete attention. “That is what awaits the winner of the Triwizard Tournament, along with the prize of one thousand Galleons and this.”

With a wave of his hand, the clothe covering the plinth next to the podium was whipped back, revealing a large, crystal trophy in the shape of a goblet.

“The Triwizard Cup!” he announced grandly.

“A thousand Galleons,” Ron whispered dreamily, his eyes unfocused and staring into the distance.

“Make no mistake,” the headmaster continued over the excited whispers, “while this tournament is much safer than in the past, it is not to be taken lightly. Those who take part will have their skills pushed well beyond what we expect here at Hogwarts. Only those who possess great will and determination should dare to enter their names, mere knowledge alone will not ensure your success.”

“I’m entering,” Ron declared.

Harry looked at his friend and had the feeling he hadn’t listened to anything Dumbledore said after the word Galleons. Catching Hermione’s eye, she glanced at Ron and then rolled her eyes, causing Harry to smile.

“The visiting schools of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will arrive on October the first,” Dumbledore announced. “I expect you to treat them with the same kindness with which you treat each other.”

Harry looked over at the Slytherin table and snorted at the thought of them treating anyone kindly. As Dumbledore finished his speech, he tuned out his excited classmates and thought of the Tournament. Part of him wanted to enter and finally prove he was more than just the Boy-Who-Lived. He wanted people to judge him on his own merits, rather than some flute of magic

that his mother was more than likely responsible for. On the other hand, he hated his fame as it was, and the last thing he wanted was eternal glory.

Those thoughts followed him all the way up to Gryffindor Tower and stay with him throughout the night.

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The letters between Harry and Fleur became less frequent as they both settled into their classes. Fortunately, the heavy workload meant that the time seemed to pass quickly. Two days before the other schools were scheduled to arrive, she sent him a letter telling him they were leaving in the morning, and she would see him soon. This was accompanied by another picture, although not as risqué as the first.

In it, Fleur stood in front of a beautiful castle made of towering glass windows and white granite that sparkled in the bright sun. Beauxbatons was a glorious castle about half the size of Hogwarts, but Harry's eyes were drawn more to the gorgeous blonde witch in her powder blue robes and pointed hat. Unlike the bulky, heavy robes he was used to seeing Britain, Fleur's were thin, form fitting, and looked to be made of some silky material.

She looked incredibly beautiful, and that worried him. Through their letters, Harry had come to like Fleur quite a lot, and not just because of her looks. He loved her teasing quips, her unwavering confidence, and the fact that she was fiercely loyal and protective of her family. As the day of their arrival drew closer, the more nervous Harry became.

Despite Hermione's reassurances, and the evidence from Fleur herself that she liked him, he couldn't silence that small voice in the back of his mind telling him it was only because he rescued her.

Would she still be so friendly with him when she got to Hogwarts, he wondered. He was three years younger than her, and he worried that she may not want to spend time with him when she could have friends closer to her age.

Harry knew he was far from being the best looking or most popular guy in the school. He couldn't help but ask himself; why would she spend time with him, when he was sure guys like Cedric Diggory and Roger Davies would be more than happy to keep her company.

The night before the other schools were scheduled to arrive, Harry barely slept as he tossed and turned in his bed.

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Harry's nerves from the night before only got worse as he stood on the front lawn of Hogwarts, waiting with the rest of the school to welcome their guests. Thankfully, while it was cool, the weather had yet to turn truly cold, and the sky was clear, allowing the sun to warm his skin.

"Stop fidgeting," Hermione hissed.

"Sorry," Harry murmured, forcing himself to stand still as he ran a hand through his hair.

"It'll be fine," Hermione assure him kindly.

Shaking her head with a fond smile, she reached up and ran her fingers through his hair trying to straighten it. It may not have been her intention, but the feeling of her gentle touch massaging his scalp had a calming effect on him.

"Ms. Patil, that that ridiculous thing out of your hair," Professor McGonagall barked as she walked up and down the line of Gryffindors. "Mr. Finnigan, straighten your tie. Mr. Weasley, tuck in that shirt."

Ron grumbled tiredly as he fixed his shirt before letting out a big yawn.

"Why can't we wait inside?" he asked. "I'm hungry."

“Because it would be rude,” Hermione huffed with a roll of her eyes.

Finished with his hair, she brushed off the shoulder of Harry’s robes and then straightened his tie.

“Thanks, Hermione,” Harry said with a gratefulness.

“You’re welcome,” she said, returning his smile. “How do I look?”

Looking her over, he noticed that her hair looked less bushy than it normally did. Reaching up, he brushed a stray lock of curly hair behind her ear.

“I like what you’ve done with your hair,” he told her. “It looks pretty.”

Hermione’s cheeks went slightly pink as she smiled at him.

“You really think so?” she asked.

“It looks the same as always, dunnit’?” Ron asked before he could answer.

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose while Hermione glared at their red-haired friend.

“What?” Ron asked.

“Look!” someone shouted, mercifully interrupting Hermione’s response. “The lake!”

The surface of the water looked like it was boiling before a long, wooden pole broke the surface. As it rose higher into the air, Harry realized it was a ship rising to the surface.

“It’s a pirate ship!” One of the younger students yelled.

“Arr you ready?” Harry asked Hermione, doing a terrible impression of a pirate he once saw in a movie.

She smacked his arm lightly, but he saw her lips twitch into a smile.

It soon became clear that the ship belonged to Durmstrang when a group of big, burly wizards in thick, fur cloaks stepped off the ship.

“Krum! Look, it’s Krum!” Ron exclaimed, standing on his toes to get a better look.

“Oh, honestly, he’s just a Quidditch player,” Hermione said.

“Just a Quidditch player!?” Ron gasped incredulously.

Harry smiled and shook his head as his friends bickered. Dumbledore greeted the headmaster of Durmstrang, Igor Karkaroff, and welcomed them to the school. Despite their friendly demeanor, Harry thought he felt a slight tension between the two.

As Dumbledore and Karkaroff continued to talk, the Durmstrang students moved over to stand next to the Slytherins to wait for the Beauxbatons to arrive. Of course, Malfoy didn’t waste any time sidling up to Krum.

“Slimy git, I bet Krum sees right trough you,” Ron grumbled.

Hermione rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Did Fleur say how the Beauxbatons were arriving?” she asked a few moments later.

“No, she wanted it to be a surprise,” Harry said, shaking his head.

Hermione nodded just as several people began pointing in the air. Harry squinted his eyes and looked at what looked like a bobbing white ball in the sky.

“What is that?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know, but it’s getting closer,” Harry said.

Sure enough, less than a minute later, the ball looked three times larger, and he could make out winged horses pulling a rounded carriage. His heart hammered in his throat while his classmates talked excitedly around him.

“They’re Abraxan,” Hermione gasped.

It wasn’t long before the massive looking Abraxan landed on the lawn, their wide hooves and the wheels of the carriage digging into the soft earth. It came to a stop a hundred yards from the front of the castle. The door on the side sprang open, and a set of steps folded out neatly.

The first person to step out was a truly massive woman who could barely squeeze through the door. Straightening to her full height, she looked a good head taller than even Hagrid.

“Madam Maxime,” Professor Dumbledore greeted her happily.

“Dumblydore,” she greeted in return.

While the two heads of school exchanged pleasantries, Harry kept his eyes riveted to the door of the carriage. Numerous beautiful witches in light blue robes poured out and looked around at the castle and the students arrayed in front of it. Just as he was starting to lose hope, the last witch stepped out. With long blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and a gorgeous figure, Fleur looked even more beautiful than he remembered.

She scanned the crowd and Harry froze as their eyes met, his breath caught in his throat. Then, she smiled, and he felt as if a huge weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

"They don't make 'em like that at Hogwarts," Ron said, gawking at the French students in their tight robes.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Hermione demanded with a huff.

Harry ignored his friends arguing as he and Fleur smiled at each other. It wasn't until one of her friends called for her that they finally broke eye contact. Turning back, she gave him one last smile before following her classmates.

"I told you," Hermione said a tad smugly.

"Yeah," Harry said, his eyes following Fleur.

"Alright everyone, back into the Great Hall," McGonagall ordered.

Grabbing his arm, Hermione pulled him after her, forcing him to look away. It took a while for everyone to take their seats, chattering excitedly. Once everyone was seated, the two other schools, led by their heads, marched into the Great Hall and stood between the tables. Fleur caught Harry's eye and gave him a smile and a wave as she passed, a gesture he returned.

"Cor Potter, how'd you catch a bird like that?" Seamus asked.

Looking around, he noticed several boys staring at him with looks mixed between incredulous and jealous. He just shrugged in response. Mercifully, Dumbledore chose that moment to start his speech.

“Welcome to Hogwarts,” he said graciously. “Please, make yourselves at home and sit anywhere you like.”

Ron shot from his seat and waved frantically.

“Krum! Krum! Over here!” he yelled.

Krum appeared to not hear, or more likely ignored, Ron and took a seat at the Slytherin table next to Malfoy who shot Ron a smug smirk. Harry ignored all of that as Fleur turned on her heel and walked straight towards him with a bright smile on her face. Some of her classmates had started heading to the Ravenclaw table but stopped and followed Fleur when they saw where she was going.

Without conscious thought, Harry stood as she approached him. Fleur didn't hesitate to kiss him on the cheeks and pull him in for a tight hug.

“Eet's good to see you again, 'Arry,” she said softly.

“It's good to see you, too,” Harry said, savoring the feel of her body pressed against his.

They held each other briefly before Fleur pulled back with a smile and took the seat next to him. As Harry sat, he realized that most of the boys near them were gaping at Fleur with blank looks on their faces. Ron, who was one of the worst, yelped and grabbed his shin when Hermione kicked him under the table. That seemed to snap everyone else out of their staring. Harry felt a bad for the Beauxbatons girls that looked uncomfortable under all the attention they were getting.

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

"Don't be. Eet's not your fault zey cannot control zemselves," Fleur said before turning to Hermione.

"Bonjour 'Ermione," she greeted with a smile.

"Hello Fleur," Hermione replied. "How was your trip?"

"Long," Fleur said, loading her plate with food. "Eet was quite boring, but ze view was nice."

For the first time, Harry realized there were an array of dishes he'd never seen before. Grabbing some of the dishes Fleur had used, he decided to try some of them. The blonde gave him an appreciative smile.

"'Ere, try zis," she said, handing him a bowl filled with what looked like some kind of stew. "Eet's Bouillabaisse, one of my favorites."

"Bless you," Ron said, wrinkling his nose at the unfamiliar dish while Harry put some in a bowl.

"It's good, I had some when my parents took me to France," Hermione said, grabbing some for herself before passing it down the table.

"Where did you go?" Fleur asked curiously.

"Marseille," Hermione told her. "We spent a week on the beach."

"Eet is wonderful, non?" Fleur asked with a smile, then turned to Harry. "You really must come to France some time."

"I'd love to," Harry said, his mind drifting back to the picture on the beach Fleur had sent him.

As if reading his thoughts, she gave him a knowing smirk that made him blush and look back at his plate.

"So, how's Gabrielle?" he asked.

"She is doing much better," Fleur answered with a gentle smile. "I really must zank you for sending her zose letters. 'Er nightmares stopped when we read zem to 'er."

"I'm glad it helped," Harry said.

Fleur leaned over and kissed him on the cheeks while her hand rest on his thigh under the table. Swallowing thickly, he tried now to show just how nervous and excited he was as her hand stayed there and caressed his leg.

"Good evening, ladies," Roger Davies said loudly from across the table with a smile at Fleur that Harry really didn't like. "I'm Roger Davies, Head Boy of Hogwarts. I just wanted to offer to give all of you a tour of the castle tomorrow."

Fleur stiffened next to him and gripped his thigh more firmly.

"Merci, but 'Arry 'as already offered to show us around," she said, making him both relieved and surprised.

Though Roger never lost his smile, the way he looked at Harry showed just how angry he really was.

“Oh, good,” Roger said, his tone dripping with false sincerity. “Well, if any of you have any questions, I’d be happy to answer them. Feel free to visit my *private* room outside Ravenclaw Tower anytime you need me.”

Fleur nodded, and Roger gave her his most handsome smile, his eyes raking over her body, before turning around and walking back to his table. Shuddering, the blonde leaned closer to him as she watched him go.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. “I ‘ope you do not mind showing us ze castle.”

“Not at all,” Harry said.

Fleur gave him a bright smile that made his heart skip a beat and traced her fingers along the inside of his thigh. Her fingertips came dangerously close to his straining erection several times before stopping and moving in the opposite direction.

“Fleur,” a blonde girl in with hazel eyes and wearing Beauxbatons robes called while looking at her pointedly.

“Oh,” she said, her cheeks blushing lightly as she covered her mouth.

The blonde laughed before she and Fleur spoke rapidly in French before they both turned to Harry.

“Harry, zis is my cousin, Aurora,” she said, nodding to the blonde on the other side of her. “And my best friend, Nadine,” she finished, nodding to a pretty red head on the other side of the table.

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said with a polite smile.

"It's nice to finally meet you, too," Aurora said with a barely noticeable French accent and a smile. "Fleur's been talking about you constantly since she came back from the World Cup."

"I can see why she likes you," Nadine said with a light Swedish accent, a grin on her lips.

Harry blushed while Fleur held her chin high with a light huff.

"I don't mean any offense," Hermione interjected, "but why do you go to Beauxbatons if you're Swedish?"

"Beauxbatons takes witches from all over Europe," Nadine explained with a smile. "There are smaller schools in every country, but Beauxbatons is the best. I'm Muggleborn, so I didn't even know about it until my second year. I applied that summer and I was accepted."

"Oh," Hermione said with a smile. "I'm Muggleborn too, so I only know about the other schools through books, and most of them tend to be really secretive."

"I know," Nadine agreed with a huff. "We learned more about Hogwarts through Fleur's letters with Harry than we did from our entire library."

Hermione's eyes lit up as she and Nadine began discussing the way the wizarding world hid too much information. Harry chuckled and shook his head before turning back to Fleur. For the rest of dinner, they talked quietly to each other while Fleur remained pressed lightly against his side, her hand still on his thigh. He ended up telling her about all of the teachers and what to expect from them in class before dinner came to an end.

Dumbledore stood and made a brief announcement about the Tournament starting on October thirty first before sending them off to bed. Harry had hoped that he could spend some more time with Fleur, but her headmistress called for her students to follow her. Looking just as disappointed as he felt, she gave him a kiss on the cheek and wished him good night before leaving the hall.

As he watched them leave, Roger slammed his shoulder into Harry's nearly knocking him over before storming off without a word.

"Git," he grumbled, rubbing his arm.

"I don't know why they made him Head Boy," Hermione complained. "He's always been immature."

Harry just shrugged as he and his friends walked back up to their dorm.

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The next morning, which happened to be a Saturday, Fleur and the rest of the girls from Beauxbatons joined him at the Gryffindor table for breakfast. She looked absolutely stunning even in a pair of tight jeans and an ever tighter, white, turtleneck jumper. Even Harry couldn't help but stare at the generous curves she had on display. That said, he wasn't as bad as some. McLaggen looked like he was about to start humping the table while Hermione had to kick Ron twice to stop him from drooling.

Fleur completely ignored the looks she was getting from the others, but her eyes glittered alluringly as she looked at Harry. His cheeks burned when he realized she'd caught him looking. With a smirk, she kissed his cheek and sat down next to him. Again, she sat much closer than strictly necessary, her leg brushing against his under the table.

"Morning," Harry said.

"Bonjour," Fleur replied with a smile.

Aurora and Nadine joined them a moment later, sitting across from them and next to Hermione.

“So, what classes are you all taking?” he asked, desperately trying to distract his mind from Fleur warmth and flowery perfume.

“We all take ze five core classes,” Fleur said. “I also take Ancient Runes and Arithmancy.”

“Those are the same classes Harry and I take, along with Care of Magical Creatures,” Hermione told her.

“I take Ancient Runes and Herbology,” Nadine added.

“Arithmancy and Astronomy,” Aurora said when they looked at her.

“Ok, that should make things easy,” Harry said, planning the route through the castle in his head.

They talked a little bit about classes and some of the clubs Hogwarts offered while they all finished a light breakfast.

“Ready for that tour?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Oui,” Fleur replied with a matching smile.

Harry stood, and then stared when all of the Beauxbatons did as well. When Fleur had asked him to show them around the castle, he thought she meant her and her friends, not everyone from Beauxbatons.

“Arry?” Fleur asked, looking worried.



“Sorry, I just didn’t expect all of you,” he said, then gave her a reassuring smile. “It’s fine though. Right, ladies, if you’ll follow me.”

As it turned out, the girls of Beauxbatons were just as bewildered by the singing suits of armor, trick steps, moving staircases, and walls pretending to be doors as Harry had been when he first arrived at Hogwarts. It surprised him how much he cared about their opinion. Hogwarts was his home, and he wanted them, especially Fleur, to like it. They looked worried at first, but as he showed them more of the castle, and revealed more of its secrets, they started to come around.

Harry even went out of the way to show them some of the best parts of the castle, like the more interesting and knowledgeable portraits, the hidden passages that allowed them to skip entire floors, and secret nooks to get a bit of privacy.

“Zis place is ‘uge,” Fleur said as they reached the top of the Astronomy Tower.

“There’s even more than this,” Harry told her with a grin. “There are parts of this castle that haven’t been used in centuries. You can even find rooms that looked like they’ve been locked in time, with half written papers and open books that people just forgot about.”

Fleur smiled at him and took his hand in hers.

“You really like zis place, don’t you?” she asked with a soft smile.

“It’s home,” Harry said with a shrug.

“I can see why you like eet,” she admitted, then turned to him with sparkling eyes. “Beauxbatons ees still better.”

“I’m sure you’ll come around by the end of the year,” he told her with a crooked grin.

Fleur smiled at him playfully.

“Ah, but you are forgetting zat Beauxbatons ‘as somezing Hogwarts never will. Somezing I know you like very much,” she told him.

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” Harry asked.

“Me,” she said with a smirk.

Fleur giggled as he felt his cheeks heat up. Giving his hand a squeeze, she let go and walked over to her friends as they looked over the parapet and out onto the grounds for the top of the Astronomy Tower. Harry let the girls explore the tower for a bit while he got his blush under control.

“Unless any of you are taking Divinations, that’s all of the classes,” Harry said, garnering everyone’s attention. “We can head back down to the Great Hall for lunch now, and then I can show you the grounds.”

It was almost surreal to have so many beautiful, older women smile at him gratefully and thank him as they headed for the door. Just as he started to head down, Fleur grabbed his hand and pulled him to a stop.

“Ermione, can you show them down?” she asked. “Harry and I will meet you zere.”

“Okay,” Hermione said, with a knowing grin.

Once she was gone, leaving them alone on the Astronomy Tower, he turned to look at Fleur questioningly. Unfortunately, she chose that moment to stretch her arms over her head. Harry’s eyes were instantly drawn to her large, jutting breasts as her stance further accentuated their already alluring size and shape. Fleur’s giggle made him realize what he was doing, and he looked away quickly.

"Sorry," he mumbled, cursing himself in his own mind.

Fleur walked over to him, grabbed his chin, and lifted it so he was staring into her bright blue eyes.

"I do not mind when you look," she said with a soft smile.

Harry swallowed thickly as she caressed his cheek.

"I just don't want you think I'm like the others," he said, referring to his classmates that leered at her disturbingly.

"I know you're not," she told him. "Zey stare at me like somezing to be taken and used. You look at me like I'm somezing to be treasure. I like zat you find me attractive."

Cupping his cheek, Fleur leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. Harry rested his hands on her thin waist, just above her wide hips, as his lips moved with hers. All too soon, she pulled back, her soft smile turning into a playful smirk.

"Did you like ze picture I sent you?" she asked.

"Er, yeah," Harry admitted. "I loved it."

"Did you use eet?" Fleur pressed, her finger combing through his hair as she smirked at him knowingly.

"What?" he asked, his palms sweating as his face flushed.

Fleur let out a low chuckle as she stared at him.

“Did you touch yourself while looking at eet?” she asked.

“I -” Harry broke off, before gathering his courage. “I did.”

He was sick of stammering and blushing around Fleur every time she teased him. It was clear she fancied him by now, so there was no point in being embarrassed about fancying her back.

“Good,” Fleur said, her intense blue gaze lock with his. “Eet made me so excited to think of you stroking yourself while thinking of me. Tell me, what did you imagine doing to me, mon vilain ange?”

“I thought about the tent,” Harry said, panting slightly as Fleur began kissing the side of his neck.

“Did you think of throwing me down on ze bed and having you way with me?” she asked in a husky whisper, her teeth grazing his earlobe. “Or did you imagine me dropping to my knees and taking you into my mouth?”

Harry opened his mouth to speak, only for the words to get stuck in his throat when her hand cupped the hard bulge in the front of his pants. Fleur hummed in a way that almost sounded like a purr as the heel of her palm rubbed firmly down his length, causing him to inhale sharply.

“You are so big and ‘ard for me, mon cheri,” she breathed, her warm breath ghosting over his ear.

Taking a deep breath, Harry slid his hand up her side and cupped her breast over her thin jumper. Fleur hummed contentedly and nuzzled the side of his neck before kissing it and sucking lightly. Leaning back, she stared at him with a hooded, smoky gaze just as her fingertips grazed the head of erection through his pants.

Suddenly, the door to the tower was thrown open. Harry jumped, startled, while Fleur calmly took half a step back as they both turned to the door. Professor Sinistra looked up from her papers and peered at them with a raised eyebrow.

“Shouldn’t you two be at lunch?” she asked.

“Er, yeah, we were just leaving,” Harry stammered.

“Arry was just showing me ze castle,” Fleur said, smiling at him as she took his hand in hers.

“Ah, I was wondering why the rest of your classmates were up this way,” Professor Sinistra said with a smile. “Ten points to Gryffindor for being a good host. Now, if you two don’t mind, I have some papers to grade.”

“Right,” Harry said, pulling Fleur towards the door.

As the door closed behind them, Sinistra shook her head with a knowing grin before looking back down at the papers in her hand.

Fleur giggled when they reached the bottom of the stairs, and despite his nerves, Harry couldn’t help but smile at her. Pulling him to a stop, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. With her body pressed tight against his, her breasts flattening against his chest, Harry ran a hand down her back to caress her full, pert bum. By the time they pulled back, both of them were breathless and flushed as they stared at each other.

“We will finish zis later,” Fleur said promisingly.

Hand in hand they walked back down to the Great Hall to meet up with their friends.

### Chapter 3

The following week seemed to fly by as classes picked up and the foreign students settled into the school. From the time Fleur entered the castle in the morning to the time she left for the carriage at night, she and Harry spent as much time together as they could.

There were several things Fleur disliked about being at Hogwarts. As October marched on, the castle became cold and drafty to the point that she needed to cast Warming Charms on herself just to get through class without shivering. Some of the students, mostly Slytherins, were horribly bigoted against anything that wasn't a Pureblood. Fleur had caught them referring to her as a 'whore,' and a 'creature' more than once, though none had yet dared to say anything to her face. To make matters even worse, their Head of House, Professor Snape, was just as bigoted and biased as they were. She and the other Beauxbatons students avoided the man outside of class as much as they could.

And yet, despite it all, Fleur was growing to like being at Hogwarts for one very good reason: Harry Potter. Ever since that night when he had saved her and her sister, she'd felt a spark between them. Throughout the rest of the summer, she found her thoughts turning to him more and more, his bright green eyes and crooked smile invading her dreams in the most pleasant ways.

Fleur had never been as excited or nervous to see a boy again as she was on the way to Hogwarts. Her stomach had felt full of fluttering butterflies as she stepped off the carriage and spotted him in the crowd. She almost hadn't been able to stop herself from running over and leaping into his arms the moment he smiled at her. It was then that she knew what she felt was no silly crush like her little sister.

There was an instant chemistry between them that she couldn't explain, leaving her feeling like a moth drawn to a flame. Being a Veela, Fleur had plenty of experience with the worst of men. She'd seen far too many lose control to the Allure and either act like puppets or become ravenous beasts. That had made her cautious around men and picky about who she dated, but she couldn't help but feel safe around Harry. He was just so kind, and earnest, and handsome; she could hardly keep her hands off of him.

Over the last week, she'd teased him horribly, testing to see just how far she could push before he began to lose control. Yet not once, not even for a moment, had his eyes taken on that glazed look she'd seen on so many others. Despite the guilt she felt at leaving him so horribly aroused, it didn't stop the warmth blossoming in her chest when he looked at her with a clear, desirous gaze.

The night before, as Fleur lay in bed, her fingers relieving the tension that had built up in her own core from feeling his hard length pressed against her thigh as they kissed, she had made her decision. It was time to make Harry hers.

As she sat at the Gryffindor table for breakfast, waiting for Harry to arrive, she looked over at the pretty brunette with her nose buried in a book thoughtfully. Hermione had been her biggest concern since arriving at Hogwarts. She and Harry showed a familiarity and an affection with one another that she couldn't help but feel jealous over from time to time. As she watched them, however, she realized that their relationship was closer to that of brother and sister than anything else. Hermione had never shown any feelings of jealousy or animosity towards her for the way she acted around him, which was quite the relief.

The last thing Fleur wanted was to drive Harry's friend away but, thankfully, Hermione was becoming a friend of her own, if anything. What did concern her was Harry's other friend, Ron. Glancing over at him, she caught him once again staring at her chest with glazed eyes, thoughtlessly shoveling food into his mouth. Shivering, she turned away and focused back on her plate. While she hated the way he looked at her, that wasn't the problem. No, it was the jealous, nasty look he gave Harry any time she leaned on him, kissed his cheek, or held his hand. Fleur had seen boys fight over her before, even when she showed no interest in either, and she feared that would happen with Ron.

Fleur was drawn out of her thoughts when she felt someone standing over her. Smiling, she looked over but instead of the green eyes and crooked, caring smile she expected, she found an unfamiliar boy leering at her with a smirk. Immediately, Fleur stiffened and leaned away from him while tamping down on her Allure. Her hand dropping to her wand holster as a precaution, she noticed the two other boys with him. Across the table, Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine all looked up as well.

"Hello beautiful," the boy in front said, sweeping his light brown hair back and flashing her a smile.

"Can I 'elp you?" Fleur asked in a disinterested tone.

"Actually, we're here to help you," he said, causing the two boys behind him to snicker and leer. "I'm Cormac, and these are my friends Josh, and Brian. We just wanted to offer our services to... take care of you while you're at Hogwarts."

Fleur glared as the boys grinned lecherously.

"Excusez moi?" she asked, her anger causing her to slip back into French.

Still grinning, Cormac leaned close, and Fleur clutched the hilt of her wand.

"Everyone knows Veela need a good shag at least once a day, or they go mad," he said, raking his eyes over her body in a way that made her skin crawl.

Fleur's eyebrows rocketed into her hairline as she stared at the boy incredulously. Blinking at him, nonplussed, she turned to look back at her friends. Hermione's jaw dropped open, and Nadine looked at them like they had two heads. Aurora shared a look with Fleur before busting out laughing, which startled Hermione, who shook her head as if to clear it.

"Where on earth did you hear *that*?" Hermione asked.

"You're not the only one that reads, Granger," Cormac said before turning back to Fleur with a smirk. "Come on, Fleur. I guarantee we can give it to you better than *Potter*."

Any mirth Fleur might have felt at their stupidity vanished at the dismissive way Cormac said Harry's name. Before she knew what she was doing, her wand was out and aimed directly at his crotch.



“Leave,” she growled.

Staring at her wand nervously, Cormac and his friends backed away. He gave her a sneer before the three of them turned away and left. Huffing, Fleur put her wand away and spun back around in her seat.

“Ugh, I can’t believe him,” Hermione said in disgust before looking at her in concern. “Are you alright, Fleur?”

“I’m fine,” Fleur assured her. “I ‘ave dealt wiz worse.”

“I want to know where he read Veela need sex,” Aurora wondered aloud. “I mean, we go to an all-girls school. Who does he think we’re sleeping with?”

“Britain has always been bigoted against non-humans,” Nadine told her, shaking her head.

Hermione bit her lip and looked down guiltily.

“We don’t blame you, Hermione,” Nadine said with a smile, bumping her shoulder.

Looking up, Hermione smiled back.

“Do you want to go check out the library after breakfast and see if we can find that book?” she asked.

“Sure,” Nadine said while Aurora nodded.

“Morning,”

Fleur looked up and smiled softly as Harry took his customary seat next to her. As he turned to smile back, she leaned forward on impulse and kissed him on the lips. It was the first time she'd kissed him like this in public, and Harry frozen in surprise for just a moment before kissing her back. Hearing Aurora giggle, she pulled back and smiled at his surprised face. Fleur took his hand in hers and leaned against his side. Across from her, Hermione smiled at them. Despite what she'd suspected, she was still relieved there was no jealousy to be seen on her face.

The same, sadly, couldn't be said for Ron. Out of the corner of her eye, Fleur saw the redhead frown, then quickly looked down when Harry looked at him.

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"Despite their resemblance to humans, Veela are driven by their base, animal needs. Veela require sex in order to keep their sanity and will stop at nothing to get it. They have no respect for the sanctity of marriage, often stealing husbands away from their wives for months or years at a time, only releasing them when they grow bored. For this reason, all Veela in Britain should be immediately bound to a well-respected wizard able to properly control them. Ugh!" Hermione grunted, pushing the book away with a grimace.

"This is disgusting. The Wizengamot just used this book so they could keep enslaving Veela. No wonder they all fled," she added.

Harry shook his head and looked at Fleur, who had remained snuggled up against his side since breakfast. Right now, her presence was the only thing keeping him from hunting down Cormac and Hexing him into next week. They were currently sitting in the library, looking through a pile of books about Veela, all of which contained misleading or outright false information. The only person who wasn't with them was Ron, who had begged off to go play Gobstones with Seamus and Dean.

"It's partly our own fault," Aurora told Hermione, glaring at the book as though it had personally offended her.

"What? How?" she asked, furrowing her brow.

“For thousands of years, Veela covens in Europe used to go from village to village, ensnaring rich and powerful men with their Allure. They used them to take land and protect them if they were attacked. It wasn’t until the formation of the ICW, when Veela were given a place among witches and wizards, that they finally stopped. We were given Enclaves in several countries, but some still hold a grudge,” Aurora said.

“That still doesn’t give Cormac the right to say what he did,” Harry growled.

Smiling at him affectionately, Fleur kissed him on the cheek before resting her head back on his shoulder with a contented sigh.

“No, it doesn’t,” Aurora agreed. “I’m just saying that Veela aren’t completely innocent.”

“Aurora,” Hermione said tentatively. “I don’t mean any offense, but why don’t boys act as crazy around you as they do Fleur?”

“Fleur’s a lot more powerful than I am. Plus, she has the accent that boys love. Right, ‘Arry?” she asked with a smirk.

The girls giggled while Harry rolled his eyes. Just because it was true didn’t mean he had to admit it.

“What are you reading, Nadine?” Fleur asked.

The redhead, who was engrossed in her book, gave a start at hearing her name. Blushing, she slammed her book closed.

“Nothing,” she said in a strangled voice.

Fleur lifted her eyebrow but didn't push her on it. As Nadine relaxed slightly, the book was ripped from her hands. Aurora grinned as she caught the book, put away her wand, and opened it victoriously. Nadine blushed even more brightly, her eyes wide as Aurora flipped through the pages. The further she got through the book, the higher her eyebrows rose on her forehead. Curious, Hermione leaned over to have a look.

"Oh my!" she gasped.

Hermione's face turned red as she sat back in her seat and covered her mouth with her hand.

"Care to explain, Nadine?" Aurora asked, smirking as she turned the book around.

On one of the pages, Harry saw a drawing of a naked couple, the witch sitting in the wizard's lap as they hugged each other. To make matters worse, the drawing was enchanted to move and clearly showed the couple rutting against each other. Harry felt his face heat up as Aurora turned the page. There was a new animated drawing, this time of a witch hanging from her bound hands while her legs were wrapped around a wizard.

"Mmh, maybe we should try zat," Fleur whispered.

His face burning, Harry tore his eyes away from the book as he felt himself harden. Chuckling, Fleur kissed his cheek and caressed the inside of his forearm. As one, they all turned to look at a red-faced Nadine.

"I thought it was a book on spells!" she insisted.

"The Magick of Sex," Aurora read, looking at the title on the spine.

"I-" Nadine sputtered, then dropped her face into her hands with a groan.

Aurora began giggling, followed by Nadine and everyone else. When Madam Pince shushed them, she put their books away and decided to leave. With a smirk at Harry, Fleur grabbed 'The Magick of Sex' and checked it out. Madam Pince looked at her suspiciously, but handed it to her and shooed them out of the library. Harry felt his heart race as Fleur looked at him with smoldering eyes, laced her fingers through his, and led him back out into the hall.

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Harry and the girls spent the rest of the day wandering and lounging around the castle. He really wished there was some sort of open common room where they could all go to spend time together. The more he thought about it, the sillier it seemed that there was no place for friends from differing houses to go and relax together.

Eventually, they found an abandoned classroom on the second floor, near the Transfigurations courtyard, that they could sit in. Hermione eventually talked them into getting some schoolwork done, so Fleur, Aurora, and Nadine went to the carriage to retrieve their books before returning to the classroom. Harry smiled at Hermione when she began to bombard Aurora with questions about the seventh-year classes she was talking about, not that the other girl seemed to mind.

Fleur transfigured a desk into a massive, round, blue pillow and pulled Harry down onto it. Smiling, she leaned against him for support as they both opened their books and began to read. Harry tried to do the same, but he often found himself distracted by the warmth of her body and the smell of her perfume. More than once, he found himself just staring at her face, taking in her incredible beauty while she flipped through the pages of her Charms book. He blushed when Fleur caught him, but she simply smiled softly and kissed him on the cheek before snuggling closer.

Neither of them noticed the knowing smiles Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine shared whenever they glanced at the pair.

After a while, they all split up to put their things away before meeting back up at the Great Hall for dinner. When Fleur returned, she practically floated over to the Gryffindor table with a beaming smile on her face, drawing the attention of everyone she passed.

"I 'ave good news," she said, sitting down next to Harry. "I spoke wiz Madam Maxime and she said I can show you ze carriage."

"Really?" Harry asked.

He had to admit he was quite curious as to what the inside looked like.

"Oui," Fleur said, smiling excitedly as she turned to Hermione. "You can come as well, 'Ermione."

Nearby, Ron perked up and looked at her hopefully.

"You can come as well," Fleur told him.

Although Ron grinned excitedly, Harry could hear the lack of enthusiasm in her voice. He knew she didn't like the way Ron stared at her and, to be perfectly honest, he didn't either, but he was glad she'd invited him. Reaching under the table, he tried to squeeze her hand. Unfortunately, she moved it at the last second, and Harry ended up with his hand on her thigh instead. Fleur turned to look at him with a raised brow as Harry blushed in embarrassment and pulled his hand back. Just as he opened his mouth to apologize, she grabbed his hand and put it back on her warm thigh with a challenging smirk.

Closing his mouth with a *click*, Harry turned back to focus on his dinner, his hand still resting on her leg. Fleur went back to her conversation with Hermione and Nadine while he had trouble thinking about anything other than where his hand was. It took him a few minutes, but he eventually relaxed and began drawing abstract patterns through her thin, silky robe. Fleur glanced at him out of the corner of her eye with a small smile, but otherwise acted like nothing was happening.

Eventually, they all finished eating and made their way out of the hall.

"I can't believe we get to see the Beauxbatons carriage," Ron said loudly as they passed Dean, Seamus, and a few of their other housemates, causing them to look up jealously.

"Ronald, stop bragging," Hermione hissed.

Fleur rolled her eyes as Ron's ears went bright red. Harry was just glad his two oldest friends didn't start arguing as they all made their way across the grounds. Fleur shivered in the chilly night air, so he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and rubbed her arm. Smiling, she leaned against him slightly as they made the trek to the carriage.

Ahead of them, Aurora reached the front door and threw it open with an exaggerated gesture. He heard Hermione and Ron gasp as they walked in. A moment later, he did the same as he stepped into the carriage. The inside was massive. At least three stories high, there was a huge, crystal chandelier hanging overhead that refracted the light coming in from the tall windows surrounding the Entrance Hall. Looking at the windows, he noticed they showed not the Hogwarts grounds, but a grassy field with a white, sandy beach not too far away that led to a sprawling, crystal clear lake.

The Entrance Hall led to a grand staircase with a hallway on either side. The staircase went up one floor before splitting into two that went up yet another floor in the opposite direction. Everything inside the carriage was made of white, sparking granite, just like the picture of Beauxbatons Fleur had sent him. Even after three years in the magical world, it was still mind-boggling to see something so big in a carriage so small.

Harry was drawn out of his thoughts when Fleur giggled next to him. Smiling, he took his hand and pulled him up the stairs, followed closely by the others.

"This is incredible," Hermione breathed, her head swiveling as she tried to look everywhere at once.

"It's not exactly the same, but zis is what Beauxbatons look like," Fleur said.

"It's beautiful," Hermione replied as they reached the second floor.

"Ze library is to ze left, and ze common room is to ze right," Fleur explained.

"Hey, I can see people," Ron said, staring out a window.

Harry and Hermione walked over to take a look and saw that there were a number of girls walking around the grass covered field.

"Ze windows are enchanted to show what is happening back at Beauxbatons," Fleur told them, a hint of smugness in her voice.

"Can they see us?" Ron asked, waving wildly.

"Non," Fleur said with a giggle. "Come, I'll show you ze zhird floor."

"Can we look at the library?" Hermione, asked, rather predictably.

"I'll show you in a little bit," Aurora said with a smile. "I'll warn you now; it's not as big as the one at Hogwarts."

"That's alright," Hermione said as they climbed the right-hand staircase to the third floor.

"Zis is where ze bedrooms are," Fleur pointed out, gesturing to the doors that dotted the walls of the top floor. "Everyone 'as one roommate wiz a bathroom zhat is shared between two rooms."



Pulling on Harry's hand, she led him over to one of the doors and pushed it open. Inside, there were two four poster beds with two light blue hangings, one a gauzy material and the other solid for privacy. Next to each bed was a wardrobe, a vanity, and a small desk.

"Zis is ze room I share wiz Aurora," Fleur said. "Nadine and 'er roommate, Julia, are in ze room next door. What do you zhink?"

"It's great," Harry said, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"I wish our rooms were like this," Hermione said, gazing around the room. "Is this what they're like at Beauxbatons?"

"No," Nadine said, sitting down on one of the beds. "At Beauxbatons there are four girls to a room, unless you're a prefect."

"Do you have houses like Hogwarts?" Hermione asked curiously.

"No, we're separated by year," Aurora answered. "We pick who we want to share a room with, and we all share one large dorm that takes up a whole wing of the school."

"But how do you play Quidditch without houses?" Ron asked.

"Quidditch isn't very big at Beauxbatons," Fleur told him. "We choose two captains who pick teams, but zhere are only a few games a year and zhey are not taken seriously."

Despite his love of the game, even Harry had to chuckle at the horrified look on Ron's face.

"But - but it's Quidditch!" Ron exclaimed.

Hermione rolled her eyes while the other girls giggled at him.

“Do you want to go look at the library now?” Aurora asked.

“Yes,” Hermione answered, her brown eyes lighting up brightly.

As they began to leave, Fleur grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him to a stop.

“You go ahead,” she told them.

Aurora and Nadine gave them knowing grins that made Harry flush before leaving the room. Hermione smiled at him a bit awkwardly while Ron frowned but left without a word.

As soon as the door closed, Fleur flicked her wand to lock and silence the door. Harry swallowed thickly, his pulse racing and his stomach churning nervously as he turned to look at her. With a sultry smirk, Fleur placed her hands on his chest before sliding them up to wrap her arms around his neck. Harry rested his hands on her wide hips as their faces slowly drifted closer. Breathing in deeply through her nose when their lips met, she didn’t hesitate to pull him into a passionate, open-mouthed kiss.

Threading her fingers through his hair, Fleur moaned into his mouth as she pressed her body against his, her large, full breasts flattening slightly against his chest. Feeling daring, Harry let his hand slide down to her bum, where he lightly cupped her firm globes. Fleur moaned again and rocked her hips, grinding her thigh against his rapidly hardening erection.

Pulling back, she stared at him with a darkened gaze that made him shiver in excitement.

“Arry,” she breathed. “I want you.”

Leaning forward, she kissed him briefly before capturing his bottom lip between her teeth and pulling back until it slipped free. Turning him slightly, she put her hand on his chest and pushed him back until his knees hit the mattress of her bed, causing him to fall onto it. Smirking, she straddled him on her knees, whipped her hair over her shoulder, and claimed his lips once more.

Harry groaned into her mouth, his hands running up and down her back as their tongues danced. A few moments later, Fleur broke the kiss and stood up again. Staring into his eyes with a smile, she reached up and undid the clasp at the front of her robe. The flap at the front fell forward, revealing her pale chest and a teasing glimpse of her alluring cleavage. Grabbing the neck with one hand, she slowly, teasingly lifted her shoulder until the robe fell down her arm. Repeating that same movement on the other side, Fleur held the robe up in front of her chest for a long second before letting it fall free. Harry swallowed hard as his eyes dropped to her breasts, the large, pale orbs held tightly in a lacey white bra.

Pulling her arms out of the sleeves, the robe fell further, revealing her tight stomach and thin waist before getting caught on her wide hips. Slipping her hands inside the robe, Fleur slowly rocked her hips from side to side while pushing down. Eventually, the robe fell freely to the floor. Harry's eyes followed its progress, taking in every inch of her wide hips and long, toned legs.

He was broken out of his staring when Fleur grabbed his hands and pulled him to his feet.

"You're wearing too much," she said huskily while pushing his robe off his shoulders.

Grabbing his tie, she pulled him forward into a kiss before loosening the knot and pulling it from around his neck. Harry's hands landed on the warm, smooth skin of her bare waist as she began working on the buttons of his shirt. While she worked on removing his clothes, he became engrossed in running his hands over her exposed skin, caressing it with a light touch. When his fingers trailed over her abs, he felt them twitch slightly while Fleur moaned into his mouth.

It didn't take long for Fleur to divest him of his shirt and run her hands over his muscular chest. Harry hissed pleurably when she lightly raked her nails down his front, leaving light pink lines over his pale skin until her hands reached his belt. As she began unbuckling it, he reached up

and toyed with the clasp of her bra. When she didn't stop him, he popped it open and rested his palm along the bare expanse of her back.

Breaking their kiss, Fleur smiled and let her bra fall to the growing pile of clothes around their feet. While Harry stared, enraptured, at her amazing breasts, she finished opening his pants. They drooped slightly, but got caught on the large bulge in the front.

"You're so beautiful, Fleur," Harry whispered, unable to stop looking at her incredible body.

"And you are very 'andsome, 'Arry," Fleur whispered back.

Kissing him briefly, she smiled sultrily before slowly dropping to her knees. Harry's breath caught in his throat when he saw her face just inches from his straining erection and her hand reaching for his pants.

"I want to see all of you, mon ange," she said.

Tugging his trousers, she pulled them, along with his underpants, down to his knees. Harry's length burst free and sprang up, eagerly begging for attention. Fleur's eyes were locked on his bobbing shaft as she pushed his pants down to his feet so he could step out of them. A gasp left his lips when she suddenly reached out and wrapped her hand around his shaft.

"You are so big and 'ard for me, mon cheri," Fleur whispered, looking up at him lustfully as she stroked him lightly.

With her eyes gazing into his, she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the first couple inches of his towering length. Gasping, Harry bucked his hips slightly, overwhelmed by the wondrous feeling of her hot, damp mouth enveloping his head. The pleasant tingling he felt from her saliva left an indescribable feeling along his length. Her tongue swirled around him, sending a shudder up his spine as he stared down into her sparkling blue eyes. With a light suck, she pulled off of him.

“Holy shit,” Harry murmured.

Giggling, Fleur flicked her tongue over the bottom of his throbbing head and then placed a light kiss right on the tip.

“You are so big, ‘Arry,” Fleur said huskily. “I ‘ave been zhinking about zhis all day.”

Harry panted lightly, his mind reeling at the thought of Fleur spending all day waiting to get her hands on his cock. Leaning forward, she kissed the tip once more before enveloping him in her mouth. Closing his eyes with a groan, he ran his fingers through her hair as she pushed him deeper into the moist, hot cavern of her mouth.

When she reached nearly two-thirds of the way down his shaft, his head hit the back of her mouth. Harry marveled at the sight of her pouty lips stretched wide around his girth, shivering as she dragged them back up to his head. Fleur quickly picked up her pace, bobbing up and down on him as her tongue lapped at every inch of his long shaft. Sucking hard, she pulled all the way off of his throbbing length before standing up in front of him.

Slipping her hand under the waistband of her panties, she pushed them down her legs and stepped out of them.

“I need you,” she breathed.

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him onto the bed. Fleur pushed him down on his back before straddling his waist. Harry’s length ended up trapped between his stomach and her bald slit, her taut lips hugging his shaft as she rolled her hips lightly.

“Merlin, Fleur,” Harry gasped.

Reaching up, he cupped her breasts and ran his thumbs over her hard, pink nipples. Fleur moaned, arching her back and grinding down on him harder as she rocked her hips.

"Is this what you imagined when you thought of me?" she asked, panting lightly while she continued to grind on him.

"Nothing I imagined was as good as this," Harry admitted.

Fleur smiled brightly down at him and then bent down to kiss him. Giving her pillowy breasts one last squeeze, Harry trailed his hands down her sides to her bum. Grabbing her cheeks firmly, he pulled her down against him hard while bucking his hips up. Fleur ripped her lips away from his to let out a loud gasp. A shiver ran through her body as his steely length ground against her clit, her hips rocking sharply as she stared at him with a darkened gaze.

Putting her hands on his chest, Fleur sat up and shifted her hips until his engorged head rested against her burning, dripping folds. Eyes locked, she slowly pushed back and sank onto his length. Harry gasped as he entered her. Despite having experience with Katie Bell and Susan Bones, Fleur's depths were hotter and tighter than anything he'd ever felt before. The pleasurable tingling from her mouth was nothing compared to the feeling of being inside of her. It felt as if his cock was being dipped in sheer liquid pleasure as her silky walls hugged him.

"Fuck. Fleur, you feel so good," Harry panted.

"So do you, mon ange," Fleur moaned. "I feel you stretching me."

Settling her weight down on him, Fleur paused for a moment before rocking her hips. That rocking quickly turned into a light bouncing as she moaned sensuously. Harry cupped one of her bouncing breasts while the other caressed her thigh, feeling her muscles flex under his hand.

"Arry," she moaned.

Nails digging into his chest, she rose up higher and began slamming herself down onto him. He could feel his head forcing her impossibly tight depths open each time he plunged into her. With the amazing heat surrounding him, he didn't know how long he could last. Being inside of

Fleur was the most amazing thing he'd ever experienced. Trailing his hand up her thigh, he pressed his thumb against her clit and began rubbing above it in circles.

"Mon amour," Fleur panted.

Grabbing his shoulder, she stared at him lustfully as she began riding him wildly. Harry let go of her breast, watching as both of them began to bounce furiously with her movements as he gripped her wide hip. A low whine began coming from the back of her throat as his thumb pressed down directly on her clit.

Looking up at her incredible figure, beautiful face, and wild eyes, Harry felt like he was being ridden by a sex goddess. That image was reinforced when Fleur began tightening around him while her whine turned into a low moan.

"Arry!" she screamed.

Impaling herself on his length, her hips jerked wildly as she convulsed on top of him. A flood of hot arousal drenched his length, and she leaned forward to collapse on top of him. Harry hugged her tightly as he continued thrusting up into her grasping depths. He was just starting to feel himself building to a climax when she stilled on top of him, her body trembling and jerking spasmodically as she moaned in his ear.

Rolling them both over, Harry thrust into her harshly with long, deep strokes.

"Oui!" Fleur cried, her nails raking lightly over his back. "More!"

Panting with exertion, he thrust into her furiously as he chased his peak. To him, it felt like Fleur rolled from one orgasm into the next as she tightened around him and writhed on the bed.

"I'm close," he grunted in warning.

“Oui, cum in me,” Fleur panted. “Fill me, mon amour,”

Growling, Harry hammered into her, driving her into the soft mattress as his cock swelled. With a loud groan, he buried himself to the hilt and erupted deep in her fluttering depths. As his length pulsed again and again, Fleur hugged him tightly with her arms and legs while letting out a low, contented moan.

Harry nearly collapsed on top of her by the time he was done, his thunderous climax draining him of all energy. Giggling tiredly, Fleur rolled them over and laid on top of him, his softening length still encased in her welcoming depths. He tried to pull out of her, but Fleur followed the movements of his hips with hers.

“Non, stay,” she whispered, her head resting in the crook of his neck. “I want to feel you inside of me.”

Smiling, Harry turned and kissed her tenderly as he wrapped his arms around her and held her close.

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After cuddling for another half an hour, the two reluctantly got dressed and met up with the others. Fleur smiled at the knowing looks they received from the girls as they followed Aurora, who was acting as the tour guide. Looking over at Harry, she was glad to see the smile that never seemed to leave his face. Feeling the burn in her cheeks, she knew she was the same way.

Eventually, they decided to move to the common room on the second floor when the rest of the Beauxbatons students began to return to the carriage. There, Harry, Ron, and Hermione spent time getting to know some of the girls they’d only met in passing before. Catching the redhead staring at Julia, a pretty Spanish witch with a bust that eclipsed even hers, gave Fleur an idea. Perhaps if she gave Ron another girl to pay attention to, he wouldn’t cause problems with Harry later. After returning from her room, she’d noticed the jealous looks he gave Harry when he thought no one was looking.

“Julia, ‘ave you met Ron?” Fleur asked.

“Not yet,” Julia replied, then looked over at Ron.

“Ron,” Fleur called out, drawing his attention. “Zhis is Julia. She is ze captain and Keeper for our Quidditch team at Beauxbatons.”

“Er, hi,” Ron said nervously, his eyes lighting up excitedly. “You play Quidditch?”

“Yes, do you?” Julia asked.

“Uh, well – no, but I planned to try out next year,” Ron told her. “I wanted to play Keeper.”

Fleur smiled to herself and leaned into Harry as the two began to talk about players and tactics she had no understanding of. She might like to watch the occasional game, but she never got too deep into the sport.

Unfortunately, it quickly became clear that Ron had no idea how to behave around a girl. He was brash, immature, and far too quick to anger when Julia disagreed with him about something. It seemed it would take much more work if she wanted him to stand a chance with anyone, let alone a woman three years older than him.

At least Harry’s not like that, she thought, smiling to herself as the fingers of the arm he’d wrapped around her ran along her own arm soothingly.

Eventually, the hour grew late, and the trio had to head back up to the castle. Fleur pouted, wishing Harry could stay the night as she walked with him to the door.

“I’ll see you in the morning?” Harry asked.

“Of course,” she told him with a smile.

Harry smiled back and let go of her hand as his friends began to head back up to the castle.

“Fleur, I – would you be my girlfriend?” he asked suddenly.

Fleur nearly giggled at the cute look on his face as he waited nervously for an answer.

“Oui,” she said, losing the battle with her laughter as he sighed in relief.

“Brilliant,” Harry said with a bright, crooked grin. “Goodnight, Fleur.”

“Goodnight, mon ange,” Fleur replied.

Pulling her close, she smiled against his lips as Harry kissed her softly. After a few seconds, they finally broke apart, and he reluctantly headed back up to the castle. Closing the door to the carriage, Fleur leaned against the door with a smile on her face, feeling the happiest she’d ever felt.

“So, what did you and Harry get up to while we were gone?” Aurora asked.

Fleur snapped out of her thoughts and looked over to find Aurora and Nadine grinning at her. Grabbing her arms, they gently guided her towards the stairs.

“How was it?” Nadine asked, her curiosity getting the better of her as they climbed the stairs.

“Perfect,” Fleur said with a soft smile on her face.

Chapter 4

Harry looked up for his breakfast when he noticed several of his male classmates take on glassy-eyed expressions and smiled when he spotted Fleur, Aurora, and Nadine. Fleur gave him a beaming smile as she sat down next to him and kissed his cheek while her hand slipped under the table to squeeze his thigh.

They all exchanged greetings, including Ron after Hermione kicked him under the table, and chatted while filling their plates. The Goblet of Fire sat at the front of the hall, its blue flames dancing hypnotically.

Only a couple of minutes into the meal, Roger Davies stood and strode confidently up to the Goblet with a piece of parchment in his hand. The entire Great Hall went quiet as they watched him drop the parchment into the flames, the first to enter his name for the Triwizard Tournament.

As Roger turned to walk away, he looked over at Fleur with a confident grin and winked. Harry's hands clenched angrily while glaring at the seventh year until Fleur curled her finger under his chin. With Roger still watching, she turned Harry's head to face her and kissed him deeply.

This was the first time they'd kissed in such a public setting, and the hall broke out into furious whispers. Harry grinned brightly as she pulled apart, neither of them noticing Roger stomping back to the Ravenclaw table with a scowl.

"Fleur, do you want to go enter our names now?" Aurora asked, her voice pulling Harry and Fleur out of their own little world as they stared at each other.

"After we finished eating," Fleur replied, then turned back to Harry. "Do any of you plan to enter?"

"I am," Ron said, staring off into the distance with a small smile on his lips.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "Ron, this tournament is dangerous. The last time it was held, all three champions and two dozen spectators were killed by a Cockatrice."

"Eet will be much safer zhis time," Fleur assured her. "My Fazzer works for ze Ministry and 'e 'elped checked ze tasks for safety before Beauxbatons agreed to join. Zis will be nozhing like tournaments in ze past."

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Oui," Fleur said with a smile. "My Fazzer and Madame Maxime refused to take part unless zey ensure no one would die. Zis tournament will be a test of skill, knowledge, and power. Not a blood sport."

"Thank God," Hermione muttered.

"Will you be entering?" Fleur asked, glancing between Harry and Hermione.

Harry shared a look with his best friend and could see that even she was considering entering her name now that she knew it wouldn't be nearly as dangerous as they thought.

"I was thinking about it," Harry admitted. "It'd be nice to be known for something I actually accomplished instead of being famous for something my mum did and I don't even remember."

"I don't know, Harry," Hermione said. "We're still only fourth years. Wouldn't it be more likely for the Goblet to choose someone older?"

"Hey, we took on a Troll in our first year. You brewed Polyjuice Potion, and we figured out the whole Chamber of Secrets thing in our second year. Then, there was that whole thing with Snuffles and the Dementors last year. We might be younger than most of the people entering, but we've got more experience than the rest of them put together," Harry told her.

“Troll?” Fleur asked curiously.

“Dementors?” Aurora asked.

“It’s a long story,” Hermione said while biting her lip thoughtfully. “Well, I suppose if we’re not ready, then the Goblet won’t pick us anyways.”

“Exactly,” Harry grinned.

Putting her hands in her lap, Hermione stared at her plate, deep in thought. Harry, meanwhile, looked up at the Goblet, his determination growing. He didn’t care about the money or the eternal glory that came with winning the tournament. He just wanted to prove to himself that everything he’d accomplished up to this point hadn’t just been down to luck.

Standing up from the Gryffindor table, Harry reached into his bag and pulled out a quill and parchment. As he signed his name to the corner and tore it off, Fleur smiled next to him and did the same. Standing, she took his hand in hers, and the two of them walked to the Goblet side-by-side.

An older Hufflepuff was just leaving as they paused before it, Fleur squeezing his hand tightly.

“Ready?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur answered determinedly.

Together, they each reached out with opposite hands and dropped their parchment into the Goblet. The blue flames flared as the scraps of parchment caught fire and burned to nothing. Harry let a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding and smiled at Fleur. Smiling back, she pecked him on the lips and led him back to their table. Aurora, Nadine, Rone, and Hermione were all waiting behind them with excited and nervous looks, all of them holding a piece of parchment in their hands.

Harry smiled encouragingly as he and Fleur waited for everyone to put their names in the Goblet. Hermione hesitated the longest before finally dropping the parchment with a huge sigh. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and hugged her to his side as they all walked back to their seat.

For the rest of the meal, they all talked and speculated on what the tasks would be. Near the end of breakfast, Professor McGonagall walked up and stopped behind Harry and Fleur.

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Delacour, I need to see both of you in my office when you're finished," she said.

"Something wrong, professor?" Harry asked curiously.

"No, Mr. Potter, everything is fine. I'll tell you more once we're in my office," McGonagall told him with a look that told him asking what it was about would not be a good idea.

"We can go now, eef you're finished," Fleur offered.

Nodding, Harry and Fleur said goodbye to their friends and followed McGonagall to her office on the second floor. Inside the office, another woman was waiting for them. She looked to be in her later thirties or early forties, had auburn hair that hung down at shoulder length, and a monocle in her right eye.

"This is Amelia Bones. She's the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement," McGonagall said as she moved behind her desk.

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Delacour," Madam Bones nodded in greeting. "Please have a seat."

As Professor McGonagall and Madam Bones took a seat behind the desk, Harry and Fleur sat on the other side. Fleur reached out for his hand, and both of them shared a nervous look.

“No need to worry,” Madam Bones said with a small smile. “Neither of you are in trouble. I’m here to talk to you about the incident at the Quidditch World Cup.”

“Oh,” Harry said, sagging in relief.

“We had hoped to avoid calling you as witnesses, but I’m afraid that’s not possible,” Madam Bones said. “Would the two of you be willing to testify at the trial tomorrow?”

“Of course.” “Oui.” Harry and Fleur answered.

“Excellent,” Madam Bones nodded, making a note on the clipboard on her lap. “The trial for the four wizards that attacked Ms. Delacour will stand trial tomorrow at nine in the morning —”

“Four?” Harry asked when she stopped to take a breath. “What about the fifth one?”

Madam Bones paused and shared a heavy look with McGonagall.

“I thought you had been informed,” Madam Bones said slowly. “I’m sorry to be the one to tell you this, but one of the men, a Robert Chesterfield, didn’t survive. The impact from the tree caused severe internal injuries that resulted in his death.”

Harry felt numb with shock as Fleur tightened her grip on his hand.

“I killed one of them?” he asked softly.

“I’m afraid so,” Madam Bones replied. “Given the fact you injured him while defending Ms. Delacour, you don’t need to worry about charges being pressed. It’s a clear case of self-defense. It might help you to know that his injuries would have been survivable had the others he was

with gotten him prompt medical attention. His co-conspirators left him to die, and we only discovered their identities because you were able to recover their wands.”

Harry nodded and stared down at his lap. Oddly, he didn't feel too bad. He still didn't like the fact that he'd killed someone, but he didn't feel bad that it had happened to a Death Eater who had tried to rape and most likely would have killed Fleur. His biggest worry was how his friends and the rest of the school would react. The school had vilified him during the Chamber of Secrets debacle, and that was only when they thought he was trying to kill people.

Now that he actually had, how would they treat him, he wondered.

Nervously, Harry glanced up at Fleur to see her reaction. As soon as their eyes met, she smiled tenderly and squeezed his hand. His shoulders sagging in relief, Harry sighed and smiled back.

“Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones called, then continued when he was looking at her. “Off the record, What you did was extremely impressive. Taking on five dark wizards, even when you have the element of surprise, is a daunting challenge. Having the presence of mind to take their wands so we could identify them later was brilliant.”

“Honestly, I was just looking for Fleur's wand, and I didn't know who had it, so I just summoned all of them,” Harry admitted. “I was more concerned with getting us out of them before any of them could get up.”

“Still, it was impressive thinking, and I'd say you more than managed that,” Madam Bones smiled. “All of the men that attacked Ms. Delacour were injured by that tree you threw at them. All but one were apprehended while they were still in St. Mungo's.”

Harry's eyebrows rose. He had no idea he'd hurt them so badly.

“Have you thought about becoming an Auror?” she asked.

“Er, not really,” Harry said.

“You certainly have the grades to become one,” Professor McGonagall added, then turned to Madam Bones. “Mr. Potter has always been near the top of the class in Defense, Charms, and Transfigurations. While his Potions grade isn’t as good, I’m confident he could earn a Newt in the subject.”

Harry flushed slightly under the praise while Fleur smiled proudly. Ever since his first year, he had really started to take his studies much more seriously. His grades had improved considerably since then, and he was glad he ended up taking Ancient Runes and Arithmancy over Divinations last year, considering what Ron had told him about the class. He had enough near-death experiences without some fraud predicting his death every class.

“If you’re interested in making it your career, send me an owl when you graduate. I could always use more talented people,” Madam Bones said, to which Harry nodded.

“Thanks,” he said.

“You’re welcome,” Madam Bones nodded. “Now, as I was saying, the trial will start at nine AM sharp. Professor McGonagall will escort you to the Ministry, where the two of you will wait in the stands to be called. All I need you to do is answer any questions you’re asked with the truth. With the evidence we’ve gathered, I’m confident of a quick conviction. Before I go over what questions I plan to ask you, and what questions to expect from the defense, do you have any questions?”

“What are the Death Eaters being charged with?” Harry asked.

Madam Bones’ face took on a pinched expression.

“Firstly, Minister Fudge has decided that they will not be tried as Death Eaters. They’re dark wizards who dressed as Death Eaters to inspire fear in the crowd,” she said.

"You're kidding," Harry exclaimed, then pinched the bridge of his nose. "Idiot," he muttered.

It was telling that neither she nor Professor McGonagall scolded him.

"The *wizards* have been charged with two counts each of assault, kidnapping, and attempted rape," Madam Bones continued. "As well as one count each of inciting a riot, and damage to personal property."

"Ow long with zhey be imprisoned eef zey are convicted?" Fleur asked.

"If convicted on all charges, as we expect, they are looking at anywhere between sixty years to life in Azkaban," Madam Bones replied with a kind look. "I can assure you, these men will not be attacking you or anyone else ever again."

"Zank you," Fleur said with a look of grim satisfaction.

"Anything else?" Madam Bones asked, continuing when Harry and Fleur shook their heads. "Good, here's what you can expect to be asked..."

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Harry and Fleur spent another hour and a half going over the questions they would have to answer during the trial before they were released. As soon as they turned the corner, Fleur pinned Harry against the wall and kissed him passionately. They stayed that way for several minutes until they were interrupted by the giggling of a pair of first-year Hufflepuffs.

Smiling at Harry, Fleur took his hand and pulled him towards the library. She thought that was enough for now to make her point. She had absolutely no problem with Harry killing one of those bastards. In fact, he could have slaughtered all of them, and she wouldn't have cared.

He seemed fine now, after having time to think about it, but she resolved to keep an eye on him over the next few days. If it started to look like he was having problems dealing with it, she would just have to show him how grateful she was.

Reaching the library, they spotted Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine. With only one open seat at the table, Fleur smirked as she pushed Harry down into the chair and then plopped herself comfortably in his lap.

“What did Professor McGonagall want?” Hermione asked.

“It was about the trial for those pigs that attacked me and my sister,” Fleur said. “Harry and I need to testify tomorrow morning.”

“Oh,” Hermione said. “Do you need help getting ready? I remember where some of the law books are from when we tried to help Hagrid and Buckbeak.”

“Thanks, Hermione, but we’ll be fine,” Harry smiled gratefully. “Madam Bones already went over everything with us.”

“Good,” Aurora said with a smirk. “Now that you’re here, you can tell us about the Troll. Hermione wouldn’t tell us anything until you got here.”

“I wasn’t sure how much you were comfortable sharing,” Hermione said at Harry’s curious look.

“I don’t mind,” Harry said with a shrug. “Can you put up a Silencing Charm, though? I don’t want someone else listening in.”

Nodding, Hermione cast a couple of Privacy Charms before she began telling them about how she and Harry became friends. What had started as a short tale turned into something much longer when Fleur, along with Aurora and Nadine, asked several questions.

Fleur was astounded by the things that had happened in this school. A Troll, the Philosopher's Stone, a Basilisk, Dementors. It was absurd! And how had the rest of the wizarding world not heard about any of this? The legend of Harry Potter spanned the world. Any one of those incidents should have seen his name on the front page of every newspaper.

Mixed with her incredulity was awe at what Harry and his friends had accomplished. Fleur had known there was something special about Harry the moment she met him, but she'd never expected this. It sounded even crazier than those Harry Potter stories her little sister loved to read, except these were true. She didn't doubt his or Hermione's honesty even for a moment.

Fleur felt like they were leaving out something when they talked about Harry fighting off Dementors just a few months earlier but, seeing the uncomfortable looks on their faces, decided to let it go for now. She would ask him about it later in private.

One thing Fleur was happy about was getting to Harry before Hermione did. She was sure the two would have happily gotten together if she had shown even the slightest interest in him. Then again, with the way the pretty brunette looked at Nadine, she was likely batting for the other team.

Maybe it's time to do a little matchmaking, she thought with a smirk.

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The next morning, Harry and Fleur showed up early to Professor McGonagall's office. Harry felt a spike of nervousness as he stepped into the Floo and stumbled out the other side. Tilting his head up, he around the impressive Atrium as cracks of Apparition sounded around him, and hundreds of witches and wizards trudged to their jobs. Behind him, Fleur and McGonagall stepped gracefully out of the Floo.

"This way," McGonagall said, leading the way.

Walking towards a large fountain, Harry snorted derisively as he saw a House Elf, Centaur, and Goblin staring up at a witch and wizard with adoring looks on their faces. Fleur followed his gaze and clucked her tongue.

Continuing past the fountain, they stood in line at a desk with a pair of brass scales sat upon it, and a yawning, portly wizard with thinning hair sat behind it.

“Next,” He called out in a bored tone.

It took several minutes for them to get to the front of the line. The wizard took McGonagall’s wand and placed it on one end of the scales before a strip of parchment slid out of the bottom

“Hawthorn and Dragon heartstring, been in use fifty-seven years?” he asked.

“Yes,” McGonagall replied.

Spiking the piece of paper, he motioned her towards a set of three gold, gleaming elevators along the back wall of the Atrium.

“Next,” he called.

After Harry and Fleur had both gotten their wands registered, they joined Professor McGonagall in line for the elevators. Fleur pressed herself tightly against him as they crammed into the small space with over a dozen others, including a rather large, round wizard with a red face that leered at her.

Fortunately, he didn’t stay long. Getting off on the very next floor.

“Level seven, Department of Magical Games and Sports,” A female voice announced.

Harry had to hold back a snort as he watched the wizard try to squeeze out of the elevator, wondering what sport he'd ever played.

They stayed on the elevator for several more levels until they finally reached their destination.

"Level 2, Department of Magical Law Enforcement," the female voice announced.

Harry and Fleur followed Professor McGonagall out of the elevator and into the hall, where Harry was nearly bowled over. Stumbling, he managed to get his balance and hold up the witch with bright purple hair that had run into him.

"Sorry," the witch said.

"Good morning, Ms. Tonks. I see you haven't changed much since your days in Hufflepuff," McGonagall said with a sigh.

"Wotcher, professor," the witch, Tonks, said with a bright smile on her heart-shaped face. "Sorry about running into you. Bones needs these reports, and that arse Wilkins down in records gave me a hard time."

Professor McGonagall pursed her lips when Tonks cursed but didn't reprimand her.

"We were just heading that way ourselves," she said instead. "It's been a while since I've been in this part of the Ministry. Would you mind showing us the way?"

"Sure," Tonks said with a shrug.

They followed her down the hall and past a large room full of cubicles full of witches and wizards, all wearing the same dark blue robes. The room was filled with the loud din of voices as a number of paper airplanes zipped back and forth overhead.

“Congratulations on becoming an Auror, Ms. Tonks. I always knew you had it in you if you took your studies seriously,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Thanks, professor,” Tonks said with a smile. “I almost didn’t make it due to budget cuts, but Mad-Eye forced them to accept me before he retired.”

Tonks finished speaking just as they reached a door on the other side of the room and knocked.

“Enter!” Madam Bones called out.

Tonks opened the door to a surprisingly small, bland office filled with metal filing cabinets along the wall and a large desk in the middle. Considering how big and grand the rest of the Ministry looked, he was surprised the office for a department head was so cramped and plain.

“Here’s those reports you wanted,” Tonks said, handing over a file.

“Thank you,” Madam Bones replied.

Tapping the file she had been working on with her wand, the papers took to the air, separated themselves, and flew to several different filing cabinets that opened and closed themselves once the files were tucked away.

“Oh, good, you’re here,” Madam Bones said, spotting them in the doorway as she took the file from Tonks. “Tonks, do you have anything else you’re doing?”

“I have some paperwork Dawlish wanted me to finish...” Tonks said with a frown.

“He can do it,” Madam Bones said firmly. “We’re heading down to courtroom nine. I want you to act as a guard for Mr. Potter and Ms. Delacour.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks said brightly.

“Do you really think that’s necessary, Amelia?” McGonagall asked.

“I highly doubt it, but I’d rather be safe than sorry,” Madam Bones said with a sigh. “With the recent budget cuts, I’m down to one Auror in each courtroom. Nothing’s happened for years, but I still don’t like it.”

“Why do zey keep cutting ze budget?” Fleur asked curiously.

“Fudge,” Harry answered when the others didn’t. “Apparently, he’s been cutting the DMLE budget for years. I’m guessing he’s using the tournament as an excuse this time.”

The lack of response and grin from Tonks was all the answer they needed. Fleur frowned, shaking her head and muttering something in French.

“Indeed,” Madam Bones said with a tiny quirk of her lips. “Do you two have any questions before we go?”

Harry and Fleur shook their heads.

“Alright, let’s go,” she said.

Making their way out of the office, the group headed back to the elevator. After traveling all the way up, they were now headed right back down, past the Atrium, to basement level ten of the Ministry. When they exited the elevator, Harry immediately noticed everything looked and felt darker. The dark stone walls and narrow hallways had an oppressive feel to them that had the hair at the back of his neck standing on end. Fleur must have felt it too, because she gripped his hand tightly and clutched his bicep.

Tonks looked back, grinned, and gave him a none-too-subtle thumbs up. Harry blushed lightly but smiled as Fleur shook with silent laughter. Those smiles died a moment later when they walked into courtroom nine.

The room was massive, with a tall bench at the back and tiered rows of stone benches in a u-shape along the circular walls. In the middle sat four chairs with thick metal chains attached to the base. It looked nothing like the courtrooms Harry had seen on the telly. He prayed he never ended up on trial in a place like this.

There were already a few people in plum robes that he knew signified they were members of the Wizengamot milling about. They all looked up and watched the group curiously as they entered.

“Why don’t you go find a seat over there,” Madam Bones said, pointing to the right, “while I see how long until we can start”

“Of course,” McGonagall said.

They followed the professor over to the hard, stone bench and took a seat.

“It’s like zey want us to be uncomfortable,” Fleur murmured.

“It helps if you cast a Cushioning Charm,” Tonks told her.

“Merci,” Fleur said,

Tapping her wand on the bench, she smiled as the stone became much softer and more comfortable.

“Hey, Tonks,” Harry said. “What’s it like being an Auror?”

“Thinking about joining?” Tonks asked with a grin.

“Madam Bones thought it might be a good career for me,” Harry shrugged.

“Well, you’ve already helped arrest more dark wizards than most of the people I went through training with,” Tonks said. “The paperwork sucks, there’s a lot of politics, which I hate, and the pay isn’t great, but I’m glad I made. Being able to help people is worth all the shit you have to put up with.”

“Language,” Professor McGonagall scolded her.

“Sorry,” Tonks said with a grin.

Tonks spent a little longer telling him about what it was like being an Auror and what kind of work they really did while the room filled up with more witches and wizards in plum-colored robes.

“It’s starting,” Tonks said.

A moment later, an old, grey-haired wizard took a seat in the middle of the bench behind a wooden desk and banged his gavel twice. The chatter in the room instantly died as everyone took seats and looked at the wizard.

“I call this trial on the thirty-first of October, nineteen-ninety-four, to order,” The old wizard announced in a firm voice that carried easily through the entire room. “Presiding, Judge Darius Greengrass, Interrogator for the Ministry of Magic, Amelia Bones, and court scribe Wilma Herrington. Aurors, bring in the accused.”

Two blue-robed Aurors opened a hidden at the side of the room that was recessed between two benches and led four wizards in plain, black robes into the room. At wand point, they led the men over to the four stone chairs and, none-too-gently, pushed them into seats. Once all four were seated, the heavy chains on the bottom of the chair sprang to life and wrapped around them securely.

The judge, Darius Greengrass, read out the names of the men, none of which Harry recognized, and asked if they were defending themselves. When he did, a tall, thin wizard with slicked back hair and an attitude that reeked of arrogance stood from the benches.

“Tiberius Burke for the defense,” he said with an oily smile.

“Very well, Mr. Burke,” Greengrass said with a nod.

Burke strutted down from the benches, his expensive, tailor-made robes flapping behind him as he came to a stop behind the defendants.

“Madam Bones, present the Ministry’s case,”

Madam Bones stood and spent the next fifteen minutes going over the evidence the Ministry had gathered. They had eyewitness testimony from Harry and Fleur, the wands taken from the attackers that were proven to have come from the defendants, records of their injuries consistent with Harry’s defensive magic, and a deceased but known associate of the four defendants found at the scene of the crime.

“Mr. Burke, your defense,” Greengrass said once Madam Bones re-took her seat.

“Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot,” Burke announced lazily with a smirk on his lips. “My clients do not deny that they were at the scene where the Veela was attacked. My clients do not deny that they attacked the Veela.”

The Wizengamot murmured, and Harry spotted a frown on Madam Bones' face.

"My clients were inebriated from the festivities, frightened by the attack, and *bewitched* by the Veela they attacked. We all know that Veela have the ability to entice men. It was the Veela's own magic that caused my clients to lose control of themselves. In fact, my clients are grateful Mr. Potter was there to stop them from committing such heinous acts," Burke said, smirking as he looked at Harry.

Harry shook with rage, and only Fleur's grip on his hand and Tonks' hand on his shoulder stopped him from jumping to his feet.

"Stay calm," Tonks whispered firmly. "Getting you upset is what he wants. Any outburst will ruin your testimony."

Taking a deep breath, Harry forced himself to calm down. Burke spent a couple more minutes talking about how remorseful his clients were and how they were normally good, upstanding citizens.

Harry couldn't hold back a snort at that, and he blushed when everyone turned to look at him. He gave an apologetic look and coughed to make a show of clearing his throat. Tonks snickered next to him.

Once Burke was finally done prattling on, Fleur was called to the stand. Madam Bones asked her about the attack itself, walking her through it step-by-step, then asked her if she'd lost control of her Allure at any point.

"Non, I kept eet under control," Fleur replied.

Then, it was Burke's turn.

"You say you have complete control over your *abilities*?" Burke asked with a sneer.

“Oui,” Fleur said.

“Two years ago, in France, there was an incident with a young wizard at the beach, correct?” Burke asked. “You lost control of your Allure, and he tried to attack you?”

“It was a private beach, ‘e wasn’t supposed to be there,” Fleur said. “Eef I ‘ad known ‘e was zere I would ‘ave kept better control fo ze Allure.”

“Is it possible that’s what happened the night of the World Cup?” Burke asked. “Is it possible that in the panic, you relaxed your control because you didn’t know my clients were there? It must have been a terrifying experience for someone like you. Alone in a forest with your little sister. No one to save you if something went wrong. Why, I think anyone here would have problems controlling themselves in such a situation,” Burke said with a sympathetic look that was about as genuine as Leprechaun gold.

“Non,” Fleur said firmly. “I deed not lose control.”

A few in the stands nodded, but most looked unconvinced. It was times like this that Harry really had how bigoted Magical Britain could be. The stigma against Veela as scarlet women who used their powers to steal innocent men from their wives was playing against her here. And Burke knew that. In the visitor’s section, Harry ground his teeth furiously as he glared at the smug bastard.

“The Ministry of Magic calls Harry Potter to the stand,” Madam Bones announced.

As Harry stood and walked to the front, Fleur gave him a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes. He wanted to hug her but settled for giving her hand a quick squeeze as she passed. Harry sat on the witness stand and tried to keep a lid on his roiling anger as Madam Bones walked up to him.

She asked him the same kinds of questions she'd asked Fleur, including asking if he'd felt Fleur's Allure at the end.

"No, I never felt Fleur's Allure that night," Harry replied.

For once, he was actually grateful for his fame as the witches and wizards in plum robes murmured to each other once Mb was finished questioning him. It took a supreme force of will not to glare at Burke as he walked up to question Harry.

"Mr. Potter, as a boy of sixteen—"

"Seventeen," Harry corrected.

"Yes, seventeen, is it possible that you felt the Veela's Allure and simply didn't know it?"

"The *Veela* has a name," Harry said, somehow managing not to growl. "And, no, I'm positive I didn't feel her Allure that night."

"Was the World Cup the first time you'd seen Veela?" Burke asked.

"Yes," Harry admitted. "But I've —"

"Next question, Mr. Potter," Burke interrupted. "Isn't it possible that, because you were so unfamiliar with the feeling of a Veela's magic, that you simply didn't notice it? Perhaps you were so afraid you didn't notice it. Perhaps the Veela's magic is what drove you to protect her at the risk of your own safety?"

"If that's true, what does it say about your clients," Harry said.

“Objection!” Burke exclaimed over the chatter of the crowd.

“Sustained,” Greengrass replied, banging his gavel to quiet the crowd. “Mr. Potter, please stick to answering the questions you’re asked.”

“Yes, sir,” Harry said, refusing to apologize.

“Mr. Potter, isn’t it possible that as a young boy of sixteen, and being as frightened as you were, that you didn’t notice the Veela’s Allure?” Burke asked.

“No,” Harry said.

“Are you sure?” Burke asked doubtfully.

“I -”

“No more questions,” Burke interrupted and spun on his heel.

“You may step down, Mr. Potter,” Greengrass said.

Glaring at Burke’s back and seeing the smirk on the defendants’ faces, Harry had a sudden idea.

“Er, your honor, could I make a suggestion?” he asked.

“What would that be, Mr. Potter?” Greengrass asked.

“Well, Mr. Burke seems to think Fleur could control me with her Allure, but I’ve spent weeks with her at Hogwarts, and I know she can’t. Since we’re both here, maybe I could prove it?” Harry asked.

“Prove it how?” Madam Bones asked curiously.

“Just have her try to control me with it,” Harry suggested. “Even if some of the wizards here are affected by it, there’s enough witches that could tell them if she could or not.”

“I object!” Burke exclaimed. “This could taint the entire male panel. There’s no telling what the Veela might do if she had control of all of these fine, upstanding members.”

“Overruled,” Greengrass said, eyeing Harry thoughtfully. “I think you underestimate the ability of this body to withstand such magic. Madam Bones, what are your thoughts?”

“While it’s highly unusual, I believe Mr. Potter makes a good point,” she said. “If the crux of Mr. Burke’s defense is that Ms. Delacour’s Allure affected all these wizards, why not give Mr. Potter the chance to prove he wasn’t.”

“Again, I object!” Burke shouted, showing anger for the first time in the trial. “Even if Potter is able to resist it now, there’s no proof he could do it at the time of the World Cup.”

“If I may,” A witch who looked to be in her mid-thirties with long, blonde hair said as she stood.

“The court recognizes Ms. Couture,” Greengrass said.

“As some of you may know, my brother moved to France and is married to a Veela. From what I have learned, it can take months, even years, for a wizard to learn to overcome the Allure. A few weeks, even if Mr. Potter had spent the entirety of that time in Ms. Delacour’s presence, would only make a small difference.”

“Thank you, Ms. Couture,” Greengrass said. “The court will give Mr. Potter a chance to prove his claims. Ms. Delacour, come forward.”

Giving Harry a small smile, Fleur stood and smoothed out her robes before coming to stand in front of Greengrass.

“Ms. Delacour, if you would please use your Allure on Mr. Potter,” he said.

Nodding, Fleur smiled at Harry while her hair swayed as if caught in a breeze. Harry felt her allure wrap around him like a warm, comforting blanket. The men in the audience, including Burke and the Defendants, all stared at her lustfully, their eyes glassed over.

“How do you feel, Mr. Potter?” Madam Bones asked.

“Fine,” Harry said, turning to look at her. “I can feel it, but it’s not really affecting my thoughts.”

Nodding, she turned to Greengrass.

“Ms. Delacour, could you ask Mr. Potter to do something?” he asked.

“‘Arry,” Fleur said in a sultry tone. “Come rub my feet, zey as so sore. Please, for me, mon amour.”

“Sorry, Fleur,” Harry said, then turned to look back at Greengrass.

“If he won’t, I certainly will, my lady,” An older wizard with greying hair offered.

As he moved to stand, Tonks hit him with an Incarcerous Hex and shook her head.

“Thank you, Auror Tonks,” Madam Bones said. “I believe that’s enough. Mr. Potter has —”

“You’re gonna get it, you little whore,” one of the defendants growled.

Harry turned to look at him and saw that all four defendants were struggling against their chains while leering at Fleur. Burke was leering as well and rubbing himself through his robes.

“And your little sister, too,” another defendant growled. “You’ll pay for going against the Death Eaters.”

“Ms. Delacour, that’s enough,” Greengrass said urgently.

Instantly, Fleur’s Allure died. The men that were affected blinked their eyes and shook their heads. Madam Bones smiled grimly down at the defendants as they paled, realizing how bad their reactions would look.

“For those of you that were unaware, Mr. Potter fully resisted Ms. Delacour’s Allure,” Greengrass announced. “Ms. Delacour, Mr. Potter, you may take your seats.”

There was loud chattering for the next couple of minutes as the witches in attendance told the wizards that had been affected what had happened. Of all the wizards in the room, only Harry, Greengrass, and a couple of others, all very old, managed to remain unaffected.

“Is there anything else either side wishes to add before we take a vote?” Greengrass asked.

“I object and call for a mistrial!” Burke demanded angrily. “How do we know the Veela isn’t still affecting everyone?”

“I think the fact that you’re arguing that very thing proves she isn’t,” Madam Bones told him with a satisfied smile.

"Motion denied," Greengrass said. "If there's nothing else, I call for a vote. All those who find the defendants guilty, raise your wands."

Fleur gripped Harry's hand tightly as most of the room raised their wands and lit them. After a count was taken, they lowered their wands.

"All those who find the defendants not guilty?" Greengrass asked.

This time, only a handful were raised.

"This court finds the defendants guilty of all charges, sentencing to be held on the fourteenth of January. Court is adjourned," Greengrass finished by banging his gavel twice.

Fleur cheered and hugged Harry tightly while Tonks patted him on the back.

"Great job, Harry," she said with a grin. "That was some quick thinking you did there."

"Indeed," Madam Bones said with a smile, causing Harry and Fleur to break apart. "Even better, now that one of them admitted to being a Death Eater, I can bring it up at the sentencing and force the Minister to investigate."

"Brilliant," Harry grinned.

"Do you need my students for anything else, Amelia?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"No." Madam Bones said. "You can take them back to Hogwarts. I need to get started on the investigation anyways."

"Not like it'll do any good," Tonks muttered.

“We’ll see,” Madam Bones replied.

“It was nice meeting you, Tonks,” Harry said as McGonagall said her goodbyes to Madam Bones.

“Nice meeting you too,” Tonks grinned. “If you have any more questions about becoming an Auror, feel free to send me an owl.”

Harry nodded as Fleur surprised the Auror with a hug and a beaming smile. With one last wave, he took Fleur’s hand in his and followed Professor McGonagall out of the courtroom.

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Harry and Fleur got back to Hogwarts about an hour before lunch. Since they’d missed the first half of their late morning classes, Professor McGonagall let them miss the rest of it. As it was an unseasonably warm day, Harry showed Fleur to the kitchens, where they got a basket of food courtesy of the House Elves and then sat out by the lake under the warm sun.

“I’m so glad zat’s over,” Fleur smiled while tearing the crust off her sandwich.

“Me too,” Harry said, watching her in amusement as she threw the crust into the Black Lake, where the squid grabbed it with a tentacle. “Would you like me to cut that up into triangles for you?” he asked teasingly.

Fleur huffed, the corners of her lips twitching, and then waved her wand, making her sandwich separate into four perfect triangles. Lifting her chin into the air, she took a dainty bite. Chuckling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. They sat and looked out at the lake while talking quietly.

“You know, I owe you for saving me again,” Fleur said after they’d finished eating. “If it wasn’t for you, zose men probably would ‘ave walked free.”

“You don’t owe me anything,” Harry said.

Smiling, Fleur turned her head and kissed him on the lips tenderly.

“Ow long until you need to go to class?” Fleur asked.

“About an hour and a half,” Harry said. “Why?”

Fleur grinned as she stood and pulled him to his feet.

“Ow about we go back to ze carriage, so I can zank you properly?” she asked promisingly.

Grinning, Harry let her pull him over to the Beauxbatons carriage. The carriage was completely empty, with all of the students up at the castle attending classes, allowing Harry and Fleur to make their way uninterrupted up to her room.

As soon as the door was closed, Fleur pinned Harry to the door and kissed him fiercely. Their hands tugged at each other’s clothing, each article being discarded to the floor until they were both naked.

With a smirk on her lips, Fleur dropped to her knees and took him between her lips. Harry tilted his head back and groaned, his fingers combing through her lustrous blonde hair. The tingling sensation from Fleur’s saliva heightened the sensitivity of his cock as she bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue slithering along his rigid length.

As he looked back down at her sparkling blue eyes, she drove herself forward, swallowing him to the base. Harry gasped, his mouth hanging open as Fleur pressed her thin, pointed nose

against his groin and wiggled her head back and forth. Her tight throat spasmed and flexed around him, sending shivers of pleasure up his spine. With her pink lips stretched wide around his girth, she sealed them around his shaft and pulled back with agonizing slowness. Once his swollen head was free of her throat, she sucked hard while pulling back all the way to the tip.

“Fuck,” Harry hissed as her tongue swirled around his sensitive head.

Chuckling, Fleur stared up at his face as she dove forward again, this time pulling back the moment her nose bumped against his skin. Over and over, she repeated the same motion, the intense feeling of plunging into her tight throat, causing his legs to tremble. As he stared down at her beautiful face and glittering eyes, he noticed a distinct bulge in her slender neck each time she took him to the hilt.

When she swallowed him to the base and held him there, Harry couldn’t help but rock his hips slightly. Fleur hummed and grabbed his hips, a light pull encouraging him to keep moving. Harry did, his hands tightening in her hair as he luxuriated in the amazing sensation. She held herself there for a shocking amount of time, so long that he started to worry she might pass out. Eventually, though, she pulled back and gasped for air.

Wrapping her hand around his spit-soaked length, she stoked him casually while she caught her breath. Lifting him up, her long, pink tongue ran from base to tip along the underside of his shaft before swallowing him again. Fleur moved with a desperation to make him cum, her voracious mouth swallowing his length while her tongue lashed at every inch it could reach. Before long, her nose was bumping into his groin with such force that her eyes began to tear up.

“Fleur,” Harry gasped in warning.

Dragging her plump lips back up his shaft, she held his pulsating head in her mouth while her hand stroked him furiously. Legs shaking, Harry threw his head back and groaned as he exploded in her mouth. Fleur stroked him through his climax and sucked hard, drawing every last drop out of him as if his cock was a straw. A whimper escaped his throat as she pulled off of him, her lips scraping along his oversensitive head.

As Harry panted, Fleur opened her mouth to show him the large pool she'd gathered on her tongue. Eyes sparkling, she closed her mouth and swallowed noisily.

"I love ze taste of your cum," Fleur murmured sultrily.

Harry couldn't help it. He laughed.

Helping Fleur to her feet, Harry kissed her lovingly before lifting her by the bum and carrying her over to the bed. She giggled as he tossed her onto the mattress where she bounced, her large breasts swaying enticingly. Grabbing her leg, Harry pressed his thumb into the sole of her foot and her toes.

"I believe you want a foot massage," Harry said teasingly.

"I changed my mind," Fleur said. "Somezing else needs your attention."

Leaning back, Fleur spread her legs wide and ran her fingers through her taut folds. Harry had planned to tease her more but couldn't resist the tempting sight. Crawling onto the bed, Harry kissed his way up her long, smooth legs and up to her heated core.

Harry spent a long time between her legs, excitedly finding all of the spots his stunning girlfriend liked most. By the time she grabbed his hair and pulled him on top of her, he'd driven her to two climaxes, and his jaw was sore. Fleur showed no concern for tasting herself on his lips as she kissed him passionately, her legs wrapping around his waist.

"I need to feel you een me," Fleur whispered needily.

Smiling against her lips, Harry lined himself up with her entrance and sank in slowly. Pulling back until only his head remained inside of her, he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt. Fleur moaned and arched her back as he bottomed out, her perky breast and hard nipples rubbing against his chest.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped.

Flexing his hips to go as deep as possible, Harry kissed her fiercely as her hot, slick walls hugged his length. As he pulled back to thrust again, Fleur inhaled sharply and raked her nails along his back. Hissing from the stinging, burning scratches mixed with the incredible pleasure of her folds, he slammed his hips forward. Fleur’s body racked for the brutal thrust, her breasts bouncing wildly on her chest as she gasped.

Just as Harry started to get into a rhythm, she placed her hand on his chest.

“Wait,” she panted.

Smirking, she sat up so that he slipped out of her. Fleur rolled over onto her hands and knees and shook her heart-shaped ass at him, smiling over her shoulder. With a grin, Harry crawled up behind her and sank back into her depths. Something about the new angle made Fleur gasp loudly, her hips rocking back to drive him even deeper.

Harry leaned over her back and cupped one of her breasts as he began thrusting into her. By only his third thrust, Fleur’s arms collapsed under her. She ended up with her shoulders resting on the bed, and her face turned to the side as he sank into her from behind. Each time Harry entered her, a gasp escaped her lips, and a shudder ran through her body. Smiling, he kissed her neck before straightening up.

Using her hips as leverage, Harry picked up his pace, his thighs slapping loudly against Fleur’s tight, round ass with every thrust.

“Arry,” Fleur moaned.

Only a moment later, she cried out as she tipped over the edge. Harry grunted as she tightened around him. He tried to hold back, but it felt like her depths were determined to milk him of his orgasm. As Fleur moaned and trembled under him, Harry groaned and erupted inside of her.



Once they had both calmed, Harry rolled them over onto their sides and spooned against her back, his length still trapped in her folds. Kissing and sucking at her neck, his hand caressed her soft curves as they rested.

It didn't take long before he began to harden inside of her once more. With a smirk on her lips, Fleur rolled him onto his back and straddled his waist.

"I zink we have time for one more," Fleur grinned.

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Later that night, Harry sat with Fleur, Hermione, and their friends for the Halloween Feast. Throughout the meal, Fleur told them all about the trial, though Harry felt she played up his involvement a bit too much.

"It really wasn't that big of a deal," Harry shrugged.

"Eet was brilliant," Fleur smiled, kissing his cheek.

Harry blushed at the praise but smiled.

"Someone really needs to do something about how bigoted the wizarding world is," Hermione said.

"Britain is one of the worst countries when it comes to bigotry," Aurora said. "It's mostly because you haven't had a revolution like America and most of Europe have. Grindlewald killed off so many old families that, except for places like Bulgaria and Germany, there aren't enough Purebloods left to cause problems."

“Well, then maybe it’s bout time we had one,” Hermione huffed. “I mean, it’s ridiculous. Only fifteen percent of the wizarding population of Britain is Pureblood, but they hold ninety percent of the power and gold.”

“Eet would take a war to change zhings here,” Fleur said.

“Not necessarily,” Hermione said. “There have been peaceful revolutions before.”

Before anyone else could respond, Dumbledore stood and tapped his spoon against his goblet.

“If I could have everyone’s attention. I believe the Goblet of Fire is ready to pick our Champions,” he announced.

As if his words were prophetic, the fire coming out of the Goblet began to burn brightly. The whole Hall went silent as a single piece of parchment leapt into the air and fluttered in the air. Dumbledore snatched in, and everyone held their collective breaths.

“The Champion for Durmstrang is Victor Krum!” he announced.

A loud cheer went up for the Slytherin table while the rest of the Hall clapped. Well, almost, Harry noted. Ron was jumping up and down next to Hermione and screaming at the top of his lungs. As Krum walked through a door behind the head table, the Goblet flared again, spitting a second piece of paper into the air.

“The Champion for Beauxbatons is Fleur Delacour!” Dumbledore announced to the silent crowd.

This time, the Gryffindor table was the loudest. Fleur beamed as she was congratulated by her friends and classmates. Turning to Harry, she gave him a searing kiss that left him slightly dazed before walking up to Dumbledore and then walking through the same door Krum had.

As one, the students in the Great Hall turned back to the Goblet as it spit out the third and final name.

“And the Champion for Hogwarts is... Harry Potter!”

Chapter 5

“Harry Potter!” Dumbledore called again loudly.

“Harry,” Hermione hissed, elbowing him in the ribs.

Jerking in his seat, Harry stood up and walked up to the Head Table almost robotically. The applause he received was even louder than what it had been for the other Champions as he took the scrap of parchment from Professor Dumbledore. Shaking off his shock, he followed Krum and Fleur’s path through the door to the Trophy Room.

His fellow Champions were standing next to the fireplace quietly. Krum with his ever-present frown and Fleur with a haughty air that made Harry smile. Fleur’s eyes lit up when she spotted him slipping through the door.

“‘Arry, were you chosen?” she asked hopefully.

Smiling, he held up the scrap of parchment with his name on it. Fleur gave him a dazzling smile before rushing forward to hug him.

“I knew you could do eet,” she whispered.

“Well, that makes one of us,” Harry joked.

Giggling briefly, Fleur pulled back and kissed him on the lips. When they parted, she took his hand in hers and led him over to the fireplace. As he neared Krum, Harry paused and held out his hand.

"I'm Harry," he said.

"Viktor," Krum replied. "I look forward to competing with you."

"Likewise," Harry smiled.

The sound of the door opening caused the three of them to turn back. Ludo Bagman pranced into the room with a huge, boyish grin on his face while the three school heads, Professor McGonagall and Mr. Crouch, followed at a more sedate pace.

"Harry, good oh!" Bagman cheered.

While Bagman bounced on the balls of his feet excitedly, Madame Maxime moved to stand next to Fleur - who was still holding Harry's hand - Karkaroff stood behind Krum and clapped him on the shoulder, and Professor McGonagall stood behind Harry proudly.

"Congratulations to all three of you," Professor Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. The Goblet of fire would only have chosen you if you were the best student to represent your school. Now, Mr. Crouch shall explain the rules."

As Dumbledore stepped back, Crouch stepped forward and straightened his pinstripe suit.

"As you were told earlier, being chosen by the Goblet of Fire constitutes a binding magical contract," he began. "Barring serious injury or death, you must compete in each of the three tasks or risk losing your magic. With the danger of the tasks has been toned down compared to previous tournaments, this is not a competition to take lightly. Now, the rules. You may not

receive help from any teachers or head of school in learning how to accomplish a task. However, you may ask for help in learning any spell or technique you discover on your own.

“There will be three tasks. The first will be held on the twenty-fourth of November. The second on the Twenty-fourth of February and the final task will be held on the Twenty-fourth of June. Each task will be designed to test you in different areas of magic, with the wizard, or witch, with the best score being crowned Triwizard Champion. For each task, you will only be allowed a wand to start. Each of you will be examined before each task to ensure fairness. No armor may be worn, no potions may be taken without Madam Pomfrey’s approval.

“In addition to the tasks, you will also be required to participate in the Weighing of the Wands ceremony to be held on the tenth of November, as well as the Yule Ball, where you and your partner will perform the opening dance.

“As Champions, you will be exempt from any classes or assignments that interfere with training for the tournament. Any missed assignments or tests will not count toward your overall grade for your classes. Mr. Krum, since this is your NEWT year, examiners from the Ministry will be present at each task, and upon completion of the tournament, they will give you a preliminary next score based on your performance. Should you wish to sit your NEWTs to improve your grades, arrangements will be made.

“Mr. Potter, You will be given a preliminary grade for your OWLs, and Ms. Delacour, your NEWTs. Should either of you wish to sit your exams with your classmates next year, you may. Any questions?”

Harry, Fleur, and Krum shook their heads.

“Very well,” Crouch said. “The first task will be a tomb, where you must make your way through a series of traps to grab a key at the end. This key is part of a clue for the third task. Failing to collect the key will make the third task much more difficult. If at any point during a task you feel unable to continue or wish to forfeit, you may do so by sending up red sparks with your wand.”

When he finished speaking, Crouch stepped back, and Dumbledore took his place.

"I believe that's all for tonight," he said smilingly. "I'm sure your classmates all looking forward to celebrating with you."

"As everyone filed out of the Trophy Room, Fleur pulled Harry back for a moment. When no one was looking, she pulled him close and gave him a searing kiss.

"I weel see you tomorrow?" she asked when they parted.

"Definitely," Harry smiled.

"Fleur!" Madame Maxime barked before continuing in French.

Harry didn't know what she said, but whatever it was had Fleur looking frustrated.

"Bonne Nuit," she said, kissing his cheek.

"Night," Harry replied.

As Fleur left with her headmistress, she looked back over her shoulder and waved. Harry waved back and smiled as he turned towards the stairs, where he found Professor McGonagall waiting for him. He thought he saw her smiling, but it was gone so quick he couldn't be sure. Clearing his throat and blushing lightly, he put his hands in his pockets and followed her up the stairs.

"Congratulations, Mr. Potter," McGonagall said as they climbed the moving staircases.

"Er, thanks, professor," Harry said.

As they climbed higher, the shock and excitement of being chosen started to fade, and the reality of the situation began to set in. Even though she was a sixth year, Fleur was still three years older than him and a very accomplished witch. Krum, too, was three years older than him and, since the Goblet had chosen him, was the best his school had to offer. How was he supposed to compete with two people who had so much more knowledge and experience than him, he wondered.

"Professor?" Harry asked.

"Yes?" Professor McGonagall replied.

"Do you think I have a chance?" he asked. "I mean, I know the Goblet chose me, but...?"

Harry was jerked from his thoughts when Professor McGonagall stopped and rested her hand on his shoulder. Standing on the landing to the third floor, he turned to look up at her.

"Mr. Potter, while you have never been the most studious of students, you have always been one of the most gifted," McGonagall told him. "In all the years I've been at this school, both as a student and a professor, I've never met a student with such an uncanny ability to accomplish the impossible. I have the utmost confidence that you will do your school proud."

"Thanks, professor," Harry said with a smile.

With a small smile of her own, Professor McGonagall patted his shoulder and continued on to Gryffindor Tower, where they parted.

"Ah, the champion of Hogwarts," the Fat Lady cheered.

"Chivalry," Harry said, giving her the password.

Nodding, the Fat Lady swung open the portrait. Harry was hit with a wall of noise before two sets of identical hands reached out and yanked him inside.

“Bloody brilliant, mate,” Fred yelled over the cheering

“Won us a good bit of coin, you did,” George added.

“You two bet on me becoming champion?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Well, who else would get picked?” Fred asked as if it was obvious.

“Youngest Seeker in a century,” George said, ticking it off on his finger.

“Killed Quirrell and saved the Philosopher’s Stone,” Fred added.

“Killed a Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Fought off a hundred Dementors at once.”

“No one else stood a chance,” they finished in unison.

Harry blinked for a moment, then shook his head with a smile. Suddenly, the twins were shoved out of the way, and Harry was engulfed in hugs by Katie, Angelina, and Alicia.

“Way to go, Harry,” Katie beamed, her dark ponytail swinging behind her as she bounced excitedly on her feet.

“We’re behind you all the way,” Alicia told him.

"Anything you need, just ask," Angelina added.

"Thanks, girls, that means a lot," Harry smiled.

Harry would have liked to talk to them more, but someone shoved a Butterbeer in his hand, and then he was being pushed through the crowd. When he neared the fireplace, Hermione jumped to her feet and hugged him tightly.

"I'm really proud of you," she said just loud enough for him to hear.

Grinning, Harry tightened his arms around her, then lifted her off her feet and spun her in circles. Hermione let out a screaming laugh before slapping him lightly on the shoulder when he finally put her down. Giving her a crooked grin, he looked around, a frown slowly forming on his face.

"Where's Ron?" he asked.

Hermione's demeanor changed instantly as she bit her lip nervously.

"What?" Harry asked, dreading the answer.

"Oh, Harry. You know how he is," she told him. "He was already jealous about you dating Fleur, and now you being champion...."

Harry sighed.

"Great," he grumbled. "You know what? Fine. If he wants to be a jealous prat, then let him."

"I'm sure he'll calm down in a couple of days," Hermione said weakly.

"Hey, Harry!" Lee Jordan yelled as he, the twins, and the Flying Foxes came over to join them. "Did they tell you anything about the first task?"

"Yeah, they said we'd have to get through a tomb with traps and retrieve a key that's part of a clue for the third task," Harry said.

"Sounds like Curse Breaking," George said, looking at Fred, who nodded. "We'll owl Bill. He should be able to give you a few tips."

"Thanks," Harry said.

"We should go to the library tomorrow and see what spells we can find," Hermione told him.

"Sure. After breakfast?" he offered.

Hermione nodded but looked at him oddly. She looked like she wanted to ask him something but held back because of everyone around. Harry promised himself to ask her about it later before turning back to the conversation around them.

Being the center of a huge party with all the Gryffindors was a surreal experience for Harry. It was surprising yet gratifying to have the complete support of his house. Especially after the way most of his classmates, including some of his own housemates, had treated him in his second year. Only two things put a slight damper on the mood.

The first was Ron, being a jealous git up in the dorm, and the second was Cormac McLaggen bemoaning the fact he wasn't chosen.

"I can't believe that stupid goblet picked a fourth year," Cormac said loudly to anyone who would listen. "It's not like Potter's ever done anything special besides not die, and everyone here has managed that."

A couple of seventh years, bitter at not being picked, laughed.

"Harry rescued me from the Chamber of Secrets, you arse!" Ginny yelled, her face and ears red with anger.

The whole room went quiet, stunned by the exclamation. It was the first time that Ginny had ever talked about what happened in the Chamber to anyone but Harry, Hermione, and her family.

"It's fine, Ginny," Harry reassured her quickly. "You don't need to-"

"No, I do," Ginny said, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. "I should've said something two years ago. I just – I was embarrassed. Harry singlehandedly saved me from the Chamber of Secrets by killing a sixty-foot-long Basilisk."

"Fawkes helped," Harry said.

"Did you forget about that match last year when he cast a full Patronus and still caught the Snitch?" Katie asked angrily, arms crossed over her chest.

"And he saved me from that Troll in first year by jumping on its back," Hermione added.

"Hermione," Harry said, his tone asking why she was joining in.

She gave him an unapologetic smile and a shrug.

“Don’t forget the time he caught the Snitch after his arm was broken,” Alicia said.

“What, exactly, have you done that makes you think *you* should have been the Champion of Hogwarts?” Angelina asked Cormac.

Embarrassed and angry, Cormac stood up and stormed up the stairs to the dorm.

“Prick,” Angelina muttered.

“Thanks, girls. But you really didn’t need to do that,” Harry said.

Glancing over at Fred and George, who had stayed suspiciously quiet, he saw them whispering to each other with their heads together. The smiles they wore told Harry Cormac likely had some pranks coming his way.

“You’re our friend and our teammate; of course, we did,” Katie said.

“Besides, Cormac’s been a pain in the arse since he got on the Express,” Angelina told him. “He came into our compartment and basically told us he was going to be the new Keeper this year. He was talking like he was made Quidditch captain.”

“More like he was Merlin’s gift to Quidditch,” Alicia scoffed.

“Any time he wasn’t boasting about himself or leering at our tits, he kept trying to give us tips,” Katie said, her brow furrowed angrily. “I’ve never even seen him fly, and I’m supposed to take his advice?”

“Don’t worry, ladies,” George said.

“Consider it taken care of,” Fred finished with a dangerous grin.

Harry smiled, wondering what mayhem McLaggen was in for. The party went on until midnight when Professor McGonagall came in and told everyone to get to bed soon. The common room gradually emptied until only a few people remained.

“Are you okay, Harry?” Hermione asked quietly.

“Am I that obvious?” he asked, smiling.

Hermione smiled back, “No, but I do know you quite well. So, what’s bothering you?”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“I’m nervous,” he admitted. “I mean, I’m only a fourth year. Fleur and Krum are both twenty and know a ton more magic than I do. How am I supposed to compete?”

“Some things are more important than books and cleverness,” Hermione smiled, echoing her words from their first year. “Harry, the Goblet wouldn’t have chosen you if you weren’t the best choice for Hogwarts. They might know more magic, but there’s nothing stopping you from learning it too. Besides, you have experience they don’t have, and that’s not something you can learn about from any book.”

Harry let out an exaggerated gasp.

“Hermione Granger! Did you just say there’s something you can’t learn from a book?” he asked, acting shocked.

She hit him lightly on the arm, though there was a smile on her face.

“Prat,” she muttered before they descended into a companionable silence.

“Do you really think I stand a chance?” Harry asked eventually.

“I know you do,” Hermione said sincerely, her hand coming to rest on his arm. “You have more heart and determination than any wizard I’ve ever met. You learn the Patronus Charm as a third year, then drove off over a hundred Dementors. Harry, I don’t think you truly understand just how incredible of a feat that is. There are only a handful of wizards in the world that could do something like that. I’m certain you’ll do brilliantly in the tournament.”

Harry smiled shyly and wrapped his arm around Hermione’s shoulders.

“Thanks, ‘Mione,” he said, hugging her to his side.

~

Ron pointedly ignored Harry for the next couple of days, preferring to spend time with Seamus and Dean instead. It hurt that his first friend would be so petty and childish, but he wasn’t going to try and talk some sense into him. Harry had come to realize that Ron expected a lot from life but refused to do the work to earn it. He hoped Ron would grow up and get over himself eventually. For now, though, Harry had much bigger things to worry about.

Classes only got harder now that the other two schools had had time to settle in. Over the next several days, Harry and Fleur had trouble spending as much time together as they would have liked. The day after the champions were chosen, the two of them sat down and talked things over. Both of them decided not to talk about their strategies for the tasks. The only exception would be if one of them learned something they shouldn’t.

With that settled, they ended up only getting closer to one another. While Harry shared stories of his adventures at Hogwarts and a little about his relatives, Fleur was much more open about her family. Her school years weren’t nearly as exciting as his, but she had her own struggles growing up. Veela were much more accepted in France than they were in Britain, but some

were still bigoted. Fleur, much like him, was generally well liked, but had a very small, close nit group of friends.

When Harry wasn't in class or spending time with Fleur, he was studying for the first task with Hermione. Fred and George had gotten a reply from Bill a few days after sending a letter off to him. He gave them several pages of notes and tips, as well as a list of books that would be helpful. Harry found the whole concept of Curse Breaking quite interesting, though it could be very dangerous.

Before Harry knew it, it was the day of the Weighing of the Wands. Colin Creevy showed up halfway through Potions to collect him, something Snape was not happy about. Between Snape's petty anger and Colin's overexuberance, Harry was relieved to reach the room where the wand weighing was taking place.

Stepping into the room, he discovered he was the last to arrive. Fleur and Krum sat in seats while Bagman talked animatedly with a blonde witch in lime green robes. A portly, balding wizard with a camera around his neck stood nearby. Harry frowned when he caught the photographer eyeing Fleur out of the corner of his eyes.

"Ah, Harry, right on time!" Bagman exclaimed exuberantly. "Professor Dumbledore and the others should be here in just a moment."

The blonde witch, who wore garish makeup, gave him a predatory smile as she strode over to him.

"Hello, I'm Rita Skeeter from the Daily Prophet," she introduced herself while shaking his hand. "Perhaps we could do a quick interview while we wait for the others?"

Without waiting for an answer, she grabbed his arm in a surprisingly strong grip and started pulling him towards a broom cupboard. Having no intention of being trapped in a tiny cupboard with a strange woman, Harry yanked his arm free.

“Do you interview the others?” Harry asked.

Behind Skeeter, Fleur wrinkled her nose cutely and shook her head.

“I thought I’d start with the youngest first. For a bit of color,” Skeeter said, a fake smile plastered on her face as a roll of parchment and an acid green quill hovered in the air next to her. “Now, tell me, how do you feel about being chosen as the Hogwarts Champion at the tender age of fifteen?”

“I’m seventeen,” Harry said.

Despite his short answer, the acid green quill wrote several full lines. He tried to lean over to see what it wrote, but the parchment moved out of the way.

“Do you think you’ll be at a disadvantage in the tournament, being so much younger than your competitors?” Skeeter asked.

“Yes, but I look forward to the challenge,” Harry said.

“And how do you think your parents would feel?” she asked, a falsely sweet smile on her lips. “Do you think they would be proud you were chosen or worried that you feel a constant need to be the center of attention?”

Harry balled his hands into tight fists and barely stopped himself from cursing the stupid bitch out.

“We’re done,” Harry said through gritted teeth.

As he stormed past her, his hand shot out and snatched the parchment out of the air.

“Hey! You can’t do that!” Skeeter shouted.

Reading the parchment, Harry became furious. Nothing on it was close to what he’d said. It made him come across as arrogant and attention seeking.

“Give that back!” she yelled.

“Is there a problem, Rita?” Professor Dumbledore asked as he, Maxime, Karkaroff, and Mr. Olivander entered the room.

“Your student just stole my property,” Skeeter sneered.

“I don’t appreciate people writing lies about me,” Harry said as Fleur read over his shoulder.

“Arry never said any of zis,” Fleur added.

“Professor, do you know anyone at the Prophet I could trust to give an interview to?” Harry asked.

“As a matter of fact, I believe Penelope Clearwater just started working there this Summer,” Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. “I could Floo her for you, if you’d like.”

“Thank you, sir,” Harry said.

“I would razzer give an interview to ‘er as well,” Fleur said.

“As vould I,” Krum added.

“You can’t do this!” Skeeter shouted.

“I think you’ll find that I can,” Dumbledore said firmly. “Good day, Ms. Skeeter.”

“You’ll pay for this,” Skeeter growled at Harry.

Snatching her quill out of the air, she stuffed it in her bag and stormed from the room. As Ollivander set up a table for himself, Dumbledore walked over to the Floo and stuck his head into the emerald green flames. A few moments later, he pulled his head back out, and a tall, pretty blonde stepped out of the fireplace.

“Hey, Penny,” Harry smiled, glad to see her again.

“Harry!” she exclaimed.

With a beaming smile, she walked over and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you so much,” Penny said. “You have no idea how much this is going to help my career.”

“It was Dumbledore’s idea,” Harry admitted. “I didn’t even know you worked at the Prophet.”

As Penny stepped back with a smile, Fleur stepped forward and took his hand in hers.

“I’m still grateful,” Penny smiled, then glanced down at their hands. “So, are you two...?”

“Oui,” Fleur smiled brightly.

Penny smiled back and pulled a Muggle notepad and pen out of her robe.

"I'm ready when you are, Albus," Ollivander said.

"Excellent," Dumbledore replied. "Ms. Clearwater, perhaps you could do interviews after the Weighing? If the Champions are willing, of course."

"Okay," Penny said, looking over at them hopefully. "I wish I had a photographer, though."

"Colin Creevy could do it," Harry said.

"I'll send for him," Professor Dumbledore said.

With a wiggle of his wand, a paper airplane appeared in the air and took flight through the door.

"Now, Ms. Delacour, if you'd like to go first,"

Ollivander examined all of their wands and pronounced them in perfect working order. As Harry was having his wand looked at, Colin appeared in the doorway. He was bent over, panting heavily and clutching a camera to his chest.

Once Ollivander was finished, Penny had him take a few pictures of the group before asking some questions. When she was done, Fleur asked Colin to take a picture of just her and Harry so she could send it to her family.

"You know, if you two are willing to talk about how you got together, it'd make a great article for Witch Weekly," Penny said tentatively.

"I don't know," Harry said. "I don't really like my private life being in a magazine."

“What eef Skeeter tries to sell ‘er story to zhem first?” Fleur asked.

“Rita Skeeter is vindictive, and she has a way of finding out things she shouldn’t,” Penny said. “I’m pretty sure she has blackmail on pretty much everyone. No one likes her, even if her stories do sell.”

Harry sighed and turned to Fleur, “What do you think?”

Fleur shrugged, “I know you do not like eet, but ett would not ‘urt.”

After weighing the pros and cons, Harry sighed again and nodded.

“Alright,” he said.

Fleur smiled and kissed him on the cheek. Across from them, Penny smiled, glad to see Harry happy.

“So, how did you two meet?” she asked.

Fleur looked at Harry lovingly before turning back to Penny.

“Eet all started at ze World Cup...”

~

By the time Harry and Fleur finished the interview with Penny, lunch was already over. Deciding to skip class to spend time together, he showed her to the kitchens. Dobby was elated to see him as always.

“Ees zat ze elf you tricked ‘is master into freeing?” Fleur asked.

“Yeah,” Harry smiled as several Elves loaded their table with food.

“I ‘ave never met a ‘Ouse Elf like ‘im,” she said.

“He’s a bit – odd – but he’s a good friend,” Harry said, then smirked. “At least when he’s not trying to save my life by putting me in the Hospital Wing.”

Fleur giggled, having already heard the story.

“So, how is your training for the first task going?” he asked.

“Good, but I wish you ‘ad books in French,” Fleur replied. “Eet’s ‘arder for me to read een Eenglish.”

“I think I heard Professor Flitwick mention something about a Translation Charm for books the other day. You could ask him,” Harry said.

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

Leaning over, she kissed him on the lips and rubbed his thigh under the table.

“Ees zhere someplace een ze castle we could go to be alone?” she asked suggestively.

“Just the broom cupboards,” Harry told her.

Fleur wrinkled her nose cutely.

“Yous could use the Come and Go room,” Dobby suggested.

“The what?” Harry asked.

~

Up on the seventh floor, Dobby led Harry and Fleur down the corridor to the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy. Fleur eyes the portrait incredulously as the painted wizard tried to make several Trolls in pink tutus do ballet.

“It bes here, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said excitedly. “Yous need to walk back and forth three times whiles thinking of what yous wanting.”

“Okay,” Harry said, feeling a bit dubious.

I need a place to be alone with Fleur, he thought repeatedly as he paced back and forth in front of the blank wall. To his surprise, a door faded into sight on his third pass. Opening the door, he found a rather plain room with a bed, fireplace, and couch.

“It worked,” he gasped.

“Let me try,” Fleur said excitedly.

Harry closed the door and stepped out of the way so Fleur could pace. After her third pass, she opened the door to a beautiful, elegant room. The walls were white, and the bed in the middle was covered in light blue, silky sheets. Against one wall, there was a white, whicker vanity and a wooden study desk. The back wall held a large window that showed a moving picture of a beach.

"Wow," Harry said.

"Zank you, Dobby," Fleur said. "Eef you don't mind, I would like some time alone wiz 'Arry."

"Yous welcome, miss," Dobby said with a smile before disappearing.

"Is this your bedroom?" Harry asked as Fleur walked in behind him and closed the door.

"Oui," she replied.

Grabbing his hand, she led him over to the bed and turned him to face her. Fleur pulled off his tie slowly, then caressed his chest before pushing him back until he sat on the bed. With a sultry smile, she bent forward and gave him a deep, lingering kiss. When she straightened up again, she opened her silky blue school robe and shrugged it off her shoulder. The material pooled around her feet, revealing a set of black satin lingerie underneath.

Harry's eyes drank in the sight of her flawless, alabaster skin and sinful curves. With a fire in her eyes and her Allure flaring unrestrained, Fleur slowly dropped to her knees. He felt himself harden almost instantly as she reached for his belt, unbuckling it and opening his pants.

"You 'ave such a nice cock, mon ange," Fleur whispered seductively as she pulled his length into the open. "You always get so 'ard for me."

"How could I not?" Harry smirked, his eyes deliberately dipping to her cleavage.

Following his line of sight with a smirk, Fleur reached behind her back with one hand and unclasped her bra. The sight of her huge, perky breasts jutting from her chest, her light pink nipples hardened in arousal, caused him to throb in her hand. With a giggle, she leaned forward and kissed the underside of his red, swollen head.

"I never thought I would enjoy doing zhis so much," Fleur mused. "Maman and grandmere always warned me 'ow men would pull zheir 'air and force zhemselves deeper. But with you..."

Wrapping her lips around his head, she swirled her tongue around his glans. The feeling, combined with the ever-present tingling sensation of her saliva, drew a groan from his lips. His hips flexed slightly, uncontrollably, while he ran his fingers through her silvery blonde hair. Fleur hummed contentedly and took him deeper, sucking harder. Bobbing her head up and down his length several times, she moved languidly, as if to savor it before finally pulling off of his cock with a *pop*.

Smiling, Fleur placed a kiss on the before tugging his trousers and boxers down his legs. As she tossed them aside, Harry opened the top three buttons of his dress shirt and pulled it over his head.

"Such a beautiful cock," Fleur murmured.

Bending forward, she took him back in her mouth. With each bob of her head, she took him slightly deeper, her tongue licking and caressing every millimeter of his throbbing shaft. Once his shaft was good and wet, Fleur took a deep breath through her nose and dove down, sending him straight down her throat.

"Fuck," Harry grunted.

His muscles flexed, but he fought back against the urge to thrust upwards. Fleur held him in place for several seconds before pulling back slowly, her lips sealed tight around his shaft. As he looked down at her, she looked back up at him with a smile in her eyes. Over and over, Fleur took him to the base, her cute little nose pressed against his pubic bone.

She pulled back up to the head when she needed to breathe, lashing it lovingly with her tongue before driving herself back down. In minutes, Harry was panting heavily, desperately fighting the urge to cum so he could enjoy the feeling of her mouth just a little bit longer. Eventually, though, he could hold out no longer.

“Fleur,” he panted in warning.

Chuckling around his, Fleur focused on the tip while her hand stroked his shaft. Seconds later, he exploded in her mouth, flooding it with his excitement. Fleur moaned as the first jet hit her tongue and sucked hard while her fist flew up and down his spit-soaked shaft. Harry’s breath hitched, his legs trembling uncontrollably from the overwhelming sensations.

When he finally finished, he sagged slightly and watched through heavy eyelids as Fleur pulled off of him, careful to keep her lips sealed. As her hand moved up his length one last time, a pearly white bead leaked from the tip. Licking it off, Fleur stared up at him before making a show of swallowing twice.

“You’re incredible,” Harry panted with a grin.

“So are you,” Fleur smiled.

Pecking him on the lips, she stood up slowly. Slipping her hands inside the waistband of her black panties, she shimmed them over her hips, then let them fall to the floor.

Harry grabbed her by the hips and pulled her close. Inhaling the scent of her arousal, he kissed all over her thighs and mound. Standing up, it was now his turn to push her onto the bed. Kissing his way up from her knees, he was already hard again by the time he reached her breasts.

Impatiently, fleur wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him forward. Somehow, his cock sank unerringly between her folds without aid. Fleur let out a needy whine as he slowly sank into depths. Slipping a hand under her back, he lifted her up slightly and carried her further onto the bed.

“Take me,” Fleur breathed. “I need you, mon vilain ange.”

My naughty angel, Harry thought, smirking at the nickname.

Pulling back at a crawl, he paused just at her entrance before slamming his hips forward. Fleur arched her back, mouth open in a silent scream and nails digging into his skin from the sudden, brutal intrusion. Grasping one of her breasts roughly, Harry did the same thing a few more times before Fleur let out a wail.

Harry smiled and sucked at her next as she lost herself in the throes of a monumental climax. Letting go of her breast, he kissed and sucked at the delicate skin of her exposed neck.

“Arry,” Fleur gasped, her fingers curling in his hair.

Even as her body spasmed under him, Harry never stopped moving. Each hammering thrust sent her body bouncing off the mattress, her heels digging into his bum, silently urging him on. As she finally came down from her climax, he pulled out of her quickly and rolled her over onto her stomach.

With her bum in the air and her face buried in the sheets, Harry slammed into her from behind. Leaning over her back, he kissed and sucked at her neck while one of his hands groped her chest.

“Mon amour,” she panted.

Incredibly, he pushed her to a second orgasm only moments later. She drenched him in her arousal as his cock continued to piston in and out of her indescribable depths. The feeling of her hot, tight, slick walls was quickly pushing him towards the edge.

Pushing her hair out of the way, he claimed her lips in a demanding kiss as he reached his peak. Fleur moaned into his mouth as the first jet splashed against her depths, followed by several more that flooded her quivering core. When his peak came to an end, both of them collapsed

flat on the bed. Harry rolled them onto their sides so he wouldn't crush her, and Fleur hugged his arms to her chest.

Smiling, he kissed her neck and closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of her body pressed flush against his.