

Unexpected Date

Natalia de la Valiente sighed as she watched Harry Potter being shouldered hard by some older and much larger students.

Fools, she thought.

Honestly, anyone who thought he had anything to do with putting his name in the Goblet didn't have an ounce of sense. It was clear just from observing him in the days following the choosing of the Champions that he shied away from the spotlight. If someone had gone through all the trouble to be chosen as the fourth Champion – an extraordinary feat for anyone, let alone a fourth year – they would be bragging about it to anyone who would listen.

Quite honestly, it said a lot about Hogwarts that more of the foreign students believed in his innocence than his own classmates did.

Have any of you even thought to ask him if he entered, Natalia thought snidely.

As Harry tried to enter the courtyard, a pretty blonde stepped in front of him and held up one of those disgusting badges. Natalia's lip curled as she watched the girl tap it with her wand, causing the face to change from 'Support Cedric Diggory' to 'Harry Potter Stinks.'

They could've at least thought of something less juvenile, Natalia thought.

To Harry's credit, he stayed calm and simply asked the girl to move. When she didn't, he gently pushed past her as she and her friends laughed. Natalia raised an eyebrow in curiosity as he walked determinedly towards Cedric Diggory.

Is he going to confront Cedric, she wondered.

It seemed unlikely. Harry didn't seem like the type to confront someone over something so trivial. Out of sheer curiosity, Natalia cast a discrete listening spell so she could hear them.

"Cedric," Harry said. "Can I talk to you... privately?"

"Ey, like the badges, Potter?" one of the boys near Cedric asked with a laugh.

"Knock it off," Cedric told him quietly before turning to Harry. "Sure."

Picking up his bag, Cedric followed Harry. Natalia worried that they might get too far away, but Harry only led him a short distance away, stopping under a tree.

"Dragons," Harry whispered.

"What?" Cedric asked, his brow furrowed.

"Dragons. That's the first task," Harry repeated.

Natalia's eyes widened.

Dragons, she thought incredulously. Wait, why is he telling Cedric if they're competing?

"What!?" Cedric gasped. "You're sure?"

"I saw them," Harry said. "They have one for each of us. A Chinese Fireball, a Norweigan Ridgeback, a Swedish Short-Snout, and a Hungarian Horntail."

"How did you -"

"It doesn't matter," Harry interrupted. "I just know."

Cedric stared intently at Harry and narrowed his eyes.

"Why are you telling me? We're competing, aren't we?" he asked.

"Do you really think I give a damn about the Tournament?" Harry asked angrily. "They're putting us up against fucking Dragons! Besides, I know Fleur and Krum already found out. It wouldn't be fair for you to be the only one who didn't."

"Right," Cedric said, looking abashed. "Well, thanks."

"Don't mention it," Harry said.

He turned to leave, only for Cedric to reach out and grab his arm.

"I've asked them to stop wearing the badges," Cedric said.

"It's fine," Harry shrugged. "Don't worry about it."

As he walked away, Cedric watched him go with a confused, troubled look on his face.

"What did Potter want?" one of Cedric's friends asked.

"Just needed to tell me something about the Tournament," Cedric said absently. "And take those stupid badges off. They look ridiculous."

Flushing, three of Cedric's friends took off their badges. As they walked off, Natalia looked at the door through which Harry disappeared with a thoughtful frown.

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After dinner, Natalia caught up to Fleur as they walked back to the carriage for the night.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" she asked.

Raising an eyebrow, Fleur nodded. Walking into the carriage, Natalia followed Fleur to the small their small library.

"I heard Potter talking to Diggory in the courtyard today," Natalia said. "He was telling him about the First Task."

"What did he say?" Fleur asked curiously.

"He said you have to face Dragons," Natalia replied.

Furrowing her brow, Fleur sat on the reading desk behind her.

"You already knew?" Natalia asked.

"Madame Maxime told me," Fleur admitted. "But why would 'e tell Cedric? Zhey are competing, non?"

"I don't think Potter is concerned with the outcome of the Tournament," Natalia said.

"You do not think 'e entered 'is name?" Fleur asked.

"No," Natalia said. "He doesn't act like the attention-seeking type."

"But 'is classmates believe 'e did," Fleur said, furrowing her brow.

"And if Harry asked our classmates, what would they say about you?" Natalia asked.

Fleur scowled and glared at the books over her shoulder. Natalia didn't like bringing that up, but Fleur got the point. For years, their classmates had seen her as a Veela using her Allure to get whatever she wanted. This wasn't true, of course, but jealousy tended to cloud a person's judgment.

"Did he say anything else?" Fleur asked.

"Only about what Dragons he saw," Natalia said. "I take it you already know?"

Fleur nodded.

"I'll leave you to study, then," Natalia said, patting Fleur's shoulder with a small smile. "Good luck."

Fleur returned the smile as Natalia left the library and walked to her bedroom. Fortunately, since there were so few of them, everyone had their own room. Sitting down at her vanity, she picked up her brush and ran it through her long, dark brown hair.

Inevitably, her thoughts turned to Harry. He was attractive and quite mature for his age. The thing that really attracted her to him, however, was his integrity. To give away your only real advantage to help a classmate when he could've held onto that information...

Smiling to herself, Natalia thought maybe it was time to get to know Harry Potter a bit better.

~

Toast in hand, Harry left the Great Hall and sat down under his favorite tree by the lake.

Dragons, he thought. *How the bloody hell am I going to get past a Dragon?*

Sighing, he tore his breakfast into chunks and tossed it into the water. A moment later, the Giant Squid's long, purple tentacle breached the surface and pulled it under. He felt bad for letting Hermione go off to the library alone, but he needed a moment to himself. There was no way he could sit and read about the creature that was likely to kill him in a couple of weeks. It was all just getting to be too much.

Can't I just have a normal year for one, he wondered. *Is that really too much to ask?*

His toast gone, Harry sat back against the tree with a sigh. Looking around, he noticed a girl for Beauxbatons watching him closely. She was quite beautiful with bronze-colored skin, long, dark brown hair, and an extremely pretty face. The light blue robes she wore did little to hide her large breasts or the flare of her hips. Harry especially liked the way her breasts bounced under her thin robes as she walked.

He was so engrossed by his staring that he didn't realize she was walking towards him until she was halfway there. Fighting down a blush, he tore his eyes away from her chest and looked up at her face.

She's probably just coming to make fun of me, Harry thought with a sigh.

As she stopped in front of him, he noticed that her eyes were a very unusual color. They were sort of burnt bronze, bordering on orange.

"Hello," the girl said. "I'm Natalia Valente. Do you mind if I sit with you?"

"Er, no offense, but why?" Harry asked.

"I just wanted to talk with you," Natalia said.

Harry stared at her a moment longer before he shrugged.

"Sure," he said.

Smiling, Natalia smoothed down the back of her robes as she sat, giving him a brief but good look at the shape of her full, round bum.

"So," Natalia said. "I take it you didn't put your name in the Goblet?"

"You believe me?" Harry asked in surprise.

"I don't know," Natalia smiled. "You haven't given me an answer yet."

"No, I didn't," Harry said with a huff.

"Then I believe you," Natalia said.

"Thank you," Harry said gratefully. "You and my friend Hermione are about the only ones that do."

As he stared out at the lake sadly, Natalia bumped his shoulder lightly. When he turned to look, her full, pouty red lips were quirked up in a smirk.

“Are two witches not enough for you, Mr. Potter?” she asked.

“W - what?” Harry sputtered. “N – no! I mean, yes – er...”

Natalia rested her hand on his arm and laughed. Realizing she was joking, Harry stopped stammering and smiled. To be fair, it wasn't every day a gorgeous, older witch wanted to spend time with him.

I hope she's not talking to me just because I'm the Boy-Who-Lived, Harry thought. But if she is, why didn't she talk to me earlier?

“You're too easy,” Natalia chuckled.

Harry shrugged, the blush slowly receding from his cheeks.

“Shouldn't you be practicing for the First Task?” Natalia asked after a moment.

Harry sighed, “Yeah, I guess I should. I just... I needed a bit to wrap my head around things.”

“I imagine fighting a Dragon is quite frightening,” she said.

Harry nodded, then turned to look at her sharply when he realized what she'd said. Natalia smiled, and he felt butterflies fluttering in his stomach.

“I overheard you talk to Diggory,” she explained.

“Oh,” Harry blinked.

“It was nice of you to tell him,” Natalia said.

Harry shrugged, “It didn’t seem fair for him to be the only one that didn’t know.”

“Most people wouldn’t have given up that kind of advantage,” Natalia noted.

Harry ran a hand through his hair self-consciously and fought down a blush.

“To be honest, I really don’t care who wins the Tournament,” he said. “I’d really rather not compete at all.”

“Can’t you just quit?” Natalia asked curiously.

“No,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “Apparently, when your name comes out of the Goblet, it forms a magical contract. I’m bound to compete to the best of my ability, or I lose my magic. The only way out is to be hurt so badly that I can’t physically continue.”

“I’m sorry,” Natalia said sincerely.

Harry swallowed thickly as she rested her hand on his arm again, her thumb caressing his arm.

“There you are!”

Harry jumped in surprise, knocking Natalia’s hand away as he spun around. Hermione huffed irritably as she stalked towards him, arms crossed over her chest.

“Harry, I thought we were going to study for the – Oh!” she gasped when she spotted Natalia leaning against the tree. “Erm, hello.”

As Hermione turned to him with a curious look, Harry flushed, feeling as if he'd just been caught doing something he shouldn't.

"Uh, Natalia, this is my friend, Hermione. Hermione, this is Natalia," Harry said awkwardly. "She just wanted to know if I put my name in the Goblet."

Standing up, Natalia smiled and held her hand out to Hermione.

"Hello. It's nice to meet you," she said.

"It's nice to meet you too," Hermione said, watching the older girl curiously.

"Er, sorry, but I really should go study," Harry said.

"Of course," Natalia smiled. "I'll talk to you later?"

"Sure," Harry said.

Smiling, he gave her a wave as Hermione grabbed the sleeve of his shirt and pulled him back towards the castle.

"What did she want?" Hermione asked the moment they were out of earshot.

"I don't know," Harry said, his brow furrowed thoughtfully.

"You don't think she was trying to get information about the First Task for Fleur, do you?" Hermione asked suspiciously.

Harry shook his head, "No. Fleur already knows. Maxime was there, remember? Besides, she said she overheard me telling Cedric. She already knew about the Dragons."

"Then why does she have such a sudden interest in talking to you?" Hermione asked.

Harry shrugged, causing Hermione to huff.

"Well, we have bigger problems to worry about," she said.

"Don't remind me," Harry muttered.

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The more Natalia learned about Harry Potter, the more intrigued she became. For someone so famous, his classmates hardly knew anything about him. There were rumors abound, but no one knew anything for certain.

If you don't know, then you don't know, Natalie thought, remembering the words of her grandmother. *Assumptions are the path to ignorance.*

After a few days of asking around, Natalia knew the only two people who would know anything for certain were his two friends, Ron and Hermione. She'd thought of approaching Ron first, deciding that an inexperienced boy would be easier to get answers out of.

Then, she'd learned that Ron had abandoned Harry. From all accounts, Harry and Ron had been attached at the hip since the day they came to Hogwarts, and it filled her with disgust that he would desert Harry during his time of greatest need.

It disgusted Natalia even more when she found out why. Of all the ways to end a friendship, petty jealousy was perhaps one of the most foolish.

Wanting nothing to do with someone that immature, Natalia changed her plan. If she wanted to know more about Harry, she would go to the source. Hermione might have given her some answers, but the girl was too suspicious of her to give her much.

That was why Natalia found herself searching through the Hogwarts Library on a Wednesday between classes. Fortunately, it didn't take her long to find him sitting at a table, alone, surrounded by a pile of books. Watching him for a moment, she smiled as he ran a hand through his already wild hair. With a bored sigh, he pushed the book he was reading away and grabbed another. Stepping out from behind the bookcase, she walked up behind him.

"Having trouble?" Natalia asked.

Harry gave a start and looked back at her with wide eyes.

"Oh, hi," he said nervously. "Er, yeah. A bit."

"Anything I can help with?" Natalia asked.

"Not unless you know a spell to get past a ruddy big Dragon," Harry sighed.

Natalia smiled at him sympathetically.

"Can't say that I do," she said. "Do you mind if I join you?"

"No, help yourself," he said, moving his books to the side.

Taking the seat to his left, Natalia looked over the books he had open in front of him. Unsurprisingly, they were all books on Dragons.

“Find anything useful?” she asked, gesturing to the books.

“Only about a dozen ways I could be killed,” Harry scoffed. “Apparently, no one thought to write a book about how to actually fight Dragons.”

Chuckling, Natalia patted his knee under the table. Harry stilled under her touch before shifting nervously.

Interesting, she thought. Most men with his fame would be up to their neck in witches, but Harry acts like he’s never even been touched by a woman.

“They don’t really expect you to fight a Dragon, do they?” Natalia asked, removing her hand slowly.

“Er, no,” Harry said, his cheeks flushed. “We just have to get past it, I think. The Dragon Handlers mentioned we had to collect something.”

“Hmm,” Natalia hummed.

Leaning close, she glanced over the books while watching Harry out of the corner of her eye. He stiffened slightly as her shoulder brushed his. Clearing his throat nervously, he made to scoot over, so she placed her hand back on his leg to stop him.

“What about this?” Natalia asked, distracting him by pointing to one of the books. “This one talks about ways to escape a Dragon.”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t really help,” Harry said, relaxing slightly. “It talks about Aparating away and spells to blind it momentarily so you can run away. There’s nothing in there that will help me get past one.”

Natalia frowned as she watched Harry’s shoulders slump. She could see the pressure was starting to get to him, and this was only the First Task.

“Maybe you need to think about something else so the answer will come to you,” she said softly while caressing his leg with her thumb.

“Like what?” Harry asked.

“Actually, I had a few questions, if you don’t mind,” Natalia said.

“Well,” Natalia said, sitting back and letting her hand slide from his leg. “There are quite a lot of rumors about you.”

“Please, don’t believe those,” Harry begged. “Most of them are complete rubbish.”

“I don’t,” Natalia assured him. “But, it did make me curious about the truth.”

“I don’t usually like talking about it,” Harry said, only to shrug a moment later. “But, alright. What do you want to know?”

“What about those rumors you killed a professor?” Natalia smirked.

To her surprise, Harry looked away and ducked his head.

“I really didn’t have a choice,” Harry said quietly. “If I didn’t...”

Shit, Natalia thought.

"I'm sorry, Harry," she said. "It sounded so ridiculous. I didn't think it could possibly be true."

"It's alright," Harry muttered with a shrug.

"No, it's not," Natalia said, moving her hand to rest on his leg, this time higher up on his thigh. "How about you pick a rumor to tell me the truth about?"

"No, it's fine," Harry said. "I'd rather tell you than have you thinking I just up and murdered a professor."

For the next two hours, Harry told her about his time at Hogwarts. It was truly shocking for Natalia how much danger he'd been in within the castle. There were some humorous stories here and there, but most of it was filled with peril. A good deal of it was hard to believe, yet Harry described it with so much emotion and detail.

Besides, if he wanted to lie, these stories would be all over the school, not bits and pieces mixed in with ridiculous rumors, she thought.

Of course, Natalia could tell he was keeping some things from her. As much as she wanted to satisfy her curiosity, she let it go. They'd only just met, after all.

One thing that became clear throughout the conversation was how brave and selfless Harry was. No amount of downplaying his accomplishments could take away from the courage needed to run headlong into the unknown.

Natalia found herself more and more interested in Harry. He was so mature in some ways yet completely innocent in others. It made her want to shield him from the world and corrupt him all at once.

How are the girls not all over him, she wondered.

Unfortunately, Their talk was cut short when Hermione arrived. At first, Natalia had seen her suspicious looks as jealousy, but now that she knew more about Harry, she could see that it wasn't. Hermione wasn't jealous. She was just protective of the young man who had saved her life at the risk of his own.

"Hello," Hermione said, glancing between them.

"Hey, Hermione," Harry smiled.

"Found anything?" she asked, nodding to the books.

"Not really," Harry said. "All the books basically say the same thing. If you find yourself faced with a Dragon, run."

"You might need to broaden your search," Natalia suggested. "Look for the kind of spells you need rather than something specifically for Dragons."

"That's... not a bad idea, actually," Hermione admitted.

Natalia gave her a smile while caressing Harry's leg under the table.

"I hope it helps," she said. "But I should get going. I still have my homework to finish."

"Bye, Natalia," Harry smiled. "And thanks."

A few days later, Natalia spotted Harry as she was walking down the hall towards the Great Hall for lunch. Smiling, he waved at her excitedly and began to push his way through the crowd of students.

Sitting on a bench nearby, an older boy wearing a black and yellow tie smirked. Pulling out his wand, he cast a jinx at Harry, sending him sprawling on the floor. His bag flew forward when he tried to brace his fall with his hands, sending the contents scattering across the floor. Natalia narrowed her eyes as the boy and his friends laughed nastily.

Harry's face was red with anger and embarrassment as he sprang to his feet. His hand trembled as he clutched his wand in a white-knuckled grip.

"What, Potty?" The older boy asked, climbing to his feet with a smirk. "What are you going to do?"

Broad shouldered and a good few inches taller, he towered over Harry. To his credit, Harry didn't look the least bit intimidated. While the other students around them stopped to watch, hopeful for a fight, Natalia pushed her way over, hoping to prevent it.

"Oh my, look how strong you are," she said, sauntering towards the Hufflepuff.

The students moved out of her way as she got closer, watching curiously.

"How big and brave you must be to Jinx someone while their back is turned," Natalia said, her voice dripping with sarcasm as she leveled a glare at him.

The boy flushed embarrassedly while several people around them chuckled. Scoffing dismissively, Natalia swished her wand, righting Harry's bag and causing it to leap into her hand. Handing it to him with a smile, she took his arm and deliberately hugged it against her breast. Any anger that Harry had left dissolved as he looked at her shyly.

"Gillipollas," Natalia said to the boy as she pulled Harry away down the hall.

"I can't believe they wear those 'ideous badges."

Looking over her shoulder, she spotted Fleur talking to a few of their classmates and smiled. All around her, nervous boys were taking off their badges as surreptitiously as possible.

"Er, thanks," Harry said, his cheeks still flushed.

"You're welcome," Natalia smiled while giving his arm a squeeze. "How is your studying going?"

"Good," Harry said, returning her smile. "Hermione and I took your advice, and I think we have a plan."

"I knew you could do it," Natalia grinned.

"Well, it's only a plan," Harry said. "And I still have to learn the spell. At least I think I'll be able to make it through without being burnt, squashed, or bitten."

Looking at him, she could practically feel the nerves and uncertainty rolling off him in waves. Rubbing his bicep against her breast as a distraction, she tried to think of a way to help him.

Maybe he just needs an incentive, she thought with a smirk. Something to look forward to.

"I'll make a deal with you," Natalia said. "If you make it out of the First Task in one piece, I'll let you take me on a date to Hogsmeade."

"You mean, like a 'date' date?" Harry asked, his eyes wide.

“Is there another kind?” Natalia asked with a smile.

“I’d love to,” Harry grinned. “Take you to Hogsmeade, I mean.”

“Then all you have to do is make sure you make it out in one piece,” Natalia said, then leaned down so her lips were next to his ear. “And if you win, I’ll do something extra special for you.”

Harry blushed and swallowed nervously as she squeezed his arm against her breast.

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Harry walked next to Hermione as they walked across the lawn to the tent set up for the Champions. While his classmates chattered excitedly, making their way to the stand like it was a sporting event, Harry felt like he was walking to his execution.

“Just remember to focus on your broom,” Hermione reminded him. “You can do this. You’ll be fine.”

For a moment, Harry wondered who she was trying to convince more, herself or him.

“Don’t forget, you just need to get the egg and –”

“I know, Hermione,” Harry interrupted a tad impatiently.

Biting her lip, she looked at him sympathetically as they stopped outside the tent. Suddenly she threw herself at him and hugged him tightly.

“Be safe,” she whispered tearfully.

"I'll do my best," Harry said, rubbing her back.

"You better," she said with a sniffle. "I should go to the stands before I get in trouble."

Harry nodded, but Hermione held onto him for a moment longer before finally letting go.

"Good luck," she said.

Harry watched her walk away while wiping her eyes until she was out of sight. Sighing, he ran a hand through his hair and turned towards the tent.

"Harry,"

Recognizing the voice, he turned around to find Natalia smiling at him. He tried to return it, but it felt more like a grimace.

"Hey," he said softly.

"I came to wish you good luck," Natalia said.

Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders. Where Hermione's hug had been tight and desperate, Natalia's was softer and more comforting. He found himself relaxing as she held him, her hand gently caressing his back. Closing his eyes, Harry inhaled her flowery scent and allowed himself to get lost in the wonderful feeling of her soft curves pressed against him.

Unfortunately, they were interrupted by a blinding flash.

“What’s this? A Beauxbatons student with the Hogwarts Champion? How scandalous.”

Blinking the spots out of his vision, Harry glared at Skeeter.

“Any chance we could get a word before the big Task?” Skeeter asked, her notepad and acid green quill hovering next to her.

“Yeah, you can have a word,” Harry growled. “Goodbye.”

Grabbing Natalia by the hand, he pulled her into the tent.

“Who was that?” she asked once they were alone.

“Rita Skeeter,” Harry sighed. “She’s a reporter for the Prophet, and I use that term loosely. She made up everything I said in my last interview. Bugger. I’m sorry. She’ll probably do the same to you, too, now.”

“She can write what she likes,” Natalia said, unconcerned. “If she steps out of line, my father will handle it.”

“Your father?” Harry asked curiously.

“In Spain, my family has been one of the world’s best at breaking curses and enchantments,” Natalia said. “Governments from all over the world seek our services constantly. Your Ministry wouldn’t want to get on his bad side over something as stupid as a gossip article.”

Harry grinned, “Now, I’m kind of hoping she does write something about you.”

“We’ll see,” Natalia said. “Are you ready for the task?”

Harry's smile faded, "As I'll ever be."

Turning to him, Natalia lifted her hand and caressed his cheek.

"I have faith in you," she said softly.

Leaning in, she placed a kiss on the corner of his lips.

"Don't forget about our date," Natalia whispered before pulling back.

"How could I?" Harry asked, his heart racing as he stared into her sparkling, orange colored eyes.

Suddenly, the flap to the tent was thrown open, and Viktor walked in. Looking at Harry and Natalia, he nodded before taking a seat in the corner. A moment later, Cedric entered, followed by Fleur. Harry felt his cheeks heating up as Cedric smirked, and Fleur looked between them with a knowing grin.

"I should go," Natalia said. "Good luck."

Taking his hand, she gave it a squeeze while favoring him with a pretty smile. A moment later, she turned and left the tent.

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Climbing the stands, Natalia was looking for her classmates when she spotted an empty seat next to Hermione Granger. After a moment of thought, she made her way over.

“Do you mind if I sit here?” she asked.

Looking on the verge of having a panic attack, Hermione looked up at her and blinked before nodding. Taking a seat, Natalia watched as Hermione’s leg bounced rapidly, and she worried her bottom lip between her teeth.

“He’ll be fine,” Natalia told her, her voice carrying a confidence she didn’t quite feel.

“I hope so,” Hermione replied.

“He’s been through worse,” Natalia said.

Hermione nodded before she froze and then turned to look at her sharply.

“What do you mean?” she asked suspiciously.

“He faced down a Basilisk,” Natalia said.

“He told you that?” Hermione asked, surprised. “When?”

“About a week ago,” Natalia shrugged. “I ran into him in the library, and we got talking.”

“Why are you so interested in Harry?” Hermione asked, her eyes narrowed.

“I like him,” Natalia admitted. “That doesn’t bother you, does it?”

“Of course not,” Hermione said with a huff. “I just want to know why.”

“He’s good looking, kind, brave... what more could a girl ask for?” Natalia asked.

“Not to mention famous and rich,” Hermione said, eyeing her closely.

“I don’t care about that,” Natalia said. “My family has more money than I could ever need, and fame is more a nuisance than anything. I’m much more interested in finding a man that will make me happy.”

Hermione stared at her for a long moment before nodding.

“Just don’t hurt him,” she said. “He might’ve told you some things, but Harry’s been through more than you know. Honestly, I don’t know how much more he can take.”

“Then we’ll just have to be there for him,” Natalia said.

Hermione gave a small smile and nodded in agreement. A moment later, Bagman announced the start of the First Task.

Watching the handlers bring the first Dragon into the enclosure really brought home just how dangerous this Tournament was. Hermione gasped at the Sweedish Short-Snout raged against its chains and blew fire towards the crowd. Even though the flames stopped a good thirty feet short, the heat was still blistering.

“Witches and wizards, I give you our first Champion, Viktor Krum!”

For the first time, Natalia felt truly worried about the Tournament as she watched Krum struggle against his Dragon. After blinding it, he managed to grab the egg before being hit in the side by its wild flailing. Fortunately, he landed heavily on the ground just a few feet from the exit. With his Dragon unable to see, he hobbled to safety.

Fleur and Krum had similar successes. Both were able to get their eggs, but not without getting hurt. Cedric's face was burnt after his Dragon lost interest in its transfigured snack, and Fleur was whipped by the tail when hers woke up prematurely. Thankfully, they all made it to safety.

Then it was Harry's turn.

The Hungarian Horntail was by far the largest and most dangerous Dragon yet. It felt like fate was set on giving Harry the greatest challenge possible.

Exiting the tent, Harry stared at the Dragon before thrusting his wand into the air. His mouth moved, but any words he said were lost to the roar of the Dragon and the cheering of the crowd. For a long moment, nothing happened.

"It didn't work?" Natalia asked nervously.

"Just wait," Hermione said, nearly bouncing in her seat. "There!"

Following her finger, Natalia spotted a broom rushing through the air. Relief flooded her as she watched Harry jump onto it and take to the sky. That relief was gone the moment Harry darted towards the Dragon, using himself as bait to tempt and tease it into the air. Reaching out blindly, Natalia grabbed Hermione's hand. They gripped each other tightly as they watched Harry narrowly miss a jet of flame.

When the Dragon finally took the bait, Harry dove down and scooped up the egg. Natalia screamed louder than she ever had in her life as he zipped over to the exit and safety.

"Let's go," Hermione said, pulling her out of her seat.

Smiling, Natalia followed her down to the medical tent. Hermione rushed inside, and Harry barely had time to sit up on his bed before she crashed into him.

"Oh, Harry. You were brilliant!" she cried, her voice muffled by his chest.

"Thanks," Harry smiled, patting her back.

As Hermione pulled back and wiped her tears, Natalia sat on the edge of the bed and wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

"You did beautifully," she said softly.

Natalia held onto him for a long moment. Her relief at knowing he was unharmed was nearly overwhelming. Pulling back to look at him, she smiled.

"I did promise you a reward if you did well," she said.

Cupping his cheeks, she leaned forward and kissed him softly. Harry froze in surprise, then slowly relaxed, kissing her back. His hands clutched at her waist, pulling her close as she pushed her tongue into his mouth.

"Bloody hell!"

Natalia nearly moaned in disappointment as Harry pulled away from her. Seeing the glare on his face, she turned to find a redheaded boy gaping at them from the entrance of the tent. Tension filled the air as Hermione glanced nervously between the two boys. It took Natalia a moment to realize who the redhead was.

Ron, she thought. The friend that abandoned him.

"Come to have another go, have you?" Harry asked angrily. "Well, go on."

“No,” Ron said. “I, um – Harry, mate, I think someone’s trying to do you in.”

Harry snorted, “Caught on, have you?”

Ron looked down at his feet and shuffled nervously.

“I’m sorry, Harry,” Ron admitted. “I was a right prat.”

“Yeah, you were,” Harry said, losing some of his anger. “Look, Ron. I can understand if my life is too much for you. Hell, it’s too much for me, sometimes. But to call me a liar... after everything we’ve been through...”

“I know,” Ron said miserably. “I really am sorry. I just let my jealousy get the best of me, you know. I know you might not be able to forgive me...”

“I need some time to think about it,” Harry said. “I’ve got a lot going on right now.”

“Sure, mate. Take all the time you need,” Ron said.

There was an awkward silence as Ron blushed. Giving a small wave, he left the tent in a rush.

“I can’t believe him!” Hermione hissed. “He calls that an apology?”

“It’s Ron,” Harry shrugged with a lopsided smile. “What did you expect?”

Hermione huffed and shook her head.

“Will you forgive him?” she asked.

“Probably,” Harry shrugged. “I don’t know if things will go back to the way they were before, but he’s been our friend for too long to just walk away. If we’re going to be friends, though, he really needs to grow up a bit.”

Looking a little relieved, Hermione nodded.

Taking Harry’s hand in hers, Natalia smiled and stroked her thumb across the back of it. Personally, she wanted to hold a grudge against Ron, but she didn’t know him as well as Harry did.

If he pulls something like that again, though...

A moment later, the tent opened, and Professor McGonagall told them it was time to get their scores. Natalia kept Harry’s hand in hers as she helped him off of the bed and led him outside. As they stood in front of the judges, she looked over at Fleur and smiled. She’d put on an excellent performance today, and Natalia thought it would be between her and Harry for first place.

Slowly, a smirk formed on her face.

If he actually takes the lead, I’m going to have to find a way to reward him, she thought.

Despite Karkaroff’s obvious bias, Krum received a low score for the damage down to the other eggs and his own injuries. Cedric did a bit better, but only just. Fleur scored well, her chin held high as she was praised for her impressive magic. Although, they did take away a few points because she was injured at the end.

Karkaroff, rather predictably, scored Harry low for his use of a single, simple spell. Even the crowd, most of whom had insulted and derided Harry over the last few weeks, booed loudly. Fortunately, Madame Maxime wasn’t so biased. She awarded Harry fairly for his effective strategy and flawless execution. By the time Crouch and Dumbledore had given their scores, Harry was in the lead by three points.

“You did it!” Hermione yelled, hugging him tightly.

When she moved out of the way, Natalia kissed his cheek before pulling him into a hug.

“Looks like we get our date,” she whispered. “And I’ll have to think of something extra special to reward you with for coming in first.”

“You don’t have to,” Harry said shyly.

Pulling back, Natalia locked her gaze with his.

“I want to,” she said.

Leaning in, she kissed him hard.

~

“You’ll do fine,” Hermione said as they walked down to the Great Hall. “And stop messing with your hair.”

Sighing, Harry dropped his hand and stuffed it into his pocket.

“I’m just nervous,” he said. “I’ve never been on a date before.”

“You already know she likes you,” Hermione said. “You two are together all the time. What’s there to be nervous about?”

"What if I screw up?" Harry asked.

He knew he was being ridiculous, but it felt good to get it off his chest.

"You won't," Hermione assured him.

Pulling him to a stop just outside the Great Hall, she reached up and fixed his hair.

"There," she said.

"What are you going to do?" he asked curiously.

"Spend some time with Ginny," Hermione shrugged. "Maybe try and talk some sense into Ron."

"Good luck," Harry smiled before turning serious. "And thanks, Hermione. For everything."

"You're welcome," Hermione smiled. "Now go."

Spinning him around by the shoulders, she pushed him into the Great Hall. Taking a deep breath, Harry walked over to the Ravenclaw table.

Natalia was sitting next to Fleur in a casual Muggle outfit. She wore a tight, white jumper that accentuated her bust and had her hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. Harry took a moment to just drink in how beautiful she looked.

And she wants to date me, he thought incredulously.

Unfortunately, his staring hadn't gone unnoticed. Smirking, Fleur nudged Natalia and pointed him out to her. Blushing lightly, Harry made his way over to her as she stood. Covering her bottom half was a pair of jeans that looked like they'd been painted on.

"Good morning," Harry said.

"Morning," Natalia smiled, kissing him on the cheek. "Are you ready to go?"

"Sure," Harry said.

"You could do a lot better than Potter,"

Grinding his teeth in annoyance, Harry turned to find Roger Davies, Head Boy and all-around asshole, smirking as he eyed Natalia up and down blatantly. Remembering being tripped by him in the hall just a couple of weeks earlier, Harry's hand itched to go for his wand.

Natalia must've sensed it because she stopped him with a gentle touch.

"Really?" she purred in a way that sent a shiver down Harry's spine. "Better than someone who outflew a Dragon?"

"He cheated," Davies said, glaring at him.

"Oh, so you're a bully and a fool that believes anything he hears. Good to know," Natalia said cuttingly.

"Oh, come on," Davies scoffed. "You can't honestly think you're better off with a little boy like Potter instead of someone like me."

Smirking, he puffed out his chest, making the size difference between them apparent. Natalia stepped as close as she could get without actually touching him, looking up at his face.

“Trust me, there’s nothing *small* about Harry,” she said, her eyes slowly trailing down to his waist before looking back up with a quirked brow. “I doubt I can say the same for you.”

Spinning around, Natalia grabbed Harry’s arm and hugged it between her breasts.

“Let’s go,” she said. “I can think of much better things we can do than waste our time with this cochino.”

Davies scoffed as she led him away.

“Is it weird I like watching you do that?” Harry whispered.

Smirking, Natalia squeezed his arm and kissed his cheek.

“So, Delacour-” Harry heard him say.

“Non,” Fleur said, making a noise of disgust.

Looking back, Harry smirked when the Beauxbatons students stood as one and followed them out of the Great Hall. The rest of the boys at the Ravenclaw table didn’t look too pleased with Roger for that.

Harry and Natalia ended up sharing a carriage to Hogsmeade with Fleur and a pretty redhead he didn’t know the name of. Fleur was surprisingly nice to him, considering the way she’d talked to him after his name had come out of the Goblet.

When they got to the village, Harry and Natalia split off from the rest of her classmates.

“So, how did you end up going to Beauxbatons?” Harry asked. “Does Spain not have its own school?”

“They do, but like most countries in Europe, they’re much smaller,” Natalia replied.
“Beauxbatons is the largest and best school for witches on the continent.”

“Is the education any different there?” Harry asked curiously.

“Not really,” Natalia said. “We all take the same classes. I might be a bit biased, but I think we have the better teachers. No one like Snape would’ve been allowed to work there for long.”

“Now, I kind of want to transfer,” Harry said.

Natalia smiled and took his hand as they slowly walked through the village.

“What’s your family like?” she asked after a moment of companionable silence. “you said you live with your aunt and uncle, right?”

“Yeah,” Harry sighed. “Honestly, we don’t get along that well. My relatives aren’t fond of magic.”

“Really?” Natalia asked. “Why?”

“I don’t really know,” Harry said. “What about your family.”

“The de la Valientes are an old magical family in Spain, much like the Potters are here,” she told him. “My ancestors helped build our government after the revolution.”

“How did they get into curse-breaking?” Harry asked.

“One of my ancestors, Maria, was cursed for refusing to marry a man and instead marrying my many times great grandfather, Baltasar Valiente,” she explained. “Baltasar spent fifteen years looking for a cure. He collected and gathered all of the knowledge he could. Eventually, he found the counter curse, and they lived together for another sixty years. Since then, my family has continued to search out any information on cures for curses and dark magic so we could help others. Those who deserve it, at least.”

“Is that what you want to do when you graduate?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Natalia smiled. “I want to continue the family legacy and add my own knowledge to it.”

“I can understand that,” Harry said. “Will you be staying at Beauxbatons to get a mastery?”

“No, I’ll be training under my mother,” she smiled.

“That sounds great,” Harry said.

He buried the slight pang of jealousy he felt and smiled. They continued to talk as he showed her around the shops.

Eventually, they stopped at the Three Broomsticks for lunch, where they ran into Fleur. Apparently, Roger had been following her, so she came in to get away from him. A short while later, Hermione joined them as well. Harry was surprised at just how different Fleur was from how he’d come to think of her. It was like she was a different person from the one he’d met after the choosing.

Perhaps even more surprisingly, she got along brilliantly with Hermione. The two girls ended up in an in-depth discussion about Charms and Enchantments.

“Do you want to go explore the village some more,” Harry asked, smiling bemusedly as Hermione and Fleur remained lost in their talk.

“Actually, I thought I could show you our carriage,” Natalia smiled.

“Is that allowed?” Harry asked.

“We were ever told we couldn’t,” she smirked.

Saying goodbye to Hermione and Fleur, who barely paused to acknowledge them, Harry followed Natalia out of the pub and back to the castle. He felt slightly nervous as he stepped into the Beauxbatons Carriage – like he was stepping into a girl’s bedroom.

Though he should’ve expected it, he was still surprised to see just how big the Carriage was on the inside. As Natalia led Harry up a wide, curved staircase made entirely of white granite, they passed a few other Beauxbatons students who giggled when they saw him.

“Why are they laughing?” he asked nervously.

“No reason,” Natalia smirked.

Pulling him down a long hall lined with dozens of doors, she turned right about halfway down and opened the door. Inside was a small but comfortable bedroom. The four-poster bed had white, gauzy hangings with a trunk at the end. Against the far wall sat a desk, a wardrobe, and a vanity.

“Is this your room?” Harry asked

Natalia giggled, “Who else’s would it be?”

Harry blushed lightly as she closed the door. Stalking towards him with a sexy smirk, she rested her hands on his chest and pushed him backwards until the back of his knees hit the bed. Falling down, he swallowed nervously as Natalia continued to push him flat on his. Climbing on top of him, she straddled his waist.

“I did promise you something special for coming in first,” Natalia purred sultrily. “And I had a wonderful time with you today.”

Harry’s heart pounded in his chest, and he fought his growing excitement as she bent down to kiss him. Her breasts rubbed against him as her lips caressed his slowly. Wrapping his arms around her, Harry gently ran his fingers up and down her back. As he reached the bottom of her jumper, they grazed the bare skin where it had ridden up.

Natalia moaned into his mouth before breaking the kiss with a smile. Sitting up, she grabbed the bottom of her jumper and pulled it over her head. Harry gasped as his eyes trailed up her taut stomach to her large breasts held in a black bra. His mouth went dry a moment later when she reached behind her back and unclasped it with a quick, practiced movement.

Harry stared as the bra slowly fell down her arms, revealing her full, perky breasts. The tan lines around her smooth orbs made it feel like he was seeing something special. Natalia’s perfectly round areolas were slightly lighter than the surrounding skin, while her crinkled nipples were just a touch darker. Harry’s excitement throbbed uncontrollably as he gazed at her perfect body.

Reaching down, Natalia grabbed his hand and brought them up to her chest. Her warm, soft globes more than filled his hands, the flesh soft but firm under his fingers.

“You like?” Natalia asked with a grin.

“You’re perfect,” Harry said softly.

Beaming, Natalia leaned down and kissed him on the lips. His confidence growing, Harry began massaging her breasts. She moaned into his mouth while rolling her hips, grinding against his straining arousal.

“Mmh, that feels promising,” Natalia said, smirking against his lips. “I guess I wasn’t wrong this morning.”

Smiling, Harry lifted his head and captured her lips.

~

When Harry came down for breakfast the next morning, he blinked in surprise when he noticed most of the girls from Beauxbatons had decided to sit at the Gryffindor table. Spotting Natalia, who was sitting next to Fleur and Hermione – who were once again engrossed in a discussion – he walked over and sat down next to her.

“Morning,” Harry said.

“Morning,” Natalia smiled.

As he sat next to her, she took his hand and kissed him on the cheek.

“Why’s everyone sitting over here today?” Harry asked.

“You don’t like having more women at your table?” Natalia asked with a smirk.

“If it brings you over here more often? Not at all,” Harry smiled.

Natalia's eyes sparkled as she pulled his hand into her lap and wrapped the other one around his bicep. As she kissed him on the lips, he felt her large breasts sandwich his arm.

"Fleur and I didn't want to deal with Roger today," she told him. "We decided to sit with you, and everyone else just followed."

"Well, hopefully, my housemates will be a bit more polite," Harry said.

"If any of the boys give you problems, you just let us know," Angelina jumped in. "We'll sic the twins on 'em."

Harry smiled gratefully at her. A lot of the girls from Hogwarts had been jealous of so many beautiful witches showing up from Beauxbatons. He was glad his teammates weren't among them. Sitting back, he smiled and listened as Angelina, Alicia, and Katie struck up a conversation with Natalia and a few of the other Beauxbatons.

~

Seeing the girls of Beauxbatons at the Gryffindor table became a regular occurrence over the next few weeks. Fleur also became a regular part of their group. While she and Harry got along well, Hermione struck up a surprisingly close friendship with the stunning witch. Often, they could be found discussing magic animatedly with each other. Admittedly, most of it went right over Harry's head, but he was glad to see Hermione gaining such a close friend.

As the professor started decorating the castle for Christmas, Professor McGonagall made a surprising announcement. Hogwarts would be holding a Yule Ball, and as a Champion, Harry was expected to perform the opening dance with his date.

Harry was already nervous when he entered the Great Hall for lunch, but that was made even worse when he spotted the literal line of boys queuing up to ask Fleur and Natalia to the Ball. Even though Natalia turned away McLaggen with a negligent wave, it still both him that they would ask at all.

The whole castle knew they were dating.

Harry had planned to ask her later, in private, but he decided to do it now. Maybe they'd finally take the hint if she agreed to go with him in public.

Despite his surety that she would say 'yes,' he still felt butterflies in his stomach as he walked up to the table. He was gratified to see the boys around Natalia slink away when they spotted him. Seeing them back off, Natalia looked up and smiled when she saw him.

"Hey," Harry said, slipping into the seat next to her.

"Hey," Natalia said, taking his hand.

Working up his courage, Harry took a deep breath and turned to face her.

"Natalia, would you go to the Ball with me?" he asked loudly and clearly.

Natalia beamed, "I'd love to."

Grabbing the front of his robes, she pulled him forward and kissed him hard. Harry smiled against her lips when he heard several disappointed groans behind him. When they separated, he had a large grin on his face that he couldn't have gotten rid of even if he wanted to.

Unfortunately, Fleur wasn't so lucky. Boys continued interrupting her lunch one after the other for several minutes until Angelina and Alicia arrived with the twins in tow.

"Oi, beat it, you lot," Angelina yelled. "Let the lady eat."

“We could always come up with something to repel boys,” Fred smirked.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” George asked with a grin.

“It would be a bit explosive,” Fred admitted.

“Yeah, but they wouldn’t get hurt much,” George argued. “Just a few scorch marks.”

Warily, the boys retreated back to their seats.

“Merci,” Fleur said in relief.

“You’re welcome,” Angelina smiled.

“Maybe we could help you find a date so everyone leaves you alone,” Hermione said. “Is there anyone you’re interested in?”

“No one special,” Fleur said, frowning thoughtfully.

“Maybe you could go with Cedric?” Hermione said. “He seems nice enough.”

“He’s going with Cho Chang,” Katie said. “What about Lee?”

When Fleur gave her a curious look, she nodded down the table.

“Ah,” Fleur said. “Maybe. Can ‘e control himself from zhe Allure?”

“Well, he wasn’t as bad as some,” Hermione said, her eyes flickered over to Ron.

Harry looked at his redheaded friend and was gazing at Fleur wistfully, his head resting on his hand.

Shaking his head, he listened with half an ear as the girls tried, unsuccessfully, to find Fleur a date. No one they suggested really seemed to interest her.

When lunch came to an end, Harry kissed Natalia goodbye and headed to class. As he headed towards the staircase, he was surprised when Fleur grabbed his arm.

“Can we talk?” she asked quietly.

Looking at her curiously, Harry nodded and led her to one of the lesser used passages that still headed in the direction he needed to go.

“What up?” Harry asked.

Looking around to make sure they were alone, Fleur licked her lips in an uncharacteristically nervous gesture.

“Do you think ‘Ermione would go to zhe Ball wiz me?” she asked softly.

Harry blinked in surprise, and took a moment to get his thoughts in order.

“Like as a friend, or...?” he asked.

“As a date,” Fleur said softly, sounding surprisingly shy.

“Ee, well...,” Harry said. “I don’t know if Hermione’s attracted to witches like that. She’s never really said anything.”

“Could you ask ‘er wizout telling ‘er it is me?” Fleur asked. “I would razzter not make zhings awkward between us if she’s not interested.”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“I’ll try,” he said after a moment.

Fleur smiled brightly, and Harry swore his heart skipped a beat.

“Zhank you,” she said.

Pulling him to a stop, she kissed both of his cheeks before hugging him tightly.

“It’s too bad Natalia got to you first,” Fleur said as she pulled back with a smile. “You’re zhe only man ‘ere I wanted to go wiz.”

Turning, she walked away, leaving Harry blinking after her.

“What?”

~

“Hey, Hermione,” Harry called that night in the common room.

“Hey, Harry,” she said, setting a pile of books down on the table. “Do you need help with your homework?”

“Actually, there’s something I need to talk to you about,” he said.

Taking out his wand, he discretely cast a Silencing Charm around them. Hermione raised an eyebrow and looked at him attentively.

“Is this about the Tournament?” she asked.

“Not exactly,” Harry said nervously. “It’s about the Ball.”

Surprisingly, Hermione smirked.

“You don’t know how to dance,” she said.

Harry opened his mouth to correct her when what she said clicked in his mind.

Bugger, I don’t know how to dance!

The panic must’ve shown on his face.

“Oh, Harry, it’s fine,” Hermione said, patting his arm. “Most boys don’t know how to dance. I could teach you if you’d like, but I’m sure Natalia would prefer if you asked her.”

“Right,” Harry nodded. “I’ll do that.”

“Good,” Hermione smiled. “See, no big deal.”

“Wait, that’s not what I actually wanted to talk to you about,” Harry said.

“Oh,” Hermione blinked. “Then what is it?”

“Er,” Harry stammered, a hand running through his hair nervously. “Have you – uh – ever thought of dating a witch?”

Hermione blushed and furrowed her brow.

“Why would you ask that?” she asked.

“There’s a girl that wants to ask you to the Ball, but she wants to know if you’re interested in that kind of thing first,” Harry said.

“Really?” Hermione asked in surprise. “Who?”

“I promised I wouldn’t say,” he told her. “She wants to ask you herself.”

“Well...,” Hermione said, her cheeks growing more flushed. “I suppose I’d be willing to. If it was someone I liked.”

“I’ll let her know then,” Harry smiled, amused by her reaction.

“That doesn’t... bother you?” she asked softly.

“Of course not,” Harry said. “If you’re happy, I’m happy.”

Shoulders sagging in relief, Hermione smiled and hugged him.

“Thank you,” she said.

~

“Could, er, teach me how to dance?” Harry asked Natalia sheepishly.

“Of course,” Natalia smiled.

“Do you mind if I come as well?” Hermione asked. “Just for a couple of lessons. It’s been years since I’ve danced.”

“I don’t mind,” Natalia shrugged. “We’ll need to find you a partner, though.”

“I’ll do it,” Fleur said. “I could use the practice. If you do not mind, of course.”

“Sure,” Hermione smiled.

Harry studiously stared down at his breakfast. Hermione knew him too well. Any little smile or twitch might give him away.

After breakfast, they approached Professor McGonagall to use the classroom next to hers for dancing lessons. Harry swore she nearly smiled as she looked down at him.

Thankfully, the day before had been the last day of classes before Christmas break. Unusually, the castle was still full of students, with only a handful of first and second years going home on the train.

Heading to the classroom next to Professor McGonagall's, Natalia gave Harry a lesson in dancing. He was fairly nervous at first, having never danced before, but relaxed when he started to get the hang of it. In fact, he rather enjoyed the excuse to hold his girlfriend so close.

Next to them, Hermione and Fleur were full of giggles and smiles as they twirled gracefully around the room. Natalia even had him take a turn dancing with each of them so he could get used to dancing with other people.

"I imagine both of them will want to steal you for a dance at the Ball," she said with a smirk.

As Harry and Natalia were getting ready to leave, he heard Fleur ask Hermione to stay behind for a moment.

"We'll see you at lunch," Harry said, not looking back.

As the door closed behind them, he allowed himself to smile.

"What are you grinning at?" Natalia asked curiously.

Looking around to make sure they were alone, he leaned in close.

"Fleur is going to ask Hemroine to the Ball," Harry said.

"Really?" Natalia asked, surprised. "Do you think Hermione will say yes?"

"I think so," Harry said. "I asked her about it yesterday for Fleur."

"Playing matchmaker now?" she asked teasingly.

“Just helping our friends,” Harry said.

Smiling, Natalia took his hand in hers.

~

Natalia smiled at herself in the mirror and fixed her red lipstick in the mirror.

“How do I look?”

Turning around, she smiled as she looked over Fleur’s voluptuous figure in a clinging silver dress.

“Fantastic,” Natalia grinned.

“You don’t look so bad yourself,” Fleur smiled.

Natalia looked down at her dark red dress and smiled at the thought of Harry’s reaction.

“Ready to go?” Fleur asked.

“Yes,” she said.

Following Fleur out of the Carriage, they walked up the path to Hogwarts. Thankfully, the professors had thought to add Warming Charms outside to fight back the winter cold.

“I wish they would put these up all the time,” Fleur said wistfully.

“Me too,” Natalia smiled. “It’s so hard to tease Harry wearing such bulky clothes.”

Fleur giggled as they reached the front entrance. Harry and Hermione were already waiting for them in the Entrance Hall, their backs to the door. They were talking with Cedric and his date, a pretty Asian witch from Ravenclaw. Off to the side, Krum sulked with a pretty sitch beaming on his arm.

Cedric’s eyes widened when he stopped them. Smiling, he nodded over Harry’s shoulder.

Natalia smirked as his eyes went wide, and his mouth fell open. Next to her, Hermione blinked, a flush rising up her cheeks as she looked at Fleur. Natalia had to admit that Hermione cleaned up shockingly well. She looked almost unrecognizable in her flowing, lavender dress and her hair pulled up in an intricate bun.

Harry was the one she had eyes for, however. In his black and white robes, he looked strikingly handsome. His hair, as ever, refused to be tamed. Reaching him, Natalia stopped and smiled as he swallowed visibly.

“Wow, you look... amazing,” Harry said.

“You don’t look so bad yourself,” Natalia beamed.

Leaning forward, she kissed him softly on the cheek and hugged him tightly.

“You look amazing, ‘Ermione,” Fleur said. “I love what you’ve done wiz your ‘air.”

“My dormmates helped me with it,” Hermione replied shyly. “Your dress is amazing.”

Pulling back from Harry, they both turned to watch Hermione and Fleur with a smile.

"You zhink so?" Fleur asked, deliberately smoothing it over her jutting breasts.

Cedric grunted behind them, and Natalia turned around to find him rubbing his ribs while his date glared at him. As she turned back, Harry was looking pointedly away from Fleur.

"You can look," she whispered with a smile. "I trust you."

"I'd rather look at you," Harry said, his eyes traveling down her body.

Natalia shivered in excitement at the lustful look in his gaze. Smiling, she clutched his arm, brushing it with her breasts.

"Champions, it's almost time," Professor McGonagall said suddenly. "Ms. Granger, I'm afraid you'll have to wait inside. Ms. Delacour, where is your date?"

"I am her date, professor," Hermione said, blushing brightly.

Smiling brightly, Fleur took her hand.

"I see," Professor McGonagall said, her lips pressing together in a thin line. "Very well. Please line up. Mr. Diggory, you and Ms. Chang will go first, followed by Mr. Krum and Ms. Goldstein, then Ms. Delacour and Ms. Granger, and finally, Mr. Potter and Ms. Valiente. You will go to the Champions table, after which dinner will be served. When the Ball begins, you and your dates will dance the first song before others are allowed to join. Please remember that you are not only representing your selves but your schools as well."

"No pressure," Harry snorted quietly.

Natalia smiled and rubbed his arm. She could feel his anxiety build as they waited for the doors to open. With a smirk, she decided to give him something else to think about.

“You can’t tell I’m not wearing anything under this dress, can you?” she asked.

Harry looked at her sharply, his eyes wide. A moment later, the door opened, and she nudged him into motion with a smirk.

“Hold your head high,” she whispered softly. “Whether you chose to be part of this or not, you’ve proven you deserve to be here.”

Harry favored her with a warm smile and straightened his shoulders just before they entered. Natalia thought he looked every bit a Triwizard Champion as they walked to their table. There were several exclamations when people saw who Fleur had as her date, but Hermione kept her head high, ignoring the looks directed her way.

Dinner was a rather pleasant affair, though Percy Weasley was entirely too pompous, and Cho Chang got far too jealous any time her date even glanced at her or Fleur. Natalia felt a bit bad for Cedric. His ribs were going to be bruised for sure.

There are better ways to get your date’s attention, Natalia thought with a smirk.

Under the table, she ran her nails along the inside of Harry’s thigh. He stammered mid-sentence while talking with Fleur, his muscles twitching. Catching her eye, Fleur smirked while Hermione looked at Harry worriedly. When Fleur whispered in her ear a moment later, she blushed and covered a giggle.

Natalia wanted to tease him a bit more, but she didn’t want to get him too excited before their big dance.

Then again, she thought with a smirk, *it would certainly give the girls something to talk about.*

Eventually, dinner came to an end, and they stood for the opening dance. Standing in the middle of the Hall, Harry rested his hand on her waist and took her hand in the other. He looked visibly nervous, with everyone staring at them. Just as she gave him a reassuring smile, the music started.

His movements started out wooden and stiff at first, but gradually he relaxed. As their gazes locked, the world around them faded away, making it feel like they were the only two in the room.

Ignoring the dance they were supposed to do, Natalia closed the distance between them and pressed her body against his. Both of them smiled as he spun her around in a circle, his hand caressing her back. Before either of them were ready to stop, the music came to an end. Blinking in surprise, Harry blushed when their classmates started to clap.

"And now, we invite all of you out onto the dance floor," Dumbledore announced.

"I wish they had better music," Natalia said as they swayed to the slow, old-fashioned song. "I'd love something like a tango, or a salsa."

"I don't think you taught me either of those," Harry said, a smile etched on his face.

"Then I'll have to teach you this Summer, mi amor," Natalia said. "Trust me, you'll love it."

Taking half a step back and holding his hands, her heels clacked against the stone floor as she shook her hips wildly. Harry stared and licked his lips unconsciously. Laughing happily, Natalia pressed herself against his chest and kissed him passionately. Wrapping his arms around her, Harry spun her in a circle as they kissed.

They danced for several songs before the band took a break. Smiling and breathless, they headed for Hermione and Fleur.

“No wonder she didn’t want to go with me,” they heard from a familiar, unwelcome voice.
“She’s beating for the other team.”

“Fleur likes men just fine,” Natalia told him with a smirk. “Just not men like you.”

Snorting with laughter, Harry pulled her away while Roger scowled. Thoughtfully, he grabbed four drinks as they passed the refreshments table. They found Hermione and Fleur near a table at the back of the room, talking to a blonde boy.

“Shit,” Harry said softly. “What does Malfoy want.”

Natalia bristled at the name, knowing he was responsible for those horrendous badges. Seeing Hermione’s face flush with anger as the boy smirked, they hurried over.

“You know, it’s bad enough that you’re a Mudblood, Granger,” he sneered. “No need to go making it worse by dating this.. creature.”

Redfaced, Hermione threw her drink in his face.

“You bitch!” Malfoy spat. “Do you have any idea-”

Malfoy was cut off as Fleur’s hand impacted his cheek with a resounding *smack*. She hit him so hard that he spun around one hundred and eighty degrees right as Natalia reached him.

Smack!

Stumbling back, Malfoy now had matching red handprints on both cheeks.

"What is the meaning of this?" Professor McGonagall asked, pushing her way through the gathering crowd.

"This boy," Fleur said, waving at Malfoy in disgust. "referred to me as a creature and 'e called 'Ermione zhat 'orrible name for Muggleborn."

"I see," McGonagall said, narrowing her eyes and pursing her lips. "Be that as it may, we do not condone such violence at Hogwarts. I'll need to report this to your headmistress."

Fleur and Natalia nodded in acceptance. At worst, they'd get a slap on the wrist.

"As for you, Mr. Malfoy," McGonagall said. "Fifty points from Slytherin and a month's detention. Now, go back to your dorm and stay there for the rest of the evening. Your privileges for the Ball have been revoked."

"What?" Malfoy hissed, rubbing his cheek. "But I--"

"I'm not a fool, Mr. Malfoy," McGonagall spoke over him angrily. "The only reason for you to be over here was to try and bait Ms. Granger. I warned you that anyone causing a scene tonight would face severe punishment. Now, go. And do not let me catch you out of your dorm, or you will have detention for the rest of the year."

Malfoy's cheeks pinked with anger as he glared at them all balefully. Turning, he shoved his way through the crowd and stormed out of the Hall.

"Ladies, gentlemen, do try to enjoy the rest of your evening," McGonagall said.

"Thanks, professor," Harry said. "Well, I guess it's a good thing I brought more punch."

Natalia and Fleur giggled while Hermione rolled her eyes with a smile.

“Merci,” Fleur said, taking a glass.

“Why do I never get to hit Malfoy?” he asked. “Hermione decked him last year, and now you two slap the snot out of him. I’m really starting to feel left out.”

“Because Professor McGonagall would punish you more than she would us,” Hermione told him.

Harry huffed and folded his arms.

“Now that’s just sexist,” he said.

Natalia swatted his arm lightly even as she chuckled. They all talked and joked for a bit longer before the next band took the stage. Natalia and Fleur were both quite excited to see the Weird Sisters in person, but Harry and Hermione were both unfamiliar with the band.

“Do you mind if I dance wiz ‘Arry?” Fleur asked.

“Not at all,” Natalia smiled.

Kissing Harry’s cheek, she stood and held out her hand to Hermione.

“May I have this dance?” she asked.

Smiling, Hermione took her hand and let Natalia pull her out onto the dance floor.

The night flew by as they danced to the beat of the music. Before any of them was ready for the night to end, they were doing the last dance of the night. Feet and legs aching, but with a smile on her face, Natalia rested her head on Harry's shoulder as they spun in slow circles.

"Would you come back to the carriage tonight?" she asked softly.

"You mean, stay the night?" Harry asked.

Natalia smiled and kissed his neck.

"We are all of age," she said. "Madame Maxime is allowing us to have company for the night, so long as we take precautions."

Harry's muscles tensed as he picked up on the implications. They stood still on the dance floor, holding each other closely.

"If you want me to," he replied nervously.

Smiling widely, Natalia lifted her head and kissed him passionately. Grabbing his hand, she led him out of the Hall, leaving Hermione and Fleur to finish their dance.

~

Harry felt like he was in a dream as they walked across the grounds and entered the carriage. On the way to her room, they ran into a couple of girls coming out of the shower with only small white towels to cover their bodies and a couple more who wore revealing night clothes. Harry swallowed nervously as they smiled knowingly.

Pulling him into her room, Natalia closed the door. As she stalked towards him, her hips swaying alluring, Harry couldn't help but take in her beauty.

I can't believe she wants me, he thought.

"I've been looking forward to this night," Natalia said, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Pulling him down, she kissed him slowly and deeply, her tongue caressing his while her hands pushed off his robes. Harry ran his hands down her back and cupped her full, round bum as her nimble fingers popped open the buttons of his shirt. In moments, he was completely shirtless.

Pulling her lips from his, Natalia kissed down his jaw to his chest, her long, red nails raking lightly over his skin. When she kissed his nipple, grazing it with her teeth, it was far more enjoyable than he would've expected. Kissing her way back up to his lips, she kissed him hard before stepping back and turning around. Grabbing her long, intricately braided hair, she pulled it over her shoulder.

"My zipper," she said.

Swallowing nervously, Harry reached up and pulled the zipper slowly down the back of her dress, revealing more and more bare, bronze-colored skin until it stopped just above the swell of her bum. When he was done, Natalia turned around to face him with a small, promising smile. Grabbing the shoulder strap of her dress, she slowly, teasingly, rolled it off her shoulder. She then did the same on the other side, and her orange eyes darkened as she stared at him.

Suddenly, she let go of the dress, allowing it to fall to the floor. Harry's mouth went dry as he gazed at her amazing figure. Her large, perky breasts gave way to a waist that flared out into wide hips and thick, muscular thighs. Natalia's breasts jiggled alluringly as she walked forward and put her hand on his chest. She pushed back until he sat on the bed, then leaned forward and kissed him softly.

"I'm all yours, mi amor," Natalia whispered against his lips. "And you are all mine."

Smiling, Harry kissed her and ran his hands up her sides until he was cupping her breasts. Moaning into his mouth, she smiled before leaning back out of his reach. His eyes widened a moment later when she dropped to her knees. Eyeing the prominent bulge in the front of his pants, Natalia licked her lips and ran her hand over it. Inhaling sharply, Harry groaned as her palm pressed firmly against his length.

Suddenly, the pressure was gone, and her hands were working on his belt. A moment later, she'd popped open the button and pulled down the zipper. Harry nervously lifted his hips as she pulled them down his legs. His rigid length sprang up the moment it was free, causing Harry to blush as it smacked his stomach loudly.

"Ay dios mio," Natalia gasped.

Wrapping her hand lightly around the bottom of his length, she licked her lips and glanced up at him with an expression Harry could only describe as hungry. Harry gasped, throbbing excitedly as she started stroking him slowly. Suddenly, she leaned forward, her soft, wet tongue gliding along his shaft.

"Oh fuck," Harry gasped.

With a smirk in her eyes, Natalia slid her plump, red lips over his tip. Closing his eyes with a loud groan, Harry fisted the sheet. It was a struggle not to climax instantly from the feeling of her hot, wet mouth enveloping his sensitive head. He had to bite his lip to stop himself from whimpering when she swirled her tongue around him.

Bobbing lower, Natalia stopped when his tip hit the roof of her mouth. Sealing her lips around him, she sucked hard.

"Natalia!" Harry gasped warningly.

He relaxed slightly and panted when she pulled off of him, her hand gliding lightly up and down his throbbing shaft.

“Cum for me,” she said huskily. “We have all night together. Right now, I want to taste you.”

Opening wide, she took him as deep as she could and wrapped her lips around his shaft. Sucking hard, she pulled back to the tip. Pausing with his head still trapped in her mouth, she swirled and ungulated her tongue as she bobbed back down.

“Nat,” Harry gasped.

That was all he could get out before his breath was taken away. He erupted in her mouth, climaxing harder than he ever had before. Natalia moved back up to the tip, sucking hard while her hand stroked the rest of his length. Harry came so hard and for so long his balls ached by the time he was done. He marveled at the fact she was able to keep it all in her mouth.

Looking up at him, Natalia kept her lips sealed tight as she pulled off of him. Tilting her head back, she opened her mouth and showed him the large, thick pool bathing her tongue. When she closed her mouth, she stared at him and made a show of swallowing it down.

“Bloody hell,” Harry breathed, his flagging erection jerking back to life.

“Mmh,” Natalia moaned, licking her lips. “Someone was excited.”

“After dancing with you all night, can you blame me?” Harry asked.

Smiling, she stood up and kissed him.

“Scoot back,” she whispered against his lips.

As he moved back, Natalia climbed onto the bed, their lips still attached. Straddling his waist, she leaned forward, her breasts mashed against his chest. Harry groaned as she rolled her hips,

grinding her hot, leaking folds against his length. Running his hands down her back, he gripped her bum, pulled her against him firmly, and kneaded her thick cheeks.

“Mmh,” Natalia moaned. “Harry. You’re so hard for me.”

“Always,” Harry growled, attacking her neck with his lips.

Natalia moaned and tilted her head back while writhing in his lap. A moment later, she grabbed the hair at the back of his head and pulled him away. Kissing him hard, she put her hands on his shoulders and then pinned them to the mattress. Natalia leaned forward before reaching under herself and lining him up with her entrance. Slowly, she lowered herself down, enveloping him in her tight, sweltering depths.

A trembling breath left her lips as she settled on his thighs, Harry’s entire length buried in her depths. Eyes closed, Natalia moaned as she wiggled in his lap.

“So big,” she gaped.

Biting her lips, she opened her eyes and gazed at him lustfully while raking her nails down his chest. Harry groaned, his hands gripping her hips as he ground his hips up.

“Yes,” Natalia hissed.

Slowly, she started rolling her hips, gradually lifting herself up and then lowering back down. Harry could help but pull her down faster as he groaned. The sensation of her tight, slick walls sliding along his length was more incredible than anything he’d ever felt. He was glad he’d already cum once, or he didn’t think he’d have lasted more than a few seconds inside of her.

Natalia quickly started to pick up speed, her hands gripping his shoulder for leverage. Sliding his hands around to her bum, Harry took two handfuls of her cheeks and used his grip to help her move.

Soon, a string of sensual moans left his lips as her bum clapped against his thighs. Natalia stared at him wantonly as she rode him, her unique, orange-colored eyes darkening with need.

“Harder,” she gasped. “I need it, mi amor. Fuck me. I’m so close.”

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry tightened his grip on her hips and drove his length up into her fluttering depths. Panting, he thrust fast and sharp. Natalia gasped and moaned long and low, her hands braced on his chest as her breasts bounced wildly. Biting her lip, her face scrunched up in rictus of pleasure a moment before she cried out.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Natalia chanted wildly.

Throwing her hips down, she collapsed on top of Harry and let out a trembling moan. He wrapped his arms around her, caressing her back as she rolled her hips frantically.

“Harry!” she gasped.

Her entire body stiffened and vibrated for a long moment before she went completely limp. As she panted, Harry smiled and kissed her temple.

“Mmh,” Natalia moaned, nuzzling his neck as he ran his fingers along her spine.

When she caught her breath, she sat up and grinned as she wiggled her hips. Lifting off of his still rigid length, she threw her leg over him and twisted to land on her hands and knees. Looking over her shoulder, she wiggled her heart-shaped bum enticingly.

“Take me,” Natalia purred. “Hard.”

Smiling, Harry sat up and got on his knees behind her. Lining himself up with her dripping entrance, he swiftly plunged into her depths.

“Ay papi,” Natalia moaned.

Harry’s length leapt excitedly, drawing a gasp from her lips.

“You like that?” she asked.

Laying her chest down on the bed, Natalia turned her head to the side to look back at him.

“Fuck me, papi,” she begged.

Grabbing her hips, Harry pulled back before slamming back in. Natalia moaned, her hands fisting the sheets. Starting slow, he gradually sped up. Before long, he was panting heavily as he thrust back and forth rapidly, each impact of his thighs causing her thick cheeks to ripple beautifully. Moving his hands to her bum, he gripped her thick cheeks, kneading them roughly.

“Spank me,” Natalia moaned.

Raising his right hand, Harry spanked her lightly.

“Hard,” Natalia cried.

Harry did as she asked and brought his hand down sharply. Her skin rippled from the impact, a pink handprint becoming just barely visible. For a moment, he worried he’d done it too hard. Then, Natalia let out a deep, wanton moan.

Giving her left cheek a swift smack, Harry gripped her hips and hammered into her hard. Natalia let out a pleasure-filled cry, her knuckles turning white as she gripped the sheets. His thrusts became frantic as he neared his peak, her tight, clutching depths too much for him.

“Natalia,” Harry gasped. “I’m close.”

“In me,” she panted, throwing her hips back. “I took the potion.”

The fact that she’d planned for this - prepared for it – drove Harry wild. Desperately, he plowed into her as fast and as hard as he could. Natalia’s body was driven into the mattress from the force of his thrusts, her bum rippling wildly. Driving himself as deep as he could, Harry groaned as he flooded her depths.

“Harry!” Natalia cried. “Ay dios mio, I feel it. I feel you cumming inside me.”

Harry collapsed against her back as she trembled under him. With each pulse of his length, he rocked his hips forwards, subconsciously trying to get as deep as he could. Eventually, they both collapsed into a sweaty, panting heap.

When Harry rolled onto his back, Natalia crawled over to him and curled up against his side, her head resting on his chest.

“Remind me to ask Madame Maxime if you can stay every night,” Natalia murmured.

Chuckling, Harry kissed the top of her head.

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After waking up and lazing in bed with Natalia for a while, Harry eventually got up. He needed to get back to the castle to get a change of clothes and a shower. Natalia offered to let him use

her, but he doubted the other Beauxbatons girls would be so happy to have him using their bathroom.

Walking down the hall, he got about halfway to the end when a door opened in front of him. Harry grinned as he watched Hermione and Fleur share a kiss before she stepped out into the hall. Closing the door, Hermione looked around and then blushed profusely when she saw him.

“Harry!” she gasped quietly. “What are you doing here?”

“The same thing as you, I imagine,” Harry replied. “Well, maybe not the exact same thing.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, her eyes looking down at his robes from the Ball.

“So, I take it you had a good night?” he asked as they walked side by side down the hall.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Hermione said.

“Oh, I had a great night,” Harry grinned.

Hermione smiled at him as they stepped out onto the lawn before she bit her lip.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked. “You and Fleur seemed pretty happy when you left.”

“Fleur’s great,” Hermione sighed. “I had a wonderful time at the Ball and... last night. I’m just – I’m worried about how everyone else is going to react.”

“Who cares?” Harry asked. “You’re happy. That’s all that matters. If you listened to what everyone else thought about you, Malfoy would’ve driven from this castle after the first week.”

Hermione stared at the ground thoughtfully for a long moment before her shoulders straightened, and she got that familiar, determined look in her eye.

"You're right," she said with a nod. "If anyone else doesn't like it, that's their problem."

"Exactly," Harry smiled.

Slinging an arm over her shoulder, he gave her a brief, sideways hug.

"So, things with you and Natalia are going well then?" Hermione asked.

"Brilliant," Harry grinned. "I really think I love her."

"Oh, Harry," Hermione said, pulling him to a stop and hugging him. "I'm so happy for you."

When she eventually let go, they resumed their walk to the castle in companionable silence. As they reached the entrance to the castle, Harry paused and looked back across the lawn at the Beauxbatons carriage.

"Harry?" Hermione asked.

"You know," Harry smiled. "I'm starting to think this year might not be so bad after all."