

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 over exuberant 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 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 zhree 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.