

Chapter 20

Harry wiped his sweaty palms on his trousers as he followed Dumbledore into the Room of Requirement.

"I apologize for taking so long, but it's best to be cautious," the headmaster said. "We don't know how much control the Horcrux has over the Time-turner or how the damage it's sustained will affect its capacity for time travel."

"Do you know how we're going to destroy it?" Harry asked.

"I believe the Sword of Gryffindor will do nicely," Dumbledore smiled. "Are you familiar with the properties of Goblin-made silver?"

"Not really," Harry admitted.

"Goblin silver is heavily enchanted," Dumbledore explained. "It only takes in that which makes it stronger and rejects that which makes it weaker. It's why you will never see Goblin silver rust. Knowing that, can you tell me why we will be using the Sword of Gryffindor?"

Harry frowned thoughtfully for a moment and thought back to the last time he'd used the sword. The problem was he hadn't used the sword to destroy the diary. He'd used a fang from the Basilisk.

"The Basilisk!" he exclaimed. "I used the sword to kill it."

"Precisely," Dumbledore smiled. "When you stabbed the Basilisk through the roof of its mouth, you imbued the sword with the venom, imbuing it with its properties."

"Remind me not to try shaving with it then," Harry said.

Dumbledore chuckled as they rounded a corner and continued through the maze of junk.

“When the time comes, you will destroy the Horcrux with the sword while I protect the Time-turner,” he said after a moment. “I’m unsure what would happen if it were to be destroyed, nor am I eager to find out. For today, however, I simply need to test which protection to use. Time magic is a funny thing and has a tendency to react oddly with some spells.”

“What do you need me to do?” Harry asked, his finger running eagerly along the shaft of his wand.

“You will be watching my back,” Dumbledore said. “The Horcrux will no doubt be displeased with our presence and try to stop us. Even in this state, Tom is not to be underestimated.”

“Right,” Harry nodded.

Turning the corner, the bust wearing the Diadem and Time-turner came into view. The magic around it was palpable, sending a shiver down his spine. The Ruby set into the Diadem glinted at their approach, giving Harry the unpleasant sensation they were being watched. His scar began to prickle as he stared at it.

“Professor, wasn’t that a sapphire before?” he asked, rubbing his forehead.

“Indeed it was,” Dumbledore said, looking around before approaching cautiously.

Harry took out his wand and watched him intently.

“I knew you would come back.”

Harry and Dumbledore spun around, their wands raised in unison as a figure stepped out from behind a pile of chairs. His body was transparent, but Harry recognized him immediately.

"Hello, Tom," Dumbledore said calmly. "I'm impressed. I didn't think you had enough strength to project yourself. Then again, you always were an impressive student."

"And you've always been a thorn in my side, old man," Riddle sneered.

Looking around ten years older than the young man Harry had met in the Room of Requirement, Riddle glared at them malevolently as he stalked closer.

"Only so long as you try to harm others," Dumbledore sighed.

Turning his back to Riddle, the headmaster began waving his wand at the Time-turner.

"You won't be able to stop it," Riddle sneered. "I don't know how you figured it out, but it won't do you any good. Time will continue to repeat until I'm strong enough to finally finish you off."

One of the chairs behind Dumbledore shuddered before it floated into the air and then shot towards the headmaster's back. Harry turned his wand to it and banished it into the distance, where it shattered on the hard stone floor with a crash. Riddle's eyes flashed dangerously as he glared at him.

"You have no idea who you're interfering with, boy," Riddle growled.

"Oh, I think he has a very good idea," Dumbledore chuckled, bending at the waist to eye the Diadem closely.

"It doesn't matter!" Riddle spat. "An old man and a boy will never be able to stop Lord Voldemort!"

Harry blinked and then smirked.

“He really has no idea who I am, does he?” Harry asked.

“I think not,” Dumbledore smiled.

“What are you babbling about, boy?” Riddle asked.

“If you’re so powerful, haven’t you wondered why you aren’t ruling the world by now?” Harry asked. “It’s almost like someone stopped you.”

“Impossible,” Riddle scoffed. “No one can stop me.”

As Dumbledore cast a spell, Riddle glared and flung a wardrobe at him. Once again, Harry banished it before it could get close.

Riddle glared at him and then scoffed.

“This is pathetic,” he said. “You really think your Protective Charms are going to help?”

“We shall see,” Dumbledore muttered, his focus still on the Diadem.

Riddle glowered at his back, infuriated with being ignored.

“Enjoy what little time you have left, Dumbledore,” he spat. “Once I’m whole, your death will be swift.”

“Oh, you’ve already ensured you’ll never be whole again, Tom,” Dumbledore sighed. “I’m curious. When did you hide this here?”

“Why would I tell you?” Riddle asked in response.

“I assume it was when you applied for the Defense against the Dark Arts post?” Dumbledore continued as if he hadn’t spoken.

“He wanted to teach here?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Indeed,” Dumbledore nodded. “He applied for the position twice, once under Headmaster Dippet and then again after I became headmaster. Headmaster Dippet refused because he was too young. He wanted someone with more experience. When the position opened some years later, Tom came back. By then, it was clear he had gone dark. I was certain, even then, that he never expected to get the job. For a long time, I believed he came merely to place a curse on the Defense post in retaliation for Headmaster Dippet’s refusal. I see now he had another goal.”

Riddle balled his fist, his hand twitching towards his pocket.

“I wonder,” Dumbledore said quietly, “how many more of these abominations did you create?”

“As if I would tell you?” Riddle sneered.

Dumbledore straightened up and shrugged.

“It was worth the attempt,” he said. “I’ll only be a couple more minutes, Harry.”

“Sir, don’t curses need an anchor?” Harry asked thoughtfully.

“Indeed they do,” Dumbledore replied. “Unfortunately, we never found the one Tom used, and I have searched the castle extensively. Finding a new Defense Professor every year is quite bothersome.”

“Have you checked the bust?” Harry asked. “If he was in here to hide the Diadem, he would probably use whatever was close.”

Dumbledore paused in the middle of waving his wand and blinked. The look of absolute rage on Riddle’s face told Harry all he needed to know. The headmaster twirled his wand, and the bust glowed dark red.

“It appears you’re correct,” he said happily. “We’ll take care of that once we evict our uninvited guest.”

“It doesn’t matter!” Riddle shouted furiously. “You’ll never be rid of me! I’m Lord Voldemort! And you, boy, will pay for this!”

“I think I’ve upset him,” Harry said to Dumbledore with a smirk.

“It would appear so,” the headmaster chuckled.

“AHH!”

With an inarticulate shout of rage, Riddle toppled over the stack of furniture behind him. Twirling his wand, Harry stopped everything and then levitated it back to its original place.

“Impressive,” Dumbledore said. “You’ve used your time well.”

Harry smiled proudly as Riddle fumed silently. Suddenly, his body faded completely. Holding his wand at the ready, Harry looked around cautiously.

"I believe that last tantrum used what little strength Tom had left," Dumbledore said.

Harry nodded but stayed alert.

"I'm nearly finished," Dumbledore told him. "The magic leaking for the crack in the Time-turner is making things difficult. In all likelihood, I'll need to create a whole new spell to shield it properly."

"How long will that take?" Harry asked.

"Not long," Dumbledore said. "A day or two, perhaps."

Harry nodded. Thinking back to all the dates he'd gone on and all the magic he'd learned, a part of him was actually sad to see this day finally nearing its end.

"I have what I need," Dumbledore said, pulling him from his thoughts. "We can go."

Following the headmaster back through the narrow paths between the piles of junk, they lapsed into a contemplative silence until they were near the doors.

"You performed far better than I expected," Dumbledore said eventually. "Your command over your magic has improved greatly."

"Thanks," Harry smiled. "Professor Flitwick's a good teacher."

"Indeed he is," Dumbledore nodded.

Leaving the room of requirement, Harry walked next to him as they made their way downstairs.

"Professor," Harry said. "Do you know why I'm the only one that can remember anything?"

"I suspect it has to do with your connection to Voldemort," Dumbledore said. "Of course, we have no way of knowing for sure."

"Is there a way we can get rid of it?" Harry asked. "The connection?"

"Let's wait until we get to my office to talk about this more," Dumbledore said.

Harry nodded and followed Dumbledore down to the second floor. The Gargoyle jumped out of the way at their approach, allowing them to ride the revolving staircase up to the headmaster's circular office.

"Tea?" Dumbledore offered.

"Please," Harry replied, sitting across the desk and grabbing a toffee from the ever-present candy dish.

Waving his wand, Dumbledore conjured a tea set that floated in the air as it poured tea into two cups.

"Now, you wanted to know about the connection between you and Voldemort," he said, taking a seat. "I'll admit, I'm at a loss for what it is, precisely. In all of the years I have studied magic, I've never come across anything like it. I will admit, there was a time I suspected Voldemort inadvertently made you a Horcrux. However, after the events of your first year, I know that isn't true."

"You're sure?" Harry asked, ignoring the teacup floating next to him as he edged forward in his chair.

“Positive,” Dumbledore said. “When Voldemort’s shade attacked you, I feared he was using the Horcrux inside of your scar to possess you. The fact that he didn’t proves you are not a Horcrux.”

Sighing in relief, Harry sat back and took the cup next to him.

“So, if it isn’t a Horcrux, how are we connected?” Harry asked.

“There’s no way to know for certain, but I do have a theory,” Dumbledore said, pausing to take a sip of his tea. “The protection your mother left you with is immensely powerful. I believe that when Voldemort’s body was destroyed, his soul fractured, and a piece latched onto the most powerful magical thing in the room. You. I suspect your mother’s protection destroyed his soul, but his magic remained. Much like Goblin silver, you took in only that which made you stronger. It’s why you’re able to speak Parseltongue.”

“I don’t want anything from Voldemort,” Harry said adamantly.

“For better or worse, it’s part of you now,” Dumbledore said. “It’s as much a part of you as your own magic.”

“Great,” Harry sighed.

“What you do with your gifts is far more important than where they came from,” Dumbledore told him.

They sat in silence for a moment, sipping their tea. With a musical croon, Fawkes flew in through the window and landed lightly on the back of Harry’s chair.

“Hey, Fawkes,” Harry smiled.

Reaching up, he stroked his feathers lightly.

“Feel like going flying?” he asked.

Fawkes tilted his head back and sang cheerfully.

Harry grinned, “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Dumbledore chuckled.

“Give me a couple of days to develop the spell we need,” he said. “Take your time and finish learning or doing anything you need to, and then come see me.”

“Thanks, professor,” Harry said, standing from his chair.

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Soaring over the Black Lake, Harry rolled over the top of Fawkes with a grin. Singing happily, Fawkes turned and dove. Harry followed him until he flared his wings just inches from the surface of the water. Rolling upside down, he dragged his fingers through the freezing cold water.

Suddenly, they heard the bell from the castle, indicating it was time for lunch.

“Race you back to the castle!” Harry yelled over the wind at Fawkes.

Fawkes was surprisingly fast, but he still wasn't a match for Harry's Firebolt. Laying flat on his broom, he looked over his shoulder and grinned as the scarlet bird was left behind. As he neared the front doors, there was a flash of fire before Fawkes crooned in triumph.

"You cheat!" Harry shouted laughingly.

Dismounting his broom, he landed ground and smiled as Fawkes circled overhead before landing on his shoulder.

"Who would've thought - a Phoenix cheating," Harry chuckled. "Come on, let's get something to eat."

A group of second year Hufflepuffs stared at Harry in awe as he walked into the Great Hall with the headmaster's Phoenix on his shoulder.

"Where have you been?" Hermione asked. "And why is Fawkes with you?"

"You stole the headmaster's Phoenix?" Fred asked with a grin.

"Brilliant!" George said. "Why didn't we think of that?"

"Professor Dumbledore wanted to talk to me, and then I went flying with Fawkes," Harry smiled.

Flicking his wand, he levitated a bundle of grapes in front of Fawkes' beak. With a quiet thrill, he plucked one off of the stem and gobbled it down.

"Oh," Hermione said, biting her lip. "Can I pet him?"

"Sure," Harry smiled.

Reaching up, Hermione stroked the feathers on Fawkes' crest while Harry thought about who to take to the Ball. With his busy morning, most of the girls already had dates. Looking over at the Ravenclaw table, he considered just asking Suzette to go with him before his eyes landed on Fleur.

Even now, there was a line of boys waiting to ask her to the Ball. If he remembered correctly, she wouldn't agree to go with Roger until the end of the meal.

"So, Harry, you have a date for the Ball yet?" Ron asked.

Harry grinned, "I was just about to get one. Sorry, Fawkes, but I have something to take care of."

Moving the grapes near Hermione, Fawkes chirped and hopped over to her shoulder.

"Oh," Hermione gasped in surprise.

Standing up, Harry made his way over to the Ravenclaw table.

"Excuse me," he said, pushing his way past the line of boys.

"Hey, wait your turn," one of them complained.

Stopping between Fleur and Suzette, they both turned to look up at him curiously.

"Could I talk to you for a moment, in private?" Harry asked.

Fleur furrowed her brow, but he kept his eyes on Suzette. In the time it took Fleur to think of a response, he was able to show Suzette all of the memories he needed to. Just as Fleur opened her mouth to speak, Suzette reached out and placed a hand on his arm.

"Of course, 'Arry," Suzette smiled.

Fleur tilted her head sideways, looking at her friend curiously. Suzette gave her a meaningful look as she stood and motioned for her to follow. Harry smiled at Suzette and led them out of the Great Hall. Walking up the stair, he took them to an unused classroom on the second floor and closed the door. As he turned around, Suzette leapt into his arms with a beaming smile.

"Oh, 'Arry, I'm so 'appy for you," she said.

Fleur watched them curiously as Harry hugged her back tightly.

"I can't thank you enough," he whispered. "For everything. I'd've probably gone mad if it wasn't for you."

"What is going on?" Fleur asked. "'Ow do you two know eachozzer?"

Smiling, Suzette let go of Harry and turned to Fleur.

"'Ave a seat," she said. "This is a lot to explain."

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"This is unbelievable," Fleur said, shaking her head once Suzette finished explaining.

"But it's true," Suzette insisted.

"I believe you," Fleur said. "It's just..."

"A lot to take in?" Harry offered with a smile. "Trust me, I know."

"Why are you telling me this?" Fleur asked. "I will just forget it tomorrow."

"Harry has been saving memories for the girls he likes," Suzette smiled. "He plans to show them the memories when this is over so they don't forget going to the Ball with him."

"But you can just read his mind," Fleur said, her head tilted cutely.

Suzette giggled.

"Non, he wants to go with you," she said.

Fleur glanced over at Harry and looked him up and down.

"Have we gone to the Ball before?" she asked.

"Oui," Suzette smiled.

"And I enjoyed it?" Fleur asked, sounding slightly surprised.

"Very much," Suzette nodded.

"I would like to go to the Ball with you," Harry said. "But I wanted to talk to you about the Second Task, too."

“What about it?” Fleur asked.

“Maybe you should show ‘er,” Suzette interrupted as Harry opened his mouth to respond.

“Sure,” Harry said with a smile.

Looking at Suzette, he didn’t need to read her mind to know what she was thinking.

“Why don’t you go grab your egg and meet me on the fifth floor,” he said.

“We’ll see you soon,” Suzette smiled.

Kissing him on the cheek, she grabbed Fleur and pulled her out of the room while they spoke rapidly in French.

“I really should’ve taken the time to learn French,” Harry said, shaking his head.

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Harry waited on the fifth floor near the statue of Boris the Bewildered for about fifteen minutes before Suzette and Fleur arrived.

“Pine fresh,” Harry said.

There was a loud click, and the door to the Prefects’ Bath swung open.

“After you, ladies,” he said with a smile.

“Merci,” Suzette smiled back.

“Oh la la,” Fleur said, looking around at the massive, opulent bath.

Walking over to the bath, Harry turned the taps for the hot water but left the soap off. While the bath began filling, he sat on the bench and untied his shoes.

“Are there no changing rooms?” Fleur asked as Suzette and Harry both began taking off their clothes.

“You can change over there,” Harry said, pointing to a door on the right side of the room.

“Are you coming?” she asked Suzette.

“Harry has seen me naked many times,” Suzette replied with a smile. “You can change if you want to, though.”

Fleur frowned and looked over at Harry as he took off his shirt. Pulling Suzette a little further away, the girls had a quick, quiet discussion in French. Several times, Fleur looked over at him as they spoke. After a few moments, their gazes locked, and they went quiet. Harry wondered what memory Suzette was showing her because it caused Fleur to blush prettily.

“I can put on a bathing suit if it makes you more comfortable,” Harry offered.

“Non,” Fleur said surprisingly quickly, then cleared her throat.

Shrugging, Harry stood while pushing his trousers and boxers to his ankles. Fleur stared at him and licked her lips until Suzette giggled. Harry smiled when she turned away quickly and started

undoing the buttons of her cloak. Slipping into the water, he sat down and watched as the girls undressed.

Fleur's back was to him as she shrugged off her cloak, but Suzette smirked at him as she unclasped her bra and let it fall down her arms. Her panties went next, revealing her gorgeous, curvy figure. Saying something quietly to Fleur, she stepped down into the bath.

Grinning, Harry pushed himself off the wall and swam up to her. Suzette giggled as he wrapped his arms around her and lifted her up. Her legs wound around his waist while she smiled and rested her arms on his shoulders.

"Fleur's nervous," she whispered. "She doesn't like that she can't remember anything."

"Would it help if I showed her my memories?" Harry asked as his hands caressed her bum.

"It might," Suzette smiled, grinding against him playfully. "I'm not sure if she'll let you, though. Fleur does not trust easily."

Harry nodded and gave her a peck on the lips before setting her down. He looked over at Fleur and caught her watching them over her shoulder. When she noticed him looking, she turned back around quickly. Her shoulders rose and fell as she took a deep breath and dropped her robes to the floor. Only a white bra and panties covered her amazingly curvaceous figure. While Suzette was a beautiful girl, Fleur's curves were absolutely sinful.

Reading his thoughts, Suzette giggled and poked his side teasingly. Looking at her, Harry smiled. It always amazed him that she was so open and understanding. He never felt like he had to hide anything from her.

Merlin, I love this girl, he thought.

Smiling softly, Suzette cupped his cheek and kissed him gently. When Harry pulled back with a smile, he looked up just as Fleur turned around, her arms covering her body.

“Do you want me to turn around while you get in?” Harry asked.

Looking at him sharply, Fleur squared her shoulders and dropped her arms. Without answering, she stepped down into the bath, her perfect, teardrop-shaped breasts bouncing with each step. Ignoring his appreciative gaze, she grabbed her golden egg from the edge.

“What do I do with it?” she asked.

“You need to listen to it underwater,” Harry said. “Do you know the Bubblehead Charm?”

Fleur frowned.

“Non,” she admitted, pouting cutely.

Suppressing a smile, Harry leaned over and plucked his wand from the pocket of his trousers.

“Here,” he offered.

Fleur nodded, and he cast the Bubblehead Charm over her head. Turning, he did the same for Suzette and then himself. Harry ducked under the water first, followed by the girls a moment later. Fleur looked him over appreciatively before she focused back on the egg. Over her shoulder, Suzette watched her friend with a silent giggle.

Turning the latch at the top, Fleur visibly braced herself for the scream she expected. Instead, a calm, soothing Mermaid song greeted her ears. Since Harry already knew what it said, he instead watched the emotions running across Fleur’s face as she listened. Surprise gave way to

an intense, sharp-eyed focus and a thoughtful frown. She listened to the song twice before closing the egg and rising to the surface.

Harry followed her up and used his wand to cancel the Bubblehead Charm. As he set his wand back down by his trousers, Fleur set her egg on the edge and sat down with a thoughtful look.

"What do you think?" Suzette asked, sitting next to her.

"It seems pretty clear," Fleur said. "We will need to recover something from the bottom of the lake. I take it there are Mermaids there?"

"Yeah," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "Although, I think we have to rescue a person, not an object."

"A 'ostage?" Fleur asked, surprised. "Why do you think zhat?"

"I've had four years to research it," Harry shrugged. "Every Tournament for the last three hundred years has had a task where the Champions had to rescue a hostage. It's part of why they canceled it. It wasn't just the Champions that were dying."

"Four years?" Fleur asked. "You 'ave been doing zhis for zhat long?"

"Yeah," Harry said. "Thankfully, we found a way to stop it. Just a couple more days, and I can finally get back to my life."

Fleur bit her lip and looked slightly abashed.

"I'm sorry about the way I spoke to you after we were chosen," she said softly. "I was upset I 'ad more competition. This Tournament is important to me."

"It's fine," Harry smiled. "I know. You explained things to me before."

"Oh," Fleur frowned.

"I can show you my memories if you want," Harry offered.

Fleur looked at him thoughtfully before turning to Suzette.

"You can trust 'im," Suzette told her softly. "I 'ave spent a lot of time with 'Arry, and I would trust, 'im with my life."

"Suzette has been a godsend," Harry smiled. "Until she taught me Legilimency, she was the only one that I could talk to about what I was going through."

"Alright," Fleur said. "Show me."

Looking into her bright blue eyes, Harry gently pushed his way into her mind. Even though he wasn't trying to, he still picked up her stray thoughts. He saw a lot of confusion in her and got a small look at the conversation she had with Suzette on their walk to the carriage. She was having difficulty accepting what Suzette told her about her feelings for him. Fleur still thought of him as the same fourth year she met in the trophy room and struggled to reconcile the changes she saw in him now.

A couple of years ago, seeing those thoughts would've been hurtful for Harry, but now, thanks to Legilimency, he now understood other people much better than before. He couldn't fault her for still having that image of him, especially when he kept to himself as much as he did.

Turning his attention away from her thoughts, he focused on the dates he'd gone on with her and pushed them into her mind. Unfortunately, there weren't many. He had been intimidated by her for a long time, and convincing her to go to the Ball with him was never easy.

When he finished showing her his memories, he blinked and found Fleur staring at him intently. Her chest rose and fell sharply as she panted, the influx of memories and emotions overwhelming her.

“They’re real,” Suzette told her. “It all really happened.”

Nodding, Fleur looked at him for a long moment as her breathing calmed. Grabbing Harry’s hand, Fleur pulled him forward and then pushed him down on the bench built into the side of the tub. He grunted lightly as his back hit the tile while she swung her leg over his to straddle his lap. His hands went to her hips as she smirked down at him, her breasts coming up above the water near his face.

“Er,” Harry stammered, surprised by the sudden shift in her attitude.

Fleur gave him a predatory smirk and ground her folds against his length, causing it to rise rapidly. Peeking into her mind, he saw just how affected she was by his memories. The one of her being potioned being the most prominent. Again, he was surprised that his ability to almost completely ignore her Allure made her so aroused.

“I should thank you for being such a gentleman,” Fleur purred. “Most men would not ‘ave stopped me like you did.”

Harry smiled and ran his hands up her thighs to her hips.

“You already thanked me,” he said. “I remember it quite well.”

“Hmm, perhaps I forgot,” Fleur smiled. “Maybe you could refresh my memory?”

Gripping her bum, Harry gave it a squeeze and ground his erection against her mound.

“Gladly,” he grinned.

Pressing her breasts against his chest, she leaned down and kissed him passionately. Harry groaned into her mouth as she rolled her hips, rubbing her slick folds along his length. Pulling back, Fleur tilted her head back with a long, low moan. As she continued to roll her hips, Suzette leaned against Harry’s side and kissed his neck. Turning to her, Harry smiled and kissed her on the lips.

When they separated, she turned to Fleur with a smile and cupped one of her breasts. Fleur moaned again as she pinched her soft pink nipple and twisted it lightly.

“I need you in me,” Fleur said, her eyes burning lustfully as the air grew heavy with her Allure.

Grabbing his length, she lined him up with her entrance and then impaled herself on him swiftly. Harry gasped from the feeling of being enveloped in her sweltering folds, his length flexing and swelling inside of her.

“Oui,” Fleur breathed, her eyelids fluttering. “So big.”

“Did you ever take Elise to the Ball?” Suzette asked.

“What?” Harry asked, panting as Fleur rolled her hips.

Suzette giggled, “Did you ever ask Elise to the Ball?”

“Er, no,” Harry admitted.

“Why would ‘e take Elise?” Fleur asked, raising herself up and lowering herself down in a smooth, repetitive motion.

“She watched me fuck ‘im on our first date,” Suzette smirked.

Harry inhaled sharply when Fleur’s depths fluttered around him suddenly. Giggling, Suzette kissed the side of his neck.

“Maybe we can take ‘im back to the carriage after the Ball,” Suzette said.

Fleur moaned again and slammed herself down on him as fast as the water would allow. Her large breasts bounced violently, the pale skin rippling as they slapped the surface of the water. Unable to hold back his curiosity, he peeked into her mind.

By nature, Fleur could be quite vain and prideful. As he’d seen before, she could also be rather possessive. So, it was rather surprising when he saw her fantasizing about watching him with her classmates. Not just Elise and Suzette but Chloe, Natalie, and Caroline as well. In her mind, she watched with a smirk as Harry pounded into them, making them forget all about their pathetic dates.

She likes showing off, he realized.

Harry was *her* date, and she wanted to show her friends how lucky she was.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned, bucking his hips.

Reaching up, he grasped both of her breasts and squeezed them firmly. With a moan, she locked her burning gaze with his, and he picked up on a strong thought.

She was *his*.

Fleur threw herself onto him as that thought crossed her mind. It was the first time Harry ever got the feeling that there was another, more primitive part of her. She was truly letting herself

go, allowing her Veela instincts to make themselves known. That, in turn, brought out the more primitive side of Harry.

With a growl, he lifted her up and spun around. Pinning her against the wall of the bath, he plunged into her depths possessively. Fleur shuddered, her nails digging sharply into the skin of his shoulders.

“Take ‘er,” Suzette breathed, her accent noticeably thicker as she hugged his back and kissed his neck. “Make ‘er yours.”

“Oui!” Fleur gasped.

Water splashed up over the edge of the bath as Harry thrust into her forcefully. Fleur’s breasts bounced wildly in and out of the water as she bucked in time with his movements. Holding her hip with one hand, the other clutched at one of her breasts. Behind him, Suzette pressed herself against his back and raked her nails over his chest. Hissing in a mixture of pleasure and pain, Harry throbbed inside of Fleur.

“Arry,” Fleur panted breathlessly.

Suddenly, she threw her head back and cried out in a tone that sounded almost avian. Her depths clamped down around his thrusting shaft and fluttered wildly as she reached her peak. Locking her legs around him as every muscle in her body tensed, he was pushed over the edge just by her tight walls massaging his length. Bucking his hips forward to get as deep as possible, he erupted inside of her.

Fleur gasped loudly from the feeling, her hips rocking as she panted for breath. A string of breathless French left her lips as she threw herself forward, wrapping her arms around his neck and burying her face in the crook of his neck.

Chuckling, Suzette brushed Fleur’s wet hair away from her face and kissed her softly.

"I told you 'e was special," she said.

"'E is," Fleur agreed with a shudder.

As they both came down from their peaks, Harry tried to pull out of her.

"Non," Fleur said, tightening her grip on him. "'Old me for a leetle longer."

Harry chuckled and turned around so he could side on the bench while she continued to cling to him. Kissing her temple, he trailed his fingers up and down her spine. Fleur purred and nuzzled the side of his neck. Suzette giggled as she sat next to Harry and gave him a kiss.

"I don't want to forget this," Fleur whispered emotionally.

Harry smiled and caressed her back.

"I can save the memory for you," he said.

Sitting up slightly, she smiled and kissed him softly before turning to Suzette.

"Will you make sure 'e gives it to me?" Fleur asked.

"I promise," Suzette smiled. "Now get up. We 'ave to get ready for the Ball."

"We're not going to have sex?" Harry asked disappointedly.

"Am I not enough for you?" Fleur pouted, sounding hurt.

“Of course you are!” Harry said quickly. “I just – I thought...”

She let him flounder for a moment more before she and Suzette burst into a fit of giggles. Realizing he was being teased, Harry sighed in relief.

“Save your energy, monsieur,” Suzette told him with a smirk. “You’ll need it for tonight.”

“Oui,” Fleur smirked.

What have I gotten myself into now, Harry wondered.