

Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Who’s it from?” she asked curiously, glancing up from her book for just a moment.

“Fleur,” Harry said, unable to suppress his smile.

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

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

Dear Harry,

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

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

Take care mon ange, I will see you soon.

Love,

Fleur

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

"Hey, Hermione?"

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

“You know French, right?” Harry asked.

“I get by, but I’m not fluent,” Hermione said, looking at him curiously. “Why?”

“Do you know what this means?” he asked, pointing to the words ‘mon ange’.

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

“What?” Harry asked.

“Nothing,” she said quickly. “It means my angel. It’s a term of endearment.”

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

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

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

“But?” Hermione pressed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BANG!

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

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

Surprise and confusion rippled through the Great Hall.

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

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

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

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

“The Triwizard Cup!” he announced grandly.

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

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

“I’m entering,” Ron declared.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stop fidgeting," Hermione hissed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks, Hermione,” Harry said with a grateful smile.

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

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

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

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

“You really think so?” she asked.

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

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

“What?” Ron asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What is that?” Hermione asked.

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

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

“They’re Abraxan,” Hermione gasped.

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

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

“Madam Maxime,” Professor Dumbledore greeted her happily.

“Dumblydore,” she greeted in return.

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

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

“They don’t make ‘em like that at Hogwarts,” Ron said, gawking at the French students in their tight robes.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hermione demanded with a huff.

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

“I told you,” Hermione said a tad smugly.

“Yeah,” Harry said, his eyes following Fleur.

“Alright everyone, back into the Great Hall,” McGonagall ordered.

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

“Cor Potter, how’d you catch a bird like that?” Seamus asked.

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

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

Ron shot from his seat and waved frantically.

“Krum! Krum! Over here!” he yelled.

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

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

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

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

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

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where did you go?" Fleur asked curiously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not at all,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Git," he grumbled, rubbing his arm.

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

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



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

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

"Morning," Harry said.

"Bonjour," Fleur replied with a smile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oui,” Fleur replied with a matching smile.

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

“Arry?” Fleur asked, looking worried.

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

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

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

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

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

Fleur smiled at him and took his hand in hers.

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

“It’s home,” Harry said with a shrug.

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

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

Fleur smiled at him playfully.

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

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” Harry asked.

“Me,” she said with a smirk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sorry,” he mumbled, cursing himself in his own mind.

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

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

Harry swallowed thickly as she caressed his cheek.

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

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

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

“Did you like ze picture I sent you?” she asked.

“Er, yeah,” Harry admitted. “I loved it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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