

"You ready?" Harry slid in next to Fleur, bumping her shoulder with hers in the process.

"Of course, your seventh years don't stand a chance." She wasn't going to hear any arguments from him. *If the best that the seventh years have to offer is Roger Davies then I have no doubt that they're fucked.* Durmstrang could easily prove to be a more difficult opponent, but he had plenty of faith in Fleur and her ability.

From her other side, Chloe scoffed, "You 'ave been nervous all morning." She peaked around a scowling Fleur, to give Harry a look, "She is simply talking a big game."

"Why are you nervous?" She was never one to lack in confidence.

"It's obvious, no?" Anya spoke up from the other side of the table, "She has every confidence in her own ability to win, but it is team competition."

"So, there's every possibility that they will lose, through no fault of her own. Fighting like this is far less predictable than dueling, after all" Orina added.

"So, she cannot 'elp but worry." Chloe couldn't help but laugh at her friend's expense, "It iz ze same wizz every group project we've 'ad since we were fifteen."

Fleur was pouting now, "I zink I liked it better when Chloe was the only one who was giving me a 'ard time. Ze three of you together iz 'orrible."

Giggling, Anya patted her hand, "Ve all know that isn't true."

"She's right." It was obvious that she enjoyed not just his company, but that of all the other girls as well. Not to mention Luna, too.

"Doesn't mean I'm not going to say it anyway." Throwing her hair over shoulder, she wore a look of superiority with a practiced ease, "I 'ave a reputation to maintain still."

"Which reputation is that?" Harry asked, unable to keep the laughter out of his voice, "A haughty French flower?"

Giving his thigh a quick pinch, she shot him a sickly-sweet smile, "Oui, mon amour." He only gave her a cheeky smile in return.

"You can save that act for when you are intimidating likes of Solen." Anya told her, "Because rest of us know better." That was undoubtedly true. *Even if we love to give her a hard time about it.*

Grabbing her hand under the table, he gently ran his thumb along her knuckles. While they were taking the piss a bit, he still wanted to reassure her, "You know, you have nothing to worry about, right?"

She gave him a soft smile, "Oui, I cannot 'elp it though."

"Besides, it's not as though I won't have your back ze entire time." Chloe was on the team as well, and according to Fleur they worked almost exclusively as a duo.

Squeezing her hand, he had a thought, but it wasn't one that he was going to share with anyone else just yet. While he tucked that away to the back of his mind, he asked her, "Your parents are going to be here today, yeah?"

“Yes, my mozzer is quite eager to meet you.” Fleur gave a quick glance over, but at this point, he was beyond being concerned about meeting any of the girl’s parents. She seemed pleased with that and looked across the table, “You two, also, zough probably not so much as my grandmozzer.”

“I look forward to meeting zem both.” Anya assured her, “It’s rare to meet veela who grew up entirely removed from our conclaves. I would love to know what it was like for them, too.” They’d asked Fleur plenty about her own upbringing, too, but given her status as a witch things were slightly different.

It was only a few short minutes later that they walked down toward the stadium. The stifling chill of January was still present. Fleur and Chloe, like most of the French contingent, were counting down the days until the first thaw came while the students from Durmstrang found it downright balmy.

There was a natural heat to Anya and Orina that seemed to keep the cold at bay. Harry was curious at what point that affinity was bred out of Fleur’s family bloodline. Not that he was complaining because it meant that she was happy to huddle against him to keep warm. He would’ve cast a warming charm, but he found that preferable.

When they were just outside the stadium, Fleur turned to him expectantly. For a second, he pretended like he didn’t know exactly what she wanted. Her allure flared around them, trying to demand his attention. Anya and Orina chuckled at her antics, while Harry just found it rather adorable.

Leaning down, he placed a kiss on her forehead. Trying to look irritated at that, she didn’t quite manage it considering her heart was in her eyes, “I want a proper one.”

“Sorry?”

Pouting she stepped up to him on tiptoes, “Zat wasn’t what I wanted.”

Finally giving up the act, he leaned down for a brief but passionate kiss and he let his hands drift down to cup her bum for good measure. When he pulled away, he threw her a cheeky grin, “Better?”

“Much!”

“Alright, zat iz enough!” Chloe started pulling on her arm toward the competitors’ entrance, “I would prefer not to stand out here in ze freezing cold watching the two of you!”

“So, you would prefer to watch the two of them somewhere nice and varm instead?” Anya called after the departing redhead. As Fleur laughed at her friend’s expense, Chloe made a rude gesture back at the pair of Veela.

With a shake of his head, Harry put a hand on the lower back of each girl and led them toward the stands, “The two of you really just can’t help yourselves, can you?”

“Don’t pretend you don’t love it.” Orina told him as she leaned into his side. Together, they went and found a place to sit and made sure there was enough for the rest of the girls when they made their way down.

It didn’t take long for them to start coming down. Daphne and Susan came down along with Hannah, Neville, Tracey, Blaise and Fay. Harry was surprised that the Slytherin lothario was sticking with one girl still. *At the very least, I expected him to have a go at one of the foreign witches by now.* But something about Fay had his attention, and it didn’t seem to be letting go anytime soon.

Even though Daphne had ensured Susan, and Ginny for that matter, unholy retribution for the little stunt during the academic tournament, they were still behaving exactly the same as always with one another. *Honestly, if I were Susie and Gin, I'd be more afraid of the fact that Padma intends to help anyway.* Daphne by herself was one thing, but the two witches putting their heads together could spell genuine trouble for them.

"So, anybody make a wager with the Weasley twins on this one?" Daphne asked as she sat down behind them.

"Surely, that's a conflict of interest." Susan pointed out, "You know, since Fred is part of the team for the sixth years."

Rolling her eyes, Daphne didn't have the same sort of ethical concerns, "If he throws the match, everyone will accuse him of match-fixing, and he'll be lucky if he doesn't spend the rest of the year in the hospital wing."

"Didn't know that they were taking bets anyway." Harry was much too busy with the actual tournaments, among a whole host of other things, to pay attention to the twin's business endeavors.

"On every event since the start of the year," Daphne told him as Sue and Padma sat down to Anya's left with Parvati, too. He expected to see Ron with her, but he was missing.

"Yep," Sue added in as she caught their conversation, "I made a fair few galleons betting on the first round of the champions tournament. Got the perfect placement order for the fourth years and the sixth years." If Harry were to take a wager which of his partners took any interest in gambling, Sue probably would've been the last.

"They've been a bit less eager about it since the Yule Ball, though." Padma pointed out as they were joined by the rest of the Weasley family. 'And suddenly it makes sense why Ron wasn't with Parvati.'

George, Ron, and Ginny were all decked out in war paint with a banner cheering on their brother. *No one can accuse a Weasley of being boring...well, except Percy.* Luna was with them as well wearing a shockingly realistic hog's head with warts and all. The eyes even blinked. It was a rather impressive construction. She sat beside Ginny and gave Harry a little wave before spacing out. He half expected Gabrielle to be with her, but then he remembered that she was probably with her parents.

"What're we talking about? George asked.

"Your business endeavors." Daphne told him, looking over her shoulder.

"Ah, well, everyone's going to be talking about those for years to come, so get used to it." He winked at the blonde, and she just rolled her eyes at his antics.

"No one can fault you for confidence." That sounded like a genuine compliment coming from Daphne.

They'd gotten down there rather early, and it provided the perfect opportunity for Harry to act on his earlier thought, "Gonna run to the loo." He excused himself and headed toward the stairs back down into the stadium. At the bottom, he let a few Hufflepuffs hurry past him before he pulled out his wand and silently disillusioned himself. And for good measure, he remembered to silence his footsteps as well.

From there, he made a quick journey toward the Beauxbatons changing rooms, or more specifically, the ladies changing room. It was fortunate for him that the Ministry of Magic didn't have the same level of foresight as the Hogwarts founders because there was nothing stopping him from heading inside just behind one of the young women. No, sudden wailing charm to alert the whole world to what he was doing.

Once inside, there was only one person he was looking for. He was happy to see that the changing rooms were almost identical, including the showers. There were a few other girls in the room, but he didn't even give them a second look. Fleur just demanded his attention.

She was sitting on the bench, her bare back in his direction, foot bouncing on the floor nervously. Harry was confident that he had the perfect solution to both relax her and give her fantastic motivation to absolutely demolish her competition. *Or she'll be too worn out to be much use to anyone, but I think it's worth the risk.*

As soon as he was inside, she turned her head to look at the door with a furrowed brow. He knew the entwinement would make it difficult to properly sneak up on her, but that wasn't going to stop him. Careful not to even breathe too loudly, he made his way over to Fleur. He ran his finger up from the small of her back right along her spine, his touch barely ghosting along her impossibly smooth skin. It dimpled at his touch, and he felt her shiver as he leaned in and whispered right against her ear, "Go to the loo."

Her upper chest was flushed with excitement as she gave the barest hint of a nod. Trying to behave normally, she headed toward the back of the changing room where there were showers and stalls for the loos. It was around the corner and out of sight of the rest of the room. Harry followed her in as she opened one of the doors.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was barely above a whisper, tone somewhere between hidden delight and accusation. Still invisible, Harry took hold of the almost skin-tight, powder blue, athletic trousers that had been provided for the Beauxbatons students. *Half her competition is going to struggle with aiming when they see her in these.*

He rolled them down so that they were around her thighs, and revealed a pair of simple, white cotton panties. There was a tiny damp patch, and he could see the outline of her puffy lips through the thin material. Still invisible, Harry dipped his fingers beneath her knickers and found the damp petals of her sex. Her breath hitched and she had to stifle a moan as she looked right at him.

Finally answering her question, he quickly worked off his own trousers to release his rapidly hardening length, "Just helping you relax."

"People will 'ear." It was a weak excuse and from the way she grinded her pussy against his prodding fingers, she didn't really care anyway.

"No, they won't." He cupped one of her breasts in his hand and tweaked the pale, pink nipple, "Because you're going to be good and be quiet."

"I could just..." She gestured with her wand, but he grabbed it and put it in his pocket for the time being.

"Nope."

“But...” Before she could finish, Harry spun her around so that she was leaning over the loo. Her gasp turned into a strain moan as he dragged his swollen glands through her puffy lips.

“That wasn’t very quiet, Fleur.” Glaring back at him, or where she knew he was, it lost any of its heat as she rubbed her pussy against his cock demandingly. Of course, he had no intention of letting them get caught, he just wasn’t going to tell her that. So before burying himself in her pristine slit, he took the precaution of making sure no one could hear anything coming out of the stall.

“Ohhh...” It came out a single breathy moan, before she bit her lip to keep herself quiet as he squeezed his shaft inch by inch into her sex. Since he was entirely invisible, transparent in fact, it meant that her clutching cunt was stretched obscenely on seemingly nothing. If anyone happened to walk in, they’d be treated to that truly tantalizing sight.

Grabbing her hair right at the root, he put his other hand on the small of her back and forced her to bow her back, “Now, now love.” He pulled his cock out of her agonizingly slow, her tunnel gripping to him like it didn’t want to let him go. When just the tip remained, he snapped his hips forward hard enough to send every one of her stunning curves jiggling, “Don’t be too loud.”

Her legs quivered as she shot a look back at him that could very nearly be described as murderous. He snickered when the very next moment her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her mouth opened dumbly in what could only be described as utter bliss.

Her pert bum rippled with every ‘smack’ as he bounced her against him. Her slender fingers were balled into tight, white-knuckled fists as she lightly beat them against the tile at the back of the loo. Little whimpers came from her throat as she tried desperately to stop herself from making too much noise.

Pulling her back so that her back was resting against his chest, he whispered into her ear, “Don’t you dare cum until I tell you to.”

The noise that came from her was pitiful, but he could tell from the way his cock was covered in a fresh gush of her slippery juices that she absolutely loved the idea. Shakily, she managed to nod her understanding and it brought a wolfish grin to his lips.

Reaching between her thighs, he found her oversensitive little bud and pinched it between his digits. Fleur bucked violently, looking back at him with desperate, panicked eyes, “Don’t you dare!” He commanded.

“Sil vous plait...” it sounded like she was on the verge of tears as she begged him for the peak he had her quickly cascading toward.

“Not...until... I... say.” He punctuated every word with another thrust of his hips. But since he wasn’t going to play fair, Fleur had no intention of doing it either. She threw her bum back into every one of his thrusts and reached between them to grip his shaft as it left her clutching cunt. Every time his hips met hers, she would let her digits drift just that little bit lower to tickle his swinging bollocks.

The knot in his groin grew tighter every time he filled her perfect sex. There was only so long that he could hold on, kissing against the back of her neck he cupped one of her breasts as he told her, “Cum for me.”

“Merci... merci...” Lacing her fingers with his, she thanked him again and again as her body quivered through her intense peak. Her pussy rippled along his shaft as a gush of her girlcum leaked down her thighs to stain the tops of her stretchy trousers.

The heavenly contractions of her clutching cunt were enough to send him over the edge with her. His veiny length was nestled as deeply in her as it would go as he exploded inside of her. Her tiny tunnel was bathed in warm white seed as he unloaded a dozen times. With each new recoil, he twitched and thrust inside her pulling adorable mewls of approval with each movement.

As they came down from that incredible high together, Harry couldn't help but notice the calm, almost serene smile on her lips. *Well, I'd wager that was a job well done.* He took a handful of her peachy bum cheek and gave it a squeeze as he let his cock slip from her sex.

The moment he did, she cupped her sex with one dainty hand to stop his seed from flowing out of her. Some of it stained her fingers, and she brought his pearlescent offering to her lips, but he stopped her before she could manage it, “I didn't say you could cum again, did I?”

Wide-eyed, she shook her head as he moved her knickers back into place and did the same a second later with her trousers. Giving her bum one quick smack, he then grabbed her wand and placed it in the waistband at the small of her back. Her face was flushed with a new wave of arousal, but they really didn't have time for that, “Now that you're nice and relaxed, consider that incentive.” Her pretty lips dropped open in shock, “If you win, it'll be there as a little treat... if not, well, I'm sure one of the other girls would love to help you out.”

He wasn't sure if he'd ever seen such raw and obvious determination in someone's eyes before. You could nearly see the fire. With that, he pulled her into a fierce kiss, “I'll see you later... after you win, of course.”

Before they could do something they'd regret, he hurried out of the stall, leaving her behind to make herself presentable for the coming competition. Considering it was Madame Maxime that opened the door as he left, he imagined that she wouldn't have much time for that. *But then, she is a rather capable witch.*

When he made it back up to the stands, the other ladies all gave him a knowing look. When he took his seat Anya couldn't keep the smile from her voice as she commented quietly so that only him and Sue beside her could hear, “I'm going to wager that Fleur isn't so nervous anymore?”

“You'd be right in one,” There was no use lying about it when they all **knew**, without a doubt, that was exactly what he'd been doing, “Also gave her an extra bit of incentive to wipe the floor with her competition.”

“I'm sure your schoolmates won't thank you for that.” Orina giggled.

“Lucky for me, they won't ever find out.”

Leaning over Anya so she could tell him without being overheard, Sue told him with a shy smile, “If that sort of thing is on offer, I certainly wouldn't say no.”

Darting in for a quick peck on her cheek, he threw a wink her way as he pulled back, “I'll be sure to keep that in mind.” With a fresh blush on her cheeks, she sat back into her seat.

Their attention was taken away from his motivation techniques as Madame Maxime's voice boomed around the stadium, "Welcome to ze group tournament for the upper classmen of our three schools." At the same time, the teams made their ways out of the tunnel and over to the same stands he'd been in the week before. The Headmistress reiterated the same rules as the previous tournament for those spectators who hadn't been present the week prior and within the minute the fifth years were underway.

They weren't nearly as cautious as the first years had been the week prior, but that was probably because they actually knew what to expect and had a whole week to decide how to approach the competition. What they weren't expecting was that the arena would occasionally shift around them and make it where they no longer had cover when just a few seconds before they did.

From where he was sitting, he could see Fleur. There was no more nervous tapping of her foot, instead she was staring at the fifth years with a steely determination that should've caused any of her opponents a great deal of discomfort. *If they're even looking.* And in all fairness, a few of them were because she was gorgeous.

Since the fifth years took the time to think through their tactics, it meant the match last a good bit longer than any of the other ones though not by much. The Durmstrang team was ruthlessly efficient and tore through the Beauxbatons team first. They tried to hold against, but there was nothing for it.

Hogwarts did better. Katie managed to get two of them by herself while Higgs and Cho covered her rear and flank, but in the end it didn't matter. They'd lost three of their eight to Beauxbatons before they were facing down Durmstrang and two more in the northern school's first assault.

Katie was the first one to get taken out of the fight when they managed to bind her hands in stone. In his attempts to free her, Higgs was taken down by a stunner and narrowly missed a nasty knock on the head. Cho managed to get one more of them before her wand was ripped from her hand by a disarming charm from her flank. There just wasn't any way to take them on all at once.

The Durmstrang team was gracious in victory and helped the three Hogwarts students up before they all made their way out of the arena as Maxime congratulated them. She wasn't quite as good at hiding her displeasure as Henricksen. *But then that was probably the worst showing of any of the teams thus far.*

The sixth years were up and in the arena within minutes, and the second they got in, there was a massive cheer from just behind him as the three Weasley's shot to their feet with the banner between them. In very Fred-like fashion, he gave an exaggerated wave to his adoring fans.

Fortunately, he was able to back his theatrics up. Fred and Angelina made for a dynamic duo, which really wasn't that surprising, while Cedric proved his reputation around the school was well-earned with a fantastic display. He also seemed to be the one coordinating the rest of them.

Much like for Ginny the week prior, George managed to get the entire Hogwarts contingent to chant, "Fred! Fred! Fred! Fred!" when he managed to knock the Durmstrang champion out of the competition.

It was the three of them and a Slytherin he didn't know fighting together in the end against two from each of the other schools. Those four might have had a chance if they had the good sense to work together. But that wasn't what happened, instead one of the two lads from Durmstrang decided to fire a

spell at Beuxbatons. Of course, they returned fire and then it was just a matter of picking them off for Cedric and Fred in particular.

Then it was finally time for the seventh years. It took nearly an hour and a half to get through the first two matches, but from the look on her face, Fleur had lost none of her earlier motivation. What followed was utter domination by a single witch.

It felt like Fleur was everywhere. Every time one of the opposition was out of position, she found them. Every time they left their back exposed, she found them. Every time someone tried to run away and fight another day, she found them. Chloe was always on her heels, watching her back, but it looked like she was just struggling to keep up with her. *That is a woman on a mission.*

“That might go down as the best motivation technique in wizarding history.” Daphne commented at one point.

“She would’ve been brilliant regardless.” He’d spent enough time dueling her to know that was true, “I just gave her a reason to do it with a bit more... flare.” They all watched as Fleur levitated an unconscious Roger Davies straight out of the arena and unceremoniously dumped him onto the hard stone quite a height.

“Something tells me that Ravenclaw said something to piss her off.” Anya didn’t sound surprised in the slightest, she still remembered his clumsy flirting at the quidditch store.

“Knowing Roger, that’s almost certainly true.” Sue agreed, “He’s been rather insufferable this year.”

“Cedric nearly hexed him when he found out he was flirting with Cho last week.” Padma shared that little tidbit of gossip and it even surprised Parvati.

Hannah nodded her head in agreement, “He was ready to duel with him in the hall when he found out. It wouldn’t have been pretty, I can say that much.”

“I imagine it would’ve been about as one-sided as this match is.” Ginny snickered. That was turning into an understatement. Fleur dominated her match more efficiently than even Harry managed.

“Think even you might have a bit of trouble with her today, Harry.” It was a fair observation from Sue, but he’d still wager on himself. Which really did speak volumes about just how much time he’d put in over the course of the year. They watched her dispatch two more Hogwarts students with ruthless efficiency. *I’d at least take me in three of five today.*

Her only real bit of competition came in the form of Victor, but even he didn’t really stand a chance. All the grace that Krum had in the air, he largely lacked on the ground, instead resorting to blunt force. That simply wasn’t good enough to deter someone with Fleur’s skill. Her charms had him seeing stars before she easily dispatched him.

It didn’t take long at all for Madame Maxime to shout excitedly, “Winner Beauxbatons!”

Their group cheered nearly as loud as the entire Beauxbatons contingent, and she looked in their direction and gave a tired smile. It only made them cheer harder.

As they made their way off, Orina asked the obvious, “So, is there any point in doing individual tournament for her year or should they just give her trophy and prize money now?”

Considering she'd just single-handedly beaten ten of the opposing schools sixteen duelists without any trouble, it was a fair question, "Could always have her fight two at a time. Merlin knows it looks like they're going to need it."

"Right," George stood and joined the other students as they started filing out of the stadium, "Fun as this conversation is, there's things to do. Like organizing the after party."

"I think we've had more parties in a month this year than we usually do in a year." Not that anyone would think to complain about it. *They've been class.* Which was why no one argued with George, and they all started making their way to the stairs.

When they were down, they were immediately approached by Gabrielle, "Arry, come wizz me." She looked to Anya and Orina and gestured, "You as well."

"Demanding, isn't she?" Harry chuckled.

"Fleur was very specific." She turned back to inform him with a wry smile.

He wasn't remotely surprised to find that the younger Delacour was leading them over to two people who could only be her parents. Apolline Delacour was unmistakably Fleur's mother and could easily pass for her sister.

"Harry, Anya, and Orina," She gestured to each of the three of them as they came to stand with the older Delacours, "These are my parents, Apolline and Jacques."

It was as Harry took Jacques hand that he felt a spike of pleasure shoot right down his spine. He could tell from the way that Anya and Orina's eyes dilated ever so slightly that they felt it too. *Well, looks like Fleur got around to having her reward.*

There was a knowing smile on Apolline's lips as Harry took her hand, "We 'ave 'eard so much about you three. It iz nice to finally put faces to ze stories"

A few seconds later there was another little surge and Harry had to clench his fist. *What a great way to meet one of your lover's parents.* Of course, Fleur knew exactly what she was doing. *I suppose one good turn deserves another.*

Fortunately for him, he still managed to make a good first impression.