

Introducing Gonfla Delacour

Harry awoke the morning before his 18th birthday to an argument downstairs that could be heard, not clearly, but quite well due to a deep, booming voice.

Shacklebolt.

Wasn't he supposed to be guarding the muggle Prime Minister? Harry got out of bed, carefully opened the door, as Ron was still sleeping. Once on the stairs, he could hear the argument much better.

"—and what if he's captured? The polyjuice potion will wear off in an hour, and they'll have him!" Boomed Shacklebolt, his voice loud but steady— this sounded more like a debate than a row. "If the Death Eaters take over the Ministry, it won't be illegal to attend a wedding but you can bet it will be to be Harry Potter! Then they'll have him!"

"But we're extremely well protected here." Mr. Weasley argued back. "Harry disguising himself is not in the case that he's captured, it's in the case that someone is spying on us at the wedding! They won't recognize him as that muggle boy from the village, we'll just say he's a cousin!"

"We should prepare for not just for a spy, but also if he gets captured. That boy is our best hope, and we need to be prepared for anything."

"And zey can easily check if zere eez a 'Barny Weasley.'" A new voice, Fleur's, chimed in. Mr. Weasley, Shacklebolt, and Fleur? This was odd company for this sort of discussion. "Zat's why I brought eet up. If your Ministry is eenfiltrated, eet would be easy to check, but not easy to check if zere eez another Delacour, from the French Ministry. Not only zat, but we have ze paperwork." At this, Harry stepped into view in the kitchen, and the discussion stopped. All eyes were on him.

"What's going on?" Harry asked, raising a brow. This was a discussion about him, he deserved to be a part of it. Shacklebolt and Mr. Weasley looked at each other.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Weasley, stepping towards him, "we are hearing word that more and more Death Eaters are infiltrating the Ministry. If they take over, and—" He looked at Shacklebolt. "—yes, I suppose there's a chance of it... Then they could arrive at the wedding, and collect us all into custody for investigation. Why, or on what grounds, they will invent later on. They'll definitely suspect you to be here though. Our plan to disguise you was to stop any possible Death Eaters from locating you at the wedding, but as Kingsley and Fleur here point out... it won't do you much good if they capture you. They'll release us, eventually, but they will certainly take you to You-Know-Who."

"So," Shacklebolt said, stepping in, "We need to disguise you with methods that will last longer than the polyjuice potion would allow. Methods along the lines of transfiguration, which Aurors use for disguise consistently... But not just simple transfiguration. That can be undone by a simple countercharm, we need something more intricate—"

"Like my mother!" Fleur said, beaming. "She eez one of ze best transfiguration masters in France! Many of 'er spells are too complex to be undone without 'er 'elp!"

Harry smiled at the idea of not having to swallow down the sludge-like consistency of polyjuice potion. "Brilliant! But who are you disguising me as— I heard you say I can't be a Weasley, and why." Harry said, interjecting as Shackbolt opened his mouth to explain further.

"You will be my cousin!" Fleur said excitedly. "Gonfla! She cannot make the wedding, and nobody knows where she eez. She eloped with some man, and left 'er papers at 'ome. I can get my parents to pick up 'er papers on the way 'ere! Eet eez perfect!"

His smile had dropped at the name, and his mouth agape at "she."

"Wait— a girl? I'm being disguised as a girl?" He asked incredulously. Fleur put her hands on her hips.

"A woman, 'Arry!" She said, as though that made it better. "And eet eez better to be disguised as a real person with papers to back eet, than some made up 'Barny' whose identity will fall apart at ze first look." Shackbolt nodded.

"She's right," he said, "we can't take anymore risks. Not after what happened getting you here. We have to prepare for the worse— and nobody would expect you to disguise yourself like this."

Harry's face lost its color, except in his cheeks.

"B-but we have the hair for the polyjuice! Can't I just keep taking it to make it last longer?" He asked desperately. Mr. Weasley, who had clearly been fighting for him, sighed in resignation.

"No, the potion would be confiscated from you. They're right, Harry, this is our safest option with such a quick change of plans. What's more, it's almost air-tight with the paperwork showing you as a foreign visitor." He patted Harry's shoulder. "But don't worry. It'll only be for the wedding, then Mrs. Delacour can fix you right up afterwards."

It was early in the morning before the wedding— *VERY* early as to not intrude on the time that would usually be reserved for getting the bride ready. Harry sat in a chair, blushing wildly as Fleur and her mother looked over him, speaking to each other in rapid French. It was starting to get on Harry's nerves that he could not understand what they were saying, as he was pretty sure he heard his name get thrown around a few times. Finally, Fleur turned to him, and said,

"Alright, 'arry, close your eyes. We are going to start the transfiguration." He was about to ask the point of closing his eyes, but she removed his glasses and he realized it was pointless to argue since he couldn't really see without them anyways. As soon as he closed his eyes, he saw a series of flashes from beyond his lids as Madame Delacour started chanting with spells he did not recognize as he felt his face tingle slightly, while he felt hair tickle the back of his neck. They must have been working from the top down, because the next thing he knew, his neck felt tighter, and he gasped in surprise.

"Alright, 'Arry?" Fleur asked in concern.

"Yeah, fine." Harry answered, reaching up to rub his neck, but someone slapped his hand away.

“Do not interfere until we are done!” Madame Delacour said, and Harry let his hand rest at his side. There were a few other mutters in French, and it sounded almost as though Fluer was scolding her mother, and Harry felt an odd pressure, like someone was pushing his shoulders together. There was more rapid discussion and then a bout of giggling as there was another flash, and Harry felt like he had a bad bout of heartburn. His shirt got tighter and tighter around his chest, and then slight release as he thought he felt a button pop. Did they change his clothing? He thought they were only changing his body for now? He shuddered slightly as an image of him wearing one of Aunt Petunia’s flowery blouses popped into his head.

There was more discussion, and they skipped right past his waist to his hips... Mrs. Weasley always was going on about how skinny he was. Another flash, he felt his pants get a bit tighter.

“Erm... ‘Arry? Could you stand up for a moment?” Fluer asked politely, helping him stand as he felt a dreadful shift in weight in his chest as he stood. “Keep your eyes closed.” She said, as one of his lids shifted open briefly. Her mother cast another spell, and his buttocks tingled as his pants became even tighter while Fluer pushed him back into his seat, which felt much more padded. His face felt very hot.

There was more giggling as Madame Delacour cast another spell, and Harry felt a series of tugging, twisting, and tucking in his groin that caused him to stand up with a yelp, and open his eyes while he looked down, but not only could he not see well without his glasses, but his vision was blocked by a white blur.

There were a series of shouts in French, and a few flashes from Madam Delaciour’s wand, and Harry’s eyelids were forced shut, and he felt bound in his chair by invisible ropes. Harry heard a series of shouts going back and forth in French, before a hand touched his shoulder.

“Sorry, ‘Arry— my mother eensists zis eez very delicate magic, very strong. She needs you to be absolutely still while she works, like a sculptor carving clay. A slip up could leave a deformity.” If Harry could nod, he would have, as he heard Madame Delacour continue her work, his thighs and legs tingling along with his feet, his jeans feeling even tighter now. Though soon, oddly enough, he realized they moved back to his head as the flashing behind his eyelids was much brighter. He could hear rapid exclamations in French, then one set of footsteps leaving the room. He heard two steps re-enter the room, and some laughter that he recognized belonging to Tonks. His face felt hot again.

“Oh, sorry Harry,” he heard her say as she got closer, “I didn’t, erm... well, I didn’t recognize you at first, which I guess is the point.”

“Ze scar!” Madam Delaciour exclaimed impatiently. “I cannot hide ‘er, erm... I mean ‘is scar!” There was another flash of light as they tried again, but he could tell from the cursing that it didn’t work. He heard Tonks exclaim “Oh!” As her footsteps quickly left the room, and entered quickly again. Harry felt something get slapped onto his forehead, another quick spell, and some muttering of approval.

“There. It’s much more temporary,” Tonks said, “but we can only hope nobody would think to peel off a patch of skin— doubt they’d guess there was a transfigured bandage there.” Harry felt the binding release him, and his eyes shot open. Madam Delaciour conjured a mirror, and Harry quickly said,

“Glasses. I need my glasses.”

Fluer quickly handed them to him, as her mother sighed, “Oh, that voice!” As he put on his glasses, she saw her wave her wand, and felt a tingling in his throat.

Looking in the mirror, his plump lips dropped open.

“You ‘ave to be kidding me...” He said in a high pitched, breathy, French accent that was not his own.

“It’s for your own protection, mate.” Ron said, though he could not suppress a grin while he and Hermione walked beside Harry.

“Zis eez not protection, zis eez humiliating.” Harry said, his face burning while he walked into the wedding tent, pulling up the neckline of his dress while he looked down in anguish, once more, at his very bountiful new bosom. Harry reckoned the Delacours were having a bit of fun with him, despite their insistence that Fluer’s cousin’s chest was indeed this large. They said they even gave him smaller breasts than Gonfla’s, out of consideration, but it still felt like Harry was smuggling two cantaloupes under his dress. Though, as this low neckline proved (“Eet eez the only zing zat I ‘ave zat would fit you in such short notice!” Fluer insisted, suppressing giggles) they were not fruit, they were indeed flesh. He later asked Hermione for something else to wear, but found nothing of hers exactly fit her measurements— and he couldn’t bring himself to go to Ginny. Though, with Harry’s current proportions, he guessed he’d run into a similar issue anyways.

He was also very reluctant to wear women’s underwear, but after another binding spell, and a swirl of clothing around his body, he was wearing lingerie as well to make the look as convincing as possible. Even the color of his hair— that was now mid back in length and very wavy— had changed to a silvery blonde to match the women of the Delacour family, though his face was less than veela-charming.

They had simply shrunk his nose, lengthened his eyelashes, thinned his eyebrows, made his lips larger and shaped perfectly, and swollen and shrunk parts of his jawline and cheekbones. There was no doubt that his face looked feminine, but it did not look remotely as beautiful as the Delacours— but Fleur insisted people wouldn’t pay much mind to his face. When he asked what she meant, she glanced down at his chest, and burst into giggles with Gabrielle. He couldn’t help but feel this confirmed his earlier suspicions, and Harry had stormed out of the room, even more furious that his chest bounced ridiculously as he did— was it enchanted to bounce like that? It had to be.

“And zis ridiculous accent eez not ‘elping.” Harry said quietly as they continued forward, and Hermione giggled while Ron smirked.

“Yes, but I doubt very much anyone would guess who you are.” Hermione said, grinning with Ron at their friend’s expense while Harry shot her a nasty look.

“I still zink I would ‘ave been fine as zat muggle.” Harry said furiously. He tugged at the neckline of his blue, silky dress, which fell to his ankles. Thankfully they had not made him wear heels— they knew he wouldn’t be able to walk in them well. Though the wedding was hard to enjoy like this, he tried his best for the sake of Bill and Fleur. Besides some staring at his chest,

he generally went unnoticed— but there were still a few moments he was bound to never forget, despite his desperate wish to.

The first came when Ron's Auntie Muriel arrived. To his distress, she at first thought Harry was Ron's girlfriend, and started fussing over how low cut her dress was, and whispered to Ron, much too loudly, that he could do better. Ron, suppressing laughter, told her that Harry was actually Gonfla Delacour, a cousin of Fleur's.

"Oh!" She said suddenly, and put a hand to her mouth. "How. Very. Nice. To. Meet. You." She said, bending forward and speaking slowly and loudly to make sure Harry could understand her, then turned back to Ron. "These French girls— always so loose! I mean, look at her dress, the way she walks, and I wouldn't be surprised if *those* are augmented... tsk tsk." She turned away, eager to bother another Weasley while Ron and Harry were both red— Ron from stifled laughter, and Harry from contained rage.

When Luna showed up, she continued her trend of speaking her mind, even when it was uncomfortable, and somehow saw right through Harry's disguise. She told him he looked very pretty, and that he should stay like this after the wedding. Ron agreed. Harry hit him.

Another uncomfortable situation was when Victor Krum showed up. After Ron took Hermione to dance after the reception, and after asking about Ginny, he turned to Harry to ask for a dance. His face went white, and he shook his head while Krum's eyes darted down to his chest.

A similar, yet somehow worse, experience arose when Fred and George, who had been hitting on all of Fleur's beautiful relatives, asked for a dance before quickly realizing it was Harry as he hit them, much to their amusement.

"Sorry Ha— erm, Gonfla. Didn't recognize you." Fred said, not even trying to hide the laughter while he spoke. "Careful with those, by the way, you might knock someone over if you turn too fast." He said, pointing to Harry's chest, and before Harry could pull out his wand, they were gone.

After being bothered several times by many wedding guests for a dance, Harry went looking for Elphias Doge, who he had been meaning to have a conversation with about Dumbledore.

"Oh! Harry!" Doge said when Harry revealed his true identity. "Arthur told me you were disguised, but I never dreamed it would be—" His eyes glanced down. "— I mean, it's very convincing. Never would have guessed—"

"Yeah, zat is ze point." Harry grumbled as Doge bumbled on.

"—but it is an honor." He said, shaking his hand. They had a brief discussion of Dumbledore, and Skeeter's biography, before Auntie Muriel barged in, being simultaneously rude to Harry, Doge, and Dumbledore's memory. Muriel had only just revealed that Dumbledore had lived in Godric's Hollow when Hermione came over to check on him, and then all hell broke loose.

A silver and gleaming lynx patronus dashed onto the dance floor, and opened its mouth, Shacklebolt's voice boomed from it. "The Ministry has fallen. Scrimgeour is dead. They are coming."

All hell broke loose. There were screams, flashes of light, bangs as people Disapparated and scattered while the protective charms around the Burrow broke down.

Harry pulled his wand out from the sash around his waist with one hand, and grabbed Hermione's hand with the other as they frantically begin searching and shouting for Ron. As they looked around, Harry saw Mrs. Delacour for an instant before she Disapparated and Harry's stomach dropped— though in all the panic and all the adrenaline, he couldn't quite put his finger on why.

Spells flew everywhere as figures in dark cloaks appeared, and Harry and Hermione continued to weave through the crowd until they eventually found Ron, and Hermione grabbed his hand.

As soon as she made contact, Harry looked down to make sure he still had his hand firmly grasped in hers, and then made a double take on the valley of cleavage pressed against his arm, bouncing around as they ducked and dodged.

“Ermione, wait, I—” Harry looked back to the empty spot that Mrs. Delacour had once stood as he felt Hermione turn. In swirl, all light and sight was extinguished, leaving darkness in its place as they squeezed through space and time.