

Christmas Miracle

With a pop, Fleur Apparated just outside of her parents' home in Nice, France. She'd barely had a chance to get her bearings before one of their House Elves appeared next to her, took her trunk with a bow, and disappeared just as quickly as it had arrived. Smiling briefly, she made her way up to the front door.

It opened well before she got there, and she had only a moment to brace herself before Gabrielle crashed into her chest.

"Be careful, Gabby," Fleur said, hugging her sister. "You're not so little anymore."

"Sorry," Gabrielle said. "I missed you."

"I missed you, too," Fleur told her, squeezing her tightly.

She pulled back a few seconds later and smiled down at her sister. Reaching out, she ran her fingers through her golden hair and caressed her cheek. At thirteen, Gabrielle was just starting to become a woman. In no time, she'd have boys clamoring for her attention. If she already didn't.

"How was Beauxbatons?" Fleur asked as they walked through the front door.

"It was fine," Gabrielle shrugged. "Madam Petite thinks I have a future in Enchanting."

"Do what makes you happy," Fleur said with a smile.

"Have you seen Harry?" Gabrielle asked suddenly, coming to a stop.

"I have," Fleur replied, smiling softly. "He's been coming to visit me a few times a week."

"How is he?" Gabrielle asked, her blue eyes sparkling.

"He's good," Fleur smiled.

"That's good," Gabrielle said, her smile shifting to look slightly uncomfortable. "I'm sorry about Bill."

"Don't be," Fleur said, even as her insides twisted. "I should've known better than to marry an Englishman."

"Fleur," Her mother, Apolline, called as she met them in the foyer. "I'm so glad you're here."

Gliding forward, her mother pulled her into a soft embrace. Fleur relaxed and closed her eyes, taking what comfort she could.

"Gabrielle, can you go get Papa?" Apolline asked. "He's down at the vineyard. You know how he loses track of time."

"Okay, maman," Gabrielle said.

Fleur sighed as she pulled back from her mother's hug, knowing what was coming next. There was only one reason she would ask Gabrielle to go get her father instead of sending one of the House Elves.

Might as well get it over with, she thought to herself.

“Come,” Apolline said, placing her hand on the small of Fleur’s back and guiding her into the living room. “We’ve got a new wine you should try.”

Fleur allowed her mother to guide her into the house and looked around at all the Christmas decorations. Silver garland decorated the railing and banister of the second-floor landing. A large Christmas tree sat in the corner of the living room, looking only partially decorated. Seeing the box of ornaments she’d made as a child sitting under it, she smiled at the continuation of their old tradition. A few stray Fairies flew around near the top, making nests out of the spruce branches.

Her mother wasn’t fond of having Fairies inside their home. She only allowed it because, at six, Gabrielle had discovered one hiding in their tree and begged her mother to let it stay. Since then, Gabrielle had brought home a few and let them stay in the tree until it came down. Fleur sighed as she sat down on the couch, remembering happier times.

“I think you’ll like this,” Apolline said, picking up an unlabeled wine bottle and pouring two glasses. “Those new grapes your father bought were well worth the cost.”

“Have you told him that yet?” Fleur asked with a smirk as she raised the glass to her lips.

Her mother had complained for weeks about her father spending so much on new grapevines when the ones they had were perfectly fine.

“Of course not,” Apolline smiled before taking a sip. “What do you think?”

“Very good,” Fleur replied, licking her lips. “Papa knows his wine.”

“He does,” her mother agreed. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not really,” Fleur sighed, shaking her head.

"It will help," Apolline said, giving her a firm look. "You told us you were getting divorced, but not why."

"It just didn't feel like we were married," Fleur sighed. "William would go on expeditions for weeks or months at a time. It felt like we hardly saw each other. I felt like he was choosing his career over me. After the last fight we had, I thought it best to cut our losses."

"What was the fight about?" Apolline asked.

"Kids," Fleur replied. "I want at least one, but William wanted to wait a few more years. It was one of many things we disagreed on."

"I'm sorry," her mother said, reaching over to squeeze her hand gently. "You two always looked so happy together. I wish you'd talked to me about this sooner."

"We were happy together," Fleur told her. "I think it was because he was gone so often that we put our problems aside and just enjoyed our time together."

"Is there no chance of saving it?" Apolline asked.

"No," Fleur said, shaking her head. "William has made it clear he won't quit his job, and I don't want to wait at home, hoping to see my husband a few weeks out of the year. I'd hoped we could work and travel together, but Gringotts won't allow it."

"Well, you know how Goblins hate to see anything that makes humans happy," Apolline joked. "I heard you talking to Gabrielle. You said Harry has been visiting you?"

"Yes," Fleur smiled. "William announced our divorce to his parents over dinner while he was there. Of course, he left for Egypt the next day to get away from his mother. The rest of the Weasleys don't talk to me much, but Harry came to see me the next day. He thinks he's taking care of me."

“He thinks?” Apolline asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I think I’m the one helping him,” Fleur said, her smile fading into a frown. “He’s not the same as he was. There’s a part of him that’s broken, and no one knows how to help him. Even Hermione doesn’t know what to do. It’s like a part of him has died.”

Fleur shivered slightly as she thought back to the dead, emotionless look she’d seen in his normally bright green eyes from time to time.

“That’s to be expected,” Apolline told her. “He’s just got done fighting a horrible war. He’s lost friends, his mentor, and the last connections to his parents. I’d be more surprised if he was acting fine. Your grandmother said your grandfather was much the same after the war with Grindelwald.”

“How did she help him?” Fleur asked eagerly.

“It took many years and a lot of love, and even then, he still had his moments,” Apolline replied, smiling softly. “Something like that never truly goes away. Maman just did what she could to help soothe the pain.”

Fleur nodded thoughtfully. Of course, the idea of dating Harry had crossed her mind. When he’d first started to visit regularly, she wondered if he was just hoping to swoop in now that she and William were no longer together. She knew he was better than that, but the thought still came. Years of dealing with less scrupulous men had ingrained that in her. It had taken a couple of weeks to realize that he was coming as much to help himself as to help her. Even if he didn’t realize it.

While his friends were moving on with their lives, Harry still struggled to come to terms with the fact that he was still alive. He’d confessed that he never expected to survive the war. Now that he had, he had no idea what to do with his life. The pain and losses he’d suffered weighed him down like an anchor. Even becoming an Auror, his dream for many years, no longer held the

same appeal that it had as a teen. Harry did the job because it was what was expected of him, not because he truly wanted to do it.

Privately, Fleur thought it was only a matter of time before the Ministry got back to its old, corrupt ways, and he quit in protest. He was no longer willing to compromise his morals for anything. Already, he'd refused a few orders he'd been given. It was only his close friendship with the new Minister, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and his fame that kept the Ministry from firing him.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the back door opened, and Gabrielle and her father, Jean, came inside, laughing and giggling. Fleur smiled, and her mother sighed when they saw Gabrielle had two more Fairies fluttering after her.

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Over the next few days leading up to Christmas, Fleur spent her days celebrating and reminiscing with her family. It was a welcome escape from the problems in her life. At night, she had no such escape.

Lying in her childhood bed, she stayed awake late into the night, thinking back on the decisions that had brought her to the point she was at now. More and more, she wished she'd taken the time to get to know Harry better back during the Tournament. Before his life, and Britain, had descended into insanity.

A part of her wanted to sit down with him when she got back home and see if there was anything between them. But another part wondered if it was too late. She'd known him for years, but it was only recently that they'd become close. Hearing about how alone and defeated he'd felt, she dearly wished she could go back and do things differently.

As Fleur fell asleep on the night of Christmas Eve, her thoughts turned to how Harry was with Teddy, his Godson. She thought he could make an excellent father one day, and as she drifted into dreams, the dark-haired infant morphed into a blonde-haired girl with bright green eyes and a lopsided grin.

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“Psst.”

“Mmh, it’s too early, Gabrielle,” Fleur said, pulling the covers over her face.

“Hey, wake up. It’s time for your present.”

Fleur’s eyes fluttered open as her sleep-addled mind slowly registered that the person speaking was doing so in English and didn’t sound like anyone she knew. Furrowing her brow and rolling over, she found a young woman with long brown hair, a pretty face, and rosy cheeks. A small dimple formed on her left cheek from her bright smile. Her outfit was a scandalously short red felt dress with white fur lining.

“Oo are you?” Fleur asked aggressively, sitting up and slipping her hand under her pillow to grip her wand. “Ow did you get in ‘ere?”

“Hi, I’m Sandy. Sandy Clause,” the young woman said brightly. “I’m here to give you your Christmas Present. Usually, I just leave them under the tree, but this one’s a bit special, so I need you to be awake.”

“What?” Fleur asked, furrowing her brow in confusion.

“Sorry, I can’t say more than that,” Sandy said, smiling and tapping the side of her nose with her finger. “It would ruin the surprise.”

Lifting her other hand, Sandy opened it to reveal a pile of red, glittering dust. Before Fleur could react, she pursed her lips and blew, sending it straight into her face. She waved her hand in front of her face to try and clear the air, but still got some in her nose when she inhaled.

“Achoo,” Fleur sneezed.

One moment, she was sitting in her childhood room in France, and when she opened her eyes, Fleur found herself staring into a mirror. Turning, she found she was no longer in her bed, but now she was sitting in a chair. And if she wasn't mistaken, she was in the room she'd used in the Beauxbatons carriage during the Tournament. When she turned back to the mirror, she really took in her appearance.

Fleur was wearing the same silver robes she'd worn to the Yule ball, and though the change was minimal, she even looked a few years younger.

“Merde,” she said, staring at herself in shock.

Seeing a flash of red over her shoulder, she spun around and gaped at Sandy, who grinned and bounced on her toes with barely held excitement.

“You wanted a chance to get to know Harry sooner, so now you do,” Sandy told her, her blue eyes twinkling. “Happy Christmas!”

Fleur blinked, and the girl was gone before she could think of what to say. Turning back around, she stared at her own flabbergasted face in the mirror, her thoughts a jumbled mess.

“I hated ze Ball,” she groaned after a moment, dropping her head into her hands.

She was still sitting like that a few minutes later, during which time she tried to come to terms with where and when she was when there was a knock at her door.

“Fleur, are you almost ready?” her friend Suzette called. “Madam Maxime wants us to go together.”

“I’ll be right there,” Fleur called back.

Sighing, she sat up straight and fixed her hair.

“If I ‘ave to do zhis over again, zhen I will do it right,” she said to herself.

Fleur stood and made her way to the door. Seeing all of her old friends brought a smile to her face. It had been months since she’d last seen her closest friends, Suzette and Marie. Both had gotten married and had kids, severely limiting the times they could get away to see her, even when she was in France.

“You look great,” Suzette grinned, running her fingers over the material of her robes. “And I’m so jealous you got Acromantual silk robes.”

“I wish it was warmer,” Fleur said, shivering slightly.

How did I let William convince me to stay in England, she wondered to herself.

“Here,” Marie said, casting a Warming Charm over her.

Fleur sighed in relief and smiled.

“Merci,” she said to her red-haired friend.

Just then, Madam Maxime, after making sure everyone was there, led them up to the castle. Fleur was especially grateful for the Warming Charm as they trekked up the path to the school, which was thankfully cleared of snow. The castle was much warmer, even though the doors were open, so she removed the charm as she looked around.

Spotting Harry talking to Cedric, she smiled brightly. If she could, she'd have to try and save him. Perhaps she could somehow warn Harry about the cup. Making her way over to them, she stopped a moment later when a tall, handsome blonde stood in her way. Glancing up at his face, she frowned when she found his eyes glued to her chest before making their way up to her face. With how fast everything had happened, she'd completely forgotten that Harry wasn't her date to the Ball.

"Hi," the boy said, running a hand through his hair.

"Bonjour, Robert," Fleur said, forcing a small smile.

"Uh, it's Roger," he corrected her blushing.

"Ah," she said, biting back a laugh. "Sorry, my Eenglish is not good. Zhey names sound so similar."

A touch of her Allure was all it took to have the boy so addled he simply nodded along. She hadn't intended to affect him that much, but he seemed more susceptible than she remembered. While he was busy staring at her chest, Fleur glanced back over at Harry. He was taking a moment to talk to Hermione, rightfully gaping at the sudden change in her appearance.

She really was a beautiful woman. It was just too bad she didn't try to show it off more often.

As she was trying to think of a way to kindly get rid of Roger so she could spend more time with Harry, Professor McGonagall arrived and gathered them together. Walking into the Great Hall, she couldn't help but glance back at Harry and notice how uncomfortable he looked with the situation. He truly didn't want to be there. The girl on his arm, however, was grinning and waving to all of her friends, completely ignorant of her date's feelings.

Dinner was rather boring, with the exception of Dumbledore's amusing anecdotes. She'd stopped pushing her Allure towards Roger, but he was still addled throughout the meal. He barely touched his food and stared longingly at her. Fleur knew it wasn't his fault he was so susceptible to the Allure, but it was still annoying.

She thought about trying to talk to Harry, but between his date and Bagman, she just couldn't get a word in edgewise. After a moment of thought, she decided to wait until after the first dance. She didn't know much about Harry's night – it wasn't something they'd ever talked about in detail – but she knew it hadn't been an enjoyable experience for him.

When the meal came to an end, Fleur had to practically pull Roger onto the dance floor. He was so busy staring at her, his mouth gaped open slightly; that he completely missed the music starting. Getting into position, she led him around the dance floor while trying to keep an eye on Harry.

Quickly, she realized why he might not have enjoyed the Ball. He wasn't a terrible dancer; he was just inexperienced. Combine that with a desire to not be there in the first place, and any boy would have a bad time. It seemed like every aspect of this Tournament was designed by fate to make Harry as miserable as possible.

Her heart truly went out to the poor boy.

Knowing what she did about him now, she knew exactly why Harry appeared to be so uncomfortable in these situations at eighteen. He spent his whole life being sheltered and pushed from one abuser to another. First, the Dursleys, then Snape and the Slytherins, and even Dumbledore, to an extent.

But his classmates didn't know that. They all saw him as something different. None of them, save Hermione and Ron, knew the truth about his life.

And now me, she thought, spinning gracefully to get another look at him.

Eventually, the dance came to an end, and the rest of the students started to step out onto the dance floor. Unsurprisingly, Harry took his leave as soon as he could. His date didn't look too happy but followed after him. She spotted him and Ron sitting at a table in the back a moment later, staring at the dance floor morosely.

Fleur danced with Roger for one more song before an idea came to her.

"Zhank you for zhe lovely evening, Roger," she said.

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the cheek and hit him with her full Allure, careful not to let it go too far to affect anyone else. When she pulled back, his eyes were glassed over. Fleur didn't like doing things like this, but it was a trick all Veela had to learn. With enough exposure to the Allure, all but the strongest of men would do anything you told them to.

"Go back to your dorm and wait for me," she whispered in her most seductive voice.

Roger nodded like an overeager puppy and practically fled from the room, his hand holding his outer robes over his groin. Fleur sighed, feeling a little bad as she watched him leave. Just not bad enough to go after him. It was a small sacrifice on his part to help improve Harry's life. Albeit one he didn't know he was making.

Turning back to the table Harry and Ron were at, she watched as two Durmstrang boys left with their dates. Harry didn't look affected at all, while Ron scowled before turning to glare at Hermione. Fleur nearly laughed at the sight. The two of them had dated for all of two months before it imploded, nearly destroying their friendship in the process.

Turning her focus to Harry, Fleur realized just how morose and tired he looked. For just a moment, she saw the Harry that had visited her just a week earlier, staring broodingly into his morning coffee before looking up at her and plastering a smile on his face.

Always trying to hide his pain, she thought. Not that he was ever good at it.

No matter how hard he tried, it was always easy to see what Harry was thinking. Hermione called him a bad liar, but Fleur thought it had more to do with his eyes. They were just too expressive and gave him away every time.

Smiling to herself, Fleur knew exactly what to do. Grabbing two glasses of punch from the table, she walked over to his table. Harry didn't notice her approach at first, but Ron certainly did. He managed to pull his eyes away from Hermione and gawped at her like a Neanderthal. Only Harry nudging his shoulder questioningly stopped him from drooling. Finally, he looked around and spotted her.

"Bonjour," Fleur smiled. "Are you enjoying ze Ball?"

"It's been great!" Ron exclaimed before Harry could answer. "Do you want to dance?"

"Maybe later," Fleur told him.

Just a touch of her Allure caused him to gurgle and go mute, his face and ears reddening. Harry looked at him quizzically, probably worried he'd choked on his own tongue.

"What about you, 'Arry?" she asked.

"Er, I'm not really fond of dancing," he admitted.

"Good," Fleur smiled. "Then would you take a walk wiz me. I 'ave always wanted to explore ze castle. Would you mind showing me around?"

Harry looked at her curiously and a bit suspiciously. That was fair, given that she'd never really sought out his company before.

"What about the Ball?" he asked.

"I'm not interested," she told him with a smile. "I could not find ze right date to bring. It ruins ze experience, non?"

"I guess," Harry shrugged. "Er, sure. I can show you around."

"Merci," Fleur said, smiling brightly, and handed him a glass of punch.

"Ron?" Harry asked, turning back to his friend.

Ron gurgled, his face starting to turn purple.

"It's probably best eef 'e stays 'ere," Fleur told him. "Some men are affected by ze Allure more zhan ozzers."

"Oh," Harry said as she looped her arm through his and started leading him away. "So, you're a Veela then?"

"Oui. You didn't know?" she asked, surprised.

"I don't trust rumors," Harry shrugged.

Fleur smiled as they exited the Great Hall and paused.

"So, what do you want to see first?" he asked.

"What's ze closest interesting place?" she asked in return.

“The closest? Probably the kitchens,” Harry said.

“Zen lead ze way,” Fleur smiled.

He led them past the grand staircase and down a narrow, almost hidden, passage and down a flight of spiral steps. Now that they were further away from the other students, Fleur relaxed.

“So, where are you taking me?” she asked, smiling softly.

“The kitchens,” Harry said. “It’s also right next to the Hufflepuff dorms. I figured it was a good place to start.”

Oddly, he stopped in front of a painting of a bowl of fruit. Reaching out, he ticked the pear, and it actually giggled. Fleur stared incredulously as it jumped out of the way, revealing a door handle.

“Non,” she gasped, giggling into her hand. “Please, tell me zat is not ‘ow you open zat door.”

“Er, yeah. Why?” Harry asked, looking slightly embarrassed.

That look caused her to laugh out loud.

“I’m sorry,” she said through her giggles. “It’s just – it’s like somezhing my seester would come up wiz.”

“Oh,” Harry said, smiling ruefully. “How old is she?”

“Eight,” Fleur smiled.

Harry looked back at the door and chuckled.

“I suppose it does look like something that an eight-year-old would come up with,” he admitted. “I think that’s kind of why I love this castle. It helps you stay a kid for just a bit longer.”

Fleur's smile softened as he opened the door. Most girls would have taken that as a statement about his own maturity, but she knew it was the opposite. Harry had been forced to grow up far too soon, and this castle helped him forget about that for just a little while.

At least until his next life or death struggle or battle with evil incarnate.

“Harry Potter, sir!”

Fleur looked down as the most oddly dressed House Elf she’d ever seen came racing up to Harry and hugged him around the knees. It took her a moment to recognize him, but her heart leapt into her throat when she did. Of course, she knew his name. It was on the headstone in her garden.

Dobby.

She still remembered the way Harry had spent hours on the beach, digging his grave by hand, outright refusing to use magic. All to, in some small way, honor the House Elf who had saved their lives at the cost of his own.

“Hey, Dobby,” Harry smiled. “I just came by to show Fleur the kitchens. She felt like exploring a bit.”

“Oh, hello, miss,” Dobby said, letting go of Harry’s legs and grinning up at her.

“Ello, Dobby,” Fleur smiled, happy to see him alive and well and not just a name etched into marble.

“This is the place to come if you ever get hungry,” Harry grinned. “The last time I told them I was a bit peckish, they gave me a whole roast pig.”

Fleur giggled as she watched Dobby blush and smile guiltily.

“So, ‘ow did you two meet?” she asked, having deliberately avoided the subject before.

“Long story,” Harry said, sharing a grin with the House Elf.

“I ‘ave time,” Fleur told him.

“Well,” he said, drawing out the word.

Harry looked down at Dobby, who shrugged.

“It all started in the Summer before my second year. My uncle was having dinner with a client...”

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“And then Dobby snaps his fingers and sends him flying down the hall,” Harry grinned. “Lucius Malfoy, defeated by a House Elf. It was brilliant.”

Fleur laughed as Dobby blushed and pulled his ears over his face.

“I was only protecting Harry Potter, sir,” he squeaked.

“And I’m glad you did,” Harry smiled. “I had no idea what curse he was trying to use until a few weeks ago.”

“What was it?” Fleur asked, taking a bite of the cheese one of the other House Elves had brought over to their table.

“The Killing Curse,” Harry shrugged.

“What!?” Fleur exclaimed, choking slightly when she swallowed wrong. “E tried to kill you!?”

“I’m pretty sure the whole family is just plain evil,” he said, to which Dobby nodded fervently. “Anyways, if you want to explore more, we should get going.”

“Oui,” Fleur said, realizing that was his way of getting out of talking about something too personal right now. “Zank you, Dobby.”

“Yous welcome, Miss Fleur,” he replied with a smile. “If you want, Dobby can make more Frenchy foods for you at dinner.”

“I would like zat,” Fleur smiled.

Leaning down, she kissed the top of his head. Immediately, Dobby went bright red in the cheeks, and the tips of his ears flapped. Giggling, she linked her arm through Harry’s and led him back out into the hall.

“Where do you want to go now?” Harry asked curiously.

“Surprise me,” Fleur said.

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Over the next couple of hours, Harry showed her more of Hogwarts and its inhabitants than she could have imagined. He even opened up a bit more, weaving tales of midnight duels, useless Defense teachers, Deathday parties, and encounters with Filch.

She was grateful his stories stayed on the lighter side. Everyone he was close to knew the truth about all the bad stuff that happened to him. Hermione had taken the time to fill in most of it for them. It showed a mischievous, adventurous side that she had never really seen in him before.

Fleur really liked seeing that side of him.

“There you are.”

Stopping, Harry and Fleur looked down the hall as Marie and Suzette marched towards them, wide, knowing smiles on their faces. It took her only a moment to realize what they were thinking. She and Harry were talking and laughing, their arms linked, and his robes were covering her shoulders, keeping her warm. Fleur could only hope they didn't tease him too badly.

“We were wondering where you went off to,” Suzette said with a quick, pointed look at Harry. “We thought you'd snuck off somewhere with your date.”

“E couldn't handle ze Allure,” Fleur told her. “Arry was just showing me ze castle.”

“Not a tour of the broom cupboards, was it?” Marie asked with a giggle.

“Non,” Fleur said, giving her a pointed look.

“Broom cupboards?” Harry asked, looking confused. “Why would I want to show her those?”

Marie and Suzette giggled loudly, but Fleur looked at him curiously. He had to know what people got up to in broom cupboards. There was no way he was that innocent, especially with his penchant for finding out things he shouldn't.

“Come on, 'Arry,” Marie said, smiling flirtatiously. “Even we know what students do in there. We passed three of them trying to find Fleur.”

“One girl was 'aving a very good night,” Suzette grinned.

“Really?” Harry asked with a snort. “Amateurs. Why would you do that in a broom cupboard when this castle has tons of unused bedrooms? I showed Fleur two in the last couple of hours.”

Fleur gaped at him. Not a word of what he said was a lie, either. There was a beat of stunned silence before Suzette and Marie laughed loudly. Fleur couldn't hold it in any longer and burst out laughing with them. It was just so unexpected from him that she almost couldn't believe he would say something like that. Harry chuckled and turned to Fleur as they calmed.

“Sorry,” he said. “I know I shouldn't joke about stuff like that.”

“Don't be,” Fleur smiled, squeezing his arm.

“So, are you two coming back to the Ball?” Suzette asked.

“I think we're going to wander around a leetle more,” Fleur replied, looking at Harry, who shrugged.

“We can go with your friends if you want,” he offered.

“That’s alright,” Fleur smiled. “I’m sure I’ll hear all about zere dates tomorrow.”

When Marie and Suzette giggled, she realized how that might have sounded. Pouting, she huffed and stuck her chin in the air while wrapping herself further around Harry’s arm.

“Ave fun,” Marie said, turning to head back the way she came.

“Don’t visit too many bedrooms,” Suzette called back with a wink.

Harry sighed, “I’m going to regret making that joke, aren’t I?”

“Oui,” Fleur grinned.

Smiling, he shook his head as they resumed their walk through the castle. The only downside of the night was her shoes. She dearly wished she’d chosen something a bit more comfortable to walk around in. That, and with just stockings to cover her feet, they were getting quite cold. Despite that, Fleur ignored her discomfort and continued on.

“What’s in zis part of ze castle?” Fleur asked as they wandered into a place she’d never been to before.

“This is the third-floor corridor,” Harry said. “It’s pretty much abandoned, but they did keep a giant three-headed dog here during my first year.”

Fleur looked at him and arched her brow.

“Long story,” Harry said, smiling slightly.

Fleur nodded and hugged his arm, letting her hand slip into his for the first time. She knew the tale, just as she knew that he would open up to her when he was ready. And if she were honest with herself, a part of her was glad he wasn't getting into his worst experiences yet. This night had been far too enjoyable to get into anything that heavy now.

"You know, besides that, we never really explored this area much," he said with a smile. "You want to look around and see what we can find?"

Fleur smiled and pulled him by the hand over to the first door they reached. Turning the handle, they found an unused classroom, only a few faded posters revealing it had been used as a Charms classroom at one point.

"I'm a leetle disappointed," Fleur teased. "After all of your stories, I expected somezhing... more interesting."

"I bet if we moved that desk, we could stir up a horde of Dust Bunnies," Harry smirked.

"Did zat Lockhart teach you how to handle zem?" she replied, closing the door and leading him to the next.

"He didn't mention it, but I can guess what he'd do," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "He'd make up a spell that didn't work and get overrun in about four seconds. Then, he'd write a best-selling book about how he single-handedly stopped the Great Dusty Bunny plague."

"Maybe we'll get lucky and zey will carry 'im off," Fleur joked.

Harry snorted, "Now there's a thought."

Giggling, Fleur opened the next door. It led to what surely had been the private quarters of some professor. There was a small living room with two open doors. One led to a bathroom, and

the other led to a bathroom. Some old furniture remained, but there were no decorations or personal effects to give them an idea of who had stayed there.

“Ave you ever been inside a professor’s quarters?” Fleur asked.

“Can’t say I have,” Harry admitted.

Grinning, Fleur tugged him inside and closed the door behind her.

“It feels slightly naughty, non?” she asked with a flirtatious smile.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said, blushing lightly.

Smiling widely, Fleur towed him by the hand as she snooped around. Unfortunately, there was nothing interesting to find. Likely, even if the professor had left something behind, the House Elves would have cleaned it up after they left. She really wanted to see that Room of Requirement that Harry had told her about, but he wouldn’t know about that for another couple of years.

Eventually, she dragged him into the bedroom, where only a bed, a single nightstand, and a small fireplace remained. Taking out her wand, Fleur lit a fire and sighed as the warmth washed over her. As nice as Harry’s robes were, they didn’t cover all of her.

“Do you mind if I warm up a leetle?” she asked, taking a seat on the bed.

“Course not,” Harry said.

Smiling, Fleur sat down on the bed and took off her high heels to rub her feet through her black stockings. As the room filled with heat, she shrugged off Harry’s robe and set it on the bed next to her.

“You know, you’re a lot different than I expected,” Harry said, taking a seat next to her. “Especially after what happened after the Goblet spat my name out.”

“I’m sorry,” Fleur said earnestly.

She’d always regretted the way she’d acted towards him the first time they met, especially after he risked his place in the Tournament, if not his life, to rescue Gabrielle. That she called him a little boy, only to go on to lose to him in all three tasks, had stung her pride a bit. In every way, Harry had been better than her during the Tournament.

In fact, it was his treatment of her, even after her insults, that forced her to take a long look at herself and grow up.

“It’s fine,” Harry said, waving off her apology. “I’m just curious about what changed.”

Fleur bit her lips as she thought about what to say.

“I’ve ‘ad a long time to think about it,” she said finally. “I was just angry I ‘ad one more person to compete against. I shouldn’t ‘ave taken that out on you. I know you didn’t enter yourself.”

“Really?” Harry asked, surprised and hopeful.

“Oui,” Fleur smiled. “I know you don’t want to be in this Tournament.”

Harry relaxed like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders and smiled.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

Smiling back, Fleur scooted closer to him and leaned in. Harry stiffened, his eyes going so wide she nearly laughed as she pressed her lips to his. For the first few seconds, he was unresponsive, shocked into stillness. Gradually, as she continued to kiss him, he relaxed and started kissing her back. He was clearly inexperienced, but as with most things in life, Harry learned quickly.

Fleur pushed him onto his back, following him down as she threw her leg over him and straddled his waist. Harry's hands wrapped around her, caressing her back softly. They stayed like that for several moments, kissing heatedly. Despite his excitement, which she could feel pressing against her thigh, Harry seemed too nervous to go further.

Grabbing one of his hands, Fleur moved it down to her bum. When he gave it a squeeze, she moaned into his mouth and ground against his erection. Harry inhaled sharply and pulled his lips from hers to groan. Grinning salaciously, she pushed herself up on her arms, deliberately giving him a tantalizing view of her cleavage, and ground down on him again. He bucked his hips up instinctively, his hand groping her bum over her thin, silky robes.

"Do you know much about Veela, 'Arry?" Fleur asked, rolling her hips gently.

"Er," Harry blinked. "Not really."

"Most of ze books 'ere say we are insatiable 'ores that need sex, but zat is not true," she said, leaning down to kiss his neck. "Most of us are very picky about who we sleep wiz."

Giving his ear a teasing nibble, Fleur sat up, trapping his excitement under her bum and drawing a groan from his lips. With an almost predatory smile, she reached behind her back and tugged the tie holding her robes together at the back of her neck. The silver silk flowed off of her body like water, revealing her black lingerie underneath. Harry throbbed excitedly as he took in her delicate and fancy bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings.

Fleur grabbed her robes and tossed them to the side, grinning at his expression. She might have thought the extra enchantments woven into her robes were a waste the first time around, but for Harry, it was well worth it.

Moving his eyes back up to hers, he caressed the bare skin of her derriere softly, almost hesitantly. With an encouraging smile, Fleur leaned down and kissed him passionately while moving his other hand to her breast. His thumb grazed her swollen nipple, sending a shiver down her spine.

“I want you,” she murmured against his lips.

Gripping his dress shirt in both hands, Fleur yanked, tearing it open. Harry swallowed nervously and quickly reached up to remove his bow tie. Slithering down his body, she laid a trail of kisses down his abs, her nails raking lightly over his chest. She slid right off the end of the bed and down onto her knees before working on his belt. Harry sat up, his arms supporting his weight as he stared at her.

Fleur yanked his trousers down to his thighs, his erection grazing her cheek as it sprang free.

“Ooh la la,” she whispered, wrapping her fingers around his long, thick shaft.

Harry throbbed and groaned as she stroked him lightly. She was almost certain this was his first time and knew that he wouldn't last long. But that was okay. He was young, she was a Veela, and they had time.

Keeping her eyes locked with his, Fleur licked his lips and kissed his red, engorged head. Harry gasped, pulsating in her hand as excitement leaked from his tip. Parting her ruby-red lips, she swallowed the first few inches and swirled her tongue around him slowly.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped, eyes wide.

Fleur descended, only stopping when he tapped the back of her throat. Even then, half of his length still remained exposed. Ungulating her tongue a few times against the underside of his shaft, she sealed her lips tightly and sucked hard as she slowly pulled back up to the tip.

“Fleur,” Harry panted in warning.

Holding his astonished gaze, she bobbed her head up and down quickly, her hand stroking the parts her lips couldn't reach. In moments, Harry was gasping for breath as his shaft pulsed and swelled. Fleur sucked hard just as he erupted, drawing a strangled groan from his lips. She swallowed everything he unloaded onto her tongue, her own excitement growing as she rubbed her thighs together.

Closing his eyes, Harry let out a sigh and fell onto his back, a blissful expression on his face. Fleur let him slip out of her mouth and crawled back onto the bed over him.

“That was amazing,” Harry said.

“Zat was just ze beginning,” Fleur replied with a grin.

Reaching behind her back, she unclasped her bra and tossed it on top of her robes. Harry stared at her large, perfectly shaped breasts. Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her chest. He didn't hesitate to squeeze them softly, his movements eager but unsure. While he was captivated by her breasts, Fleur gave her panties a tug near the back and pulled them off of her body. She smirked when Harry looked up at her sharply, feeling her damp heat pressed against his rapidly re-hardening shaft.

Yes, those enchantments were definitely worth it, she thought.

Fleur rolled her hips and ground herself against him until he was throbbing needily against her folds. Lifting herself up, she lined him up with her entrance and sank down with a long, low moan.

“So beeg,” she groaned, bracing her hands on his chest.

Harry gasped, his eyes riveted to the sight of her tight folds slowly engulfing his impressive length. When she finally took all of him, Fleur wiggled her hips, luxuriating in the feeling of being filled for the first time in months.

“Merlin, Fleur,” Harry gasped. “You’re incredible.”

“And I’m all yours, mon amour,” Fleur said, rolling her hips.

Biting her lip, she started bouncing up and down. Unconsciously, she relaxed her control of her Allure. It flooded the room, making Harry even harder. While he kept control of his mind, it did cause him to relax his inhibitions. Gazing up at her lustfully, he squeezed her breasts roughly and pinched her nipples. Fleur moaned, riding him faster and more aggressively.

“Oui,” she gasped.

Sliding his hands down to her hips, Harry started pulling her down to meet his upward thrusts. She gasped and moaned as he plunged into her even more deeply, hitting spots never touched by anyone else. His eyes feasted on her breasts as they bounced alluringly above him, dancing to the beat of their hips.

Fleur shook, letting out a trembling moan as she felt herself rushing rapidly towards climax. With a loud cry, she collapsed against his chest, shaking and moaning as stars burst in her vision. A wet, raunchy sound filled the room as Harry continued to thrust up into her, his hands gripping her bum tightly.

Suddenly, she found herself on her back and came back to reality just as he pulled his hips back and then speared into her depths. Fleur arched her back as the nerve endings in her core were set on fire. Gasping for breath, she realized what had happened. During her climax, she’d focused all of her Allure on Harry, wrapping him up in it like a blanket of lust.

Glancing at his face, she was happy to see his green eyes staring at her with a clear, though lustful, gaze.

Harry plunged into her depths again, drawing a gasp from her lips as he pounded into her with barely restrained desperation. It was the most overwhelming sexual feeling she'd experienced in her life, and she couldn't get enough of it. Fleur grabbed both of his cheeks, her mouth hanging open as she panted and focused her full Allure on him.

"Fuck me," she demanded.

With a growl, Harry claimed her lips in an aggressive, domineering kiss. A heartbeat later, Fleur was being pounded into the mattress with hard, rapid thrusts. Ripping her lips away from his, she gasped, head tilted back as her mouth hung open in a silent scream. She could barely keep the air in her lungs as she built to a second, more powerful peak. Each hammering thrust from Harry sent her higher and higher with no end in sight. With every beat of her heart, she expected to tumble over the edge, but it never came.

Never before had she let go of her Allure so completely. Not only did it enhance the experience for Harry and lower his inhibitions, it did the same for her.

Just as she thought she might lose her mind from the pleasure she was experiencing, Harry thrust one last time and erupted in her depths. The sudden burst of heat in her core sent her spiraling into a climax that completely blanked her mind. Digging her nails into Harry's back from something to hold onto, Fleur went ridged, her body shaking and trembling uncontrollably. It took several seconds before she even remembered to breathe, sucking in a desperate gasp right before she passed out.

After an indeterminable amount of time, her spectacular peak reached its crest, and she started to come down. Holding Harry tightly, arms and legs trapping him in place, she kissed his neck and shoulders tenderly.

"Sorry," Harry muttered breathlessly. "I don't know what came over me."

"It was ze Allure," Fleur told him.

Lifting his face, she kissed him passionately and smiled.

“And never apologize for giving me ze best orgasm of my life,” she said.

Harry lifted his eyebrows in surprise, and Fleur chuckled at his expression. Reaching for her robes, she pulled out her wand and spelled away the clothes he was still wearing. They landed a few feet away on the floor in a crumpled pile. Setting her wand back down, she rolled Harry over, let him slip out of her, and then laid on top of him, her head pillowed on his chest.

“Rest,” she said with a smile. “I want to do zat again when we wake up.”

Harry blinked a few times and then smiled widely. Kissing the top of her head, he stroked her back gently as Fleur drifted to sleep to the sound of his beating heart.

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When Fleur awoke, she found herself back in her childhood room. For a moment, she wondered if it had just been a wonderful dream, and then she felt the arm around her waist. She didn't need to turn over to know it was Harry. Her memories came so naturally and easily that her old life now felt like a dream.

Before she could think too much, the door opened, and Gabrielle came bounding in.

“Merry Christmas!” she yelled in French, jumping onto the bed.

“Gabby,” Fleur scolded, tightening her hold on the blanket.

“Morning,” Harry mumbled, pulling Fleur tighter against his chest.

“We’ll be down in a minute,” she told her sister with a shooing motion. “Go see if Maman and Papa are awake.”

Smiling brightly, Gabrielle bounced off of the bed and ran from the room, not even bothering to close the door. With a sigh, Fleur closed it with a flick of her wand. Rolling over, she kissed her husband on the lips and slipped out of bed. She smiled as his eyes raked over her naked body.

“Get dressed,” she told him. “You can stare at me later. Gabrielle will be back in a few minutes if we don’t meet ‘er downstairs.”

“I’m up,” Harry said, stretching with a yawn.

Fleur giggled, “I know, I felt it.”

Looking pointedly at the tent he had pitched under the blanket, she turned and walked into the bathroom, her hips swaying seductively.

“Not helping!” Harry called.

Laughing, she closed the door and walked over to the medicine cabinet. Opening it up, she pulled out one of the Muggle pregnancy tests Hermione had gotten for her. The spell had already shown she was pregnant, but Hermione was right. The Muggle tests were easier to put in a present. With a smile, she looked down and ran a hand over her still-flat belly.

She had gotten her Christmas present; now, it was time to show Harry he had gotten his.