

## Chapter 4

Harry looked up for his breakfast when he noticed several of his male classmates take on glassy-eyed expressions and smiled when he spotted Fleur, Aurora, and Nadine. Fleur gave him a beaming smile as she sat down next to him and kissed his cheek while her hand slipped under the table to squeeze his thigh.

They all exchanged greetings, including Ron after Hermione kicked him under the table, and chatted while filling their plates. The Goblet of Fire sat at the front of the hall, its blue flames dancing hypnotically.

Only a couple of minutes into the meal, Roger Davies stood and strode confidently up to the Goblet with a piece of parchment in his hand. The entire Great Hall went quiet as they watched him drop the parchment into the flames, the first to enter his name for the Triwizard Tournament.

As Roger turned to walk away, he looked over at Fleur with a confident grin and winked. Harry's hands clenched angrily while glaring at the seventh year until Fleur curled her finger under his chin. With Roger still watching, she turned Harry's head to face her and kissed him deeply.

This was the first time they'd kissed in such a public setting, and the hall broke out into furious whispers. Harry grinned brightly as she pulled apart, neither of them noticing Roger stomping back to the Ravenclaw table with a scowl.

"Fleur, do you want to go enter our names now?" Aurora asked, her voice pulling Harry and Fleur out of their own little world as they stared at each other.

"After we finished eating," Fleur replied, then turned back to Harry. "Do any of you plan to enter?"

"I am," Ron said, staring off into the distance with a small smile on his lips.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "Ron, this tournament is dangerous. The last time it was held, all three champions and two dozen spectators were killed by a Cockatrice."

"Eet will be much safer zhis time," Fleur assured her. "My Fazzer works for ze Ministry and 'e 'elped checked ze tasks for safety before Beauxbatons agreed to join. Zis will be nozhing like tournaments in ze past."

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Oui," Fleur said with a smile. "My Fazzer and Madame Maxime refused to take part unless zey ensure no one would die. Zis tournament will be a test of skill, knowledge, and power. Not a blood sport."

"Thank God," Hermione muttered.

"Will you be entering?" Fleur asked, glancing between Harry and Hermione.

Harry shared a look with his best friend and could see that even she was considering entering her name now that she knew it wouldn't be nearly as dangerous as they thought.

"I was thinking about it," Harry admitted. "It'd be nice to be known for something I actually accomplished instead of being famous for something my mum did and I don't even remember."

"I don't know, Harry," Hermione said. "We're still only fourth years. Wouldn't it be more likely for the Goblet to choose someone older?"

"Hey, we took on a Troll in our first year. You brewed Polyjuice Potion, and we figured out the whole Chamber of Secrets thing in our second year. Then, there was that whole thing with Snuffles and the Dementors last year. We might be younger than most of the people entering, but we've got more experience than the rest of them put together," Harry told her.

“Troll?” Fleur asked curiously.

“Dementors?” Aurora asked.

“It’s a long story,” Hermione said while biting her lip thoughtfully. “Well, I suppose if we’re not ready, then the Goblet won’t pick us anyways.”

“Exactly,” Harry grinned.

Putting her hands in her lap, Hermione stared at her plate, deep in thought. Harry, meanwhile, looked up at the Goblet, his determination growing. He didn’t care about the money or the eternal glory that came with winning the tournament. He just wanted to prove to himself that everything he’d accomplished up to this point hadn’t just been down to luck.

Standing up from the Gryffindor table, Harry reached into his bag and pulled out a quill and parchment. As he signed his name to the corner and tore it off, Fleur smiled next to him and did the same. Standing, she took his hand in hers, and the two of them walked to the Goblet side-by-side.

An older Hufflepuff was just leaving as they paused before it, Fleur squeezing his hand tightly.

“Ready?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur answered determinedly.

Together, they each reached out with opposite hands and dropped their parchment into the Goblet. The blue flames flared as the scraps of parchment caught fire and burned to nothing. Harry let a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding and smiled at Fleur. Smiling back, she pecked him on the lips and led him back to their table. Aurora, Nadine, Rone, and Hermione were all waiting behind them with excited and nervous looks, all of them holding a piece of parchment in their hands.

Harry smiled encouragingly as he and Fleur waited for everyone to put their names in the Goblet. Hermione hesitated the longest before finally dropping the parchment with a huge sigh. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and hugged her to his side as they all walked back to their seat.

For the rest of the meal, they all talked and speculated on what the tasks would be. Near the end of breakfast, Professor McGonagall walked up and stopped behind Harry and Fleur.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Delacour, I need to see both of you in my office when you’re finished,” she said.

“Something wrong, professor?” Harry asked curiously.

“No, Mr. Potter, everything is fine. I’ll tell you more once we’re in my office,” McGonagall told him with a look that told him asking what it was about would not be a good idea.

“We can go now, eef you’re finished,” Fleur offered.

Nodding, Harry and Fleur said goodbye to their friends and followed McGonagall to her office on the second floor. Inside the office, another woman was waiting for them. She looked to be in her later thirties or early forties, had auburn hair that hung down at shoulder length, and a monocle in her right eye.

“This is Amelia Bones. She’s the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement,” McGonagall said as she moved behind her desk.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Delacour,” Madam Bones nodded in greeting. “Please have a seat.”

As Professor McGonagall and Madam Bones took a seat behind the desk, Harry and Fleur sat on the other side. Fleur reached out for his hand, and both of them shared a nervous look.

“No need to worry,” Madam Bones said with a small smile. “Neither of you are in trouble. I’m here to talk to you about the incident at the Quidditch World Cup.”

“Oh,” Harry said, sagging in relief.

“We had hoped to avoid calling you as witnesses, but I’m afraid that’s not possible,” Madam Bones said. “Would the two of you be willing to testify at the trial tomorrow?”

“Of course.” “Oui.” Harry and Fleur answered.

“Excellent,” Madam Bones nodded, making a note on the clipboard on her lap. “The trial for the four wizards that attacked Ms. Delacour will stand trial tomorrow at nine in the morning –”

“Four?” Harry asked when she stopped to take a breath. “What about the fifth one?”

Madam Bones paused and shared a heavy look with McGonagall.

“I thought you had been informed,” Madam Bones said slowly. “I’m sorry to be the one to tell you this, but one of the men, a Robert Chesterfield, didn’t survive. The impact from the tree caused severe internal injuries that resulted in his death.”

Harry felt numb with shock as Fleur tightened her grip on his hand.

“I killed one of them?” he asked softly.

“I’m afraid so,” Madam Bones replied. “Given the fact you injured him while defending Ms. Delacour, you don’t need to worry about charges being pressed. It’s a clear case of self-defense. It might help you to know that his injuries would have been survivable had the others he was

with gotten him prompt medical attention. His co-conspirators left him to die, and we only discovered their identities because you were able to recover their wands.”

Harry nodded and stared down at his lap. Oddly, he didn't feel too bad. He still didn't like the fact that he'd killed someone, but he didn't feel bad that it had happened to a Death Eater who had tried to rape and most likely would have killed Fleur. His biggest worry was how his friends and the rest of the school would react. The school had vilified him during the Chamber of Secrets debacle, and that was only when they thought he was trying to kill people.

Now that he actually had, how would they treat him, he wondered.

Nervously, Harry glanced up at Fleur to see her reaction. As soon as their eyes met, she smiled tenderly and squeezed his hand. His shoulders sagging in relief, Harry sighed and smiled back.

“Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones called, then continued when he was looking at her. “Off the record, What you did was extremely impressive. Taking on five dark wizards, even when you have the element of surprise, is a daunting challenge. Having the presence of mind to take their wands so we could identify them later was brilliant.”

“Honestly, I was just looking for Fleur's wand, and I didn't know who had it, so I just summoned all of them,” Harry admitted. “I was more concerned with getting us out of them before any of them could get up.”

“Still, it was impressive thinking, and I'd say you more than managed that,” Madam Bones smiled. “All of the men that attacked Ms. Delacour were injured by that tree you threw at them. All but one were apprehended while they were still in St. Mungo's.”

Harry's eyebrows rose. He had no idea he'd hurt them so badly.

“Have you thought about becoming an Auror?” she asked.

“Er, not really,” Harry said.

“You certainly have the grades to become one,” Professor McGonagall added, then turned to Madam Bones. “Mr. Potter has always been near the top of the class in Defense, Charms, and Transfigurations. While his Potions grade isn’t as good, I’m confident he could earn a Newt in the subject.”

Harry flushed slightly under the praise while Fleur smiled proudly. Ever since his first year, he had really started to take his studies much more seriously. His grades had improved considerably since then, and he was glad he ended up taking Ancient Runes and Arithmancy over Divinations last year, considering what Ron had told him about the class. He had enough near-death experiences without some fraud predicting his death every class.

“If you’re interested in making it your career, send me an owl when you graduate. I could always use more talented people,” Madam Bones said, to which Harry nodded.

“Thanks,” he said.

“You’re welcome,” Madam Bones nodded. “Now, as I was saying, the trial will start at nine AM sharp. Professor McGonagall will escort you to the Ministry, where the two of you will wait in the stands to be called. All I need you to do is answer any questions you’re asked with the truth. With the evidence we’ve gathered, I’m confident of a quick conviction. Before I go over what questions I plan to ask you, and what questions to expect from the defense, do you have any questions?”

“What are the Death Eaters being charged with?” Harry asked.

Madam Bones’ face took on a pinched expression.

“Firstly, Minister Fudge has decided that they will not be tried as Death Eaters. They’re dark wizards who dressed as Death Eaters to inspire fear in the crowd,” she said.

"You're kidding," Harry exclaimed, then pinched the bridge of his nose. "Idiot," he muttered.

It was telling that neither she nor Professor McGonagall scolded him.

"The *wizards* have been charged with two counts each of assault, kidnapping, and attempted rape," Madam Bones continued. "As well as one count each of inciting a riot, and damage to personal property."

"Ow long with zhey be imprisoned eef zey are convicted?" Fleur asked.

"If convicted on all charges, as we expect, they are looking at anywhere between sixty years to life in Azkaban," Madam Bones replied with a kind look. "I can assure you, these men will not be attacking you or anyone else ever again."

"Zank you," Fleur said with a look of grim satisfaction.

"Anything else?" Madam Bones asked, continuing when Harry and Fleur shook their heads. "Good, here's what you can expect to be asked..."

~~~~~

Harry and Fleur spent another hour and a half going over the questions they would have to answer during the trial before they were released. As soon as they turned the corner, Fleur pinned Harry against the wall and kissed him passionately. They stayed that way for several minutes until they were interrupted by the giggling of a pair of first-year Hufflepuffs.

Smiling at Harry, Fleur took his hand and pulled him towards the library. She thought that was enough for now to make her point. She had absolutely no problem with Harry killing one of those bastards. In fact, he could have slaughtered all of them, and she wouldn't have cared.



He seemed fine now, after having time to think about it, but she resolved to keep an eye on him over the next few days. If it started to look like he was having problems dealing with it, she would just have to show him how grateful she was.

Reaching the library, they spotted Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine. With only one open seat at the table, Fleur smirked as she pushed Harry down into the chair and then plopped herself comfortably in his lap.

“What did Professor McGonagall want?” Hermione asked.

“It was about the trial for those pigs that attacked me and my seester,” Fleur said. “Harry and I need to testify tomorrow morning.”

“Oh,” Hermione said. “Do you need help getting ready? I remember where some of the law books are from when we tried to help Hagrid and Buckbeak.”

“Thanks, Hermione, but we’ll be fine,” Harry smiled gratefully. “Madam Bones already went over everything with us.”

“Good,” Aurora said with a smirk. “Now that you’re here, you can tell us about the Troll. Hermione wouldn’t tell us anything until you got here.”

“I wasn’t sure how much you were comfortable sharing,” Hermione said at Harry’s curious look.

“I don’t mind,” Harry said with a shrug. “Can you put up a Silencing Charm, though? I don’t want someone else listening in.”

Nodding, Hermione cast a couple of Privacy Charms before she began telling them about how she and Harry became friends. What had started as a short tale turned into something much longer when Fleur, along with Aurora and Nadine, asked several questions.

Fleur was astounded by the things that had happened in this school. A Troll, the Philosopher's Stone, a Basilisk, Dementors. It was absurd! And how had the rest of the wizarding world not heard about any of this? The legend of Harry Potter spanned the world. Any one of those incidents should have seen his name on the front page of every newspaper.

Mixed with her incredulity was awe at what Harry and his friends had accomplished. Fleur had known there was something special about Harry the moment she met him, but she'd never expected this. It sounded even crazier than those Harry Potter stories her little sister loved to read, except these were true. She didn't doubt his or Hermione's honesty even for a moment.

Fleur felt like they were leaving out something when they talked about Harry fighting off Dementors just a few months earlier but, seeing the uncomfortable looks on their faces, decided to let it go for now. She would ask him about it later in private.

One thing Fleur was happy about was getting to Harry before Hermione did. She was sure the two would have happily gotten together if she had shown even the slightest interest in him. Then again, with the way the pretty brunette looked at Nadine, she was likely batting for the other team.

Maybe it's time to do a little matchmaking, she thought with a smirk.

~~~~~

The next morning, Harry and Fleur showed up early to Professor McGonagall's office. Harry felt a spike of nervousness as he stepped into the Floo and stumbled out the other side. Tilting his head up, he around the impressive Atrium as cracks of Apparition sounded around him, and hundreds of witches and wizards trudged to their jobs. Behind him, Fleur and McGonagall stepped gracefully out of the Floo.

"This way," McGonagall said, leading the way.

Walking towards a large fountain, Harry snorted derisively as he saw a House Elf, Centaur, and Goblin staring up at a witch and wizard with adoring looks on their faces. Fleur followed his gaze and clucked her tongue.

Continuing past the fountain, they stood in line at a desk with a pair of brass scales sat upon it, and a yawning, portly wizard with thinning hair sat behind it.

“Next,” He called out in a bored tone.

It took several minutes for them to get to the front of the line. The wizard took McGonagall’s wand and placed it on one end of the scales before a strip of parchment slid out of the bottom

“Hawthorn and Dragon heartstring, been in use fifty-seven years?” he asked.

“Yes,” McGonagall replied.

Spiking the piece of paper, he motioned her towards a set of three gold, gleaming elevators along the back wall of the Atrium.

“Next,” he called.

After Harry and Fleur had both gotten their wands registered, they joined Professor McGonagall in line for the elevators. Fleur pressed herself tightly against him as they crammed into the small space with over a dozen others, including a rather large, round wizard with a red face that leered at her.

Fortunately, he didn’t stay long. Getting off on the very next floor.

*“Level seven, Department of Magical Games and Sports,”* A female voice announced.

Harry had to hold back a snort as he watched the wizard try to squeeze out of the elevator, wondering what sport he'd ever played.

They stayed on the elevator for several more levels until they finally reached their destination.

*"Level 2, Department of Magical Law Enforcement,"* the female voice announced.

Harry and Fleur followed Professor McGonagall out of the elevator and into the hall, where Harry was nearly bowled over. Stumbling, he managed to get his balance and hold up the witch with bright purple hair that had run into him.

"Sorry," the witch said.

"Good morning, Ms. Tonks. I see you haven't changed much since your days in Hufflepuff," McGonagall said with a sigh.

"Wotcher, professor," the witch, Tonks, said with a bright smile on her heart-shaped face. "Sorry about running into you. Bones needs these reports, and that arse Wilkins down in records gave me a hard time."

Professor McGonagall pursed her lips when Tonks cursed but didn't reprimand her.

"We were just heading that way ourselves," she said instead. "It's been a while since I've been in this part of the Ministry. Would you mind showing us the way?"

"Sure," Tonks said with a shrug.

They followed her down the hall and past a large room full of cubicles full of witches and wizards, all wearing the same dark blue robes. The room was filled with the loud din of voices as a number of paper airplanes zipped back and forth overhead.

“Congratulations on becoming an Auror, Ms. Tonks. I always knew you had it in you if you took your studies seriously,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Thanks, professor,” Tonks said with a smile. “I almost didn’t make it due to budget cuts, but Mad-Eye forced them to accept me before he retired.”

Tonks finished speaking just as they reached a door on the other side of the room and knocked.

“Enter!” Madam Bones called out.

Tonks opened the door to a surprisingly small, bland office filled with metal filing cabinets along the wall and a large desk in the middle. Considering how big and grand the rest of the Ministry looked, he was surprised the office for a department head was so cramped and plain.

“Here’s those reports you wanted,” Tonks said, handing over a file.

“Thank you,” Madam Bones replied.

Tapping the file she had been working on with her wand, the papers took to the air, separated themselves, and flew to several different filing cabinets that opened and closed themselves once the files were tucked away.

“Oh, good, you’re here,” Madam Bones said, spotting them in the doorway as she took the file from Tonks. “Tonks, do you have anything else you’re doing?”

“I have some paperwork Dawlish wanted me to finish...” Tonks said with a frown.

“He can do it,” Madam Bones said firmly. “We’re heading down to courtroom nine. I want you to act as a guard for Mr. Potter and Ms. Delacour.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks said brightly.

“Do you really think that’s necessary, Amelia?” McGonagall asked.

“I highly doubt it, but I’d rather be safe than sorry,” Madam Bones said with a sigh. “With the recent budget cuts, I’m down to one Auror in each courtroom. Nothing’s happened for years, but I still don’t like it.”

“Why do zey keep cutting ze budget?” Fleur asked curiously.

“Fudge,” Harry answered when the others didn’t. “Apparently, he’s been cutting the DMLE budget for years. I’m guessing he’s using the tournament as an excuse this time.”

The lack of response and grin from Tonks was all the answer they needed. Fleur frowned, shaking her head and muttering something in French.

“Indeed,” Madam Bones said with a tiny quirk of her lips. “Do you two have any questions before we go?”

Harry and Fleur shook their heads.

“Alright, let’s go,” she said.

Making their way out of the office, the group headed back to the elevator. After traveling all the way up, they were now headed right back down, past the Atrium, to basement level ten of the Ministry. When they exited the elevator, Harry immediately noticed everything looked and felt darker. The dark stone walls and narrow hallways had an oppressive feel to them that had the hair at the back of his neck standing on end. Fleur must have felt it too, because she gripped his hand tightly and clutched his bicep.

Tonks looked back, grinned, and gave him a none-too-subtle thumbs up. Harry blushed lightly but smiled as Fleur shook with silent laughter. Those smiles died a moment later when they walked into courtroom nine.

The room was massive, with a tall bench at the back and tiered rows of stone benches in a u-shape along the circular walls. In the middle sat four chairs with thick metal chains attached to the base. It looked nothing like the courtrooms Harry had seen on the telly. He prayed he never ended up on trial in a place like this.

There were already a few people in plum robes that he knew signified they were members of the Wizengamot milling about. They all looked up and watched the group curiously as they entered.

“Why don’t you go find a seat over there,” Madam Bones said, pointing to the right, “while I see how long until we can start”

“Of course,” McGonagall said.

They followed the professor over to the hard, stone bench and took a seat.

“It’s like zey want us to be uncomfortable,” Fleur murmured.

“It helps if you cast a Cushioning Charm,” Tonks told her.

“Merci,” Fleur said,

Tapping her wand on the bench, she smiled as the stone became much softer and more comfortable.

“Hey, Tonks,” Harry said. “What’s it like being an Auror?”

“Thinking about joining?” Tonks asked with a grin.

“Madam Bones thought it might be a good career for me,” Harry shrugged.

“Well, you’ve already helped arrest more dark wizards than most of the people I went through training with,” Tonks said. “The paperwork sucks, there’s a lot of politics, which I hate, and the pay isn’t great, but I’m glad I made. Being able to help people is worth all the shit you have to put up with.”

“Language,” Professor McGonagall scolded her.

“Sorry,” Tonks said with a grin.

Tonks spent a little longer telling him about what it was like being an Auror and what kind of work they really did while the room filled up with more witches and wizards in plum-colored robes.

“It’s starting,” Tonks said.

A moment later, an old, grey-haired wizard took a seat in the middle of the bench behind a wooden desk and banged his gavel twice. The chatter in the room instantly died as everyone took seats and looked at the wizard.

“I call this trial on the thirty-first of October, nineteen-ninety-four, to order,” The old wizard announced in a firm voice that carried easily through the entire room. “Presiding, Judge Darius Greengrass, Interrogator for the Ministry of Magic, Amelia Bones, and court scribe Wilma Herrington. Aurors, bring in the accused.”



Two blue-robed Aurors opened a hidden at the side of the room that was recessed between two benches and led four wizards in plain, black robes into the room. At wand point, they led the men over to the four stone chairs and, none-too-gently, pushed them into seats. Once all four were seated, the heavy chains on the bottom of the chair sprang to life and wrapped around them securely.

The judge, Darius Greengrass, read out the names of the men, none of which Harry recognized, and asked if they were defending themselves. When he did, a tall, thin wizard with slicked back hair and an attitude that reeked of arrogance stood from the benches.

“Tiberius Burke for the defense,” he said with an oily smile.

“Very well, Mr. Burke,” Greengrass said with a nod.

Burke strutted down from the benches, his expensive, tailor-made robes flapping behind him as he came to a stop behind the defendants.

“Madam Bones, present the Ministry’s case,”

Madam Bones stood and spent the next fifteen minutes going over the evidence the Ministry had gathered. They had eyewitness testimony from Harry and Fleur, the wands taken from the attackers that were proven to have come from the defendants, records of their injuries consistent with Harry’s defensive magic, and a deceased but known associate of the four defendants found at the scene of the crime.

“Mr. Burke, your defense,” Greengrass said once Madam Bones re-took her seat.

“Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot,” Burke announced lazily with a smirk on his lips. “My clients do not deny that they were at the scene where the Veela was attacked. My clients do not deny that they attacked the Veela.”

The Wizengamot murmured, and Harry spotted a frown on Madam Bones' face.

"My clients were inebriated from the festivities, frightened by the attack, and *bewitched* by the Veela they attacked. We all know that Veela have the ability to entice men. It was the Veela's own magic that caused my clients to lose control of themselves. In fact, my clients are grateful Mr. Potter was there to stop them from committing such heinous acts," Burke said, smirking as he looked at Harry.

Harry shook with rage, and only Fleur's grip on his hand and Tonks' hand on his shoulder stopped him from jumping to his feet.

"Stay calm," Tonks whispered firmly. "Getting you upset is what he wants. Any outburst will ruin your testimony."

Taking a deep breath, Harry forced himself to calm down. Burke spent a couple more minutes talking about how remorseful his clients were and how they were normally good, upstanding citizens.

Harry couldn't hold back a snort at that, and he blushed when everyone turned to look at him. He gave an apologetic look and coughed to make a show of clearing his throat. Tonks snickered next to him.

Once Burke was finally done prattling on, Fleur was called to the stand. Madam Bones asked her about the attack itself, walking her through it step-by-step, then asked her if she'd lost control of her Allure at any point.

"Non, I kept eet under control," Fleur replied.

Then, it was Burke's turn.

"You say you have complete control over your *abilities*?" Burke asked with a sneer.

“Oui,” Fleur said.

“Two years ago, in France, there was an incident with a young wizard at the beach, correct?” Burke asked. “You lost control of your Allure, and he tried to attack you?”

“It was a private beach, ‘e wasn’t supposed to be there,” Fleur said. “Eef I ‘ad known ‘e was zere I would ‘ave kept better control fo ze Allure.”

“Is it possible that’s what happened the night of the World Cup?” Burke asked. “Is it possible that in the panic, you relaxed your control because you didn’t know my clients were there? It must have been a terrifying experience for someone like you. Alone in a forest with your little sister. No one to save you if something went wrong. Why, I think anyone here would have problems controlling themselves in such a situation,” Burke said with a sympathetic look that was about as genuine as Leprechaun gold.

“Non,” Fleur said firmly. “I deed not lose control.”

A few in the stands nodded, but most looked unconvinced. It was times like this that Harry really had how bigoted Magical Britain could be. The stigma against Veela as scarlet women who used their powers to steal innocent men from their wives was playing against her here. And Burke knew that. In the visitor’s section, Harry ground his teeth furiously as he glared at the smug bastard.

“The Ministry of Magic calls Harry Potter to the stand,” Madam Bones announced.

As Harry stood and walked to the front, Fleur gave him a smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes. He wanted to hug her but settled for giving her hand a quick squeeze as she passed. Harry sat on the witness stand and tried to keep a lid on his roiling anger as Madam Bones walked up to him.

She asked him the same kinds of questions she'd asked Fleur, including asking if he'd felt Fleur's Allure at the end.

"No, I never felt Fleur's Allure that night," Harry replied.

For once, he was actually grateful for his fame as the witches and wizards in plum robes murmured to each other once Mb was finished questioning him. It took a supreme force of will not to glare at Burke as he walked up to question Harry.

"Mr. Potter, as a boy of sixteen—"

"Seventeen," Harry corrected.

"Yes, seventeen, is it possible that you felt the Veela's Allure and simply didn't know it?"

"The *Veela* has a name," Harry said, somehow managing not to growl. "And, no, I'm positive I didn't feel her Allure that night."

"Was the World Cup the first time you'd seen Veela?" Burke asked.

"Yes," Harry admitted. "But I've —"

"Next question, Mr. Potter," Burke interrupted. "Isn't it possible that, because you were so unfamiliar with the feeling of a Veela's magic, that you simply didn't notice it? Perhaps you were so afraid you didn't notice it. Perhaps the Veela's magic is what drove you to protect her at the risk of your own safety?"

"If that's true, what does it say about your clients," Harry said.

“Objection!” Burke exclaimed over the chatter of the crowd.

“Sustained,” Greengrass replied, banging his gavel to quiet the crowd. “Mr. Potter, please stick to answering the questions you’re asked.”

“Yes, sir,” Harry said, refusing to apologize.

“Mr. Potter, isn’t it possible that as a young boy of sixteen, and being as frightened as you were, that you didn’t notice the Veela’s Allure?” Burke asked.

“No,” Harry said.

“Are you sure?” Burke asked doubtfully.

“I -”

“No more questions,” Burke interrupted and spun on his heel.

“You may step down, Mr. Potter,” Greengrass said.

Glaring at Burke’s back and seeing the smirk on the defendants’ faces, Harry had a sudden idea.

“Er, your honor, could I make a suggestion?” he asked.

“What would that be, Mr. Potter?” Greengrass asked.

“Well, Mr. Burke seems to think Fleur could control me with her Allure, but I’ve spent weeks with her at Hogwarts, and I know she can’t. Since we’re both here, maybe I could prove it?” Harry asked.

“Prove it how?” Madam Bones asked curiously.

“Just have her try to control me with it,” Harry suggested. “Even if some of the wizards here are affected by it, there’s enough witches that could tell them if she could or not.”

“I object!” Burke exclaimed. “This could taint the entire male panel. There’s no telling what the Veela might do if she had control of all of these fine, upstanding members.”

“Overruled,” Greengrass said, eyeing Harry thoughtfully. “I think you underestimate the ability of this body to withstand such magic. Madam Bones, what are your thoughts?”

“While it’s highly unusual, I believe Mr. Potter makes a good point,” she said. “If the crux of Mr. Burke’s defense is that Ms. Delacour’s Allure affected all these wizards, why not give Mr. Potter the chance to prove he wasn’t.”

“Again, I object!” Burke shouted, showing anger for the first time in the trial. “Even if Potter is able to resist it now, there’s no proof he could do it at the time of the World Cup.”

“If I may,” A witch who looked to be in her mid-thirties with long, blonde hair said as she stood.

“The court recognizes Ms. Couture,” Greengrass said.

“As some of you may know, my brother moved to France and is married to a Veela. From what I have learned, it can take months, even years, for a wizard to learn to overcome the Allure. A few weeks, even if Mr. Potter had spent the entirety of that time in Ms. Dealcour’s presence, would only make a small difference.”

“Thank you, Ms. Couture,” Greengrass said. “The court will give Mr. Potter a chance to prove his claims. Ms. Delacour, come forward.”

Giving Harry a small smile, Fleur stood and smoothed out her robes before coming to stand in front of Greengrass.

“Ms. Delacour, if you would please use your Allure on Mr. Potter,” he said.

Nodding, Fleur smiled at Harry while her hair swayed as if caught in a breeze. Harry felt her allure wrap around him like a warm, comforting blanket. The men in the audience, including Burke and the Defendants, all stared at her lustfully, their eyes glassed over.

“How do you feel, Mr. Potter?” Madam Bones asked.

“Fine,” Harry said, turning to look at her. “I can feel it, but it’s not really affecting my thoughts.”

Nodding, she turned to Greengrass.

“Ms. Delacour, could you ask Mr. Potter to do something?” he asked.

“Arry,” Fleur said in a sultry tone. “Come rub my feet, zey as so sore. Please, for me, mon amour.”

“Sorry, Fleur,” Harry said, then turned to look back at Greengrass.

“If he won’t, I certainly will, my lady,” An older wizard with greying hair offered.

As he moved to stand, Tonks hit him with an Incarcerous Hex and shook her head.

“Thank you, Auror Tonks,” Madam Bones said. “I believe that’s enough. Mr. Potter has –”

“You’re gonna get it, you little whore,” one of the defendants growled.

Harry turned to look at him and saw that all four defendants were struggling against their chains while leering at Fleur. Burke was leering as well and rubbing himself through his robes.

“And your little sister, too,” another defendant growled. “You’ll pay for going against the Death Eaters.”

“Ms. Delacour, that’s enough,” Greengrass said urgently.

Instantly, Fleur’s Allure died. The men that were affected blinked their eyes and shook their heads. Madam Bones smiled grimly down at the defendants as they paled, realizing how bad their reactions would look.

“For those of you that were unaware, Mr. Potter fully resisted Ms. Delacour’s Allure,” Greengrass announced. “Ms. Delacour, Mr. Potter, you may take your seats.”

There was loud chattering for the next couple of minutes as the witches in attendance told the wizards that had been affected what had happened. Of all the wizards in the room, only Harry, Greengrass, and a couple of others, all very old, managed to remain unaffected.

“Is there anything else either side wishes to add before we take a vote?” Greengrass asked.

“I object and call for a mistrial!” Burke demanded angrily. “How do we know the Veela isn’t still affecting everyone?”

“I think the fact that you’re arguing that very thing proves she isn’t,” Madam Bones told him with a satisfied smile.



“Motion denied,” Greengrass said. “If there’s nothing else, I call for a vote. All those who find the defendants guilty, raise your wands.”

Fleur gripped Harry’s hand tightly as most of the room raised their wands and lit them. After a count was taken, they lowered their wands.

“All those who find the defendants not guilty?” Greengrass asked.

This time, only a handful were raised.

“This court finds the defendants guilty of all charges, sentencing to be held on the fourteenth of January. Court is adjourned,” Greengrass finished by banging his gavel twice.

Fleur cheered and hugged Harry tightly while Tonks patted him on the back.

“Great job, Harry,” she said with a grin. “That was some quick thinking you did there.”

“Indeed,” Madam Bones said with a smile, causing Harry and Fleur to break apart. “Even better, now that one of them admitted to being a Death Eater, I can bring it up at the sentencing and force the Minister to investigate.”

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned.

“Do you need my students for anything else, Amelia?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“No.” Madam Bones said. “You can take them back to Hogwarts. I need to get started on the investigation anyways.”

“Not like it’ll do any good,” Tonks muttered.

“We’ll see,” Madam Bones replied.

“It was nice meeting you, Tonks,” Harry said as McGonagall said her goodbyes to Madam Bones.

“Nice meeting you too,” Tonks grinned. “If you have any more questions about becoming an Auror, feel free to send me an owl.”

Harry nodded as Fleur surprised the Auror with a hug and a beaming smile. With one last wave, he took Fleur’s hand in his and followed Professor McGonagall out of the courtroom.

~~~~~

Harry and Fleur got back to Hogwarts about an hour before lunch. Since they’d missed the first half of their late morning classes, Professor McGonagall let them miss the rest of it. As it was an unseasonably warm day, Harry showed Fleur to the kitchens, where they got a basket of food courtesy of the House Elves and then sat out by the lake under the warm sun.

“I’m so glad zat’s over,” Fleur smiled while tearing the crust off her sandwich.

“Me too,” Harry said, watching her in amusement as she threw the crust into the Black Lake, where the squid grabbed it with a tentacle. “Would you like me to cut that up into triangles for you?” he asked teasingly.

Fleur huffed, the corners of her lips twitching, and then waved her wand, making her sandwich separate into four perfect triangles. Lifting her chin into the air, she took a dainty bite. Chuckling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. They sat and looked out at the lake while talking quietly.

“You know, I owe you for saving me again,” Fleur said after they’d finished eating. “If it wasn’t for you, zose men probably would ‘ave walked free.”

“You don’t owe me anything,” Harry said.

Smiling, Fleur turned her head and kissed him on the lips tenderly.

“Ow long until you need to go to class?” Fleur asked.

“About an hour and a half,” Harry said. “Why?”

Fleur grinned as she stood and pulled him to his feet.

“Ow about we go back to ze carriage, so I can zank you properly?” she asked promisingly.

Grinning, Harry let her pull him over to the Beauxbatons carriage. The carriage was completely empty, with all of the students up at the castle attending classes, allowing Harry and Fleur to make their way uninterrupted up to her room.

As soon as the door was closed, Fleur pinned Harry to the door and kissed him fiercely. Their hands tugged at each other’s clothing, each article being discarded to the floor until they were both naked.

With a smirk on her lips, Fleur dropped to her knees and took him between her lips. Harry tilted his head back and groaned, his fingers combing through her lustrous blonde hair. The tingling sensation from Fleur’s saliva heightened the sensitivity of his cock as she bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue slithering along his rigid length.

As he looked back down at her sparkling blue eyes, she drove herself forward, swallowing him to the base. Harry gasped, his mouth hanging open as Fleur pressed her thin, pointed nose

against his groin and wiggled her head back and forth. Her tight throat spasmed and flexed around him, sending shivers of pleasure up his spine. With her pink lips stretched wide around his girth, she sealed them around his shaft and pulled back with agonizing slowness. Once his swollen head was free of her throat, she sucked hard while pulling back all the way to the tip.

“Fuck,” Harry hissed as her tongue swirled around his sensitive head.

Chuckling, Fleur stared up at his face as she dove forward again, this time pulling back the moment her nose bumped against his skin. Over and over, she repeated the same motion, the intense feeling of plunging into her tight throat, causing his legs to tremble. As he stared down at her beautiful face and glittering eyes, he noticed a distinct bulge in her slender neck each time she took him to the hilt.

When she swallowed him to the base and held him there, Harry couldn't help but rock his hips slightly. Fleur hummed and grabbed his hips, a light pull encouraging him to keep moving. Harry did, his hands tightening in her hair as he luxuriated in the amazing sensation. She held herself there for a shocking amount of time, so long that he started to worry she might pass out. Eventually, though, she pulled back and gasped for air.

Wrapping her hand around his spit-soaked length, she stoked him casually while she caught her breath. Lifting him up, her long, pink tongue ran from base to tip along the underside of his shaft before swallowing him again. Fleur moved with a desperation to make him cum, her voracious mouth swallowing his length while her tongue lashed at every inch it could reach. Before long, her nose was bumping into his groin with such force that her eyes began to tear up.

“Fleur,” Harry gasped in warning.

Dragging her plump lips back up his shaft, she held his pulsating head in her mouth while her hand stroked him furiously. Legs shaking, Harry threw his head back and groaned as he exploded in her mouth. Fleur stroked him through his climax and sucked hard, drawing every last drop out of him as if his cock was a straw. A whimper escaped his throat as she pulled off of him, her lips scraping along his oversensitive head.

As Harry panted, Fleur opened her mouth to show him the large pool she'd gathered on her tongue. Eyes sparkling, she closed her mouth and swallowed noisily.

"I love ze taste of your cum," Fleur murmured sultrily.

Harry couldn't help it. He laughed.

Helping Fleur to her feet, Harry kissed her lovingly before lifting her by the bum and carrying her over to the bed. She giggled as he tossed her onto the mattress where she bounced, her large breasts swaying enticingly. Grabbing her leg, Harry pressed his thumb into the sole of her foot and her toes.

"I believe you want a foot massage," Harry said teasingly.

"I changed my mind," Fleur said. "Somezing else needs your attention."

Leaning back, Fleur spread her legs wide and ran her fingers through her taut folds. Harry had planned to tease her more but couldn't resist the tempting sight. Crawling onto the bed, Harry kissed his way up her long, smooth legs and up to her heated core.

Harry spent a long time between her legs, excitedly finding all of the spots his stunning girlfriend liked most. By the time she grabbed his hair and pulled him on top of her, he'd driven her to two climaxes, and his jaw was sore. Fleur showed no concern for tasting herself on his lips as she kissed him passionately, her legs wrapping around his waist.

"I need to feel you een me," Fleur whispered needily.

Smiling against her lips, Harry lined himself up with her entrance and sank in slowly. Pulling back until only his head remained inside of her, he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt. Fleur moaned and arched her back as he bottomed out, her perky breast and hard nipples rubbing against his chest.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped.

Flexing his hips to go as deep as possible, Harry kissed her fiercely as her hot, slick walls hugged his length. As he pulled back to thrust again, Fleur inhaled sharply and raked her nails along his back. Hissing from the stinging, burning scratches mixed with the incredible pleasure of her folds, he slammed his hips forward. Fleur’s body racked for the brutal thrust, her breasts bouncing wildly on her chest as she gasped.

Just as Harry started to get into a rhythm, she placed her hand on his chest.

“Wait,” she panted.

Smirking, she sat up so that he slipped out of her. Fleur rolled over onto her hands and knees and shook her heart-shaped ass at him, smiling over her shoulder. With a grin, Harry crawled up behind her and sank back into her depths. Something about the new angle made Fleur gasp loudly, her hips rocking back to drive him even deeper.

Harry leaned over her back and cupped one of her breasts as he began thrusting into her. By only his third thrust, Fleur’s arms collapsed under her. She ended up with her shoulders resting on the bed, and her face turned to the side as he sank into her from behind. Each time Harry entered her, a gasp escaped her lips, and a shudder ran through her body. Smiling, he kissed her neck before straightening up.

Using her hips as leverage, Harry picked up his pace, his thighs slapping loudly against Fleur’s tight, round ass with every thrust.

“Arry,” Fleur moaned.

Only a moment later, she cried out as she tipped over the edge. Harry grunted as she tightened around him. He tried to hold back, but it felt like her depths were determined to milk him of his orgasm. As Fleur moaned and trembled under him, Harry groaned and erupted inside of her.

Once they had both calmed, Harry rolled them over onto their sides and spooned against her back, his length still trapped in her folds. Kissing and sucking at her neck, his hand caressed her soft curves as they rested.

It didn't take long before he began to harden inside of her once more. With a smirk on her lips, Fleur rolled him onto his back and straddled his waist.

"I zink we have time for one more," Fleur grinned.

~~~~~

Later that night, Harry sat with Fleur, Hermione, and their friends for the Halloween Feast. Throughout the meal, Fleur told them all about the trial, though Harry felt she played up his involvement a bit too much.

"It really wasn't that big of a deal," Harry shrugged.

"Eet was brilliant," Fleur smiled, kissing his cheek.

Harry blushed at the praise but smiled.

"Someone really needs to do something about how bigoted the wizarding world is," Hermione said.

"Britain is one of the worst countries when it comes to bigotry," Aurora said. "It's mostly because you haven't had a revolution like America and most of Europe have. Grindlewald killed off so many old families that, except for places like Bulgaria and Germany, there aren't enough Purebloods left to cause problems."

“Well, then maybe it’s bout time we had one,” Hermione huffed. “I mean, it’s ridiculous. Only fifteen percent of the wizarding population of Britain is Pureblood, but they hold ninety percent of the power and gold.”

“Eet would take a war to change zhings here,” Fleur said.

“Not necessarily,” Hermione said. “There have been peaceful revolutions before.”

Before anyone else could respond, Dumbledore stood and tapped his spoon against his goblet.

“If I could have everyone’s attention. I believe the Goblet of Fire is ready to pick our Champions,” he announced.

As if his words were prophetic, the fire coming out of the Goblet began to burn brightly. The whole Hall went silent as a single piece of parchment leapt into the air and fluttered in the air. Dumbledore snatched in, and everyone held their collective breaths.

“The Champion for Durmstrang is Victor Krum!” he announced.

A loud cheer went up for the Slytherin table while the rest of the Hall clapped. Well, almost, Harry noted. Ron was jumping up and down next to Hermione and screaming at the top of his lungs. As Krum walked through a door behind the head table, the Goblet flared again, spitting a second piece of paper into the air.

“The Champion for Beauxbatons is Fleur Delacour!” Dumbledore announced to the silent crowd.

This time, the Gryffindor table was the loudest. Fleur beamed as she was congratulated by her friends and classmates. Turning to Harry, she gave him a searing kiss that left him slightly dazed before walking up to Dumbledore and then walking through the same door Krum had.



As one, the students in the Great Hall turned back to the Goblet as it spit out the third and final name.

“And the Champion for Hogwarts is... Harry Potter!”