

## A Sirius Vacation

Harry Potter woke to the sound of a light tapping. Sitting up in bed and pushing his glasses on his face, he smiled at the sight of four owls perched on his window sill. Climbing out of bed, he let Hedwig and the three other owls into the room. Hedwig landed softly on the headboard and hooted imperiously as the other owls settled on various bits of furniture.

He took the package from Hedwig first, recognizing Hermione's neat handwriting on the attached letter. Once he relieved the other owls of their burdens, they took off back into the pink, early morning sky.

Besides the package from Hermione, there was one from the Weasleys, Hagrid, and a letter from Sirius. Excitedly, he opened that one first, but frowned at the short note inside.

*Happy seventeenth birthday, Harry. Sorry about the lack of a present, but I'll make it up to you soon enough. Pack a bag with enough clothes for a couple of days. See you soon.*

*Snuffles.*

He's not coming here, is he, Harry asked himself worriedly. Shaking his head, he moved on to the other packages. Hagrid had sent him a Moke-skin pouch, a bag with an Undetectable Expansion Charm that only he could open, and a dozen freshly baked Rock Cakes. From the Weasleys, Mrs. Weasley had sent him a cake, and Ron had sent him a bunch of Honeydukes candy, along with a letter.

Apparently, the Quidditch World Cup was being held in England this year, and Mr. Weasley had gotten them tickets. Unfortunately, it would be another three weeks before he would be going to the Burrow this year. Something big was going on at the Ministry that kept everyone busy, and no one would tell Ron or the twins what it was.

Smiling at the thought of getting to see professional Quidditch, Harry moved on to the package from Hermione. She'd gotten him a couple books on Defense and one on ancient Runes. In her

letter, she talked about the vacation with her parents to Greece and how informative it was. He grinned at the three page report she'd written on everything she'd learned.

Before he could finish reading the letter, there was a sharp knock at his door.

"Get up, boy!" His aunt yelled. "Time to make breakfast."

"Yes, aunt Petunia," Harry sighed.

He waited for her footsteps to disappear back downstairs before hiding his food and presents under the loose floorboards.

Thank Merlin, this is the last Summer I have to stay here, Harry thought. Dumbledore had told him that once he left for Hogwarts, the protections around the house would fall, and he would no longer need to stay to recharge them. Next Summer, he would have a place of his own, and he couldn't wait.

Getting dressed for the day, he went downstairs and made breakfast. Defiantly, he made a large plate for himself once everyone else was eating. Uncle Vernon grumbled, and aunt Petunia sniffed, but they didn't try to stop him.

Just as he was finishing and getting ready to do the dishes, another owl flew in through the kitchen window.

"Boy," Vernon growled threateningly. "What have I told you about your freakishness."

Harry ignored him and told the letter from the regal looking owl. When he opened it, he instantly recognized the Gringotts seal at the top. It was a letter telling him that he now had access to the Potter Family Vault and gave him an exact accounting of how much gold he had. He had to fight the urge to gape at the amount in his vault.

I guess I won't have to worry about being able to afford a house, Harry thought.

"Well?" Vernon asked.

Harry hesitated for a moment before answering, wondering how much he should tell them. A large part of him wanted to take some vindictive pleasure in telling him just how rich he was now, but that would only make the rest of his stay even more uncomfortable than normal.

"Just a letter telling me that I can do magic outside of school now," Harry smiled.

"What?" aunt Petunia asked sharply. "I thought you couldn't do that until your birthday."

"It is my birthday," Harry said flatly.

Standing up, he tucked the letter in his pocket and drew his wand. His aunt flinched at the sight of it, a fearful look on her face. With a flick, the empty plates floated into the sink, where they began washing themselves. Petunia squeaked in fright, Vernon's face turned red, and Dudley scooted his chair away while covering his bottom.

"I'm not going to hex you," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "Even though I should for the way you've treated me."

"Boy-" Vernon growled threateningly.

"Look, I'll make you a deal," Harry interrupted. "You leave me alone for the rest of the Summer, and I won't use any of the spells I've been thinking about using on you for the last three years."

Vernon puffed himself up, but aunt Petunia reached out and grabbed his arm.

“Vernon, don’t,” she told him before turning to Harry. “We’ll leave you alone if you don’t use your... *thing* where we can see it.”

Harry snorted and was tempted to promise not to masturbate where she could see him but decided against it.

“Alright,” he agreed.

“And you’re buying your own food from now on,” Vernon grumbled. “No more mooching off us.”

“Fine,” Harry shrugged.

Leaving the kitchen, he had just reached the stairs when there was a knock at the front door. Curiosity got the better of him, and he waited to see who it was as aunt Petunia went to answer it.

“Hello, Petunia,” said a familiar voice. “I’m not sure if you remember me, but I’m Remus Lupin. We met at your sister’s wedding.”

“What do you want?” she asked rudely.

Harry raced back down the stairs and grinned at the sight of his previous Defense professor and the big black dog sitting next to him.

“Sirius!” Harry exclaimed happily.

Sirius barked and ran past aunt Petunia, who shrieked. Dropping to his knees, Harry hugged his godfather around the neck.

“So you mind if I come in?” Professor Lupin asked politely. “I’m sure you don’t want the neighbors getting curious.”

Aunt Petunia pursed her lips and stepped asides after a moment. Smiling, Professor Lupin stepped into the house as his aunt closed the door behind him.

“What’s all that racket?” yelled as he entered the living room and stared at them. “Who are you?”

“As I was saying, I’m Remus Lupin, and this,” he waved at the dog, “is Harry’s godfather.”

Aunt Petunia paled while Vernon snorted derisively.

“A dog?” he asked, laughing cruelly.

Sirius stepped back with a growl before his form shifted. In a moment, the dog became a man, his eyes glinting as he stared at Vernon. Harry hugged him again, noting that he looked and felt far healthier than he had just a month ago.

“Sirius, Professor Lupin, what are you doing here?” Harry asked, pulling back to look at them.

“I’m not your professor anymore. Call me Remus or Moony,” Remus told him.

Harry smiled and nodded.

“We’ve come to get you out of here,” Sirius grinned. “Dumbledore used his contacts to get my asylum in France until Fudge pulls his head out of his arse. We’re taking you on vacation. Happy birthday, pup.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked excitedly.

“I’m always Sirius,” his godfather grinned.

Behind him, Remus shook his head in exasperation.

“Are you packed?” Sirius asked. “I’m afraid we have to go the Muggle way.”

“Yeah, but what about the rest of my stuff?” Harry asked.

“We’ll send it to the Weasleys’. You’ll be staying with them once we get back,” Sirius replied.

Nodding, Harry raced up the stairs to grab the bag he’d packed earlier. Prying up the loose floorboard, he stuffed his birthday presents into his bag and then ran back down the stair. Pulling out his wand, he unlocked the door to the cupboard under the stairs and hauled out his school trunk, completely missing the frown on Sirius and Remus’ faces.

“Harry, why were your school things locked up?” Sirius asked.

“My relatives don’t like magic,” Harry shrugged.

Sirius narrowed his eyes, and Harry looked away.

“We’ll talk about this later,” Sirius said after a moment. “Come on, let’s get going.”

Remus walked over to Harry’s trunk and tapped the lid, causing it to disappear in a swirl of color while Sirius transformed back into a dog. Slinging his bag over his shoulder, Harry looked back at his relatives for quite possibly the last time.

“Well, bye,” he said.

“Goodbye,” aunt Petunia said stiffly.

Vernon grunted, and Dudley remained silent as Harry stepped out of the house and closed the door behind him.

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After half an hour in a cab followed by four hours on a train, Harry, Remus, and Sirius set foot in Calais, France. As soon as they were out of sight, Sirius turned back into a man and slung his arm over Harry’s shoulders with a grin.

“Welcome, to France,” Sirius said, sucking in a breath of the sea air. “Ah, freedom.”

“Freedom doesn’t quite smell like I thought it would,” Harry quipped, waving away the diesel fumes from the many trucks passing by. “Where are we staying, anyway?”

“I rented a place in Saintes-Maries-De-La-Mer,” he said. “Now that we’re in France, we can Apparate. You have your license, right?”

“Yeah,” Harry nodded.

“Good,” Sirius said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of paper. “Here’s the Apparation coordinates.”

Harry read them over, then nodded and handed the paper back. Remus led them over behind a gas station, where they were out of view.

“Ready?” Remus asked. “On three. One, two, three.”

With a series of pops, the three of them vanished, only to reappear over six hundred miles away.

“Whoa,” Harry said, gaping at the beach house in front of him. “This is where we’re staying!?”

“Yep,” Sirius grinned. “Let’s go unpack and then hit the beach. There’s one specifically for magicals a few miles away. I heard that Veela from the local Enclave like to go there.”

“We need to go to the Ministry first,” Remus reminded him.

“But, Remus, Veela,” Sirius whined.

“You promised Jean you’d let him know when we got here, and it’ll be hard to talk to anyone if you don’t learn French...,” Remus said.

“I don’t need to know French to speak the language of love, my friend,” Sirius grinned.

“How is he going to learn French at the Ministry?” Harry asked.

“There are spells to teach languages,” Remus replied. “It’s how people like Crouch and Dumbledore can speak so many languages. We’ll all be learning French. It should only take a couple of minutes.”

“Fine,” Sirius sighed.

“It shouldn’t take more than an hour,” Remus told him. “Let’s go put our things away. Come on, Harry. I’ll show you where your room is.”

Remus led him up to the second floor, where he showed Harry to a large bedroom with its own balcony overlooking the beach. It was an incredible view, and it took him a few moments to pull himself away from the window and put his things away.

A few minutes later, the three of them gathered in the living room and Flooed to the French Ministry of Magic. Harry stepped out of the fireplace in a beautiful building made of white marble with a glass dome ceiling. Dozens of witches and wizards milled about, many of them wearing dark blue, silk robes.

There were stares and pointing as they walked across the Atrium, and Harry ducked his head slightly in embarrassment. Sirius took it in stride, but he was disappointed that he was famous even in France. He'd hoped that he could just be normal here, on his first vacation, but it looked like that wouldn't be the case.

Keeping his head down and brushing his bangs down to cover his scar, Harry followed Remus and Sirius to the elevator. They rode it up to the fourth floor, where the French Department of Magical Defense resided. There, Sirius met with a short, portly wizard with thin hair named Jean Garde, a senior investigator. After getting Sirius' current address for their records, he called in a tall, thin, dark-skinned witch named Lucy. She was the one that would teach them French.

Taking out her wand, she circled it around Harry's head while muttering a complex incantation. Once she had finished with him, she did the same to Sirius and Remus. It left him with a bit of a headache, but that didn't seem to bother Sirius.

"So, Lucy," he said in French with a grin, "any chance I could take you out to lunch."

"I'm married," she told him with a smile before turning to Jean. "Will there be anything else?"

"No, you can go," Jean told her as Sirius pouted.

It was odd, hearing them speak in French, and yet he was able to understand them. It felt like there was a momentary delay before the magic translated everything in his mind. After a few more minutes talking to Jean, they left the Ministry and Flooed back to their beach house.

“Go get changed. I want to check out that beach,” Sirius said as soon as they arrived.

“Er, I don’t have a bathing suit,” Harry admitted.

“That’s alright,” Sirius smiled, clapping him on the shoulder. “There’s a small village we can stop at.”

Leading Harry out the door, Sirius side-along Apparated him to a village, with Remus arriving a moment later. About the size of Hogsmeade, it wasn’t large, but it looked much more modern than he was used to seeing in the magical world. Odder still, there was a mixture of people wearing wizarding robes and contemporary Muggle clothing.

Following Sirius to a clothing store, Harry flushed at the bathing suits on display. There were much smaller and tighter than the ones he was used to seeing in Britain, and most of them covered less than his boxers. While Sirius and Remus picked out some beach towels and beach chairs to take with them, Harry picked the bathing suit that covered the most. A pair of blue shorts that covered only a couple inches of his thighs.

He felt quite exposed when he walked out of the changing room, with his bulge on full display.

“Ready to go?” Sirius asked.

“I guess,” Harry said, tugging at his shorts. “What about you and Remus?”

“Oh, we bought bathing suits before we left,” he said.

Harry sighed and glared at his godfather. Grabbing his t-shirt, he threw it on while Remus and Sirius changed into their own, much longer and looser, swim shorts and short-sleeved shirts. After Sirius paid for their purchases, he led them down a long, cobblestone road towards the beach.

Everything looked normal at first, but as they got closer, Harry suddenly realized that none of the women were wearing tops. Sirius grinned as a busty brunette walked passed them, her breasts bouncing enticingly. Harry stared down at his feet, nervous about how much his excitement would show through his new shorts.

“It’s okay to look,” Remus whispered to him. “Just try not to stare.”

Harry nodded and took a deep breath as he raised his head. The last thing he wanted was to be seen as immature. Setting up their chairs on an empty patch of sand, Remus handed him a bottle of sunscreen. As he was rubbing it into his skin, two incredibly beautiful, busty blondes walked passed. While he enjoyed catching a glimpse of their alluring curves, he noticed Sirius and Remus staring unabashedly with dopey grins on their faces.

Seeing one of the women frown, Harry nudged Sirius in the ribs.

Sirius shook his head and winked at them while Remus seemed to pull himself out of his daze. Blushing, Harry gave the women an apologetic smile. Smiling at him, they walked off, talking quietly.

“I love Veela,” Sirius said dreamily.

“What are Veela?” Harry asked.

“Very beautiful women with special abilities,” Remus answered. “They have a magical Allure that attracts men, they have some control over natural fire magic, and they can transform into a half-human, half-bird form that looks much like a Harpy, though they are very different.”

“They’re legendary for how good they are in bed,” Sirius added with a grin.

“What’s the Allure?” Harry asked curiously.

“Didn’t you feel it?” Remus asked in surprise. “It’s a magical – aura – if you will, that excites and entices men. It takes a very strong will to ignore it.”

Harry shrugged and thought back. There had been a moment he felt a pull towards the women when he first saw them, but it was gone as quickly as it came.

Relaxing back into his chair, Harry sat and enjoyed the sights of the beach and the women. After a while, he started feeling hot under the bright sun.

“I’m going to go for a swim,” Harry said.

“Alright,” Sirius said. “I think Remus and I might go for a walk.”

Harry smirked when he saw his godfather’s eyes drift over to the large group of blonde women slightly further down the beach. Nodding, he stood up and waded into the ocean. After dipping his head under the water to cool off for several seconds, he came up and found himself staring into the wide, bright blue eyes of a young girl. Behind her stood two incredibly beautiful women with long blonde hair, the same bright blue eyes, and almost inhumanly perfect curves.

“Er, hi,” Harry said.

The little girl gasp.

“Mum! It’s Harry Potter! It’s really him!” she squealed to the older of the two women.

Harry smiled and tried not to stare at either of the women's large, teardrop-shaped breasts and perfect pink nipples glistening wetly in the sun.

"I see that," The woman said, smiling at the girl before turning to Harry. "I'm sorry, my daughter is just a big fan of your books."

"Oh, It's fine," Harry smiled.

He honestly hated those Harry Potter children's books. An entire generation of kids had grown up on those, and too many thought they were real. It also angered him that someone had profited off his name while he was stuck living with the Dursleys. But none of that was the little girl's fault.

"I'm Apolline, by the way, and these are my daughters Fleur," she said, gesturing to the older girl, "and Gabrielle."

"I'm Harry," he replied, then flushed. "But I guess you already knew that."

Fleur giggled lightly, which did interesting things to her chest.

"Did you really fight a Troll?" Gabrielle asked excitedly.

"Er, well, yeah, but not the way it happened in the books," Harry said.

"Then how did it happen?" Gabrielle asked, her head tilted to the side cutely.

"Gabrielle, don't bother him," Apolline scolded her gently.

"It's alright," Harry said. "It's kind of a long story, but a bad wizard let a Troll into Hogwarts in my first year. My friend, Hermione, was in the bathroom at the time, so my other friend and I went to go warn her. The Troll showed up before we could get her out, so we had to fight it."

Harry chuckled while Gabrielle stared at him, wide eyed.

"Well, I say fight, but we really just tried not to get hit by it's club," he told her. "Honestly, we were really lucky neither of us got hurt. I tried to push it back with a Banishing Charm, but I hit the Trolls club instead and knocked it out. Like I said, we got really lucky."

"Wow," Gabrielle gasped. "Did you ride a Dragon, too?"

"No, sorry," Harry told her with a smile.

"So, what brings you to France?" Fleur asked before her sister could question him more.

"Sirius Black," Harry grinned. "He's my godfather. Since he's still a fugitive in Britain, he brought me here for a vacation. He should be around here somewhere."

Harry looked back towards the beach just in time to watch Sirius get slapped by a Veela he was obviously hitting on. Groaning in embarrassment, Harry dropped his face into his hands. Remus grabbed Sirius by the shoulders and led him away as he nursed his cheek with a smile on his face.

Harry looked back over at the girls when Gabrielle giggled. Thankfully, Fleur and Apolline looked amused rather than upset.

"Sorry, he's still not used to being out in public yet," Harry said.

"It's alright," Apolline assured him. "Most men act like that around Veela."

"It's impressive that you don't," Fleur said, smiling at him.

Reaching up to comb her hands through her wet hair, she thrust her chest outwards. Harry couldn't help but let his eyes drop down to her full, shapely breasts for a moment before looking away.

"Would you like to join us for lunch?" Apolline asked.

"Sure," Harry said. "Let me just go tell Sirius where I'll be."

"Alright, meet us over by the road in a few minutes?" Apolline asked.

"Sure," Harry nodded.

Fleur smiled at him brightly as he waded back to the beach. Stopping to dry himself off and put on his t-shirt, he found Remus and Sirius wandering amongst some of the non-Veela witches at the beach.

"Hey, Sirius," Harry called as his godfather flirted with a pretty brunette. "I'm going to go have lunch with some friends I made."

"Good for you, kiddo, Just make sure you check in so time tomorrow morning," Sirius winked.

Remus sighed in exasperation and shook his head.

"Send us a Patronus if you're going to be out all night," Remus told him.

Harry nodded and turned to leave.

“Wait,” Sirius called.

Reaching into his bag, he pulled out a bag and tossed it to him. Harry caught it and looked inside to find it full of Galleons.

“Spend as much as you like. I’ve got plenty,” he said.

“Thanks, Sirius,” Harry grinned.

With a wave, he walked back towards the road. Apolline, Fleur, and Gabrielle were already there waiting for him. Fleur and Apolline had put on their tops and had covers tied around their waists. Gabrielle was still in her silver one-piece swimsuit with a towel around her shoulders.

“Ready to go?” Apolline asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

Grinning brightly, Gabrielle took his hand in her left and one of Fleur’s in her right.

“So, what year are you in at Hogwarts?” Fleur asked.

“I’m going into my fourth year,” Harry said. “What school do you go to?”

“Beauxbatons,” she replied. “I’m going into my sixth year. Are you excited about the Tournament?”

“What Tournament?” Harry asked.

“The Triwizard Tournament,” Fleur said. “Didn’t they tell you about it?”

“No, I’ve never even heard of it before,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“It’s a Tournament between the three biggest schools in Europe, Hogwarts, Beauxbatons, and Durmstrang,” Fleur explained. “It’s been almost three hundred years since the last one, but it used to take place every three years. Only the best students were chosen to go, and I’m the only sixth year that was selected to go to Hogwarts for the Tournament.”

Harry smiled. He could tell she was proud of that fact.

“Sounds like it’ll be exciting,” Harry said.

“Will you try to compete?” Gabrielle asked.

Harry shrugged thoughtfully, “Maybe.”

“Can you tell me about Hogwarts?” Fleur asked.

Smiling, Harry told her about the castle, the professors, and some of the more notable students as they continued up the road.

“It sounds so different than Beauxbatons,” Fleur said as they reached the café in town. “It sounds a bit chaotic, no?”

“It can be,” Harry admitted with a smile as they were shown to a table. “It’s always been like home to me, though. It can be crazy at times, but I love it there. It feels like the whole castle is alive.”

A waitress came by and took their orders while Gabrielle peppered him with questions about Hogwarts.

“Mummy, can I go to Hogwarts with Fleur?” she asked.

“No, you are still going to Beauxbatons, but maybe we can go and visit her during the Tournament,” Apolline told her.

Gabrielle pouted cutely, and Harry couldn’t help but smile at her.

“If you do, maybe I can show you around the castle?” Harry offered, causing her to smile brightly at him. “So, I’m guessing Beauxbatons starts earlier than Hogwarts?”

“They start at eleven, but that’s only optional until they’re fourteen,” Apolline explained. “Some children are homeschooled, but Gabrielle wanted to be with her sister.”

Harry nodded and smiled wistfully. Lunch continued as Fleur and Gabrielle told him about Beauxbatons. It sounded beautiful, but also a bit boring. When they were finished eating, the girls showed him around the village and explained that the Veela Enclave they lived at was less than a mile away, hidden by ancient, powerful wards.

Apolline explained that Fleur and Gabrielle’s father had passed away from Dragon Pox shortly after Gabrielle was born. Since then, they’d lived at the Veela Enclave, which was safer for young Veela learning to control their powers.

Eventually, they headed back to the beach. Not seeing Sirius or Remus around, Harry sat with the Delacours and continued talking to them.

“Harry, would you put some lotion on my back?” Fleur asked.

“Er, sure,” Harry said, swallowing dryly.

Taking the bottle from her, he sat down behind Fleur just as she removed her top. Harry squirted some lotion into his palm and rubbed his hands together before starting at her shoulders. Fleur moaned quietly as his hands glided over her smooth skin. He spread the lotion over her back until he reached her bottoms. When he moved his hands back up her ribs, Fleur suddenly turned to the side. His hand slid over her breast, his fingers grazing her pink nipple before he could pull his hand away.

Smirking at his flushed face, she kissed him on the cheek.

“Thank you,” she said.

Harry spent the rest of the afternoon with the Delacour girls, even having dinner with them in the village. Before going home for the night, Fleur invited him to join them again tomorrow. He made it back to an empty beach house with a smile on his face before showering and crawling into bed.

The next morning, as he was getting ready to go to the beach, Sirius and Remus stumbled into the kitchen.

“What happened to you?” Harry asked.

“We had a bit too much to drink,” Remus admitted.

Sirius just grunted as he dropped into a chair at the kitchen table. Taking two red potions out of the cabinet, Remus down one while setting the other in front of Sirius. Both of them sighed in relief and immediately looked better.

“Are you heading back to the beach?” Sirius asked.

“Yeah, I told some friends I’d meet them there,” Harry said.

“They wouldn’t happen to be blonde and beautiful, would they?” Sirius asked with a smirk.

“Maybe,” Harry said.

“Good on you,” Sirius said, clapping him on the shoulder. “At least one of us is getting lucky.”

“Don’t worry. I’m sure someone will take pity on you eventually,” Harry said.

“Cheeky brat,” his godfather grinned while Remus chuckled.

“So, do we get to know the name of this ‘friend?’” Remus asked.

“Fleur, Apolline, and Gabrielle Delacour,” Harry said.

“You scored triplets!?” Sirius gasped.

“A mother and two daughters,” Harry told him. “And before you make any jokes, Gabrielle is eleven.”

“So, is it Fleur you’re after, or do you have a thing for older women?” Sirius asked, waggling his eyebrows.

Harry rolled his eyes and refused to answer.

“Delacour - why does that name sound familiar?” Remus asked. “Isn’t that the name of the French Minister?”

“You’re right!” Sirius said. “Oh boy, going after the Minister’s daughter. I wish you luck. Just try not to get me kicked out of the country.”

“Their dad passed away,” Harry said. “They’re probably not even related.”

“You keep telling yourself that,” Sirius grinned.

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Harry couldn’t stop wondering about what Sirius had said as he walked to the beach. He’d intentionally Apparated a bit further away so he could think as he walked. By the time he got there, he had decided to just ask. Harry was so lost in his thoughts he didn’t even see Fleur until she was right in front of him. Looking up, he found himself being pulled into a tight hug, her bare breasts squashed against his bare chest.

“Harry!” Gabrielle exclaimed.

Running up to him, she hugged him and Fleur around the stomach. When they let go of him, Apolline walked up with a smile, kissed both of his cheeks, and then hugged him as well. Harry swallowed thickly as her breasts, slightly larger than Fleur’s, pressed into his chest. As she pulled back, he held his towel in front of him to hide his excitement.

Beaming, Gabrielle grabbed his hand and pulled him over to their spot on the beach. They’d set up chairs and towels in the part where the Veela congregated, leaving him surrounded by stunning, mostly naked witches.

“Would you sign this?” Gabrielle asked, holding up a well-worn copy of Harry Potter and the Norweigan Ridgeback and a quill. On the cover was a drawing of a dark haired boy wearing

round glass and a prominent scar on his forehead while riding a small Dragon. "I know you really didn't ride one, but it's my favorite book."

Harry couldn't help but smile at the pleading look on her face. Taking the book from her, he signed the inside cover.

"You know, I've never given an autograph before," he smiled. "And I may not have ridden a Norweigan Ridgeback, but I did see one hatch."

"Really?" Gabrielle gasped.

Smiling, he told her the story of Hagrid hatching one in his hut and then sneaking it out of the castle.

"He hatched a Dragon in a wooden hut?" Fleur asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Harry laughed. "Hagrid's great, but he doesn't see magical creatures as dangerous as most people do."

She shook her head, but he could see a smile tugging at her lips.

"Mum, can I go show this to Aimee?" Gabrielle asked, holding up her signed book.

"Alright, just don't leave this part of the beach," she said.

Grinning, Gabrielle jumped up and ran over to another girl around her age not too far away.

"Harry, would you mind doing my back?" Apolline asked.

“Sure,” Harry said, taking the lotion from her.

Smiling at him, she laid down on a towel and rested her head on her arms. Starting at her shoulders, he rubbed all the way down her back and then up her sides. His fingers unintentionally touched the sides of her bulging breasts, but she thankfully didn't say anything about it.

“Can you do mine, too,” Fleur asked when he was done.

“Yeah,” Harry answered.

Taking the same position as her mother, he straddled her hips and rubbed the lotion into her back. His fingers brushed the sides of her breasts, but this time it wasn't quite so unintentional. Harry spent longer on her than he did Apolline since he didn't feel as awkward enjoying the feel of her soft skin under his hands.

Tilting her head to the side, Fleur gathered her hair into a bundle and moved it to the side.

“Can you make sure to get my neck?” she asked.

As Harry leaned forward to reach the back of her neck, his groin pressed into her plush rear. He paused for a moment, but when Fleur didn't react, he continued what he was doing. He swore he felt her push back against him but couldn't tell if it was intentional or if she was just adjusting her position.

“And my legs?” she asked when he sat up.

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

Shuffling down and glad his hunched over position hid his growing excitement, he worked lotion into both of her legs. The further he moved up, the more daring he got. His hands glided over the exposed part of her bum, tracing along the line of her swimsuit. When he was done there, he let them slide between her legs to rub the inside of her thighs.

Fleur moaned quietly and opened her legs slightly, giving him better access. He could feel the heat coming from her mound and even let the side of his finger brush it over the thin fabric of her bottoms. Fleur bit her lip and spread her legs slightly wider, but he didn't want to risk anything too obvious in public, with her mother only a couple of feet away.

When he finally stopped, Fleur rolled over, exposing her breasts to his gaze, and smiled at him.

"Your turn," she said.

Patting the towel next to her, Harry laid down on his stomach, his erection slightly painful as it pressed into the sand. Closing his eyes, he enjoyed Fleur's hands gliding across his skin. After only a couple of minutes, a second pair of hands touched him. Slightly startled, he opened his eyes and looked back to see Apolline rubbing one side of his back while Fleur rubbed the other. They were smiling and whispering to each other, but he only caught the odd word now and again.

As he relaxed, both pairs of hands rubbed lotion into his back, shoulders, and legs. Neither of the women were as shy with where their hands went as he was. They didn't hesitate to slide their fingers under the edge of his shorts or over his bum. When Fleur did the inside of his thighs, her fingers grazed his swollen member more than once, drawing a soft gasp from his lips. Before moving further down his legs, she even blatantly caressed it as it lay, trapped by his tight shorts, along his right leg.

Harry was glad the ladies laid back down on their stomachs when they were done and gave him some time to cool down. If they'd asked him to sit up, the whole beach would've seen the bulge in the front of his swimsuit.

"Hey, Fleur," asked a short time later as they relaxed under the bright sun.

“Hm?” she hummed.

“Sirius mentioned that the French Minister’s last name was Delacour. I was wondering if you’re related.

“He’s my uncle,” Fleur said. “That doesn’t bother you, does it?”

“No. I was just curious,” Harry said.

“Don’t worry,” Apolline said, patting his arm. “He won’t try to scare you too much.”

~

“Hey, Harry,” Sirius called as Harry returned from dinner with the Delacours.

He’d had a great day spending time with them, playing in the ocean and laying under the sun as they talked.

“Hey, Sirius,” Harry smiled, seeing his godfather and Remus with a couple of pretty women with them.

“Listen,” Sirius said, throwing his arm over Harry’s shoulders and walking him a short distance away. “Remus and I are going to take these lovely ladies out to a club. Don’t expect us back anytime soon.”

“No problem,” Harry said, glad to see his godfather looking so happy and full of life. “I can keep myself occupied.”

Sirius grinned and clapped him on the back.

“Thanks,” he said. “Look, I know we haven’t really spent that much time together. It’s just-”

“Don’t worry, I get it,” Harry interrupted. “You deserve a little fun after sixteen years in Azkaban. Go have fun. We’ve got plenty of time to spend together.”

“You’re the best godson a godfather could ask for,” Sirius said, ruffling his hair. “Don’t wait up, and you might want to put a Silencing Charm on your room.”

Glancing over at Fleur and Apolline, he winked, “That is, if you make it home yourself.”

Sirius barked a laugh when Harry shoved him playfully. With a wave, he walked back over to Remus and the two women. Slinging his arms around both of the women’s shoulders, he led them back toward the village. Remus followed behind with an exasperated but amused look.

“Is everything alright?” Apolline asked.

“Yeah. Sirius was just letting me know he was going to be busy tonight,” Harry said.

“Well, if he’s going to be out, why don’t you stay with us tonight?” Fleur asked.

“Can he mum?” Gabrielle asked excitedly.

“I thought men weren’t allowed in the Enclave,” Harry said.

“They are; it’s just very rare,” Apolline replied. “They need to be married to a Veela or have a Veela vouch for their character. You’ve spent all day around dozens of Veela without being affected. I’d be more than happy to vouch for you.”

“Sure, if it’s not a problem,” Harry said. “I don’t want to be an inconvenience.”

“You’re not,” Fleur said, smiling brightly and taking his hand. “Let’s go for one more swim before we leave.”

Harry smiled as she pulled him towards the water. They paused for just a moment for Fleur to take off her top and Harry his shirt, then ran into the water. Gabrielle ran after them, with Apolline following at a more sedate pace.

Fleur surprised him by jumping at him and knocking him into the water, her arms wrapping around his head with his face buried between her soft breasts. He came up sputtering as she laughed at the look on his face. Getting over his shock, Harry picked her up and threw her into the water. They played around for a while longer, their hands ‘accidentally’ touching sensitive places. Fleur seemed to take great pleasure in teasing him with her breasts, rubbing them all over his chest and arms as she jumped on him.

Breathless and flushed, Apolline eventually called them out of the water. Before they left, Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. It was only brief, but Harry felt like he was in a daze as she dragged him back onto the beach, her face lit up with a smile.

All of them grabbed towels to dry off while Apolline swished her wand, sending everything else into the bag they’d brought. Several of the other Veela were packing up as well, getting ready to return to the Enclave. Fleur took his hand in hers as they started walking down the beach. Harry was excited and nervous about visiting the Enclave, a place very few men were allowed into.

Mixed amongst the sea of blondes, he noticed a few brunettes and a couple of redheads walking towards the Enclave.

“It’s a misconception that all Veela are blonde,” Apolline said, catching his curious look. “It’s rare, but some have different hair colors.”

“Oh,” Harry said.

“And not all of them are Veela,” Fleur added with a smirk. “Some are just visiting friends at the Enclave for a night of fun.”

The way she looked at him with sparkling eyes and hugged his arm between her naked breasts had Harry swallowing thickly.

“Veela are very sexual, but it’s hard for us to find good men,” she continued, leaning in to whisper into his ear. “Those of us that can’t find good men end up taking women as lovers to satisfy ourselves.”

Harry held his towel in front of his waist as her breath ghosted over his ear, and her breasts rubbed his arm.

“We’re also very open about sex,” Apolline told him. “It’s likely you’ll see some women having sex in the open. I hope that doesn’t bother you.”

“No, not at all,” Harry said quickly, wondering just what he was about to walk into.

“Don’t worry. It’s not all one big orgy like some books say,” Apolline smiled. “We might be very sexual beings, but we are also very picky about who we take as lovers. Veela always more out of the Enclave when they get married, so they aren’t tempted into sharing. That might sound selfish, but it’s easy to be tempted into sharing. Veela usually form close bonds with one another because of our isolation in our younger years. Most will bring their husbands for a visit to share them with friends that aren’t so fortunate in finding love, but they never stay for long.”

Harry nodded, his nerves and excitement growing.

“Is there anything I should know before we get there?” Harry asked. “Like, is there any kind of etiquette I should follow?”

Apolline looked over at Fleur, and they shared a smile.

“The fact that you’re asking shows I was right to vouch for you,” Apolline said. “Fleur will teach you everything you need to know.”

Harry looked over at Fleur, who smiled sultrily and gave him a kiss. He smiled back at her as she squeezed his arm between her breasts. He got the impression that she wanted him to herself tonight, which wasn’t something he was opposed to at all. It also made him nervous. Other than a couple of brief snogs in broom cupboards and a bit of petting over clothes, Harry didn’t have any experience to speak of. The last thing he wanted was to disappoint the gorgeous girl next to him who would be spending next year at Hogwarts with him.

In front of him, he saw several women casually walk through an invisible barrier. The air rippled like water as they vanished from sight. Ahead, he could only see a stretch of bare, sandy beach, identical to what he was currently walking on.

“Hold still for a moment,” Apolline said.

As Harry came to a stop, she drew her wand from where it was tucked in the side of her swimsuit bottoms. His eyes unconsciously dropped to her chest when she raised her arms and waved her wand around his head. When she tapped him on the top of his head with a muttered incantation, the magic tickled his nose and made the roof of his itch.

“Sorry, the feeling will pass in a moment,” she told him. “You’ll be able to go through the wards now.”

Gabrielle grabbed his hand excitedly and pulled him towards the barrier. Fleur giggled at her sister as she was pulled along, refusing to let go of his arm. Apolline followed at a more sedate pace, a smile on her face.

As soon as he stepped through the barrier, Harry gasped at the sight before him. Before him sat a massive ivory castle, the stones glittering in the fading sun. Around the castle sat a tall, defensive wall with a single, massive gate to allow entry. As he walked through the gate, he saw several smaller buildings and a trail leading to the beach of a beautiful, pristine cove. A number of Veela were making their way back from the cove, waving and greeting those returning from the public beach.

“The private beach is nice, but we can’t meet new people there,” Fleur explained at his curious look. “Maybe I can take you there tomorrow.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled, trying not to let his eyes wander too much to the bevy of mostly naked women walking around.

Fleur smiled at him and kissed his cheek, her hand caressing his bicep lightly just as they entered the castle. While it was large, it wasn’t quite the size of Hogwarts. It was also much more open. They passed the Great Hall, surrounded by towering windows and a glass ceiling, and followed the other women up to the second floor.

Immediately, they entered a large room where the floor was covered in soft cushions and at least a dozen beds spread about.

“Marie,” Apolline called out to one of the other Veela. “Can Gabrielle stay with your girls tonight?”

“Of course,” Marie smiled before turning to the young girl. “Why don’t you follow Sophie to our rooms, and you can spend the night?”

“Okay,” Gabrielle smiled. “Thank you, mum.”

Gabrielle hugged Apolline, then Fleur and Harry, before wishing them good night and following a group of younger girls out of the room. When Harry turned back to the room, he swallowed

thickly as he noticed a number of women kissing and caressing each other while sitting on cushions or sprawling out on beds. What little clothing they wore was quickly discarded. One glaring thing he noticed was he was the only man in the room, and several of the women were giving him flirty smiles.

When Fleur giggled next to him, Harry flushed and looked away.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it,” she said. “We can go to a private room, if you want.”

“I’m fine. It’s just – I’ve never actually done this before,” he admitted.

Fleur smiled softly and reached up to stroke his cheek as she kissed him.

“It’s alright,” she whispered. “I’ve never been with a man before. We can learn together, no?”

Harry felt better knowing he would be her first.

“Have fun,” Apolline said.

Kissing them both on the cheek, she walked over to a group of four Veela, including Marie. They welcomed her with a kiss, giggling as their hands explored each other’s bodies. Harry’s attention was pulled away when Fleur led him over to an empty bed. Pushing him down onto the mattress with a sexy smile, she tossed the towel he was still holding onto the floor and licked her lips at the impressive bulge in the front of his shorts.

Smirking, she grabbed his shorts by the waistband and tugged them down his legs. Harry’s erection sprang free, slapping against his stomach loudly.

“Oh la la,” Fleur grinned.

Straightening up, she slipped her thumb into the waistband of her bikini bottoms and pushed them down her legs. As they fell to her feet, Harry pushed himself up on his elbows and glanced down at her taut, hairless folds. Climbing over top of him, Fleur straddled his stomach, her hot, damp lips resting on the underside of his shaft. With a moan, she rolled her hips before leaning down to kiss him passionately.

As their tongues met, Harry boldly reached up and cupped both of her magnificent breasts. They felt as perfect as they looked, soft yet firm and impossibly smooth as they filled his hands. Fleur moaned into his mouth as her stiff, pink nipples rubbed against his palms. She rolled her hips again, her folds growing hotter and wetter as they slipped along his rigid length.

“Harry,” Fleur moaned, panting lightly as she continued to rock her hips. “I’ve waited so long for this. I need to feel you inside of me.”

Sitting up, Fleur bit her lip, staring at him lustfully as she raised her hips. The underside of Harry’s length was slick with her arousal as she wrapped her hand around him. Guiding him to her folds, he hissed when she rubbed his red, throbbing head between her lips. The two of them moaned in unison when she placed him at her entrance and sank down slowly.

Fleur paused with his head trapped between her lips, and it was the most incredible feeling Harry had ever experienced. Her hot, wet, silky smooth depths hugged his tip perfectly. His breath caught in his throat at the exquisite feeling as she sank down further, a sensual groan leaving her throat.

“Merlin,” Harry gasped.

“So big, Harry,” Fleur panted with a hooded, lustful stare. “I may need to keep you.”

With a sultry smile, she slowly lifted herself up and then dropped back down, this time not stopping until every last centimeter of his length was buried in her sweltering depths.

“You can have me,” Harry gasped, fighting the urge to climax.

Fleur laughed as she wiggled her hips experimentally, then leaned down to kiss him.

“Make love to me,” she whispered softly.

Taking a shuddering breath, Harry rested one hand on her hips while the other cupped her cheek. As she closed her eyes and leaned into his touch, he lifted his head and kissed her neck. Moaning, Fleur rocked her hips back and forth. Harry slid his hand from her hip down to her ass while his lips worked their way up her neck to her chin.

“You feel so good, Fleur,” he whispered between kisses. “You’re so beautiful.”

With a low moan, Fleur turned her head and caught his lips in a needy kiss as she lifted her hips higher. Harry groaned as his cock, harder than it had ever been, slipped in and out of her depths. The hand cupping her cheek trailed down to cup her breast, kneading it lightly while his fingers gently rolled her nipple.

“Harry,” Fleur moaned, her hands gripping the sheets next to his head as she rode him faster.

Harry clenched his eyes shut, desperately trying to stave off his climax. Supporting her weight on one arm, Fleur placed her hand over his and squeezed. Taking the hint, he squeezed her breast harder, pinching and tugging firmly at her engorged nipple. Her arousal drenched his shaft as her depths fluttered around him with a moan. Putting her hands on his chest, her nails dug into his skin as she bounced even more vigorously.

“Fleur, I’m not going to last much longer,” Harry groaned.

Fleur’s eyes lit up as she slammed herself down on his throbbing cock.

“Yes,” she hissed. “Cum for me, sweetheart. I want to feel it.”

“Oh, fuck!” Harry grunted.

Grabbing Fleur’s hips, he thrust up into her rapidly, the power of his thrusts sending her tits bouncing wildly. She cried out, her face scrunching up in pleasure as her depths squeezed him tightly. Harry tumbled over the edge as she soaked his shaft in her arousal. His climax was so powerful that it took his breath away, lasting longer than any he’d ever had before. Streams of cum rocketed from his swollen, pulsating tip and flooded her depths.

“Harry!” Fleur cried.

She collapsed on top of him, her body quivering as she moaned into his ear. Harry hugged her to his chest while kissing and sucking at her neck. His hips still bucked longer after his climax had ended, the sensation feeling too incredible to stop.

“How was it?”

It took Harry’s brain a moment to realize it wasn’t Fleur who’d spoken. Lifting her head, he flushed when he found Apolline and most of the other women in the room watching them with smiles. He’d gotten so lost in the moment that he’d completely forgotten they weren’t alone.

He guessed it was Apolline who’d spoken since she was facing them with a grin. Marie sat behind her, her fingers delving into her dripping folds while her other hand groped her chest.

“It was perfect,” Fleur said, her head resting on his chest.

Smiling, Harry stroked her back gently and kissed the top of her head.

“We’re so happy for you, sweetheart,” Apolline smiled.

“Just don’t forget to share him with us once in a while,” Marie grinned.

Harry’s erection throbbed back to life at the thought of being passed from one beautiful Veela to the next. Fleur must have felt it because she giggled and kissed his chin.

“Tomorrow, Aunt Marie,” she murmured. “I want to keep him to myself for tonight.”

“Fair enough,” Marie said with a shrug before she kissed Apolline’s neck.

“Aunt?” Harry asked quietly.

“Mum’s sister,” Fleur answered quietly. “Does that bother you?”

“No,” Harry replied quickly.

She giggled again and nuzzled into his chest.

“Thank you for making my first time so special,” Fleur said.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head and then rolled over so that he was on top of her. Fleur gasped and then moaned as his stiffened length sank into her depths.

“We’re not done yet,” he grinned.

Fleur’s eyes sparkled as she smiled up at him. Pulling back until only his head remained trapped between her lips and then drove forward slowly. She arched her back and moaned, her fingers threading through his hair as she pulled him down for a kiss.

“Wait,” she murmured against his lips.

Harry stopped immediately and looked at her worried, but she smiled at him and pecked him on the lips. When she pushed on his chest, he sat up and slipped out of her. With a sultry grin, she rolled over and then climbed onto her hands and knees. Harry groaned involuntarily at the sight of her full, tanned ass thrust out towards him.

“I’ve always wanted to try this,” she smirked.

Caressing her thick, jutting globes, Harry waddled up behind her.

“You’re incredible, Fleur,” he told her.

Leaning over her back, he kissed her on the lips before straightening up and placing himself at her dripping entrance. Fleur moaned loudly as he sank into her hot, clutching depths. A shudder ran up her spine as the new angle caused him to rub someplace sensitive. Groping her cheeks, he started making slow, long thrusts. She moaned, arching her back and rocking back against him.

“Fuck her harder, Harry,” Apolline panted.

Harry glanced over at her, and his cock pulsed as he watched Marie finger her roughly. Both of them were staring at his cock as it speared into Fleur’s depths. Before he’d even thought to follow their directions, he was already moving faster, his hips slapping against Fleur’s ass.

“Harry!” Fleur cried, dropping her face into the mattress and clawing at the sheets.

Grabbing her hips, Harry fucked her even harder, sweat beading on his forehead as he panted in exertion. He felt her spasming and tightening around him before she screamed out a thunderous climax.

“Oh, fuck!”

Harry looked over and watched as Marie sent Apolline over the edge. The kinkiness of watching a mother climax from watching him fuck her daughter, from her own sister’s fingers, no less, sent Harry over the edge. Fleur quivered and shook under him as he filled her for the second time that night. A long, low moan came from her lips while he collapsed over her back.

Wrapping his arms around her, Harry hugged her back to his chest as he rolled to the side. When he slipped out of her, Fleur rolled over, kissed him passionately, and curled up against his chest. Smiling, he caressed her cheek and ran his hand down her back while gazing around the room.

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### Three Months Later

It was late October in Scotland, and Harry was waiting anxiously for the other schools to arrive. He, more than anyone, was anxious for the girls of Beauxbatons to arrive. After most of his vacation at the Veela enclave, having sex with Fleur and dozens of other women every night, it was difficult to return to school and go without for months.

He knew Fleur felt much the same, having told him so in her weekly letters, but at least she had friends to keep her satisfied at school. Even Sirius, who had stayed in France, was now dating a woman named Elise. Remus, who had stayed in France with Sirius, remained single, though Sirius was constantly trying to change that.

He’d missed Fleur terribly over the three months, and not just for the sex. He missed her smile and their talks, and just being around her. He’d become accustomed to the feel of her Allure, and though it didn’t affect him like most men, it still brought him a feeling of comfort. He missed Apolline, Gabrielle, and Marie as well. They’d become a surrogate family, much like the Weasleys, that welcomed him with open arms.

Apolline and Marie had taken to referring to him as their part-time boyfriend and had spent more than a few nights sharing a bed with him, both with and without Fleur. Even after learning more about Veela from Fleur and Apolline, it still took him a little while to become comfortable with the situation.

Gabrielle had finally given up on believing those Harry Potter books and now looked to him like an older brother. She now had a picture of them at the beach in place of the signed book on her nightstand, and Fleur had told him that the letters he sent to her now sat safely in a scrapbook she was making. Though a little embarrassing, it was a heartwarming thought.

“Look! The lake!” someone yelled.

“I wonder who it is,” Hermione said.

“Durmstrang,” Harry told her. “Fleur said they were coming by carriage.”

“You really miss her, don’t you?” Hermione asked sympathetically.

Harry nodded in response.

“Well, they’ll be here soon,” she said. “I can’t wait to finally meet her. You’ve told us so much I feel like I know her already.”

“I still can’t believe you’re dating a Veela,” Ron said, shaking his head.

Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron’s often said remark. Harry just smiled. He’d told them quite a bit about Fleur, but only Hermione knew about his time at the Enclave.

“Yeah, right,” someone scoffed behind them. “I bet Potter’s made the whole thing up. No way he’s dating a Veela.”

“Stuff it, McLaggen,” Katie glared up at him despite the eight-inch height difference between them. “You’re gonna look like a right plonker when she gets here.”

McLaggen scoffed again.

“Even if she is real, there’s no way she’s gonna stay with Potter when she sees there’s better options,” he smirked.

“Yeah, ‘cause all the girls love an arrogant arse,” Katie snarked.

Harry snorted in laughter, causing McLaggen to glare at him.

“Look!” a second year yelled, pointing at the sky.

Everyone looked up, and Harry grinned as he spotted a round carriage growing closer and closer. Excitement bubbled up inside of him as the Abraxan flared their wings and landed softly on the front lawn. The door popped open, and a set of gold steps folded outwards. A massive woman, who he guessed to be Madame Maxime from Fleur’s description, stepped out.

Harry stood on his toes and looked at the faces of the students climbing out of the carriage, searching for Fleur. His heart leapt when she finally stepped out, shivering slightly from the cold weather.

“They don’t make ‘em like that at Hogwarts,” Seamus muttered.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hermione asked waspishly.

“Well, Potter, where is she?” McLaggen asked.

Harry ignored him as Fleur looked in his direction and beamed at him. Before he realized what he was doing, Harry was pushing his way past the younger students in front of him. Fleur broke away from her classmates and moved towards him. Her fast walk quickly turned into a jog before she leapt into his arms.

“Harry,” she breathed. “I’ve missed you, my love.”

“I’ve missed you, too,” Harry said.

As he pulled back to look at her, she cupped his cheeks and kissed him fiercely. A laugh caused them to break apart, and Harry looked over Fleur’s shoulder to find Sabine, one of Fleur’s cousins. Meeting his eyes, she blew him a kiss and winked. Harry smiled, remembering the nights he’d spent with her and Fleur.

Sabine had been one of many a few Veela that Harry had deflowered. Apolline liked to joke that he had ruined an entire generation of Veela for other men.

“Ow!” Ron cried. “What was that for, Hermione?”

“Stop staring,” Hermione hissed.

Harry shook his head and pulled Fleur over to his friends.

“Fleur, these are my best friends, Hermione and Ron,” he said. “Guys, this is Fleur.”

“Eet’s a pleasure to meet you,” Fleur said with a heavy accent.

“Perhaps we should go inside and let your students warm up,” Dumbledore said loudly, his eyes twinkling.

Harry flushed when he realized everyone was staring at him. Fleur giggled and took his hand in hers. Seeing her shiver again, he took off his cloak and draped it over her shoulder. Smiling, Fleur kissed him on the cheek before hugging his arm to her chest.

The jealous looks Harry received from his housemates disappeared when all of the Beauxbatons girls sat down at the Gryffindor table. All five of the Veela that had come sat near Harry, and he knew it was because they felt safe with him. He smiled as Colette, who was incredibly shy, sat pressed to his side and looked down to avoid the stares directed at her.

Harry took a few minutes to make introductions and was glad to see Angelina, Alicia, and Katie had taken his words to heart and greeted them warmly.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Fleur," Katie smiled. "By the way, you might want to watch out for McLaggen. He seems to think you'll leave Harry for him."

McLaggen, who was close enough to hear her, smirked at Fleur and leered at her. Harry grit his teeth angrily, but Fleur squeezed his hand to stop him from speaking.

"Oh, really?" Fleur asked sweetly. "And ees zat?"

"I'm older, better looking, and I can promise you, I'm much better in bed," McLaggen boasted.

The Veela near Harry scoffed, causing McLaggen to narrow his eyes.

"I only date men 'oo can handle ze Allure," Fleur told him.

"If Potter can handle it, I'm sure I can," McLaggen said. "Potter's always been overrated."

"Zen you don't mind eef I test you?" Fleur asked innocently.

Harry smirked, knowing where this was going.

“Go right ahead,” McLaggen smirked, arms held out to his side.

Fleur looked at him, and her hair began to sway from an invisible breeze. McLaggen’s leer quickly turned into an open-mouthed stare. In moments, his eyes were glassy, drool fell from his mouth, and then he grunted as he came in his pants. Though it was directed at McLaggen, all of the boys nearby felt some of Fleur’s Allure wash over them. While they stared, and some even had to adjust themselves, Harry merely smiled at the comforting feeling of the familiar magic.

After several seconds, she stopped pushing out her Allure. Katie laughed as the prick that had tried to cop a feel of her earlier in the year blushed as he came out of his trance. Standing up angrily, the girls all laughed when they saw the stain on the front of his pants. Pulling his robes around him, McLaggen stomped down to the other end of the table and sat down.

“Bloody hell,” Ron said, shaking his head. “How does she not affect you?”

“Arry is vairy strong,” Fleur said, smiling almost smugly. “Besides, I ‘ave ozzer ways of making affecting ‘im.”

Harry blushed as she ran her hand up his thigh under the table. The girls around him all giggled at him, but he didn’t mind. He was with Fleur again, and that was all that mattered.