Summary

In a world of hatred, he needs a pack of his own. Love, lust, rage. A young wolf trying to discover where he belongs in the world, even if he needs to make his own place. "don't you remember we were young and want to set the world on fire" Harry Fleur/Daph/Herm

Trying my first fanfic! Please feel free to review and help me improve!

Notes

First of all, I am sorry, English is not my first language. Au from year 4/5, the treewizard tournament happens on year five, and Harry and Fleur's age are one year close, i also moved the timeline to the 2000's even been a 90ths kid myself. There is also illustration for this story, if you are interested you can go to hpbayushi.tumblr.com/
chapter 01

AN: I Do not own HP

For plot reason, the tournament will take place on the fifth year of Hogwarts. The first year was an almost quiet one, and the divergences on the otters will be presented on the story as it goes. Also, english is not my first language, and this is my first fanfic, so bare with me lol, feel free to review and point any mistakes, this is a labor of love, and i am using it to learn and have fun. I am also coming back and editing previews characters as i can, for better reading.

Thanx for reading!

Changes

Prologue

People say that power corrupts. But, is that true? Power, been it money, strength, information or… magic, has no morals. Power don't choose or create sides, is actually used to do so. No, is not the power that corrupts the man, is the man that corrupts the power...

.oOo.

It had being a couple hours already, since the Delacours arrived at Godric's Hollow with their daughter. Lilly Potter and Apolline Delacour watched in amazement as the little silver blond girl hanged over baby Harry's crib, fascinated by him. "Mama, can we take him home with us?" the pretty little witch asked in a fast and garbled French, as children usually do at this age when they are excited.

Lily was impressed, and also felt a twinge of jealousy. She laughed internally, how could she be jealous of the beautiful little girl in front of her? She was 3 years old! Maybe it was more envy and admiration. The truth was that she felt warm inside, even hopeful for the futures, as she watched the two kids interact. The baby laughed as the little toys started dancing around in a burst of wild magic from both kids, a laugh that filled the two women with the joy of living.

"If I didn't know better" Lily said, also in fluent French, in a playful tone "I would say she is using her "special charm" on Harry. He had not cried or even complained once after you arrived!"

"Mon dieu !" Apolline Delacour replied laughing "it will take at least 11 or 12 years for this to happen, I hope" the two women looked at the children, lost in the eyes of each other, blue and green, Harry's little hands trying to touch Fleur's silver hair "that's another thing, it's something a lot more special. Something that can give us hope in these dark times." The french witch finished with a heavy voice.

"Don't worry James." Jacques Delacour said as he entered the room with James Potter at his side. 'We can not let the actions of this... terrorist spread across the rest of Europe, we already have enough problems with our own extremists. We are not going to be intimidated!" The young man said with a voice full of conviction. "Are you sure Sirius and the Greengrasses can give you the political support?"

"Yes, the old man still needs us. His order is severely weakened with our departure. He depended on our influence." James said, looking at the two women. "You look happy…"

"Let us talk about dark times later" Apolline said moving her arms across her husband's shoulders
and pointing at the two children playing "Today we are talking about hope for the future, we need to talk about love. And the changes that can come from it."

.oOo.

Jacques tried unsuccessfully to hold back his tears looking down at the piece of parchment in front of him. British bureaucracy be cursed, why does everything have to be so hard with them? Apolline entered the studio with a sigh and sat in the chair in front of him. Jacques served her a glass of wine.

"How is she?" Jacques asked, looking at the heavy gaze of his wife, she looked very tired, with dark shadows around her eyes, he was certain she had also been crying.

"She cried herself to sleep again" Apolline answered looking sad at him. "Oh Jacques, I don't know what to do. It is as if they had plucked something from her...the light has gone from her eyes..." Tears started running down her face. "And you, any luck with the British ministry?"

"No, only what we already knew, Dumbledore not only failed to deliver the will, he got to keep custody of Harry itself! Our friend's child had just slithered through the bureaucracy cracks and loops! That old man... and what they did to Sirius is unacceptable, not even a trial, I don't believe for a second on the news stories!"

"Mon Dieu ! Do you think Dumbledore got rid of Harry" Apolline said in a frightened voice, eyes wide.

"No, it would be a stupid move to get rid of the boy who lived. He is the foundation of his new order, as Remus has told us. And more..." he said pointing to the parchment in front of him. Apolline looked at the word 'active' glowing with a golden light. Yes, that proved that Harry was alive, but where? How can the ministry of magic lose track of the most important child of the magical world? All while making a spectacle from the death of some of their best friends. Another tear ran down on her face.

"Don't worry" Jacques said, hugging his wife "I will not rest until I find him and bring him home, keep him protected, even if I have to become the goddamn minister of magic for that!"

.oOo.

Albus Dumbledore sat at the big armchair in his office at Hogwarts, surrounded by a pile of legal parchments, the results of some well spent gold and some small mind controlling tricks. He removed his glasses and took a lemon drop from the bowl on the table. A smile crossed his lips as he felt the sour taste. A smile of satisfaction, everything was going according to plan, actually better than he planned.

Tom Riddle nearly destroyed all of his plans to achieve the "greater good", with its simplistic logic and his unreasonable actions. Worse, he had managed to enlist members of various decadent pureblood houses in their ranks, seeking to regain control over the wizardry world. Albus feared he would have to deal with the insolent, so called, Dark Lord himself. And he did not look forward to it. Say what you want, but the boy had immense magical power (yes, to the headmaster of the most important magic school on England and war hero Albus Percival Dumbledore, they were all boys, boys who needed lessons he was much eager to give). When he realized, Tom already had too much power to be controlled. His mind was too far gone when Dumbledore notice what Tom was doing. That was a serious miscalculation on his part, one he would not make again.

But then, the unbelievable happened. In one single play, Tom Riddle was eliminated, along with
two of his biggest possible political opponents, and he gained the perfect platform to start his new order. Magic should really be on his side, of course, after all, he was the one doing the right thing for the future of his kids.

But Albus was no fool. He knew it was a temporary solution. He knew very well what was the scar on the Potters child's head. He knew all too well what this child meant. But the old wizard was not going to make the same mistakes again, as he did with Tom. No, this time the child and his power would be folded and bended to his will from the beginning. The plan was perfect, not even his useless excuse of a godfather could intervene now. The boy would be his, and his power too.

All in name of the greater good.

.oOo.

On the dark corner of his cell in Azkaban, Sirius Black wiped his face with dirty hands. "No!" He thought angrily. Not that damned old man, nor that fucking rat, let alone this infernal prison would break him. He was going to live and keep his sanity, for them, his friends, his brothers in all but blood, and especially for his godson. He was going to get out, he promised himself. And would help Harry bring the changes the magical word needed, to continue the work of his parents, even if he had to burn it all to the ground.

Chapter 01

"Wat da bloody fuck?!" Harry Potter though looking at the weird, misshapen little construction in the bottom of the Durlley's was the headmaster's idea of a solution? A small shack on the back of a muggle backyard? The building was poorly done, not even one of it sides was straight, looking at it, there was doubt he would even fit inside. But as many magical constructions, it was probably bigger on the inside than it looked. Also, Harry could feel the security wards both on the locker and around the small monstrosity.

He opened the small door, as expected it was a little bigger on the inside, but not by much, there was barely enough room for him to move. There was also a shining chain hanging from the ceiling, with a collar at the end. He shivered thinking on what he had to do with it. On the door, in a plank, there was also some vials of wolfsbane potions, enough to last him the summer.

"I imagine how much money the headmaster must have payed to Vernon, there is no other way he had gone along with that". Harry shivered again thinking on the enormous man who has been the source of most of the pain he had felt in his first 10 years, it had gotten better over the last years, since Harry had gone to school, but the simply thoughts paralyzed him. He didn't understand how he could fight Dementors, but this one man made him afraid like a baby. He almost wished the magical wards didn't work on the next full moon, but quickly throw the thought aside.

"In the end" Harry thought, "this is just another prison, like the all others i had been, and I threw myself in it this time." But also, for the first time, he didn't regret a thing, he would had done all over again if needed. He didn't even feel guilty, what was a first. Nor even angry.

He just felt alone…

.oOo.

Hermione tried, for the fourth time to start her transfiguration essay. And for the fourth time she couldn't pass the third line. Just looking at the parchment in front of her make all the memories come back. Sirius, Wormtail, Remus and specifically Harry. Something was wrong, and had been wrong for some time now. But just now she was putting the pieces together. How could the
headmaster isolate Harry like that. And let him comeback to people who treated him so badly! Harry never spoke about it, he had that infuriating tendency of keeping the bad things to himself until he exploded. But she could see it in his deep emerald eyes when he talked about the Durlleys, a scar almost as great as the one on his forehead. And now, there was also the full moon problem.

The tears run down to the pages of the transfiguration book as she remembered that night. Harry's scream as the fangs buried on his shoulder when he shielded her. The blood flowing through his shirt. The faint smile as he reassured her. Sirius tried to help, but he was not fast enough. Then, for a second, humanity returned to Remus's eyes, he let Harry go and fled. After that, Harry said it was not Remus's or Hermione's fault. That the most important was the fact that she was safe. That bloody selfless prat, she wanted to scream, always thinking about the others before himself!

No, this year would be different, she would help him, he deserved to find some happiness, and she would do it for him. "And I will get him a bloody cellphone! I doubt that medieval lot of the ministry, and even the headmaster will be able to trace it! He just need to keep it hidden from the Durlleys."

.oOo.

Fleur stopped in front of the big doors at her father's studio. She could hear voices, what was not strange per se, especially after her father started running for minister of magic. But something was different this time. The voices sounded scared, exasperated. Desperate even. "You don't understand Jacques" one of the voices said in English "I cursed him! Dammit, how could I destroy his life even more! He already suffered enough!" The man sounded desperate, almost crying.

"No Remus" another english voice, this one sounding tired, "unless I am as guilty as you! We both know who to blame here, who created this entire situation…"

"Friends..." She headed her father's voice now "this conversation is no longer private, Fleur darling, you may come in"

With a small jump, she opened the door. Fleur saw two very strange men in the room with her father. They both look dirty and tired, almost scary, looking in awe at her. Fleur was used to men looking at her, she was used to ignoring the disgusting looks some throw, almost undressing her with their eyes. Her mother taught her since she was very young not only how to live with and how to control her allure, but also many ways to use it on her favour. But the looks now direct at her were of a different kind. There was no lust on those strange men eyes, but a mixture of surprise and admiration.

"Mon dieu..." the slin tattooed man, who had the hair and beard black as the night said in a French with a heavy English accent. "You... you grow up so much... you have became a beautiful young woman, just like your mother." He finished looking at Jacques with a smile.

"I don't know if you will remember us Fleur..." The other ragged man, with a big scar on his face said in a much better French, but with a more tired, defeated voice. "The last time we meet, you were no older than three or four. My name is Remus Lupin, and this speechless idiot here is Sirius Black." That name sounded familiar, but she couldn't say from where.

"Oui." Her father said looking with curiosity at her. "The last time was on James and Lily's Christmas party I believe... almost fourteen years ago." Yes, there was something familiar, but Fleur couldn't put a finger on it.

Always polite, Fleur answered in an educated tone. "Can't say I remember monsieurs, but is always a pleasure to meet my father's friends, specifically ones who go back so long. But papa, you asked...
for me, no…" She was curious, her father usually kept her out of his political meetings, though this men may be too weird for that.

Jacques smiled at his daughter's assertiveness, in that manner she was like him, just like she was beautiful and smart as her mother. "Yeas Fleur, I have information concerning the actives of your school this year, dear." She looked at him with curiosity. "I know for a fact that you, Gabby and some of your colleagues will be travelling to Britain in a couple months." Now she looked surprised. "But I will not lie, the news coming from there are not the most reassuring ones. Not only we are seeing a rise of an extremely retrograde pureblood movement." All three men smiled in approval at the disgust on her face. "But there is also even scarier rumours of something moving underground…"

"I can take care of myself papa!" She interrupted with a prideful look that made Jacques smile at her. "You know that! Please do not worry papa. Also, I pity the fool who even looks the wrong way to madam Maxine" Fleur finished with a smirk.

"Oui, I will not even try to dissuade you dear, it would do me no good. I may say I am even proud of that. No, what I want is to ask to you to do something for me… we need you to do something for us…" Fleur looked curiously to her father and his weird friends, and started to feel excited. "Now… what I am about to ask you is a secret, and, may i say, borderline illegal, and it can generate some international… discomfort… but I would not ask if I didn't trust you, and if was not from extreme importance to protect the students from Hogwarts and possibly all other schools as well. Are you ok with it?" Fleur didn't even bother to hide her smile. And for the next hour she listened to her father's request.

An hour later, excited with her mission, and proud of the trust her father had put on her, Fleur closed the studio's doors. Not even a second to late she listened to the men starting talking again. "Do you think she remembers Jacques?" The man called Remus asked, possible unaware of the veela's sensitive sense of hearing.

"I don't know, it was a long time ago, she was too small, we don't even know if it really means something and she had suffered enough already… but I doubt a connection like that could be totally lost. But she is her own person now." Fleur didn't know what they were talking about, but feel it was important, and was sure it was about her.

That night Fleur had a really strange and vivid dream. She was naked, and there was an enormous wolf with her. The beast walked to her, and instead of being afraid, she felt touched by his eyes. The best had the most profound emerald green eyes she has ever seen….
The very last night of the cycle was always the worst. Harry could feel his body at the brink of collapse. Every bone on his body hurt. His hypersensitive senses made his head feel like it would explode.

But the worse was the thirst. His mouth and throat were so dry that he could feel the cracks on his lips. Even opening his mouth to breathe was hard.

He was in the dark, inside the little shack at the backyard. The first rays of sunlight coming through the cracks of the door. He listened, unable to move just yet, as the locker was unlocked, and the door opened. He smelled, a smell he had known all too well even before his enhanced senses take place. The smell of excitement coming from the enormous man in front of him. It was nauseating, Harry felt even weaker.

“Well, well, look at you” Vernon Dudley said, Harry could almost feel his smile through the words “I didn't think you could become an even bigger aberration that you already were… but look at you” his breath speed up, as Harry listened to him unlocking his belt buckle “you know, the other freaks, your friends, paid good money to get my permission to build this monstrosity here” he was rolling his belt on his hand now, breathing even faster “but no one told me about the noise… no sir… I couldn't get a minute of sleep this night, with all your crying and howling” now he was panting. Harry was sure the man had an erection “And poor Petunia, so scared… that woman gave you everything… I think you deserve the buckle of the belt today, to learn a little gratitude, don't you agree?” Harry found some strength to look up, only to see a smile on his uncle face, and the belt coming in his direction.

Fleur had just finished packing her things for the school year in two large trunks. One containing her books, quills, parchments and other practical materials, like the potions kit and her broom. In the second, her robes, both for day to day classes and the more formal ones, for special occasions, an assortment of casual mundane clothes (she always loved muggle fashion, specifically concerning lingerie) and for this year, a bigger number of cold weather garments, as England were famous for its winters. Completing the space, she was also taking some things she was sure Gabrielle would forget to take with her, as always.

She closed her trunk with a smile, Fleur once again though about the wolf. The dream kept coming every night now, maybe it has some meaning, she was lost in thought when she heard a knock on the door. Apoline came in, looking as stunning as always with her high couture clothes.
“Everything packed my little dove?” She asked “Yes mama” answered Fleur, smiling at the
nickname her mother used. “Say Fleur” her mother continued “I try to stay out of it, but let me ask,
anyone in particular you are looking to see again this year?” Taking by surprise, Fleur blushed for
a second, but answered with resolution “Only Regine mama, and as a friend. You know I tried, but
was to no good. The boys can't see past the damn allure, and most girls can't overcome their
jealousy. And the ideas people have about us are simply disgusting. So no, I had fun for a while,
but not anymore” to her surprise, Apoline just smiled. “I know how hard it is. It took me a long
time to find you father”

“Ah, now we are getting to the point” Fleur tough to herself.

“I assume you already talked to your father” Fleur nodded and her mother took a deep breath “then,
here goes” she extended her hand, and in it was a photograph “It is not without pain I give this to
you, but is for the best” Fleur didn't understand, but grabbed the picture and looked at it.

There was, smiling and waving at the camera her mother and father, to the left she could see the
man she met early this month, Remus Lupin, to they’re right there was another young couple, Fleur
tough the green eyes of the redheaded woman looked familiar, and more to the right the man she
now knows as Sirius Black. But what really caught her was the kids. On the ground, side by side,
smiling like she didn't even know she could. She recognized herself, and a little boy, no much more
than a year old, with green eyes and messing hair. She looked into them, hypnotized for some
seconds.

“Why?” she asked.

“My dear… let me tell you about when your father and I were young…”

“Here, the books you asked” Daphne Greengrass said, giving Hermione Granger a stack of 3
books. “I still don't understand what you want with it. I thought you found the magical world to be
too backwards”. “Actually they are for Harry” Hermione said putting the books aside. “He told me
about a plan of his on the end of the last term”

As weird as it looks, both girls had become friends on the previous year, after the broom incident,
that had divided the Gryffindor golden trio. But, after this summer, said trio may be no more…

Hermione looked around nervously, looking for Harry, she hadn't seen her friend for almost three
months now, three lunar cycles, she didn't even know what to expect.

She saw Hedwig’s first, inside her cage. Then she saw the mass of black hair and couldn't contain
herself. She ran in his direction and dove into his arms, tears rolling down her face. She could feel
his surprise and hiss, like something hurt on his back, but he embrace her back and didn't let it go.
“Oh Harry” she started, sobbing, “I am so sorry, I tried to call several times, your aunt would not
pass you the phone!!! It’s not right to leave you like that!!” She left his arms, a little blushed, and
looked at him.

He was a mess. He looked thin, with big black bags under his eyes, and he was pale… but his
smile was the most sincere and warm thing she saw in months “how can you be a mess like that
and still beautiful” she caught herself thinking and blushed even harder.

“Please, don't look at me like that Mione” Harry said looking at her, she bit her lower lip, sending
shivers through his body, “you know I had some bad nights… I will make up to it in the train. Had
you seen Ron?” She looked at him with a weird expression, and he took the clue. “Never mind,
let's find a cabinet on the train”.

They entered the express and moved to their favorite cabinet on the back, the Weasleys were late and Hermione was thankful for that. Neville joined then a couple minutes later, and they started doing small talk about the summer and the new school year. Hermione felt Harry's head leaning against her shoulder and realized he was asleep, a warm fuzz ran through her body, and before she realized, her hand were running through his hair. That was the moment Rob showed up, his face becomes almost the same color of his hair, and he turned away. Ginny entered the cabinet and looked at them. “He doesn't look well…” she said in a low voice.

Harry woke up, or rather was awaken next to the arrival. “Believe it or not, I am actually feeling better” he said to the other occupants of the cabinet, while putting his robes, and some color had actually came back to his face. “Where is Ron?” Nobody seems to know.

They exited the train and got to the carriages, Harry could see Ron some feet way, with Seamus and Dean. He was about to ask Hermione with was happening when they heard a loud voice. “Arry my lad” they could see Hagrid approaching. “So good to see you” he gave the boy a big hug, sending Harry to a world of pain for some seconds, only Hermione seem to notice. He released the teen and continued “but I am getting carried away, I'm here to pass a message from the headmaster. He want you to meet him at his office to discuss you new… eeeer… condition” Neville and Ginny looked at him, worried, and he nodded his head as if saying “later”.

“Also” Hagrid carried on “we will have a biiiiiiig surprise for you all this year!”

As they entered the carriage, Neville asked “What you guys think is that surprise?” “I don't know” Harry said “I just hope is not something that tries to kill me” he said with a grim. “Prat” Hermione said slapping him on the shoulder.

The great Hall was all laughs and greetings, friends meeting each other. Hogwarts was a prison alright, but at least a good one, Harry though. He complimented his colleagues both from Gryffindor and from other houses, after a long and solitaire summer he had decided this year he would try to make a change. To hell with house rivalries, he remembered the Heir fiasco all too well. It was an uphill battle, but one needed for his plans.

He sat at his usual place at the table, Hermione sat at his right side, and he felt really good when their legs touch, she smiled at him. Ron decided to sit at the other side with Seamus and Dean, leaving his left side empty and Harry sighed, another uphill battle ahead. Angelina and Katie were passing, giggling at his back when the Katie suddenly stopped. Angelina looked at her, while a big grin appeared on her friend's face.

“Hello Harry” Katie said touching his shoulder and sitting at the empty space on his left, to his big surprise. They had been friends and played quidditch together, but that was new. As Angelina sat on the other side of the table, looking somewhat amused by the shy boy, Katie took what to Harry seemed like a really deep breath and continued. “I am betting you had a really, really interesting summer” “What do you mean Katie?” He asked confused, but secretly enjoying the attention, the brunette was beautiful, and there was something in her eyes. “I don't know Harry, you… look different…” Katie looked at a confused Angelina and a somewhat bothered Hermione. “So, this year championship…” she changed the subject and let the conversation flow.

After the sorting, Harry took a good look at the professor’s table. Up on his feet, in a corner he saw the weird man full of scars, holding a strange looking walking stick, like an old worn out soldier. But what really caught his attention was the magic eye rolling on his socket. The eye stopped at Harry, looking directly at him, and the man took a sip from a small bottle.
Hermione was trying to make sense of what was happening in front of her. She knew Katie always had a crush on Harry, she heard the older girl talking to Angelina once or twice, but the same was true to many other girls. What made her act like that, with so much courage was the mystery, and although she would not admit to herself, Hermione was a little envious of that. Katie was practically leaning on Harry's shoulder, and Hermione was pretty sure, by the way he was tense, that the girl's hand was on his knee or thigh. But it was over when Harry and Katie, as well as Angelina and many others on the great Hall said almost in unison “WHAT!!!”

“Yes” the headmaster master continued “there will be no quidditch championship this year, as Hogwarts has been chosen to host the Triwizard tourney” he go on to explain about the tournament, as most of the things wizards do, most of it sounded unnecessary convoluted and dangerous to Hermione, but the prospect of getting to know students from other magical schools around Europe was fascinating.

After the initial shock, Katie came back to talk really close to Harry, he was cute all clumsy and blushing this way, she thought. No, she was the only one that knew what happened and that he needed help. Library first thing tomorrow!

Fleur stood at the desk after organizing her things at her dorm in Beauxbatons. It was a cozy double bedroom, with mirror sides, each one consisting in a four post bed with a trunk at its foot, a big closet and a writing desk. Fleur had the side with the window and her best friend Regine has the door's side. On the opposite side there was also a small door that leads to the common upper year girls’ bathroom.

“I didn't know your family was friends with “The Boy Who Lived”” Regine said after entering the room and looking over Fleur's shoulder. “What do you mean?” “Here, those are your mom and dad right? Those two here are James and Lily Potter, and I assume those beautiful kids are you and Harry Potter!” Fleur looked at the picture once again, she couldn't remember. Regine had family in England and past some time with them almost every year, so the blonde decided to ask. “Do you know how he is like?”

“That depends if you believe the English media” she said after a while, studying Fleur's face “They say he is a mentally unstable boy, with delusions of grandeur and attention seeking issues…” she could see by the looks on her friend’s face that this was close to home for her, and she didn't buy it. “My cousin plays quidditch with him…” she finally said. “Angelina always talks about him with some kind of awe, she said that almost nothing the tabloids had written about him is true, that he is a passionate and courageous person, an incredible seeker, and if half of the things she thinks happened really happened to him then he is more incredible than people can even imagine. She says he even killed a basilisk when he was twelve or thirteen” “That is a little hard to imagine, non?” Fleur said with a smile. “True, but as I see, this boy had gone through hell and back, and for things he didn't even choose, I mean, if you believe my cousin and her friends” she finished laying in her bed. “It is incredible that your father didn't used this on his campaign, people would kill for this kind of connection with the Potters” “Friendship and respect were always more important to him” Fleur said a little annoyed “I know, that is the reason he will win” Regine finished.

Fleur though for some time, looking at the picture, there was something there, she wanted that smile back… then she got a piece of parchment, a quill and started writing.
Albus Dumbledore watched as the boy entering his office with attention, looking for signs of the curse.

“Good night Harry, would like a lemon drop?” “No, thank you headmaster” “please, have a sit Harry”. The headmaster looked at him over his glasses, with a grandpa expression on his face. “First of all, let me apologize for the somewhat clumsy solution we could arrange for your summer, we had to do it in such a short notice, also I understand that you got upset about losing the quidditch world cup, bit been the smart boy you are, I believe you understand the reasons” he said in a rather patronizing tone that he could see annoyed Harry. “I do understand, professor…”

“Good, Harry, Remus has studied at Hogwarts for seven years, and we never had any dangerous incident, and I wish to keep this record. All the relevant professors had already been informed of your… condition…” Harry sighed “I am glad to inform you that at the school, you will at least be allowed to run free during the cycle, all the school wards had been updated, you will not be able to enter any building during those nights, so that the other students will be safe. Also Hagrid will be responsible for monitoring you during and after your… changes… and Severus will provide you with wolfsbane every first night.” Harry was astonished with that much information. “Well, any doubt we can discuss later, people are perfectly capable of living with this curse Harry and you will be too.”

Harry directed himself to the door, and turned to Dumbledore before opening it.

“Professors, what about Sirius…”

“It is been taking care, my boy”

Harry exited the office and the headmaster leaned on his chair, the boy looked tired and defeated, he may even lost some weight during the summer, in other words, he looked great for him.
Chapter 03

Chapter Summary

Letters, and some ground rules

AN: I do not own HP, or dell for that matter.

Letters and some ground rules.

Chapter 03

"That was unacceptable!" Hermione said as they exited the first defence class "Is he really that insensitive or was he just totally wasted! Either way, what he did to you and Neville is unacceptable!" Harry looked at Hermione and waited for her to calm down. "He is not drunk" he said, somewhat bothered with what had happened, but more for Neville than himself, "there was not a single drop of alcohol on the zip he kept taking, that it is something else…"

"How did you know Harry?" He looked at her with a smile and simple touched his own nose.

After almost a week at Hogwarts, with some good food and no nightmares for the time being, Harry was feeling a lot better, also his appetite has attacked with total force. "Come, Lunch is starting and I am starving." Harry waited for the comparison with Ron, but it never came.

During lunch Harry sat down again with Hermione at his right, talking about Mad Eye, both the class and the time he turned Malfoy into a ferret. A couple minutes later Katie and Angelina entered the hall, and take their now usual places, Katie on Harry's left side and Angelina across the table. Harry didn't mind the sudden new arrangement, both girls were pleasant and smart, and even Hermione seem to enjoy the talking, when the subject was not quidditch. Harry also didn't admit, but he liked the way Katie touch his leg or lean on his shoulder, and her now familiar smell of grass and strawberries became one of his favourites, together Hermione's mint and earth.

Then an enormous own descent upon them. It was brown and black, almost double the size of Hedwig, with big yellow and grey eyes. "Wow" Harry said as it landed in front of him. "This one is new…" "Doesn't look like a specimen commonly seem in England" said Hermione looking curiously.

"It is French", said Angelina. "My uncle has one that looks like that, just not that big". The three other nodded and the owl extended her leg showing the letter. Harry took it and gave the big bird a nice piece of meat, before she took off.

Harry looked at the envelope, and the smell hit him like a punch. Not the owl smell, but the one that came from the envelope, it was floral… lilies and vanilla. The three girls looked curiously to the name written on it, "Fleur Delacour, Beauxbatons, France". "Well" said Katie "obviously a girl, maybe an international fan girl trying to set you up before the tournament?" She finished with a touch of jealousy in her voice.

"Well, my experience with mail is not the best one" answered Harry "but there is only one way to find out", and he opened the letter.
The smell came before anything, even stronger than the envelope, he sniffed deep, that smell could be addictive he thought, but it seems only him could and Katie could notice. He started reading.

Monsieur Harry Potter

I know it can be weird and somewhat distressing to receive a letter from a total stranger, although I imagine with your fame you must be somehow used to it. At this point I must stress, do not worry, I am not any kind of fangirl.

Of course, I know of your deeds, as they are famous even in France, although I have a way safer source of information than the news outlets (ask your friend Angelina about her cousin) so I must ask, please don't be alarmed by this letter.

I am writing you because this summer many things happened, and more than one concern you. For one, I get to know "Moony and Padfoot" and I am glad to say they are both safe, but rather concerned about you. There is more, but I am afraid it would be forcing my boundaries, so I decided to write and get to know you, as we may meet and even need each other later this year as I am sure you are aware of the tricwizard tournament.

If you are somewhat interested, I am looking forward to your response.

Respectfully

Fleur Delacour

Harry gave a knowing look at Hermione after the mention of Remus and Sirius. "Angelina?"

"I do have a cousin that goes to Beauxbatons, named Regine, she has a friend named Fleur, he roommate I think".

"Sorry ladies" Harry said getting up, "I got a letter to write".

.oOo.

Hermione and Katie walked back to the Gryffindor tower after Harry had left. Katie was a little confused by his rush to write the letter, but Hermione reassured her it had more to do with the contents of the same than the sender, "but that is his secret to tell" the bush hair girl said when they arrived at the common room. She stopped before entering and took Katie's arm.

"Katie, what are you doing?"

Katie sighed, she knew that was coming.

"Look Hermione, I REALLY like you, damn, we actually look up too you, even the older girls, you may really be the brightest witch of our time" she said with a sincere smile. "And I truly do believe that you and that noble git can do amazing things for the wizardry world, especially if he overcomes his self-esteem problem, and dam, he really doesn't know how hot he is..." Hermione bit her lower lip, in total agreement. "We have seen you two dance around each other for a long time, but this time something is different, and I decided, if you are not making a move, I will!"

"But... what changed?" Asked a little shocked Hermione.

"I guess you know, damn, knowing the kind of shit you two always get into, you probably was there!" Katie turned to the portrait "as I said, I really like you, as a model and as a friend" she gave Hermione a knowing look over the shoulder "I am even willing to share, with the right girl..." she
smiled and entered the room.

Hermione blushed furiously, biting her lower lip.

.oOo.

Fleur came down to the common room for breakfast, thinking about the dream. The same dream, where she was close to the big black green-eyed wolf keep happening every night. She noted some small differences the last few days. Now she could touch the beast, he's raven black fur, and feel his warm on her hands, even after she waked.

There was no houses at Beauxbatons, so the tables at the common great hall were divided by year. Fleur got sit on the sixty-year table and eat a very light and frugal breakfast, with some hot black coffee, she was not looking forward to beans and bacon, or some of the other things Regine told her about english breakfast. After eating, she was enjoying her coffee and talking with her only friend about the day's schedule when the owls entered the room, bringing the mail, magazines and daily news. Bertrand, the big Delacour owl had come back the day before, with no answer, to her disappointment.

But now, a beautiful white owl had landed in front of her. Fleur was stunned, not only by the way it looked, but also by the spark of cleverness on his eyes. "Hello pretty boy" she said, and the owl shook its feathers angrily, "sorry, girl? Ah, a really pretty girl, do you want some water?" The owl drunk it happily. "Do you have something for me?" Fleur asked trying to hide her excitement. The owl extended her leg and the magical letter appeared on the parchment.

"So?" Regine asked, making no effort to hide her excitement.

"He answered…" Fleur proceed to open the letter.

Dear (?) Miss Delacoeur

Sorry for the late response, as you may notice through this letter, I am not very good with this correspondence thing. I had to actually start this letter several times. For that, I am sorry in advance.

First of all, really, really thank you for the news about Moony and Padfoot, it makes me really relieved to hear about them, and, I believe you do understand the reasons for being discreet about them.

I am also thankful that you get your information about me trough Regine (I asked Angelina about her, please send her my thanks) and not from the media. As you can imagine, my relationship with them is not the best, to say the least, since my second year at Hogwarts, when they discovered that I was nothing like they hoped, and I didn't want to be that person. They wanted "the boy who lived" and I was just Harry. But I digress. I understand this is hard to relate, sorry for that.

I must say I look forward for meeting you and to talk more at length about our mutual acquaintances as it is hard to do it by letter. I also look forward to knowing more of you and learn more about wizardry people around the world.

Sorry if I annoyed you in any way.

Best regards

Harry Potter
Fleur was astonished, the boy looked reluctant, a little shy and really thankful, nothing like she expected, but what does she expect? Another pompous prat like the ones she met at the political parties at Delacour manor? He was worried about the well-being of his owl, what that says about someone? And, goodness, he didn't imagine how well she understands about how he felt, about not wanting to meet people’s expectations about herself.

She looked at Regine "I think is worth a response" the girl said with a smile.

"If you would wait for just a little more..." Said Fleur looking at Hedwig now, "I can get you some bacon, and a response to your master" the owl poured in agreement.

.oOo.

"That giant moron bloody git!" Daphne Greengrass almost screamed at the table at the back of the library, getting some angry looks from the other occupants.

"Daphne, language!" Hermione told her "we are in a library. Also, his behaviour is nothing more than a symptom of a way more serious problem on the wizardry world."

"How can you be so analytical about this!" The Slytherin asked. "I never understood how you and Harry put on with him, you guys are leagues above him, the brat only drags you both down! He is not even funny like his brothers" she took a deep breath coming back to her ice Queen persona. "Did you told Potter?".

"No, Ron was his first friend, and Harry already have too much in his mind, I don't think is a good idea."

"So you know their Friendship will probably not survive this..." She was good, Hermione though, but didn't answer.

After a couple minutes is silence, Daphne asked. "Should I assume you are still in touch with professor Lupin?"

"Hum... why you would say that?" The Slytherin pointed at the large collection of books on the table, most about lycanthropy, very good indeed, Hermione though again, just like Harry said. "Not exactly, although is related..." she answered. That made her remember. "What time is it? I need to go to the quidditch practice!"

"Quidditch?" Daphne said with a grim, "I thought you didn't like it."

"Hey, I watched all the Gryffindor games last year!" Hermione said, pretending to be offended.

"Watched the games or some player in particular?" Hermione blushed and gave Daphne a wave before leaving the library.

Hermione walked to the quidditch field, to find that the training was not yet over, she sat at the bench and watched. A couple rolls under her, she could see Romilda Vaine, and some other fangirls, if only they knew... then she looked up, and there he was, on his element, making loops and free falls just for the pleasure of doing, then he bolted, and passing through the arcs faster than any other player and emerged with the snitch in hands. She bit her lip when she saw Katie flying and giving him a big hug, they looked beautiful there in the air, Hermione though sadly.

*PS: this beautiful lady that delivered the letter is called Hedwig, if you can, please see to her to get some rest and food, she loves bacon...*
As everyone landed and direct themselves to the dressing room, Harry caught a glimpse of Hermione e flew towards her, the fan girls sending her murderous looks.

The boy landed at her side, smiling. He lifted his ever-clean goggles up and looked at her with those eyes. It was not fair, she thought. The way he made her feel, down to her center…

She came back to earth when he asked "Are you ok?"

"Yeah yeah...", just lost in his thoughts.

"So... Quidditch practice Mione?"

"I needed to get you alone" she saw the fan girls leaving, looking at them. "I had made some researched" she started, entering that full lecture mode Harry was so familiar. "And discovered some things, it is impressive what they do not teach us here" Harry sat down on her side, resting the firebolt on his shoulder. "For example, the fact lycanthropy can only affect magical beings, sure the muggles have their legends, but probably is because they crossed paths with some infected wizard. See, the curse needs a magic core to grow, it feeds on the wizard magic"

"Like a virus?"

"Kinda, I guess the best analogue would be the rabies virus". Now Harry looked scared, and she quickly continued "but it is not deadly by itself. Quite the contrary". Now he looked confused.

"As I said, the curse feeds on the magic of the host, at first I thought it would use it to create and sustain the transformation, that is the reason people feel drained after the transformation cycles, but then I discovered is not only that. It uses the magic for other things too. As the transformation approach, your physical attributes may increase, and your senses become more and more enhanced."

"That explains a lot" said Harry.

Hermione sighed, "That is accompanied from a substantial increase in aggressive tendencies and… appetites..." she seemed uncomfortable.

"I will get angry easily and eat more? Like Ron?"

"Not funny Harry! I mean really aggressive, dangerous even, and… there are other kinds of appetites..."

"What do you mean..."

"Sexual appetite..."

They both stay there, blushing in silence for a couple minutes.

"Hum… well… there is more..." she continued as he buried his face on his hands, "depending on the time and magical power of the wizard, the changes can become permanent… not that you will be a wolf all the time, but senses, physical strength... And… the other things… that's the reason werewolves can't be professional athletes..."

He looked at the field in silence…

"Just my luck, don't you think?" he said finally, not looking at her "sometimes it seems I am a character on the most weird story… And Mione, before you start, for once, I don't regret it!"
He got up "I need a shower" he looked at her in the eyes, Hermione felt her heart accelerating. "Hermione, when you are going to tell me what happened with Ron?"

.oOo.

Harry saw the girl go a little pale, but she dismissed him, telling he got more important things to worry about. He knew something was wrong, and he hated sharing his time between his two friends. Although, expending some time with Hermione, away from Ron, had made him rethink some of the boy's attitude, as well as his own. How much of Ron's behaviour he had overlooked by the simple fact he didn't want to antagonise his first friend.

With that though, he entered the dressing room and noticed that the other players had already been gone. Good, he preferred that way, he didn't like people looking at him as some sort of defenceless kid, like madam Pomfrey did every time he ended up at the hospital wing.

He threw his pants on the wooden bench, as well as his boots, knee pads, gloves and his goggles. A little blind he opened the shower and proceed to remove his shirt. A second after it has pass through his head, he took a deep breath and stopped, scared.

He was not alone.

He took another deep breath.

"Katie…?" he said, blushing, but without turning.

"You know…" he heard she saying in a low voice, "we can go after the bastard that made this to you and make him pay."

Harry froze, he stayed there, on his boxers, knowing that she could see his back. She approached him, and something started pouting on the back of his mind… something that usually just appeared on the full moon nights. Amplifying his senses … and needs.

A hand touched his shoulder and started turning him around, "You smelled me, don't you? I knew it!" He was turned to her now, she was really close. He could feel her warm breath on his neck. Her hands traced the scar of Remus bite. "Interesting summer indeed" she whispered, then said on his ear, sending shivers on his back "tell me Harry, what do I smell like?" his body responded before his mouth, the wolf was close now…

"Like... the grass... of the field... mixed with fresh strawberries" he answered without even notice, she was too close, Harry was uncomfortably aware of his erection, and certainly she was too.

Katie slowly put the glasses on his face, and suddenly he could see her. Harry's eyes went wide with the site, she had her shirt unbuttoned, showing her flat and defined stomach, and the little valley between her breasts. Her legs were toned and muscular, her body was fit from years of quidditch. Her knickers were simple cotton blue ones, but well fitted, as he could discern the contours of her center. He felt his member jump against his boxers, but couldn't bring himself to speak.

"Thank you" she said with a grim. "You look good too, Harry…” she said tracing her fingers through his chest and abdomen, getting dangerously close of his boxers.

"Take her…” the wolf whispered on his mind…

Katie closed the distance between them and put her arms around his neck, their bodies touching almost head to toe. They were almost the same high, she lifted herself on the point of her feet and
grinded her panties clad center on his erection. She approached her mouth onto his. "You can touch me Harry…"

She kissed him, and his mind went blank for a second, then it started again, but the wolf was there with him now. Her tongue liked his lips, as if asking for permission, which he granted. She was almost mapping his mouth, her tongue dancing against his own and his lips. Her hands runned through his messy hair, forcefully grabbing it. Without though, Harry's hands grabbed her firm bum, helping her grind against his member. "Yes" she whispered when she let go of his mouth, gasping for air.

With one hand she grabbed and pushed Harry's hair, exposing his neck, which she moved to kiss, bite and suck with much need, the other hand scratched his back from top to bottom, as his own hands worked her ass. She increased the rhythm of her hips until she came the first time, biting his neck. He left a small grunt as she slowed down.

"We are not done yet…” she whispered on his ear, before lightning bite his earlobe.

Breathing heavy, not thinking clearly, Harry let Katie take him, and lead him to the wooden bench. "You… you are beautiful" finally could say after mustering all the conscious mind he got left. "Thank you…” she answered, helping him out of his boxers. She looked at Harry's member, pulsing with his heartbeat, and liked her lips. "Now relax, let me do the work…”

She passed his leg over his lap, standing in front of him, Harry's hands grabbed her breasts, and Katie let out a little moan.

With one hand, Katie grabbed his dick, and with the other, she pushed her knickers to the side. Letting herself go down a little, first she rubbed Harry's member head at her entrance, then, without let it in, slide all the way to the base. Harry felt how dripping wet she was, spreading her juices on him, she repeated the movement two more times, stopping only to tease her clit, then, on the third, she aligned his cock with entrance and buried herself in it.

She let out a loud moan, feeling full and Harry instantly thought that it was one of the most beautiful sound he had ever heard. Katie looked at him, she was suet, her hair was a mess, but there was a sparkle on her eyes, and the smile, Harry loved that smile. The feeling his was getting from his member was different from anything he ever imagined, hot, wet, cosy, delicious… he won't know how to describe.

Then she started moving…

Harry gasped, it was amazing, her juices dripping into him, her hands grabbing his shoulder, her moans, he felt alive. The tension building on his member was almost unbearable. "Harry!” Katie screamed as she approached the climax. "Come for me Harry…” that was enough to send both to the edge, screaming as they came together.

Katie collapse into Harry's shoulder, panting. Both stayed there, still connected in bliss for a couple minutes. He could fell the wolf subsiding, satisfied, he felt a little guilty for letting himself get carried away like that. But then Katie looked at Harry, and there was the smile, the one he would do anything to give her. So radiant and beautiful. "Thank you, Harry" she whispered, "it was amazing, better than I could ever expected…” she got up, and both moan at the lost contact. "You, sir, need a shower". She took her things, and move in the direction of the girl's dressing room.

"I see you at dinner" Katie said smiling, leaving a very satisfied, but also very confused Harry at the bench.
**Chapter 04**

Chapter Summary

The first full moon and its aftermach

AN: At this chapter the plot of Gof and OoF start merging, so a reminder that the tournament was transferred for the fifth year in this AU

Also i don't own nothing =]

Chapter 04

The first full moon he was to expend at Hogwarts was approaching, and Harry could feel it stronger than ever. But this time the “wolf” was different.

At privet drive, it was usually all about rage and the thrive to hurt the Dursley’s, as bad as they done to him. That scared Harry, and he sometimes was even thankful for his isolation.

But here was different, and he was pretty sure what had happened with Katie had something to do with it. The rage was still there, but there was something else… when he saw Ginny's freckles going down her neck, the beautiful color of Parma’s skin, the power of Angelina at the quidditch field, Lavender's breasts, and Daphne’s incredible figure. Specifically when he remembered the feeling of Katie's bum in his hands, or Hermione's amazing hair.

Hermione was right, as always.

That scared him, a lot, maybe even more than the rage. He was not that guy, he didn't want to be that guy, he didn't even like when Seamus and Ron started talking like that about the girls.

But he remembered the way Katie smiled at him, and all this had gone away, at least for a moment.

That was another thing; Harry was confused about where they stand. Katie herself hasn’t changed the way she acted around him, at least in public, although she had been way more randy under the table when they sat down together at meals. He believed it was better this way. Harry needed to learn about his new self first, and how to live with it. It was fun, and seems that it was what they both needed for now. It was also somewhat fun trying to deflect Hermione's questions about the marks on his neck for the first days.

He was alone at the table, early in the morning, his sleep patterns always got a little erratic so close to the full moon. Almost like magic, as soon as the bacon and sausage appeared in from of him, Hedwig landed in the table.

“Hello girl, how was France, did you get to know Fleur?” Hedwig shook her feathers and extended the letter to Harry. He took it and gave her some bacon slices with a smile. “You are waaaay too clever, you know that.”

The smell of lilies and vanilla hit Harry almost immediately, “addictive” he though, and for some
reason he got excited to open the letter and read it at once.

Dear Harry Potter

It was with real Happiness that I got your response. I confess to be afraid, but would understand if you choose not to write me back. I can really see how hard it must be for you to trust a stranger in your position.

To be honest, I can completely understand what you were saying, to be binded and judge by the accidental circumstances of your birth. Most people don't even bother trying to know who you are, and assume things you should or should not do. No matter what you do for yourself or how much you exede on something. And now that I think about it, for you must be even worse, as said circumstances are a constant reminder of the tragedy you been through. At least I have my family to turn on too when things get too hard.

How can people turn such a beautiful and powerful act of love in something so painful is beyond me.

Sorry for my little rant. So many things are wrong, even here in France. All I wanted to say is that I understand you, at least in some level.

I am also looking forward to get to know Hogwarts, and specifically the students (you and Angelina for the most part, of course), although I am really afraid of that dread thing you call food over there. They say the lake at the castle is beautiful, and so is the forest. It is true you have unicorns over there?

Maybe you and your friends can take me on a tour. I really don't know how exactly this tournament will work, or even if I will be part of it, all records are really scary. But maybe is something I need to try for myself.

Thank you again Harry Potter, I hope to hear from you soon.

Fleur Delacour

PS: Hedwig is really an astonishing and smart owl, and I can see you treat her well. Give her my thanks again.

Harry was astonished, Fleur really seemed to understand. Probably she has gone through something like he had? Would it be polite to ask? As he decided to not ask, and just keep the conversation going, Hermione sat by his side.

“Fleur?”

“Yes”

“So? Are you going to keep writing her?”

“I think so; she will be here in three weeks anyways”

Hermione bite her lip, sending shivers through Harry’s back, awaking the wolf.

Fenrir listened to the insane screams of Bellatrix Lestrange on the cell next to his. He knew she
wasn't half as insane people think, but she didn't know he wasn't half as stupid people think he was, and that was the way he liked.

This time it is Voldemort, last time was Grindelwald, the name of the so called dark Lord didn't matter to him.

He would outlive them all.

All it matters was to get his spoils, to make his pack bigger and stronger, to become the alpha he was destined to be. If said dark Lord provided him with his little girls, he would help, for a time.

These damn wizards didn't know the true strength of his people, no, not even his people know.

All they had to do was taste human flesh.

“No Hermione, I don't need some kind of Knight in shining armor, specifically if it is Gryffindor's golden boy!” Daphne said.

Daphne and Tracy had meet Hermione on their usual table at the library. Something had happened that morning.

“You know, he really hates that nickname” Hermione told her with a faint smile. “You have to understand Daphne, not only can he protect you, it plays all too well on our own plans” Hermione took her hand. “And our plans need you to succeed, and it needs to be done this year. There will be no stupid quidditch cup this year, it is perfect!”

“I don't want to owe anything to Potter!”

“If you think you would, than you really don't know him. He is making an effort to look pass all the crap Ro… Wesley fed him in the last four years!” Hermione finished, and Daphne could see the hurt in her eyes.

Harry chose that moment to show up. Daphne looked at him walking to the table, oblivious to the looks the other occupants gave him. How could someone have such an effect on everyone, and not notice? Daphne assumed her ice queen stance almost by reflex.

“Greengrass, Davis” he said with a nod when he reached the table, Daphne couldn't perceive any ill tone on his voice, he was actually being… friendly?

“Potter” Daphne said coldly

“Sorry to interrupt, but could I talk with you for a minute, Hermione?”

The girl got up, and Daphne watched as they had gone between the shelves, not exactly hiding, but talking in a low tone. Harry talked first, Hermione looked concerned, he gave her a sort of reassuring smile that seemed to work. They really knew each other, the Slytherin though with a little touch of envy, even if the entire school turned its back on Harry again, he would have Hermione. And she would have him. Maybe that was something worth having.

Then Harry showed Hermione a piece of parchment and she became really happy, giving a hug. That was not a just friend’s hug, Daphne could tell. He whispered something in her ear and a happy tear rolled down her cheeks.
That was real, Daphne though, that was what she herself wanted. She was growing really tired of power games and junior death eaters.

They both returned to the table, Hermione sat down and Harry said “Sorry.”

“You really to stop apologizing Potter” Daphne said. “You don't need it, and it doesn't suit you.” She tried to keep her expression as blank as possible.

He smiled at her, and turned to leave, but with a deep breath he stopped.

Harry turned to her, her eyes had changed, the shyness was gone, and there was only resolve now. Daphne almost lost herself on the emerald green.

“Greengrass… no… Daphne” he said “I don't know what is wrong, but let me say this, I don't care which house you are, Hermione trusts you, and that is enough for me. If you need my help, for anything, I will do it!”

He looked her in the eyes, smiled and left. Daphne couldn't hide her surprise, how did he know?

Fleur was fuming. One week detention, for defending her family nonetheless. She entered the great hall and stormed at the sixty year’s table. The three other girls looked at her expression and leave.

“Good!” Fleur thought, “That way I don't get tempted to extend my detention.”

A tear rolled on her face, she missed home.

“It is true you hexed Matthieu so hard that u broke both his legs?” Regine asked sitting by her side.

“What!!! No!!! I made him vomit every time he said the word Delacour, then he slipped on his own goo” Fleur said “maybe he twisted an ankle, nothing more!! Those liars!!”

“What did he do to deserve it, and I know for sure he did something.” Regine asked in amusement, angry Fleur was a sight to behold.

“He had the audacity to accuse my father of using Mon, Gabrielle and myself to get votes from the council. Said that we were using the allure, and that was the only reason he got that far!!! Gabrielle hasn’t even awakened her allure! She is eleven!”

“Breath Fleur, breath…” Regine tried, but couldn't contain a smile. “Don't mind that bastard, he never got over the fact you rejected him last summer. Typical entitle pureblood idiot.”

“I know, but… sigh…”

As she tried to calm herself, Hedwig entered through one of the big windows and landed in front of her.

“Hello Hedwig, good to see you again” Fleur said with a smile. She took the letter from the owl without hiding her excitement.

“Good to see I can't compete with a boy thousands of kilometers from here…” Regina said with a grin.

“Ohh, shut up, you will always be first in my heart” Fleur said, opening the letter.

Dear Fleur
I don't know what to say, that was the most precise and heartfelt description of what goes on I had ever seen. You managed to put into words something I never could. I don't actually know what you been through (and I know by the way you wrote that you had or have been through something) but I really hope one day you trust me enough to tell.

Everything you said was spot on, thinking about it, I even believe that's the reason I play quidditch, to make something on my own, to be good on something that I made myself.

Fleur, don't you ever, ever, feel sorry for relaying on your family, it is the most important thing in the world to know we are not alone.

I must say I am really looking forward to give you a tour around Hogwarts, maybe we can even get to see the giant squid at the lake, she is actually quite friendly, and, if you got into the tournament, I will root for you, school loyat be damned!

I hope you don't get to disappointed at meeting me anyway.

Thank you for understanding
Harry James Potter.

“For being the most famous boy in England, he sure has some self esteem problems…” Regine said, giving the letter back to Fleur. “But he seems like a really nice guy, and I wholehearted agree with him about your family.”
Fleur simply nodded,
She didn't want to say, but she was also afraid. What if her allure messed with everything?

Harry was moving towards the dungeons, it was a couple hours before nightfall and he needed to get out of the castle. The amount of stimulation was overloading his senses. So much noise, people talking, smells… he could hear excited talk about the arrival of the foreign schools, people gossiping about other students, or how Harry himself broke the imperious curse at defense. The smell of perfume, snacks and other not so pleasant things hit him like punches.

He wanted out, but he needed the wolfsbane potion from Snape first. He was sure the greasy bat didn't give it to him before on propose, so he had to make the walk to his office at the dungeons.

In a way, Harry didn't even care anyone.

He crossed very few Slytherin students, and it was thankful for that, but next to Snape's office, he noticed something.
Something familiar.

The smell of fear.

Almost instinctively he made a left turn to an mostly desert and dark corridor. Why the hell did a school have so many dark corners like Hogwarts, he wonders.

He stopped, there was a familiar voice.

“Now, you can blame this on your bitch of a sister” Harry could now see Crabbe and Goyle, and behind then, Draco Malfoy was pressing a young girl with raven black hair against the tapestry on the wall. “No one denies me. She didn't learn with what happened with Zanbinni, but will now”
Harry's heart started pounding fast, what the heck was he doing? Was Draco really that far gone?

“Let me go!!” The girl screamed defiantly. She was no more than a third year. The fighting back seemed to pull Draco even more to the edge. He pushed the girl forcefully to the wall, a hand on her neck.

That was enough.

“Let her go...now!” Harry screamed, his heart beating fast, his mind rushing. He looked to the three boys, and realized he was not afraid.

“Prey…” the shadow in his mind whispered.

All of the other four people look at him, surprised. “Potter?! You two, stun him now!!”

Harry's hand stormed to his pocket. “No!! No wand” the wolf said on his mind. “They are prey.”

Faster than any of them could imagine, even Harry himself, he closed the distance between him and Malfoy, shoving Crabbe and Goyle to the sided along the way. For a second, Draco could see the rage in Harry's eyes, an inch from his own, before feeling the pain radiating from his stomach.

Draco curved with the pain, and the next punch hit him on the face. Once the on floor, Harry was over him, landing another punch.

Harry barely felt the stunner hit him on the shoulder, no more than a itching feeling. He turned to see the astonished face of Crabbe, holding his wand. He could hear himself growling.

“POTTER!!!!” Snape's voice rumbled through the corridor, bringing him back from his rage. Goyle helped Malfoy from the floor, and the three Slytherin boys started running on the other direction.

“I will get you for this Potter” Draco said, full of venom before disappearing around the corner.

Harry turned to face the professor, still breathing fast. The girl appeared from behind him, still quite pale.

“Professor, he helped…”

“You are already in enough trouble, Miss Greengrass, I suggest you to go back to your common room at once, as for you Potter, my office, now.” Snape interrupted in even tone. The girl looked at Harry and walked quickly through the corridor.

Harry entered the dark room Snape called office, the mold smell was terrible, making Harry dizzy…

“Sir…” Harry started.

“Running around the castle when you have an appointment with a professor” Snape interrupted without turning to him, looking at his shelves, “assaulting a fellow student and risking many others... I would say... 75 points from Gryffindor.” He turned to Harry with a vial in his hands. “I would prescribe you some detention, but I have the feeling your next nights will be bad enough…”

Hermione looked at the moon through the window of the girl's dorm, she was so happy when Harry said he had dropped divination and was starting runes. Ron would be angry...
Harry didn't show for dinner, as she had expected. Very few people seem to notice. Ginny and Neville asked, but she dismissed them, if Ron noticed, he didn't show…

“Harry smelled Daphne's fear” she thought, “but he had not been infected for so long, it should have taken at least a couple years… bloody hell Harry, not even the curses work right with you” she smiled at this.

She looked at the pile of books over her bed, “but it has been too fast… why?”

Then she remembered last year, Sirius, Peter, and the dementors…

She remembered the cold, feeling so sad and so lost she thought it will never be good again… Harry was bleeding profusely from Remus's bite… getting weaker and weaker. When she had lost hope, Harry brought her closer, almost an embrace and screamed the patronus charm. The air around then cracked, the stones were lifted from the ground, she felt pure magic running through him and leaving at his wand, the giant stag charged into the flying wraiths, with a wall of bright energy behind him, only them she could see the astonishing number of dementors surrounding them, and been repealed. At that moment, Harry was power…

A howling bring her back from the memory, it was not angry, not even sad… it was lonely.

All the books she had read agreed in one point. A lone wolf was a dead wolf.

HPHPHP

Harry drift until consciousness slowly, his senses of smell and hearing waking before his sight. He could hear the muttering of a voice, the anxious breathing of a dog, he could even hear the bees flying around the sweet tea. He knew it was sweet tea, he could smell it, almost taste it, alongside the warm bread a couple feet away. The he felt the smell of the fur blanket covering him, and Hagrid's strong musk. Then he smelled the grass outside, and let his senses expand, the trees, the lake, a fox, the stones of the castle, the breakfast been cooked by the elves.

He could almost “see” it.

He opened his eyes and the pain on his body made him focus. Goyle’s hex came back with a vengeance, making his left shoulder and arm really stiff and painful. He was in Hagrid's hut, and the large man was looking at him.

“ 'ncredible don't ye think lad, been part of it all… feeling 'ware”

“What it this Hagrid?”

“U 'now 'Arry, we hunted together last night, some nasty spiders. Yer a natural!”

Harry sat up, in pain.

“Don't worry, the pain will be gone with time, if ye learn… poor Remus never learned… but ye m’boy, ya’re a powerhouse!!”

“What are you talking about Hagrid? I am still me, just Harry!!! Now I am just cursed Harry, but I am still the same.”

“Ha!!! Ye wer never just 'Arry!!! And curse is a matter of perspective! Would ye call what u just felt a curse?”
Harry thought for a second, no... it was... fulfilling?

“But Dumbledore and Remus...”

“Those are much wiser men than old me, of course... but not even then can know it all... some people are too trapped on their own ways... 'ere. Take this.” Hagrid extended him a tome.

“A book, you are giving me a book?” Harry was a little amused by the whole situation.

“I got from a 'od friend, now, ye school clothes are on that chair, I believe u going to feel better than u think after some food on yer belly”

It was true, it still hurts, but nowhere near like it did on privet drive, Hagrid may really know what he was talking about.

“Since when are you so wise big man?” Harry asked.

“Well, no one ever asked” and he laughed.

A very curious Albus Dumbledore watched as Harry Potter entered the great Hall for breakfast. Harry was walking a little slower and arched, true be told, but even that was remarkable, usually newly cursed like him stay drained for almost an entire day. Specifically with the special modified potion the headmaster had ordered Snape to give him.

“The boy is really remarkable” Albus though with a smile. “I must test his limits; it may be helpful in the fight to come.”

He made a mental note to ask Snape for a more potent mixture for the next cycle, as he watched “his boy” sitting at the side of his muggle born friend.

The dummy golems laid in pieces at the ground of the defense class arena, as did some of Fleur's frustrations. As if the attack on her person were not enough, the attacks on her family had gotten a lot worse lately. The voyage to Britain was around the corner, and two weeks after their arrival, the council would vote on the new French ministry of magic.

Fleur was remorseful that she would not be there with her father; because of a stupid, dangerous tournament she didn't even know she would be part of.

“Why am I doing this?”

She looked at the destroyed training golems.

“Because it would bring honor and fame to myself and my house? No, my father is noble and rich enough to bypass even the pureblood bigotry of the council. To prove myself to Madam Maxine and the other students, that I am much more than just a veela? Fuck them” she amused herself with her own bravado, “even if I got choose and win they would still despise me, maybe even more!”

She looked at her wand, carrying her heritage and coming to a conclusion. She smiled.

“No, I will do it for myself, because I can. And because I WANT!

She got out of the training room feeling better with herself, and more resolved.
And she wanted to write Harry about it.

The next day, Harry walked Hermione to her arithmancy class, telling her about the weird conversation he had with Hagrid. He also told her that he was feeling way better than he usually did on the Dursley’s. Hermione’s analytical mind worked ever so fast talkin about better diet and ambient magic. She had a point Harry though, but there was also something else.

He still had a free period before runes, so he decided to start on reading the book Hagrid gave him. What would Ron think about Harry using his free time to read a book? The thought made the boy smile.

But he would soon discover, as Ron crossed him in the Gryffindor tower common room.

“What the fuck is happening mate?” Ron asked in a rather harsh tone, walking in his direction.

“What do you mean?”

“You dropped divination without telling me; almost don't stay around for practice…”

“There is no cup this year, Ron…”

“So? You are now too good for practice then?”

“I didn't say that…”

“You expend all your time with Hermione, slacking off…”

“WHAT? Slacking off? I am studying for once…”

“And then you vanished, without saying a word!!” Some other Gryffindor’s at the common room were looking at then, Ron was a at least two inches higher than Harry, and he was very close now.

“Ron, why are you doing this?”

“Are you shagging Hermione “mate”’ he was really close now, gritting his teeth. Harry couldn't believe that was happening. More people joined around then, looking in silence.

“What the fuck Ron” Harry could feel the now familiar itching in his mind.

Ron steps closer, effectively looking down on Harry, to hum the situation was totally surreal.

“Are you bloody shagging Hermione?”

“Prey…”

“WHAT IF I AM, RON!!!” Harry exploded, something sparkling in his eyes, that made Ron take two steps back. “What if I am?” This time Harry stepped closer to the other boy, for some reason he didn't look smaller anymore. “She doesn't belong to you or me for that matter! You choose to step aside” his breath was heavy and he could see the fear on Ron's eyes, and suddenly felt bad for giving into the rage.

Harry stepped back and looked around the room, having flashbacks of the whole Heir of Slytherin situation. He calmed himself down.
“She is my friend” he said to Ron, but loud enough so everyone could hear. “And I don't like people talking like that about my friends. Please, don't do that; don't make choose between you two.” Harry gave a last sad look at Ron, then everyone one else, and leaved the room.

As he left the stairs and walked down the corridor he could not help but smile, Hermione would be all over him for this, and not in a good way. He knew pretty well she could defend herself, but he couldn't help.

Then a hand pulled him into a broom cupboard. He felt the strawberries smell, and Katie claimed his lips with need. Pulling him by his tie, her tongue dancing almost forcefully through his mouth.

“Damn, that was hot!” She said gasping for air, “I bet Wesley needs some clean pants now” she pushed him to the wall, on a small shelf at his hips high. He was almost leaning on the wall as she kissed him again.

Her hands dipped in need to his trousers, and he respond in kind, feeling bold after the confrontation with Ron. He placed his hand on her thigh, and moved up her skirt, finding her soaked knickers. He rubbed her center over the soft wet fabric, gaining a moan as reward. He loved the sound.

“Hum… I like the new Harry…” she said against his lips. Understanding as an encouragement, the boy pushed his hand inside her knickers, his fingers running through Katie’s dripping inner lips, than sliding around her clit. “Yeas… try… to… daaaaamn… focus… your... senses on… meeeeee…” she finished with a long moan.

Harry did just that, the smell of her sweet, mixed with her arousal, the moisture of her breath and lips, her hand working his zipper, her firm thighs around his hips… the overload of stimulus made him gasp, and let out a loud moan, making Katie smile.

She finally freed his member, and grabbed it, stroking a little too strongly a couple times, before repeating the slide motion with her inner lips, all along his length, spreading her own juices over him, before align it with her entrance. She kissed him profusely and sat down; feeling herself stretching just enough to accommodate Harry, as he easily entered her.

Their hips touched as she had him completely inside her. Katie stood there, enjoying the feeling of fullness for a while, before start rocking up and down, in an ever increasing pace. Harry’s hands grabbed her bum, and helped her keep the movement.

Worked up as she was, I didn't take long before she was over the edge, calling Harry's name, and that was enough for him to go with her. He released inside her, biting her tie. Katie collapsed over him, and they both stayed there for a couple minutes, in bliss, enjoying the contact. Harry looked at her, and there was the smile, he felt great.

They both moan at the loss of contact when she got up. After a few drying and cleaning spells, Katie kissed Harry again.

“It was amazing Harry.”

“Yeah, it was…” he looked at her, smiling. “Katie, what are we doing?”

Katie placed her arms around his neck. “I always had a crush on you Harry, since my third year. But I was always afraid of these damn magical hormones” she kissed him again and took a deep breath, enjoying his post coital smells. “And you were always distant, in some adventure, kind like a platonic dream. Even when we played together.”
“Everyone got me scared of this drive we have. And you were so hard to get close. But then I felt you this year, you had changed, I could see it. And the smell, damn, your smell is different of everything; it is not like any other guy!!” He just looked at her, blushing. “I made a decision, I would make a move, and man, I would try to have fun doing it. I would not need to refrain myself for once, you could understand how I feel… I hope you don't think I am a slag or something.”

“Katie” he said smiling at her, she lost herself in those deep eyes for a second. “Who am I to judge you, it is your decision and I am happily going along. It is actually helping me. I would never think any less of you; I think I actually admire you”

She kissed him again.

“So… we… are…?” he asked.

“Having fun, for now?”

“Sounds good, and you can count on me for whatever you need”

“Oh, I am counting on it Mister Potter” she said grabbing his bum.

“Hum, can I ask when you were bitten?”

She moved away from him a little, and lowered her socks. He could see the scar on her right leg.

“I was five, so I have been living with this for as long as I can remember” Harry looked at her, astonished. “I have made my peace with it; my only sadness is that I will not be able to play professionally.”

“Does the staff know?”

“The headmaster does, he allow me to be portkeyed home every full moon. Angelina knows too”

Harry looked confused. “You don't stay on the grounds like me? Why?”

“Well, I guess the old man really wants to keep an eye on you, Boy-who-turned.”

Daphne was feeling nervous. She didn't know what to expect, and she didn't like it. “Damn noble git”, she thought. Waiting with here there were two other Slytherin girls.

There he was, walking to the great Hall with the other half-blood, Katie Bell. “They look a lot closer this days” she said to Tracy, “I wonder what Hermione think of that.” the three Slytherin girls waited.

Harry and Katie got separated, and Daphne seized the opportunity. Looking around, with no other Slytherin students nearby, she walked to Harry and locked her arms on his. “Come with me Potter” she whispered. He hesitates, but remembered Hermione trusted her.

They entered an unused classroom, Daphne asked Tracy to stay at the door while the other three entered the room.

“All right Greengrass…” Harry couldn't even finish the sentence; the other girl threw herself at him in a hug. Feeling really embarrassed he looked at Daphne who had her usual cold face, her arms crossed around her chest.
“Potter, that is my sister, Astoria”

The girl released Harry, and he finally recognized her, it was the third year he had saved from Malfoy and his goons. She had the same midnight black hair of her older sister, and a very similar slim build. She looked at him with watery eyes and a shy smile.

“Thank you Harry, thank you thank you thank you…”

Daphne was surprised by the look on Harry's face, not a sign of mockery or patronizing, only reassurance and honestly. Something she rarely had seen outside her family.

“Don't worry Astoria” he said. “It's always a pleasure to put that little ferret on his place.”

“OK Toria, that is enough” Daphne said emotionless. “Potter, you saved my sister, and gave Malfoy a black eye. I don't even know what would had happened if you were not there. I owe you. And I hate owing anything to anyone. So what do you want?”

She tried to read the boy expressions, it started with confusion, then disgust and then resolution.

“You owe me nothing Daphne. If anything I should thank you for being there for Hermione when I was not.” To say Daphne was surprised by this was an understatement. “She trusted you, and you bring her those books.”

Daphne was baffled.

“But I do want to ask for us to work together” Harry concluded.

“I am listening.” She said, curious.

“Don't you find it strange the everyone talks about the Potters, how important they were, how much power they seem to have and yet I am a idiot in regards of politics and pureblood tradition?” She nodded, it really was strange. “Well, Hermione and I started to think that too, last year, so I had a talk with Neville Longbottom about it. He told me about the Wizgamot, and of the house sits. About how his gran is trying to fight the death eaters politically. I didn't understand much I will admit. But then it struck Me,” he looked directly in her eyes.

“Are you not tired of living for someone’s rules? Even the war we have to fight is our parent’s war. That is not even close to fair. And if we keep using their methods and laws, we will keep doing the same mistakes”

“And what do you propose Potter, to you to become ministry of magic?”

“I don't even know if I will be alive this time next year Daphne” he said without looking away, she and her sister gulped.

“I want to start the changes here, I want Slytherin to stop been a internship for death eaters, I want the Gryffindor’s to stop judging people by their upbringing. House rivalries are stupid, to start with. Maybe I am being naive, but I believe not half the people that follow Malfoy would do so without the fear of been ostracized at their own house, of course there is his father, again another bloody thing that generation failed us.”

“Neville is great, but he could only teach me and Hermione as much, to an extent, he does better with his plants and I don’t blame him. I need you to school me, and in exchange I will teach you, Astoria and even Tracy to defend yourselves and make front to Malfoy and his goons. I want YOU to take control of Slytherin in his place”
Daphne was paralyzed, trying to digest everything that was said to her. A chance to become the uncalled leader of her school house, but more importantly, to learn how to defend herself and her sister. Harry Potter could be many things, but everybody knew, since second year, he was someone you don't want cross wands with. And if Hermione’s stories about dementors and killers were true, he was even more powerful than people suspect.

“Think about it Daphne”

“I will Pot… Harry.”

As soon as Harry left the classroom Tracy entered and looked at the two sisters. “So?” She started.

Daphne looked at her and seemed confused.

“I… I… I think I am in love…”
Chapter 05

AN: I don't own Harry, i think is kinda wrong to own a person…

Just a Reminder, this AU is a mixture of years 4 and 5, so harry is 15, hermione is 16 and fleur 17, I am also doing my best to improve both my spelling and my grammar, thanks to my betas!

I am a Illustrator, if you are interested in see illustrations for this story (Note that some are NSFW) you can go at you can go to: hpbayushi.tumblr.com/archive

Thanx to AWR and eragonflyer for beta reading and helping me!

Chapter 05

Harry, sitting at the Gryffindor table folded the letter he just read. Bertrand had delivered it and flew to the owlery to get some rest. He was very happy with Fleur's last letter. Her tone was way more tranquil, and he felt some new resolve from his French correspondent. He planned to write an equally happy and reassuring response. Harry didn't want to bother the girl with his problems, like Ron and the other student’s behavior, it was better for her to concentrate on the training. He planned to have the letter done for the big owl to take back with him, but Hermione’s exasperated voice behind him said otherwise.

“Harry James Potter, what is this history of you fighting Ron over me?”

“I see the gossiping central got a hold of you…”

Hermione sat down on his side. “What were you thinking Harry?”

“Sigh… first of all, I didn't fight over you, I know better… more like we fought about you amidst other things…”

Hermione raised an eyebrow. “Harry, I don't know what to say… but that is not an excuse to behave like thug!”

“Well, maybe when you feel comfortable, you can tell me what happened between you two.” she bit her lip, taken by surprise. “It’s not your fault anyway, Ron was being his usual selfish and jealous self, and maybe I really deserved it” finished Harry.

“Why would you say that?” Hermione asked.

“Because I’d rather spend my time with you” Harry answered, hoping that the girl didn't catch his blushing. “Anyway, I talked to Daphne” he tried to change the subject. “I think she will agree, I also would like to include Neville, Angelina, Katie and Ginny, maybe Ron…”

“Maybe…”

“Do you really think it’s a good idea? I never taught anyone.”

“You teach me as much as I teach you sometimes Harry, I think it will work. We need to learn how to defend ourselves!”

Harry got up. “Well, I need to write a letter before Bertrand flies away, I will think about how to
Katie Bell was cautiously happy. She really liked Harry, more than he needed to know right now. And he was developing really fast, Maybe too fast.

She imagined what he could do for her family in the future. He was powerful and famous. And now one of them.

Maybe they would no longer be third class citizens and seen as dark creatures. They could even erase the stain people like that monster Fenrir Greyback left.

All while satisfying her own needs.

He only needed to learn and accept.

“Am I using him?” She tough. “No, I really like him; I really like to be with him. I will help him become the Alpha he can be”

“If he survives until then...” she concluded with sadness

Fleur finished reading the letter that came back with Bertrand. She had a smile on her face. How could one be so down on himself but so reassuring to others? What could have happened to him? His letter was all cheer, a true admiration of her resolve, and even a promise of a butterbeer if she found him worthy after they met in person. At this point that was improbable.

And more than that, Fleur was certain that Harry would help on the mission her father entrusted to her. Fleur was also pleased she would be able to offer some more light on his past. It was clear by his letter that he didn’t know who the Delacours were. The witch was really puzzled by this. Why would his magical guardian never mention them?

She thought about her father, the heir of a rich and powerful family, with both relational and commercial ties to several other important magical families all over Europe, and even so he still chose to marry a part veela. He and his friends wanted to see the old world on fire. He told her this the day he asked her help. “Do I?” She wondered.

Her thinking was suddenly interrupted by a fast-moving mass of silver hair. “It is true?” Gabrielle asked in a high pitched voice. “You know Harry Potter?” Her sister had always been somewhat of a fan, she loved the silly Boy-who-lived book collection. Her smile was captivating and bright.

“I have been writing to him, yes” Fleur answered with a wink.

“Aaaaand?”

“Aren’t you a curious little bird?” in response Gabrielle showed her best puppy face to Fleur. “Well... he seems to be kind and caring, more interested in hearing about you than talking about himself, a little shy, and naive, but really proud of his friends, what? Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Nothing, nothing...” Fleur caught the knowing smile on the younger girl's face. “Will you introduce us when we get on Scotland?”
Daphne sat down at the back table in the library. The table was really becoming their meeting spot. Hermione was already there, reading a book about the history of the Wizengamot.

“You two are really going forward with this?” She asked Hermione.

“Yes, we are tired, Daphne. Aren’t you tired of people like Malfoy? Your family is older and wealthier than his.” Daphne could hear the hesitation in her voice. This was not her territory; the Slytherin could hear the disgust in her voice talking about the terms. Poor Hermione, so naïve about how the wizardry world worked.

“Your Slytherin impression is not very good, Harry did a better job…”

Hermione actually smiled at this. “Funny thing is that the hat wanted to put him on Slytherin, but he asked not to.”

“Really, why would he do that?”

“He and Malfoy had a conflict on the train, over me and Ron, and again in the boats. Even at eleven Harry was disgusted by the hatred displayed by Malfoy. Add to that Ron feeding him some prejudice against Slytherin and finding out his father was a Gryffindor and there you have it.”

Daphne thought for an instant.

“That is actually good. It will be our starting point.”

Hermione looked at her, confused.

“We will feed Astoria with that story, leaving out his father part. She can spread it to the right people, and in a couple days the whole of Slytherin will know that the Boy-who-lived could had been one of us, if it wasn't for Malfoy. We lost all this fame, and the best seeker in a century because of him… even something small like that can go a long way.”

Hermione was baffled. “So, you will work with us?”

“Tell Harry the lessons will start as soon we can find a secure spot” Daphne said with a grin.

“Potter and his idiotic entourage have been stealing from my stock again…” Severus Snape exclaimed after entering the headmaster's office.

“And what makes you say that Severus” Albus Dumbledore replied, looking over his half moon glasses to the slim, greasy haired man in front of him. All those years of making potions in a dungeon were catching up to him. Snape looked at least ten years older than he really was.

“Lemon drop?”

“Who else would do it? They did it his second year, and are doing it again. Some mischievous plan to get more attention for sure” The professor responded as he waved his hand, dismissing the candy.

“I find it hard to believe Severus. as you may have noticed, Harry's dedication to his studies had
improved substantially this term, and I believe Ms. Granger is significantly responsible for it. It seems the boy has finally realized that to excel in his studies is in his own best interests. I am sure he already discovered he will not be able to pursue a career as professional athlete. Maybe you made some mistake at your last count?”

Snape looked at him with a sneer, offended by the suggestion. Dumbledore rejoiced in his own ability to make him lose his temper.

Of course, Albus Dumbledore knew exactly who was stealing from his professor’s stock. And for now, it suited his plans to have the impostor at the school, though under extreme vigilance. At least until he found the whereabouts of the true Alastor Moody. It would both keep Harry Potter on his toe, and be a source of information about Tom.

“If not for that, why have you summoned me, sir?” Snape asked.

“Oh yes, I would like to request you to double the dose on Harry’s potion over the next lunar cycle, seems like we both underestimated the strength of the curse in such a powerful young man.”

Snape looked thoughtful.

“Sir, why are you doing this? This may poison the boy beyond reversal; I don't like him, but…”

“The alternative is way worse Severus. If we don't control it, we may end up with another Greyback, or worse. Also we can build his own tolerance to the curse, making him more able to control it.”

“But he can also lose control of himself in the process, becoming nothing more than a puppet”

“That is exactly what I hope” Albus thought to himself, but his answer to the man in front of him was different. “You underestimate the boy, Severus. He has already proved himself capable of great things.”

“Now, if you will excuse me, I need to supervise the preparations for our notable guests’ arrival, both domestic and from abroad. I heard Madam Dolores Umbrage has some quite high standards.”

Sirius got back on his feet, panting and sweating profusely. “Damn French heat. That was close, but not good enough, my mark was off by almost two seconds.”

He looked at the three people in front of him, they were some of his oldest friends and allies, people he let down once… Remus had an apprehensive gaze, Apolline looked beautiful and stoic, as always, and Jacques just appear to be amused.

“Again…”

“Are you sure Sirius?” Lupin asked.

“Yeas, I am serious”

All three of them looked at each other.

“Seriously? A Sirius serious joke?” Apolline with her musical laughter doubled up on the joke. This provoke and outburst of laughter from the three men.

“Yeah, I spent too much time in that hell hole. I am but a shadow of my older self. I need to be in
shape to teach Harry. You saw him Remus; those years with the Dursleys took too much from him. The boy has all that raw power, but his wand work is shit, and he acts only by instinct. He will need to make up for all those lost years.”

“His lost years or yours?” Jacques asked?

“Humf, shouldn’t you be at some boring political fundraising event right now Jacques?”

“Non, this iz more fun.”

“OK” Sirius said resolute, then took a deep breath. “Again!”

All three raised their wands at the same time.

Hermione was torn. At one side, her plan with Daphne was going well, over the last week, the rumors about Slytherin Harry had spread, even over to the other houses. The fact Draco had a black eye and broken nose no one could seem to fix also didn't help. Daphne was also quite busy building her connections with the upper year students.

Hermione also couldn't deny a certain satisfaction in seeing a woman taking power, even if slowly. But the girls were not fooled; Malfoy would come back soon, and he would be ruthless, Daphne was specifically afraid for Astoria. The girls knew the Slytherin would have to do something bold and soon.

Harry was also quite dedicated to his studies, specifically ancient runes, which he seemed to have a natural talent for. He was making up for the lost time in a dedicated way that made her proud. Also gave her an excuse to spend time with him.

Ron on the other hand didn't even bother trying to talk to them anymore.

But Harry also traded letters with Fleur right up to three days before she left for Hogwarts. Most of the subject of the letters was just two friends exchanging experiences and for some reason that made Hermione nervous.

And then, there was Katie. Katie was beautiful, fierce. Her body was fit and she was not shy about it, she was a great player and that was a plus for Harry, and she mostly definitely was sexually active. Harry took long walks with her, sometimes an hour had gone by before they were seen again, smiling, the boy with even messier hair. Most people realized something was happening, how could a bushy haired bookworm like her compete? But Hermione also had other suspicions.

Katie was also cursed. She must be.

But when pressed, Harry always said they were not together, just close.

But where did that leave her? She didn’t want the “friend” position anymore, her nights spent dreaming of Harry, only to waking up soaked, her hands finding herself in the silence of the bedroom. She had even done it in the library after Harry left one of their study sessions to meet Katie. The thought of the two of them together plus the almost empty library proved too much for the witch to resist. She came with her hands inside her knickers, under the table as images of Katie and Harry in a broom cupboard or the quidditch dressing room went through her mind. Hermione
had to run and change her wet underwear thinking about how come she had the Gryffindor courage to do that, but not be able to talk to the person who was her best friend and crush for almost five years now.

With all that, plus Daphne’s problem on her mind, Hermione ended up having a busy week. She barely notice when the ministry officials joined the professors at the staff table.

“Hey, what are you laughing at?” Harry’s voice brought Katie back.

“I was just thinking… next year's cup will be really unfair with both of us on the team. Damn, it’s going to be great!” she laughed again. “Can you imagine you and that blond git? He will never know what hit him”

Harry laughed. Katie could only admire him again. They were at the top of the astronomy tower, looking at the lake and waiting. The sex had been great, once again, and they both lay naked. For the first time, he appeared to be feeling comfortable being completely nude next her. She felt he trusted her.

He was slim, but incredibly defined for fifteen years old. He was a little short but not small in any other way, a true seeker through and through. She found she liked that. And then there were the scars. His life as a werewolf had just begun, but his body was already more marked than most men would ever get. There was the bite scar on his left shoulder, and the strange marks Katie suspect were from beatings on his back. There was also a big one on his right bicep, like a piercing instrument had entered there, and something like a burn mark around it. There was also an assortment of cut scars all over his upper body. She could now understand why trust was a rare commodity for Harry. But even more intriguing was his smell. For Katie, it was Harry's scent, and if she had to describe it would be something like the strong wind before a storm, mixed with… protection? It was a powerful combination, and she was somewhat relieved she was the only that could sense it. Or she would have had to fight off the other girls.

Katie knew he was not only her’s. If he was an alpha like the girl suspected, there would be others, and she actually liked it. A lot!

Looking at him and thinking all those things made her wet again, and Harry smiled at her, of course he could smell her arousal. “Damn, once he learned what that scent was, I imagine how awkward it would be to smell Hermione when she was around him.”

She got closer to him; she could also smell his own arousal. But there was something else.

“Sorry to ruin the mood,” Harry said, “but I wanted to ask you something…”

“Sure Harry.” She sat at his side, their bodies touching.

“These feelings of anger, this… rage… how do you cope with it? Sometimes I want to rip Malfoy's head off, specifically after what he did to Astoria. And sometimes I feel like I am really close to doing just that.”

“I totally understand…” Katie stayed in silence for a while, thinking. How she wished her Mom or grandfather were here, they could have done it much better than she. “I am a half-blood, and have gone to muggle primary school you know. Damn, I loved school. I think it’s because both humans and wolves are social beasts” she looked at him and found only interest in those eyes. “Well, that
was until the day this kid entered our class. The boy was a prat. Picking on others, stealing food, beating on the weaker boys. My mom had alerted me to stay away, that I might have to leave the school if something weird happened if you know what I mean. I was nine at the time; I was starting to understand the division between wizards and muggles you know.”

She looked at the lake, the setting sun light reflecting on its gentle waves.

“But then, one day, he messed with a dear friend to close to the full moon, and I lost it!” Harry could hear the emotion on the girl's voice and embraced her, his protective instincts kicking in. Feeling reassured, Katie continued. “I hit him hard. I don't even remember. They said I screamed, and punched, and kicked and bit. When they finally got us apart, the kid was a bloody mess. The friend I was defending was afraid me. I was expelled. When I got home, expected to be grounded forever, but my family had other plans. First my grandfather, asked for me to tell what had happened. And then, he simply asked how it felt. I looked into his eyes and I couldn't lie, Harry. I said it felt... good.”

Katie looked at Harry's expecting the disgust look, but found only understanding.

“Then he said it was supposed to feel good, that I should not be embarrassed by that. The rage, he said, was part of me, and denying it would only make it grow, I should embrace and dominate it, not let it dominate me. I asked him why I have this thing in me. And his answer resonates with me until this day. He said that the rage was there not to hurt those we hate, but to protect those we love. To protect the pack.”

Harry looked deep into her caramel eyes, absorbing the words. Then he gave her a deep, slow, caring kiss.

When they parted, Katie debated with herself about telling him about being an alpha, love and hate. But they were surprised by movement in the sky.

A giant carriage, pulled by a great number of Pegasus appeared in the sky, directing itself to the castle. At the same time an enormous and somewhat sinister ship emerged from the depths of the lake.

“Well, that’s our cue” Katie said. “Our guests have arrived, and we really need a shower”

Fleur finished her food feeling really tired. It had been a six-hour trip from Beauxbatons to Hogwarts, on that dreadful carriage, and upon arriving, the students had been shocked with the news that they would be sleeping on the carriage.

Now sitting at the Ravenclaw table, she was annoyed that the only two boys not acting like idiots around her were a blonde seventh year, who sat with an Asian girl and a dark haired one who seems to be friends with the couple. She was not fooled, the boy, who she learned was named Cedric Diggory, was affected, but liked her girlfriend enough to pretend not to. As the other boy, Robert or something, he appeared to be much more interested in the Slytherin table and the Durmstrang committee. Weird lot that one, all boys, pretending to a variable degree of success not to be impressed or even interested. Men…

The other girls quickly realized what was happening, and withdrew from her as well, just like Beauxbatons, she was even trying to suppress herself.
So now Fleur was tired and feeling peevish.

At least Hogwarts was everything she had been told. The castle was enormous, imposing. The lake was truly beautiful when they arrived, the sun setting behind the forbidden forest. The entrance Hall was impressive, with all the giant statues, and the ceiling of the great Hall was as beautiful as the legends said. Fleur couldn't help but find the entirety of the castle a little cold. Beautiful, but somewhat oppressive.

After the school delegations were presented, with her giving her better fake smile (the same one she uses to give at the political parties at Delacour manor) the Beauxbatons students were sat down at the Ravenclaw table. How she wished it had been the Gryffindors. Then an actually pleasant dinner was served. The elves had prepared a variety of plates, typical from all the three involved schools but it went all downhill from there.

The Goblet of Fire was presented, and as is common with many of those ancient magical items, it was less impressive than the legends made believe. Headmaster Dumbledore proceeded to present the tournament staff, starting with the ministry officials. Fleur didn't pay much attention, she barely hide her disgust when the small toad like woman with terrible fashion sense was presented, then he moved to present madam Maxine and the Durmstrang headmaster and finished explaining the tournament participation rules. After that all students were liberated to interact or go back to their common rooms.

The two Ravenclaw girls in front of her simply stood and moved to another place on the table, Fleur sighed.

“Come on little bird” Regine said coming closer to her. “It is not that bad…”

Fleur looked at her with a smirk.

“Here, let me do something to cheer you up”

“And what would that be?”

Let's meet my cousin” Regine said standing. Fleur promptly understood, and followed her to the Gryffindor table.

“Fleur, this is my cousin, Angelina Johnson” Regine said in English, gesturing at a tall, athletic girl, probably their own age, with a wide smile.

“it 'ez a great pleasure finally meeting you” Fleur said politely, giving the tall girl a kiss on the check.

“Likewise, Reg has told me many good things about you, here, let me introduce you to my friends.” She gave her a knowing smile that made the French girl blush.

Around the table, Fleur notice the boys looking at her again. Even suppressing the allure, it wasn’t hard to notice how they were affected, most went instantly silent, making the girls aware that something was happening. A red haired boy some places up front seemed particularly affect, looking at her with dazed eyes. “Not again…” she thought.

Angelina rolled her eyes and said. “This silent git over here is my boyfriend Fred, and the other one is obviously his brother George, congratulations, you managed to shut them up, Alicia and I are trying to do this for a year now” she said with no anger in her voice, pointing to the other girl on the left of the twin brothers, “this is Katie” she moved along, pointing at a beautiful black haired girl laughing at yet another silent boy, but this one was looking down at the table. “The other girl
is called Hermione” she said in a really low voice as if trying not to get attention. Hermione got her eyes up and smiled at her, there was Harry's best friend, the one he talked about with great care on his letters. “And there, in the middle of them” Angelina said in her ear. But Fleur almost didn’t hear, there, between Katie and Hermione, trying to get Neville’s attention, apparently unaffected by her allure, with the black messy hair, was “’Arry…” she said.

Hearing his name, Harry moves his eyes from Neville and looked at her. He took a deep breath and stand quickly.

“Fleur…”.he said with a big smile.

For a second, Fleur lost the control over her allure, the effect was so strong that even some of the girls were affected, Neville actually got up and leave quickly, the other red haired boy started opening and closing his mouth. But Harry didn't even flinch, his smile stayed the same.

Fleur got hold of herself.

There, in front of her, appearing to look at her soul, were the wolf’s eyes. Her dreams materialized in front of her.

With a quick movement she embraced him and felt immense relieved when he embraced her back.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The goblet speaks

AN: I don't own Harry Potter, that is just for fun thanks to my betas AWR and Master42, also thanx to my editor, you all have been incredibly helpful !!

Thanx for reading!

Chaopter 06

Fleur looked at herself in the full body mirror she had transfigured on the wall.

“You know you’re still drop dead gorgeous, right?” Regine said as she entered the room she was sharing with the veela in the Beauxbatons carriage. Fresh out of the bath, a towel over her head. “But it's good to know you are human like the rest of us.”

Fleur was indeed a sight to behold, dressed only in white lace panties, perfect fit on her round bum. Her breasts perfectly balanced her figure, with small pink nipples, the same color as her lips, and long legs with perfect skin.

“What do you mean by that?” She looked curiously to Regine, who grinned at her, drying her own curly black hair.

“Let me see… you meet a cute guy that is totally unaffected by your allure, said guy happens to be no less than Harry Potter, whom by the way, you came all the way from France to see… I guess you are feeling just a little insecure, like us mortals who have to put some work to look good…” a pillow hit her in the face before she finished.

“Bint” Fleur said with a smile. “He is just a friend.”

“Uhum… I wish I had a frieeeend like that.”

“He is almost two years younger than me…”

“And that is a problem because? If even half the stories are true, he has seen and lived more than most grown men ever will. There was something in his eyes… and the way you keep touching him…” Regine said with a smile.

“I didn't!”

“You didn't even realize, did you? How cute! So much for your veela heart breaker fame.”

Fleur looked thoughtful. She sat on the bed, besides Regine. “I don't know. I came here to compete, and…”
“Yes, but why can’t you enjoy being with some guy who will not be hormone crazy all over you, even if just a friend? And I am not talking about only him. We had some great conversation yesterday, that other girl, Hermione I think, she is a very smart witch, and so is Harry. They talked with us without holding any prejudice. You need it, before you become a bitter old bint.” Fleur slapped her in the arm. “I am not saying to pursue romance or anything, just not to be the cold Fleur of the past but be open to it. And girl, you really seemed to enjoy that hug!”

Fleur slapped her arm again, giggling.

She really did enjoy that embrace...

...

Hermione was lying on her stomach, on her bed at Gryffindor tower, recounting the day’s events.

“We finally met Fleur” she thought, “and not only is she intelligent, educated and understood Harry, she had to be a bloody Victoria’s Secret model! And what’s up with Katie, she looked happy, she even gave her seat next to Harry for her!”

She buried her face in the soft pillow. “Come on Hermione Granger, you are not like that! You are a strong independent woman, with objectives and plans!! You are going to be the founder of the first magical feminist group and change the magical world!”

“But... I am also in love and those things do not need to be mutually exclusive. Wait... Am I in love?”

No one could see, but Hermione bit her lip. “Yes, I am in love with Harry Potter, the most troubled, humble and caring guy I ever met. Man, he would love to listen to the Descendants”, she thought with a smile, imagining Harry with her, listening to muggle music, talking, drinking, far away from Dark lords, politicians and fan girls. Her hips started moving almost by themselves. “But Katie and Fleur are stunning…” her mind drifted, again imagining Harry with the other girls. Her hips moving more forcefully against the sheets. “Goodness, when did I become such horny girl?”

Images of Harry with the other girls started running through her mind. She could see Harry holding Fleur and giving her a true deep and wet French kiss, his hands running over her body while their tongues danced right in the middle of the Great Hall. Hermione’s own hands traveled slowly over her body, her hips moving against the sheets. In her imagination, she pictured Harry's hands under Katie's skirt, moving in and out, the girl's juices flowing down her thighs, making a mess on Harry’s fingers. The bushy haired witch let out a soft moan as her hands entered her sleeping shorts, touching her own center. “I am a horny and perverted little girl…” She could feel the moisture on her inner lips as she imagined Fleur taking Harry into her mouth, swallowing his manhood again and again. Harry would look across the Gryffindor table at her with lust in his eye. She gathered her own juices on her fingers and moved to make small circles against her clit, moving her hips at the same time. The images kept running in her mind, Harry taking Fleur and Katie in the great Hall. Her movements and breathing getting faster, and as she felt close to her climax did she imagine her friend taking her, bending her over the table, as the other girls watched, smiling with acceptance as Harry’s member slid inside her, making her scream in ecstasy. She had to bite her pillow to avoid screaming her best friend’s name as she fell into her orgasm.

Panting, Hermione turned on her back. “Good, with that out of the way for now, I can concentrate on real problems”. With that reassuring though, she finally gets to sleep.
In the fifth-year boy’s dorm, on the other side of the tower, Harry couldn’t sleep either. His mind was racing, trying to make sense of his feelings.

The night had been great, even magical in a sense. He along with Fleur, Hermione, Katie, Angelina and Regine, plus Alicia and the twins had stayed up talking until curfew. They talked about Hogwarts and learnt about Beauxbatons, about Victor Krum and quidditch, Hermione told about her vacations to the Riviera and spoke with the French witches in their native language, much to everyone’s surprise. For a moment Harry could forget about the lycanthropy, Voldemort, Malfoy or the Wizengamot. Hogwarts once more felt like home, like it had back in first year. Even Hermione let her usual stiffness go and accepted some of the twins’ jokes. Harry noticed that Fleur's effect over them diminished as time passed. Later, as they were walking back to the tower, Hermione told him that Fleur was probably part veela, and explained a little about the allure. Interestingly, other than feeling a slight warmth in his belly, Harry didn't feel the compulsion Hermione described as the effect of the veela magic.

But there was something else, much subtler, but powerful, even if he didn't know exactly what it was. When he felt Fleur’s lily scent in person, it was like a switch had turn on his head. Every time she touched him (and there was a lot of touching, hands, shoulders, legs, he suspected she didn't even notice it) Harry felt something strange; he couldn't put his finger on exactly what it was. The best way he could describe it was an intense sense of nostalgia, like he really missed somewhere he had never gone. Katie and Hermione noticed something, but while his best friend just bit her lip, Katie smiled wide every time Fleur touched him. He thought for a moment he would never stop blushing, and concluded that Katie was trying to embarrass him to death.

What was happening… he could understand at some level why Hermione, his best friend, first kiss, first platonic love and Katie, his partner and lover in his new life, made him feel that way. But why Fleur? Sure, they had many things in common. Was that the reason he felt like he’s known her since… forever?

“Maybe I am over thinking it; maybe I should just enjoy the ride, like Katie said.”

Thinking about it, Harry finally got to sleep.

…

Some hours later, in France, at the Delacour manor, a goblin dressed in a fancy styled suit and a briefcase arrived through the floo in the studio. Behind him was a pale man with deep blue eyes and midnight black hair. Apolline, Jacques, Sirius and Remus all got up as soon as the short dignitary entered the room.

Sirius watched the black eyes of the creature scan the room, stopping a bit longer over him. Then with a smile full of sharp teeth he said. “Good morning gentleman and milady. I am the requested Gringotts’s representative. You may call me Grimpod.”

“Good morning mister Grimpod” Jacques said with a formal voice, “hello Anders,” he greeted the Greengrass patriarch with a soft smile. “Please everyone, have a seat.” As he gestured to the chairs in front of his big table. “Grimpod, thank you for helping us in this dangerous ordeal. May I offer you a beverage?”
“No thanks required Mr. Delacour. Actually, I should be the one thanking you for bringing some
terrible irregularities to light.” You and Mr. Greengrass are expending significant capital to find
those dirty files, you don't need to be thanking me.

The goblin silently placed his briefcase on the table, opened and produced some parchments and a
blood quill. He aligned all of them perfectly in front of Jacques Delacour, but moved to face Sirius.

“No… Mr. Black. Much of what you told us is true. The boy truly is in some sort of bureaucratic
limbo. Most of his papers, other than his birth certificate, and his parent’s obituaries could not be
found. We could not even determine who was supposed to be his legal magical representatives. By
default, in this situation, this obligation falls to the school’s headmaster. It seems he has been using
this unusual legal loophole to gain access, even though it is limited, to the family vaults.”

“Who was the ministry official responsible for his case at the time of the… tragedy?” Apolline
asked.

“A former secretary, now director of the disciplinary department, Dolores Umbridge.”

“Now, it is only because of those irregularities and Mr. Delacour’s influence that we were willing,
together with some friends at the ministry to move through with this. Understand Mr. Black, if
what you are saying is not true, and you in fact are a convicted criminal, you are sending yourself
back to Azkaban, and probably all the other wizards in this room with you. But, if it is true, and no
trial was made, then there will be no magical records about it, and by signing this, not only will
you get what you want, but will also have a legal base to reopen your case. Are you sure you want
to proceed?”

“Absolutely, they stole thirteen years of my life!”

“Then, Mr. Black, please sign these papers, and all will be done.”

Sirius took the blood quill, read the documents, and with a smirk signed. Silence fell in the room,
all the occupants tensed, minus the goblin, who smiled. Suddenly, a golden light flared up from
Sirius's signature, then the piece of parchment floated up in the air and copied itself. One of the
copies disappeared in a small burst of green flames. The other flew into Sirius's hand.

“Congratulations Lord Black” the goblin said, closing his briefcase. “You have just adopted Harry
Potter.”

Fleur stepped out if the carriage, looking at the imposing castle in front of her. She woke feeling a
lot lighter, the memories of the previous night bringing a smile to her face. She turned around and
called, “come on Gabby, I want to put my name in the Goblet before breakfast.” The younger
French girl came out of the carriage jumping and giggling. Regine followed along after her.
Gabrielle was full of energy, looking at everything with curiosity.

“I can't wait to taste the sausages” she said with a smile, and Fleur suspect it was only to upset her,
Gabby knew her sister was having a hard time with English food. “Hey Fleur, do I look good? Do
you think Harry will find me pretty?”

She did look radiant in her informal school clothes. Fleur rolled her eyes. “I am sure he will find
you… cute.” Regine laughed, and Gabby showed her tongue.
As they entered the great Hall, Fleur saw Harry, Hermione, Katie, and a red-haired girl she didn’t know, but looked remarkable like the twins, waiting for her. Harry was in a happy conversation with the two older girls, and the younger saw the French witches approaching. “Does he even notice he is always surrounded by girls” Regine asked in a low, almost evil tone.

Harry looked at them with a radiant smile. “Good morning Fleur, Regine. We thought about accompanying you to breakfast, and maybe giving you a tour through the grounds.”

“That sounds great ‘Arry, but first will you accompany me to the Goblet? I should put my name in there.”

“Sure thing, Fred and George are there putting their own in. But before that, who is this beautiful lady behind you?”

Fleur noticed Gabby almost hiding behind her. All that bravado and energy, and she gets shy now, she thought. “This is my little sister, Gabby, but be careful, she’s a dangerous fangirl!”

“Heeey, what are you telling him about me!” She asked in French. “’ello ’Arry. English zis not good”

“Don't worry, it is a pleaseure! I hope we can be friends, and this is Hermione, Katie and Ginny.” Fleur notice that he talked to her like he talked to anyone, not patronizing because of her age.

“I like him!!” Gabby said in French, blushing.

At that, the strange group started moving to the Goblet, talking about breakfast. Fleur started noticing the other student’s looks, and started closing in on herself, her good mood draining away, until she realized those looks weren’t exactly for her, but for Harry. Some looked in admiration, others in disgust, many looked fearful. Fleur could see Harry trying to ignore it, while he and Hermione talked with Gabby about the statues.

They arrive at the entrance to the Great Hall where the Goblet was placed. The goblet’s fire radiating a blue light on the people surrounding it that were watching the contestants present their names. In a circle on the ground, runes were inscribed, shining with magic and preventing the underage students from participating. Some Gryffindor third years were cheering as the Weasley twins put in their names.

“Wish me luck” Fleur said. She was surprised when Harry reached for her hand and confidently said. “You will get it.” For some reason she didn't want to let go of his hand.

She proudly walked to the pile of parchment and signed one with the blood quill. Then entered the runic circle and put the parchment into the fire. The flames engulfed it and launched a bright blue light, accepting her inscription.

She came back smiling, and then Regine did the same. Some other Beauxbatons students also entered their names into the Goblet, while also giving Fleur an angry look. She sighed and gave them a smirk. Typical insecure bitches, she thought.

Then she heard a high-pitched irritating voice behind her. “What an entourage Potty, a blood traitor, a mudblood and now a half-breed? If you sink any lower, you will be sleeping in the barn with your giant friend!” Fleur turned to see a slim, greasy blonde boy with a nose in bandages followed by two other bigger boys giving them a mocking look of disgust.

Fleur was angry, how could someone be so low, how can someone say such disgusting things? To her and her sister! She could feel the heat building up on her hands as the veela nature started
getting the better of her. She was about to say something, when Harry walked in front of her and as she looked at him, she could see the wolf's eyes again. There was no mistake this time. Some people around then took a step back. Hermione held his hand. Appearing to be afraid.

Harry took another step forward. “Really Malfoy,” he said in a low, even tone that was even more scary than if he had shouted. “Racial slurs coming from a coward whose only company are two inbred grimlocks, who can't even cast a stunner?” Harry took some more steps towards them. “Any of these witches are miles better than you any day, so much for blood superiority.” Fleur could “see” his aura now. The wolf was there. Hermione was biting her lips. She could hear Katie whispering “control it… protect the pack…”. There was something happening that she didn't understand.

Harry was very close to them now. “I can see your nose is still in the wrong place. If you say anything to any of my friends again, I will help you fix it the same way I messed with it before”. Everyone tensed as hands were going to wands.

“You know you can't handle him blondie”. Fleur and the otter students turned to see the scary professor with a fake eye approaching. “So why don’t you go run to your daddy. The rest of you, move along. You too Potter, but watch your back because that one is sneaky.”

Fleur touched Harry's hand, and his aura subsided.

He looked at her with a guilty look. “I am sorry, I know none of you need my clumsy protection, but I couldn't stand it”

“It’s OK 'Arry. He's just a li’ee boy. Let's go eat something.” She smiled at him. Fleur looked at Hermione's relieved face and realized she was not afraid of the blond boy, she was afraid of what Harry could do to him.

...

Daphne watched the scene that unfolded in front of her with fascination and excitement. She saw Harry intimidating the monster that tried to attack both her and her sister with ease. She saw the fear in Malfoy's eyes. And rejoiced in it.

Thinking coldly though, it was not a smart move on Harry's part, unless he wanted to exert power through fear, and she firmly believed he didn't, that was not him. That was the reason she wanted to help him, he was different from the pureblood animals like Malfoy.

But looking at the fear in Malfoy's eyes, she saw an opportunity to leverage the situation, and protect her and Astoria, and she was going to grab it. She waited until Malfoy entered the Great Hall followed by Harry and his group a couple minutes later.

As her sister passed by her, she grabbed her arm and whispered, “Tory, you are going to enter the hall and sit next to Tracy, as close as possible. Sit on the opposite side of Malfoy and wait for me.”

Astoria nodded and did just that. Daphne waited a couple more minutes, took a deep breath, straightened her hair and walk into the great Hall alone. She stopped at the big open doors and wait until some of the Slytherin eyes were on her, specifically Draco Malfoy.

When she was sure he was looking, Daphne walked straight toward the Gryffindor table and touched Harry on the shoulder. She noticed that the boy seemed to be waiting for her, as she saw no surprise in his eyes, at least until she kissed him. A quick, chaste kiss, but enough to send the great Hall into silence.
Before she lifted her head, she whispered in his ear. “Walk with me to the Slytherin table” Harry seemed to promptly understand and did as he was asked. Daphne could see the looks of surprise on the faces of the other witches around the table, and let out a smile.

Harry walked with her to the Slytherin table to the place saved by Astoria in front of Draco Malfoy. Daphne’s face remained cold as ice the entire time. She sat down as Harry stood behind her with a hand on her shoulder looking directly at Malfoy. The message was clear. She was under his protection.

After a couple seconds, he came back to Gryffindor's table looked at the girls and left the Hall.

“I should have really kissed him …” Daphne thought as she watched him leave.

…”

“’Ermione, what just happened?” Fleur asked in French. “Is that ’Arry’s girlfriend? Why did he leave?”

Hermione sighed. So typical of Harry to leave and let her do the explaining. “That was someone who is helping us, and no, she is not his girlfriend at least as far as I know, he doesn't have one. Daphne is a friend who is in a dangerous situation.” Hermione then explained about the attack on Daphne's sister and how Harry save her and the plans to help Daphne gain control of Slytherin house while she helps Harry learn how to use any political power he may have. “Malfoy is getting ever bolder and dangerous; I can't even imagine what he would have done to Astoria. There is a divide in Slytherin, and today Daphne made him publicly take a side. I figure that if you want to be his friend, you need to know he has a talent to paint himself into some pretty dangerous corners.”

“Why does ’Arry need someone to teach him that, why doesn't his magical guardian do that?” Fleur asked, a little shocked by situation.

“Fleur, he didn't even know about the magical world until he was eleven.” Fleur looked at her with a shocked expression.

“Mon dieu, that explains so much…” the French witch whispered.

“And every year at Hogwarts since the first one was terrible for him… he really thought that with the tournament, he could have some time to learn this year.”

Hermione studied Fleur's expression. She saw some genuine concern there.

“So, why did he run away?”

Hermione bit her lip. “That is the question; Harry is not one to run. Sorry, I need to go look for him.” she said as she got up. She quickly ran to the Gryffindor tower, and after making sure no one was paying attention to her, entered the fifth-year boy’s dorm and secured the marauder’s map. It was a good thing that Harry let her know where he kept both the map and his cloak. Hermione scanned the map for a minute, before finding him outside at the edge of the forest. He was not moving, good.

“Why do you always do this Harry” she thought to herself as she got after him. “Keep the feelings inside for yourself.”

She walked quickly through the grounds, passing Hagrid's hut, and saw him sitting on a tree trunk
with his back to her.

“Hi Hermione” he said without looking at her. “Funny how now I always know who is coming
behind me…” he turned to her with a sad smile. “Before you ask, I know the full moon is a couple
weeks away, but I can smell you…”

She sat down on his side.

“You smell good Mione…” he whispered.

They stayed there, in silence, just enjoying each other's presence for a time.

“Harry, why did you leave like that? Fleur was confused… and you got me worried.”

He buried his face on his hands.

“Bloody hell, one day in, and she must already think I’m a freak. She wouldn't be too far off
anyway…”

Hermione got closer to Harry and wrapped her arms around his shoulder. “You are not a freak
Harry… you are my… best friend…” she whispered.

“I am a monster Mione… you were right, that day in the field… everything you said. I am
dangerous.” he looked at her, ashamed. “I saw the way you looked at me when Malfoy started
talking shit…”

“Oh Harry, I am sorry, I…”

“Don't be, you are right, you have no idea what was going on in my mind that time… and again at
the table… when I remembered what he was doing to Astoria… I wanted… I wanted… to break…
him… and not as figure of speech… I wanted to rip his body apart, and I was ready to do it, that is
why I had to leave.”

“But you didn't, you controlled yourself, and you did it to protect us.”

“Only because you and Fleur were there.” He blushed. “You two… pulled me back, but what will
happen the day you are not there with me? I can't even get help from the bloody professors, and
Remus is somewhere in France!”

Hermione put both hands on his shoulder and turned him to herself. Harry’s eyes were full of guilt,
anger, and... Something else…

“Harry, I will never leave you. We are going to get past this together, as always! This is not a
hundred dementors!!”

“I don't know if that is true anymore! No, not because of you! Hermione, the other things you said
are also happening, and I am feeling awful, I am feeling dirty!” He moved away from her a little.
He was blushing furiously now. Hermione looked at him confused, but understood a second later.
“The way I feel when I look at you, when I smell your scent” now it was Hermione’s turn to blush.
She wanted to say something, but let him finish instead. He needed to vent. “I thought it would take
years, damn, maybe this is just the beginning, what if it gets worse. Will I become more
dangerous? It’s not even all the girls! Damn, I am not like that!” At this point, he had stood up and
was breathing rapidly. “Sorry.”

“Please don't, Daphne is right, stop apologizing.” He blushed again, like a little boy. “I am also
alarmed by the speed things are happening Harry. But when were you ever normal? Maybe your magical ability is too strong, maybe it’s all the emotions you keep locked inside feeding it. Maybe it’s your connection with Voldemort…”

“You think…”

“I don't know Harry, I am just conjecturing. You know I just pretend, right? That I don't really know it all.”

He gave her a smile.

“What does Katie say?” Hermione asked. “I believe she lived with it for some time.”

“How did…” Hermione raised an eyebrow. “Of course, you know... she is trying to help me. She said I should not fight against it, but to use it to protect the pack or something…”

“You said it’s not all the girls? What do you mean by that?” Harry blushed furiously again and remained silence. “Harry, you can trust me… please”

“I… I… I notice the other girls of course” he said in no more than a whisper. “But I discovered that what really messes with me is … the scent… and only a few scents really got me…” he couldn't finish.

“Who?” Hermione asked and immediately though. “Why am I asking this?”

“Katie, Daphne, Fleur, I could feel her scent even in the letters, and… you…”

She blushed. They stayed in silence for some time. Harry couldn't see to look at her.

She got up. “Harry, look at me…Harry, I… I don't mind it. I think… I even like it… and I know for a fact Katie likes it… Harry, we will get through this, together.” She said and hugged him, trying to convey as much feeling as she could to him. The girl felt relieved and happy when he returned the affection.

“Thank you, I am feeling better…”

“Do you want to stay here a little more?”

“Yeah, the forest's smells help me to calm down…” They both leaned back against the tree trunk, holding hands.

Hermione's mind started running, making mental notes and calculations…

…

Apolline Delacour poured the Dom Perignon champagne into the six crystal glasses. The half veela and her husband where sitting in the living room, accompanied by Sirius Black, Remus Lupin and Anders and Sarah Greengrass. Each one of them picked up one of the glasses.

“To the new generation, may they achieve what we could not” as she raised her glass in a toast. “May they set the world on fire!”

The other raised their glasses. “To the new father!” Jacques congratulated.
“To the new ministry of magic!” Remus and Sirius finished, and they all drank the champagne.

“Exquisite taste, my dear Jacques” complimented Anders. “Once we start the process to give Sirius a new trial, I will move to block Narcisa’s access to the Black assets on the Wizengamot. If Harry is correct, and I believe he is, when Voldemort indeed returns, that will be a great blow on his finances.”

“I can't believe Harry doesn't know anything about his family or us…” Sarah Greengrass said sadly.

“That is in part my fault.” Remus sighed. “No Sirius, it is. I was so devastated when the things happened, Michel had died only a week before, I was so desperate that I believed everything Dumbledore said. I believed when he said Harry was safe with the Delacours. When I discovered he was not here, I broke…”

“We all did Remus…” Apolline said, holding his hand.

“I just hope our kids understand” said Sirius. “Ultimately, we are doing the same thing as the old fart, deciding part of their destinies for them, removing their choices… I just hope they don't hate us in the end…”

... 

“And the champion for Beauxbatons” headmaster Dumbledore announced with his voice magically amplified. “Is Fleur Delacour!”

Fleur proudly stood up. Applause and cheering all around her, even the girls who usually hate her got caught up in the celebration. “Fake bitches.” She thought with a smile. She knew half of them would be cheering for the pretty Hogwarts's champion tomorrow. Regine gave her a hug, and as Fleur moved to the champions room, she could hear the cat calls of some male students. She stood even prouder.

Then, amongst the students she saw Harry’s face. He was calm and smiling a reassuring smile. She hoped his eyes could see her, not the veela, not the champion, but Fleur, as she could see only Harry. “Come on Fleur, you have been chosen. He is your young friend now, concentrate on the tournament ahead!”

She entered the room to see the other two champions. Victor Krum stood in the corner; arms crossed over his chest, and only gave her a nod. She answered in kind. “Is he so insecure that he has to keep this facade all the time?” She thought and smiled, “men can be so fragile.”

“Congratulations Ms Delacour” Cedric Diggory said, extending his hand. She admired his will power fighting the allure so close to her. His girlfriend was a luck girl.

“Likewise, mizer Diggory, I see ‘ogwarts is well represented.”

“Here I am with a chance to prove to myself that I am capable. The school, the purebloods, all that people that doubt me will see! What a bravado, I am terrified!!” she tough to herself.

Fleur then noticed that the noise outside stopped. Something was wrong. She barely could hear the headmaster, Cedric and Victor noticed it too. Fleur tensed.

The door opened, and Harry Potter walked into the room looking at the floor.

“’Arry? It's everything alright? They need us?” Harry looked at her, and she saw fear and anger in
his eyes.

“I am so sorry Fleur…” he whispered, but she could hear.

“Non…”

... 

The door slammed open, Dumbledore, Madam Maxine, Karkaroff and the ministry officials entered the room. With intensity in his eyes, Albus Dumbledore holds Harry's shoulders with both hands and asked.

“Did you put your name on the Goblet of Fire?

“No sir!!”

“What zis ze meaning of zis…

“Cheated of course. The boy…”

“Let’s all calm down. If Harry…

“Hogwarts is going to have an unfair…”

“Is not legally of age…”

“How did you manage boy…”

“Let me see your wand boy!!”

“Cheaters, both of you!!”

“Give it to me, let's see the last spells…

“He must compete; it is a magic contract…”

“Go stand over there Harry…”

“How could he!!”

“... The magical wards…”

“Just a li’ee boy!”

“Zis is unacceptable!!”

“Could not stand to not be the center of attention, Potter?”

“I should have imagined…”

Fleur's eyes hurt him the most; it was her silence that brought Harry to the edge.

“SHUT UP!! SHUT UP! He screamed almost in pain. “I didn't put my name in it! I didn't even want to compete! I just wanted to be left alone, someone is trying to kill me, and no one cares!”

Harry stormed to the door, but Dumbledore held his arm. “Harry please listen…”
“Dangerous…” the voice on Harry's mind whispered.

“Let go off me Sir…” the last was more of a growling than a word, Harry saw the spark of fear in his eyes, and the headmaster released him.

Harry got out of the room, the other students looking at him in confusion and disapproval. Harry passed through them, trying to get out of there as fast as he could. People moved out of the way for him; he barely registered Hermione's and Katie's voice calling for him. Until Ron appeared in front of him.

“Couldn't keep to yourself Harry?” Ron said with gritted teeth, anger and jealousy in his eyes. “You must have everything? Can't you just step aside, “mate”?”

Harry was shocked. He couldn't believe his friend was saying that.

“Prey…”

Harry snapped, his hands flew to Ron's neck and shoved him into the wall. Ron lost his breath with the impact. His feet were not touching the ground.

“Aaaargh!! How could you!”

“HARRY!” Hermione's voice called him back, he saw the fear on Ron's eyes and let him go.

He turned and looked at Hermione and Katie, before turning and running. The wolf was too close now. He could feel it lurking, wanting out.

Harry ran out of the great Hall, through the doors, he could feel the tears starting to burn his eyes. He kept running, maybe he could outrun everything…

He ran until he reached the edge of the lake. His feet went into the water and he screamed.

“AAAARGH!!! WHY!!!

He turned to the castle, his heart was heavy, he felt like his head was about to explode.

“WHY IS THIS HAPPENING!! WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME!!! WHY!” The water started boiling and swirling around his feet as he turned and cursed the castle.

“WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO MUCH!” The surrounding water started splashing in a swirl, the stones being pushed away from him. “I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU! He dropped to his knees. “I hate you… why …” he started sobbing violently, the tears flowing now.

Harry felt an embrace around him, he cried out loud, letting himself go with the smell of lilies and vanilla. He let himself go into the embrace. “I am sorry Fleur, I am so sorry…”
Chapter 7

AN: I don't own Harry Potter, just playing…
Thanx to my betas AWR and Master42, also a big thank you to my editor. I know first chapter are rough, i writed them more than four months ago and i am learning a lot with that experience, but as i got time and help, i am coming back and editing them too!
Thanx for reading, hope you have fun!

Chapter 07

Fleur didn't know what to do, all the excitement, all the pride, all the anticipation was gone now that all she held the broken young man in her arms. His aura had been so powerful, so damaged, that she could feel his pain, how he felt betrayed and lost. She could barely handle the emotions running through her as Harry sobbed at her shoulder, and she knew he endured it every day.

The surge of magic had been so powerful that Harry was totally expended. When the professors arrived, accompanying Hermione and Katie, the boy let out a deep sigh and passed out, his body still hot to the touch from all the magical energy that ran through it. Fleur noticed how sad he looked, even unconscious.

"My most sincere appreciation to you, mademoiselle Delacour" Dumbledore said as he levitated Harry with a flick of his wand. "You conducted this situation with all the grace and resolve we came to expect from someone of your position. Your father would be proud. Now, I need to conduct Mister Potter to the hospital ward for testing and rest, as this magical surge was indeed outstanding. But I am sure he will actually feel a lot better after all that emotional relief."

Fleur didn't know what to think about the patronizing tone of the headmaster. Talking to her like an old fable book grandfather, filled her with suspicion and she could see Hermione had a similar reaction. But there was nothing she could do now, but watch Harry being taken away to the hospital wing.

Hermione turned to follow him, but Fleur held her by the arm.

"Hermione, wait." Fleur pleaded in a low voice. The younger witch bit her lips, clearly worried. "I need to show you something…"

"Fleur… I am sorry, but Harry…"

"It is about him."

Hermione sighed and followed the French witch to the carriage, she probably knew there was nothing she could do now, besides letting the Matron do her job, and wait for Harry to wake. Fleur took her to her room and with a wave of her wand cast a drying spell on her clothes.

"Hermione, wait." Fleur pleaded in a low voice. The younger witch bit her lips, clearly worried. "I need to show you something…"

"Fleur… I am sorry, but Harry…"

"It is about him."

Hermione sighed and followed the French witch to the carriage, she probably knew there was nothing she could do now, besides letting the Matron do her job, and wait for Harry to wake. Fleur took her to her room and with a wave of her wand cast a drying spell on her clothes.

"Please 'Hermione, 'have a seat." Hermione sat down in one of the two beds in the room, while Fleur went to her trunk to look for something. She came back and sat at the brunette's side with a book on her hands. "I was planning to show this to 'Harry first. But clearly something 'as happened that Sirius, Remus and my parents didn't tell me, or maybe they don't even know. 'Hermione, I want to help, and I am sure you know why he is broken. I know you don't 'have any reason to trust me, so I want to show you this."

Fleur handed her the photo book. Curiously Hermione opened it and the first magical photo she saw was the one with the Delacour and the Potters at a Christmas party. "This one is me." the
French which pointed to the beautiful little girl smiling brightly, holding the younger baby’s hand. “And this one is…”

“Harry…”

Hermione kept passing through the pages in awe, photo after photo of the Delacours, the Potters, Sirius, Remus and some other family. “Those are the Greengrass.” Fleur pointed noticing Hermione's curiosity. The witch was astonished seeing the families on Yule, at the beach, dancing, and sometimes with other families showing up. They were young and full of life. She smiled at little Fleur playing with babies Harry and Daphne on the sand as a loving Lily looked over them.

“That girl that kissed Harry today.” Hermione said to Fleur, who just looked at her curiously. “Daphne Greengrass.”

Fleur smiled a sad and tired smile.

“That is why you wrote to Harry?”

“At first yes, I needed to know if he hated us, or if he even remembered us. It seems ‘e doesn't even know about our families and I was confused. But then I realized I really liked to talk to him, ‘e became somewhat of a true friend along the way.”

Hermione closed the album and took a deep breath. “Right Fleur, this is going take time, I need you to listen, and if you don't want anything to do with us I will totally understand.” The French girl looked at her with resolve. “Harry didn't know about the magical world until he was eleven…” Fleur had an incredulous expression on her face.

For the next three hours, Fleur heard about all the events that had happened while Harry and Hermione had lived at Hogwarts. The mostly peaceful first year, when he found out about who he was and the philosopher stone, the second year, with the heir of Slytherin and the Chamber of Secrets problems and how the whole school suspected him. Fleur almost didn't believe the story with the basilisk. Hermione told her about how scared she was for Ginny's life. Then came the third year, the dementors and Sirius Black and how Harry was forced to relieve his parent’s deaths again and again. Hesitantly, Hermione told her about Peter Pettigrew and Remus’s bite. At the end, Fleur was in tears thinking about how all this affected him. That was the reason he didn't feel safe.

“Fleur,” Hermione continued almost in a whisper. “There are some things that happened he never told me. Things that happened during the ten years he spent with the Dursleys and I think are still happening at some level. He has this annoying habit of keeping all the pain to himself.” Hermione was crying now. “He has no help! I have asked the professors, even the headmaster.” Fleur didn't know what to think of it, but she ended up holding Hermione in a hug. “He tries to act like nothing's wrong. But sometimes I can see his light fading. I thought Katie and I would be able to do it this year… we want to make him understand that he needs us as much as we need him.”

“Such loyalty” Fleur thought.

“You are a smart witch ‘Hermione, why do you think someone would put Harry's name in the Goblet?’”

Hermione stopped sobbing and thought. “To make his death appear like an accident. Goodness, that put all the competitors at risk too, you…”

“Yes, I thought so. Thank you for sharing all this with me Hermione. I can see ‘e has not been a boy for a long time. But I need to think, and you need to rest. I will talk with you tomorrow.”
“Thank you for letting me cry on you, and sorry…” Hermione said, a little ashamed. Fleur just smiled at her.

After Hermione left, Fleur laid back on her bed, tears in her eyes. She had felt the connection with Harry, something in the back of her mind; like she had found something she had missed but didn't even know existed. At first, she was worried about him being two years younger, that he hated her and her family for abandoning him. Knowing what she knew now, she felt how shallow she was being, judging before knowing the facts, just like people did with her.

But was she brave enough to face that storm?

...

Albus Dumbledore watched as Dolores Umbridge sat heavily onto one of the less than comfortable chairs in front of his big desk. All dressed in pink and orange, she looked like a giant frog cupcake. The headmaster smiled at her.

“Good evening Dolores, May I offer you some lemon drops?”

“Cut out the chit chat headmaster, what is the reason you summoned me at this dreadful hour, specifically after those heated events.” She said in her high pitch voice without hiding her giggling.

Dumbledore closed his eyes, his head hurt; she had always been hard to handle, specifically since that messy deal about Harry Potter's papers 14 years ago. But she was too important of an inside agent at the ministry. Without her, many of his own laws securing his power over Hogwarts would have never seen the light; fortunately, her vision was always too narrow regarding blood status.

“Dolores my dear, May I ask why you thought it would a good idea to include young Harry's name in the tournament? Should I remind you of how delicate our situation can be?”

“I did it because from the moment I set foot on this school, I realized you had completely lost control over him!” She said, her voice making Dumbledore's head hurt even more. “His best friends are all muggleborn born or half-blooded, far from what we had planned for him. And he is even consorting with a half-breed! Delacour's little animal nonetheless! Your… desire for this boy has blinded you! He no longer serves our objectives in bringing about the Greater Good. Once he realizes his political status, he will undoubtedly hurt us!”

“Your little rant was indeed very elucidating about how your head works my child.” the headmaster dragged the word, making clear who was in charge. “But failed to answer my question.”

“And why is that? The little half-blood prat is being nothing but trouble, just like his parents!”

“Dolores, the only thing that would make me happier than see the Potter line washed out, is to bring said ancient line back to the rightful ways, bringing them back towards the light. Although, that is not the reason. The boy has an important part to play in events yet to come”
“You are blind by desire!”

“Dolores Umbridge” Dumbledore stood, and project his aura; the woman had crossed all the limits of his patience, refusing to listen to reason. He knew better, he was the greatest wizard alive and people would listen to him, like it or not. “Must I remind you whom you are talking to? Who holds not only yours but also Fudge’s and Bagman’s jobs in his hands? Get out of my office; I need to ponder on what to do with this turn of events.”

Fearing the Headmaster’s rage, Dolores quickly got up and left the room, leaving Albus Dumbledore to his plans.

...

Harry saw the enormous snake sliding to his side; he was getting carried in the direction of an unknown manor like a baby by someone. The place looked old and abandoned, the mold eating up the walls, the floor dirty with years of dust layers. Once inside, he was laid on a big bed. Why was it so hard to move? Then, he heard a serpentine like voice hissing. “Call for Narcisa and her useless husband.” At this point Harry realized with a growing fear the voice was his own. “They need to get the right ingredients; it needs to be ready in time”

“Yes, my Lord” he heard, it was a voice that sent shivers up his spine. He woke with a start just as he saw the traitor’s face in front of him.

He was feeling dizzy, and could barely see without his glasses in the dark. Madam Pomphrey came closer to him, waving her wand and said with a tired voice. “Here we are again Harry; two months may be a record for you. Nah! Don’t try to get up; you are still weak Mr. Potter. Please take this potion and rest, my trainee will assist you.”

“This is new.” Harry thought as a gentle pair of hands helped him take the potion. Dizzy as he was, he barely recognized the blueberry scent.

“Daphne?” He whispered as he drifted back to sleep.

...

Ronald Weasley was walking alone through the grounds, heading for the quidditch field after declining a game of Exploding Snap with Seamus. For the first time he that he could recall, since starting Hogwarts, Ron wanted to be alone. He was feeling angry. How could his so called best mate humiliate him like that? And in front of the entire Gryffindor house? It was not enough for him to have everything he wanted? He had money, fame, was probably shagging Katie and Hermione and now had that French witch too? And what about Hermione, would she ever talk to him again? He did nothing wrong! Not even his brothers were talking to him now. Traitors, just after his ex-friend’s money and fame, he thought.

“Tough day Weasley?” Ron heard the last voice he would want to right now. The last thing he needed was a detention for breaking the little gits nose, again.

“Leave me the bloody hell alone Malfoy! Looking for another black eye?” He turned to see the blond boy behind him, next him was a strange looking slender woman wearing glasses and a notebook. She had a predatory smile on her face that sent shivers down Ronald’s back.

“Cool down Weasley, I came in peace.”

Ron looked at him in disbelief.
“Tough business last night wasn’t it. Being attacked like that in front of the whole school. Such a friend, this Potter, I knew it all along! I bring you an opportunity for pay back.” Draco stated as he pointed to the strange woman behind him. “My friend here wants to tell your side of the story. Maybe we can even get some of the prestige of your family back. Purebloods stick together.”

The woman stepped forward before Ron could say anything and extended her hand.

“Hello Ronald, my name is Rita Skeeter.”

...

After breakfast, Katie was worried that Harry hadn’t showed up, and she made the quick trip to see him in the hospital wing. She found the boy laid in bed, still sleeping, his scars covered by the blanket, looking almost peaceful. Daphne was at his side, finishing the sorting of a lot of potions before taking the rest of the day off.

“He is going to be okay.” The Slytherin said, approaching Katie, with a reassuring smile almost never seen outside the hospital. “He is just drained. I will look after him tonight…”

Katie looked at her with surprise. “Thank you…”

Daphne sat at her side, Katie found it weird to see so much emotion, so different than the usual persona she presented to the school. She looked at Harry with real caring, her scent betraying the girl’s real emotions. Katie knew she was more worried than she showed. The ice queen was not really that cold after all.

“So…” Daphne moved her ice grey gaze from the boy to Katie, looking like her normal cold self now. But Katie knew better, the girl’s scent betrayed her nervousness. “If what people are saying, you and Harry have been… intimate the last few days…”

Katie gave her a knowing smile. Daphne rolled her eyes, and Katie caught a different scent coming from her now.

“OK… so you have seen his scars...And he is also a little too thin, even if fit, thank goodness for quidditch.”

“Not only quidditch…” Katie said remembering the stories he told her. “But yes, I see your point.”

“Something happens to him during the summers. How can someone as famous and as important as him get like that? Some of those scars are years old. How can his magical guardian allow that?” Katie looked at Daphne, who had returned her gaze to him, the tenderness back to her eyes.

“He is cute isn't he…” Katie said suddenly.

“What! Sorry… I mean… he is your boyfriend… and…” Katie laughed at the girl’s sudden awkwardness.

“He is not my boyfriend, don't worry. I don't own him or anything, he is too much for me to handle alone anyway…” both girls blushed at that. “Daphne, he is special, not that boy who lived shit special… and the magical world has been doing a crap job on him…” The Slytherin looked confused.

“Anyway.” Katie continued. “I need to find Hermione…”

“She came by earlier, with that French witch… said she would researching magical exhaustion and
emotional accidental magic in the library…”

“Thanks…” Katie got up and approached Harry’s ear, whispering to him, making Daphne blush at the things she said to the young wizard, things she would do to him when he woke up. “Remember Harry, protect the pack…” she finished with a soft kiss on his cheek.

She winked at Daphne and left the hospital wing to look for Hermione. On the way she thought about Fleur, and how she had handled Harry's outburst, how his magic didn't hurt her as she approached and embraced him. Maybe she was wrong, she thought his equal would be Hermione, but maybe it was the French witch. Katie only knew that wasn't her position to take, she didn't like to lead.

As expected, Katie found Hermione in the library, alone at the back table.

“Hello Hermione…” Katie greeted as she approached and sat down on the chair in front of the other witch.

“Hi Katie… did you stop by to see Harry?”

“Yea. Sleeping.”

“I think he will wake up tomorrow, a normal wizard would take a couple more days, but you and I both know that is not the case.”

“About that… Hermione, I am also…”

“I know, I figured it out a couple days before you and Harry started doing whatever it is that you have been doing… what? Smartest witch blab blab blab…” both girls had a laugh.

“Hermione…” Katie thought on how to approach this, and decided to be the most direct possible, Hermione would listen and understand, she hoped. “Harry needs a pack… he is powerful, his Wolf is like nothing I ever seen, I am afraid it may consume him if he is not helped… the last time something like that happened with a powerful wizard, it was not pretty. You may know the stories about Fenrir Greyback” Hermione nodded. “Let me assure you that what is known is only the tip of his evil… Harry is different though… his protective instincts are powerful. That is the way we can get to him, that we can help him. We have to make him come to terms with his inner wolf and accept his pack…”

“He needs other werewolves?”

“A pack is not necessarily made of just werewolves, it’s more like and extended family bound by love.”

“I didn't know werewolves had such a developed culture like that. But again, they fail to teach many things to us here.” Hermione raised an eyebrow. “We keep it away from other wizards, as they are not a paragon of tolerance as you may have noticed.”

“I did. You seem to know a lot.”

“Family tradition.” the girl quickly answered and continued. “A pack shares the emotional load of its members, and helps direct the instincts of the Alpha in the right direction. It gives him propose and identity, a place to stay and a place to be. The pack needs to guide the Alpha as much as they need him for guidance…”
“Beautiful words…”

“Heh, my grandfather told me that when I was ten.”

“So, we need to find him a pack of some sort?”

“This kind of thing cannot be forced, and I understand Harry is fed up with people deciding things for him.”

“So, there is nothing we can do?”

“Hermione, he has already chosen his pack…”

...

Fleur was irritated. She had little sleep and the people glaring at her were not helping her mood. Harry was still asleep, and she was craving talking to him. Damn these people looking! Who do they think they are? English people were turning out to be ruder than she had ever imagined. One day in Scotland and her life was already turned upside down. And the only one who cared was in a hospital bed because some monster wanted to take control of his life. And she hated being followed.

She stopped outside of the great Hall, the autumn wind moving through her hair, she suddenly turned around with a swift movement only possible by years of dueling practice and caught the glare of the red haired young girl from the day before.

“It is not polite to follow otter people, little girl.” Fleur gave her an evil look, in the hopes of the girl going away. To her surprise the girl didn't back down as she expected, quite the contrary she step forward with a fierce expression that amused the French witch.

“What did you do to Harry?” She asked in an accusatory tone, her voice full of venom and jealousy.

That was it. To Fleur that was enough. She would not stand been accused of hurting the only person of this forsaken school that cared for her. The person she only tried to help, especially by a jealous little girl.

“And who are you little girl?” Fleur felt her veela nature taking over her emotions. “Are you his girlfriend?”

The girl seemed startled by the question, Fleur felt even angrier at this, people around them started looking and she could feel the warmth building up on the point of her fingers.

“That’s what I thought, you are just a little stalker” the veela continued, aiming to hurt now.” Tell me, you stalk Harry too?” Fleur was feeling like something was burning inside her. She approached the girl and talked in a low tone. “I didn't do anything to him. But when I do, girl, I assure you he is going to like it!”

There were tears on the girl's face, but they were angry ones. With a decided move the girl turned around and stomped away.

“Damn, you are an evil bitch” someone said in French. Fleur turned fuming to look where the voice was. Regine was standing behind her, holding her hands in the air. “She really got you angry, if I didn't know better, I would think she had attacked Gabby.”
Fleur started to calm down. She regained control of her emotions and the fire subsided. It was true; the only other times she got that angry was when someone attacked her family. She was not one to lose control of her veela nature like that.

“Poor girl.” Fleur said, a little sad. “She didn't deserve it…I don't know why I got so upset…”

“Really? Well, damage is done. Come, let's find Gabby and grab some lunch.”

Harry woke in the dark but sensed familiar feeling sheets of the infirmary. His vision was blurred, but the smell of blueberries let him know that he was not alone. He felt around searching for his glasses and wand, but not finding them.

“Here”, He heard Daphne's voice as she gently placed the glasses on his face. After a second the vision of her striking angular face and black midnight hair focused in front of him. “Better?” She asked softly.

“Yes, a lot, thank you.” He said, suddenly very conscious of her proximity. “What time is it?” He asked, glad that the dim light of the room concealed his blushing face. She was sitting on his bed, beside him, using a white robe, much like the one the matron used although looking much better. Her hands over her lap as her straight hair ran over her shoulders and back.

“One in the Morning… you have been out the entire day, Hermione, Ginevra, Fleur and Katie all came to see you. Katie said some really dirty things she was going to do to you once you awoke,” She finished with a teasing smile that made Harry blush even more, but with a silly smile on his face.

“Wow… I guess I outdid myself this time… wait, what are you doing here so late?”

“I am apprenticing with madam Pomphrey, I want to be a healer like mom when I finish school…” she answered with a kind look, totally different from the one he had learned to expect from her. It made her even more beautiful, harry thought.

“That is great, but I don't think you had to stay with me this late. I mean, I really appreciate it, but I didn't expect that with your… fame.” “Great Potter, put your foot in your mouth talking to the girl you crushed on since day one…” he thought.

“My facade is a way to protect myself and my sister, Harry; here at the hospital wing I don't need it…” she said before her voice turning cold again. “But I can still hex you into oblivion.” she giggled, before turning serious to him again. “I… I wanted to see you… you mutter in your sleep…”

“Sorry.” He said with shame.

“Some of the things you said are really scary…” she said with a shiver. “especially about Tom and Vernon, whoever they are… also Harry, I am sorry…”

“Why?” Harry felt he cannot be more ashamed than he already was.

She got a little closer to him, her dark straight hair falling over her shoulders and breasts and Harry silent cursed both his hormones and the wolf. Her scent was intoxicating, and he hope she didn't notice his arousal.

“I always thought you had forsaken your lineage because you were weak,” she said looking deep
into his emerald eyes, confusion and guilt on her face. “That you don’t acted proud of who you or your parents were because you didn’t like the wizard blood in you. But I can see now it is a lot more complicated than that, right?” He gulped. “Seems like someone beat the pride out of you…”

“You could say that…” He answered after a while, turning away in shame from her gaze. “I want to change Daphne. I really do… but every time I think I can, some shit brings me back to the mud.” He was becoming angry again now. “I don’t even know who I am anymore. Or who I want to be!” His hands became closed in fists.

She placed her hands softly on Harry's own.

“Sorry.” He said. “It’s not fair dumping that on you, we barely know each other, even though I want to change that?”

“There are the apologies again, it really doesn’t suit you Harry.” She said in a commanding tone. “Did you know we meet before Hogwarts?” He looked at her with confusion. “Our parents were good friends. My mother went to school with yours, and our fathers were political allies. I spent my first Yule at your parent’s house.”

“Wow… why does everyone know more about my family than I do?”

“That, Mister Potter, is a really good question. It seems like someone wanted to keep you in the dark…”

“I don't know what to do.” He buried his head on the pillow behind him, looking at the ceiling.

She leaned closer to him. “I know two Harry Potters.” He could feel her breath, her blueberry scent driving him mad. “One is a shy boy, who keeps apologizing for things out of his control and makes me angry…” Her thumbs started making circle motions on his hands. “The other devised a plan to teach people how to defend themselves, saved my sister from a monster and was not afraid to make a stand in front of the Slytherin table, that one is not a boy, that one I have had a crush since the second year... that one I could fall for…”

She leaned and gave him a kiss, her smell inebriated him, and without thinking he kissed her back. She parted her mouth as an invitation, and his tongue met hers. It was different from Katie. He felt like his whole body responded to it, as their tongues caressed each other, their lips softly touching. It was deep, sensual, as each one took time to explore the other’s mouth, her taste driving Harry’s mind blank.

When they parted, she was still holding his hand with force, taking quick breaths.

“Sorry…” she said, blushing.

“You lecture me about apologizing and then say you're sorry.” He smiled at her, who returned an evil glare at him. “For once, I am not sorry.” She probably could tell by his silly smile.

“Prat!” She said slapping him on the shoulder. Daphne recomposed herself and her expression became a little colder.

“Harry, my parents have returned from France today and sent me an owl. Along with their letter, there was one other for you…”

“For me?”

“Here” She extended him the parchment.
“Lumos,” He said, and Daphne noted that his wand was still on the table beside the bed, a tiny ball of light appeared next to his head, she was astonished.

Harry couldn't believe what he was reading, and Daphne caught his weird expression.

“What?”

“What?" Sirius Black just adopted me!”

HPHPHP

The boy who cheated!
The new Triwizard tournament has barely started and it is already brimming with irregularities. After the weird announcement done by Barty Crouch about a fourth champion chosen for the competition, none other than Harry Potter, this intrepid reporter ventured onto Hogwarts School of Magic grounds to bring you more information about this incredible story.

It was found out, that not only the Boy Who Lived name came out of the Goblet of Fire, giving Hogwarts an extra champion, thus creating a big disadvantage to the Foreign schools, but also that a great tumult had upset the choosing ceremony.

No one seems to know how Harry Potter’s name ended up in the Goblet of Fire or what kind of spells he used to circumnavigate the protections cast upon the artifact. Some students suspect the use of dark arts given the boy’s record of parselmouth and the rampage that followed the nomination.

“Potter is out of control, not even a week ago he broke my nose without any provocation!” Revealed Draco Malfoy (15) a beautiful young man, heir to a great fortune that now has his face covered in bandages.

After the nomination, it is said that Harry Potter came out of the room in a hurry, where he was caught cheating and on his way out of the castle assaulted a fellow student. Then proceed to a rampant of raw magic that endangered many. Even his own house colleagues are afraid. “He is getting distant from everyone and has no friends, he can’t stand not being the center of attention. I am afraid he may even put others in danger because of it” said a Gryffindor student who prefers to remain anonymous.

For more on this see page 12.

Rita Skeeter.

...
France, which would explain the first of Fleur's letters. The Delacours, Daphne explained to Harry, were a prominent and ancient family, and had been in business with the Greengrass family for many generations. They had grown distant after the war ended, but their connections still ran deep. The family head, Fleur's father, was probably going to be the next French minister of magic. Then they discussed the notification itself.

“For starters, if there is no conviction to him, you automatically became the heir of the Black family. That will block Narcisa Malfoy's access to the Black fortune! That is huge!” Daphne said looking at the official ministry documents with an understanding gaze.

“Narcisa Malfoy?” Harry asked.

“She is Sirius’ cousin, Draco was the Black family heir until tonight. That is rich…” she gave Harry an almost evil smile. “You are now heir to two ancient noble houses. Now you need my help more than ever, mister Potter-Black” They kept talking, not noticing the time. Daphne realized how close she was to him as she sat on his bed. Their hands touching as they talk. She was pleased with how hungry he was for knowledge, how his mind started making plans. “He really would fit well in Slytherin…” she thought. As the first rays of the sun entered the room, Daphne leaned close to Harry, thinking about all the time she had lost because of false assumptions and house rivalries. She put a hand on his chest and said in a whisper.

“You know, I am a girl who usually gets what I want, and right now Harry, I want another kiss before this night ends… and we have to come back to the real world.”

Harry moved forward, put one of his hands on the back of her neck and kissed her, another slow, deep kiss, and her tongue moving sensually in his mouth. “There is his Gryffindor side…”

When they parted Harry smiled. “If it wasn't for before, I would think you are after my money.”

She slapped his arm again. “I hate you!” And laughed, more than she ever dared to do at the school. Not a minute later madam Pomphrey entered the room and gave the two students a questioning look.

“Did you stay here all night dear?” The matron asked.

“Yes madam, Harry woke up and we ended up talking, we didn't notice the time passing.”

She gave her a knowing smile as she ran through some diagnostic spells on Harry. “You are released from classes this morning, Mr. Potter, but you are good to go if you want.”

He looked at Daphne. “I would like to go to class madam Pomphrey.”

“Sure honey, then I would like you to see something, to get yourself prepared,” as she handed them a copy of the Prophet.

Harry and Daphne read it. Daphne found it horrendous, but Harry just sighed.

“That... changes nothing... I have been through worse.” He said. “Can we eat something in here before classes, madam Pomphrey”?

“Of course, honey.” madam Pomphrey answered. The elves brought them some breakfast that Daphne and Harry ate together. Daphne realized how starved the boy was after the surge of magic and the day asleep. After breakfast, they said goodbye to Madam Pomphrey and went to class.

“OK Daphne” he said as they moved to potions. “I will need your help on this one, I don't want
another skirmish with Malfoy.” She nodded at him.

As they walked down to the dungeons, without touching each other, Daphne noticed the looks people were giving them, especially Harry. “So, that is how it feels.” She thought. “They usually watch and measure me, but that is a whole another level. Some people are actually afraid of him.” She looked at the boy. He didn't even flinch, He looked used to it, and she thought how sad that was.

As they approach the classroom she could see the gathering of students, Slytherin on the right side and Gryffindor on the left and she clearly saw what he meant on that day a week ago. They were divided by an invisible line, drawn by other generations. She didn't even know the names of half of the lions, and she had been in class with them for more than four years now.

“Look if it isn't the Ice Queen and the Boy Who Cheated!!” They listened to the high pitch voice of Draco Malfoy.

“Well, that didn't take long.” She thought looking at Malfoy. He had his bandages off, but his nose looked shallow. She was ready to respond but Harry beat her to it.

“Seriously Malfoy, all your daddy could buy with his money was a third-grade insult?”

“Isn't it strange that he focuses on you so much?” Daphne continued, talking loudly to Harry, ignoring the blond boy. “Must be the lack of accomplishments of his own offspring. Maybe he does that because he wished for a son like you.”

“Of course, he couldn't even make the team on its own…” for Daphne's and Harry’s surprise, it was Blaise Zabini who said that. The tall Italian Slytherin moved forward in front of Draco. He was a way better seeker the Malfoy, and seized the opportunity to pay the boy back. “Imagine his shame having to buy his son’s place.”

“I don’t believe he even feels shame anymore.” finished Daphne, with a cold expression.

Draco Malfoy looked lost and angry, the Slytherin students were astonished, and the Gryffindors looked confused. There was a divide between the snakes, and people were starting to take sides. And Harry was in the middle of it. Only Hermione and Blaise smiled at them.

Daphne saw that Harry gave Hermione a strange look, and she nodded, communicating like only people who had been friends for so long could.

She understands what they agreed on as soon as they entered the classroom. Daphne took her usual place, together with Tracy, and looked astonished as Harry sat down, in front of her, with Blaise Zabini.

... 

The return to classes had been a blessing in disguise for Fleur. She could use her time in the carriage to think about all the things happening to her. On the first day of classes, amidst the congratulations she along with the other two champions received, she noticed that Harry didn't come to the great Hall for breakfast. For some reason that unsettled her, but classes were starting, and it was her last year, tournament or not. Later that day, the news came of her father winning the council vote and becoming the new French minister of magic. She felt a mixture of pride in her family, and sorrow, for not being there with them. Later that night, Madam Maxine arranged for Fleur to talk with her parents through the flue in the headmaster’s office, to congratulate them. She had many other things she wanted to talk about, Harry, his family connection with her, why they abandoned him and what she should do. But Dumbledore and Maxine didn't leave her alone. She decided to figure it out by herself.
Then, the next day, she finally saw Harry and she could see the way people were treating him. “Boy who cheated” was the word at the Ravenclaw table. She also noticed some hostility amongst some people within his own house. Hermione, Katie and the chubby boy seemed to be the only ones talking to him at breakfast. He tried to pretend he didn't care, but Fleur knew better.

Fleur wanted to go to him, tell him she didn't believed for a second that he cheated, to give him a hug, tell him the news about her father but didn't know what to say about the whole tournament business. Were they rivals now? When she saw his eyes, there was no sadness, only exhaustion… like an old man, she remembered Hermione saying, “sometimes I can see his light fading…”. He looked at her for a moment, and with a little smile, he got up and left.

She was ready to go after him when Regine showed her the Daily Prophet. She couldn't believe it. The paper started smoking in her hands and all the girls around her got subjected to a succession of French curses, “Screw the tournament, screw rivalry, I will not be like those horrible people” she thought. But she didn't see Harry all day, or the next.

People kept talking about the champions, all the hatred people had towards her before was now directed at him, the Slytherin blonde boy was actively campaigning against him, and Harry’s own isolation was not helping. She was getting restless, even Gabrielle couldn't lighten her mood.

The next day, she noticed only Hermione and the others had come down to lunch. She walked to the Gryffindor table and sat down besides the younger witch.

“Hermione, where is Harry? Why hasn't he talked to me?” Fleur asked a little harder than she intended.

“He didn't tell me, I think he is afraid of you being angry at him… also…” Hermione looked around and leaned closer to her, whispering. “Today is the first day of the cycle. He doesn’t like to be around us…”

“Nonsense, what do you mean by being around us?” Fleur asked impatiently. Hermione bit her lips, there was a commanding tone on Fleur's voice that made difficult not to answer.

“There are some… persons, whose smells can get him” Hermione blushed furiously and didn't manage to finish.

“Where is he now?”

“On the way to the dungeons, to get a wolfsbane potion from professor Snape.”

Fleur stood. “Point me to the dungeons…” She had decided to sort this, one way or another.

Fleur wandered through the castle a bit, following Hermione's s directions. After a while she finally met Harry, coming out of the dungeons, with a vial in his hands. He looked scared to see her. Without a word, she pushed him to an empty classroom. “Why does this castle have so many unused rooms?” Fleur asked herself.

“Full moon or not, we are going to talk!” She said angrily, closing and silencing the door behind her, before turning to Harry with her arms crossed.

“Let me guess, Hermione told you…” Harry leaned against a table.

“Yes, she did.” She looked at his green eyes. “Listen 'ere, if you 'ave a problem with me, you are going to talk with me! I know you better than this push me aside crap! If you don't want to be treated like a little boy, don't act like one!” Fleur was angry, but strangely, around Harry she could
keep control, but she noticed he seemed a little uncomfortable. “Harry, is my allure bothering you?” She asked with a sigh, afraid of the same things happening again and again.

“No Fleur, I didn't even know what a veela was until the day after you arrive. It’s not you, I mean, it is, but it’s not your doing.” Fleur was confused. “It is your scent… it gets into me…” He took a deep breath, was he smelling her? “Also, I saw your eyes that night when you realized what happened, this tournament was yours, you were so happy to be chosen, so proud and I was afraid you hated me because some idiot is using the tournament to try and kill me again. I don't want to lose one of the few people I can talk to…”

“Idiot…”

“I am sorry, what?”

“You are an idiot if you think that Harry, I see what this school is doing to you. I would never turn my back on you.” She felt a little calmer now, talking to him again. “this school's staff failed to keep you safe, your relatives failed to give you a home, but I am not one who fails, Harry Potter. It is not pity…” she said as soon as he opened his mouth, silencing the young wizard. “I would not dare pity you, I can see what you could have been and what you've become and even feel a little jealous.” He was about to ask why, but refrained himself from it.

“Fleur, you must know how dangerous it is to be around me, how dangerous it can be and how alienating too. But I want to fix my life and myself, I want to find my own place in all of this, not the one they choose for me, so I will say this, I would never drag anyone into this shit with me, but if after knowing and seeing it all, you still want to try, I will never push you away… I will never do that to anyone anymore, never again. I am done being alone. So, it’s your choice. Just know that whatever you choose, I know you are more than a veela or the daughter of a politician. We are not the circumstances of our births.” He took a deep breath. “That sounded way better in my head…”

Fleur looked deep into the wolf’s eyes, and was not afraid. She quickly closed the distance between then and gave him an embrace and he hugged her back. They stood there for several minutes, enjoying the feeling of each other. He was certainly smelling her, she realized. And she liked it.

“Fleur” he said still with her in his arms. “I owe you a butterbeer. Do you want to go to Hogsmeade with me?”

“Yes Harry, I would love to…”

Harry heard the voice in his head, the one he came to identify as the wolf, as his instincts. It never really used words; it was something subtler yet almost primal. It strongly manifested itself when Fleur embraced him, when he caught her scent, with one powerful feeling that could only be translated as...

“Equal.”
Chapter 8

AN: I don't own Harry Potter

Writing is hard (almost as hard as drawing), my biggest respect to anyone who tries and post stories on this or any site, i am learning a lot. Thank you to everyone who tooke time to read, reviewing and pointing out the mistakes!

Thank you to my betas AWR, Master42 and Finkaness

Chapter 08

Harry woke up at Hagrid's hut, feeling pain in his limbs, while the smell of hot bread, honey and tea filled the air around him. He could see some scratches on his arms and legs, even felt a little drained, nothing compared to his night at the hospital wing after his name came out of the Goblet, but enough to feel tired. Almost immediately, after seeing his big hairy friend, he felt guilty though. The book, he hadn't even opened it yet. Like last time, when Hagrid sat on the big chair, humming a light happy song and preparing tea, waiting for him to wake.

"'ello lad, how ye doin today?" He laughed loud. So loud it made Harry's head hurt.

"Really funny big guy." Harry said. "Hagrid, I am sorry, I didn't have the time to read your book…" He finished looking to the floor, a little ashamed.

"Is yer book now lad." Hagrid answered. All this while he dripped some honey on a slice of bread, with an understanding smile. "I understand, with all that tournament mess. But give it a try Harry…" Harry nodded, he really wanted to read, but things just happened, as they usually did with him. Hagrid looked at him with thoughtfully. "Harry, what ya remember from last night's?" Harry looked at him confused. "Try to make an effort to remember what we did…"

Harry thought that Hagrid's suggestion was a little weird, but he had time until he would be able to move somewhat comfortably again, and he was feeling guilty about the book. He tried to concentrate, the last thing he remembered was the pain of the transformation. It felt like every bone in his body was being broken at the same time, and his skin was being ripped open from the inside, before his mind went blank. Even remembering it sent shivers down his spine. "I don't know Hagrid, I can't remember…" he sounded defeated.

"Try not to focus on the memories," Hagrid said, taking a sip of the tea. "But the sensations, that ye saw, ye ear, ye taste and especially what ya smell…" Harry tried just that. It seemed really hard at the beginning, He felt like couldn't grab the right sensations, but then he tried to use the surrounding smells to help, just like last time. He focused on the scent of the trees and the dirty, and felt a spark in his mind. Much like the feeling of remembering a dream than an actual memory, like when he saw the trees of the forbidden forest. The smell of the oaks and evergreens, the cold breeze, he wanted to run, to hunt… than he felt danger… spiders … himself… alone…

Hide…

Harry opened his eyes in awe. "How... Remus told me it was impossible to remember anything! It was far away, like a dream… but I know it's a real memory!" Hagrid smiled at him. After that they ate in silence, Harry trying to process what happened, at least the food made him feel even better.
"What are you not telling me Hagrid?" Harry finally asked, with a piercing look to his friend. 

"I… Harry, I don't think you should let any of the other professors see ye, at least until lunch…" The half giant looked concern.

"Why?"

"Because, if that burger Snape see ye that well, he might do something… I shouldn't be helping ye like that. They think you're cursed, but I don't!"

"I… sure Hagrid." "Weird." Harry thought. But Hagrid's worry looked all too real for Harry to ignore. There was something happening. In theory, only the headmaster, Hagrid and Snape knew about Harry's condition. Maybe it was something about that.

"Oi Dobby!" Hagrid said out loud and the frantic house elf appeared with a pop.

"Yeas Hagrid sirs… HARRY POTTER SIR! Dobby is so happy to see the greatest wizards of them all Harry Potter!" The little Elf hushed and hugged Harry's leg with genuine happiness, scaring the wizard to death in the process.

"Dobby, what are you doing here?"

"Is works at Hogwarts now Harry Potter sir, what can Dobby do to helps you?"

"Can ya take Harry back to Gryffindor tower without anyone noticing?" Hagrid asked, with a big slice of bread in his hands.

"Of course, anything for greatest wizards of them all!"

Within a quick thought, Harry remembered his friends and his projects that needed a place and had an idea. He turned to the little elf and asked. "Dobby, is there a place in the castle where I can meet my friends without anyone noticing?"

"Yes, there is Harry Potter sir."

"Can you take me there please?"

Dobby held Harry's arm and with a pop they were inside a dark corridor in a place of the castle that harry never had been, a great tapestry hanged on the wall in front of them."This is" Dobby said pointing to the tapestry. "Is the coming and going room…"

.oOo.

Harry didn't show for potions that morning, and even knowing the reason, Daphne couldn't help but miss him. The school was getting really worked up with the tournament at this point. Most of Gryffindor house were now openly rooting for him, although most yet avoided any contact with the wizard. Sitting there with Tracy, she remembered the night at the hospital again. The same way she did all through the weekend. Was she being serious or just teasing him? The Slytherin was not sure anymore. So much for an ice queen, she thought. He was making a real effort, if not to get closer, to at least have a peaceful coexistence with the students of her house. He was serious about wanting to try to make changes. But, the things she heard when he was sleeping at his hospital bed were troublesome. The pleading, the fear, the anger. She had expected an arrogant, self entitled wannabe hero, but found only a broken young man. She didn't know if it was the healer in her, but she wanted to understand, and to offer help.
The letter his father sent her this morning didn't help to ease her worries either. To her surprise, following Harry's move on the last week, Hermione sat down with her and Tracy, getting an evil snare from Weasley and a smiling nod from Longbottom. The lines kept been erased and redrawn between the students. Blaise also gave them an approving nod. The tall boy was proving to be an eager ally. "That is new…" Tracy said to the Gryffindor. "Won't you get in trouble?"

"If I get in trouble, then doing this is even more necessary than we thought. Besides, you two are great at potions, so I think the three of us will make a good team." Hermione said with a wink at the blond, who rolled her eyes, but smiled back. Snape entered the room, and scanned the students with his blank emotionless eyes, he held his gaze a second longer on the three girls before turning to the board and starting the day's lesson.

"How is Harry?" Daphne finally asked.

Hermione bit her lips. Daphne knew right there that Hermione knew about the curse. "He… was not feeling well, so… hum, he had to lie down. Might be better at lunch."

"Goodness Hermione, you are really a terrible liar…" Daphne shot and the other witch blushed. "Well, I will have to talk to him myself and figure it out them." She sighed.

"I am sorry Daphne. I don't know what to say."

"This will only work out if you let me in entirely. I already know about his little problem." She was now using her cold calculated tone. "I appreciate what you two are trying to do, but I don't like being worried and not being included in things. We are in this together, or I'm out"

"Are you worried about Harry?" Hermione asked with a raised eyebrow. Daphne didn't even change her expression, she just looked deep inside Hermione's eyes. "I would not worry about being included Daphne." Hermione said with a shy smile. "The feeling is mutual. Trust is something Harry hardly gives away, and you earned it. The idiot probably thinks he is protecting us, keeping certain things to himself, but he will come around, or we will make him."

"Us?" Daphne though before having to focus on the task Snape had just passed to the class.

.oOo.

Fleur didn't bother getting to the great Hall for breakfast that morning. As much as she enjoyed Gabby and Hermione's company, she was not in the mood that day. She barely had any sleep, knowing that Harry was out there alone, she even heard him howl, making her shiver in bed. At first, she believed it was fear, and kept thinking about the wards around the castle, the professors and aurores form the ministry ready to take action if needed. But later she realized this was not it. She was not afraid, not of Harry. He was out there, alone, the wolf she had been dreaming on was out there. It was frightening and exciting all at the same time. What could that mean?

The talk she had with Harry before the full moon had her feeling good, but in a weird kind way. They stood in each other's arms for a while just enjoying the proximity. At the first when she started talking, she was afraid her veela nature would take over and make her scream at him. But it didn't. She remained in control, at least until that embrace. When she felt his scent, Harry's body next to her, his hands, one on her back and the other around her shoulder, she felt herself losing control of her aura. Letting go of feelings she didn't even know she could have. Fleur stayed on Harry's arms for way more time than needed. Her allure was not affecting him, and it felt so good to know, so reassuring, he felt that way not because of some stupid magic compulsion, he stayed there because he liked her, Fleur, not the veela. Then her heart started beating even faster, her breath became quicker, drinking on his scent, and she felt her arousal growing, feeling warm in her
entire body, down to her center, the moisture between her legs. At this point, Harry whispered softly in her ear, sending chills down her spine. "I wish I could stay here forever… but... the moon is about to rise Fleur, I need to go…"

Gathering all her willpower, she released him; he was blushing furiously, taking deep breaths too, but with a silly grin on his face. Fleur though he looked cute. "See you in a couple days, we are going to own this tournament together!" He left to the night.

During the morning classes, Fleur thought a lot about the tournament. The first task was a little more than a month away and would test their courage in front of the unknown. She had no idea what that meant in the contest of the tournament, but she felt the need to create a training routine. The French witch knew she needed to give special attention to her weaknesses, Fleur knew she was fast and magically powerful, but her body was a little more fragile than the average person thanks to her veela hereditary. Shields and resistance spells would be her starting point. Maybe Harry could help her. By the stories she heard, he was quite the fighter.

At lunch, Fleur was starving; the girl was so hungry she didn't even mind the food, like she normally would. She gathered Regine and Gabby at the carriage, and walked to the great Hall. This time Harry was there, at the edge of Gryffindor's table, seated alone, the other students of his house, a couple sits away. She took a deep breath to control her anger towards some of those people, they could cheer for him because of house loyalty, but cannot bother eating with him, and she sat down beside him. He gave her a brilliant smile, making her anger of his colleagues evaporated. "Hello, how are my favorite French witches today." he asked in an unusual jovial tone.

Gabby giggled furiously, and answered. "Bonjour 'Arry."

"That was a terrible pickup line 'Arry." Fleur rebuked, looking at the young wizard with curiosity. He was supposed to be drained and ragged looking, but was nothing like. He seemed reassured of something.

"Can't blame a bloke for trying." he shrugged. "And at least I am telling the truth. You are all my favorites." The girls smiled at him.

"You seem in an oddly good mood, given the situation." Fleur said, curious. "Not that I'm complaining, it suits you better…"

"Some things are starting to work out, it seems. I want to ask you three, something. I am creating a kind of defense group, with some very close friends, to help people be prepared when bad things happen. Hermione thinks this is a good idea, as I have experience with bad things. I would like to know if you want to join us. I think it will help with our tournament training too, and we could use the help of a future curse breaker." He said with a smile, remembering one of the subjects Fleur had told her in one of their letters.

"Sounds too fun to pass up for me." Said Regine with a grin.

"What is he saying?" Gabby asked in French. Fleur gave her a quick explanation. "Oui, oui, s'il vous plaît, Fleur." The young witch gave her sister her best puppy eyes. Fleur rolled her eyes and nodded.

"Cool, meet us tonight at..." Harry started saying, looking excited.

"'Arry, we can't leave the carriage after curfew. How are we going to make it?" Fleur interrupted.

"Don't worry, I will send someone to your room. No, not myself, although, it's not a bad......" Fleur
hit him in the arm and Regine laughed. It seems that the strangeness of the days before had finally gone, much for Fleur's relief.

"Not yet 'Arry, maybe if you behave." Fleur said playfully.

At this point Hermione arrived with the chubby boy. "Why can't I never remember his name?" Fleur thought. They joined the conversation and Fleur noticed the red haired girl from the other day coming to sit with them, but the younger witch seemed to change her mind when she saw the French girls. Fleur even felt a little guilty.

.oOo.

The headmaster watched his boy from the staff table. Harry had been in Hagrid's hut all morning, seemingly drained. Perhaps the new dosage will do, for now at least.

But now the old wizard had a new concern, Harry was getting too close to the Delacour girls, specifically the older one. How much she knew of her parent's doings and aspirations were a mystery for him, and the headmaster didn't like those kinds of mysteries. Being a foreign student and daughter of an important politician, she was somewhat out of his reach, he came to like that even less. Perhaps Dolores's idea had its merits.

There must be something in the magic of those families that attracted each other, something dark and dangerous. It was happening just like sixteen years ago. He needed to check if the Delacours had been in contact with the Greengrasses too, that would be disastrous. For now, Albus Dumbledore had decided to wait and see on the kids. His plans seemed to be working, the impostor was being under constant surveillance, and the order had even discovered some of its contacts, getting ever closer to Tom's hideout. In the right time they would be ready to act.

Now he needed to find Sirius Black.

.oOo.

At the edge of woods that surrounded the Bell family state, Katie Bell took a deep breath. Her hands caressing the old oak trees that kept her safe for so many years. She couldn't help, but feel a little sad about the decision she had finally made. But her inner wolf knew this was the right choice, and denying it would bring only more suffering, to much more people than herself.

"Want to tell me what's happening, little cub." Her grandfather, Benjamin Bell asked her with a voice full of concern. As he approached, Benjamin was a tower of a man. Even missing his right arm on shoulder high, with a tall strong build. His grey hair was cut just above the shoulders, and his almost totally white beard was short but full. His eyes were of a very light brownish color, almost yellow, shining with an almost predatory gaze.

"I haven't been a little cub for a while, grandpa." She answered with a smile to the man that had always been her rock.

"Indeed…” He placed his one hand over her's on the tree, covering it entirely; Katie could feel his warm, and also the calluses of years of hunting and caring for his pack. "But that doesn't mean I can't be worried about you." He looked deep into her eyes. "You hunted with us this night, but you were not truly there; I could feel that your heart was elsewhere."

"Grandpa… I found an alpha… and I decided to follow him…” She looked him in the eyes, almost defiant.

"The boy you told me about? Potter?"
"Yes... I can't let him go; I can't leave him alone anymore. My heart keeps calling, and my howls try to reach him."

Benjamin stayed silent, looking at the big tree. Katie tried to read his eyes, but her emotions got in the way. "I heard the boy is quite powerful. I need to ask, is his power that is bringing you to him?"

"No... he is powerful, that is true, but he is also much more. He is kind, passionate and protective. There is also darkness in him, it is true, as if he has been through hell and back, and yet he always tries to do what is right...not for him, but for the otters. But I can see it is taking a tough on him. I want to help him fight this darkness, and I don't want him to be alone anymore."

Benjamin sighed. "You must do what you think is right. Your resolve and your instincts had always being your forte. But please remember, we will always be your family and you will always have a place with us. I just ask you, run with us one more time before joining him. For me and your mother."

She hugged him tight, with tears in her eyes.

"Of course grandpa..."

HPHPHP

My name is Christopher Bell,

"I wonder if he is Katie's relative..."

As I write those words, I complete 254 years of life, 206 of those as the Alpha of the most powerful pack oh the entire England. I have been bitten by my own mother at age five, and took the role as the Alpha after my grandmother passed away. Now I prepare the groundwork for my son to take the role after me, as even our kind can't live forever. My objective with this tome is to shed a light over myself and my kind, and what it means to be on a pack. Through all my years, I had seen many people came and go from the pack, both wolves and non wolves. Some of our cubs had gone to create packs of their own, but so strong are our bound that most only leave us at time of their death.

Harry was astonished. Seated in the tree trunk where he had talked with Hermione, he turned the page. A book written by a werewolf. One that seemed an important one. How could Hagrid had come in possession of this?

Most of the "normal" wizardry society has labeled our kind as dark creatures, little more than monsters to be suspected on a daily basis and feared at the high of the moon. The big bad wolf of their kid's tales. Although it is true we possess an undying rage Inside us that can easily drive us to violent behavior (but isn't that true about any normal wizards and non magical humans too?) And the sins some of our kind committed are amongst the most terrible imaginable (I will delve more on that later) I honestly don't believe that is the reason they had ostracized and hunted us. The real reason is more subtle, and because of that, way more dangerous.

We see magic differently.

Normal wizards often see magic in black and white, light and dark. Champion of the light, dark Lord. They rely on their limited vision and the sense of the magic around to do it.

Magic speaks to us differently, it speaks to us through colors that only we can understand, it flow through us in scents so unique that the average wizard would go crazy just to imagine, we can
hear magic singing, we can taste it and we can relinquish when it kills. To us, magic is not black or white, not some shades of grey or light and darkness. To us, magic is that and much more, magic is vibrant, creator of life and harvester of death. Magic is alive (and I am pretty sure it is female.)

"Hermione will like that" Harry thought. Still mesmerized by what the book on his hands were saying.

That is the reason I think they really fear us and label us as dark creatures. Haven't they done the same with all other magical sentient creatures? They had done the same to the veela, the fey, the goblins; they almost exterminated the dragons, the most ancient of us all. They fear the different.

Now, for one to understand us, first he needs to understand the most important thing to our kind. The reason to our world.

The pack.

.oOo.

"HEY Potty!" Hermione turned around to see Draco Malfoy with a cardboard box in his hands. He walked towards Harry and her with a slick, evil grin. "Look what the owl brought me this morning, do you want one?" He shoved his hand inside it and took one a bottom just like the one pinned on his robe. The circular bottom was in blue and yellow, almost twice the size of a galleon. Printed on it was the smiling face of Cedric Diggory, and the words written with shining magical letters read, "support Cedric, the true Hogwarts champion"! Hermione saw that Crabbe, Goyle, Parkinson and Millicent were all wearing one like that, just like some other Slytherin students too, but for the witch's relief, less people than she expected. "I did those to show my support to the true Hogwarts champion, and look that is not all!" Draco touched the bottom he was wearing, it made a swirling move and a whistle sound as the colors changed to red and gold, with an image of Harry's angry head in it, and the shining words "Potter sux!". "Cool isn't it, here, you can have one for each of your lesser blood friends!"

Hermione looked at Harry. The girl was fuming, her cheeks red, but the young wizard only shook his head. He was not biting the bait. She knew he didn't want risk detention today. "Hey Greengrass!" Draco theatrically called turning to the black haired girl leaving the classroom with Tracey and Blaise. "Want one? Show some house and school loyalty here" Draco smirked and moved to place the bottom on her chest. Hermione could feel Harry tenses besides her, the warm emanating from his body was almost like standing close to a flame. That was the line it should not be crossed anymore, she could see his protective instincts kicking in. Katie was right. Harry gave a step closer to them, and Hermione herself tensed.

But Daphne was faster, with a quick movement she pointed her wand at Malfoy's manhood, making the boy stand cold, and hissed at him. "If you ever try to touch me again," her voice sounded cold and controlled, making it even more scary, "I will curse your little balls so bad that your mother will have to endure your joke of a father one more time just to ensure that your weak bloodline don't die…"

Draco was flushed red with rage, Parkinson, Crablee and Goyle drawn their wands, as did Tracy and Zabini, Hermione saw Harry moving even closer, and so did Draco. The look on the blond boy's eyes a mixture of rage and fear.

"Enough of this!" Minerva Mcgonagall's voice echoed through the corridor. "Malfoy, remove yourself and your stuff from here before I vanish it. I will not tolerate any more conflict between students." Hermione noticed that all bottoms reverted to support Cedric as soon as the professor walked in, Daphne collected her wand, and Draco moved to the great hall with a furious gaze both
to Harry and the Ice Queen.

After making certain Daphne, Tracy and Blaise were not been ambushed, Hermione and Harry continued their path to Gryffindor's common room. "We need a training plan for our little defense project." Harry said on the way. "And a training schedule. Maybe you can work that out?" He asked her with a knowing smile. He really knew her, Hermione though, she loved scheduling things.

"Of course I will, but before we need to know at which level each one of us are, then we can divide ourselves into training tiers, each tier learning from the above and teaching the below. I believe you and Fleur will be the top tier. We go from there."

"Sounds good! You are brilliant, I am lucky to have you!" Hermione waited for the "but I am not that good line" from Harry, but it never came. "About Ron..." he asked instead.

She bit her lip, making Harry blush. Interesting....

"I don't think is the right time Harry, especially after that hideous piece at the Prophet. He needs to come around on his own." She was secretly relieved for not having to deal with the red haired boy anymore. Harry was doing better in classes, and she got to expend time with him by herself, without been constantly reminded of what a bastard Ron was. But she knew it hurt Harry. "I will talk to Katie." She's tough. "Maybe she can help me tell him what happened in a way that will not make Harry go after Ron and hurt him."

Harry then started talking about Christopher Bell's book and how it was changing his views, how he could feel what he was writing about, and it was fascinating, almost as fascinating as hearing him talk. "Dammit Hermione." She mentally hit herself in the back. "There you go, acting like a little girl in love again, get a hold of yourself!"

"Harry, Hermione!" Katie entered the common room; she was finally back from home. The young woman gave Hermione a kiss in the check, making the girl blush in surprise, and a hug on Harry pressing her entire body on him, so they could feel each other in a not only friendly way. People around the room looked at them, but Katie didn't seem to care. Harry blushed furiously, trying to hide his erection from the hug, but smiled, Hermione thought the embarrassment made him even cuter.

Instantly, images of the two persons in front of her bombarded Hermione's brain, and she felt the already familiar warm of her arousal between her legs. They both looked at her at the same time. Harry seemed confused; Katie just gave her an evil smile. Hermione realized they smelled it. They knew.

...oOo...

Bellatrix rested her head at the wall of the dark cell, there was no windows, so she couldn't tell what time was it, or even if it was day or night. It was part of their punishment at this hell hole to let them go slowly insane. "Good", she thought, it helped with her act of playing the insane woman. Bellatrix Lestrange was far from insane. She was mischievous, calculating, and intelligent. She found out her act helped her not only to survive, but to thrive amidst some of the wickets men she ever knew. Because of this she could work with no boundaries, killing, torturing, raping... and she liked it. She felt empowered, and excited, seem all those men and women trembling at her name. But now it ended, she was stuck here, abandoned. Alone.

"Why did you follow Voldemort?" Bellatrix didn't know what scared her the most, the casual mention of the Dark Lord's name, or the deep feral voice saying it with so much easy, in a tone
much more calm than she even believed possible coming from a monster like him. But her trained mind quickly put the surprise aside and got a hold of the situation.

"Why you want to know, beast!" She said angrily to the wall behind her. The low laughter at the other side was even scarier than before, when did Fenrir got so controlled?

"Because I am bored, bitch!" The last world resonated through the wall, making her tremble, how that animal dare call her that. Even so, there was something on his voice, something deep and unsettling, that she only had felt on the dark lord's voice before, something almost compelling.

"Don't even try to fool me bitch." There was that word again, she was fuming now. "I can see right through your act."

She stayed in silence for a while. She felt angry, but also lonely. Something was compelling her to answer, she was not sure if it was the monster's voice, or her own will to talk to another person. Even if he was not entirely a person at all. "Some... people need to be put in their places," she started. "There is an order on this world, and some are born to serve the others. He was powerful enough to impose that order."

"Bullshit..." his deep voice simple echoed through the wall, hitting her like a punch. "I didn't ask for his bloody stupid pureblood propaganda pamphlets. I can smell your lies, I am asking about the murders, the torture, I am asking about Bellatrix!.

She closed her eyes; this was not the Greyback she knew. This one was way more frightening, but also more interesting. She kept going. "At first I think it was about getting revenge on the world. I was a woman, a pureblood, I was taught pride, but was sold like a milking cow by my sister..."

"And then..."

"And then I discovered that I liked." Bellatrix smiled, an evil and lively smile, and she almost felt the grim coming from the other side of the wall. "And you, beast, why did you serve the dark lord?"

"There is where you are wrong, bitch... I never served the little Voldemort." Bellatrix was both scared and intrigued as how could someone treat the dark lord so lightly. "I approached him when he was young and you were just a child. I had a deal with him." Shivers gone down her spine...

"Why?"

He laughed a bestial laugh. "I like them young..."

.oOo.

Fleur, Regine and Gabby were waiting at the older girl's room. They had conjectured how Harry was going to take then to the castle's seventh floor. Invisible cloak? Aparating? All seem so unbelievable, but the truth was going to show itself even weirder. About forty five minutes after curfew, Gabby was getting impatient when they heard a pop in the room. The most weirdly dressed house elf they had ever seen appeared in front of them. He was wearing one sock of each color, and a jersey with Harry's name and number over him, tied by a rope on his waist. But his attitude jumpy was even weirder.

"My name's is Dobby," the weird elf presented himself with an exaggerated bow to the girls, "mister Harry Potter sir asked me to take his flower and her friends to him." Gabby was ecstatic, jumping with an enormous smile.

Regine couldn't handle herself and started laughing. "This guy is really full of surprises all right! Let's go, flooowwer." She dragged the last word looking directly a Fleur, who seemed torn
between disgust and amusement at the little creature in front of her. Fleur gave Regine an evil look and sighed, accepting the hand the weird elf was offering. In a blink of an eye and a pop they found themselves at a dark corridor with a big tapestry on the wall. Gathered there were Harry, Hermione, Katie, the chubby boy (how is his name?) and Daphne. There were also three more Slytherin students she didn't know and the red haired angry girl.

Harry gave Fleur a smile that she earnestly returned. It was weird how she felt like they could almost communicate without exchanging a single word. Gabby ran and gave Harry a hug, storming him with a barrage of words both in English and French.

"Hum, Potter, why are we here in front of a wall?" The tall and dark Slytherin boy suddenly asked.

"Allow me…" Harry said, and walked over the tapestry three times, when suddenly, without a sound, a big double door appeared behind it. Everyone looked astonished. Harry opened the door and invited them in. "Harry, what is this place?" Hermione asked as they entered a big room with some chairs, many training dummies and a big duel ring at the corner.

"Dobby called it the coming and go room. As he explained me, the room adjusts itself accordingly to what the person in front of it needs. Once the door is closed, no one else can enter until we leave. I tested it a couple times, and got a replica of the Gryffindor common room, the burrow and even a small pool!" He said excited to the amazed little student group.

"But there is nothing about it in Hogwarts a history…" the bushy haired girl whispered. Fleur was astonished. Gabby didn't leave Harry's side, holding his left hand and Fleur approached then both to the right.

"Ok, I am not very good with this. But…" Harry started, talking a little louder so everyone could listen to him and pay attention to his words, Fleur could see a subtle change on his posture. "Well, You were all called here because I trust and care about you, and we are here to learn, not only how to defend ourselves, but most importantly, how to defend those we care for. Saving last year under professor Lupin, the defense classes here were all a joke at best. I know many people don't believe me, but Voldemort isn't finished…" Fleur noticed some of the people flinching at the name, interestingly, Hermione, Katie and Daphne kept their cool. "He will be back and I want to be prepared this time, and I need you to be prepared as well!" Fleur watched Harry, and it was amazing. His aura changed, emanating a sense of leadership and strength, the other people couldn't help but listen. Even her. "Even if for some reason any of you here don't believe me, you all need to learn how to defend yourselves, and those you care for. The staff of this school don't care half of the time, or even cover some dangerous entitle individuals. The people on this room are friends and people I trust and I hope to bring more with time… we need to prepare and better ourselves, screw house rivalries, or blood status, we are the change we be waiting for. We need to be more for those we love. We are pieces being playing by others, we are not stories to be told, we are our own selves, we must show that we are awake and we are in control! I will not let Voldemort or anyone for that matter take anyone from me anymore, and I hope you are ready for that too." Silently nods, Fleur saw Hermione and Katie smiling. Daphne lookedcould, but her eyes were shining at the wizard in front of her Here were the Harry they loved. "Before we start any questions?"

"Hum… why is French Blondie and her friends here? This doesn't concern then, we are your friends!" The red haired girl asked, with a voice full of venom and, Fleur noticed, a little of jealousy. Fleur gave her a fierce look, even if her own reaction had been exaggerated the other day, the little girl was starting to push it. She was about to speak, but Harry was faster.

"Her name is Fleur and you know it Ginny. She is a friend, and you are naive if you think this fight don't affect her as much as us. She is also the top duelist of her school, and I believe she can help us
a lot. I know she can help me a lot." Harry smiled to Fleur and looked back to Ginny. "If we start
with this kind of attitude between ourselves, we are doomed to fail." the red haired girl, Ginny
looked embarrassed under Harry's hard look. Fleur also felt a little ashamed of her previous attitude
and made a mental note of apologizing later. "Any other questions before we start?"

"It is true you can perform a corporeal patronus?" Tracy asked.

"Well… yes… is no big deal…"

"Shut the fuck up Harry, of course it is! Show us!"

Harry drew his wand, Fleur saw the concentration on his eyes for a moment, and he looked at her.
Was he using her as a happy feeling? He waved his wand and said the incantation. "Expecto
patronum."

A burst of light came out from his wand and ran around them, as the powerful form of a great dire
wolf started to form. It was beautiful and powerful, he encircle the group a couple times then
stopped and touch his enormous head to Harry's forehead, before dissolving in a silent howl. Fleur
looked at Harry in awe; even now he was full of surprises. What an intriguing person. But he
looked confused.

.oOo.

Harry proceeds to separate them by pairs in order to test their skills in a friendly duel. As they get
prepared, Fleur approached him and lightly touched his hand. "Are you OK 'Arry? You look a li'ee
confused."

"I'm ok," He answered, sound a less confident than he wished for, "just a little weird. Did you ever
read about a patronus changing form before?"

"Yours changed?"

"Yes, it used to be a stag, today it was a wolf…" He sounded a little ashamed, but he didn't even
know why, he felt strange talking about something so intimate with Fleur, yet he felt the French
witch could understand.

"Well, I think you, Harry, changed, and your patronus is reflecting that, don't? The wolf is
incredibly fitting to the Harry I know…" She gave him a predatory smile that sent shivers down his
neck.

"You probably right, but I think I will miss Prongs" Harry looked at her confused face with a little
sadness. "The stag was my father's animagus form… it was somewhat of a connection I had with
him… I know it sounds silly…" Fleur gave him a nice, caring hug, Harry let himself drawn in her
scent, letting it make him calmer. When they finally parted, she said.

"Maybe it happened because you are ready to move out of their shadows. I am not saying to forget
them or not to honor their memory, but maybe is time for you to be your own man. To make them
proud by being 'Arry Potter, not le survivant."

Harry took it to the heart, and after a deep breath finally said, with a smile of his own "Thank you,
that actually… helped."

"Are you sure it was not all a plan for me to hug you again?" She said with a mischievous grin
'You could had just asked…".
"I cannot deny nor confirm such statement," Harry said proudly, "but that hug helped me a lot too…" This time he was the one with a grin.

"Cretin…" she said softly.

Harry blushed and moved to the front. "Ok, let's start. Neville and Tracy first. Remember, minor hexes and shields, this is a friendly duel to determine where each person stands only."

Harry had based his pairings in accordance with what he have seen from his friends in defense classes, and he knew from the letters they exchanged, that Fleur was Beauxbatons duel champion. Regine and Gabby were mysteries to him. Harry watched as Tracy quickly defeated Neville, thought he could see that the boy really held back because of his shyness. It was something he would have to work on. Then he moved to Gabby and Astoria. Harry was actually happily surprised with Gabby, who won against the older girl and showed great knowledge of duel techniques. Fleur explained that they parents trained both of them since very early age.

Ginny defeated Blaise, even if barely, Daphne won against Katie, her shield work and her legendary stingers doing had being put to work. Hermione had a hard time with Regine, the older girl clearly had knowledge of more advanced duel techniques, but managed to defend herself with proficiency as Hermione probably had more practical experiences in fighting than any other there, save himself. All the time Harry took notes. As they finished, Harry had a list of all of them, listing their strengths and what he think they need to work on, he was dividing them in groups when Fleur touched his shoulders. He turned to see a predatory fire in his eyes, that made her even more beautiful to him.

"We are not done yet 'boy'." She said with an evil grin. "Don't you think you will escape me?" She pointed at the ring. Everyone else is watching them. "I am dying to see the true 'Arry, after all those stories… we can really learn about someone in a duel, don't you think? And I really want to learn about you 'Arry." She said on his ear now, sending shivers down his spine, awaking the wolf.

Harry responded kindly. "Why do I feel you witches are trying to literally kill me?" They walked onto the ring, all eyes on them; Fleur tied her platinum hair in a ponytail, moving with grace and speed. She gracefully assumed the dueling position, looking right at his eyes. "Shit," Harry thought. "She looks beautiful and dangerous…" He looked at her almost perfect stance, perfectly balanced, ready to attack or block, even now he couldn't find a breach. Her wand slightly pointed down. He felt a little ashamed of his own slope position, but that too was an act. She probably knew it. Harry realized he felt excited about this.

It was also the first time he dueled after being bitten. The wolf was eager to prove himself. He could also smell her excitement, hear her breath. "Maybe this will even things out for me, otherwise I am pretty sure I didn't stand a chance." he thought, feeling a smile on the corner of his mouth.

They bowed at each other, as Remus had taught him, with moving his eyes from the opponent. It proved to be the right thing to do, less than a second later Harry dodged to the right, feeling the air movement produced by the ropes of her non verbal incarcerous spell, Harry promptly respond with an Impediment Jinx of his own, moving to the left as Fleur conjured a shield. A stunner hit the ground where he was not a second before, his reflexes starting running at full speed. To the watchers, it was almost like a dance, as they move around and with each other. Harry looked like he was flying through the ring, relying more on dodging with his newfound reaction speed hovering up and down, left and right, as Fleur looked like a fey or a goddess at the centre of a worship ritual, surrounded by the light of her shields, and the repealed spell's sparks flying around her as she gracefully rotate to accompany her partners fast movements around her. Even with the
speed and the lights, Harry looked at her in awe, with the movement of her hair accompanying her own, flying behind her, shining like silver reflecting the light of the spells, and he could see she was smiling, and realized he too was smiling. Then he saw a breach on her defenses and quickly stepped closer to her, only to realize it was a trap.

"Expelliarmus!" They both said at the same time. Their breath was fast, both their hearts pounding, at mere inches of each other, their bodies almost meeting when they stopped. They laughed, and each hand back the wand they got to its owner.

"I guess it's a tie…did you learned what you think you would?" he asked.

"For now… and got even more questions..." she answered, getting closer.

They were disturbed by Gabby happy cheering and babbling in French. Harry looked at the others students, breathing fast.

"That was amazing!" Blaise said in awe. "You were both so fast, and silent… wow…"

"It was actually … beautiful!" Daphne complemented. Harry and Fleur both blushed. Gabby hugged both of them. "Well…” Harry said, still a little ashamed. "I think that, based on what I had seen, we can work on the strengths and weaknesses of each one. We meet again in two days; if you have some other people in mind, let me know so we can discuss bringing them in. Dobby." The elf popped into the room. "Please help everyone back; I need to go to the hospital wing with Daphne."

.oOo.

Daphne and Harry came back to the hospital wing under the wizard invisibility cloak. They walked side By side, their shoulders and arms touching. Harry still a little worked up from the amazing duel with Fleur, and Daphne couldn't miss the opportunity seeing the silly smile on his face, He was one the fell she felt like losing up, along with Tracy and maybe Hermione. "Enjoying yourself Potter?" she asked in a teasingly tone, rubbing her fingers on his hand.

"Hey," He said, blushing a little, "in my defense, any bloke would, been this close of a beautiful witch. Last I remember I am a guy." He laughed at his own cheekiness. "I am awful at this…"

"If you behave I may let you hold my hand…"

"Tease!" He rolled his eyes.

"Am I?" She thought. She couldn't deny, she was enjoying herself, but her mind keep coming back to their kisses… she brought herself even closer to him, feeling his warm nest to her, feeling protected. As they reach the hospital wing, Daphne checked to see that madam Ponphey had already gone to bed. There were no patients in serious conditions right, only a Durmstrang student who got too close of the screaming bulbs sleeping soundly, and the wards would let her know if something happened. She then casted a quick tempus, checking the hour. "We still have five minutes, let's get to the fire place and I will set the wards."

"I was thinking." Harry said as he watch her, waving her wand around the fireplace, again stunned by how beautiful she looked, just like he did in that second year train encounter. "Maybe we can use that room for you to teach me to."

"That sounds good." She answered in her analytical tone.
"What you think I need to learn?" There was a real curiosity in his voice.

"Next year, you can apply for emancipation." She started, sitting at his side. "The usual age is seventeen, but under unusual circumstances like yours it can be lowered to sixteen. Although a lot of people will not be happy by seen the Potters's wizengamot sit occupied again"

"You are saying that after this summer I would never need to come back to the Durlleys again?" His face was so hopeful, Daphne though it looked like a child desperate to run away, her heart felt heavy, how can the prideful young man she just witness revert like that? His self esteem really was destroyed.

"You need to learn how to present yourself to the Wizengamot first to present your case. The actual structure is not like the books you read, not since the last war. Some families lost too much, others gained too much power, You need to learn the pureblood costumes, even if you don't like it, actually, most of the wizards costumes so you can navigate around them without been crushed. It won't hurt to learn how to drink and how to dance too…"

"Dance? I can't dance!"

"After what I saw tonight I really doubt it." She smiled at him.

"Why do I have to dance, what it has to do with politics?" He looked sincerely confused.

"Harry, you are the heir of two ancient noble houses… you will need to learn how to behave with the ladies, there are other forms of politics beyond the Wizengamot. More subtle, but maybe even more powerful, making alliances and supporting other families, remember that our political system is two hundred years behind, and wizards gave a lot of importance to bloodlines and magical power, and you have both."

"You are talking about marriage…"

"You might even consider more than one."

"Why would I get married, divorced and married again? Isn't better to make the first one work?"

"I mean at the same time Harry." She chuckle at him.

"What is that even legal?" Now he was scarred, and she tough he looked cute like that. "Well, it doesn't matter now, I am much too young… also," he leaned closer to Daphne. "I know how to behave with the ladies, especially when they are not teasing me."

Daphne leaned even closer, her deep blue eyes fixed on his.

"You wish Potter…"

As if a hint had happened, the fireplace lifted by itself with green flames, catching both teens attention, a man's head appeared through it. "Hello father." Daphne said after recovering from the scare. "Harry, this is my father Artus Greengrass."

"Hello Mr. Greengrass, is a pleasure meeting you."

"Hello Mr. Greengrass, is a pleasure meeting you."

"It is my pleasure seen you again Harry, you became quite the notable young man. I know you must heard it all the time, and it must not be pleasant, but for a second I felt like I was seen James again. But now I see much of Lily in you… but I digress, just a second, they are almost ready."
"They?" Harry looked confused.

With another green flash, the head of Sirius Black appeared aside from Artus's. "Really complex this untraceable double floo don't? Hello pup!"

"Sirius!" Daphne could hear the warm of Harry's voice. "Are you ok? Where are you? It's so good to see you!"

"It's good to see you too pup. I needed to check on you after this tournament bullshit. How are you holding on?"

"Well, apart from someone sabotaging the tournament, probably to see me dead, things are getting… better, I think."

"Are you preparing yourself? I will not lie pup, you have potential, but you do need some damn good training! Sometimes you are sloppy as hell."

"I know, Remus told me that last year. The Beauxbatons champion, Fleur will train with me." Sirius and Artus looked at each other through the flames; Sirius looked like looking to someone behind him.

"Maybe i can help with that too." Daphne could feel the innuendo on Sirius's voice and rolled her eyes.

"Harry, who do you think it put your name in the Goblet?" Artus asked.

"I have no idea. Maybe a follower of Voldemort, someone like Lucius Malfoy. He had interfered at the school before on the third year."

"It is possible…"

"Harry." Sirius said after a couple seconds, sounding worried. "I believe you received a notice from the ministry of what I did… first I would like to say I am sorry."

"Why are you sorry for adopting me?" There was real concern in his voice, Daphne noticed.

"Don't think for a second I don't want you both as an heir and as a soon, pup! I am sorry because I did it behind your back. Because with this I became just another grown up bastard trying to control your destiny, I will understand if you got mad…"

"No Sirius, I am not mad at all. Please don't think like that… for once I am happy someone did it. Bit how did you manage it?"

"There was never a trial. I survived that hell hole without being convicted. That meant, for the magical records and Gringotts that I retain some of my rights as house head."

"Sirius adopting you," Artus continued, "creates a cabal magical prove that he was never convicted. With that, the new minister of France, Jacques Delacour, can start an political asylum process, and I will move a petition to his case to be reopen in the next Wizengamot meeting. It will not be easy, quick or pretty, the persons who wanted Sirius looked up in the first place will fight against it"

"And also important." Sirius said. "With that, having an able, but not of age heir, the Black family accounts became blocked. Narcisa and that trash of a husband of hers cannot touch the Black family assets to promote their pureblood agenda, or to help Voldemort."
Harry took a moment to soak things in. He may be able to help freeing his godfather and became free of Vernon Dursley at the same time. "Does Dumbledore know about all of this?" He finally asked.

Sirius looked deep into his eyes through the floo, with a severe expression. "Harry, Dumbledore is the reason why I am hiding…"
Chapter 9

Currently, my pack consists of eighteen people; eight of them are fully turned werewolves, the remaining are not normal wizards and witches either, though it may seem like it to the unassuming eyes of the wizarding society. They are not like other normal wizards because they all experience the bond of a pack.

The pack is the most important thing in a wolf's life. We live and die in the pack and for our pack. It is extremely hard to put into words what the pack means. It is a hunting party, but also much more, it is a family, but is also more. We are lovers, parents, children, brothers and sisters.

The pack is bound by love. Through the bond we all share each other's happiness and sadness, wins and losses, love and hate. It is not always easy. The bond can be so powerful that a non-wolf member can still feel his brother's rage running through himself and that can be devastating. Through the pack, we also share our magic. Magic flows through the fully bonded as free as the wind around us.

Many are stronger than one.

Contrary to what most wizards believe, the true bond cannot be forced upon someone; rather it is built over time, and by choice. The things that influence its creation seem to be love, lust, blood relation and magical compatibility. But most of all, the person must be willing to become a member, to embrace the wolf in all its good and bad, to accept their loved ones as they are, not as they desire them to be. There is, indeed, a way to force sort of a bond over others, but to do so is a sin in the eyes of our kind, and its results are more akin to slavery than a true pack.

The pack also gives us a way to direct our rage and to share our loads. That is the reason non-wolves can be bound. If not careful, one may lose touch with their humanity and be consumed by anger. The lone wolf is a dangerous wolf.

The lone wolf is a dead wolf.

Daphne strongly held Harry's arm, not letting him go, she could see the anger, the fear, and the betrayal in his emerald eyes. The witch could feel one more fissure forming in his heart. One more person he trusted that had wronged him. She could almost share his pain. "Harry wait!" She said. "If you confront the headmaster now, you will just put Sirius and my father at risk. Let's think this through. You need to calm down…"

"I trusted him…" Daphne felt the temperature of his body rising. "I looked up to him! He was almost like family… and he kept me away from the only real family I may have left…" the wizard closed his almost wolf like eyes, Daphne saw a tear running down his cheek. "All of this for him to use me as a stunt? As a weapon? What if he is the one that put my name in the Goblet… he out and out lied to me about Sirius!" Harry opened his eyes again, his pupils were vertical lines. "Why does
he make me come back every summer Daphne? Why has he kept me locked? Why does the magical world hate me so much…? I just wanted to be part of it… part of something!" He was holding his tears in, his hands closed in fists. "I didn't want to be a weapon or a Savior… I just wanted to belong…"

For the first time, Daphne could really see it clear as a day. The witch knew who she was. She had someone to care for her, to nurture her; she had a sister she loved, and parents who would do anything to keep her safe. Daphne was the cold bitch who secretly want to be a healer like her mother. She owned who she was, invented persona or not. They tried to take even that from him.

"Harry, look at me." Her voice was calm, controlled, but full of care and warmth. "You are not alone. We are here." Daphne placed her free hand on the boy's cheek, wiping away the tear. "I know we've been talking for just a couple months now, but I want to believe we have become friends. We will help you find your place… or we are going to punch our place in the world through that old bastard's face! Remember what you said to me… for us to not live by the older generation's standards, to escape their machinations, to make our own mistakes. That opened my eyes Harry. Please, don't let them do this to you…" Harry looked at her; she saw so many emotions in those eyes that he was holding in. Anger, surprise, fear, care… he cared for her… he really did.

She did the only thing she could think of; Daphne threw her arms around his neck and gave him a hug. She tried to embrace him and all his pain. To show him she would be there and that she wanted him there with her. Slowly the young wizard returned the hug. They stayed in each other's arms in silence for a while. Daphne felt him calming down, his body temperature returning to normal, his breathing slowing.

"Thank you, Daphne, I am feeling better…" He whispered in her ear, making her shiver.

"First lesson, no acting before thinking…" Daphne answered, holding him more strongly.

Harry giggled. "Yes ma'am…"

They parted. Harry looking her in the eyes. "Shit, here I am having a breakdown in front of one of the most beautiful girls in the school, again… I am pathetic."

"No self-pity Mr. Potter. It does not fit you, I already told you that. You are anything but pathetic Harry. I would know. I don't like pathetic people… and I like you…"

"I like you too Daphne…"

.oOo.

Fleur and Harry had decided to meet at the weird room for the tournament training on the days the "defense club" didn't have meetings. After their "dance" together, Fleur was sure Harry was the right training partner. She'd never felt so in tune with someone as she felt with him. His strengths covered her weakness and vice versa. "It is a shame this was an individual tournament, otherwise we would be unstoppable." The thought brought a smile to her lips.

As she expected, several of the Beauxbatons students, specifically some of the girls moved to cheering openly for Cedric Diggory. She really didn't mind, until the day one of the girls appeared in class with one if those disgusting buttons. Fleur discreetly hexed her, and was overjoyed when the girl was moved to the hospital wing because she was throwing up slugs every time she opened her mouth.

Harry, himself didn't seem to mind much. After the first meeting, he obviously had other things in
mind. He told her about the floo conversation, and personally thanked her for accepting Sirius into her house. It was not her choosing, but she accepted it in her father's name. He smiled so sincerely at this that she almost couldn't believe how cute he looked. That night they started with the real training. She helped him with his wand work and focus. He tested her shields. They exchanged ideas, tactics, and "danced" together yet again. They both had smiles on their satisfied faces as they lay panting on the cold wood floor as they cooled down.

"Your wand work is still shit, 'Arry…" Fleur said turning her head to him.

"Hey, it's not easy to concentrate when you are dueling against the most beautiful woman on this side of the magical world." Harry answered smiling.

She laughed. "Really? That's your excuse?"

"You bent over on propose…"

"Maybe…" they both laughed together feeling truly happy. Fleur sat up and looked at him. "Thank you 'Arry."

"Why?" The wizard asked, still lying on the floor.

"I almost forgot what it's like to be me… ever since the allure came to me, I had to learn how to drive people away. It is hard to know who is being truthful and who was just being caught by it. People changed around me, and I changed with them..."

"I understand… I really do." He looked directly into her eyes, Fleur could feel Harry looking at HER, not just her veela. "I like you, both the smiling and evil Fleur."

"Evil Fleur?" She giggled.

"I like it." Harry looked at the ceiling, blushing a little. "When you walk all prideful, knowing you are beautiful, or the way you scare the guys that are drooling over you, or when you are sarcastic with the girls. But I also like when you show your love and patience for Gabby and Regine, or how loving you sound talking about your family. I believe both Fleur's are real, and I like them both." Fleur didn't know how to react. Harry was still lying down, looking at her in a way Fleur now knew was when he caught her scent.

"Do you have a girlfriend 'Arry?" He finally blushed and looked away.

"No… never had…" He whispered.

"You never took advantage of one of your fan girls?" Fleur said with a smirk.

"Evil Fleur…"

"Ermione?"

"Can't say I never thought about it, but no."

"She likes you, you know?"

"I do…" He sighed.

"Katie?"

"It's... complicated…" he said with a blush. "But no, she is not my girlfriend. I haven't ever asked
someone out until I asked you, to be honest."

"Now I am flattered..." She giggled.

"And you?" he finally sat up. "Is there a lucky bastard I have to kill back in France waiting for you? Or ... a lucky girl?

"I tried, both." She grinned at his blushing. "But no... there isn't."

They remained in silence, looking at each other. Fleur came a little closer. "It is hard, isn't it?"

"We are teenagers." Harry said with a laugh. "There is supposed to be drama."

She placed her hand over his. "I want to say I am glad to be your first date, Harry."

"Me too."

.oOo.

The next day, Katie found herself running alone around the quidditch field. Ever since she was a kid she enjoyed the feel of running, it made her mind clearer, her feelings easy to understand. And right now, dressed in a quidditch jersey, with black leggings and a blue trainer, she needed to think. Not about adopting another pack, her mind was settled on Harry ever since the night he was chosen by the Goblet. She needed to think about how to best approach him and the others. She knew the young wolf had already found his inner circle, but how would they accept it, would they be able to embrace it and let any prejudice out?

After many laps, more than she could count, Katie finally stopped to catch a breath and drink some water, when she caught a now familiar scent. Her inner wolf whispering in her mind, "alpha." The Witch turned around and looked at Fleur approaching. "Damn, she is truly beautiful..." the she-wolf mused as she looked at the French girl. Fleur's silver hair shone in the morning sun like a halo around her head and shoulders. She moved elegantly in her blue Beauxbatons uniform which almost the same color of her feral eyes.

"'Ello Katie." Fleur said in an almost friendly tone, as the brunette took a sip of the water.

"Morning, Fleur... looking for something, are you lost?"

"No, I was actually looking for you."

"There we go." Katie though. "Well, she is a veela and French... I hope she understands better than the others." But her hopes were not high, at least not yet. "You found me" the black-haired girl said. "Why do I have a feeling that I know what this is about..."

Fleur looked at her with curiosity. She elegantly sat on the bench, crossing her legs and fixing her skirt, trying to look calm, almost distracted. "Interesting act." Katie thought, but the wolf could smell the Veela's insecurity. She wasn't nearly as certain of herself as she wanted to believe.

"I wanted to ask you about 'Arry..." The French girl finally said, turning her predatory gaze on Katie. "She really must scare the little girls" The amused brunette imagined.

"Hum... what about him?"

Fleur put on her mask of confidence and disdain, but Katie could see right through it. "What's happening between you two? And I know something is happening."
"Let's remove the bandage." Katie thought. "Let's test her reaction."

"We have sex, Fleur." Katie said casually, taking another gulp from the bottle of water. A look of surprise, and a little hurt appeared on the French narrowed eyes.

"'Arry told me he did not have a girlfriend!"

"He didn't lie, I am not his girlfriend." Katie shrugged, playing Fleur's game back at her.

Fleur now looked confused and worried. "Is he using you?" She said with a little anger on her voice, Katie was not sure if for Harry or for herself.

"No, unless I am using him too… Fleur, Harry would never use someone like that." Katie could not help but be entertained by the confusion she was witnessing on the goddess of a girl in front of her. How someone like her could be so insecure about this? It was even funnier than Hermione. "I assume you know about Harry and professor Remus Lupin?" Katie asked. Fleur nodded affirmatively. "Ok, let me show you something." Katie put her foot on top of the bench next to Fleur and lifted the left side of her leggings, exposing her scar. "You will learn about it at some point anyways, if you want to stay with us…"

"You are also cursed…" The veela said in a whisper, comprehension dawning on her.

"Damn, I hate that word." Katie sighed.

"Sorry."

"But yes, and I am helping Harry deal with his urges, while dealing with my own."

Fleur looked thoughtfully at the young woman in front of her, narrowing her eyes. Katie sat beside her, looking up to the sky. "Fleur, I know it's weird, but I have chosen to stay with Harry, I will never let him be alone anymore, he is my pack now… and damn! He is good to ride on…" Fleur blushed and looked with a little jealousy at the smiling girl. "But I cannot be his mate. Or girlfriend if you want to call it that."

"Why not?" Fleur asked. Katie could see she was confused.

"He did not choose me…I am not what he needs now, our bond is of a different kind. I think he didn't even notice he already chose others… may I ask, why are you so interested?"

Fleur looked out to the field. She sighed. "I guess I thought I could protect him, I had my heart broken before, and didn't want him suffer through it. Silly I know, who am I to decide if anyone is good or not for him. But he killed a basilisk and never asked a girl out. You are older and have more experience than him, I was afraid…"

"Aren't you also older than him?"

"It's not like that!" Fleur stated.

Katie smiled. "You can't lie to us, you know, just to yourself…" Fleur looked at her, astonished. The wolf girl grinned at her. For a second the French witch confidence mask was gone only to return along with a smug face.

"Would you stop having sex with him?" Fleur asked blatantly.

"If you command me, yes. I would miss it, but yes."
"Command? I am not that kind of bint!" Fleur looked offended.

"Of course, not Blondie, but it is in our nature to follow the Alpha…"

.oOo.

Minerva McGonagall could not believe her eyes. For the second time in the old witch's long life, her favorite students were attempting the unthinkable, or so most pureblood families would think. Sitting before her, a couple instants before lunch at the Gryffindor table, her house's table, was one of the most interesting assemblies of students she'd ever seen. Obviously most of the participants were members of said house, but with them were two from Hufflepuff, a Ravenclaw and most importantly four from Slytherin, sitting together, talking, laughing, and planning for something. To complete the group there were three students from Beauxbatons, including their own champion.

There was no fighting, only teasing and laughing, as they all worked on a project. All centered around her two favorite students, Harry and Hermione. Unaffected by the other students' distrustful looks at them. Minerva felt tempted to simply walk by the table to try and discover just what they were working on, but she feared that would ruin the unusual moment of unity.

It was so rare for different houses, different blood status and social classes to be seen like that, especially after the last war, which had shredded the very moral fabric of the magical Britain. Wizards exacerbated some of the worst traits of human prejudice after that. Maybe some long overdue healing was starting to happen. Maybe that was the true destiny of the so-called boy who lived, to bring unity, not some half-listened prophecy.

But why does Albus look so concerned then?

.oOo.

After deciding on the schedule for the next defense meeting, Harry quickly excused himself and left the hall alone. Hermione and Daphne seeing his concerned frown, made a move to get up, intending to follow him, but with a smile and a wave, he calmed them down. He needed some time alone to think.

Harry walked through the grounds, absorbing every sound and every smell of the autumn, absorbing them, trying to understand the different colors he could see now. The young wolf remembered Bell's book, "we can see magic differently" It was so true. He passed Hagrid's hut, and came to his tree trunk, between the lake and the forbidden forest. He imagined he would visit there in his wolf form too, to rest and get some peace. Then he started laughing a loud, a maniacal laugh. He had most definitely lost it. He sat down still laughing.

His mentor, the closest he had for a father figure all these years, had lied to him for who knows how long, his fugitive godfather had just adopted him, a semi living maniacal sociopath was trying to kill him, someone threw him into this tournament probably for the same reason and yes, he had a raging hormonal monster inside him…

And all he could think about was his girl's problems… "What a joke."

But it was true; he couldn't stop thinking of them. Not only that, he was starting to feel responsible for those in his "club". Blaise, Ginny, and Neville… all of them and not just as a teacher of sorts, something was shifting inside him, in Harry's own instincts. And then there was the three girls, he was utterly attached to all of them, and felt great and awful about it at the same time, he felt almost possessive of them, and hoped that was the wolf inside him, not the wizard himself. But again, wasn't Harry the wolf, weren't they one and the same now?
He fancied Hermione since the last year, although he suspected it had started even before that. She was incredibly intelligent, quick, and revolutionary in more than one aspect.

He had always found Daphne the most beautiful girl at the school ever since the day she abandoned him on the train, years ago. Harry thought she hated him, and only watched from afar, but now that he got to know how resourceful and cunning, and yet loving and caring she was, Harry found her even more alluring. Then there was Fleur, the one who understands him, proud, smart, protective and powerful, but almost untouchable.

Harry didn't know what to do; the simple thought of losing one of them was unbearable. He knew Hermione liked him, and Daphne probably fancied him too, though he didn't know how much. Fleur was a dream… he would take her on their date, but he knew she was completely out of his league.

Thoughts of himself together with the other girls, and even Fleur at the same time ran through his mind arousing him. Teenage fantasies rolled through his mind, before he started feeling guilty. "I am an idiot and a hypocrite, they would never go for that, and to ask that of any of them is awfully egotistical of me…" he said to himself. "Katie will laugh her ass off at me…” He chuckled.

Harry let himself calm down.

What was it that Daphne had said about multiple wives anyway…?

.oOo.

Pansy Parkinson looked apprehensively at the fireplace in the Slytherin common room, waiting. The note she received had an urgent tone that scared her, and she knew best not to disobey Narcissa Malfoy. The woman had been her tutor since she was little, teaching her how to behave, and more importantly, how to make things happen. The older woman even knew how much Pansy despised Draco, and the girl had a feeling that Narcissa agreed with her, she always sounded disappointed in how her son turned out like the father. The older witch had even promised to let Pansy know how to control her fiancé. But now something else was happening. Something was lurking in the shadows, scaring Narcissa, and Pansy was afraid it would affect her too. Especially because the old headmaster was too cunning, the old man had plans inside of his plans.

But Pansy also knew her tutor was an intelligent woman, she would not be controlled by this old man, the same way she was not controlled by her husband. There was only one man in the world Narcissa was afraid of, and he was dead, because of Harry Potter.

.oOo.

Ginevra Weasley was feeling really confused as she walked through the hallways, all because of that damn green-eyed wizard.

At first the girl thought she had outgrown her crush on him, specifically after spending time with Harry and Hermione at the burrow. Ginny had discovered that he was nothing like the books, no powerful hero with well thought out speech and amazing super powers. He was a boy, powerful, it's true, but also a little shy, caring and easy to talk to. Her fan girl crush on the boy-who-lived was gone. Now Ginny had a crush on the real Harry Potter.

Then last year, she and Hermione decided to go a little crazy and be little teenage rebels, or so Ginny thought at first, they bought a bottle of fire whiskey using a charm spell and drank it while hiding in the prefect's bathroom. It was so funny watching Hermione get drunk; she poured the shots almost like doing an experiment. But then Ginny discovered that her older friend was really
upset by her parents' divorce. It turned Hermione's world upside down and she also discovered how much Hermione liked Harry, just like herself, maybe even more... the drunken girls even made a pact to share him, though they never spoke of that day again.

The idea of competing with Hermione was not a pleasant one, but Ginny knew she was pretty, funny, intelligent (maybe a little too confident) and played quidditch, which was a plus in Harry's book, or so she thought, and maybe the older witch had been serious about sharing. This kind of situation was not unheard of in the magical world, didn't Tracy Davis' father have two wives? Yet, Harry was difficult to approach. That overprotective git of a brother of hers didn't help either. Specifically, after what he tried to pull with Hermione this summer. Ginny was sure his friendship won't save him from Harry if he found out what had happened.

Then there was Katie, she was obviously shagging Harry, and Hermione even seemed ok with it! Then Greengrass showed up, trying to play her sneaky games with him. Ginny was in a total loss about what to do.

Then the fucking French model appeared. Older, proud, with that weird aura around her. Shit, she always looks like she is floating! Lavender and Parvati said that she was a veela, a goddamn veela. Why did she have to keep touching Harry? She was obviously using her weird veela magic on him.

The other thing she didn't like was being followed (how ironical.).

"Why the hell are you following me Zabini?" She said turning to the tall dark boy walking behind her, his eyes were amber colored, and his Italian hereditary could be seen on his nose and jaw, he was slim, and his movements were elegant and precise.

"I am not following you Weasley." He said with a sigh. "In case you don't remember, we are going to the same place." She blushed, indeed they were.

They walked on in an uncomfortable silence for a couple minutes, when Blaise asked. "I heard you were going to try for the quidditch team this year. You play seeker, right?" The wizard raised his eyebrows curiously.

"Yeah, if it wasn't for this stupid Triwizard thing..." Ginny said with disdain, this tournament had been nothing but headaches for her.

"Harry said you are very good."

"He said?" She sounded a little happier than she wanted to show. "Wait, since when do you talk with Harry."

"Well, we sit together in a number of classes now". The Italian wizard shrugged with a smile. "He is really a cool guy, and he is trying to get rid of house rivalries..."

"Wait, you play seeker too, don't you!" Ginny finally realized. "I remember the game that Davis threw Malfoy on the ground and you replace him... you are miles better than that git!" And he really was, maybe as good as her, she thought. He gave her a sad smirk.

"I know... but my mother is not as influential as his father, or as rich, so there I am, on the bench." Ginny realized he sounded more tired than sad.

"That arse..." the red-haired witch said as they arrive at the room's door. Harry started calling it the room of requirement. It suited the place. Inside there were some new faces. Her twin brothers had joined with Angelina and Alicia, Neville had brought Hanna Abbot and Susan Bones from Hufflepuff, and Ginny herself had called Luna Lovegood to join in.
Susan approached Harry with watery eyes and talked with him in a low voice, the raven boy smiled tenderly at her and gave her a hug, and Ginny thought. "No! Not one more, fuck!" Harry came back and divided them in groups again.

"Ginny, Blaise and Tracy" He said in a commanding voice that made her shiver. "Your hexes have a good potency, but you need to learn how to defend yourselves, it's not always possible to be on the offensive. You need to practice shielding yourself and then others. After that let's see if you can improve those hexes to something even more powerful." Unfortunately for Ginny, the French blonde was the one training them tonight. Blaise was a little shaky at first and Ginny frowned at Tracy.

"It will be hard to train you with that bulge in your trousers, Zabini!" The blond Slytherin joked, Ginny laughed with her, making the boy bend and blush furiously. He looked at them with murderous intent in his eyes, making them laugh even more. The French witch showed them how to improve their shield spell and watched as they practiced. Ginny was not happy about being bossed around by the veela, but had to admit she knew what she was talking about.

"Are you gonna wear that face the entire night?" Blaise asked her.

"Is the only one I have…" She answered him, angrily.

"Never mind Zabini, she's just jealous," Tracy said with evil smirk. Ginny wanted to hex her so bad, but she restrained herself. That was just how Tracy acts with everyone, no filter between mind and mouth, much like herself sometimes...

"Right, I think we can test your shields now." Fleur said, and Ginny could swear there was an evil grin on her face. The sequence of stinging hexes was fast and brutal, Ginny could shield herself from the first ones, but as Fleur increased the speed it became almost impossible. After the three of them got stung without mercy, Harry called the meeting over. Fleur gave a predatory smiling to the hurting group in front of her.

"I like her!" Tracy commented to her companions as they walked out in pain.

"Are you crazy." Ginny answer in between her teeth. "She is evil!"

"I like her because she is evil!" Tracy finished as all three of them laughed.

"See, way better Weasley, you look much prettier smiling." Blaise said calmly, looking at her. Ginny blushed and the Slytherins laughed even more.

HPPHPHP

Albus Dumbledore got the big pile of parchments and put it away in his personal travelling stash as he gathered himself for one more draining day of politics while his students, his children, got a free day for themselves. He did everything for his children. He would not fail them again.

They were the reason he accumulated the position of chief warlock of the Wizengamot and Hogwarts headmaster. Some people say it was too much power in one man's hand. But it was his way to keep his kids safe. As he looked out the window of his office at his students getting ready for their short trip to Hogsmeade to have a pleasant autumn day. He once again let the weight of his realization fall over his shoulder, and felt all his long years falling over him.

Some kids were more important than others.

And some had to be sacrificed for the others to live to their fullest.
He took his stash, walked to the fireplace and said. "Ministry of magic." Then disappeared in a flash of green flames.

.oOo.

Harry felt more than little nervous. Just Like he did before an important quidditch match. The young wizard had never gone on a date before. He should have taken Hermione last year, but didn't out of respect for Ron, who doesn't even speak to them anymore, what a waste. At least the red-haired boy doesn't wear one of those stupid bottoms.

Harry really wanted to take all three girls, but he realized it was not a good idea. It was Hermione who suggest taking Fleur, not only because she didn't know the settlement, but Harry and the foreign girl had a lot to talk about. That left Harry a little confused. It was a little weird how well Hermione dealt with both Fleur and Daphne, even becoming friends with the French witch.

"Here I am having illusions of grandness again." He thought. "As if I will end up with any of them." He concluded and smiled, as he waited at the castle's gates. He tried his best to look good, without forgetting to be himself. Harry did not try to copy the super fancy pureblood style, leaving that for the Wizengamot meetings of the future. How good it was to imagine a future… Harry put on his best new jeans, cleaned his red converse sneakers, a white undershirt and a red and black plaid shirt over it. He had to transfigure some of the items, as the wizard realized he had grown around one and a half inches since the term started, he didn't know exactly why, but was not complaining. His hair was a lost cause, no matter what potion, muggle lotion or anything he used, it was barely tamed at best. Maybe there was some magic involved. A jacket over all and the good casual looking teen was ready.

Dobby then brought him a charmed basket that kept the food fresh all day. The Three Broomsticks would be packed, and it was a nice autumn day.

Harry watched the students get into the carriages looking happy, friends and couples, some students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang going too. That was something worth fighting for that was a magical world he wanted to save… He waved to the twins, escorting Angelina, Alicia, and a very happy Regine. Harry knew something was happening there, he could feel all five smells mixed up in all of them during the last defense meeting. If they were having fun, who was Harry to judge.

Hermione, Daphne and Tracy came down the path to the carriages next. Harry was baffled. Hermione was wearing a casual muggle outfit, tight jeans and blue tennis with a rainbow-like belt. She had a white blouse with a generous neckline, falling over her left shoulder, revealing the strap of a black tank top. The graphics on her blouse were of a stylized fist inside of a heart. Probably from one of the muggle bands she liked so much. Her untamed hair floated curly around her head, giving her a strong and independent look. She was beautiful in a strong way. At her left, Daphne was a vision. Harry always thought of her as the most beautiful girl in the school, even on par with Fleur. Her midnight black hair was straight and flowed flawless over her shoulders contrasting beautifully with her marble skin and almost grey eyes. Ice queen all right. She was wearing a neck tight blouse, with lace details both at the neckline and wrists. Her skirt resembled the uniform one, but in a dark green with dark purple lines, also suggestively higher than regulation. Her legs seemed to go forever, covered in a black mid-thigh stocking which he could see the top of when she walked. A pair of black leather boots with metal spherical pins completed the looks. At her side Tracy was wearing a blue skirt too small for any regulation. Knee high boots and a nicely fit shirt, with the top bottoms unbuttoned just enough for people to get lost in it. And their scents, if only he could only smell it for the rest of his life; he would be happy. The wizard damned his teen hormones as he felt himself get hard. The smile on the girls faces telling him that was exactly the
reaction they were looking for.

"You can stop drooling now Potter, you will get yours later." Tracy said with an evil grin and a wink, as Hermione rolled her eyes. Hermione gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Have fun on your date Harry, you deserve it."

Daphne gave him a hug, pressing her body to his, much closer than needed, and whispered in his ears. "Have fun, but not too much without us." The words sent shivers over his body.

"Teaser." Harry answered and watched the three girls get in a carriage as they laughed at him. He felt confused, but happy at the same time.

Then Harry saw her.

Descending the path, looking like she was floating, the morning sun reflecting off her platinum hair and a smile just as shining. Fleur was wearing a pearl strapped dress that fit her breasts and waist perfectly. Under her waist the dress was flowing and danced around her legs with each step, finishing a couple inches over her knees. The draped bottom of the dress only accentuates the flow illusion further. There was a subtle flower pattern over the right side of the dress, over her shoulders there was a short jacket and red shoes with a small purse completed her outfit. Harry couldn't speak; just look astonished as she approached.

"Goodness." He half said, half stuttered when he finally got to speak again. "You look beautiful Fleur…"

Thank you 'Arry." She answered, giving him a kiss on the cheek, her scent making Harry almost jump in delight. "You look good yourself." Harry catches the "evil" Fleur smile for a second and the wolf scratched the back of his mind.

Harry helped her into the carriage and for a second debated if he should sit next to her. Gathering all his courage, he sat down on her left side. She slid closer to him, their shoulders touching, as soon as the door closed. Harry was again hit with a nostalgic warm feeling and drank in her scent. Fleur looked at him as he got stiff with the sudden proximity, giving a beautiful knowing smile.

"Evil Fleur…" He said rolling his eyes.

"I know, what about that basket 'Arry?

"You will see."

.oOo.

Ronald Weasley watched as the carriages departed. A feeling of anger came over him as he watched Harry enter one with the French veela. His so called "mate" had taken Hermione from him, was on the quidditch team, had managed to enter the Triwizard tournament and had money. Now he had a veela whore. Ron doesn't even have clothes of his own. Not even his brothers believed him about how bad Harry was. He had seen Harry's true eyes that day and those were evil eyes, he knew.

Ron was fuming, he had enough. Enough of dangerous adventures, enough of picking brothers, enough of Harry Potter.

"Hello Weasley." Ron froze; he turned around to the knowing feminine voice. Drawing his wand.

"I am not in the mood… wait, where is Blondie?" Ron asked. In front of him he could see Pansy
Parkinson, but no Draco Malfoy. Behind her a couple steps he saw Crabbe and Goyle, but they were looking to the carriages, not at him.

"That lame excuse of an heir is at his daddy's lap crying over something… some family crises or whatever. Fuck him… I am here to talk to you Wesley."

"And why would you want to talk to me Parkinson? I just want to be left alone."

"There is a seizure in power happening Wesley. Because of your little friend…"

"He is not my friend… not anymore…"

Pansy Parkinson smiled, looking hungrily at the red head boy.

"What about some retribution, Ronald…" she finally said.

.oOo.

Albus Dumbledore pinched the bridge of his nose. Those small people were so tiresome, always so caught up in their own small feuds about money and illusory power, they all lost sight of the Greater Good that lay ahead. But thankfully, the day was almost finished.

He got some new legislation on the control of dark creatures, specifically werewolves passed, that way he could keep a closer eye on Lupin, the Bells and others of their kind and when the time comes, Harry. To do that he had to give up some control of Hogwarts to Dolores and the ministry. Smart player this one, he must be more careful around the small bitter woman. He would need to remind her who was truly in control. For now, what the ministry wanted was almost harmless, to get a registry of the classes and active control of all the muggleborn and half-bloods. In the end that would serve his own purposes as well. Amelia Bones did not seem pleased about that, which was a plus.

"The floor is now open to the honorable members of the council." He said with his magical amplified voice hoping to finish as fast as he could, so he could get back to his quarters at the school for some sweet liquor and a nice food.

The ever-weak Lucius Malfoy stood up. Dumbledore looked at him with a pinch of disgust, weak man of a weak house, climbed to some power because his marriage to a formidable woman and Tom's machinations before the last war. "There appears to be some mistake in the records concerning Gringotts. Although I'm the father and guardian to the Black family heir, my access to its assets had been terminated." Always about money… Albus closed his eyes. "Neither I nor my wife could get answers from the goblins. For that I intend to make a formal complaint and demand this council seek reparations for an insult to both the Malfoy house and the most ancient and noble house of Black."

"You should know by now Lord Malfoy", Artus Greengrass stood from his seat turning every head to him. Dumbledore looked at him with concern, something had happened, he could see it now, and if Lord Greengrass was involved, it could not good. "The goblins do not commit those kinds of mistakes. I actually have information concerning that matter and others that I desire to give to lady Bones, as it concerns her as the head of the DMLE."

"What are you trying to say Lord Greengrass?" The fierce woman said, looking at her old ally with hard eyes.

"I have here some documentation that sheds light not only on the Black assets situation, but also on a number of irregularities concerning not only the current Lord Black, but Harry Potter as well."
Dumbledore eyes widened as he watched Lord Greengrass produce the parchments, and with a swift move of his wand move it, not to his table, as it should, but directly to Amelia Bones.

"There is no current Lord Black!" Lucius Malfoy screamed from his seat. "Not until my son comes of age!"

Dumbledore ignored the man and watched as lady Bones read the parchments, her eyes going wide. A flick of her wand testing for altering magic, only to find none.

"I would like to move an action to investigate the reasons why the Potter's will wasn't read." Lord Greengrass said with commanding tone. "And the whereabouts of the same. I would also ask for an investigation into the reasons why the scion of the Potter family was never moved to his original designated magical guardians and put under the care of the headmaster and chief warlock Albus Dumbledore, giving him access to the Potter assets." Dumbledore watched as the eyes of the head of the DMLE stared at him with each request from Lord Greengrass.

"And with the support of the French minister of magic and the legal backing of these adoption papers, I move to reopen the case against Lord Sirius Black, as it's proven that a trial or conviction of any sort was never held before Lord Black was thrown in Azkaban!"

Albus Dumbledore watched astonished as all hell broke loose in the Wizengamot.

Fleur was having an amazing time. Hogsmeade was overflowing with students from Hogwarts, friends and couples having fun, buying gifts and spending time trying to know the foreign visitors outside the school environment. Fleur loved the welcoming feeling of the town. There were stores for everything you could need, from candy to books, to brooms. But it was all made even better by her company.

From the moment she entered the carriage Harry had been great, he told her about the thestrals, talked about the village and when they arrived he was genuinely curious about her own view of things. "Back in France," she said to a curious Harry. "We are a little more integrated with non-magical people; there is no place with only wizards like this village."

"It is a double-edged sword, don't you think?" The young wizard asked her with a thoughtful look.

"Why?"

"Because, you may lose the awe of places like Hogsmeade, but the idea of a more integrated and tolerant world seems great! Non-magical people have amazing things of their own, like movies and music."

"I think you can say zat..." She shrugged.

"What do you like to do at home? To pass your time?"

"Other than seduce little wizards?" She said coming closer to him and running a finger through his shirt with an evil smile.

"Damn evil witch... You are trying to kill me!" They laughed a little of the tension away.

"I like to spend time with Gabby of course." She said a little more serious. "And play music. When it is warm I like to go to the beach to swim and get a tan..." she looked at silly grin on Harry's face and giggled.
"You said you play music? Like, actually sing or play an instrument?" He said clearly trying not to linger on the images she just put in his head.

"I couldn't sing to save my life." She laughed. "I play the Viola."

"I hope I can visit one day and hear you play."

"Or see me at the beach." Now he blushed, and she giggled again.

After a while, they came across Regine, Angelina, Alicia and the twins at Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop. The girls quickly excused the boys to go to the Quidditch sports shop. They all sat at the table, Fleur with an espresso with cream and the others with some mocha. "So?" Regine promptly asked. The other two girls looking at her too.

"So, what?" Fleur took a sip, pretending not to know.

"Come on Fleur." Angelina asked. "That is our little brother there! Is he behaving?" Fleur was once again astonished by the kind of loyalty Harry inspired.

"Although Katie says he is not little…" Alicia said with a grin.

"Or easy to tire…" Angelina continued, and Fleur blushed, without knowing why.

"He has been the perfect date." Fleur said rolling her eyes. "And not everyone is as sexually obsessed like you girls." She said in a joking voice.

"Hey, we're just having fun!" Regine faked an outrage. She had already talked about her situation with Fleur, the veela knew that the twins, Angelina and Alicia all dated each other, and Regine had accepted their invitation to have some fun. Fleur was more than ok with that. Her veela nature helped the witch see sexuality as something normal and beautiful, so long as everyone involved was willing to participate, but teasing her best friend was also fun.

"You know I love you…" Fleur teasingly kissed Regine's cheek. "I don't know, he is a little young."

"Bullshit" Angelina said with a wave of her hand. "My Mom is five years older than my father. Harry has survived more than most old men, suffered more than most, damn; he is more mature than Fred and George! Combined!"

"If he is so young for you," Alicia continued, as she played with her cup" why did you declined all other blokes to come here with him?"

Fleur thought about it for a while, she didn't know.

"Anyway Fleur, he is our little brother, and if you hurt him we will break your legs…" Angelina said in a casual tone causing Fleur to laugh. When the boys returned, Harry was as red as their hair. Fleur could only imagine the teasing he must have endured. Lunch time was close, and Fleur was starting to get hungry.

"So, the Three Broomsticks will be full, but I have promised you some butterbeer, don't worry, I got this." Harry said with a smile as they headed to the pub.

On the way, they came across Hermione, Daphne and Tracy, carrying shopping bags and chatting happily. Fleur got a little nervous, she knew at least Hermione and probably Daphne fancied Harry. Probably even more than just fancy. She really had come to like the girls and didn't want to change
that. But to her surprise, the girls were incredibly polite, they joined the couple on the way and talked about their purchases, and even gossip with Fleur a little. For the first time Fleur felt included, wanted, "I can grow to like that", she thought.

The Three Broomsticks was really packed as Harry said, about an hour of waiting, but Harry smiled at her and winked. "Hey Rose!" He called at the door.

"Harry!" The attendant said back with a big smile. "So good to see you my boy. If you want a table I can kick someone out for you!"

"Please don't do that Rose, but if I can have some butterbeer to take out would be great!" The woman flicked her wand and four bottles traveled to Harry. He picked them up and shoved them in the basket, then turned to Hermione, Daphne and Tracy. "Rose will get you a table, unless you want to join us for a picnic."

"Thank you, Harry." Hermione said looking at Fleur, giving her a nod. "You two go ahead and have fun."

As they left the pub Fleur asked.

"A picnic?"

.oOo.

"Soooo… what's the plan?"

"What are you talking about Tracy?" Hermione asked sitting at the table.

As Harry predicted, Rose was fast in getting his three friends a table close to the windows. Three bottles of butterbeer appeared at their table as soon as they were seated. Tracy didn't lose any time either.

"Come on. I can understand the little friendly competition between the smartest witch of her age and the ice queen of Slytherin over the boy who lived." She put a lot of emphasis on the titles. "It's even fun watching you all blushy and fluffy. But you are both Hogwarts's. So, what are we going to do about the French sexy model? I mean, I like her, she can be super mean, but she is not a sister."

The other two witches looked at her, eyes widened before laughing. "What?"

"It's not for us to decide don't you think? There is another very interested part in this little conspiracy of yours." Hermione said taking a sip from her beer.

"Nah, you and your muggle morals, we witches know what is better for our wizards! Daphne?"

"I will not do anything…"

"WHAT! Why?" Tracy looked genuinely surprised.

"Because I don't want anyone interfering when it's my turn." Daphne said with an evil grin.

"You girls are insane! She… Is… A…Veela!" The blond shot her hand in the air, in an overdramatic move.

"And the allure doesn't work on Harry for some reason, although I have some theories." Hermione said and both girls looked at her curiously. "Later…” She waved.
"Anyway, some other things came up; anyone who wants to be with him may have to learn to share anyway." Daphne stated looking at Hermione.

"Wait, you are not taking this to serious?" Tracy interrupted. "I am talking about some good snogging, maybe a nice shagging after a while, not something for the long run! Not marriage!"

"Harry would never get involved with someone if he can't to devote himself and make it work." Daphne said looking over her bottle at a very astonished Hermione. "We… talked a lot over in the hospital wing." She admitted to the brunette.

"If he is so noble like that, what about Katie Bell? They keep saying they are not together, but sometimes he shags her until she can't walk right." Both other girls blushed. Tracy laughed at the mixture of shame and lust on their faces. Hermione talked first.

"Katie's situation is completely different…” she looked at Daphne, who nodded in understanding. "But you fool yourself if you think she is not there for him for the long term. Even if they stop having sex, Katie will still be there, and he would still be there for her. But I believe he would let the person he is with decide about her joining in or not."

"You witches are crazy and like to talk in riddles…” Tracy moved her hands in surrender.

"Also…” Hermione said in just a little more than a whisper. "I don't mind sharing…”

Tracy had a big smile on her face, almost predatory. "You don't?"

"That is just a social convention, if it prevents you from being happy, to hell with it!"

Daphne looked at Tracy in disbelief. "I like the new Hermione!" She said lifting her bottle and they laughed. Lunch arrived, and they ate in almost complete silence, each absorbing the conversation in their own way. After they finished, Hermione looked at the two girls.

"Now, about Fleur, there is something I noticed. Do you remember the night she arrived? A month and a half ago? Do you remember the effect of her allure? Some boys couldn't even talk to her."

The other two nodded. "Now think about our last meeting, or even our meeting with her here. Did you notice something?"

"Yes. Now that you say that." Daphne quickly picked up. "The effect is much less now."

"Yea, it is still there of course, and I am sure she can use and direct it if she wishes… But the residual effect is much less… I wonder what happened. There is almost nothing about veela in the library." Hermione finished her curiosity coming out.

"Maybe it's because of Harry" offered Tracy.

.oOo.

Harry chose a beautiful and quiet space, under a big oak tree, with most of its leaves already an earthy orange tone. The smell of the tree, combined with the lilies from Fleur's scent, had a calming effect on him that he appreciated. "That is a beautiful spot 'Arry" Fleur said looking around. "Why is it so calm? There is almost no one around."

"People think there is a monster in the house down there." He said with a shrug. "But it was just professor Lupin last year…" Harry took a blanket from the basket and laid it on the ground for them to sit. Fleur giggled at the idyllic scene.
"He is the one who bit you, yes?" She finally asked.

"Yes, it was me or Hermione, and I made my choice. For once it's something I can accept. Here" he said giving her a bottle of butterbeer, still cold from the charms on the basket. "Let it not be said that I don't keep my promises." He laughed.

Harry watched as the beautiful witch took a sip and made a disgusted face. "Mon dieu! How come you English are not a band of obese whales with this much sugar!"

"I see you know uncle Vernon…" Harry instantly kicked himself for making that comment, of course Fleur caught it, and although he felt she wanted to pursue the subject, thankfully she didn't.

"If Rose could get us a table, why not have lunch there? Not that I am complaining, I actually like it here." Fleur asked looking around. "Maybe a conspiracy to get me alone, monsieur wolf?"

"Too many people. Lots of noise and smells, I thought it would be hard to focus…"

"That's the reason you are always eating early." She whispered as understanding dawned on her. He smiled at her

"Anyways, after you complained so much about our food, nah, don't look me like that, you know you did. I thought you may not like the butterbeer, so I asked Dobby for this." Harry put his hands on the basket and produced a bottle of a Domaine Romaneaux-Destezet Syrah, Harry had learnt to select table wines from his time preparing Sunday meals for the Dursley's. Fleur's face brightened up, and he knew it was worth it; Dobby had to do some travelling to get him a bottle. He poured her a glass and started pulling food out of the basket. A selection of breads, croissants, a Mediterranean salad and a smoked fish. Harry explained he got some money so Dobby could arrange the fish. Fleur smiled as they eat and talked more about her family and life in France. She wanted to know more about his life outside the school, but sensing his discomfort, didn't press him.

After the meal Harry put the dishes and leftovers back in the basket. Fleur moved closer to him; he noticed her cheeks were a little red from the wine.

"You, Mister, zis trouble…" she said with a dizzy smile.

"Am I now?"

"Ask 'Ermione, or Daphne…" she giggled. Her face turned a little more serious. "'Arry, I got something for you." He looked at her curiously as she took a book from her purse. "Tell me, how much you know about your godmother?"

"Alicia Longbottom? I know she is Neville's Mom, and is at St. Mungo's…" Fleur expression was one of confusion.

"Who told you that?"

"The headmaster." Harry expression hardened as he remembered the lies, and his instincts calling the old wizard dangerous.

"'Arry, that woman is not your godmother…" she handled him the book, Harry saw it was a photo album, and his eyes widened at the sight in front of him. There they were, smiling and waving at him. It was a different picture from the only one he had ever seen of his parents. They looked so happy. The nostalgic sensation hit him, he saw a baby that could only be himself, holding hands with a small girl that he recognized as Fleur instantly.
"How… why… why didn't you tell me?"

"We... weren't sure how much you knew… Sorry… papa and mama looked so much for you… I was not sure… I was afraid you hated us…" Fleur looked ashamed. "But then it was clear you didn't even know us…" She pointed to the blond woman on the right side of his mother. "That is your godmother 'Arry, Apolline Delacour, my mama. Look at the album." Harry turned the pages, almost afraid of losing the moment, but there they were again. His parents, Sirius, Remus with a man Harry didn't know and Fleur's parents. There he was, with her, playing at the beach, at a manor… at some photos Fleur pointed to some of the other kids and babies… Regine and Daphne.

"Those were taken just a little before the violence escalated out of control. Mama said they kept meeting to have hope for the future, our future. The death eaters weren't their only enemy it seems… but they wanted to keep living."

"What happened? Why are you and Daphne not close then?"

"Everything fell apart when… it happened… and you disappeared. Sirius went to Azkaban, Remus disappeared drowning in grief, the Greengrass's and my parents kept their distance, afraid of their political adversaries… oh Harry, they were so happy when you came back… they sent you so many letters, but you never wrote back. I am betting you never even received them…"

"No. I would never…"

"They knew… it was all a mess of a situation, they thought Sirius had betrayed your parents, Lupin didn't want to contact anyone. I thought you had forgotten us. It took me a while to muster courage to write you…" she hugged him tentatively, tears I'm her eyes. "We… I am sorry… "

The feeling of her embrace was so good, so warm, in a sea of coldness. He was even surer now that his isolation had been intentional. He hugged her back letting her know he didn't blame her. "Thank you, Fleur…" he said handing her the book.

"Non 'Arry, it's yours, a reminder you are not alone, never again…"
Chapter 10

AN: I don't own or make money on this

Big thanx to AWR and Master42 for the beta reading and ideas, and to TheDeadDodo for helping with editing, you guys rock! Also my quest to refine the first chapters is a little slow, but it's happening.

Some reviews and pms asked about Katie, i am trying to give each char a time on the spotlight, so don't worry, she is in no way forgotten, remember, only her share a big part on Harry's life, but i like focusing on certain characters at times=]

thank you for reading and sorry for anything! ^^

Chapter 10

I had been bitten, by my own mother in the year of 1758, at the age of five. I understand why some people may find it a terrible thing to happen, but there are reasons why it is made this way. When bitten at a younger age we have more time to learn how to deal with the way we see magic, to learn about the pack and our bodies. And most importantly, is easier to learn how to deal with the rage.

To become the wolf is more than just been bitten. Many of the people, who were bitten, actually are unable to become the wolf. They are too devoted to the wizards views about magic and the so called dark creatures, that they become trapped. For those, the wolf ended up being really the curse they had being led to believe all their lives. Draining their magic and body, killing them slowly. They became but shadows of both wolf and man, dependent on Wolfsbane potions and chains like animals. Others became consumed by the rage. Usually people of malevolent tendencies that are bitten later in life or in pure search of power. Those become monsters, killers and cannibals, the ones who gave us the fame of dark creatures, they are our own sins.

The rage that burns within is not an easy thing to cope with. It may drive some crazy, especially those without the support of a pack. The overwhelming notion of magic as an amoral force of nature, where there is no superior good or evil to guide you, sometimes can be too much, driving some insane. All the burning rage can lead many to murder, rape or suicide. The same forces that set us free… can break us.

To become the wolf is to walk the most dangerous path without losing yourself. It's terrifying, but the reward is a complete different view of the world, magic and it's creatures. One that is more complete and fulfilling. One that is free.

That is the reason we try to teach our young from a tender age, so they can have time to learn.

The first thing we teach them is how to not lose themselves under the influence of the full moon, to let themselves go with the instincts, but remaining conscious of who they are. With that they can not only control themselves, but also remember...

They can start becoming the wolf.

.oOo.

As he waited, seated on the big armchair of his office in Hogwarts, surrounded by piles of books and weird little magical instruments, designed to watch over his students, the headmaster Albus
Percival Dumbledore, reflected about the happenings of the last two days. The Wizengamot council was immersed in total chaos at the moment. Amelia Bones had gripped the chance to reopen the case about her former lover with haste, and a passion he had rarely saw coming from the head usually cold head of the DMLE. Soon, too many questions would be asked about the Potters’ will and Albus little order. Maybe it would even end up with someone stumbling on the prophecy. The Greengrass / Black affair would be public in just a matter of time, and he may lose the grip on his golden boy, the foundation of the new order to come after the dark lord’s defeat. Maybe Dolores Umbrige's idea had merit after all. Weren't both boy and girl not even fully humans anyway? The headmaster may have to speed up his plans. And for that he had requested the presence of Harry is his office.

Precisely on time, Harry arrived at the room. "Good night sir, you asked for me?" The boy said without looking the headmaster in the eyes. He seemed distracted by something, looking around without really focusing on anything.

"Yes, Harry my boy. First let me ask, after a couple of moon cycles at the school, how have you been feeling?" The headmaster asked with a caring voice, and looking concerned under his half-moon shaped glasses.

"It still weird, I will admit, sir, it also drains me a lot. I am glad professor Snape's potions are able to help me with it, even if he is not happy to do so." The boy answered, looking around the room, distracted indeed. "Although right now I'm more worried about the tournament, as I have no idea what to expect."

"True indeed Harry m'boy, and that is exactly why I summoned you here. You see, I am afraid whoever placed your name at the Goblet may try to reach and harm you in other ways during the tournament. Tell me Harry, have you ever heard about occlumency?" Albus looked at him, but the boy seemed lost looking at one of the magic instruments at his table "Why is he not looking at me?" The headmaster thought.

"No sir." Harry answered distracted.

"It is the ability to protect one's mind from unwanted incursion. I believe that due the connection you share with Voldemort, and the suspicion we may have one of his followers working to end you during the tournament, it would be imperative that you learned occlumency."

"You can teach me sir?" The boy sounded hopeful.

"Look at me dammit" Albus though, he needed access to his mind, and he needed to be sure of how much Harry knew about the Delacours and Sirius. "Unfortunately I will not have the time my son. A political tempest approaches, and it may affect the school greatly. I need to take precautions to protect both the students and the tournament. But there is another who can. A master occlumens."

"Who?" Harry sounded disappointed, and tired.

"Professor Snape."

"Why am I not surprised…"

"I know you had your feuds with professor Snape in the past Harry, but rest assured he is totally trustworthy. I want you to present yourself to him for lessons in occlumency."

"I will see to it sir. Is that all?"

Really distracted indeed, maybe it is the effect of the altered wolfsbane potions. "Yes Harry you
Harry moved fast through the castle's hallways on his way to the seventh floor. He was desperately trying to calm himself. "He really did try." Harry thought. "Just like Daphne and Fleur warned me, the old man really tried to read my mind!" The painful tug on the back of his head fanning his wolf instincts, serving as a painful reminder of his lost trust on the elderly headmaster.

He arrived at the room of requirement just to find a door already in place. As Dobby had explained, if he could see the doors, it meant he was expected. He entered just to find Daphne reading a book, sat down on a luxurious couch, with her legs over the soft stew, in front of a din fireplace. The reflection of the fire on her hair was of a beautiful reddish tone, she was still in her school uniform, without the robes, her legs over the couch revealing a delicious amount of ivory thighs. Harry gulped, her blueberry scent hitting him as soon as he crossed the doorway.

"Enjoying the view Potter?" Daphne said with beautiful and scary grin.

"Definitely." Harry knew her game; they had played it many times. She would tease him, test him, and he enjoyed it. It was her way of opening up from her normal cold self. The young wizard sat down on her side and buried his face on his hands, with a loud and tired sigh.

"He tried to read your mind, like we thought?" The pretty Slytherin asked and Harry nodded sadly, without looking at her. He felt her arms around his neck and lifted his head to see that Daphne had shifted her body in his direction, the book closed, resting her head on his shoulders. "I am sorry, I know how much he meant to you."

Harry gazed at her, thinking about the last two and a half months. How she came to know and trust him, he remembered their first night at the hospital wing, remembered her comforting him after talking to Sirius. When the lessons about the wizard society and the teasing began. She taught him how to become more connected with his own hereditary at the same time that she voiced her hope that Harry could grow and help her and everyone else break beyond their own. Daphne showed him her real self, more than an ice queen, a sexy, teasing and intelligent young woman, as cunning, and she was caring of the ones she loved. Ambitious and eager. He even remembered the first time he really laid eyes on her at the second year, and thought she was beautiful, and how he felt like she was familiar even before it, without knowing how, and made a decision, it was only fair if she wanted to stay near him that he was honest with her. "Daphne, do you remember professor Remus Lupin?"

Daphne looked at him, sitting straight. "Harry, the night your name came out of the Goblet and you ended up on the hospital wing, we knew it was magical exhaustion, but Poppy asked me to run some diagnostic charms for training. I saw the broken bones, the basilisk poison, the burns and I saw the curse…"

"I am starting to hate that word." Harry rolled his eyes.

"I remember both of us talking that night, we kissed… so, I think I don't really care… although you don't seem half as ragged as professor Lupin." She said with an evaluating expression.

"That doesn't scare you?" Harry asked a little uncomfortable. "I am starting to see this differently now… especially people around me… I am not the same person i was last year, I am, but I'm not… shit… that didn't make sense."

"It does scare me of course… but it also excites me… I guess you are helping me see things.
differently too… and I know about Katie before you ask. She talked with Hermione, Fleur and me. Hermione even gave me a class about the effects of your… condition… after Katie talked to us in that school teacher tone of hers."

"Sounds like her. It is a little weird, Katie kept it secret for all those years, now she opens up to you." Harry wondered.

"Some side effects Hermione described were really interesting…” she rubbed a finger over Harry's chest, he understood Daphne wanted to change the subject. "Maybe one day you should show me…”

"Keep teasing me like that and maybe I will." Harry felt himself getting hard as the witch looked up with a sultry expression and subtly licked her lips. "So, what aspect of the beautiful pureblood costumes we are going to review today." Now he was the one who wanted to change the subject.

"Marriage!" She said in a happy voice

"What? Why?"

She sat straight, with a more serious expression, the one she adopted when she was teaching him. The true pureblood lady Daphne was educated to be. "Harry, it will not take long before the Black family affair gets public, and you are also the heir of another noble house. You should expect some betrothal propositions very soon."

"Like Malfoy and Parkinson? That actually sounds terrible!" The wizard said with an angry expression.

"That is how alliances are made and house lines are preserved." Daphne continued, ignoring his outrage. "Family magic is important. I do see your point tough, and, as much as I agree with it, sad things will happen anyways. Both your families are immensely powerful and at least one is incredibly wealthy. But the most important is the political seats." her hand was going up and down the young wizard's thigh while she explained, and Harry relinquished himself to the intimate feeling.

"But I don't want that kind of thing, if I am going to be with someone I don't want it to be because of some contract." He tried to protest.

"Very noble Potter, but I don't think you should discard the possibility… well, at least you have to learn how to write a polite decline…” Daphne finished, in an assertive voice.

In a surge of courage, Harry moved his hand to her knee; she raised an eyebrow, but kept smiling. "Now that you said that, isn't it weird I never received one for the Potter's line?" Harry felt Daphne shivering under his touch, making himself feel even more confident.

"Hmmmm…” The witch let a pleased sigh out. "The Potters were always notoriously against it… but it is true… specifically after your parents…” He nodded, reassuring her. "Unless someone is blocking it, or there is an already active one…” The ding sounds startle both teens, announcing that someone was at the door. Time for the meeting.

.oOo.

Fleur entered the small improvised headmistress's office inside the Beauxbatons carriage. Madam Maxine was enormously sat in the chair, her magnificent size making the office and the piles of parchments around appear even smaller. It would be almost comical if the woman didn't have an enragèd semblance holding a paper that she handed to the young witch as soon as she sat down.
"This is outrageous, how could that terrible little woman write something like that? Is insulting!"

The woman yelled in French.

Confused, Fleur looked at the paper, seeing a big picture of Harry and her at the wand weighing ceremony night. She quickly read the piece in question, accusing the veela of using her "less than human" charms to steal the boy's heart and will, painting Fleur like some kind of scarlet woman and Harry like a lost little boy, the very same person they called the "boy who cheated" a couple months ago. Fleur remembered that night well, how Harry's wand showed way more signs of use than any other, and how both of them were close to each other. It was no secret they were friends, at least not in the school. She told him about her grandmother's string of hair, and he was genuinely fascinated, just like . Fleur also remembered the annoying and poorly dressed little woman making impolite questions, and how she wished to burn her because of how she glued herself to the young wizard. All in all, after reading the article from start to finish, she could see that it was just a piece of pureblood propaganda, and smiling, she realized it didn't matter. "I don't care…" she said calmly to the complete astonishment Maxine. "Everyone can think whatever they want, I don't care. As long as Harry and I know the truth."

"Fleur! Being close to this boy is damaging your image! And the school's image too!" Madam Maxine hit both hands on the paper, in angry disbelief.

"You are naive if you think that headmistress." Fleur raised her head proudly. "They don't like me because I am a veela and a champion. Because I had the audacity of being better than the so called pure ones… and they hate him because he doesn't care about that!" Maxine eyes widened. "And you are a fool if you think my parents won't seek reparations, in a swift and destructive way… you should be concerned about more important things." Fleur returned her the paper, opened on the article about professor Hagrid.

Fleur got up, standing proud and leaving a startle Maxine to her own thoughts. Walking out of the small office, the witch realized that she indeed felt pride. Harry and herself had become even closer after their hogsmeade date, and she saw that, not only the young man, but also all of his close friends had come to accept her for who she was. She was Fleur Delacour, top student, champion, duelist and a veela, there was no point in hiding it. They were not just Harry's friends anymore, Hermione, Daphne and Katie were also her friends now. Talking with Harry and Katie, she also could see some compelling parallels between their own condition, and being a veela. The obvious ones, the passion and the outbursts of emotions were the first ones Fleur noticed, but the most intriguing were about the magic itself. Both of them, specifically Katie, saw magic differently than most wizards and witches, or better saying, felt magic differently. They talked about smells, and dancing colors, and for the first time outside her own family, Fleur had the courage to speak about how veela felt the emotions around her, about how, to them, magic and emotion were the same thing. Fleur also noticed that something had happened to her allure. She felt like it had been tamed somehow. If Fleur concentrate herself, she could have it working at full force still, but in normal times, it was severely weaker. The veela knew her parents would come all the way from France to watch the first task, and she planned to ask her mother about it them.

Fleur walked the hallways with her head up. Looking back with an evil grim to anyone who gave her a bad look, or were reading the Prophet. Her mother would have a field day with the paper, and she would enjoy it. The first task was two weeks away yet, but there was a full moon in a week. She wanted to be there for Harry this time, the emerald eyed wizard had showed an amazing will to move forward, whatever had happened in his past, he wanted to heal, for himself and his friends .And Fleur wanted to help him, first she would take the lead of the defense club on the last night before the full moon, as Harry could be a little too worked up on that night.

It had been a busy week. As expected, after the news of Harry becoming the heir of the Black
family got public by the Prophet, he was flooded with marriage proposals, as no one knew how to reach the family's head right now most were addressed direct to the young wizard. Harry, Daphne, Fleur and Hermione even got some fun sorting the letters. They had gone with Harry to his favorite spot by the lake, and starting reading them. Most were pretty boring, reading more like business proposals, until Daphne giggled. "What?" Harry asked curiously.

"You may want to keep this one Harry, for when we are not around to tease you." Daphne answered handing him one of the letters. Fleur had to admit she liked the dark haired girl; she was very intelligent, in a different way than Hermione, and really beautiful.

Harry took it and blushed furiously with some more than suggestive photos of the daughter of an Italian family. Fleur smiled at him trying awkwardly trying to hide his arousal. She also noticed that Hermione and Daphne seemed eager to help him with that, even without telling. In the end, she noticed, he did keep the photos. Fleur couldn't help but laugh out loud of the situation, breaking the tension and making everyone laugh with her. Daphne and Fleur also have talked about their families strange connections. Fleur was happy the English witch also spoke French, and the three girls made a vow to teach Harry. They made plans to travel together, to visit Fleur's home, and the French witch noticed the happy and hopeful look on Harry's face, even if for just a moment…Like he didn't believe any of this was real.

Fleur was thinking about that when she heard the scream. The witch started running in the sound's direction, she turned the corner just to see Harry and Hermione surrounded. At the door of a classroom four other boys and a girl sending continuous hexes at them. Fleur could actually see their defense training taking effect. Harry and Hermione were back to back, slowly rotating around in almost beautiful synchronized movements. Harry was the attack, Hermione was the defense. The bushy haired witch lifted shields, deflecting the hexes as Harry attacked with uncanny speed, stunning and disarming, they were five against two, and the five never stood a chance, the skill level difference was evident. Daphne was also approaching through the door, as Fleur cast two disarming spells in sequence at the attacking girl. A little blond boy was screaming in blind rage. Harry managed to make him trip on his own legs as Hermione disarmed one of the other bigger boys, the last one standing. Fleur passed through blond boy with a mocking smirk, they were defeated. "Are you both ok?" Daphne asked approaching Hermione and Harry.

"Yes, they ambushed us…" Hermione started to saying when Fleur heard a scream full of anger, and raised a shield by instinct, but it was one second too late. It was no hex that hit Daphne; it was a full-fledged curse. Harry held her as she fell and the blond boy started screaming, with a dim light coming from his wand. "You will pay for stealing from me!" Daphne's shoulder turned into a weird angle and she spilled blood on Harry's face, passing out without a scream, the blond boy got up and started running away, Harry was breathing fast, Hermione took Daphne from him and Fleur saw the feral predatory eyes of the wolf. He gritted his teeth, and for a second Fleur could swear they were sharper, with a scream, no, a roar, Harry ran after the boy.

"Go after Harry! He is not thinking straight! He is going to do something rash. I will take Daphne to the hospital wing." Hermione screamed and Fleur dashed after her wolf.

Harry was fast. Faster than Fleur, and certainly faster than the blond boy. Fleur watched in terror as Harry pounced at him like a predator. She watched, almost in slow motion, as the boy hit the ground with Harry over him, the witch told herself "faster, faster" as she saw Harry grab the blond by his robes and slam him on the wall, a trail of blood leaving his mouth. People started gathering around to witness the surreal scene. Fleur could see Harry's eyes, bright with magic and rage. She did not felt any fear, not for her as he slammed the boy again at the wall. Harry was growling.

Fleur approached him; the blond boy has blood coming from his mouth and nose, but not much
more damage. She could see the battle for control on Harry's eyes. Without any hesitation, Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck. His body was so warm, like he had a strong fever. She tried to show how much she cared through the hug. She felt his chest moving fast with his heavy breath.

"'Arry, it's ok… listen to my voice… Daphne is ok… you did, you protect her… Let go… if you hurt him, they will take you away from us… we need you with us 'Arry… don't give them a reason to take you away"

Harry's breath slowed down…

HPHPHP

Daphne woke up in a very familiar hospital bed, with a strap around her shoulder, holding it immobilized, Madam Pomfrey smiling warmly at her. "There you go. I knew my best apprentice wouldn't let me down." The girl looked around to find Tracy, Hermione, Astoria Blaise and Fleur around her. She looked for another face, but couldn't find, feeling a little disappointed.

"'Arry is at the headmaster's office." Fleur told her, catching her searching gaze.

"Did he made something heckles yet again?" Daphne asked, with a worry tone, some of Katie's stories were rather scary.

"Other than break one of Draco's teeth and make him piss himself, no." Blaise answered with a grin. Daphne gave a relieved sigh and sank her head back in the soft pillow. "I mean that, the blond git actually piss himself." He laughed and madam Pomfrey gave him a disapproving look.

"Everything is fine dear." The matron said. "Thanks to Ms. Delacour's shield, the bludgeoning curse deflected and only barely hit you. There was some bone damage, but nothing serious. Anyway I would like you to spend the night for observation, a curse is always dangerous, especially one done so poorly." The old woman gritted her teeth. "A student using a curse! No matter whom his parents are, the boy needs to be severely punished!" Everyone looked around knowing that this would be improbable.

"Thanks Fleur." Daphne said. "Thanks everyone for being here." Daphne tried to sit, but her shoulder hurt, and the girl stayed down in pain.

"Nah! Madam Pomfrey said. "Take it easy girl. Rest for now"

"Yes Poppy…"

"Draco is done." Blaise said after madam Ponphey got back onto her office. "After today and the whole Black family heir thing, he will be lucky if even Parkinson keep following him around. I know that is not how Harry wanted it to happen, but you two need to seize the opportunity…"

"It is not time for house politics, Blaise." Hermione intervened. "We are here to cheer Daphne up."

"But that did cheer me up! After what that little monster did! I wish I could have seen his face when Harry got him!" Daphne said with a smirk. Hermione had a concerned face, but Tracey and Blaise both had understanding smiles. Fleur finally said.

"Harry was protecting his pack, like Katie said. Malfoy was even paler than normal. I bet he will not be able to walk straight for some time…" the French completed with an evil smile.

"I am surrounded by evil…" Hermione said raising her hands in defeat, and everybody laughed at her. They talked a little more before dinner. Madam Pomfrey showed everyone out and gave Daphne dinner and a potion for pain. Drained as she was, Daphne ended falling asleep. She woke
in the middle of the night feeling a little stiff, just an ever bright candle illuminating the side of bed with a dim glow. Someone was sat beside her on the bed. She didn't need to ask to know who it was. "Hello Harry, I knew you would come."

"Of course, I would never miss my probably only chance to be on this side of the bed." He said in a smug tone and moved a little closer to her.

"Did you get in trouble?" Daphne asked, concerned about him.

"One week detention with Snape, after the full moon. How are you? I mean, for real, I have been in your place many times and I know it can be...hard." There was real caring and concern on his voice, and Daphne couldn't help but feel warm inside.

"I am OK. Our friends support me, and now you are here." She smiled at him, and Harry came even closer to her and took her hand.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Of the big bad wolf? Do I look afraid? Will you protect me?

"Even from myself" They stayed silent for a time, Harry holding Daphne's hand, making small circles with his thumb over it. She felt safe.

"Harry, do you like me?" She asked suddenly. Harry blushed and smiled at her.

"Ever since the day we first met on the train, I always thought you were the most beautiful girl I ever saw... and then I discovered how incredible and scary you really are..."

"Prat..."

"So yes, I do." He finished with a confident voice.

"I fancied you since second year... you know. But I was always afraid, you were a Gryffindor and always so distant, in some kind of dangerous adventure... And the things they said about you" Daphne said, feeling ashamed. He smiled beautifully for her, no judgment on his eyes, but it only lasted for a second.

"Me too, but..."

"It's complicated?"

"It's complicated..."

"I know, but we can get around it... I know we can!" She said hopefully, more to herself than anything...

.oOo.

In the week that followed, Katie saw things happening that at the made her happy, but at the same time also uncertain of what to feel. She came to accept, those people were her pack now. Blaise, Ginny, Neville, Tracy and the twins had answered the call. More than that, Harry had chosen Daphne, Hermione and Fleur. He loved all of them, even if he didn't realize it. Love grows, and he was certainly powerful enough. Katie was happy, the witch knew she belonged here. But she also knew her time of being intimate with her alpha may be ending. Once one of the girls came around and claimed their place, she may be asked to step down. She had never felt this kind of urge,
running at her grandfather's pack. But with Harry as an alpha it was different; the pull she felt was too real and too strong. "But we are not made of just instincts…" she thought for the thousandth time.

Harry was teaching all he knew to them, making plans, researching. He was being somewhat successful in directing his rage to productive things, although the incident with Malfoy almost ruined it all. She had also talked with all the three girls. Other than Hermione, they may not be comfortable with the idea of sharing. Fleur seemed especially possessive, maybe it was a veela trait, but Katie remembered Harry's speech, and thought that could be just a prejudiced view of her own. In the end, it was his choice, she had already made hers. And Katie decided she would have a hell of a good bye.

Daphne had returned to the club for everyone's relief. It was a joy to watch the bonds being formed between them. When Harry came to correct Daphne's wand movement that night, and the girl had teasingly rub her body on the boy in front of everybody, making him blush furiously and choke on his words, and everyone laughed, Katie knew she had found it, she had found her pack.

At the end of the session, Katie held Harry's hand. "I need to talk to you." she said. Harry nodded as Dobby took Fleur, Regine and Gabby back to the carriage and the other people returned to their house's dormitories. Katie noted Hermione looking at them, and she gave her a knowing look. "Follow us later." Katie whispered to the witch.

When she and Harry were alone, she held both his hands and looked her new alpha in his deep green eyes they were almost completely wolf eyes now. "Harry, I have made a choice… I talked to my grandfather… I choose to run with you Harry, do you understand that?" she asked hopefully.

"You mean… you want to be in a… pack… with me?" He said, sounding a little confused.

"Yes Harry… you told me you read my ancestor's book right? You know what that means?"

"Katie, I don't even know an alpha, and they are your family…” Harry now sounded worried, but Katie could smell his power.

"And they will always be. But wasn't you who said we must move over our predecessor shadows, that only in that way we can make them justice?"

"Yes."

"Harry, you are the Alpha I choose." The boy looked at her with widened eyes. "Harry, I need to run with my family once more, to make amends and say goodbye. After that you will never hunt alone anymore. We will make our enemies tremble at your name." she laughed in an exaggerated manner.

"Katie, if it's really what you want, I promised myself not to push anyone away anymore, but you do need understand what it means?"

"Yes Harry, I understand your concern, but it's my choice to make and I made it on my own."

"So I will accept you, as an equal." Harry said with a warm smile that made her tremble.

"So noble…" and so naive, she though.

"Harry, before I go I need to ask you two things. Please, please don't take the wolfsbane potion anymore, it only hurts you, embrace your Wolf: And secondly, for one last time, I need you… to… fuck… my… brains… out…” she whispered the last words on his ears, making Harry tremble.
She knew his wolf had awakened.

.oOo.

Hermione took the marauder's map and recited the vow. For the first time, the witch thought, she could say that she was really up to no good. "What the hell am I thinking? Did she really say that to me?" With a quick glance at the map, she found Harry and Katie. They were leaving the room of requirement together.

Casting a 'notice me not' spell on herself, and with a deep breath, she exited the Gryffindor tower with the map open. Flitch was close to the dungeons now, so she should have no trouble passing through the hall. Looking at the map she quickly realized were they headed. The prefect's bathroom. "Do I really want to see that? Morgana tits, I do!" She tough as she covered the ground to the door. Always looking at the map, making sure no one would surprise her. For some time now Harry had decided to lend the map to her. His senses close to the full moon gave him enough aware of his surroundings for him to need it to move around. "Would that be wrong to Harry? To Fleur and Daphne? Should I base my decisions on them anyway?" The flow of thoughts rushed through her head, as she felt the cold night air. Hermione felt a rush of adrenaline; she was defying the rules once again, and this time for pure selfish reasons, as it had become more and more common after her parents' divorce had sacked her trust on authority. Thinking like that she reached the prefect's bathroom, finding the door was slightly open. Almost like an invite.

Every cell on her brain screamed for her to turn around and go to bed, but her hormones pushed her forward. Hermione entered slowly, trying not to make noise. The notice not spell still working, she listened to a moan next to one of pools, she tried to position herself in a way where she could see them, but maybe they would not see her. When she finally laid eyes on Harry and Katie, she lost her breath.

Katie had Harry pinned against the wall, kissing him with an almost violent passion, muffled moans coming out of her mouth, one of her hands running forcefully through Harry's hair, the other pushing his tie. The boy's hands traveled from her back, to her legs, entering under her skirt on the way back up, and grabbing her ass. Katie moaned louder. Hermione watched mesmerized. The passion, the need, it was so much more alive than her fantasies. The bushy haired witch started rubbing her thighs together, feeling the warm forming on her center.

Harry's hands grabbed the sides of Katie's white panties and pulled them down. Moving her legs, the girl let them slide down as her hands started working on the boy's trousers. Harry moved his left hand back to her bum, grabbing and caring, and his right hand moved to her pussy. Hermione watched as his finger gathered moisture from the juice on Katie's inner lips, then he pressed his middle finger all the way inside her. He pulled it back and forth a couple times before coming out completely, using her own juices to make circular movements over her clit. Katie moaned loud, and bit Harry's neck. Hermione own hands now sought her moistened panties, the girl biting her lips. While Harry worked her clit and folds, Katie finally freed his member; Hermione gasped as the other girl grabbed and stroke it a few times, now was Harry's time to moan.

With a swift movement Harry turned them around, pressing Katie on the wall. He kissed her mouth, chin and neck, before kneeling. Hermione hands had started working on their own, rubbing her own clit through her panties. Harry lifted one of Katie's legs up and with a movement licked the entire length of her pussy, before starting giving attention to the girl's inner lips and clit. Almost like kissing, his tongue exploring her with gusto. Katie grabbed his hair, calling his name. Hermione thought on how beautiful they were, the pleasure expressions, the dripping sweat, the
wet noises… she was losing herself in it. She wanted to be in Katie's place, but she knew she also wanted to be in Harry's place.

Harry let go of Katie's leg and stood up, turning Katie around, her hands on the wall in front of her. The girl's eyes shining in anticipation. She bent herself, lifting her bum, on the tip of her toes. With one hand Harry held her hips, and with the other guided himself to her entrance. Katie let a loud moan as he slowly penetrate her, Hermione's hands worked her clit, while the other buried two fingers inside her as she watched Harry increased his rhythm more and more and more, Katie's bum slamming on his lower abdomen, her face a mask of pure bliss. Hermione herself increased her own speed, sensing what was about to happen.

Katie came screaming Harry's name, Hermione was over the edge, in almost complete silence, biting her lips. She was panting rapidly as she looked astonished that Harry was still hard. He sat down on the edge of the pool, than Kate positioned herself on top of him and looked at Hermione. There was no mistake, she knew Hermione was there, them it dawned on bushy haired witch that Harry must knew too, he could smell her.

Katie smile at her while she lowered herself again, engulfing Harry's cock on her a second time. Hermione blushed, but manage to smile at her before turning and leaving. She already had enough fun for one night.

HPHPHP

The pain… gone…
Trees, cold, prey… hunt!
Faster, stronger!
Wait! Not alone… smell dangerous…
Search…
Two, one is dangerous… other… big friend… knows I am here…
Follow… attack? Hunt? Kill?
No! Big friend!
Want me to see…
Big… stone and metal… not cold anymore…
Hide… search… like hunting…
No one can see me…
Warm? Why so warm?
Slow… no killing… old man is dangerous! Smell is fake! Keep hiding.
More people… many prey… what?
What is this smell? What is this feeling?
Magic! Power! Flesh and fire!
Harry woke with a startle. He was back at Hagrid's hut, the trilling and excitement running through his body, together with the now familiar pain.

"Hagrid, I remember! I saw them I felt them! I remember the dragons!"
Chapter 11

While the Alpha is the central member of a pack, it isn't the most important member. He guides the other members, while he himself is guided by their necessities and need for protection.

There is a misconception about the role of the Alpha as a form of tyrannical leader, a position earned by force. We are not animals, strength is only one of the many traits an alpha must possess. More important than sheer strength is the ability to acknowledge each member of the pack as its own person, and provide what that person with his own needs. The Alpha leads the hunt, but must be able to recognize the other pack members strengths and weaknesses. He is a guide that also needs guidance, and only the other pack members can provide such thing. The Alpha is chosen by the pack, in a very subtle way, he is the one capable of connecting with all the members in different levels, so in the end all others circle around him.

But what is more important, through the Alpha, all the bonded can share the magic. He serves as a beacon and also as a hub. Through him, even the non-bitten can experience the way we see and feel magic. The Alpha shared his magic, and all other share their own with him. Many are stronger than one.

But he also shares his emotions, fears and rage; an alpha can lead his entire pack into madness, or worse. The Alpha must earn his position, to force it only leads to pain and rage. And it cannot be earned by power alone.

What most outsiders fail to understand is, the Alpha is a position not of rage or strength, but love.

The Alpha also needs an inner circle, those closest to him, to help bring him balance, without them, the Alpha is doomed to lose control.

.oOo.

"My name is Fleur Delacour, first daughter of the house Delacour, the first daughter of the minister of magic, champion of Beauxbatons, and now, I am a proud veela." Fleur thought looking at herself in the big mirror of her new champion bedroom. "If I want to change the world, first I need to change myself, accepting who I am. And I am a veela and much more." She recited the words Harry said about himself before leaving two days ago for his cycle of transformation and acceptance. Fleur felt the truth of this statement, the allure was part of her, like the wolf was now part of him, and like him, she was not to be defined by it, but should embrace it as her own. With a proud smile, she finished grooming her hair and prepared herself for the day.

She wanted to thank Harry, but she knew he wasn't going to be there this morning. But her other friends would, gathering Gabby and Regine, she directed herself to the great Hall. Fleur sat on her now usual place, at the end of Gryffindor's table, besides Hermione, soon to be joined by Neville and Ginny. People still think it was weird, especially of their own house, the lions could be as prejudiced as the snakes, the French witch discovered. That was what this tournament is about, integration, she thought.
They chatted animatedly about the last meeting, when Fleur took Harry's place as the leader. Even Ginny seemed more comfortable with her now. In this weird little group, she found acceptance. Maybe even love. With them, many of the insecurities she hid inside herself could be washed away. Fleur was happy.

The morning classes flew by, and before lunch Fleur waited besides the carriage, searching for him. "I just want to thank him, and show him the same kindness he showed me..." she thought as the young man approached. His messy hair flying with the wind, his predatory green eyes, the eyes of the wolf... and smiling. They stood in front of each other smiling. Regine and Gabby watched giggling as Fleur gave Harry a hug. "Welcome back." She whispered.

"Thank you..." he said, looking in her eyes. They found only acceptance in one another. "Fleur." He said after a while, with a triumphant smile. "I discovered it, the first task, It's dragons!"

.oOo.

After the day classes, Harry and Fleur gathered Hermione, Daphne and Katie, he was thrilled, but also feeling completely lost. He had never faced a dragon before, and somehow he doubted his new physical achievements would be of much help. Walking through the hallways, under the other students gaze, the group directed themselves to Harry's favorite spot near the lake. But before they left the castle, the young wizard suddenly stopped near the exit.

"Anything wrong 'Arry?" Asked Fleur. Harry pointed to a group of students near them. He could see Cedric Diggory and Cho Chang, surrounded by their usual entourage of Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws. The tension between the two groups had been palpable before, specifically because some of them, including Cho, insisted to use those buttons Malfoy had distributed to the school.

"Karkaroff was there last night, I could smell him, I am pretty sure Krum already knows." He turned to Fleur with a worried expression. "I think I should tell Cedric..."

"I don't know 'Arry." Fleur responded with a hard look. "Although he never said a bad thing or wear one of those disgusting buttons, he never did anything to stop his friends doing so either."

"Well, maybe I can offer this as a peace offering. He is a good guy Fleur, just caught up on the confusion of this situation. I don't think is fair the three of us knowing what we are going to face and Cedric doesn't." Harry looked at Hermione and Katie, and they nodded in approval, but Daphne had a doubtful, cold expression, she couldn't care less for Diggory.

"Then you are a more forgiving person than me, but I can understand and respect that." Fleur finished, sounding a little harsh. He approached Cedric and his group with heads up, he was not ashamed for being in the tournament, not anymore, angry yes, but not ashamed. Cedric looked at his approach them with curious eyes. But made no mention of going away. The tall blond young man gave a quick look at Fleur and the others, and then returned his gaze to Harry.

"Diggory... Cedric, can I talk to you?" Harry asked, looking at the other wizard, trying to appear the most honest as possible.

"He has nothing to talk about with you Potter!" Cho said from his side, with an angry look, but Cedric squeezed her arm and looked at her with a reassuring gaze.

"Go on Potter. We always meet eye to eye in the field, and I respect you. I have yet to make my mind about all this mess, but in the end, this is just another competition, right..."
"Yes, and even if I hadn't entered it from my free will, I want it to be fair for all of us, Cedric. We don't need to be enemies. Fleur and I are not enemies as you can see." Harry said, trying to keep his voice as neutral as possible.

"Totally agreed." Cho gave the blond boy an astonished look. Cedric just smiled at her and shrugged.

"Krum already knows by now, as do Fleur and I… Cedric, the first task, it's dragons." The Hufflepuff eyes widened in disbelief. "I don't know exactly what they expect from us, but now you can at least better prepare yourself."

"Thank you, Harry; I don't know how I can repay you for that…"

Harry gave a look to the circular bottom pined on Cho's robes. "I guess you do…" And Cedric nodded. The green-eyed wizard waved his hand. "Good luck Cedric." Harry walked back to a proud fully smiling Hermione and got a pitiful smirk from Daphne. "What?"

"Noble git…" the Slytherin said with a grim and a hand wave. They walked to the tree trunk; Harry was silent, as the girls entered funny discussion about hexing Cho. Harry knew was a joke or at least he hopped when he saw both Fleur's and Daphne's evil gazes.

"Dragons." Harry finally, said looking at the lake. "What the fuck are we supposed to do? I doubt they expect us to kill them or something like that. Especially with all people looking. So it must be some other thing." He finished turning to his friends.

"The most probable." Hermione said. "Is for you to have to get past the dragons for something, testing your courage. What kind of equipment you can carry to the task?"

"For the first task, only our wands." Fleur answered.

"That looks awful dangerous for a competition between teenage students." Daphne complete, to everyone's agreement. She thought for a couple seconds. "OK, first let's think about your strengths. What are you too really good at?"

Harry and Fleur looked at each other… "I can't think of anything…"

"I am a veela, so the fire would probably not be a problem, as I can manipulate and resist a reasonable amount of it… I am also good a mental magic, and suggestion charms, we learn about this kind of magic since a young age, to both use and control the effects of the allure, but I don't think that would help. Also, my aim is quite good." She said proudly.

"Huuum, that can actually matter, I mean, the mental magic." Hermione said, adopting her lecturing tone. "Dragons are sentient creatures, although some wizards prefer to forget it. Maybe you can get to it that way. Or maybe you can get close enough to his eyes; they're the only exposed weak spot. As we imagine you don't have to kill it, just gain some time, enough to pass it."

"It might work." Fleur said thoughtfully.

"We need to train your aim, and improve your natural fire shields then, I will look for some spells you can use if you get close enough." Hermione conjured a parchment and a pen (happy that no professor was looking) and started making a list.

"Sounds like a good plan, Harry?" Daphne asked.

"As I said, I can't think of anything. My reflexes and senses have improved by a mile, but I doubt
they would be any help. I am very good with runes, or so professor Bathsheda says, but even my most powerful spells wouldn't hurt the thing. And my aim is shit, so, no going for the eyes…” he said a little ashamed.

"Well, I can think of something you are really good at…” Katie said with a jump and a grin on her face.

"Katie, that is not the time for that." Hermione said with a sigh.

"Although I know you are all eager to have a taste of that…” Katie said with an evil smirk and everybody but Fleur blushed. "That is not what I am talking about."

"What do you mean them?" Harry asked curiously.

"Flying Harry, you are good at flying!"

.oOo.

Draco was angry. Not only had Potter taken Draco's rightful place as the Black family heir, now, because of their fight, they had taken his wand. They even wanted to punish him further for using the bone breaking curse, but his father's connections on the school board had ensure his permanence at Hogwarts, but under house arrest. He had already worked on how to get a new wand, one without the trace from the ministry. Then the he would show a world of pain to Potter and his bitches.

"Where the fuck is Pansy! Where is that bitch." He screamed.

.oOo.

Pansy Parkinson stopped in from of the gargoyle that stands at the headmaster's office door. She knew all too well why she had been summoned. There, standing with professor Snape, she knew it has to be with Narcisa Malfoy. "Bouncing frogs." Snape said with an even tone and the ugly statue walked aside, letting them enter the room. Narcisa Malfoy was already inside. Her expression one of beautiful hate. Pansy looked at the headmaster seated on his big chair. He had a stem, even worried look on his usually light face that scared Pansy.

As soon as Pansy and Snape entered the room, Narcisa started with a hiss. "We had a deal headmaster. I kept my part of it, bringing you those evil… profane things!"

"Before we continue, my dear." The headmaster raised his hand, effectively shutting the woman down. "May I ask why Misses Parkinson is present? Isn't she a little too young for this discussion?"

"I was younger when I was sold headmaster! I was younger when my training as a lady of society started and you know it very well. Ms. Parkinson is my protégée and was supposed to be the next lady Black!" Pansy has never seen her tutor so angry.

Dumbledore looked at the woman with fascination, then looked at Pansy with a measuring gaze, and gave her a smile. He turned to Narcisa once more. "Rest assured, my dear. I'm still going to honor my part of the deal. Your son will be the bearer of the Black name."

"And how is that headmaster? Not only Sirius is still alive, he assigned another heir, right under our noses!" Narcissa's tone was now very cold.

"Sirius can still be convicted, and if so, his adoption of young Harry Potter can be overwritten. If not, there are other… ways of doing so, May I remind you, Harry Potter is just a boy, and still
under my guidance. Draco is still the next in line after Harry, so don't worry about it. Now, I believe the purpose of your delightful visit was not only to vent about bloodline succession, am I right?"

Narcisa gritted her teeth. She removed a small velvet box from her robes and placed it in front of the old man with a shiver. "There is two more that I know about, but I will only tell if you assure that no matter what happens, both my son and protégée are to be kept save."

"I assure you that, my lady, as long as they remain inside the castle grounds, they are under my personal protection."

Narcisa took a deep breath and studied the man in front of her. He appeared calm and secure. Pansy hoped her tutor knew what she was doing. "One is a chalice, inside my sister's vault at Gringotts, she told me herself before going to Azkaban, the other is his goddamn snake!"

"Thank you lady Malfoy, rest assured your services to the wizardry society will not be a miss. After all is done, I will make sure you and yours will be recognized."

Narcisa sighed, looking fed up with the headmaster. "Could I have a word in private with Ms. Parkinson?"

"Of course lady Malfoy. You may use the adjunct chamber to your left." The headmaster pointed at the door.

"Thank you headmaster." Narcisa said, and entered the chamber, followed by Pansy and professor Snape. The room was circular, with four wooden chairs and a small coffee table at the center, the red carpet looked old, but clean. The imposing woman didn't even bother sitting. Pansy knew all too well that the submissive wife act was nothing more than that, an act. Narcisa was a cunning decisive woman, trying to escape not only a worthless husband, but also the grip the so called dark Lord had on her and her son. "Pansy, Draco is worthless, Yes Snape! He is! There is too much Malfoy in him, too little Black; he is too entangled by the dark Lord's lies. Listen to me; don't make the same mistake I did. Get a hold of him, control him, and break him!" Snape's eyes widened, but Pansy gave her a smirk. "I don't care as long as you give me an heir. After that you can even find another man-toy if you want, I just want my family away from that monster."

"And the Black assets?" Pansy asked.

"I will not let Lily EVANS steal another thing that is rightfully mine! That half-blood bastard will have nothing!"

Pansy smiled, amazed by the woman in front of her.

.oOo.

Hermione entered the room of requirement with a book in her hands, necktie undone, her robes thrown to the side, tired of the intense research at the library. She saw Fleur trying to move projecting a strong shield, while Daphne and Harry were sat at a table, surrounded by books working on a fire protection rune for both Fleur and himself. The concentrating mood was intoxicating, but Hermione could tell how nervous both champions were. "Dragons." She thought. "Who the hell bring dragons to a school competition? Who put that many children in danger like that? Sometimes the magical world could really be as bad, if not worse than the mundane."

She approached Fleur, who was sweating from the magical exercise, and was beautiful, even then. "So unfair." She quickly thought, before opening the book she was caring in front of her. "I think I
found a spell that can be used as safeguard. It can gain you time if the primary plan doesn't work. And it plays on your strengths. Take a look."

Fleur looked at the book and instantly understood what she said. "Thank you 'Ermione, I will practice it right now." the French girl read the book with interested, moving her wand at the side, learning the movements and whispering the incantations. No doubt she was the champion of her school. Hermione admired her concentration for a while, before turning to Harry and Daphne.

"Harry, I know you want to protect Fleur…" Hermione said with a critical voice, even that professor Bathsheda saying he was a natural. "But shouldn't you be working on the summoning spell?" Without looking or even a wand, with just quick movement, Hermione's tie found its way to Harry's hand, some five feet away. He didn't say a word. He looked at the girl confused face, the other two giggling.

"I figured it out while you still at the library." Harry said with the piece of fabric in his hand. "It Is not exactly an acio spell… is more like a… calling… hunting magic..." Hermione looked at him confused, but with a hungry look, she was about to learn something new. "It's hard to explain. It's like a combination of smell, sight and memory; the three together have a... color, with a very distinct trail. I just let my magic follow that trail." Hermione could clearly see his eyes now, they were different, his gaze almost feral.

"Like in Bell's book?" She asked.

"Exactly. When you use different senses to do magic, you can make different magic... I think…” he finished, somewhat disappointed and embarrassed for not being able to explain. Hermione saw how Daphne was also confused, but Fleur had an understanding smile. "Anyways." He shrugged and continued. "Katie will make sure my firebolt is not tied or trapped in a broom closet at the quidditch dressing room, so I figured out I needed to do more…” the girl could see he was really worried.

They stayed there until both the rune work and the spell were perfected to the max of their capabilities. It was around two in the morning when they finished. All of them felt tired, and fearful. Hermione saw Harry take Fleur aside and talk to her. He seemed almost reassuring. Fleur was trying to hide her fear, but the English could see she was afraid. Just like them.

Harry called for Dobby to take both Fleur and Daphne to their rooms, after they were gone, the boy took his invisible cloak and gestured to Hermione join him. "Just like old times." He said.

"When we were smaller." She finished with a smile, passing her arm around his waist. They exited the room and walked in silence. Hermione strongly holding Harry with her arms, afraid to let go, drinking in his proximity. His own arms around her shoulders. In the back of her mind, Hermione noticed that her body was just a little taller. They walked like that, silently, until they reach the tower's staircase. Hermione abruptly stopped.

"Harry..." She said in a whisper. "I am afraid… I… I... can't lose you." Harry removed the cloak from them, and lifted her head with his fingers in her chin, so she could look on those eyes, they were definitely different, but just as deep, Hermione liked it.

"I am afraid too Mione. I am sorry for putting you through this kind of mess, again… but I have no plans to leave you anytime soon." Harry tried to reassure her.

"But what if the person who placed your name in the Goblet somehow rigged the task?" She grabbed his shirt with her fists. "Harry, we need you here, you hear." Now the witch was looking angry. "Don't you dare leaving us!"
"I can't..." he looked deep into her eyes, his thumb moving light over her lips. "Not until I figure out what to do about you..."

They hugged each other, and Hermione noticed they were both shaking.

"Harry, can I have Christofer Bell's book? I want to understand it better..." Hermione finally asked.

Daphne woke with an uneasy feeling as she looked around the Slytherin fifth year's dorm. Five big four post beds occupy the room, of those only one was unused this year. Each bed had a trunk on its foot, and a bedside small table. To her left, there was bathroom door, with a green curtain over it. But what with really upset her was Pansy Parkinson, sitting on her bed, dressed in her nightgown and looking at her. Daphne reached for her wand and pointed it to the girl.

"Easy Ice Queen." Pansy said in a low voice. "I am not stupid. After I saw what happened with the idiot that is my betrothed, I know is not a good idea to mess with any of you "golden girls."

"What do you want Parkinson?" Daphne asked without lowering her wand.

"Peace, you have won, Draco is done. But I can still salvage the situation. Keep Potter away from him, and I will keep Draco at bay."

"Why now? What happened?" Daphne asked after a brief silence, evaluating the situation.

"Potter is the Black and Potter family's heir, and I was educated on the pureblood traditions. What happens when Draco crosses the ultimate line? If Potter doesn't kill him, he can strip everything we have. Money, political power. Draco may be an imbecile, but I am not. I can't escape that contract, but I refuse to live in poverty. That's it." Pansy got up. "We will never be friends, I am just asking for us to be civil." Daphne didn't know what kind of game Pansy was playing, but she was also no fool. She nodded, and prepared herself for the treason to come. She decided to tell Harry, but only after the task. "By the way," Pansy said removing her nightgown. "Good luck to Potter today, I hope he survives..." the girl finished with an evil grin. After Pansy left, Daphne waited for Tracy, and after the blond girl got ready, they headed for breakfast in silence.

The great hall was packed, practically all of Hogwarts students and also the foreign delegations were eating at the same time today, no one wanted to get late to watch the task. Daphne had to sit on the Slytherin table, besides Tracy, Blaise and Astoria. From her seat she watched Harry, who did not seem like eating anything, at the Gryffindor table, with Katie and Hermione, and then Fleur, with Gabby and Regine with the Ravenclaws, in silence. Even Krum, sat a few places away from her, seemed nervous. The hall itself was noisy, about what the first task was to be and Daphne could barely hear her friends.

She then saw a ministry deputy came to each of the champions, taking then, so they could get prepared for the task. Fleur hugged Gabby and Regine, Cedric hugged Cho, and Harry Hermione and Katie, and a handshake from Neville. Daphne got up, she wanted to hug him so badly, he looked so scared, but before she could, he was gone. She sat back down. Tracy put her hand over her's and said to her ear. "Don't worry; your little lion will be fine"

"Wolf," Daphne thought, "he is a wolf..." but she just smiled Tracy.

After the breakfast, people from outside the school began filing the grounds, parents, politicians, Aurors, the press. Astoria stormed out when she saw Artus and Sarah Greengrass. She hugged her parents before Daphne did the same. Daphne noticed Gabby and Regine were next to her. The little
veela also running to someone. "Daphne my dear, I missed you." Sarah said giving her daughter a strong hug and a kiss on the check. Artus gave her another hug as soon as her mother released her.

"Daphne, Astoria, let me reintroduce you to the Delacours." Her father said pointing at the couple behind them. Daphne finally understood the surrounding press. "This is Jacques, the minister of magic and his wife Apolline." Daphne made polite a measure in front of them, the woman was an almost exact copy of Fleur, only slightly older and with a channel haircut.

"Nice to meet you. I am aquatinted with your daughters and dare to say Fleur was the right choice as a champion." Daphne spoke in almost flawless French.

"No need to be so formal dear." Apolline smiled at her. "We've know you since you were a baby. We are here to reform old alliances and friendships, and celebrate new ones. You grew up to be a remarkable young woman if we can go by what Fleur said in her letters."

"She is mama." Gabby said. "She is almost as evil as Fleur." the adults laughed at the statement, and Gabby gave Daphne her pup eyes. The older girl rolled her eyes.

Daphne watched as Jacques and Apolline complemented dignitary after dignitary, presenting her parents as personal friends, cementing her own family power before other pureblood families. Shortly after the headmaster himself came to acknowledge the French minister. "What a perfect act." She thought studying the old wizard warm smile. Daphne played her part, as the perfect educated pureblood daughter, but her mind was far away from there. The group of reporters circling around them called her attention.

"Oh yes, I am impressed by Hogwarts's hospitality." Jacques said for all the press to hear, both Britain and French. "Putting out an event of this magnitude is no easy task. Yes, of course I am here to cheer for my oldest daughter, but I confess I am also rooting for young Harry Potter. The wizardry society, specifically some articles of the British press, had not been treating the boy fairly, I hope that any mistake that lead to his unwilling participation got solved and it's responsible punished."

After a while minister Fudge himself showed up, and Daphne could not be more aware of the differences between the two men. The English minister looked dwarfed next to the French. Jacques and Apolline were magnetic and outspoken. She thought on how fudge looked like a relic from a different time.

They walked to the quidditch field, amazingly adapted for the task, extra bench rolls and a VIP box areas were added. A big dome covered half of it, and two big tends stand outside. Daphne saw people cheering, wearing Hufflepuff colors and those terrible buttons. Daphne saw Hermione and the rest of the defense club walking to the benches.

"You can go with them if you prefer." Her mother said, realizing where she was looking. "I understand you would prefer to cheer for Harry next to your friends."

"Thank you mother." She took Astoria's hand but before she leaved, Jacques said.

"And please tell mademoiselle Granger we are thankful to both of you."

.oOo.

Ron walked to the bleachers with Seamus and Dean, the other two boys betting on the scores, together with other students. They didn't even know yet what the task was about, but rumors had run wild. Ron actually had an idea of what it was, having seen his brother Charlie on the grounds.
But his eyes were locked on something else. Hermione was a few rows under them, with those new friends of her. He clutched his fists. The word forming on his mind again and again.

"You can do better, Weasley." Ron recognized the voice and turned around. Pansy was sat with Millicent, dressed in dark blue trousers and a laced blouse, with a Slytherin colors scarf around her neck. Crabbe and Goyle were in the row right behind her, but no sign of Malfoy.

"Where is your fiancé, Parkinson?" Ron asked. "Did he let you go out alone?"

"Draco is under house arrest, that idiot. And not he or anyone else decides what I can or cannot do, Ronald…" she dragged the last word. Ron raised his eyebrow. "As I said, you can do better than the bossy know it all mudblood. Besides, we both know who is shagging her out. You can be more than his sidekick, eating his leftovers, just saying…"

"I can do better, like you?" He said, his voice filled with sarcasm.

"If you say so… Ronald." She smiled at him, an evil spiteful smile, but there was something more there, something he couldn't identify.

.oOo.

Fleur and Harry were sat in chairs at the corner of the champion's tent. Fleur was wearing a version of her blue duelist robes, designed to provide some protection while permitting maximum freedom of movement. Harry was dressed in his quidditch uniform, with the tournament jersey over it. Fleur had Harry's hand on her own, attracting looks from both Cedric and Krum. She noticed Harry's legs shaking up and down on a quick pace. "Too many smells… so much noise" she heard the young wizard whispering to himself.

"Try focusing on me 'Arry" she said also in a whisper. His green eyes meet her deep blue ones, and he took some deep breaths, the way she knew he did when absorbing her scent. Far from being offended, she relinquished in the effect it had on him. His leg stopped, and his breath slowed down. "Killed a giant basilisk, but afraid of dragons?"

"I know…" he smiled. "At that occasion I was trying to save a friend, it seemed worth the risk, now… I don't know, I really don't care for glory and stuff… I wish I could be just cheering for you." He rested his head at back of the chair and looked up. "I know you're afraid too…"

"Yes. I am, terrified." She giggled. "But what can I say, I am friends with a werewolf … I like the danger!" Harry smirked at her.

The entrance of the tent opened, and Cedric Diggory's parents entered and greeted his son, the Hogwarts champion seemed happy and somewhat relieved by their reassurance words. Fleur notice a sad smile at Harry's face, before her own parents entered the tent. Krum's mother right behind. She quickly got up and hugged her mother, letting out a sob she didn't even know was there. "Mama, papa! I did, I did…" She said in French.

"Yes little dove." Her mother said also in French. "You did. And we are so proud!" She got both hands on Fleur's cheeks and watery blue eyes. "Proud and afraid! This madness seems so dangerous! How could all the headmasters agree with it?"

"Yes mon cheri." Her father embraced her them. "It is dangerous, but I know you can do it, you have always been a stubborn little bird, if you put something in your head you can do it. And I know this is no different. We believe in you Fleur!"

"Thank you mama, papa, I missed you, so much had happened, so many things are different! I need
"And you will, and we will fix everything little dove." Her mother gave her a sound kiss, like when she was a small kid, and she felt cared for just like that.

"Mama, papa, I need you to know…” she looked at Harry and it dawned on her. All the other champions had their families there, getting encouragement and reassurance, happy in each other arms, smiles and tears. Even herself, feeling secure and proud on her mother's arms, feeling a little like home, giving her courage. And there he was, sat down, looking so small, alone in the corner of the tent, trying to look to the wall. Almost like he wanted to disappear. Fleur felt a heavy weight on her chest, and when she looked back, saw a tear at her mother eyes. She held her hand and walked towards him.

"Harry?" Fleur called in a low voice, almost afraid of breaking him. He turned to look at her, his emerald eyes as deep as never, with a smile on his face. "I want to present you my mama and papa…”

Apolline step forward with determination and knelled in front of the boy, holding both his hands in a strong embrace. Hi seemed a little scared at the sudden affection demonstration.

"Hello Harry, I have waited for so long to see you again..." Tears were running down her cheeks. "My name is Apolline, and I am your godmother…”

HPPHPHP

The improvised stadium was in turmoil; people were screaming, chanting and cheering. It reminded Hermione of the quidditch world cup, or the soccer world cup her father liked so much. The Hogwarts students were thrilled, not only had they discovered the dragons, they had just watched Cedric brilliantly blind the Swedish Short-Snout and quickly distract it with sounds at the other side of the arena in order to recover the golden egg. Bagman exaggerated narration of the events helped the overall festive event climate. But Hermione was still nervous, she knew anything could happen.

She heard Bagman announcing the next competitor, Fleur would be the next to face the dragon, and her objective was the same as Cedric. The girl watched as the dragon keepers prepared the arena after removing Cedric's Short-Snout and with a bang of fire and light sparkles, Fleur walked through the entrance tunnel. She looked like a warrior goddess on her light dueling armor. Her movements were fluid, and as always she appeared to be floating as she walked with determination inside the arena. The rune Harry had drawn on her armor almost invisible at the chest. Her hair done in a series of braids and held together on the back of her head. Her smile was proud and beautiful, and without noticing, Hermione's hand held Daphne's.

With the sound of a trumpet, her time started running and the Chinese Fireball was released. The long, snake like best moved ever so slow looking at her, his beards trembling with a growl, studying the little creature in front of her, trying to steal one of her eggs. Hermione could see Fleur smiling, that was exactly what she needed, for the dragon to look her in the eye. They looked like having a silent conversation, as ever slowly, Fleur moved her wand and pronounced an enchantment in a low voice, her movements contained and precise. A chunk of wood from the dragon's nest came slowly flying into the air, being transfigured along the way. When it finally reached Fleur, it was a violin like instrument, but without the strings. The dragon looked intrigued, but was still standing his ground, Hermione watched Fleur assume the position and starting playing the instrument with her wand.

Music flooded the arena, not wizard music, Hermione noticed, Chopin's Nocturne, the witch
recognized. All the time Fleur kept her eyes locked at the dragon's own, people watched
esmerized as she took a step forward, still playing, beautifully. She took another step and the
dragon's head started slowly shaking in the music's rhythm. With her third resolute step the beast
laid his head slowly on the ground and closed its eyes. Fleur kept playing, the arena spectators in
awe as she reached the nest and grabbed the egg.

At that moment however, Hermione saw something that froze her heart. A bolt of electricity rushed
through the dragon's chain awaking the beast with a roar of pain. Many in the benches screamed,
including Astoria at Daphne's side. The big creature looked at the French witch at his nest, and
with a His of warning inhaled deep. Fleur barely had time to make a shielding spell before the
flames engulfed her. The stadium screamed and Hermione pressed her hand at Daphne with
strength. But they all silenced when Fleur walked to the side of the flames. Waving her wand at
the beast, seemingly unharmed except by some burned fabric of her robes. Her natural protection,
shields and Harry's rune work protecting her for enough time to cast the spell she had practice with
Hermione. The dragon kept blasting the spot where she was, and when he moved to her new spot,
she was already a couple feet away, waving her wand. Bagman screamed like a madman, without
understanding what was happening. Hermione remembered the spell; it made the censorial
communication of the brain slow down, while Fleur kept eye contact and made the incantation, the
dragon would perceive her where she was a couple seconds before. It was hard to keep
concentration with the flames exploding at her side, but Fleur managed to keep going, sweat both
from the heat and her fear dripping on her face, creating the illusion of a shining skin. Hermione
and Daphne held their breaths with her, as she got ever close to the tunnel. On the last few feet, she
stopped her wand movements and jumped to safety with a gracious movement, smoke coming out
of her vests. The public maniacally screamed, cheering and applauding, Hermione sighed in relief.

But the feeling was not long-lasting. Hermione knew someone had purposely awakened that
dragon.

.oOo.

Harry heard the beautiful music from Fleur, then the cheering, the roar and smelled the fire. His
heart was racing, but also confident on her skills. As he tried to figure out what was happening, he
looked at Viktor Krum at his side. They exchanged nervous looks before Viktor said, with a heavy
accent. "Is almost like the world cup finals, only safer." He smiled and Harry smiled back. "I have
being watching you Potter. How you act with people and with the French champion."

"I know we didn't start with the right footing Krum..."

"Call me Viktor, Potter. Before I go face the beast, I just want you to know that I believe in you. I
believe you didn't choose to enter this tournament"

"Thank you, Kru... Viktor, it means a lot. And please call me Harry." A ministry official entered
the tent and called for Viktor. "Good luck."

"Thank you." Harry watched the young man walking to the tunnel and stayed behind alone. He
listened to the sounds of the battle, and the cheering for Krum. His palms were sweating. The
ministry official came after fifteen minutes and asked for him to get ready. He stood up, walked to
the tunnel entrance and took a deep breath.

"My name is Harry James Potter." he whispered, "son of James and Lily Potter, and I am not the
boy who lived. I am my own man, a wizard and a werewolf. My magic speaks to me in a strong
way only I can understand, I am a wolf, and I am proud. I will live for those I need to protect. I am
the Alpha..." he finished, a little unsure of the last part, but feeling a little more confident none the
least. He placed his wand on the holder, put on his ever clean goggles, and waited for his time. He
remembered, one minute and twenty seconds. It was the time Hermione calculated his broom would take from the closet to the arena. He only needed to survive that much.

The official called for him, and he walked through the tunnel. The light of the bright day waiting for him on the other side. Cheers and boos filled his ears as he stepped in the arena, rolls and rolls of benches and VIP boxes. Thousands of eyes looking at him. All the sounds and smells overwhelming his senses. But not for long.

All his senses screamed "danger" at the same time, add the enormous dragon head, full of horns appeared from the dome in front of him. The reddish purple color of its scales contrasting with the yellow of his fangs, and the dark grey of his horns. "So many horns, of so many sizes." Harry though. A long serpentine neck was connected to a muscular body with long wings, a black fin run across his back all the way to its tail, full of sharp spikes. The creature looked at him with cunning on his big yellow eyes. "How interesting…" that dragon hissed in parseltongue to Harry's surprise. "It has been many years since I last saw a little wolf."

"Well." Harry answered and the benches had gone silent from hearing the boy speak the snake language. "I am full of surprises." Harry raised his hand and watched the colors in the air, silently calling for his broom. Although, he was sure the dragon could sense it someway.

"How delightful, not only you are a powerful little wolf, you also speak the ancient language, is a pity I have to finish you…" the arena still in silence, watching the scary exchange between the boy and the giant beast. Even Bagman was quiet.

"So don't finish me, all I need is the fake egg, no one needs to be harm."

"Poor little wolf. That can't be. You will learn, perhaps too late, that you can't trust wizards." The dragon heavily stepped forward. "Do you believe those humans are your friends? Your peers? No, they have a sight so narrow that they can't see beyond their own kind. No little wolf, they are afraid of you and me… what do you think awaits you when they found out what you really are? Understanding, friendship? All you are going to have is a leash and a chain, just like those I am wearing!" She finished with a roar. "They promised to kill my babies it I didn't kill you little wolf… blame the scared little wizards, but you are not leaving this place!"

"Not if I have a say!"

With a roar the dragon moved forward with unbelievable speed.

.oOo.

After being tended in the medical tent by madam Pomphrey, and released after just some minor burns, Fleur rushed to watch the remaining of the competition. Like everyone else, the witch watched in amazement as Harry looked like he was communicating with the giant beast. Fleur covered her mouth as she watched in horror as the dragon stomp forward trying to swallow the wizard whole. But their plan was in effect, Harry's firebolt flew right into his hands, and with a swift move he was mounted on if, escaping the deadly jaws by a fraction of a second.

Fleur watched as he flew around the dragon's head with precision and speed, the beast trying to accompany his movements. The French witch saw how the broom was like an extension to his body. No unnecessary moves, no more distance than needed. Harry got closer, testing the creature's reflexes, passing over claws, under wings and head, trying to get closer to the nest. Harry tried to get the beast's attention, escaping another quickly bite only to perform a loop and approach upside down to the nest. The dragon however noticed the faint and with a deep breath released a barrage of fire at the small flier. People screamed as enough fire to engulf a small room exploded in Harry's
direction. With a quick turn to the left, the wizard rolled in the air and escaped the fire. But the bottom of his broom started smoking. Fleur could hear her own heart pounding. "Come on Harry, you can do this. Please, you need, you can't leave me again…" she thought without even notice.

Harry turned around flying right into the dragon's face, "What is he doing? Is he trying to annoy this monster even more?" It seemed he was flying closer, escaping the jaws only to gain some distance. The monster roared, enraged. With another deep breath a barrage of fire left her mouth, only for Harry to gain altitude. His broom smoking even more. Another jet of fire, another quick dodge, circling around the beast's head. The dragon hissed in frustration and extended her enormous wings. Fleur finally understood what he was doing. The dragon flapped her wings, producing a great wind, as first her arms, and then her legs left the ground. The public could not believe what they were seeing. The dragon launched fly, pursuing Harry, the young wizard taking care to keep the right distance. With a roar, the dragon released another breath of fire, following his circular movements, creating an incredible fire twister in the air. They were getting higher and higher. Fleur almost could not see the small dot maneuvering over her head, leaving a trail of smoke. The veela held her breath as she saw Harry letting himself free fall for a couple seconds, passing through a wall of fire, faster than the dragon could turn around, he gained speed, going down fast, too fast. The dragon following just a second behind, with her wings closed like a bird of prey. But Harry was no prey. He kept descending, a shower of fire behind him, until he was close to the ground he made a perfect turn around, close to the nest and Fleur could breathe again. He grabbed the golden egg only to be engulfed in a wall of dust and smoke produced by the dragon's landing. Harry tried to gain a little altitude again, directing himself to the tunnel. But Fleur knew he couldn't see the tail. But she could, fast with all the sharp spikes. It swapped like a whip hitting Harry and sending him to the ground. His momentum launching him forward rolling. Fleur screamed. The arena was silent, as the boy rolled in the ground in a cloud of smoke and dust. "Non, non non. You can't take him from me. I finally found him again, he is mine… don't take my Harry…" She watched as he rolled, almost in slow motion, to the entrance of the tunnel. She barely noticed the dragon keepers containing the beast, or madam Ponphey running to the boy, all his focus was on her wolf. Her Harry. He stopped rolling, and unbelievable, slowly stood up, a number of spikes coming out of his shoulder, piercing his flesh, a mess of blood and smoke. And he lifted the golden egg over his head. The arena exploded in cheers. Fleur smiled.

"My Harry!" She thought. "My Harry? What am I saying! He is my wolf?" She looked at him with tears in her eyes. "Yes… he is my Harry, and I am his…"

Harry collapsed to the ground. Fleur let out a silent scream and rushed to the hospital tent.

"Please let me pass, excuse me. GET OUTTA MY WAY!" She screamed, so many people in front of her, she needed to get to him. People let her pass. Someone called her name, but she ignored it. There was only one thing she needed now. Panting, Fleur reached the medical tent, tears on her eyes.

She found him sat on bed, his back to the entrance, without the upper half of his vests. The matron was attending to him. Bandages and blood, the spikes painfully coming out of his shoulder and arm.

"Hello Fleur…" he said without looking at her, sounding ashamed. His body was slim but strong, and Fleur found herself looking at the scars. Back, shoulders, arms, cuts, burns, she got closer, and her fingers traced Remus's bite scar. Pomphrey looked at her and got up with a nod. "I am sorry you have to see me like this… but there you go, that is the whole me…"

Finally, in front of him, Fleur took both her hands to his face and made him look directly at her. Pain, courage, desire despair, all there in the infinite green. "I wouldn't want you any other way,
but yourself." She whispered, and her lips touched his. Time stopped, for a moment only the two of them existed. When they moved and her tongue wandered over his, was like a fire burning inside her. She explored his mouth, his lips and teeth, one hand kept on his face as the other turned through his hair, Harry's own hands found their way to her neck. They let the kiss linger until both could not breathe anymore. They parted smiling at each other, their foreheads touching… "He is my Harry, and I am his Fleur…” she finally thought.
Chapter 12

If the alpha is the heart of the pack, his inner circle is its soul. They act as counterbalance and support. They share the magic and emotions, their bond to the alpha and each other is so strong that even only one of them can save or destroy the entire pack. The inner circle is formed for those closest to the alpha, fiscally, emotionally and magically. It is not unusual that most of them became even romantically involved. Using myself as an example, my circle is formed by my three wives, my two children, and my oldest friend. Two of them are not bitten.

Through their bond, the alpha and his inner circle can share many things. Magic is the first. They can learn spells known by the alpha with almost no effort and vice versa. Drinking in each other's magic also allow for stronger magic than any could do by himself. The shared magic also seeks to heal and protect its bearers.

But the real bond happens when they share emotions. Love, hate, and lust. For this reason, usually, the inner circle is formed for a variety of people. Different views and feelings over a situation lead to the best results. That is the reason an alpha must seek the inner circle for guidance, and not blindly guide the pack on his own.

But sharing emotions also means to have a closeness rarely seem on the magical world. Maybe only the veela bond or the familiar ritual is so strong. So is, not surprising that many times it leads to romantically or physical relationships. In many cases, the romantic love may even come first then the pack bond.

But the inner circle also shares the rage and the sins of the alpha, even when they are not wolves themselves. A corrupted alpha can lead his entire inner circle to madness. They also share his moments of rage. That is why seeking balance is essential. The alpha needs its inner circle so that he can remain focused and in control. The inner circle needs the alpha for protection and love. They are the bridge between the leader and the pack.

Inside the inner circle, there is also a hierarchy. One of its members is the alpha's pair. The one he considers his equal. The one he shares the most. The one he cannot live without.

.oOo.

When their lips locked and their tongues caressed each other, for a moment, Fleur felt like everything came into place. This was right. For a moment, it seemed like only Harry, and she existed in the world. All her senses focused on him, even her allure worked just for him, to feel him, to read him, to be his. And because of it, she could feel the same form him. At that moment, Fleur knew Harry could only see, smell and touch her. She felt vulnerable, yet she felt protected at the same time, and Fleur wished it could last forever.

When they reached for air, smiling at each other, their foreheads touching, she found herself laughing like a child. Madam Pomfrey looked at them with an annoyed look, she pointed at Harry's
shoulder, then at the entrance of the tent. Harry and Fleur turned to see Hermione, Katie, and Daphne looking at them with wide eyes. They seemed surprised, confused, but, most of all, relieved. Fleur proudly steps aside, refusing to feel guilty or ashamed of what just happened. Hermione was the first to react. The girl rushed and hugged Harry forcefully. Kissing his cheek, "You reckless prat. You keep doing that again and again… I am so glad you are OK…" The bushy haired witch babbled.

"Well, most of it." The matron said. "There are too many residues and spike points of the Bulgarian's tail at your shoulder and arm Mr. Potter. We will need to move to the hospital wing to remove them and make sure your bones are not affected."

Daphne came forward and embraced Harry, slowly, making the wizard blush. She proceeded to give him a soft kiss on the lips. Fleur raised her eyebrows, fighting the urge to burn the girl. "I glad you came back, Harry…” Daphne whispered, loud enough for the other girls to hear.

The entrance of the tent opened again, and the Delacours, led by a jumping Gabby, entered the space. Fleur noticed the knowing look her mother gave Harry and the surrounding girls, and Gabby was storming Harry and Fleur with a barrage of questions in French. Unfortunately, the pain potions choose this time to fade. Harry gritted his teeth swallowing a screen as the spiked points trembled on his shoulder. Fleur held him from falling off the bed, and her parents approached them quickly. Daphne catches him from the other side. "I am here 'Arry…” Fleur whispered to him. "We are not leaving you!"

He looked at her with a thankful looking, before Pomphrey knocks him unconscious with a flick of her wand. "Don't worry." The matron said after the murderous look Fleur direct to her. "It is an inoffensive version of the stunner spell, that way I will be able to move him to the hospital wing and take care of his wounds properly, Miss Delacour." The matron gave Fleur a reassuring look. "I care for this boy more than you can imagine. I couldn't save him from what he's been through, but I can help now." Fleur look surprised at her, the determination on the old witch eyes, and the regret. Fleur nodded, and the matron levitates Harry with care, moving him to the hospital wing. "You can all come to visit later, let me attend to him now." Pomphrey firmly finished, as she left the tent.

Fleur could notice the fire in her mother's eyes as the woman saw the young wizard's body passing through her. The rage was only met with his father's resolve expression. Fleur felt a hand holding hers, and surprised looked at Hermione. "He has been through much worse Fleur. He is strong, and he will be fine…”

Fleur smiled at the younger witch and looked at both other girls. "I know. And it makes me mad he has to be through so much. But that's who he is." Fleur reached Daphne's hand with her free one. "We need to talk… not now, I need to think first." Her voice was firm, but Daphne held her gaze. "Something happened here, and I need to organize my thoughts first. Please give me some time…” The younger witches looked at her with astonished expressions.

"I am glad you are OK too, Fleur," Hermione said after taking a deep breath. She kissed the French girl in the check. "We will talk when we are all ready." Daphne kept a cold expression and just nodded.

"My dear." Her father said approaching the girls. "Sorry for interrupting, I need to see the headmaster now. I will come to see you later, OK?" Jacques kissed Fleur on the forehead and leave, followed by Hermione, Katie, and Daphne.

Apolline looked at her and calmly said. "I believe you want to talk?"

"Oui mama, I would like that…”
Ron watched as Hermione and Daphne entered the healing tent, probably looking after Harry, and clenched his fists so hard that later he would see the marks of his nails at the palms. He felt his neck warm. It was not fair. Seamus and Dean were oblivious to him, talking about how awesome Harry's flying was. And he got second nonetheless. Ron stopped and let some distance build between him and his friends. Looking around, he saw Ginny discussing the maneuvers with the tall Slytherin boy, and felt isolated.

"I already told you, Weasley, you could do better." He turned to see Pansy behind him, with Millicent standing silent behind her. With a nod she made the bigger girl move on.

"What do you want now Parkinson?" He sighed, feeling tired.

"To talk… walk with me if you want…" she started walking, her hair, that was cut on her jaw's line, bouncing up and down. Curious, he followed her. "You should just let go, Ronald. That is a fight you cannot win, you know… the bossy knows it all was in love with Potter since the second year…"

"Are you just going to shove it on my face now?" The boy answered, getting angry.

"No, I am telling you to let it go, don't become obsessed with them and fuck yourself because of it."

"Like Draco?" The boy raised his eyebrow, hoping to get a reaction from the girl.

"Exactly, just like that idiot. Look at all the shit he has got into because of it. Sometimes I think there is even more to his… obsession to Potter, but, in the end, I just don't care…" Pansy shrugged.

"So, you don't hate Harry?" Ron asked, in disbelief.

"I don't even care about Potter; I am just stuck with an imbecile. I care only about myself Ronald, and so should you…"

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Albus Dumbledore poured himself a dose liquor, and another one for the visitor he was sure would arrive at any minute now. "How interesting this competition is going to be. At one side the purists trying to kill both Harry and Ms. Delacour, on another the impostor Moody trying to make sure the boy lives. Interesting, it also means the death eaters need Harry alive for something." His train of thought was interrupted by his gargoyle's announcement.

"Headmaster, Minister Delacour is here to see you." Dumbledore smiled. "Using official titles, setting the tone of the conversation even before we start, you haven't changed at all Jacques."

"Let him in." The door opened with a heavy, stony noise, and the French Minister of magic, Jacque Magnon Delacour, entered the room. The man had a calm semblance, dressed in a well-tailored dark blue Armani suit, and an equally dark tie, over a beige shirt. Pointed shining shoes and a well-trimmed hair with some sparse grey and white loins complete the imposing, but formal look. As expected from him, the man did not wear a wizard robe, preferring the complete muggle attire. Albus knew the man in front of him was clever and dangerous, and he could almost see the dark aura around him. Albus Dumbledore smiled broadly at the sight. "I bid you welcome Minister Delacour. I hope you are finding your visit to Britain and Hogwarts to be the most pleasant."

"Indeed I am headmaster. The grounds are still as beautiful as I remember." Jacques answered in an equally jovial tone.
"True, it has been an awfully long time, how much now?"

"Almost thirteen years since last time. I can see we both have been pretty busy, non?"

"Indeed. May I indulge you some liquor, maybe a toast to the good old times? If I remember well, this is your favorite brand of liquor." The Frenchman took the glass and held it up.

"For the good old times, before everything gone astray…" Jacques said before their glasses touched. "I must confess I am surprised by how well you managed the boy's situation so far headmaster. Changing the tasks dates and even the media access. I could only imagine the mess it would be if the international community discovered that the illegal champion is also a non registered werewolf. My applause to that." Jacques cut directly to the point.

The headmaster was surprised, but just for took second before understanding dawned on him. "I see you have being in contact with Mr. Lupin." The French smiled. "Or perhaps since you are a ministry official now, you have access to a no traceable owl." The Minister smiled again. "But compliments apart, to what do I owe this visit Minister Delacour, when not even our own Minister had such an honor."

"My daughter is not staying at Mrs. Fudge's house, is she? Nor the Potter boy. We will be leaving in two days headmaster; I just want permission to pass this time with my daughters and her friends without being disturbed, a courtesy for old times' sake."

"I can prepare some quarters for you at Castle if you so desire."

"Don't worry; we rent a nice little house in the village for a couple of days. But it seems we are going to have to stay at the school grounds way beyond visiting time. What I asked it to have our presence allowed by the wards for a couple more days." Jacques produced a parchment from his internal pocket. "Here are the official ministry papers granting permission. And I you like a private meeting with the boy" the headmaster took the papers and smiled at him.

"Although the influence of the ministry is limited at the school, I will grant your request Minister" Albus concentrate for a couple of seconds. "There you have it, both you and wife have access both in and out of the grounds."

"For the old times?"

"No my dear boy, consider it a goodwill gesture for the times ahead of us."

"Wow!" Blaise Zabini said to the red-haired girl sat at his side. "That was some serious flying! The guy just made a dragon faint!" It had been an incredible presentation, especially for both seekers that watched together from the benches. "I bet he has a good chance going pro. I just hope he is OK…"

"Nah, Harry had worse," Ginny said blinking an eye. "One night at the infirmary, and he is good to go!" The tall wizard notices she was more concerned than she tried to appear. They had watched the task close to Hermione, Daphne, and Tracy, but the two girls run into the hospital tent, and Tracy bailed out with a wink in his direction, leaving them to come back to the castle on their own. Blaise enjoyed talking to the beautiful athletic Weasley, she was smart, sarcastic, and even a little rude sometimes, but always deadly honesty, and he found it to be a nice break from all the innuendo and games from the other Slytherins. Taking courage, he said.

"I can see why you like him, and I don't blame you…" She looked at him with those wide brown
eyes. "Damn, I even like him myself." He smiled at her. "I seriously hope one day I can call him a friend."

She looked at him with sad eyes. "I had a big crush on the boy who lived you know, like the prince charming from the books, I was even friends with Romilda Vane and her stupid fan club." She took a deep breath. "He is not the boy who lived, and for sure he is not prince charming… he is so much more… but how am I to compete against his best friend, the ice queen or a veela…"

"I think you can…"

"What?!"

"Compete with them… but I rather see you compete for something of your own, maybe trying to focus on Quidditch or the defense team. I believe you can be great if you stopped letting this bug you. Maybe even he would see it."

Ginny looked at him. He was smiling with just the corner of his mouth. "Are you making a pass at me Zabini?"

"Who am I to compete?" He said rolling his eyes and using the same tone she did before.

"Prat! You are not too bad yourself." She stopped and looked at him. "Hey, I… I need to get prepared for the selection, so… you want to fly with me tomorrow, I mean, for training?"

"Of course Ginny, we can both practice together." He answered with a smile.

.oOo.

As her mouth locked into Alicia's, all shadow of doubt left Regina's mind, that was too good to be wrong, her tongue exploring the other girl's lips, teeth, jaw, and neck. A soft moan left the blond which as Regina worked her neck, lightly biting her pulse, them kissing her shoulder, one of the French's hands captured her breast, playing with her nipple. Regine kept kissing down until her mouth and tongue reach the nipple on the other breast, making Alicia moan even louder, sending shivers of pleasure down Regina's body.

The dark-skinned which kept its ministrations, kissing the blonde's belly and caressing the inner side of her tights. Regina's mouth reached the small spot of well-trimmed pubes, the same sand color of Alicia's hair and right below it reached her prize, the soft mound of the witch's dripping center. She licked all the extension of her folds, savoring her juices and then proceeds to kiss Alicia's hood and clit, making the other girl arch her back in pleasure. At the same time, Regina's finger found its way inside the girl's inner lips. The French felt another pair of strong hands lifting her hips, positioning her on her knees as her head was deep between Alicia's legs. Fred's fingers played around her cunt and anus, getting wet from her already dripping juices. The red-haired wizard positioned his member on her entrance, making Regine moan with teasing anticipation. He slowly drove all his length inside her, making the girl trembled, her head firmly held in place by Alicia's strong hands. The blonde's moans suffocated by George's member, whom now she kept almost whole in her mouth.

The four stated moving, almost perfectly synchronized, Regine could fell how in tune they were, how she loved Alicia's taste and any of the two nearly identical cocks inside her. They reached their peaks almost at the same time, Fred's hot seed bursting inside her as she moaned loud in bliss. She kissed Alicia on the mouth and could taste George's sperm on her, and loved it…

Yes, nothing wrong at all.
Apolline watched her older daughter nervously sit in front of her at the improvised common room inside the Beauxbatons carriage. She noticed Fleur looking from one side to another, her hands moving frantically over her lap. "He will be OK Fleur, and we will all be able to see him shortly." Apolline's voice seems to bring Fleur back to the present. Apolline smiled at her daughter when their blue gazes meet. "How long this has been happening?"

"What?" Fleur looked confused at her, but her blushing cheeks betrayed her. Apolline smiled at the unusual sight of her usually prideful and resolve daughter blushing.

"You know very well, my little dove… you and Harry looked as beautiful today as when you were small." Apolline said with a dreamy tone. Fleur seemed to give up her act.

"I don't know… we are friends… he… understands me, respects how I feel. We started getting closer and closer. Oh mama, he had been through so much, and yet he ended up so strong and passionate. He has a real thrive to change him and the world for better, but he is so afraid of not living to see another year." Apolline fouled. "I can see that, even if he doesn't say so. He listened, he helped Gabby and me… mama, he is so strong that not even the allure affected him. He had been bitten to save 'Ermione and is trying to make the best of it…” at this time the girl was a little more than bubbling. Apolline looked at her with compassion.

"So, you are in love…” The older veela said in a soft voice.

"I… I don't know… we haven't even kissed until today." Instinctively Fleur brought her fingers to her lips, her mother giggled. "He is young…"

"I am four years older than your father," Apolline said with an amused tone. Fleur finally noticed something her mother had said before.

"What do you mean when we were little?"

"After you met Harry, when you were three, you two were impossible to separate. To the point that Lily and I had to put you both to sleep in the same bed if you were at the same house. You may not remember, but you suffered so much when he disappeared…” Apolline finished sadly.

"But... what does that mean?” Fleur sounded confused.

"I don't know Fleur, maybe nothing. I believe we make our own destiny. Magic only helps. Maybe it means something, and maybe it is nothing. You were so little…” both veela stayed in silence for a while. "Something else happened? Something you didn't say in your letters?"

"My… allure is acting weird… he is coming and going, not like it is weaker, is more like, it's directed…” she tried to explain.

"Direct to…”

"'Arry…” she whispered.

Apolline looked at her. Her daughter seemed lost. For the first time, she found someone with whom she could have a future. Apolline remembered herself when she met Jacques. "Little dove, we never lied to you about how dangerous all of this is. The decision is yours and only yours to make. Maybe is destiny; maybe is magic, but whatever it is you must decide if it is worth. You know what may lay ahead for Harry and all of us. And whatever you choose, your father and I will be by your side.” She held her daughter's hand and smiled as she saw the determination come back
Harry woke at his usual hospital bed, the smells hitting him right the way, making his head feel a little dizzy, he noticed his arm immobilized and thankfully noticed he was wearing one of the hospital scrubs. His right arm and shoulder felt like burning, but not as bad as the transformation pains. Feeling relief, he noticed he could move his fingers with no problem. He looked around and found himself surrounded. He could see Hermione, Fleur, Katie, and Daphne next to his bed, Neville and Blaise were also close to him, as well as Ginny and Tracy. Apolline Delacour, whom Harry thought looked just like an older version of Fleur, was sat in a chair next to Madam Pompfrey, who talked vigorously with a well-dressed man, that he recognized it was Jacques Delacour. But the one closest to him was Gabby. "ARRY!" The young French girl screamed when she noticed he had awakened.

"Nothing like waking up my own reserved bed, surrounded by friends…" Harry smiled.

"Your own bed?" Apolline asked with a playful voice.

"It literally has his name on it." Daphne pointed to the little sign on the end of the bed we're Harry's name was written over the number. "He had used this bed so many times over the years that I decided to make it official." Even Harry couldn't help but laugh, looking at the witch grin made him feel lightheaded.

"Very funny Daphne…" he sighed, his arm still in pain. The well-dressed man, Jacques, approached with madam Pompfrey at his side, smiling broadly.

"Hello, Mr. Potter, Harry, glad to see you wake." He extended his left hand, which Harry took, ready to open his mouth to ask, but Jacques spoke first. "Now, I know you may have many questions, but now is not the time nor is the place. The matron told me you will be as good as new tomorrow, so I would like to invite you to dinner. If you accept, all the details and permissions are already set with the headmaster."

Harry looked at the hopeful expression on Gabby and the reassuring smile from Fleur before answering. "It will be my pleasure Minister Delacour."

"Jacques please… we are as good as family, Harry." Harry noticed the shocked looks on some of his friends' faces. Apolline got up from her chair and Harry tough she looked almost supernatural, indeed like a slightly older version of Fleur but with a channel haircut, dressed in an elegant beige jacket and trousers. She approached him with a smile and kissed him on the cheek. Harry tensed as the other people in the room widen their eyes.

"We waited so much to find you," she whispered. "We can wait one more night to talk, get well Harry; we are going to let you with your friends." With that said both her and her husband kissed their daughters and left the infirmary.

"That was weird…" Blaise commented. "You are better connected than I thought." He finished with a giggle. "Maybe you really are a good contact."

"So it seems," Harry turned to Hermione, Daphne, and Fleur. "Can you teach me French?" The girls laugh, but Harry noticed that Fleur was keeping her distance. "Maybe it was just a dream after all, from the potions…" he thought. They quickly started talking about the task, and Harry's flying, Daphne had even saved some of the dragon's spikes that got stuck on his shoulder for him. Harry drew on the scents of those people, their concern for him and their relief, and watched the magic
start dancing around them, his eyes widened, he felt like it was speaking to him, the wolf felt calm, maybe Katie was right, perhaps those were his pack after all.

After a while, madam Pomfrey led everyone out, so he could rest. Fleur distance still felt weird, but he could smell her confusion. After a meal and a good dosage of pain and dreamless sleep potions, Harry finally got to sleep, thankful for not having to worry, even if for one night.

.oOo.

Apolline thoughts were interrupted by her husband's hand on her shoulder. She looked at him with a half smile and took the glass of wine he was offering. "What's on your mind dear?"

"It was a busy day, don't?" She answered taking a sip of the wine. "I am so happy and worried at the same time. It was so good to see Harry alive, but I am sure you noticed..." the man nodded. "The scars, he looks almost like Sirius after Azkaban... and his aura... I was ready for the wolf, though his is way stronger than Remus's. But there is something more... there is an evil trying to get in, an evil thing lurking around his very soul Jacques. And is coming from that thing on his forehead."

"What does that say about him, that he is able to fight it, even though all the things he has endured? Most people in his place would have already surrendered..." Jacques said, with a hint of pride in his voice.

"He is indeed Lily and James's son... maybe there is a way to remove it from him..."

"Or maybe is already part of who he is... what makes him so strong." Both stared in silence at each other, contemplating the possibility. Jacques took a sip of his wine and passed his arm around his wife's shoulders, holding her close on the love chair. He could see there was more she wanted to say and waited until she was ready.

"Fleur... is bonding to Harry..." She finally said, looking at the wall. Jacques's eyes widened. They had discussed the possibility, but to see it happening was different. "It is not complete yet, but she has all the signs. Her allure is already responding. And it is strong."

"It is dangerous..."

"And is also her choice, there is still time. She can simply walk away... but you saw their kiss... I hope Harry is strong." 

"He is, otherwise he would not have survived. My Fleur..."

"There are also the other girls; I can see it clearly as a day... Sirius will be proud. And Fleur in trouble" She giggled.

"Those are their mistakes to make Cherie, and we can only be here for them."

.oOo.

Daphne finished sorting the potions on the trail. She took the parchment and wrote the ones needing replenishment, potions for pain, headache, contraception... she took a sip of her tea and looked at the young wizard sleeping in front of her. He looked so peaceful for once; even that she knew it was just the effect of the dreamless sleep. And then she felt it again, the tug on the back of her head, like she should know something, but forgot... it had started right after she kissed him and only got worse with time. She had no idea what it was. Maybe Madam Pomfrey could help her. Thinking of that, she turned her head when she heard the now familiar poof of Dobby apparating.
Daphne turned to see Dobby and a surprised Fleur in the infirmary.

"I didn't expect you would be here..." the French witch whispered. "Are you going to stay with him all night?" Daphne could detect something in her voice, and she was not sure if jealousy or envy.

"No... I'm taking the first turn; madam Pomfrey will replace me in an hour or so." They stare at each other. Daphne definitely respected the older girl, maybe even liked her. "Is Dobby now responding to you?"

"I wanted to see Harry and decided to try calling him." Fleur shrugged. "It worked, a very unusual house elf this one, he really loves Harry."

"True..." They both looked at the young man on the bed, then at each other again. "So... why did you come?"

"I wanted to spend a little more time with him, strengthen my resolve... I thought he was going to be alone."

"Sorry." Daphne's voice was neutral, making Fleur raised an eyebrow. "He will be sleeping until morning anyway..."

"You really like him don't you?" The older witch interrupted with an even but sure tone. Daphne didn't flinch, summoning all her training, she sustained Fleur's gaze on her. The black haired girl saw something she could only understand as recognition in the French's face.

"Yes." Daphne finally answered.

Fleur caressed Harry's cheek with a light touch. "Some things changed today..." She looked at Daphne again. "Do you know something about veela magic?"

"I am not sure anymore, ever since I know you, every stereotype has being proven wrong, I am rethinking what I thought I knew, both about veela and about the werewolves, because of him..."

Fleur gave her a warm smile. "I respect you Fleur. I think I even like you, because of Harry, but... I can't, and I won't back out! People had been doing this to him his entire life, and I will not be one of those!" They look at each other in silence.

"You know..." Fleur sighed. "If it were any other girl, I would probably have burned you already... but I understand what you are saying, and I... respect that... Harry likes you... and me..."

"And Hermione, and Katie..." Daphne rolled her eyes.

"I have handled Katie..." Fleur waved, looking irritated.

"The way she talks about him, do you think she can keep away?" Daphne smirked. Fleur seemed to think for a while.

"Is up to him to decide." The French girl finally said.

"I don't think so. If he is with you, he will do anything to make it work that is how he is. In the end, you will decide..." Daphne approached Fleur. "You two have something special... but harry and I could have it too and can't just let him... and I am not sorry for that."

"I appreciate your honesty. I am not asking you for that, I am asking for being allowed to try. As
you noticed, there something happening that even I don't understand completely, but I owe him to
take that chance, as I know he will…"

They stayed in silence with Harry for a little while, both witches thinking about the next steps.
Daphne finally broke the silence in a cold, calculating voice. "I will give you space, at least for
now. He deserves it. Now you should go, Madam Pomphrey will come back soon."

Fleur nodded and called for Dobby, vanishing in a pop a second later. Daphne approached Harry
and gave him a soft kiss. "You are not alone anymore…" she whispered.

.oOo.

Katie looked at the fireplace. She was witnessing her new pack getting formed. Harry was starting
to accept his new role; the inner circle was coming together. She could only be in awe about the
multitude of people that had answered his call. So many different lives and views. She was excited.
They would do great things, and no one could stand in their way. If they play it right, she could see
no more registration laws or stupid mandatory potions.

Daphne could help Harry and her with the political aspect. She really could conquest what her
family was trying at generation, or at least start some real changes for the future.

HPHPHP

Harry woke up the next day to an abundance of smells. As was now usual, the scents hit him first.
The clean sheets, the wood burning on the fireplace, the sweet and sour smell of the potions, the
comfy old parchment and roses scent from Madam Pomphrey. He could even feel the faintest
aroma of blueberries and lilies, making the wizard aware that Daphne and Fleur were there during
the night. Harry opened his eyes and was surrounded by colors and light. Even without focus, it
was beautiful. He reached for his glasses, bringing some order into to the chaos.

"Good morning Harry." The matron approached him and cast some diagnostic spells. "How are
you feeling?"

"A little stiff, especially on the shoulder, but OK I guess…"

"Can you move your fingers for me? Yes, like that…" there was relief on her voice. She looked at
him with sorrowful eyes. "I wish I could do more for you… but magic healing can only go so far…
I wish I could give you back some of those years…"

"It is not your fault; you've been helping me since you saw me in the first year. I would be way
worse it wasn't for you."

"Maybe I can try to intercede with the headmaster again."

"Maybe, but you and I both know that is futile." Harry held her hand. "Don't worry; I am getting
out there on my own. Other people are helping me." Pomphrey let out a loud sigh.

"I would ask for you to stay out of trouble, but we both know that wouldn't fly, right?"

"In my defense, it's usually the trouble that finds me!" He smiled at her. At that point, the doors of
the infirmary opened, letting Neville and Blaise into the room. The two boys were talking happily
about plans for the next Hogsmeade weekend.

"Hey Potter, don't be a lazy troll," Blaise said with a smile. "Get dressed; your escort is here!"
"Is he good to go, Madam Pomphrey?" Neville asked more politely.

"Yes yes, just keep him on the ground for a day or two, will ya." The matron smiled at the boys. "Off you go Harry; there is still time for breakfast."

As he dressed, Harry thought about the two young wizards, and how they had grown in him. Even they now familiar smells were reassuring to him, even if different than the girls. Neville was Earth-like, the same smell of the dirty in the greenhouse, feeling reassuring and strong. Blaise in his turn felt like something Harry could only describe as salt. Harry never visited the sea but imagined that it was how it felt. For a moment he got sad about Ron's distance but brushed it away. They leave the hospital wing, and quickly Harry noticed people waving at him, or complimenting him for the task. "One day no one wants to talk with me, the next people are shaking my hand…" Harry commented to his friends.

"That is the wizardry world in a nutshell for you," Blaise responded. "And they say is a Slytherin trait, humph! I doubt most of them understand even the simplest thing about loyalty."

"Yeah, people talk so much about house loyalty and magic inclination that is funny…” Neville jumped in.

Harry smiled broadly. They get it. "I guess it's easier to be loyal to an abstract concept like a house or a Quidditch team than to a person with real flaws and emotions I think, and people feel safer that way." Harry waved to another random person. They changed to lighter topics as they approached the great hall.

"Harry!" Hermione charged at him as soon as he entered, Harry welcomed her in a big hug, which was also good to distract him from the many smells in the room. Blaise rolled his eyes at him, with a smile, before moving to his place at the Slytherin table, not before giving Ginny a discrete wave with his hands. It took Harry a couple of seconds to focus his senses to a point he could almost function normally. Katie was next to hug him. Harry halted for a second when the brunette gave his but a discreet squishy.

"That fly was amazing Harry! Next year we will destroy the cup!" She said aloud.

"Hear hear!" Fred and George lifted their cups, Angelina and Alicia gave him whistles. He smiled at them, feeling welcome. "That my dear Harry…"

"Was some quality flying…"

"Almost as good as ours…"

"Almost…"

Ginny rolled her eyes, before fixing her gaze on something behind Harry. The lilies scent surrounded him, he felt the palms of his hands becoming warm, he was not sure how to proceed, Harry was not even sure it hasn't been a dream. Harry turned to see Fleur, Gabby, and Regine entering the hall. The younger veela ran to him and hugged him, asking him something in French, the only words he could discern were mama and papa, before sitting next to Hermione. Regine waved at him and sat down beside Fred with a smirk.

Harry turned nervously to Fleur, running a hand through his own messy hair. "Fleur, I am so glad you're OK… I… I'm… sorry."

"'Arry…" she interrupted him harshly. "Shut up,"
She threw her arms around his shoulders and locked her lips on his. The great hall went silent as he put his arms around her waist and pulled her closer, their tongues dancing with each other. People watched in astonished silence as the couple held each other. The silence was only broke by the wolf whistles of the twins, breaking the spell and sending the great hall into a noisy chaos. Harry and Fleur just hugged each other, ignoring the surrounding mess.

.oOo.

Hermione didn't know what to feel. She looked at the couple in front of her; there was no other word to describe, they were a couple now. Holding hands, the bliss on their faces. She felt so happy for Harry, but also so envious. Fleur had made a very public statement. She had talked with Daphne about precisely that. Now was not the time to move, she could be happy for them. They looked beautiful together. She was sure Harry would never push her aside. And a warm look from the young wizard confirmed that. Katie seemed happy at her side. "I guess I will never understand her, maybe is a wolf thing." She thought. In a certain level she felt even relief, she could focus on being her best self now, if there were a space for them, the three of them, they would let her know. She liked Fleur; she was independent, proud, smart and powerful. After today, she could add courageous to the list.

They kissed again… so beautiful and exciting, the younger witch though, biting her lip. The conversation moved as time passed, Hermione and Fleur vow to teach Harry French. Gabby seemed a mix of proud and jealous. Hermione smiled, identifying with the girl. She felt a hand on her's and looked at Katie, and she nodded smiling at her. "Goodness, what a roller coaster!" She thought again. Hermione barely registered when the headmaster announced the Yule ball and had only brought herself back when she saw Viktor Krum and Roger Davis approaching. "Krum and Davis seem an awful closer, don't you think?" Ginny whispered to her.

"Aren't they both seekers?"

"Hello Mr. Potter" Viktor greeted with a heavy ascent. "Ms. Delacour."

"Harry, please Mr. Krum."

"Only if you call me Viktor." Both nodded respectfully at each other. "Your flight against the dragon was fantastic Harry. I have rarely seen that much skill outside the professional field. I don't know what weird circumstances led you into the tournament, but I can clearly see it was not under your control. And I am sorry for not speaking up before."

"Don't worry; I would be suspicious too if I were in your place, in any of your places," Harry answered looking at him then at Fleur, receiving a pick on the lips in return from the French. "I don't hold it against you, even if I could."

Viktor smiled at him. "Great indeed. Maybe we could do some practicing together, what you think? Roger told me stories about your games. The Youngest seeker in a century he said!"

"It would be my pleasure and an honor!"

"But not today…" Fleur interrupted holding Harry hurt shoulder. "Today Mr. Potter here needs to rest and prepare for dinner with his new girlfriend parents."

"That was fast!"

"You really don't…"

"Play in duty…"
"Harry…" the twins finished in unison making Harry blush. Hermione saw the Quidditch players setting a date and got up. She needed to walk, to get some air, to think. Hermione walked down the entrance hall onto the grounds, wandering aimlessly until she found herself at Harry's spot. The tree trunk by the lake. Most of the trees had already lost their foliage by that time, covering the ground in a gold and brown carpet. She sat at the trunk and looked at the lake.

"I hate to say I told you so…" she heard from behind her.

"Oh, fuck you, Tracy!" Hermione said turning to see the blond girl approaching, accompanying Daphne, Katie, and Ginny. The girls all sat around her.

"Girl…" Tracy kept going. "That was a claiming if I ever saw one! Frenchie's got some balls. You don't seem surprised Daphne, or you Kat Kat. Why?"

"Fleur talked to us…" Daphne said in an even tone but giving Tracy an angry look. The blonde lifted her hands. "Hermione…" the dark-haired witch held Hermione's hands. "Remember what we talked that day at the three broomsticks, this is not over, and will not be easy. But he needs to give it a try." Hermione looked her in the eyes then over to Ginny, who had a confused expression. Katie looked calm as if she knew something would happen.

"Can… can we not talk about this?" The bushy-haired teen asked. They stay in silence for a couple of minutes, lost in thought, enjoying the lake.

"You know, that's my sixth year…" Katie said after a while. "One more to go… and I have no idea what I will do after Hogwarts. Have any of you thought about it?"

Ginny jumped in. "Quidditch! I will try out for the Harpies in my last year?!" The redhead said excitedly. "Wait!" She turned to Katie with an incredulous expression. "What do you mean? I thought we were going to play together. You are one of the best chasers I ever saw!" Katie let out a sad smile.

Seeing the discomfort of the older girl, Hermione called the attention to herself. "I actually thought about that a lot. Yeah Tracy, big surprise. I think a lot." The girls laugh at the blonde half-open mouth. "I keep saying I want to change the world, and make a difference, at first I thought I would do that by learning all I could about magic and how it works. So I thought about going into mysteries. But then I started to realize the many wrong things in the magical world."

"And there are many things wrong." Daphne concluded.

"Yes, for a while I thought about dropping all out, going to a mundane college and letting go of magic, some Gryffindor, don't. But I realized that I care too much for many people here to simply leave." The four girls smiled back at her. "So I thought about many things, and what would make more difference. Law enforcement, politics? I don't think I'm fit for any of those. Then I realized a way to reach many people, and make real progress…"

"You are coming back to Hogwarts." Daphne concluded.

"Yes, first as a teacher, but hopefully more. I want to plant the seeds of destruction on young minds." Hermione concluded with an evil smirk.

"I am the heiress of my house…" Daphne said, looking at the lake. "Possibly more than one." She smiled at Hermione. "And I like the game. I really do. But I also love healing, like my mother. I am torn between the two, politics or healing."

"Why they need to be mutually excluding?" Katie asked. "I heard the director of St. Mungo's was
undersecretary before that pig Fudge took the chair."

"Maybe, I don't know."

"They are not opposites." Hermione dove in. "The right politics can save lives just as much as healing."

"You got a point there, Hermione, a good one." Daphne smiled. All the girls turned their gaze to Tracy, who blushed furiously.

"I want to be a mom and have a big ass family!" The blonde witch said rapidly, blushing even more. The other four looked at her, with incredulous looks. Even Daphne seemed surprised. "What? Just because I am a tiny little brash, I can't? My father has two wives, and I grew up with two Moms. It was amazing! Roger and I have almost the same age, and the clan is big. Family dinners at the Davis are always an event!"

"That's true!" Confirmed Daphne. All the girls laughed

"A big family can be annoying, is true." Ginny nodded. "But is also lots of fun. And love…" Hermione smiled, she liked the prospect of a big family too.

.oOo

"Girlfriend?" Harry asked Fleur as they leave the great hall holding hands. Fleur noticed the looks, and for once she felt good about the envious gazes she received.

"Unless you British have another word for it that I don't know…" she stopped in front of him at the almost desert hallway. "Then yes "Arry, girlfriend, or you don't want me?" The incredulous look on the wizard's face was all confirmation she needed, filling her with pride. They walked a little more, and Fleur noticed her was guiding him to even more desert corridor. He stopped and asked without looking at her, sounding a little shy.

"Fleur… can I kiss you again?"

She smiled. "You always have permission 'Arry…"

With a fast movement, Harry turned around and gently but surely pinned her against the wall, with a gentle but secure move. He looked at her eyes, and Fleur lost herself in the green. The wolf's eyes. Her wolf eyes. He kissed her, his hands on her thin waist, as she hovered her's on his hair. The kiss quickly deepened, their tongues battling for dominance, a battle she hoped to have many times in the future. Her hand left the wolf's hair and moved to his waist, pushing him even closer to her. She moaned on his mouth as they hip meet. The veela felt the bulge in his trousers and clawed his back. She fought to keep her veela nature in check and could feel him doing the same.

"Mon Dieu…" she whispered when they finally parted. Harry was blushing, but the predatory wolf eyes were still there. They laughed together.

"I hope you know what you are getting yourself into." The wizard said, releasing her from the wall. Their breath still fast.

"Don't you start with a 'have to protect the witch' speech, mister. I know very well who you are and what you are. You are my wolf! My survivor." Fleur said in an almost commanding tone.

"I wouldn't dare… I have no idea why you chose me, but thank you, for giving me a good reason to keep surviving." He smiled at her. Fleur gave him another kiss, much more tamed this time.
"The allure is a form of protection you know. Beauty is a relative concept. Is subjective, each person or sentient species got its own beauty standards. Yet everyone affected by the allure finds the veela beautiful. We think is a form of self-preservation. But it can also be dangerous; some people can be… possessive."

"I think I understand… but your allure affects me differently… I mean, I can still feel it but is more like a warm, cozy feel. I mean, don't get me wrong, I find you beautiful and dare I say hot as hell!" He blushed, and Fleur gave him her evil smile.

"And that is only one of the reasons I chose to be with you. I was afraid you wouldn't want me, but I needed to try…"

"I liked you even before we meet Fleur. I liked the person you are before I even discovered how beautiful you look. I am the monster here remember. The young and a rabid wolf… the insecure role is mine."

"Prat." Fleur smiled and got closer to him, grabbing his arm. "About that ball…"

.oOo.

Harry stood in the entrance hall, nervously walking from one side to another. He was about to have dinner with the French minister of magic, that also happened to be married to a woman who claimed to be his godmother, they both were friends if his parents and the worse, they were parents of his now girlfriend. The fact that his nerves were making him lose focus on his senses was also not helping. The smells and sounds were driving him mad. Damn, Harry didn't even know what to dress.

The smell of lilies and vanilla brought him back to his senses. He turned to see both Fleur and Gabrielle coming from the Beauxbatons carriage. Gabby was dressed in dark jeans and a light pink blouse, with a heavy and furry purple coat over it. The young girl seemed as energetic as ever, talking with her sister. Fleur looked beautiful to Harry, and he almost couldn't believe. She was dressing a blue dress, with a high neckline and knee-length. With a very subtle geometric pattern on the bottom. White pantyhose and black boots. She was wearing a dark blue jacket and a scarf around her neck.

"Mon Dieu, it's cold." She said before kissing Harry. "And the snow is not even here yet, how can you manage?"

"Lots of firewhiskey…" Harry laughed. They heard steps behind them, his senses gave him a warning, and he turned to see the headmaster coming through the entrance hall.

"Good evening Harry my boy, and good evening to you both Mademoiselles, may I say you both look stunningly radiant tonight." The old wizard said giving them a warm smile. Harry instincts kicked in, and he tensed. Fleur must have noticed, as she held his hand in reassurance.

"Merci monsieur Dumbledore," Fleur answered politely. "Thank you for allowing us to see our parents."

"It is my pleasure. The carriage will take you to the village and back. I trust Mr. Potter completely to keep you safe, but as a Matter of precaution, having two of the champions and the daughters of a foreign dignitary, a second carriage will follow, with some Aurors. A perk requested by the ministry officials itself."

"Thank you sir." All three of them nodded. The headmaster gestured to Harry to approach him,
wearing his signature grandfather smile. The scent of the man was strong and dominating. Harry needed all his concentration to come closer to him.

"Harry my boy." Dumbledore said in a low tone. "Now, I am well aware of your new-found relationship with misses Delacour. I want you to go and have fun, and look after them." Harry nodded at him. "But I must warn you, the persons you are about to meet are politicians, and outstanding ones at it. And you are a prestigious influential public figure, so be prepared. They may try to leverage this for their political advantage. But you are an intelligent young man, and even though I hoped to keep you always from politics for a couple more years, I am sure you will handle yourself brilliantly."

"Isn't that what you being doing all those years?" Harry though, but instead he just said. "Yes sir." Without looking in the old wizard's eyes.

The headmaster waited until the carriage arrives. Harry saw the now familiar skeletal horses, and noticed with a smile that both girls couldn't. The old wizard wave them goodbye as they entered the strange vehicle and Harry let out a breath, sitting down on the soft bench. Fleur noticed his tension and rested her head on his shoulder. "So that is how is going to be now… always something happening around you."

"I hope you're up for a ride mademoiselle…" Harry said brushing a hand over her hair.

"You can bet on that." The veela answered with a smile, giving him a soft kiss, on the other bench, Gabby blushed and tried to look away. Harry, feeling her discomfort, asked what she was thinking about her first school year, and help with some French words to impress her parents, making her feel more welcome. Fleur squished his hand and smiled in approval. It took about forty minutes to the carriage to arrive at Hogsmeade and the beautiful chateau the Delacours had rent for the weekend, the young wizard nervously knocked on the door, and was received by the almost supernatural vision of Apolline, dressed in a more informal long-sleeved white dress.

"Good night Harry." The older which said, pulling him into a kiss on the cheek, making him blush furiously and the girls giggle. "Please come in. Ma cherries!" She said in a warm voice, hugging and kissing both her daughters. The chateau was not big, but was really comfortable and welcoming. A lit fireplace emanates a light warm, and a dining table was placed on the left corner, closer to the big windows. Jacques finished opening a bottle of wine and poured four glasses. Approaching he handled one to Harry, who took with a little hesitation, before shaking the man's hand, the right one this time.

"Good to see you out of bed Harry. You put on quite a show!" He said with a bright smile, before moving to hug his daughters. Both Fleur and Apolline got their glasses, Gabby get herself a cup of grape juice, and they all sat around the coffee table next to the fireplace. Harry and Fleur dividing a loveseat "So, how are your shoulder Harry? Still hurt?"

"A little stiff, but getting better by the minute, thank you sir."

"Please Harry, no sir… Jacques. We can dish the formalities, let them to the public."

Apolline was looking carefully at both Harry and Fleur, playing with her glass. She gave her older daughter a knowing smiled. "Anything interesting happened today?"

"Fleur kissed Harry!" Gabby said out loud in French, although Harry was sure he knew what she had said. Fleur looked at her with evil eyes, and both Jacques and Apolline looked at each other. Harry waited for the barrage of questions, but Jacques only shrugged his shoulders.
"I hope you know what you are getting into Harry, being with a veela can be marvelous and scary at the same time." Jacques said, holding his wife's hand. "Anyway, dinner is ready, and I am starving!"

"Weird, they seem really OK with it, maybe is a French thing?" Harry thought.

The smell of the food was delicious, and Harry let himself drown into it for a moment. They eat talking about pleasantries, school subjects. The young wizard noticed they were actively avoiding asking him about more touchy subjects, like his life outside of school. After dinner, Jacques pulled them another glass of wine, while Apolline talked to Gabby. A very upset little veela came to say goodnight to them, before apparating with her mother. Jacques, Fleur and Harry came back to the living space next to the fireplace. Fleur was now openly holding his hand Apolline apparated back a couple of minutes later. "Madam Maxine sends you her regards, darling." She took her own glass and sat with her husband. "Now Harry, I know you must have many questions, and we will do our best to answer it. It's not going to be easy on any of us, but is a step we need to make together."

Harry looked at her pale blue eyes and nodded. "Do you know where Sirius and Remus are? Are they OK?"

"First thing he asks is about the well-being of otters, well choose Fleur" Jacques raised his glass. "Yes Harry, they are at Delacour manor as we speak. There is a process to grant Sirius the status of political refugee running on the French magical court, at least until a new trial is held on Britain." Harry took a deep, relieved breath, before looking at Fleur for reassurance. She smiled at him. Harry turned to Apolline next and asked in a low voice. "Are you really my godmother?"

"Yes Harry" Apolline answered with watery eyes. "Sirius and I took the vows together a month after you were born. We have been friends with your mother for years them. Fleur probably doesn't remember, but she was there too. She wanted to take you home with us." She smiled at the memory. Harry looked at her in silence, magical colors dancing around her, her lilies scent betraying her emotions, there was no signs of lies, just sorrow. "We had so many plans…"

"Why… why I never knew? Why no one told me?" Fleur stiffened at his side.

"You disappeared Harry." Jacques said. "After the... fall, after Sirius was sent to Azkaban and Remus run away, we looked for you. We looked for you everywhere. Not even the ministry of magic knew your whereabouts. We hired detectives. Whatever happened, you simply disappeared from the magical world, and the only person who knew was Albus Dumbledore. And we pressure him, yes we did. But the man is too powerful, too well connected."

"It is true Harry." Fleur said looking at him. "Ever since I can remember, mama and papa were looking for you." She looked at the floor, ashamed. "During a time I even hated you, for the attention they gave to your searching."

"I am sorry Fleur." Her father said with a heavy voice. "The only thing we knew was that you were alive. We even visited privet drive, more than once. Some notice me not for magical beings kind of ward must be active there; to us the house just seemed empty."

"I was there…” Harry whispered, swallowing his own years. "Wishing I could escape." The watery eyes turned to him.

"Harry…”

"I only learned my name was Harry when I was five, at the school… before that I thought my name was freak…” Fleur and Apolline gasped. The younger which could see the mixture of fear
"Then you reappeared." The man pressed on, feeling it was not the time to press the boy for more. "When you started going to Hogwarts."

"Why didn't you try to contact me then?"

"We did..." Apolline spoke, a touch of desperation in her voice. "We sent you owls, cards, gifts, and never got an answer."

"I... I never got them, any of them..."

"Now we know, but for a while we thought you hated us. We thought you hated us for abandoning you, for letting you alone. We watched from afar. Heard the scary stories. We thought you hate all of us, until Remus and Sirius turned in our door. When we heard what you had been through, that you don't even know we existed."

"But... how come Fleur could send me letters?"

"Bertrand is a special owl, after I got my candidacy for the ministry, he was granted an untraceable charm, so he could not be blocked like our other owls."

Harry was actively crying now, sorrow for what he lost, and rage at the ones responsible mixture together. If not for Fleur's embrace he was afraid of losing control. His life was an even bigger lie than he knew.

"Why... why he did this to me? Why condemn me to be alone, to live in hell..."

"He wants to use you Harry." Jacques said after a moment of silence. "Your parents were already having trouble with him, when they discovered that. He knows something that concerns you and Voldemort. I also think he wants to leverage you for his own political goals. He knew Sirius was thrown in jail without a trial. He is the only one who knows about your parents will."

"Why can't we confront him?"

"We tried, he has too much political power, we need to be smart, or he can take you away for good. Why do you think he didn't register you as a werewolf? He is keeping this card. Just now we are starting to get the power to fight back, but it must be done right. We need to expose him. And there is also Voldemort."

"Don't be fooled, he is an enemy of the Dark Lord. He wants him destroyed as much as we do. To erase his own mistake." Apolline said.

"I can't go on as nothing had happened!"

"You don't need. He knows very well who we are, and probably knows we are telling you all of this. Now you know, now you can defend yourself. He will try to win you back. To break your will again, like he tried all those years."

Fleur held both her hands in his face, turning Harry to look at her. "Just now you are not alone anymore, I am here, we are here with you 'Arry."
Chapter 13

A rage, stronger than any fire, burns deep inside each one of us. There is no other way to put it, it burns, and it consumes us. It is our greatest weakness and also gave us incredible power. You must understand, young pup, as everything magic gives us, is neither good nor evil. It just is.

The rage is frightening, both for ourselves and for others. The first time you swell in it, is intoxicating feeling of strength, the speed, the raw magical power. But, the bloodthirsty, the need to hurt, the lust, are all also all too real. Magic creates life but also destroys it. The rage makes us magic's hunters.

Without proper guidance, we can quickly fall prisoner to the anger that burns. Its power is addictive. To let it take over us, to fight and kill without mercy, is tempting. But, fighting against it is the recipe for failure and despair. Fighting it only results in death. The death of the wolf, or in most cases, the death of those around him.

One must embrace it. The rage is part of us, and only through accepting we may conquer it. The anger gives us the power to kill, but also to protect. Is through it that we can see magic's colors. We are magic's ultimate hunters because of it. With time, as you learn how to embrace your anger, it will make you stronger, your senses sharper, you speed will increase, and magic will run through you easier.

We are magic's hunters, and we are the rage.

.oOo.

Fleur felt Harry finally calming down as the carriage stopped in front of them. She was feeling weird, and a little earlier she almost could feel his anger bleeding through her. Veelas were empaths, and it was easy for them to detect and read other people's feelings, but that was different. Fleur could feel his rage, like a scratch on the back of her mind, mixing with her feelings. It was scary and exciting at the same time.

They hopped in the carriage and sat side by side, and Fleur could see that his resolve was coming back. Harry had the gaze he usually did when trying to think ahead. "Sorry for my little outburst back there. Sometimes it's hard to control myself." He said suddenly to her, holding her hand tightly. Fleur smiled at him.

"Who am I to lecture you about it 'Arry. Iwanted to burn the bastards to the ground myself, I confess. I am not an example..." She giggled, and Harry smiled and kissed her. There she felt again, the scratch on the back of her mind. So subtle Fleur almost missed it. She looked at him, trying to read his emotions.

The anger was still there, but under layers of caring, awe, pride and… lust. Fleur moved a finger over Harry's lips, and licked her lips; the wolf smiled at her, and in a quick movement captured her lips. She opened her lips, letting his invading tongue play with her own. As before, they battle for dominance, Harry's hand on her waist and the other on her neck. Fleur felt his passion, all his resolve running through his lips. Her arousal was growing. The veela let her allure run free,
focusing on the wizard in front of her, feeling his temperature rising, his hands mapping her back from top to bottom.

Fleur felt like she was drinking on their passion, feeding each other's needs. The witch let herself go in her wolf's arms. Never had she felt anything like that. In a bold move, Harry moved both his hands under her bum and pulled her to him, and Fleur let herself be taken, running her leg over his lap, not allowing their mouths part, kissing and biting, moving her hands in his hair. When their hips met, she felt the bulge of his stiff member under his trousers, pressing against her panty clad folds; she cursed the layers of fabric between them, clawing his chest. Harry's hand ran in her tights, under her dress to find her perfect ass. She moaned with his callous touch, his hands were rough but carrying. Fleur started rocking in his lap, Harry's strong grab helping her move. She cried and gasped for air, as the wizard attacked her neck and shoulders. The veela bit her lips feeling the small orgasm building in her core. When she looked at his face, he was smiling, the most predatory smile she had ever seen on his face, and that was enough to push her over the edge. Fleur bit his neck as she came, trying not to make too much noise.

She stayed there, on top of him, Panting and smiling. His hands were running through her back slowly, caressing her. Harry gave her neck small, loving kisses. "How you do this to me?" She asked. "I am the adult here!"

He looked at her with a grim.

"Magic!"

.oOo.

Platform 9, ¾, five years ago.

Severus Snape stood looking at the sea of children in front of him with a fake air of disdain. At his side Kingsley Shacklebolt did the same with his hawk like eyes. Severus was actually shocked with the number of children; he remembered when he took that ride for the first time. There must have been at least two times the children then than what he saw now. The war had really taken a heavy toll in the magic population of Britain. No wonder Hogwarts had so many unused classrooms.

"Remind me why I am here again?" He asked the big man on his side.

"Because you owe your life to the old man, and forever you will do his dirty work." The man answered without looking at him, making no effort to hide the disgust on his voice. Severus sighed. As much as he hated it, Shacklebolt was right. He was trapped, maybe forever. Even so, the dark man knew he deserved it, it was the price to pay for not spending the rest of his days in Azkaban, and also, he still held hope to help.

That's when he saw the boy, Lily's son, amidst the procession of red haired kids. The first thing that struck him was how much he looked like James, but missed the arrogant air the pureblood had. No, his manners and walk where all Lily's. He seemed in awe, looking around, walking with his beautiful white owl. The second thing Snape noticed was how small he looked. Something was not right there. He was even smaller than many of the girls in his own year. He nodded to Shacklebolt and showed him the boy. The big man seemed sad. "Well, I will patrol around the station; you keep an eye on the kid." Snape nodded as the man walked away.

The boy seemed lost, looking around. He clearly hadn't any contact with the book for muggleborns. Once again, Severus questioned the idea of keeping the kid ignorant about who he was all these years. Looking closer he could see the oversized clothes he was wearing, and the broken glasses. The boy who lived looked like a small bun.
Then a girl approached him, black hair, with Ivory skin. She looked proud with her new school uniform, and eager to help him. The boy smiled at her, and the girl helped him to the train. Severus heart hurt when he saw the girl's parents and knew what he had to do; the headmaster had been very specific in his instructions. He followed the small couple inside the train.

It broke his heart seeing them talk happily, the boy seemed to crave contact, and the pretty little girl was eager to give him. They sat in a cabin, and Snape could hear the girl talking. "Wait here a little Harry, I will fetch some of my friends, Tracy and Susan will love to know you! Be right back!"

"O... ok..." the boy answered shyly. The girl came out of the cabin with a big smile on her face and stopped in front of Snape, with a jump.

"I'm sorry sir..." She said with her hands in the chest. "You scared me a little."

"No problem." Severus said in an even tone. "I am professor Snape, you are..?"

"Greengrass, Daphne Greengrass sir."

Snape sighed. "I am sorry Ms. Greengrass, I hope you forgive someday." The cute girl looked confused, then scared when he pointed his wand at her and said. "Confundus..."

{oOo.

Harry felt like he was flying, even with his feet on the ground. His "defense club" was going well, he had his friends, his pack, around him (even if some of they didn't know about It.), he was able to spend time with his beautiful girlfriend, and the next full moon would coincide with the term's end. Not even Ron's death glares or the prospect of detention with Snape over the next week were able to bring his mood down.

At first, Harry was worried about how the other girls would react. He really liked Fleur, to be with her was like a dream, but he didn't want to chase the others away, but to his surprise, none of that happened. "Or maybe I am too stupid to notice anything." He thought once or twice. But everyone seemed ok with the new dynamic. Katie especially seemed thrilled about Harry and Fleur's relationship. Crazy witch.

After the carriage snog, Harry and Fleur decided to take it a little more slowly, but their more private kisses, when no one was looking, always ended up heating up, with needy hands and carefree exploration. They were not sure if it was her allure or his werewolf nature, and Harry didn't care. He actually liked and seemed like Fleur also did.

Harry met with Fleur at the carriage's door, and they walked hand in hand to the great Hall were they meet the others, this morning he was finally going to be able to fly with Viktor Krum. And he was stoked. It had been almost four days since the first task, and he was eager to fly again.

The morning was cold, and the French girls seemed especially affected by the freezing wind. Harry had caught Fleur complaining about the Scotch weather more than once the last few days. "What's next, rain and snow at the same time?" The three girls had heavy coats and scarfs around their necks. Hermione, Daphne, Blaise, Ginny, Luna, and Katie completed Harry's little Entourage to the quidditch pit. The wizard noticed Luna was carrying a camera.

"I love this smell..." Harry whispered on the field, taking a deep breath, feeling the scent of the humid dirty, the wind and the lake. The fact that he could feel so many of his friends' scents closer to him just made him feel even better. Fleur and Katie looked at each other with a knowing
expression and smiled. After just a couple minutes Viktor Krum showed up, accompanied by Roger Daves and two other durmstrang students, a robust looking boy and a petite dirty blond haired girl.

"Hello, Harry." The champion extended his hand that Harry gladly took. The Bulgarian seekers had a strong wood scent to Harry, feeling as strong as his build. "Let's have a good flight, shall we."

"Of course Viktor, I'm here for the fun; we both know I don't stand a chance."

"Is never wise to underestimate the adversary, I did it to you once and will not do it again." Harry just smiled at that. Luna took a step forward with her camera in hand and a dreamy smile.

"Hello mister Krum, I am Luna Lovegood, Harry's friend, my father and I have a small publication, and we would like to publish an article about the champions, not like the one on the prophet mind you. We want to show the true persons behind it, and their cooperation and friendship. Harry and Fleur already gave me permission, but I will not do anything without yours as well."

Viktor eyed the petite girl with suspicion, then at Harry and Fleur, who nodded in approval. He shrugged. "Anything is better than that terrible lying paper anyways, so, why not. But I would ask you to run it through my agent before publication, little girl, is that ok?"

"Thank you, I agree, I am pretty sure their offices are filled with snarkles, and that is why they can't write correctly." Viktor wide eye looked at Harry, who simply signed negatively with his head and shrugged, as the others laughed. "And there is only one way to remove snarkles, and I doubt they do it there." Harry smiled widen as he saw Viktor's mouth opening and closing, without understanding.

"And which way is that, Ms. Lovegood?" Viktor finally asked.

"Orgasms of course! They are extremely allergic to it, which is the reason you and Harry don't have any." Luna answered with the most neutral expression in the world, as if she was just stating the obvious. Viktor blushed furiously, and Harry noticed Roger blushing too. "I will start by taking some pics of this recreation game if is not a problem."

"No, not at all..." Viktor whispered, wishing to end the strange conversation as fast as possible. "Aren't you going to join us, Ms. Delacour?"

"Oh non, I much prefer my feet on the ground mister Krum. Today I will just be a spectator." Fleur gave him a bright smile. Harry removed his jacket getting a horrified look from Hermione.

"Harry! You are going to freeze like that!"

"No Hermione," Katie said in her ear. "That way he won't overheat. Remember?" The bushy haired girl finally seems to understand and nodded. Katie released the training snitches, five of them. Harry got on his Firebolt and lifted himself.

"Simple training run. The one to get most snitches wins? The Raven boy asked.

"Seems good to me!" The Bulgarian seeker responded, getting into his broom and ascending fast. So fast, Harry watched with awe, he knew the young man was leagues ahead of him, and that brought a predatory smile to his face. Harry quickly tailed the other seeker, studying his movements. The older wizard was precise, meticulous. Scanning the pit, pretending not to notice Harry right behind him. In less than a second, Krum disappeared from his sight. In a swift movement, Viktor was diving at dead drop speed, and Harry quickly followed, as fast as he could. "This is probably a faint..." the young wizard thought.
But he loved it. The blowing wind on his hair, his hands tight around the broom, all his senses sharp as a knife. He could feel his body temperature rising. Suddenly a golden wind exploded in the left of his head. He was not sure if it was his wolf senses or the actual snitch, he only knew it was going up. With a quick maneuver, Harry turned upside down and with a spin managed to change the direction of his fall without losing too much momentum. After a fell seconds, he was rising almost as fast as he was falling, and he saw the golden movement line. Harry finally understood why werewolves couldn't play. He clearly could see the magical path of the little golden orb ahead. Rising, and rising. The wind was blowing on his ear. His roaring was the only sound he could hear. Everything else disappeared. Including Krum.

That proved to be a fatal mistake when Harry felt the older wizard body slamming into his own. "Damn he is fast!" It was all he could think while he struggled to keep control at high speed. The Bulgarian extended his hand to the golden sphere and tried to snatch it, but thanks to Harry's own slam on his broom he came an inch short. They both smiled at each other as they pressed after the little magical object. Once again Harry tried to rotate in his on axis to get free if the other seeker, without losing sight of the snitch. But Krum turned with a rim. Then older wizard realized that although Harry may be faster, he was stronger.

Suddenly the snitch changed direction again and started going perpendicular to the seekers. With a fast movement, Krum shoved Harry with his feet, away from the magic ball and rotated one hundred and eighty degrees. Harry tried to get back on track, but with a bold move, Krum lifted himself from his broom, keeping contact with only one hand, his entire body on the air, giving him maximum reach, and snatched the snitch mid-air. Harry himself gave him a roar for the brilliant maneuver as they started descending to the field.

Only now Harry could see the gathering of students from all the three school that had come to watch them fly, screaming and cheering. He could see Angelina, Alicia and the twins, and even Cedric amidst the watchers.

"That was amazing!" He told Krum as they landed. "You really are incredible."

"You too Harry, your reflexes and your speed are something else!" The Bulgarian extended his hand, which Harry gladly took. "In a year or less, you will be able to go professional my friend. Just a little more training."

Harry felt a little sad, but the feeling was quickly pushed aside by Fleur's lips on his. "You both were great Harry! Look at all the people cheering!" She said with a touch of pride in her voice.

"So," Krum asked. "Which of your friends here play?"

"Katie, Blaise, and Ginny," Harry said pointing at his friends currently at the field.

"Hey, Roger, Brune." Viktor call. "What about a friendly game." Harry saw his friends' eyes got as wide as their smiles.

"Sure." Roger Daves answered. "As long you and Harry play keeper…"

.oOo.

Daphne waited inside the room of requirement; the place looked like a perfect dance floor. The wireless played a soft tune, and she got lost imagining Harry and herself dancing at the Yule Ball. She knew it was not going to happen, but she didn't care, not at the moment. She liked him, and she even liked Fleur and was not one to give up. And it was fun to dream about it.
She didn't really understand all Katie's talking about the pack, inner circle, alpha. She knew it was important, but right now Daphne was debating what to do with her own feelings. The girl had promised Fleur space, but the witch also knew that Harry could change his mind, or even legally stay with both girls. But, was she herself ok with it? Well, at least Fleur was beautiful. And Daphne had grown watching Tracy's family, and they always seemed happy. "What am I thinking? I need to calm down, and I don't even know if I like him that much." Daphne snapped.

She then remembered all the moments they had, all her dreams, ever since the second year. "Yes… I do…" Then she felt the strange tug on the back of her head again. That was getting her worried. "I really need to check this up with Mom over the holidays…"

The truth was that she cared much for them, not only Harry, but Fleur, Hermione, Tracy, Blaise, and even Katie, Ginny and Neville, the group had cracked her emotional defenses in ways she didn't even know was possible... "My ice queen reputation will suffer, but who cares, I may not need it anymore."

The door opened, and Harry entered the room, looking confused at the configuration.

Daphne giggled at his dazed look, and she liked when the building leader, or as Fleur liked to call, the wolf, gave place to the confused and amazed boy in him. "Hum, Daphne… what is this?" He finally asked.

"There is a ball coming, and I will teach you how to dance." She saw him blushing. "Before you start. I know you are taking Fleur, don't worry, I will not even be in the school at the time."

"No? Why?" Did he sound disappointed? Sad? Seemed like it.

"I have some important family matters to attend at home Harry, as much as I would like to pass my holidays with you, with all of you." Daphne stood up and approached him. He took his now familiar deep breath, feeling her scent. She rejoiced in the knowledge that he liked it, and that made him feel calm and secure. "But the Yule ball is a fantastic opportunity for you. The new Black family heir. The Potter scion. The press will be here to see you and your veela. Do you understand how important of a statement that is? You need to cause a good impression, and I will help you."

"Thank you…"

"Don't mention it, and I need you to look good when I became the new lady Greengrass-Black." She said casually, and Harry blushed furiously, making Daphne laugh.

"Teaser…" He said. Was she?

"You really need to grow a thicker skin, Harry. Come." Daphne extended her hand. "Come on, hold my hand." Daphne was surprised, although, with red cheeks, Harry didn't hesitate in taking her hand. Fleur was doing well to him it seems. "Good, is all about imposing yourself and looking confident." She walked with him to the edge of the floor. "Remember you are going to enter the ball with probably the most beautiful girl in the school, use that to your advantage." He smiled at her. "What?"

"Nothing…"

"Harry?"

"Just inappropriate thoughts, never mind…"

"Having sassy dreams already, are we?"
"No! Ok, I just think you are as beautiful as her." Daphne blushed. "And that is not the reason I like you both. I mean, the fact you are both gorgeous help..." he giggled at her red face. "But I like you both as your own persons..."

"Well, thank you, I guess... ok... first, you enter with her. At this moment, let the world see her, let them see how proud you are of being there. Probably there will be some announcements and presentations, just endure it." Daphne moved to the floor holding his hand at chest high. "When the first dance is announced, move with her to the floor. No need to hurry, this is not Quidditch."

"No, it is way more dangerous..." Harry said, and Daphne rolled her eyes. They stopped at the center of the dance floor, looking at each other. Daphne found out she couldn't contain a small smile and seemed like the wizard couldn't either. She took his other hand and placed around her waist, feeling the tension in the air.

"Now, I will show you how to lead, but it is your job to do so. Don't worry, and I don't expect you to get it on the first try, just relax." She placed her hand on his shoulder. "Now, try to follow my lead." Harry stumbled at first, but just like Daphne expected after watching him duel, his movements were graceful enough, and he quickly got the pace, although with some rhythm issues. "There, you are getting it...move the other foot..."

They danced one song than two, and three. Smiling at each other. Daphne felt right. Even the scratch on the back of her mind didn't bother her. How foolish she was to believe in her prejudices, to believe in others from her house. There she was around a complex young man, who made her feel accepted and wanted.

The music slowed down, and Harry stopped, blushing. She knew she must be blushing too. Daphne now placed both her hands around his neck and approached him, to her pleasure; he also wrapped his arms around his waist. Her heart was pounding as they slowly moved across the dance floor. They stay in silence, dancing.

"You are not half as bad as you said, Harry." Daphne finally got to say when the music stopped. They were so close.

"Thank you Daphne..." he whispered. They stayed close even after the music had stopped. His body was so warm, he was sniffing her hair, and she loved the shiver it sent down her spine. When they finally parted she looked at his bright emerald green eyes.

"But you need more practice Potter." She said trying to give him a smirk. "Same time in two days?"

"You bet."

HPHPHP

Ron walked through the echoing hallways and corridors at a precise, steady pace. At first, he was unsure, but he had already come here, there was nothing more to lose. Hermione had rejected him, Seamus and Dean preferred to talk to each other, and his own family was on Harry's side all the time. And his so-called "best mate" had no problem shoving it in his face. At least the sneaking little snake saw his valor, and he was even starting to enjoy her presence.

Crabbe and Goyle were at the classroom door, as they usually did. Ron entered without even acknowledging them. Inside the empty room, amidst broken chairs, Pansy was waiting for him. Her short black hair was shining, reflecting the light coming from the doorway. She gave him an evil smile when he entered. He knew she was using him. Maybe he liked it.
The Slytherin girl held a small box in her hands. She signed for Ron to come closer to her. She was sitting on the old professor's desk with crossed legs, her robes open, showing the school uniform under it. Ron's gaze stood for some time on the way a big part of her tights was revealed and was unapologetic about it.

"Like what you see Weasley?" She asked in a sultry voice.

"Can't say I don't." He answered harshly. "Since when the two trolls follow you?

"They want the same thing as myself, so I am letting them help me."

Ron stopped at her side on the table, leaning on it. "Does Draco know you are shagging his goons?" Ron said with an evil smirk.

"Fuck you, Weasley; I shag whoever I want, and fuck Draco!" He raised his eyebrows. "If Draco wants to suck the Dark Lord's cock like his father that is his problem, none of us want to be dragged along. He can take that fat cow with him if he wants. But not me, nor Crab and Goyle." The look on the witch's eyes was fierce, and Ron couldn't help but admire it.

"Anyway, I have something for you, if you are willing to help me." She extended him the box.

Ron could see it was addressed to Draco, and she signed for him to open it, inside there was a wand. Long and dark, different from the ones Ollivander made. "An untraceable wand, Ron, imagine it. No shit ministry rules, no way for anyone to know who used it. Remember what I told you about retribution?"

He took the wand in his hands, and his parents would kill him if they knew Ron even touched it. The thought makes him smiled. "So, what's the catch?"

"You need to help me break Draco."

.oOo.

Amelia Bones stepped out of the fireplace with a sigh and looked around the beautiful room, decorated in a tasteful art deco style. It had been an extenuating voyage, floo, two portkeys and another foo from the ministry of magic in France to the Delacour residence. Very taxing of her own magic. A beautiful woman was waiting for her, dressed in a sober, but very feminine Dior dress, in contrast with Amelia's auror trousers and boots, and a dark coat.

"Bonjour Amelia, it has been a long time." The woman said in a very welcoming voice.

"Fourteen years Apolline, you don't look a day older."

"Merci, you look very good yourself, Amelia." Amelia indeed looked well. At her late thirties, the witch was fit from her constant training, and her features, although hardened by years of service in the Auror force, were quite pleasant, adorned by a dark red hair. "I'm happy to see you got where you want, chief of the DMLE."

Amelia smiled remembering the time she shared her dreams with the woman in front of her when she could even call her friend. "And I would never imagine Jacques as Minister, he hated politics if I recall, just like Sirius and James."

Apolline giggled. "Life led us to strange paths. How's Suzan? She must be a young woman by now."
"She is fine, and I did my best to raise her as my own daughter." Amelia sighed and looked sadly at the veela in front of her. "As much as I would like to catch up, I am here for a reason, and it had been a long trip."

"Of course..." Apolline answered in a defeated tone. "Please follow me director Bones. The woman led Amelia through the house, very well decorated, but much modest than the red-haired has initially thought. The Delacours were an old blood family in the continent, but not as wealthy as some of the British dynasties, its true power were their political connections. It made sense; most of the French's magical aristocracy had been wiped along with its non-magical counterpart. They arrived at a big double door, and Apolline gestured inside. "Please, if you need something, don't hesitate to call me."

Amelia nodded and opened the door, and she didn't know what she hoped to find inside the studio, for the first time in many years she was afraid.

And he stood in front of her. After more than thirteen years, the man she hated more than all, Sirius Black. The man who stole her youth, her happiness. The man she loved. He looked much older than Amelia remembered. Silver locks showed through his hair and his goatee. He was much slimmer, almost like a shadow. But the more significant difference was in his eyes, there was still fire there, but of a different kind. In their youth, there burned a love for life, adventure, and lust, things that made Amelia shiver just to look at it. Now there was something darker, angry, vengeance. Hurt. The Raven tattoo on his neck brought her memories and tears sneak her way to her eyes.

"Hello, Amy... is good to see you." He said with a smile so sincere that hurt her.

With three quick steps, she closed the distance between them and with a loud crack slapped him in the face. The man closed his eyes and smiled. "I probably deserved that..." Crack! One more slap on the other side. "This one I don't know if I did... ouch." Amelia was crying, and she didn't care anymore.

"Tell me it's true; tell me you didn't have anything to do with those deaths, thirteen years Sirius, thirteen years. I couldn't even move past you! You ruined me!" she was sobbing and making no sense.

"I am sorry Amy, I am sorry. They fucked me good. I didn't kill those people, and I didn't betray my friends... I didn't leave you..."

"They said you were dangerous, that you were so far gone, I couldn't even see you, I tried, and I tried! But I had to move on Sirius, for Susan. I had to move on. Goddess, I hated you so much. So much, almost as much as I loved you..." Amelia was interrupted by Sirius' arms closing around her. It took her a couple of seconds to realize he was REALLY there, embracing her.

"I know..." was all he said before they stood in silence.

When they finally departed, Amelia assumed a more stoic and professional facet. Looking deep into Sirius' eyes. There was a valley between them now, but it was not the time to amend it. No, now was time to work. "I am here in official business Sirius, but before I need to know. Who did this to you? To us?"

.oOo.

One thing people didn't know about Bellatrix Lestrange was how careful of observer she was. That was one of the reasons the dark lord had her on his inner circle. She could easily read people, and
spot when they were lying. That and all the violence.

So it came as a little surprise, when the dark witch realized. The new, handsome young Auror, who looked at her with a mixture of lust and fear, was actually caring for her, watching her closely. He was on their side.

Fenyr would love it!

.oOo.

Severus Snape waited, looking at the ceiling of his house head office at the dungeons. Many things running through his mind, Draco's house arrest was about to finish, and the slick professor debated if it was safe to give the boy his wand back. It was incredible how the power had shifted in Slytherin; people now looked up to Daphne Greengrass. Not only had her little alliance with the Gryffindor's golden boy had her protected, but the news of her father's maneuvers at the wizengamot and his proximity with the French Minister had worked miracles with some of the more neutral families. But what really bothered him was Harry Potter. The headmaster had been awfully specific about what was to be done. "Lily, I hope one day you and your son forgive me… as the dark lord is getting stronger each day, and I am a coward…"

The sound of knocks on his door brought him back from his thoughts. "Come in…” he said in the bleakest voice he could muster. Harry Potter entered the room. Something had really changed in the last two months, or so, it was visible. There was an air of confidence around the boy. Then usual looking to the ground had gone. And his emerald eyes now had a feral quality, all the same dangerous and caring, and the professor was sure it was not just because of the lycanthropy. The only other person he knew that had that aura around her was the boy's mother itself. Severus felt tightness in his chest. He was sure the headmaster saw it too. "That is why you are so afraid old man? You are afraid of him becoming like Tom or Lily?"

That only made what he has to do even harder.

"Potter…"

"Evening professor."

"I understand the headmaster has warned you about what we are going to do this week." It was not a question. Severus used his most cold voice possible. The boy nodded. The fear Snape expected to see in his eyes was not there. Instead, he saw defiance. "Sit Potter." The professor pointed to a chair in front of him. "I understand you have resisted Professor Moody's imperius curse." The boy nodded again. "Let's try it them."

Without warning, the dark man produced his wand from the sleeves of his robes and waved it with a whisper. "Legiments." The boy's eyes went wide, and Severus saw himself surrounded by Harry's thoughts and emotions. Surprise and fear hit the professor's own mind coming from the Raven haired boy, the rage, so much untamed and raw fury. It burned the older wizard mind, and he subsided.

"Hum, it seems your natural defenses are quite strong, I may have underestimated you." The angry look of the boy was almost amusing. "Let's try again."

One more time, Harry's eyes widened, and Severus was invaded by the boy's raw emotions, but his own occlumency shields were ready this time. "Pathetic." He said in an even tone, but loud enough so Harry could hear. That was not right though; the rage Severus felt was almost overwhelming. As flashes of the boy's thoughts passed through the older wizard, Snape felt something was wrong.
He felt like something was watching him, stalking him.

Severus knew what to look for. Maybe if he finished the task the old headmaster gave him quickly, he could even teach something to the boy. Damn old man! People looked at him as a messiah, as a prophet. The prophet of the light, some people called him. How Snape hated the old wizard, and most of all, himself.

He knew what he was looking for. The Delacours. Their last meeting, how much the French's told Harry. Right now he was being bombarded by disjointed visions. Snape saw the cupboard, Hogwarts Express, Lupin and Sirius, the dementors. The professor suddenly had to resist the urge to look over his shoulders. The feeling of being stalked was ever growing. But Severus knew he was close. So much resistance. He finally saw the French girl, the veela champion, and stopped, looking at the boy's memories. Not only her, but by also his half-blood friend, and Greengrass.

Snape approached the memory with hunger, and he wanted to finish it as fast as possible. But he noticed something wrong. The stalker finally made a sound, a roar resonated on his mind, and he turned around only to see an enormous wolf pouncing at him right before the connection was lost.

Severus fell to the ground by reflex before realizing the wolf was not there. Or so he thought. When he looked at Harry he saw the wolf in his rage induced eyes. The boy got up fast, so fast that Snape barely had time to point his wand and launch a silent stupefy. The spell hit the boy in the chest, and he screamed but did not stop. In a second the wolf was over him with an inhuman roar.

"POTTER!" The professor screamed, making the boy stop. Reason came back to his eyes, and the boy got up, panting heavily, his fists clenched. Severus got up and fixed his robes. "Maybe you are more dangerous than we thought Potter," Snape said without looking at him. "Maybe some chains are necessary for you. Maybe a leash." The boy's rage was palpable. "I am starting to think you are a menace to the other students Potter."

Harry looked at him in defiance. "Only to those who threaten the ones I care or me…" he answered.

"Tomorrow Potter, rest assured I will be more prepared, now get out of my sight!"

.oOo.

"He did WHAT?"

Hermione could not believe what she was hearing. "He tried to invade your mind? To… wasn't he supposed to teach you occlumency so you could defend yourself? Why?" They were sat in the room of requirement waiting for the defense club meeting to start. Daphne was in the chair by his right side, and Harry and Fleur on a sofa in front of her. The other two girls looked wide eye at the wizard as he finished his recollection of his "detention."

"I think he was looking for something… I felt like he was very specific before I lost it…" Harry said.

"Good thing you underestimated you…” Daphne offered, also scared that a professor would do such a thing.

"But he was right you know… I may be too dangerous, and I attacked him… just like I attacked Malfoy."

"Non 'Arry. You defended yourself! He attacked you! I hope he had pissed himself after seeing what he was up against!" Fleur stated.
"I agree," Daphne concluded in a neutral tone. Harry smiled at them, and Hermione saw Fleur squeezing his hand.

"There was something more…” Harry continued. "When I mentally attached him, right before he let go of my mind, I think I could see his mind…"

"What do you mean Harry?" Hermione asked.

"I could see myself boarding the express, at the first year, like he was watching me…” the four stayed in silence, digesting it.

"Maybe we should go to the headmaster or to Minerva about it," Hermione said.

"Non…” Fleur said in a commanding tone. "I say you fight back! He wants to know something, and so do we. I say, let the wolf do it, enter his mind and make him taste his own medicine.” Her gaze was fierce and predatory. "Ermione, I believe we can fetch some books about legilimency and occlumency. Also, we can ask Katie."

"Fleur…” Hermione said in an uncertain tone. "You are talking about a professor."

"Who tried to mind rape, Harry!" The French were fuming, beautiful in all her angry glory.

"Again, I agree," Daphne said. "What kind of game you are playing Daphne?" Hermione thought, looking at the black haired girl. "Harry?"

The wizard was silent, thinking. He looked at them with a smile. "Let's go for it. I want to know what and why he is doing it." Hermione reluctantly agreed. She was uncomfortable, especially with how aggressive her veela friend could be. But wasn't that precisely the reason Fleur was with Harry and not her.

The other club members arrived, first Neville accompanied by Hannah and Susan. Ginny arrived accompanied by Blaise and Tracy, the proximity of her red-haired friend with the tall Slytherin made Hermione smile. The twins and their small entourage came later, and Luna got there right before Katie. Harry quickly talked to her. Hermione noticed the desire in both their eyes and thought if how they would do next to the full moon.

The meeting transcript without problems, Hermione found out that Harry was an even better professor than she expected. Before the end of the meeting, the wizard gathered Fleur, Daphne, Katie, Regine and herself.

"If you guys are up to it, I would like to try and teach you the patronus charm. Not only it is a useful charm, the process of learning it helped me to get in contact with my magic. I think it can do the same for you. What you think?"

"Do you think we are ready?" Daphne asked.

"I know you are." The confidence in his voice fueled Hermione with her own.

As the other members left the room, Hermione approached Fleur, who was chatting with Gabby. "Fleur, can I talk to you?"

"Of course 'Ermione." They walked to a more reserved corner from the room. Hermione bit her lips, looking at the older witch, who simply smiled at her. "What is worrying you?"

"Do you really think is a good idea? For Harry to risk himself like that?"
"Ermione, why are you asking me and not him?" The veela gave her one of those evil, beautiful smiles, which made Hermione shiver. "Do you think I have this kind of influence over him?"

"I don't know…" in a swift movement, Fleur took both her hands.

"Think 'Ermione, you know him, you love him…"

"Fleur!"

"I know you do, you don't need to hide. 'Ermione, 'Arry come to us for love and advice. But his decisions are his alone. I respect him too much to forcing him to do anything."

"But you could stop him…"

"Could you? In all the stories you told me?"

"No, he can be so stubborn…"

"When it comes to protecting us. He needs you now 'Ermione, he is learning just how surrounded by enemies he is. We need to remind him that he is also surrounded by love."

Hermione looked at Fleur. Deep in those blue eyes. The veela really believed that, just like Harry, the French believed her. And she was not one to disappoint. "You are right Fleur. Sorry, I am just worried I think."

Suddenly Fleur hugged her. "That's because you love him. And he is doing all this, all this fight, because he loves you too."

HPHPHP

After the lunch on the next day, Katie walked with Harry through the grounds, heading for the forbidden woods. It was funny how it became way less scary when you're one of the creatures the professors warned the students about. She giggled and looked at Harry, he had changed, and he was starting to accept who he was now. The young wolf was fierce and protective. "He is even hotter now…" she thought. "But I promised Fleur." She finished with a sigh.

She knew Harry wanted her too, she could see it, and she could smell it. Fleur could see too, the veela was sensitive to it, and she was no fool. But Fleur trusted Harry, and was trying to trust Katie. And the she wolf was not one to betray her pack’s trust. They walked in a comfortable silence into the deep woods until they reach a clearing. Harry stopped and looked at her. "Who is here?"

"Harry, I want you to know my former alpha, the man who taught me everything. My grandfather." Benjamin Bell walked out of the woods; Harry looked at him with reverence on his gaze. Katie watched as they stood staring at each other. The old alpha and the new. She could see the colors dancing around them as they studied each other. Magic itself seemed to sing for their meeting. Katie felt a little apprehensive. But the smile formed on his grandpa face shoved the feeling away.

"It's an honor to finally meet you, Mr. Bell." Harry said first, extending his hand. Benjamin took it and gave a strong shake.

"It's a pleasure Potter. I can clearly see why Katie chooses to hunt at your side. You may still have a long way to run, but I can see you are eager to learn."

"Thank you sir. May I ask why meeting here?"
"My relationship with your headmaster and some of those ministry officials are... intermenting at best. I prefer they don't have the knowledge I was here, and the forest have enough creatures to mask my presence. But let's focus on the problem at hand. Katie's owl explained some to me. Is this professor trying to enter your mind?"

"Yes, he is seeking some knowledge. And I am afraid what he will do with it. I was able to keep him at bay last time, but I don't know if I can do it again."

"Then don't do it…" both Harry and Katie looked at him in disbelief. "How far have you gone in remembering your hunts as a wolf?"

"I have flashes sir; if I concentrate I can remember details."

"Good, come Katie, let me teach you both to hunt inside your mind."

.oOo.

The afternoon classes were finally over and Fleur could finally leave the carriage for the evening. It was her last year after all, and she needed good grades, tournament or not, conspiracies or not, if she wanted to pursue a career as curse breaker. Maybe next year she could try an intern at the Diagon Alley's gringotts, to stay closer to Harry. This though made her pause. "Am I really thinking about my future in relation of Harry? I really like him this much?" It was all new to her too. Harry still had two more years at school, and somehow Fleur had a feeling they would not be peaceful. Regine had left to meet the twins and their girls. Fleur noticed something off there too, Fleur noticed that her friend's aura was confused, maybe things were not about just fun anymore.

She found Harry talking with Blaise and Neville at the entrance hall. Hermione was near with Daphne and Katie. Fleur, seemly unnoticed approached the girls and hugged a surprised Hermione. The younger girl almost jumped with a little eep sound, making Katie laugh.

"Goodness Fleur, you scared me to death!"

"Always vigilant 'Ermione isn't that what that scary professor of yours says? Also, my hug is not so bad…"

"No, not at all…" Hermione blushed furiously, making both other girls giggle.

"Did 'Arry meet you grandfather?" The French asked Katie.

"Yes, but I think he's nervous. He said he was afraid of exposing you, or the other members of the club." Fleur looked at the boys talking about some assignment from the herbology class they just had. Even so Harry looked worried, like his head was elsewhere, as it probably was. He was so young, yet he cared more about things than anyone older than himself. He cared about others. When she asked him why, he confess that it kept him going, to think of a better place for those he loved, when she pressed more, he finally said, he was afraid of not making it. Death was all too real. He could feel in his bones. Harry was afraid to die before fixing things. At that time Fleur held him so close. She realized she was the one crying, as he tried to comfort her, caressing her back and kissing her forehead. That was when she knew how in love she was. And decided he was going to live. No matter how, she was making sure of it.

Remembering that she approached her Harry, yes, he was hers, she was possessive and she knew it. Just like Hermione, Fleur embraced Harry from the back and kissed his cheek. The wizard smiled and turned to kiss her mouth. "Oi get a room you two!" Blaise said with a muzzle.
"Shut up Zabini." Harry answered blushing.

"Although it is not a bad idea..." Fleur said in a sultry voice, biting Harry's ear, and making him and both boys blush.

"I can assure you..." Katie let out before covering her mouth with both hands, blushing too. Fleur just laughed.

"You English are so stiff." Fleur gave them her best evil smile and looked at Hermione. "Maybe we should take them at some of those Riviera beaches to losing up, don't you think 'Ermione. Some even allows top less..."

"I know..." Hermione simple rolled her eyes and smiled.

"Oo la-la. I guess 'Ermione is even bolder than we thought." Fleur finished kissing a now very aroused Harry. Neville looked like he wanted nothing more than disappear and Blaise had a silly smile on his face.

"You witches are trying to kill us..." Harry commented affectionately returning Fleur kiss.

They noticed Viktor Krum approaching accompanied by Roger Daves as usual. The Bulgarian had become a good friend of lately, and had expended some time with them. People now talked about the champions that became friends, even if Cedric hadn't come around. Fleur suspected it had more to with the wizard's girlfriend than the other champions themselves. Viktor on the other hand has bloomed with them, becoming more open and friendly each day. It was clear the taciturn facade was a way for him to deal with the people running around him for his name. In this he found an equal both in Harry and Fleur.

"Hello Viktor." Harry offered. "You seem worried?"

"Indeed I am my friends." Viktor sighed and came closer, with a flick of his wand he casted a privacy charm. "You see, I realized I can't take the person I really want to the ball, but I am nonetheless obliged to go." Fleur gave Harry's hand a squeeze, they had suspected that. "I thought in taking some fangirl, or someone I barely know, but I would not feel comfortable, and following you example Harry, I would like to bring someone from outside my own school..."

"I will go." Hermione said promptly. "I don't have a pair yet, and we can sit closer to Roger, so you can enjoy at least part of the ball together. If is ok with you of course..."

"Hermione..." Viktor said with a smile. "You are a lifesaver, a brilliant beautiful lifesaver!" He kissed her in the cheek. "Are you really ok with it, don't you have someone you want to go, a pretty girl like you must have tons of invitations."

"I had some..." the bushy haired girl said while blushing. "But that way I can also go with the ones I want..." she finished looking at Harry and Fleur.

"And I can go with Daves." Katie finished. "I was not even thinking in going, I am a damn bad dancer, but if I can help, why not!

"Incredible, it's a date. then!" He said before leaving with a relief air, smiling at Roger. Hermione seemed satisfied with herself. And Fleur have her encouraging hug. But both witches noticed Harry's angry look.

"What's the matter Harry?" Hermione asked. "That way I don't need to go with someone I don't feel comfortable with, why are you looking like that?"
"Is Harry jealous?" Fleur thought.

"No Hermione," He finally said. "You were brilliant. I am mad at everyone else. Why couldn't he go with the one he wants? Why people have to judge and give them hell? It's unfair, why can't people just be with the ones they love?" Harry looked at them and sighed. "Sorry, I know I am being a hypocritical ass. The full moon is getting closer and is getting a little hard to control my anger. I like Viktor… Mrs. Weasley can be a controlling piece of work sometimes, but she said something that was true. Love grows, but only if we allow it to grow, then it can match everyone… or something like that." He kissed Hermione in the cheek and then Fleur in the mouth. "I have to go, dance then detention…" both girls watched him walk way, absorbing what he just said.

Fleur looked at Hermione, the younger witch biting her lip. "Didn't she just say she wished to go with both of us?" The French thought.

.oOo.

The wireless played a soft tune at the background, and the two lonely teens moved through the dance floor, hand in hand, slowly swinging to the music. Harry and Daphne had practiced spins during the forty minutes they were there, the wizard found it rather fun to spin the beautiful girl around and see her robes floating with the movement. But now they were just enjoying the proximity, bating on each other's presence.

"So…" the witch finally asked. "Are you really moving forward with this?"

"Is not like I have much choice." He answered. "The other option is to let him enter my mind and know about us… or about Fleur's parents. I can't allow that…" there was another spin, but this time Daphne took hold of the movement, and to Harry's surprise finished the spin with his back glued in him, the wizards arms around her chest and shoulders. She could feel his breath in the ear. He still stiffed for a second, but relaxed and resumes moving to the music. Daphne smiled. "Are you going to tell me what is wrong?" He asked in her ear, making her shiver. She could feel his movements on her own hips, and was sure he could smell her arousal forming in her inner thighs.

"What do you mean…?"

"Why are you not staying for the holidays?"

"Always perceptive… I need to see my mother… I need her help with something…"

"Are you sick?"

"No… I don't know… but i feel something is wrong… and she may be able to help me… also…"

"The ball?"

"Yes, I promised Fleur…"

"Am I a hypocritical bastard? I really like her; I am in love with her… but…"

"You are in love with me too… I know, she knows… I can even feel it." Daphne moved her hips feeling his hardness and giggled.

"Not funny… I don't know what to do… but I am with her, and I understand if you don't want anything with us anymore, I will still protect you, with all I have."

"But I do want everything to do with you. It is my choice. But one step at time… first you need to
Severus Snape fell on one knee, panting and sweating. "One week… we have being through this for one week…” he looked at the boy in front of him, also panting, still at the chair, but looking at him with those feral eyes. "But I am getting closer… but I am not sure anymore who is hunting who…”

Every Time he got closer, the beast chased him, stalked him, hunt him. It was too real. So real that the professor started having nightmares of himself being chased in the forbidden Forest.

For some reason, the boy's mind was like a maze of rage and instincts. And Severus felt himself watched, guided and stalked all the time. There were instances when he had to flee! Like a prey in the woods. Who taught him that? But he was getting ever closer. But every time the wolf gets to him he felt the attack on his own mind. The boy was extraordinary. He could clearly see how perfect of a martyr he would be on the old man's cult. He watched as reason came back to Harry's eyes.

The boy looked at him with a grin. The words he spoke sent shockwaves of understanding to the professor, he was being hunted all the time. Harry looked at him and said.

"The order of the Phoenix…"
AN: Some people PMed me about the different kinds of magic. Well, the best real-world parallel is religion. Each society, or in this case, sentient magical been, has a different view of this force they can bend, but not completely understand that is magic, and each interprets in a different way. Is any of those interpretations the true one? Probably not.

AN2: Thanx to AWR and Master42 for the beta reading, and thank you for reading, and also sorry for any mistakes!

AN3: Also.. smut/lemons…

Chapter 14

Wizards think of us as dark creatures, driven by only lust and thirst for blood. Most believe we can be no better than circus freaks or potion addicts. Monsters to be used to scare their children as bedtime stories. They are right in fear us.

For us, there is no light nor dark, nor good or evil magic, only the colors of life and death. But the truth can be even worse than most wizards' fears. There is indeed a way a wolf can become the monster they fear, indeed, even worse than they can ever imagine.

Our kind tries to live life to its fullest; hunt, fight, love as much as you want, as often as you desire. Magic is life. Rejoice in it. But there is a secret. One sin. One rule so secret to us that when it's broken is our duty to destroy the sinner.

One shall not eat human flesh.

But why would one do it in the first place? For the same reasons, people do harm to things everywhere. Power. Human flesh can make us more powerful than any wizard could ever imagine. When a degenerate wolf devours human flesh, he also devours its magic. It's very soul.

That way a wolf can learn new spells, increase the amount of magic that runs through him, and acquire memories. Through tainted blood, a wolf can live forever. But doing so, by consuming other beings souls, the sinner also consumes oneself. The same blood that feeds this new magic also feeds his rage to no end. The wolf will always need more. Will always seek more. Making a newly bitten wolf eat the flesh of the hunt will also enslave that person for eternity. A form of corruption of the pack bond so horrendous that the only possible answer is death itself.

One tainted wolf may have the power of an entire pack alone but will have no soul. The only color he can see is red. And to lose all the colors, all life magic has given us, is a fate worse than death.

.oOo.

Albus Dumbledore pinched the bridge of his nose, feeling the weight of all his years on his shoulders, and placed his half-moon shaped glasses on the big table, the sound of a maniacal, sarcastic laugh echoing through his conscience. The pile of old books and weird magic instruments around him, unbelievably balanced over one another in odd angles, trembled with the light pulse of magic that came with his frustrated sigh, the old man has warned him.

He put on his glasses again and looked at the slim man in front of him. Severus Snape appeared to be even paler than usual.
"How was that even possible Severus? You had expended years shielding your mind. I pretty much believed that no one other than myself or the dark lord could reach it."

"It was something different Albus. He didn't try to invade my mind. He lurked me, stalked me until I gave the information out of… fear…" He finished in a low voice. Albus realized the man was ashamed of himself. "But where did he learn that?"

"That, my dear Severus, is precisely the question. It seems that there are more secrets around the boy's mind and his condition than we initially believed. That makes the question in order even more urgent. Did he learn about the prophecy?"

"No, just the existence of the order." Snape looked around as if afraid something would jump on him at any moment. "The boy is dangerous headmaster! Prophecy or not! The monster I saw in his eyes or in his mind was all too real! You must remove him from the school!"

"And place him even further away from our vigilant sight? No, we need him here; we need him closer, where we can control the boy. To send him away would be leading him even closer to the darkness. Your fear is clouding your judgment." The headmaster looked at the ceiling, lost in thought. "I believe you have somewhere else to be right now Severus. We will talk about it again. I need to think."

The pale professor got up and walked to the door. He looked at Albus once more, with concern on his face. The headmaster gave him a reassuring smile before the man leave.

Albus looked at the door closing, already lost in thought. Severus Snape knew too much for his own good after everything was said and done, something would have to be done about him. Maybe a powerful obliviate would be enough. But Harry was a more urgent problem. The boy had an all too important part to play. And he was slipping out of his control. There was also the impostor's matter. The fake Alastor has a meeting with Lucius Malfoy, and it was clear now that the death eaters were on the move. At least they were playing their part as planned.

"It will never work, you know?" The laughing voice sounded in his head. Nah, of course, it would. People already saw Albus Dumbledore as the prophet of light, now all he needed was a martyr.

.oOo.

Severus Snape heavily walked from entrance hall to the castle's gate, feeling like he was dragging an iron ball chained to his feet. It felt almost the same way as the walk he made fourteen years ago. The chilling wind felt all too appropriate, the ice accumulated on the walls, the big trees hanging around the gate, totally naked of foliage by now, extending its claw-like branches to him, fueling his mind with images of wolves and mazes. The man felt trapped in a circle of betrayal and fear. He had lost control of his own life.

Reaching the outside of the gates, the broken man sighed and apparated away.

Snape appeared again at the edge of Hogsmeade. He quickly surveyed his surrounds, making sure no one saw him. With fast steps the wizard walked into the village, heading to the three broomsticks. Entering the in, he moved forward without a look at any of the people present and rushed up the stairs to the rooms above. He stopped in from of the door to the second room to left and knocked. The door opened by itself and Severus found Narcisa Malfoy walking from one side to another inside.

"Finally!" The woman hissed as he entered. "I was afraid you had walked away from me."
"You know I would never do that…"

"Do I?" She looked at him with stone cold eyes. Something more was happening. The woman took a medium sized box from the bed and gave to him. "There you have it, all the final ingredients…"

"Are you sure you want to move forward with this?" Severus interrupted her. "He is your son!" He barely registered the cracking sound as Narcisa's hand slapped his face so hard that the man almost lost his balance. Her face was a mask of anger and fear.

"How dare you. How dare you! I am doing this for him! To protect him from himself and his monster of a father!" Narcisa Malfoy was openly crying now. "Lucius is plotting something, the death eaters are gathering. He is expending our money to bring that monster back! And Draco wants nothing more than to be in, to be like his father! My son will be free from him, even if I have to make the most heinous thing a mother can do!"

Severus Snape looked at her with sadness and pity. For the second time, he was to betray a child for what others think was the best for them. The first time he was terribly wrong, he just prayed this time would be different. "This amount would let me produce enough to last this entire year…"

"Good. When can you have it done?"

"Is already almost ready, those ingredients are the last ones missing. In three days."

"See it delivered to Pansy then." She looked him in the eyes, with gratitude. "Thank you, Severus. I will never forget…"

"Neither will I…" Severus thought with sadness.

.oOo.

Three days later, a big wolf, with fur black as the night itself, scanned the Forbidden Forest with both his sensitive nose and piercing green eyes. He moved swiftly, almost without any noise. A more sensitive observer would notice that not only his size was not average, been closer to a dire wolf specimen, but some other somewhat subtle differences. The frontal creature members were stronger than usual, with a more significant range of movement, and his fingers were longer, almost like hands. And there was a unique flash of intelligence in his glowing eyes, making him an even scarier hunter.

But right now, the big wolf was on a different kind of hunt. He had smelled something weird in the forest. A new, yet very familiar smell had struck him. It felt like grass and… vanilla. He sniffed the air, searching for the source, and moved again. The forest was dangerous. He should not venture too deep into it. Bad things happened when he tried. Things that smelled like the old liar, things that prevent him from moving. But he captured her scent again, and it was closer now. She was also looking for him.

A crack to his side, a soft furry smell… wood and leather. The young centaur saw the light in his eyes when he turned on his direction and knew that it was better to keep distance. The wolf growled to make sure the other understands, it was safer with the herd. But the wolf was glad, and centaurs meant no spiders around.

Quickly he reached a clearing; the full moonlight was cutting through the trees, almost bright as a winter's day. The air was chilling, little vapor clouds came out of his nose, reflecting the moonlight as he breathes. There she was on the other side. Almost as big as him, with a dark grey fur, and the same intelligent eyes, but in a light brown color. They looked at each other, studying, as they
moved slowly around the clearing, in a circle, keeping their distance. The wolf head was low to the
ground his teeth showing, and he had never been so close to another wolf other than the one who
bit him… he didn't know what to do. But he knew her…

In a bold move, she lowered her head and moved across the clearing, getting close. Her body was
showing a mixture of respect and pleading. The wolf tensed, watching her approaching. The female
stopped close to him, and lowered herself in the front paws, looking up to the suspicious big black
wolf in front of her. Then she pounced on him.

It took him just a second to realize that it was not a real attack, she was playing. The female jumped
over him using her body to slam him to the ground and jump around him, all her body, her scent,
everything saying to him. "Play, let's play!" The wolf rolled on his back and counterattacked, but
she was faster and dodged. He pursued her all over the clearing, illuminated by the moonlight,
finally pinning her down, and rolling with her, like two puppies. The wolf felt right, it was right
having her here. Suddenly both of them stopped and sniffed the air. They were not alone anymore.

Both wolves raised their heads and let out a deep, scary howl, which resonated through the woods.
Gone was the playfulness. It was time to hunt.

.oOo.

The express trip home had never taken so long. Or so it seemed for Daphne Greengrass. The train
was nearly empty; only a few people choose to return home for the holidays. Most students elected
to stay at the castle for the ball. Even her little sister decided to stay, much of her demise. It took
Harry's and the rest of the defense club a promise to look after her for Daphne to feel at least a little
comfortable letting her stay.

Even Tracey lively chat about her family holidays or her innuendo messages about Ginny and
Blaise couldn't take her mind off the green-eyed wizard she left behind. Daphne couldn't help it.
No matter how much she tried, her mind always ended up coming back to their dance practices.
Images of her dancing with him at the ball, dressed in a beautiful dress, she smiled at the thought
of the jealous looks on the other girl's faces and blushed at her own imagination presenting her
with the things she would like to do after the ball.

"You are thinking of him, aren't you?" Tracey's voice brought her back to the real world. Tracey
was smirking at her, and Daphne noticed she was red as a Weasley. "And thinking good thoughts
as I can see."

"Shut up Tracey! It's not like that!"

"Imagining yourself dancing with him, his wand pressed against you? Or do you prefer it pressed
against your back…" The blond girl teased, herself looking a little flushed. "I know you like it like
that…"

"I swear I will never get drunk with you again!" Daphne was feeling embarrassed, and the moisture
forming between her legs only made it worse.

"Come on; we had a lot of fun that night!"

"Yes, we did… but I shared those things not expecting for you to use it against me!"

"But now you want to have fun with him, right? A different kind of fun." Tracey licked her lips
playfully.

"I want to have more than fun Tracey…" the blond girl eyes widened as Daphne spoke. "I think I'm
love… I mean, for real…”

"Well, after you get to know him, he is not that bad… other than the tendency of getting himself into trouble…”

"You have no idea…"

"Well, there is only one little French problem…”

Daphne sighed, her friend was right. She respected Fleur but was not sure the veela was right for Harry. She was not even English, or from a noble house. But again, maybe Daphne just felt jealous. The veela dared to do in three months what Hermione hasn’t in two or three years. She deserved some props for that. Daphne was lost. If it were another man, the veela allure would mean she had no chance at all. But Harry was not affected, and the young witch knew he liked her. "I don't know what to do… if you said, I told you, so I swear I am going to hex you!” Tracey held her hands up in a surrender posture, but her smile said it all.

The platform was almost empty, and Daphne quickly spotted her father in a chat with Lenora Daves, one of Tracey's mothers. After greetings, it was set for Tracy to visit the day after Christmas so that they could spend some time together. After the blond witch left with her mother, Arthus and Daphne moved through the floo to the Greengrass's manor. It was a three stores house; build over the centuries, at the suburbs of muggle London. The Greengrasses were an old and wealthy family, although not noble. They exceeded in trades and commerce for generations, buying their sit in the wizengamot thought connections and dirty money.

At arrival, Arthus looked at his daughter, his beloved firstborn, with a sad face. "Your mother is at the hospital. She will be home in a couple of hours, after her shift. How are you darling?"

"I… I don't know father, things are happening too fast."

"I am sorry; it was never our intent to you or your sister to get dragged into this mess…”

"Daddy… I'm into this of my own accord. You and mom taught me very well how to choose my battles, and I feel this is one worth fighting." Daphne could see the pride in her father's eyes as he smiled at her.

Sarah Greengrass arrived from the hospital a little before dinner, happy to see her daughter home, the three of them had a lovely family meal, Daphne enjoyed hearing her parents talk about their days, missing the feeling of normality. She found herself wishing to bring Harry to her house, for a nice dinner with Sarah and Arthus, talking about their future. No veelas, no manipulative old men, or psychotic wraiths. How he would be happy to have a regular date. How would she be happy.

After the dinner, Daphne headed to her room. Very little of it had changed since she was eleven, being empty most of the year. There were more books and dresses. But some of the stuffed animals still there. A dragon and unicorn moved to make room as she lay in bed. The witch thought of wolves and balls until she heard a knock on the door. "Come in…” she said.

Sarah Greengrass entered her room with a smile. The woman had the same porcelain skin Daphne had, but her hair was of a brownish tone, just like Astoria and was cut short. The older witch was dressed in a beige nightgown, ready for the night. Daphne sat on the bed, making room for his mother to sit at her side. "I know something is bothering you, dear… want to talk about it?"

"Mon… I don't know…” Daphne sighed.

"It has to do with Harry Potter?" Daphne looked wide-eyed at her mother. "I noticed the way you
looked at him during the first task… you seemed almost hungry dear…” Daphne blushed.

"My goodness, am I that plain?"

"We all are when in love Daphne…"

"Why I took so long to even talk to him? Why did I believe in the shit Draco and the others said about him, he is nothing like that! I always looked at Harry from the sides, and I knew you were friends with his parents. Damn, I've had a crush on him since the second year. Now he has a girlfriend, Fleur Delacour nonetheless, the other daughter of the alliance. How ironic is that!"

"Language Daphne. Your father and I always asked ourselves the same thing. You seemed to be getting along so well on that day at the platform when we asked you to talk to him. We wanted to check how well he was, because of our relationship with his parents. But you never talked about him, and we thought you two had a fight or something… what's the matter, Daphne?" Sarah looked at the scared expression on her daughter's face; she was pale, with eyes wide opened.

"Are you telling me that I talked to him before this year?"

"Daphne, you helped him enter the Hogwarts Express. You two talked about how beautiful his owl was and how thrilled Tracey and Susan would be to meet him… in your first year…" Tears of fear were running on Daphne's face. Sarah looked worried at her. "What's wrong?"

"Mom… I don't remember ANY OF THIS!" Daphne screamed. Sarah's med witch training kicked in, and in an instant, she had her wand running diagnostic spells.

"Lizzy!" With a pop, the house elf appeared in the room.

"Yes, mistress."

"Lizzy, call for Arthus immediately, tell him to come to Daphne's room." Feeling the urgency in her mistress's voice, the elf disappeared immediately. It didn't take long for the head of the Greengrass family to storm into the room, just as his wife finished running the first basic diagnostic spells.

"What's happening?"

"Something is wrong with Daphne's memories. I ran some basic spells, and nothing was apparent. I will try more specific ones now." Sarah waved her wand in a more intricate pattern; a small circle of runes surrounded Daphne's head like a halo and started shining in a particular order. Sarah's eyes widened as she understood what happened. "My goodness…"

"What?" Both Daphne and Arthus asked at the same time.

"Daphne had been hit with memory-altering spells at least three times!” The three of them looked at each other. "I will try to identify and reverse it, but whoever did it is really versed in mind magic."

"The headmaster?" Daphne asked, afraid.

"Or someone else he controls, Albus Dumbledore hates to dirty his own hands. Whoever it was, I will make them pay!" Arthus promised in a resolute voice.

HPHPHP
Harry woke up engulfed by a very familiar and pleasant smell and it was not Hagrid's breakfast. He opened his eyes to see a nice amount of black hair laid on his chest, and the lovely scent of grass and vanilla. He never felt so well after a full moon cycle. Katie was laid on his side, her head, arm, and leg over him, still sleeping. As he felt the warmth of her very naked body against his, memories of the last nights came back. They played, they hunt. He felt so close to her now, that the simple thought of leaving her hurt him. Instinctively he pulled her a little closer to him. Granted it was different from Fleur, or even Daphne, but the feeling was there.

His movements woke the girl in his arms, and she looked up with dazed eyes and a big smile. As much as he tried, the smile brought back memories that made Harry stiff. "That is an amazing way to come back…” she whispered. "I can definitely spend my nights like that.” Harry smiled at her in agreement. "Where are we?"

"Hagrid's hut… he helps me, and now helps you too, I guess.” Katie squeezed him a little more, and Harry could feel her breast against him. It felt delicious. She lightly grinded her hips against him, and Harry had to control himself, the memory of the two together was to close. "Usually he makes breakfast, but I guess he is not used to receiving beautiful naked girls." Katie giggled and held him a little stronger.

"Beautiful?” she asked, pleading with her eyes.

"Hell yes, never doubt that Katie!” She finally sat up, and Harry could see her beautiful breasts and the fit body. Harry felt his cock twitch and hated himself for it. "Last night was amazing, I felt… complete…”

"Wolves hunt together…” she said. "And we will always be together Harry, you are my alpha, and we are a pack, I chose you, because of your heart. Even if your girlfriend never lets us be together again. Maybe if she joins us…” Katie joked.

They both blushed at the thought.

.oOo.

Fleur walked in the cold snow, wearing a heavy coat and the scarf in the Gryffindor's colors that Harry landed to her a couple of days before. She really liked to feel his smell so close to her. The witch headed to Hagrid's hut. She couldn't understand why Hermione or Daphne had never done that. Maybe they still too uncomfortable with this side of Harry's life. Fleur was determined not to be, just like he wasn't worried about her being a veela. Maybe they could eat breakfast together, and Harry always complimented Hagrid's honey bread.

Fleur saw the half-giant sit on the outside of his door, covered by an enormous fur blanket, lightly smoking a pipe and with a mug the size of her head in hand. She raised an eyebrow at him, as he looked surprised at her approach. "G'morning misses Delacour.” The big man said with a bright smile.

"Good morning professor… what are you doing outside? Is freezing!” Fleur asked curiously and saw Hagrid blushing under his beard. Something was off.

"Hum… I wanted to give 'Arry some privacy…” the man blushed even harder, Fleur knew something was up. Harry has told her that Hagrid usually collected him at the edge of the forest, and brought him to his hut. Why the subtle shyness on the part of the half-giant?

"Nonsense!” Fleur said, with some annoyance in her voice, storming up the steps. The big man tried to stop her, but it was too late, the witch opened the door and entered the messy hut, only to
see Harry Potter, her boyfriend, putting on his shirt, his trousers unbuttoned, and a pantie clad Katie Bell lifting up her skirt. Suddenly Fleur was not cold anymore. She felt a fire burning in her insides. She looked murderous to the girl, then to Harry.

"Hi, Fleur…" Harry said, blushing at her. "Katie joined me the last night. I am glad Hagrid collected her clothes too." He smiled reassuring at her. The boy had explained he usually woke up naked, but the veela didn't expect Katie to join him, at least not like that. Her magical veela nature started whispering in her mind "my wolf…"

"Huum…" Was the only sound she could make. Harry rolling his eyes didn't help, and the hungry looks Katie were giving him either. Hagrid made sure Katie was dressed, before entering and serving the table in an uncomfortable silence. Fleur watched with hard eyes as Harry sat down, with a pleading expression at her. The French sat on his side, in front of Katie. "So… are you alright 'Arry?"

"Yes." He answered eating a slice of bread; both of the werewolves looked famished. "It was great not being alone. I mean, sorry Hagrid, but having another wolf with me was great." Fleur could not believe how clueless Harry was being.

"Hum…" Fleur let out again. "And what have you done all night?" She looked at Katie with narrow eyes.

"We run, we howled, we hunt, explore until where the wards let us go… I think was that." "Nothing more?" She sounded annoyed. Harry looked into her eyes with a hard expression. Maybe he wasn't so clueless after all.

"Yes Fleur, nothing more. We woke up here this morning just a few minutes ago, right before you entered."

Katie stood up. "Well, I better get going. I promised Gran to write him about tonight." She sounded nervous. "I guess I catch you guys later… bye." With that, she put on her jacket and moved to the door. Hagrid also stood.

"I will accompany you to the castle." Leaving quickly, letting Harry and Fleur by themselves. As soon as the door closed, Harry put the bread down and looked at Fleur. A mixture of anger and apprehension ran through her. Harry seemed angry, but so was she.

"What was that Fleur?"

"Why there was a naked girl with you? Not only that, a naked girl I know you had something with before." Fleur felt she was close to giving in to her veela nature.

"Because our clothes don't change with us…"

"Don't you dare joke right now mister…"

"But is true, nothing fucking happened!"

"I don't know about that… I saw the hungry looks she gave you. She was not shy about telling everyone you shagged her before!"

"Yes, I did, but not anymore, now I am with you!"

"So why she was here? Why didn't you chase her away, she clearly wants you, maybe you like the
Harry stood up, looking very angry, and hurt. "I will not chase anyone away; I will not do to them what people did to me. You have no reason to act like that!"

"WHY NOT?" The veela screamed.

"Because I may hunt with her, I may be her alpha, but she is not the one I am in love with, you are." He signed, walked to the bed and took his coat. "I choose you Fleur." The witch watched as he walked through the door, angry at him for doing so and happy for hearing he was in love with her.

.oOo.

Harry walked through the snow at a fast pace. His heart screamed for him to turn back, and say he was sorry. But he was also angry and afraid of losing his temper and do even more damage. "Why do I have to be so stubborn? Why I can't control my anger, I feel like an idiot." Entering the castle, he thought the entrance hall never looked so dark. Harry leaned on one of the columns, banging his head on the stone. "Idiot..."

"There you are..." Harry heard a familiar voice behind him. "What the hell are you doing?" He turned to look at Hermione. His first friend, his best friend. She had a knowing look that only years of friendship could give. "Ok... what happened?"

For a moment, Harry debated if he should talk about this with Hermione, he was not oblivious to his friend's feelings. At the same time, there was no one in the world he trusted more than her. He took a long breath. "I fucked up..."

"Language Harry!" The girl said, with some real concern in her voice. Harry then told her what happened at Hagrid's hut and the night before.

"Fleur and Katie scents were making me lose control, just as she was, so I left, and I bet she didn't like it..." Harry sighed.

"I bet she didn't... Harry, did you and Katie...?"

"NO! Why do people assume that?!"

"Well, you are male and a teenager..."

"That is a lame reason, and you know it!"

"Ok, you're right." She raised her hands. "But I was asking more because..." Hermione looked embarrassed. "It's the first cycle you go without having... you know... since you came back to the school... maybe it's affecting you."

"What, I am a slave to my instincts now?" Harry noticed he was getting too angry again. And was to him, maybe Hermione's theory had more merit than he wanted to admit. He took a deep breath. "Sorry... I'm just... disappointed in myself. I try to convince her that I'm not a boy just to walk away like one."

"First of all Harry, you didn't screw anything up. You two just had your first argument, and it was bound to happen sometime. I am sure you will get over it. Second, she was just jealous."

"Why she would be jealous?"
Hermione looked at him in disbelief. "Because you and Katie share something she can never do?"
Understanding dawned on him, making he feel even stupider. "Also, she must felt really insecure at
the time…"

"Fleur? Insecure? How is that even possible?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Really? She is still human Harry. Just try to imagine, for the first time
Fleur is with someone she wants, without the help of her allure. You are not affected by it like
other people, and she can't have that reassurance anymore. Then she finds you with another girl,
one which you have a history and shares a part of your life she can't… Fleur tries to appear super
prideful and sure of herself, but she must be frightened. You two together are something new to her
too…"

"Bloody hell, I am really an idiot…" Harry banged his head on the column again.

"Language Harry, and no, you are just a bloke, a good one, it's true, but you still have a lot to
learn…"

Fleur felt completely lost. This fight had been different than any other she ever had with a lover. At
first, she was so angry. Angry at Harry, at Katie and at herself. At Harry for leaving her there,
alone after saying he was in love with her. At Katie for being able to stay with him when she
couldn't. But she was specifically angry at herself. How could she say Harry was looking for
attention, how could she have asked him to cast Katie aside? She was better than this. Was her
veela nature that selfish? Was she?

The veela ended up having a lengthy conversation with Regine. Her friend pointed out that for the
first time she couldn't rely on her allure. "That is good and bad at the same time Fleur. You know
he likes you for who you are, but you may not know exactly how to act without it…" she was right.
Fleur felt helpless. And she felt even worse when she realized that Harry didn't come running
apologize to her. They usually did that, but not Harry.

Fleur wanted to apologize, to make amendments, and sadly she realized she didn't know how. She
had never apologized to a lover before. She didn't have too. "Am I being too prideful or a coward?"
Those were the questions running through her head again and again. She slept with Harry's scarf
that night; just to feel closer to him.

The next day she met Hermione at the carriage. The English girl had come asking for her. "How
are you Fleur?" She asked, sitting on the bed beside the French. "Harry told what happened."

"How is he?"

"Ashamed…"

"Why? Is not like it was the only one at fault. I pushed him into a corner." The veela sighed, and
Hermione raised her eyebrows.

"He said your scent was making it hard for him to think straight. I believe his instinctive wolf part
made him run, and he is a guy after all. But that doesn't excuse him of course. Neither excuses you
Fleur." The veela was taken by surprise with the assertiveness in Hermione's voice, but swallowing
her own pride, she sighed.

"You are right; I shouldn't have said those things… I felt…"
"Insecure, I know... it's ironic. I imagine that is how people feel half the time around you. I don't mean to be rude. I really understand your insecurity took the best of you... I just wanted to say that Harry understands too, and that is why he is so ashamed. But you are both so stubborn, and you have that in common." Hermione giggled.

"Why are you helping me, Hermione? I know how you feel about Harry." Fleur asked confused.

Hermione took a deep sigh. "Yeah, but you and he are also my friends, and I love you both for that. I can't say I am not envious, of both of you, but I am trying to be the bigger person here, don't spoil it. I feel genuinely happy for you both. I can see how connected you are, how relaxed he makes you and you make him. And hell knows how much both of you need it." Fleur looked at her with compassion. This girl, no, the woman was way more mature than herself. Fleur felt ashamed but also loved.

Fleur took Hermione on a warm hug, trying to convey all the gratitude to her on it. "Thank you 'Ermione. You have no idea how much that means to me." She kissed Hermione on the cheek, and the girl blushed. After Hermione left, Fleur contemplated how she could talk to Harry. "Come on Fleur, you faced a dragon, of course, you can face your boyfriend..." but she couldn't. When she gathered herself was way past curfew, and she slept with Harry's scarf for another night.

That was how the Christmas morning found Fleur. Someone jumping on her bed suddenly awakened her. She opened her eyes just to see Gabby jumping on over the blankets. "Come on Fleur, is Christmas, come on, come on! Let's go open the presents!". Fleur barely had time to put on a robe before her sister pulls her by the hand. Gabby has always been like that. No matter how old she got, Christmas was still magical for her. They arrived at the improvised common room at the center of the carriage, a Christmas tree and been mounted on the side, with many gifts under it. Gabby and the two other first years that came to England dive into it. Fleur sat on the chair beside them and asked an elf for a coffee.

She watched her sister happily separating the gifts into piles. There was one for Gabby and one for Fleur. The older witch distracted started opening some of the packages. Their parents sent her a beautiful dress that she quickly decided to use at the ball that night. The thought brought Harry back into her mind, and she wondered if he would be there waiting for her. She moved the thought aside and opened the next package Gabby gave her. It was from Regine, and Fleur blushed at the minuscule semi-transparent panties and bra. "Have fun!" Was the only thing written on the card. She quickly hid it with a smile. Hermione gave her a book about magical music, and she felt happy with her new friend's consideration.

"This one is a little weird..." Gabby said, handing her a small package. Fleur took it with curiosity, and there was a card with it, she read.

*What do you give a witch who has almost everything, and is so talented that can get anything she doesn't have with a flick of her wand?*

*I struggled with that question for a long time. It is our (hopefully) first Christmas together and wanted it to be special, so you can have an idea of how good you make me feel.*

*So I decided to give you a thing only I could get. Myself. But calm down it's not in a corny way. Inside there is a necklace, and it was made from the spikes of the Bulgarian horntail that ended up on my shoulder, Charlie Weasley said they were precious and rare. But that was not the reason I am giving it to you. That was the day you first kissed me, and I will never forget it.*

*The time stopped and all the pain was gone, there was only you and me in the world. At the moment I was already yours.*
It also helped that it was embedded in my blood. You will notice runes carved on it. I did it myself. So here is what I meant by giving myself. Because of the runes, the enchanting and my blood, if you hold it and say my name, you will feel me, where I am, and if I'm ok, you will always be able to find me. I made one for myself, that way I will know when you need me.

That is my way to be always close to you, be sure you are never alone.

I know is not much... but I hope you like it

Your Harry.

Fleur took the necklace on the package. It was elegant and beautiful, with a simple golden tin chain. The runes skillfully carved at the Ivory, and Fleur felt her eyes watering. She took it closer to her and whispered Harry's name. The necklace emitted a faint glow, and Fleur could feel like Harry was there. His warm, his smell, she knew he was at Gryffindor's common room, and she could feel he missed her. He really missed her. She quickly stood up, grabbed the scarf and looked at Gabby. He missed her, and she missed him. Everything was going to be okay.

"Come meet me at the unused classroom at the second floor, above the dungeons, at 11:00, I have a gift for you."

The note was in an envelope, amidst Ron's gifts that morning. He looked at it, and it was easy to identify the handwriting, she had sent him a couple of notes before. Mostly like this one. "Who does the little snake think she is, bossing me around like that? I had enough of it with Hermione already." He considered merely ignoring it, but curiosity took the best of him. That and she was hot in a dangerous way. Ronald walked the almost empty hallways, his own footsteps echoing through the castle. Most students were in their common rooms, opening gifts and celebrating. Ron found out he had very little to celebrate. He didn't even have a date to the ball that night.

He found the door to the classroom closed, looked around to make sure he was alone and knocked. "It's Weasley..." he said to the wood. The door opened carefully, and he could see the Pansy eyes looking at him. She grabbed his sweater and pushed him inside. The room was dark, there were no windows, some dust chairs, and desks, with some candles. Ron could see some other person on a chair in the middle of the room. Draco Malfoy was unconscious.

"What the fuck!" Ron shouted, looking at the blond boy in the chair.

"I promised you, didn't I, retribution. Did you bring the wand?" Almost hypnotized by the sight, Ron took the untraceable wand from his back pocket and handed to her. "Don't worry. See this potion?" She pointed at a flask on one of the tables. The redhead nodded. "It can alter his memories and is also a minor form of mental control, kind of like an imperious curse. We will make him drink it at the end..."

"Why... why would I do it..." Ignoring him, Pansy pointed the wand at Draco and said: "enervate." Draco gasped as he woke, spitting and looking around with a confused gaze. His dazed eyes fixed on Pansy, and his cheeks turned red with rage.

"Merry Christmas Draco." The girl said with venom in her voice.

"What the fuck Pansy!" He screamed, and Ron noticed he couldn't move from the chair. "let me out now, bitch!" SMACK! Pansy's hand slapped the blonde's face. "What the..." another loud slap.

"You will never touch me again without my consent..." Pansy hissed through his teeth. Ron
felt the rage in her voice, the hurt. "You will never hurt me again Draco!"

"Let me go now! I'M ordering you! AARRGH!" Pansy touched the point of the wand on his hand, a small line of smoke emerged from the point of contact. "You bitch..." he panted. "I'm going to kill you, my father will hear about it, and we are going to take everything from your family!" Pansy hit him with another slap, so intense he almost fell off the chair. She came closer to Ron, who was watching everything mesmerized, massaging her own hurt knuckles.

"You don't own me Draco, from now on; I will have whatever I want and whoever I want." She pulled Ron down by his sweater and kissed him with brutal passion and excitement. Ron didn't know what to do, but after a couple of seconds, he returned the kiss. It was almost painful, Pansy invaded his mouth, and her tongue brought him into submission. Malfoy screamed at his chair.

"I will kill you both. I will give your families to the Dark Lord!" Ron was not listening anymore, and he was feeling equal amounts of excitement and disgust at the same time. When they finally broke the kiss, Pansy had a predatory gaze at Ron. The wizard was sweating; his heart was racing. He fought the desire to grab her and forcefully kiss her as she did to him.

"What's the matter Draco? Didn't you say you would like to watch others having a go at your woman when we got married? I remember it all too well!" Pansy turned to Ron, handing him the wand. "Here Weasley, time for some retribution, let me teach you a new trick..." Ron looked at the boy bound on the chair. Saliva was dripping from his chin, and he could see the fear in his eyes. It was pathetic. But Ron hesitated, the wand trembling on his hand. Pansy placed her hand on his, holding the wand together. "I will help you..." She said in his ears.

Ronald Weasley hesitantly looked at Draco Malfoy while Pansy moved his hand with the wand. But then he remembered everything his family has been through because of him, Ron remembered the nightmares his sister still had, and his rage boiled, making the wand glow with intent.

.oOo.

Harry waited at the entrance hall, just like most of the other boys. At first, he was afraid, not nervous, terrified, that Fleur wouldn't want to go with him anymore, but if the necklace was working correctly, and the wizard trusted his rune work, he knew she missed him. That was going to be an interesting relationship, he thought, the two of them could be really stubborn at times, well, it was something he would have to work on.

Harry tried to look the best he could for this. Taking a page from Jacques's book, he decided on an almost wholly muggle formal attire. He got himself a full dark grey Armani suit, and with some help of Hermione, transfigured it to fit perfectly. His tie was of dark green, almost the same tones, and his own eyes. His hair was nearly tamed, but he noticed it gotten even messier since he had been bitten. He shaved and put on some polished shoes, he looked like an actor or a politician, Harry thought, but the tuxedo-like robes some of his friends had chosen simply don't suited him. He felt like he was not being himself.

Like himself, Blaise had chosen a muggle suit, in a blue color, Viktor and most of the durmstrang students had robes that reminded Harry of military uniforms. Some even had medals in it. Harry made a mental note to ask about it on another occasion. Neville wore the traditional formal wizard attire, which looked like a tuxedo, with a small cloak. The boys chatted nervously about the upcoming dancing. Neville seemed especially worried, to Blaise's immense amusement. Harry was trying to reassure his friend for the hundredth time that night and was already starting to feel a little impatient at him when he saw Hermione and Katie descending the stairs. Harry went silent at the sight of the two girls. Hermione was wearing a strapless long white dress, with a delicate pearl pattern over the chest, and the bottom half done with several layers, adding movement and flow
every time she walked. Her hair was beautifully done in a bun, crowned by a pearl tiara and a fell selected waves over her shoulders. Katie wore a red dress, shorter than Hermione’s, just a little above her knees, the skirts flowing and a bow over her waist. Black pantyhose and heels, with matching bracelets and necklace. Her much shorter hair was made to the side, with a matching garment.

"You two look beautiful…" It was all that came out when Harry could finally speak again. The two girls smiled at his dazed expression, both kissing him.

"You look good yourself Harry," Hermione said, moving to capture the arm Viktor Krum offered her. The Bulgarian seeker genuinely complimented his date.

"The reporters are going to have a field day as I dance with my beautiful date." he smiled at her.

"Fleur is a lucky girl," Katie says in his ear, with a touch of jealousy in her voice, before moving to the side of Roger Davis. Harry tried not to blush. Ginny got down right after, accompanied by Parvati and Lavender. The red-haired girl wore a dark green dress that contrasted with her hair, and dark green gloves. Harry noticed it matched perfectly with Blaise’s tie. The Slytherin smirked at her, and for a second Harry thought he looked a dark mob boss from one of the old movies he watched on the telly over the summer. They looked good together. Hannah Abbott came next, and Neville almost had a heart attack. Harry was nervous, but he had to wait just a little more. The contingent of beauxbatons girls arrived together from the carriage, heavily cloaked against the winds. The wizard looked anxious as the students gathered at the hall, led by madam Maxine.

Harry’s heart skipped a beat, or so he felt as his breath stopped. Fleur looked like a mirage, floating in the hallway in his direction. Her turquoise dress moved like waves around her legs, the one strap over her shoulder richly adorned by a mosaic of fleurs de Liz, who turned into an asymmetric pattern running all to the bottom of the skirts. The fabric should have to be magical, Harry thought, by the way, it reflected the lights around her, and creating the illusion that Fleur herself was glowing. Her hair was delicately made in a series of braids held together by an emerald green hairpiece, matching the color of her necklace as much as Harry’s own eyes. In her left wrist, she had the dragon jowl Harry gave her. Harry wanted to say how beautiful she looks, but the sound that came from his mouth sounded more like "oh… ash… gwa… damn…” Fleur giggled at him.

"I'm sorry…" Harry finally managed to say. "You look… gorgeous… I broke for a second….

"Thank you 'arry… you look good too." She said with a hungry gaze.

"Fleur, I am sorry, about…" Harry's words were interrupted by her lips on his. She kissed him with passion and need. Their tongues meet, and Harry felt like everything was right in the world again. She touched her forehead with his and said.

"I am sorry too… this is new for me as well, but right now I want to make it work." They were interrupted by Minerva Macgonaval. The old witch looked at them with a reproving gaze before ordering,

"Champions, here. You are going to enter yourselves to the table, then you and your pair will open the ball with the first dance." Minerva lined them for entrance. Harry and Fleur would be first, followed by Cho and Cedric, them Viktor and Hermione. Harry took a deep breath and his gaze meet with Fleur's. She seemed happy, and all anxiety left Harry's body.

.oOo.

Fleur felt a wave of happiness ran through her, as she flew with Harry through the dance floor. Just
like in their duels, she felt close to him, her body responding to his leading hands and feet. It felt so liberating, following the rhythm of the first music; she could feel his almost inhuman warm. He lead her with security and tenderness, they laughed and kissed, and were so comfortable that it bleed to the other couples around them. Happiness can genuinely be contagious. They danced two songs before switching partners, and Harry danced with Hermione and Fleur with Krum. The Bulgarian was also a great dancer; maybe it was a seeker thing.

They move to the table after the third song, Harry and Blaise proceeded to get some drinks, Fleur once more was astonished by the beauty of the great hall. Giant ice statues ornated its corners and a big decorated tree stranded were the professor's table usually stayed. Fleur talked animated with Hermione and Katie, and even Ginny was friendlier to her. Harry even asked Zabini to dance with him, to give Krum cover to dance with Roger Davies, under the astonished eyes of the other wizards and witches, even the weird sisters applauded with approval, while some purebloods looked in disgust. Harry just didn't seem to care, the smile on Viktor's face made it worth.

Fleur looked at Harry happily talking with Viktor and Zabini. Their eyes meet, both smiled at each other, and a feral, predatory gaze appeared on his face for a second. "My wolf..." Fleur thought, with a touch of pride. One of the Indian twins, Fleur could not say which one, approached Harry for a dance. He looked at her, almost like asking for permission, and she nodded.

"Seems like Harry will be making the rounds tonight..." Katie commented.

"Yes... but in the end, he will come back to me." Fleur answered with certainty. She turned to Katie them. "I am sorry Katie, for before. My insecurities took the best of me. I know you and 'arry share something special and unique."

"As you and him also do. Don't worry and he really likes you. And I kinda trust you, but if you break his heart..." The chaser started laughing.

"Thank you..." The veela simply answered.

Harry now was dancing with the other twin. Roger Davies invited Fleur for a dance, and she gladly accepted, after him, many others seemed to work the courage to ask her, she politely accepted while Harry danced with Professor Minerva, making Fleur laugh.

"I need a drink..." he said when the Weird Sisters started playing a faster tune. Fleur passed him her glass and looked appraising at her boyfriend. "What?" He asked.

"Nothing... it seems like I have one of the most coveted pairs of the ball non?"

"So do I..."

The night continued almost like a dream. For a moment Harry looked worried at his red-haired friend, who was alone, with a strange dazed expression on his face, but decided to let it go for now. Fleur almost didn't see the time passing. The band played a soft, slow tune. Harry brought her body close, and fleur harped her arms around him, resting her head on his shoulder, kissing his neck where she could feel his pulse. Quick soft kisses turned into light bites, and he pressed their bodies even more. "Thank you for this night Fleur, for letting me be myself around you."

"The night is not over my loup-garou." She whispered back to him, making him shiver. "Take me back to the carriage 'arry..."

They discreetly walked out of the hall.

.oOo.
Harry and Fleur barely made into her room. As soon as they entered the seemed empty carriage, after a quick run in through the cold castle grounds, Fleur attacked Harry's mouth with her's. Their tongue fought for dominance as she pressed him against the wall. The veela let her allure run free and in full force all directed to the young wizard in front of her. Harry could feel a warm feeling washing him. Her scent was so overwhelming that he barely could restrain himself from tearing down her dress. Harry's hands rubbed her back up and down until he grabbed her bun with hungry hands. She moaned into his lips. His tie was gone before they reach the room and his jacket was next.

Fleur opened the door and shoved Harry inside, quickly casting silencing and looking spells on it. Harry looked around the room it was relatively big, especially because there was only one big bed.

"You got your own room?"

"Perks of being the champion..." Fleur said a little flushed, before attacking his neck again. She kissed and sucked it, and it was Harry's turn to moan. Her quick movements undid the buttons on his shirt with easy so that she could claw her hands on his bare chest. The wizard moved a hand to the back of her neck and captured her lips once again. Fleur bit his lower lip and opened his belt, before throwing Harry on the bed. With a quick movement, the werewolf was down only to his boxers, he noticed Fleur's gaze hungrily hovering over him, and strangely didn't feel ashamed of his marks and scars. She kissed him once more and stood up removing the garment from her hair, and her delicate braids come undone almost magically, freeing her long silver hair. Looking directly into his eyes, she took the strap of her dress and slid it, slowly, through her arm. Harry swallowed in anticipation, and she made her best "evil Fleur" face, delighted with the effect she had on him.

When the dress was finally free from her arm, the heels slowly let it down, and her allure was so strong Harry could almost taste it. The smell of her arousal was making his member twitch inside the boxers. Harry bit his lips when the descending dress revealed her perfect breasts, round and firm, with little pink hardened nipples. Harry thought she looked like a goddess, with her hair shining like a halo around her perfect heart shaped head. One hell of a hot goddess. Harry stood up just to be pushed back to the bad. "Non, non… I'm not done…" Fleur said with a sultry voice that made Harry shiver down to his trapped cock.

She turned her perfect back to him, and proceeds to remove her dress, letting it slowly roll over her arse. The black thong she was wearing deliciously disappearing into the crack of her bum. The movement of her hips was erotic and almost hypnotic. The wolf wanted nothing more than pounce on her, but at the same time, Harry was enjoying every second of it. Fleur kicked the dress away and turned to look at Harry, desire burning in her eyes. Harry feasted on the sight in front of him. Her semi-transparent thong was revealing an entirely shaved, perfect mound. Harry sat up, his head perfectly aligned with her hips. The smell of her cunt driving Harry crazy with desire. Without thinking he buried his face in her hips, kissing her over the fabric, Fleur moaned, delighted of the effect he had on her. His hands instinctively searched for the waistband of her panties, as he drowned on her scent.

Harry needed to taste it, to savor her.

The wizard pulled her thong down, removing the thin barrier between them, and tasted the dripping juices, running his tongue through her inner lips, becoming instantly in love with her bittersweet taste. Harry licked and kissed, as Fleur grabbed his hair and almost grinded on his face. The wolf moved his mouth over her clit, licking and applying just a little pressure with his lips; his hands moved up her legs, to the inner thighs unit reach her center. Without stopping his ministration at her clitoris, Harry slowly covered finger with her own flowing liquids, and insert it inside her. Fleur moaned even louder, pushing hair forcefully. Harry moved the finger out and inside again,
massaging her entrance and her inner walls, Fleur started babbling in French, grinding in a faster rhythm. The wizard brought a second finger inside her, and her girl screamed "OUI, OUI!" After a couple of minutes, Harry felt her muscles embracing his fingers, and the juices dripping on his chin as Fleur came on his mouth with a delightful scream.

Harry gently and slowly removed his fingers from inside her, still kissing around her oversensitive clit. He looked at Fleur, the girl smiling in bliss, panting heavily. The veela captured his lips once more and laid him on the bed, and Harry loved the smell of her sweat mixed with her juices and the delightful sounds she made. He could see the magic surrounding them with bright colors he didn't even know existed. She kissed his chin, then his neck, her liquids dripping over his belly button. Fleur moved to kiss his chest, even his scars. His dick twitched with every contact her soft lips made with his skin. The witch proceed to remove his boxers, freeing his aching member. "uh la la, 'ello…" She whispered softly, grabbing Harry's cock and stroking it gently.

Harry groaned her hands were soft; he fought his will to rock himself into them. Fleur got up on top of him and aligned his member with her entrance, waiting for him to open his eyes. As soon as the werewolf looked at her, she buried herself on him, engulfing the wizard like a warm, perfect glove. Both teens moaned loud as she kept lowering herself until their hips touched. Harry thought of how beautiful she looked, how right that felt. Their scents mixed with her allure was like swimming in pure bliss. She lift herself again, until only the tip of his cock remained inside her, just to lower herself back, moaning. One of Harry's hands moved to her right perfect breasts, palming it, and playing with her nipple, as the other had gone to her waist, helping her move. Every time she pulled herself up, it felt like her pussy muscles tried to grab around his dick, and every time she moved down, it welcomed him in a soft embrace. Harry was amazed how she always moved up to the right spot where he felt like entering her for the first time and back, keeping the movement. It was unbelievably good. He felt their emotions, their passion and desire running through the magic between them. He didn't know if it was her allure or his magic, and he didn't care, it was just incredible. He tried to hold himself back, make it last, but Fleur laid on him and whispered. "Don't hold back 'Arry… come for me…"

That was enough to break him. Harry let it all out, roaring while he unloaded jet after jet inside Fleur, her own walls tensing like she wanted to hold everything inside her. His orgasm persisted as she moaned and slowed down, rocking her hips in a nice, slow rhythm feeling the warmth of Harry inside her.

"Yes… mon chéri… just like that… that was… Mon Dieu…"

Harry kissed her, her scent still driving his instincts, but in a much calm way. He held tight, trying to savor every piece of her skin, of her scent and taste. Fleur eyes widened when she felt him getting hard inside her again. Still holding her close, Harry rolled then, laying the witch on her back, and giving her a deep, caring kiss.

The second time, they made love in a more calm and carrying rhythm, showing all their affection for each other, until they came together, and fell asleep in each other's arms.
Harry woke up overwhelmed by the intoxicating scent of lilies, feeling just a bit disoriented. It took him a couple of seconds to remind himself of where he was, and a big smile formed on his face when he remembered with whom. Harry felt calm, and happy like he did very few times in his life. He groped for his glasses that slid around on the nightstand which slid to his hands by themselves, without him noticing. As the world came back to focus, the young wizard smiled at the mess around him, their clothes scattered all through the room. "I could get used to that…"

Harry then looked at the beautiful witch beside him. Fleur was laid on her stomach, hair flowing around on the pillow, eyes closed, breathing calmly. For a second, Harry had the impression that the veela's white skin and silver hair were glowing with a thin light. The werewolf feasted on the sight of her almost perfect skin, he shivered at her relaxed back muscles and the perfect round mound of her bum. The scents of their lovemaking from the night before hit him back, and he felt magic running through then. "Is this the pack bond? It feels so good, so calm and right. Maybe, I am just in love after all… but what about…” Harry almost instinctively softly rubbed the knuckles of his fingers on Fleur's back while those thoughts ran through his mind. The girl's skin shivered under his touch, and she let out a soft moan, bringing the werewolf back to the present. When Harry saw her face, all his focus turned to her. The sounds she made, her scent, the softness of her skin. A light smile appeared on Fleur's face, as Harry's hands continued running up and down her back, reaching a little more down each time. Harry smelled her arousal starting to form, and his own member stiffened. The smile on her lips grew wider, and the wizard realized she was not sleeping anymore. Didn't she realize by now that he could tell? Harry's hand finally reached her round, flawless bun, and Fleur moaned a little louder, making Harry's cock twitch. "How does everything about this girl make me submit with no challenge?"

Harry softly caressed her bum, memorizing its form, and texture, feeling the warm under his hand. Every time, a small moan left her mouth, the wolf shivered, and his dick trembled. Without a word, Fleur lifted her hips, granting him access to more of her. Harry could clearly understand what she wanted and was happy to oblige. He lightly ran his fingers over her labia, feeling it already wet. Harry teased her, running his fingers all through her slit. Feeling bold, the wizard pressed his fingers, sliding in her inner lips, feeling how wet she was. Fleur moaned loud as his fingers encircled her clitoris, slippery with her own fluids. Fleur started moving her hips, rocking his fingers up and down her pussy. A predatory smile appeared on his face and using her own movements, Harry sunk two fingers inside her. He had to control himself not come with the sight of her perfect pink rosebud and dripping pussy in front of him.

"Fuck me 'Arry…" She asked in a husky voice.

The wolf grunted, and he let himself inside her again, diving in their passion and making her scream again.
The flames in the fireplace of Greengrass Manor roared with a green hue, and Daphne watched Tracey Davies enter the room. The black-haired girl hugged her friend, a little more forcefully than normal, letting Tracey know something was off. Before the blond witch could ask anything, however, the flames roared again, and Susan Bones stepped out of the fireplace. Daphne gave her a more conservative hug. The two girls had grown a little apart in the last two years, and the Slytherin needed to know if the reason was really just house rivalries.

"Thank you for coming." Daphne said to her two friends, leading them to the sitting room. The Greengrass household was sober and tastefully decorated but without much opulence, what was considered an oddity to pureblood families. Arthus was always more concerned with comfort than appearances. The three girls sat down, and Lizzy popped with tea.

"It's good having you here again Susie…" Daphne greeted with a sincere smile. She missed her friend, even after they fought.

"Yes, it is… I missed you…" the red-haired said with a shy smile. "I really did…"

Both girls sustained an uncomfortable silence for a couple minutes, making Tracey visibly impatient.

"Your note got me, worried girl!" Tracey said, at last, her voice a little louder than normal. Daphne sighed and nodded, better to get done with it.

"Did you guys remember the express on the first year?"

"Of course!" Susan said with a giggle. "You kept talking about how your family was close to the Potters and how you would be friends with the 'boy who lived'."

"Yeap" Tracey continued. "I even saw you entering the train with him. Damn, he looked like a little stray at the time, didn't he?" Daphne looked at them, trying to remain calm; none of this came back to her.

"Yes, he seemed totally lost… "Susan's eyes widened "But that was not the weirdest thing, now that you said!" The other girls looked at her. "You entered with him on the train, but never came back after him later, we found you seated alone in one of the compartments, looking a little sad… I thought he had been mean with you, that's the reason I didn't like him on first year… and later…"

Susan looked at the ground, ashamed.

"True that! It was so weird! It seemed like you didn't even remember us right the way." Tracey finished. "During the first and second years you avoided anything related to him like the plague, we thought it was because he had been a git that day, and he was so weird. Sneaking around, all those weird stories around him, and the way he behaved, especially with us Slytherins"

Daphne kept looking at them, with a steady face. "And then?"

"I remember something changed on third year." Susan blushed. "With the whole heir of Slytherin thing"

Daphne looked her in the eyes. Those were painful memories for both girls, and she knew it, but she needed to be sure.

"You said it was impossible, that it was just a rumor." Susan said. "But I didn't believe you; I thought you were saying this because you fancied him. And I was angry at you for liking someone that treated you badly." Susan sighed. "I treated you both, and Harry so badly that year. I was so afraid… and he wholeheartedly forgave me this year. I hope you can do the same." Her voice
faltered, and she looked at the black-haired witch with pleading eyes.

"Listen." Daphne said with a serious tone and a cold look that made the other two girls stiff in their seats. "What I am about to say to you cannot leave this room." Tracey and Susan froze. "Right before the violence of the war escalated, some very powerful and influential families were starting to create a political coalition. It started as a way to stop the other families, allied to the dark Lord to get their bills passed, supporting his efforts. But they found out this coalition had way more power than that. They started pushing the wizengamot and the ministry towards some real changes. Did you know that, some time ago, any muggleborns or people with other magical blood type used to be registered and constantly surveyed? It was not against the law to pay them less, or for them to receive bigger sentences from the DMLE. It was this coalition that started changing it. Longbottom's, Potters, Bones votes, with the money of the Greengrass's and some influential foreign families. The so-called light and grey families were ever so inclined to follow the ancient and noble houses' votes, even against the Chief Warlock and the Ministry." Susan nodded, as she had already heard something about it from her aunt.

"That tactic proved so effective that the dark Lord had no choice but to escalate the violence. When he realized he was not going to win politically, he resorted to strength and terror. The coalition allied itself with the Ministry and the Chief Warlock in order to fight. My parents took me to France, and worked on financial and political aid. I believe that is the only reason they were spared..." Daphne looked at Susan, who had watery eyes. "But something else happened around this time; something that made both the dark Lord and the Chief Warlock obsessed with the Potters and the Longbottoms. The rest, you know..."

The two girls were in awe. "Why are you telling us this?"

"As I said, they were obsessed with Harry, and for some reason, someone didn't want my family to get closer to him." Daphne stated.

"What makes you say that?" Tracey asked.

"Because someone messed with the memories of my first encounters with Harry, I don't remember anything from the train, and I was always predisposed to think everything he did was weird, like a compulsion." Daphne gritted her teeth, and Susan was about to cry now.

"But... this coalition doesn't exist anymore, and you and Harry were just kids, why would they do that?" Susan asked.

"Because, for some reason, they are still obsessed with Harry, with controlling his life, and mine, and yours, and Longbottom's, I don't know that is what I'm going to discover." Daphne said in a voice that sounded almost like a hiss.

"Didn't it backfire on them? You and Harry are friends now. And he is friends with Neville." Tracey said.

"I guess there were some things they didn't take into account: Hermione Granger, the Bells, Fleur Delacour, and the most important, Harry's own willpower." Daphne smiled.

"Wait, wait, now, who are they?"

"The ministry and the Chief Warlock..."

"You mean..." Susan trailed off.

"Yes, the headmaster."
Fleur watched hungrily as her boyfriend buttoned his shirt. Harry had a bright smile and an even messier hair than usual. His wolf eyes looked at her and gave him a roguish look she found delicious. He was by no means the prettiest man she ever saw, but there was something about him she found irresistible. The veela sensed something had changed last night. Something in her had changed. Fleur finished putting on her jacket. Harry snorted.

"It will be really fun when I get into the common room using the same clothes as yesterday." He sighed.

"I wish I was there to see you embarrassed." Fleur said, hugging her wolf from behind. She noticed he was a little bit taller than the first time she hugged him, four months ago, but not much. She kissed his neck and bit his earlobe. Her allure flowing around them, it felt wonderful to let it out, and how he reacted to it. She finally understood when her mother said "your father makes my veela sing…" In her mind, Fleur started making plans of abducting Harry and moving him far away from conspiracies, politics and dark lords. But she knew she couldn't. That was not him. "I'm just in love…" she tough. Harry turned his head and kissed her back, and Fleur felt the sparkles again.

"You see…" Harry said on her lips. "You have your own room, and I have this invisible cloak…"

"If you are not here tonight, I'm putting a leash on you myself mister." They heard a soft knock on the door. Fleur sighed, and Harry quickly hid in the bathroom with an amused face. She undid the locking charms and said "enter." The door slowed opened and a very shy Gabrielle peeked inside.

"Are you two decent?" the young veela asked in French and looked disappointed at Fleur's affirmative nod. "You can come out 'Arry."

"How did you know he's here?" Fleur asked as a confused Harry came out of the bathroom. Gabby blushed at him and giggled. "You may have showered, but your room is a mess, just like mama and papa when they have fun." Harry was making his best tomato impression as the French girl spoke and an evil smiling Fleur translated. "Also, Bertrand brought Harry this." Gabby showed them a letter, addressed to Harry. He took the parchment with an excitement. Fleur looked at him curiously.

"What is this?" She asked.

"Bertrand is an official ministry untraceable owl, right? I used him to send Sirius and Remus a letter, asking about the order."

"Did they know something?"

"Yes. It says here they know what it is! It seems like Remus; Sirius and my parents were even part of it for a while. It started as a group formed by Dumbledore dedicated to fight dark wizards. But when they got in, especially after I born, mom got worried, because they behaved more like a cult centered on the headmaster as the prophet of light than an army. The members of the group obeyed any order he gave. They decided to call it off when Dumbledore became obsessed with mom and me. Snape was in the order, just like the Weasleys. It probably exists to this day."

"Why does your headmaster wants you so badly?" Fleur asked, her annoyance barely hid from her voice.

"I have no idea; both Dumbledore and Voldemort can't seem to leave me alone. I believed the old man was trying to train me for some battle, but now I am not so sure. I will tell this to Hermione
and Katie, and we can talk about it when Daphne is back." Harry trailed of, tracing plans for the next days.

Fleur felt a subtle shiver with Daphne's mention, her eyes narrowed for a second, and Harry seemed to get it. "Are you ok?" He asked.

"Yes, of course, just thinking." Fleur answered.

"Well, I got to go. I need clean clothes and to think." Harry kissed her, and she felt the sparkles again, closing her eyes and letting it linger. "See you later?" he asked when their mouths separated.

"Oui, I insist." she answered. Harry gave Gabby a kiss on the cheek, making the girl blush furiously, and quickly strode out of the room, making sure he was not seen. Gabby left a little after, leaving Fleur with her thoughts. She tried to figure out her golden egg yet again, but her mind was not on to it.

"Why do I feel threatened by Daphne and not by Hermione?" She asked herself. "Hermione has been Harry's friend since the first year, she is incredibly intelligent and beautiful… but Daphne is also all these things. And she is cunning; she can be devious when needed. Both are in love with Harry, I can see it… I think… Daphne reminds me too much of myself…” someone knocked on the door again, making fleur jump. The door opened, and Regine stormed the room. Fleur braced herself for the barrage of teasing but noticed something was off. Regine had been crying.

"What happened?" Fleur quickly got up and wrapped her arms around Regine.

"I screwed it all up Fleur." Regine sobbed at her shoulders.

"What do you mean?"

"I had started seeing the twins and Alicia without Angelina…” Fleur widened her eyes at her friend's confession. "Then, when I realized I was seeing the twins all by myself. It was so good Fleur, it felt so nice. I knew it was wrong and didn't care. Two days ago, I let it slip to Fred and George I liked them. And they like me back… we had sex just the three of us again…”

"Oh Regine, that is bad, you need to speak with Angelina, she is your cousin and your friend. Or maybe is better if you don't get with then them anymore, and let it pass, maybe is just a fling…. I am so sorry…” Fleur was lost on what to say.

"I can't do that anymore…” Regine sighed.

"Why?"

"I just discovered Fred broke up with Angelina, right after the ball, she slapped him and all… what if he told her… should I tell her…” the witch broke down in tears. "I broke my cousin's heart…” Fleur held her friend, trying to reassure everything was going to work out, at least she hoped, both for Regine and herself.

.oOo.

"It's happening again!" Dolores Umbridge's voice hurt the headmaster's ears. "Right in front of you and you are allowing it! This time, it's even worse; the boy has the Black family vote!" The pink dressed woman seemed on the brink of a breakdown. Her eyes were wide; her mouth was trembling, making her look even more like a toad. "Not only has he befriended that Greengrass girl, he is having an affair with a half breed whore! What's next, Longbottom and a muggleborn?"
Albus sighed. "Longbottom is under control; his grandmother is a loyal follower of the light. And may I remind you, Dolores, those are just kids. They are not planning on overtaking the government. Ms. Delacour will leave the country in a few months ending her temporary romance with Mister Potter, and the slow pace of Sirius Black process show that the old alliance is not as strong anymore."

"Then why do you need the boy?" The short woman all but screamed.

"I know it is hard for you to grasp how the minds of the simpler people work Dolores, but I have been dealing with them for more than seventy years. Harry is a symbol, someone they can relate too. People will follow whatever he says." His voice sounded tired. He cursed the day he had associated himself with this slow witch. She was an example of everything he wanted to wipe out from the magical world.

"And what makes you so sure he will support us and not Greengrass or Bones?"

"That is for me to know. Anyways, I didn't call you here for this; it is not of your concern." The headmaster slid her a piece of parchment. "Here it is… it arrived today. You can put it into effect at the beginning of next term. It will only affect our students, of course." The woman's eyes shone as she took the parchment, and a big grin showed across her face.

"I will make the preparations right away." She groaned before she left. Hateful woman, the headmaster thought, but she had a point. Harry was slipping from his grasp. He was being able to keep his lycanthropy under control, and even befriended the Bell girl. And Fleur Delacour was a real problem. He would send Severus to deal with Greengrass again. The death eater impostor was also making his moves. Albus suspected he would need Harry for a year or two more. Then it would be done, for his great sadness, he just needed to bring the boy back. The bill would scare him, then Albus would offer him not only protection, but also helping his friends. A mixture of fear and dependence had to do it. The boy was more powerful than anticipated, but that was also good. Once the soul fragment was destroyed, Albus would have the clean path to install his greater good and get rid of Dolores and Fudge. His new order would prevail.

.oOo.

A different Daphne Greengrass entered the Hogwarts Express with Tracey Davis and Susan Bones. As much as she tried, her mother could not fix her memories, and both Daphne and her parents were certain whoever this would try again. Daphne was determined to undermine their plans and get the upper hand, she knew Harry had to be controlled when he found out, but the witch was sure she could do it. Daphne wanted only two things:

Vengeance… and Harry Potter.

And she was determined to get them both.

HPHPHP

It has been a weird week for Katie after the ball. Fleur had somewhat apologized to her the day after the dance, in a very "Fleur" kind of way, saying she was sorry, but trying to assert her dominance over Harry. Not that she needed at the time, she smelled like Harry all over her, in a very familiar way. Katie let it go, the veela had to deal with her own insecurities, but it felt nice having Harry sticking up for her. Fleur told Katie how her alpha refused to put her aside, and Katie felt reassured on her choice. The next days, Harry expended a lot of time talking with the she-wolf, about their night hunting together. Katie found it really cute how thankful he was to her, even that she didn't understand why. Fleur's jealousy really seemed to subsidize a little, although she still
gave her some nasty looks. The fact that Harry kept sneaking into the carriage every night seemed to help, but Katie couldn't also help but feel a little jealous of that.

Harry had devised that together with the Patronus charm, he wanted to develop a physical training just for the two of them, to get full use of some of their capabilities. Harry seemed determined to survive, driven to past not only Voldemort, but the other subtler threats too, and Katie could feel the impact that this was having on her and the others, everyone seemed renewed, maybe hopeful for the New Year.

Not all was going well though. Angelina was heartbroken with her break up. Katie debated with herself if she should tell about Regine's smell on both twins and Alicia. But, as her friend only seemed to confide in her and sometimes Harry, Katie decided to confront that at a later time. In a quickie exchange she confirmed that Harry knew it too and agreed with her. For now, Harry had welcomed their older friend with them, keeping her distance with the twins. Regine at least had the decency of keeping her distance in public. Katie was thankful for that, she really didn't need another pressure point between herself and her alpha's girlfriend, and she wants this to work. But things were not so easy.

It started with the welcoming feast. Katie was walking with a still little shaken Angelina, Harry and Hermione to the feast. Most of the students had stayed in the castle this time, so very few people were arriving today, but Daphne Greengrass was between them. Katie heard the Slytherin girl she learned to call a friend calling for Harry and turned to see the black-haired girl accompanied by Tracey Davies and Susan Bones.

Tracey gave them a smile "Come on, after the dinner I want to hear everything about the ball! Did Zabini and Weasley finally make out?"

Katie barely registered the chatting blond; all her attention was on Daphne now. The witch approached Harry with a smile and hugged him, an almost needing hug, and whispered in Harry's ear. "I've missed you…" Katie was sure Harry noticed, Daphne's scent had changed, it was way more powerful, dominant even, it was like Fleur's. Katie saw the magic flowing between them and gulped. Specifically, because she could smell the French witch approaching behind then.

The veela slowly, deliberately embraced Harry from behind and passionately kissed him, before giving Daphne a smile.

"Welcome back Daphne, I hope you had a great Yule holiday…" Fleur said in a neutral tone, and Katie watched the first power struggle in her pack start.

"Thank you, Fleur; I can say it was enlightening. I hope yours was great as well." Daphne answered in an adamant tone, even Hermione and Angelina could feel the tension growing between the two girls.

"I can assure you, it was… delicious…" Fleur responded, at this point, Harry looked about to explode, Katie's thought it was kind of funny.

"Great, I can't wait for the first meeting of this term." Daphne said in a jovial tone. "We can talk more after the dinner." The Slytherin girl walked to her tablet. Katie looked at Fleur who had narrow eyes looking at the other girl's back. Who knew veela's were so possessive, but again, Katie knew very little about them.

The feast ran as usual, Harry pointed Hagrid's absence on the professor's table, but Katie didn't pay much attention, the looks exchanged between Fleur and Daphne was way more fun. The headmaster made some announcements concerning the tournament, and the next task, and then
passed the word to a ministry official, the pink toad lady as they use to call her.

"Good evening students, as some of you may know, I am the ministry sub-Secretary and Inquisitor Dolores Umbridge. I have an important announcement to make." The hall became silent, and the little woman seemed to rejoice in her power. "Due to the new dark creatures act, approved on the last wizengamot session on the 20th December, an act created with the solely intuit of protecting the students, any staff member or student know to being associated, or to be blood related with a dark creature will now be monitored." Sounds of surprise and disapproval run through the hall, even at the professor's table the expressions were of disbelief and anger. Katie could not believe, not now. She was breathing fast, almost panicking. Harry held her hand and squeezed, trying to calm her down. Dolores continued. ", professor Hagrid is now removed from his teaching position..." Some people on the Slytherin table cheered loud, Harry looked furious, Madam Maxine started crying. Fleur and Hermione looked at the pink dressed toad with disgust. "Also, the following students; Luna Lovegood, Millicent Bulstrode, and Katie Bell..." a gadget with the drawing of moon appeared on Katie's uniform, and the girl let out a silent scream, people around her on the table looking in disbelief. "Are now to be monitored at all times and cannot participate in extracurricular activities such as sportive competitions, for the safety of themselves and the other students. This list can grow in the future as all the student's files are being reviewed and updated; of course this is not applicable to the foreign students." She finished looking directly at Fleur with narrow disgusted eyes. "Thank you."

The staff table exploded in protest.

People in the table looked at Katie, she tried to remove the pin, but found out she couldn't. She was about to cry, or letting her rage explode. Ron gave her a fearful look; she needed to get out before exploding. She looked at Harry, who was still holding her hand, and ran.

.oOo.

Harry was fuming; his rage was boiling at every word from the short pink woman. How was that even allowed? The only reason he didn't let his rage explode right there was the trembling Katie's hand on his. When the badge magically appeared, he held his own ground for her, his magic reassuring the girl. He wanted to scream and hurt the toad woman. But the human in his head warned it would only make things worse. When Katie left, he knew it was his duty to go after her. He gave an obstinate look at Hermione and Fleur and got up. He didn't care if everyone in the hall was looking; Katie was his hunter, his pack.

He ran through the hallways, following her scent to the outside, it was freezing, but he didn't care, his body was burning, all his senses were locked into finding her. He could see the colors guiding his steps. His rage roaring inside, He found her near the carriage, on her knees. Katie screamed a roar of fear and rage. He knew she was marked forever. Just like Remus. Harry approached his friend, his lover, and embraced her, letting her sob into his shoulders. Katie's teeth were sharp, and her ears almost pointed. The young Wizard held her for a long time, before finally gathering the courage to say.

"I am here for you Katie; I will not let anyone hurt you. We will find a way to change that... I will talk with the headmaster, it's not fair that you have to go through this and I don't."

Katie looked into his eyes. "Thank you, Harry, but you can't do that, not yet... there are other people who need you too."

"The defense club?"

"Yes... Damn, I just realized I can't be part of it anymore, if I'm being monitored, they will find
out!"

Harry thought for a second. "We will find a way. We will train you and we will make them pay. You are my pack Katie, you choose me, and I will do everything to honor it."

"Thank you, Harry..." She hugged him strongly. "Maybe when all this Dark Lord bullshit is done, we can make the ministry pay. Dark creatures act, how idiotic." Katie smirked, and Harry felt more at ease. He ran his hands over her face, wiping out the tears out. She smelled so good, so close to him, he wanted to protect her so badly it hurt.

"We will Katie, and I will make it clear to everyone with whom you are. You are my hunter!" She blushed, and he was sure he blushed as well. "Let's go back to the castle; I will talk with the headmaster... before I do something with you I am fighting not to..."

"I wouldn't mind...."

"Me neither, but is not right..."

He took her hand and walked slowly back to the castle, letting Katie feel the reassurance through his magic and presence, but feeling like the perfect hypocritical. He finally left Katie with Hermione and Angelina and stormed out of the common room. His rage building, but he had an idea. Two could play this game. He was surprised to find both Daphne and Fleur at the bottom of the stairs.

"How is Katie?" Fleur asked real concern in her voice.

"She's really angry, she just lost Quidditch, and is everyone is about to know..." he reached the bottom and walked past the girls.

"Where are you going, Harry?" Daphne asked, holding his hand.

"To talk with the headmaster, try to see if he has anything about it." He answered with a hard voice.

"Harry, that's exactly what he wants!" the Slytherin said between her teeth. "Don't you get all Gryffindor on me now!"

Harry smiled at her. "I know Daphne. You must learn to trust me; I know what I'm doing." She looked at him with concern but nodded and let go of his hand. "I don't think I will be able to see you tonight Fleur... sorry."

"I understand Harry, do it for Katie" The veela sighed.

.oOo.

Harry walked through the headmaster's office door, just like Albus Dumbledore knew he would. The old wizard took a good look at the boy; he seemed scared and angry, a little pale even, just like he sadly anticipated. He clearly had come for help, which the old wizard was more than glad to provide. Perfect. But his eyes looked somewhat disturbing, even to the old headmaster.

"Sir..." the boy quickly started in a pleading tone that delighted the old man. "What is the meaning of this? Why are you letting the ministry do this?"

"Harry my boy; I am as surprised as you about this. I fought fiercely against this piece of legislation, but it seems the light families are too scared about the influence of dark creatures, like werewolves, on their children. Remember, most of them sided with Voldemort on the last war."
"But… why was I not called out? Why does Katie have to go through this and I not?" Now Harry was really angry. "I will go and out myself then, to show them what they are doing!

"You can't Harry…" The headmaster sounded tired.

"Give me a good reason not to!"

"It's very noble from your part, Harry, to worry about your friend, and that is exactly the reason why I choose not to register your condition at the department of creature control." To Dumbledore's delight, Harry looked confused, for a second the headmaster felt tempted to try and read the boy's mind, but after what happened with Snape, he knew it could backfire. "Harry, I will not lie to you, as much as I disagree with this piece of legislation and how it affects Hogwarts students, werewolves are indeed dark creatures. You must know. You felt the rage; you assaulted young Malloy with violence not topical of yourself. More than once I considered removing you from the castle Harry." The boy looked surprised. "But you had being taking your potions and controlling yourself."

"I understand sir, but that should be even more reason for me to show that not every one of us is dangerous"

"Yes Harry, but we both know Voldemort is not done, and we both know the ministry doesn't believe that. Tell me, how would you continue your training with professor Snape if you were to be monitored? Or if a death eater infiltrated on the ministry gets a hold on your every step and use it against you? No Harry. I will fight against this the right way, on the wizengamot, be sure of it. Until there, be sure to survive the tournament. Do you understand?" It was time to try and rebuild some trust between them.

"I think so…"

"Harry, you must understand, I've known the Bells for many years… I know about their… unorthodox beliefs, their refusal to drink wolfsbane for example. They are dangerous Harry, some of the worse monsters I ever meet where from their family. And yet I accepted Katie to this school." Harry sighed, looking defeated. "I know she is your friend Harry, and I know she will be passing her full moon cycles here with you, maybe you can help her, my boy, bringing her back to the right path. Bring her back to complete humanity." Albus gave the boy his most brilliant smile, he knew Harry couldn't resist helping others and that was the reason he was perfect for his order.

"I will sir…"

"Go back to the tower Harry and rest assured I will see this foul piece of legislation overturned. You need to work on surviving the tournament now."

"Yes sir, thank you sir."

Harry left his office, seeming even more confused than when he entered. Just like the headmaster intended, his ignorance of the wizardry laws playing on his favor. If Harry didn't cooperate this time, harsh measures had to be taken.

.oOo.

Daphne entered the room of requirements only to find Harry lost in thoughts, sat on a chair, one of his legs over the chair at his side. His tie was undone, and he was playing with the golden egg on his lap. His feral eyes looking at nothing, Daphne thought he looked good with that messy hair, she liked so much. He looked at her and smiled.
"Hello Daphne, I missed you. I am sorry for yesterday…"

"It's ok, what happened was a low blow. We are very lucky you're not registered." She took a seat in front of him, trying to give him her most predatory smile. "I really missed you too…" He got it. Harry looked right into her eyes. He knew something was different. Daphne moved closer to him. "We need to talk Harry… things changed…"

"I can see, and smell that…"

The door opened, and Hermione entered, looking inquisitive at them. Daphne sat back and not a second later Fleur entered. Daphne could almost feel the looks the French girl gave her. The Slytherin simple smiled back at the two girls.

"It's good to be back with you girls. It has been a busy holiday it seems." Daphne said in her usual neutral voice tone.

"For you too, Daphne?" Fleur asked.

"More than you can imagine Fleur." Her tone was serious, trying to convey the truth behind these words. Those are their friends, maybe not like Tracey, but almost. Also, Harry loved and trusted them, so why not trust them too.

"Katie should be here…" Harry sighed; Daphne could feel the guilty in his voice. But there was also anger, a lot of it.

"We all feel like that Harry." Hermione said. "But it's too dangerous." The wizard nodded in accordance.

"So, how it was last night with Dumbledore?" Fleur asked.

"He blatantly lied to me; he thinks I don't know how the lawing structure works. The headmaster looked into my face and said he didn't know about it, but it must have passed through him to be voted in the wizengamot."

"Glad to see our lessons stuck" Daphne said. "How come he didn't realize you were lying and fishing for information?"

"I simply did not." He gave a mischievous smile that made Daphne hold her breath, and she could see it had the same effect on Fleur, Hermione just hung her head. "I told him the truth, but only the parts of it I felt necessary, I know he is smart enough to catch me. Also, in his arrogance, he thinks he knows everything about me. He still thinks I am obeying him and taking the wolfsbane potion."

"Very Slytherin of you, I am proud." Daphne stated.

"Wait, you're not taking it?" Hermione sounded scared. Harry waved his hand and gave her a reassuring smile.

"That thing is poison Mione, I feel much better since I stopped."

"But it's not too dangerous? When did you stop?" Hermione's eyes were wide open.

"Three months ago, the first cycle after Fleur arrived at the school…" Both Daphne and Hermione seemed to do some math on their heads.

"Well." Daphne said. "I can say I approve the changes. Back on track, why didn't he register you as
a werewolf?"

"I thought he did, but he said he trusted me, and he needed me to keep training outside the ministry control. Not everything he told me was a lie, and that was a true one. He is a weird man, seems like he is trying too many games at the same time, but he seems obsessed with keep control over me." Daphne remained silent; this was a conversation to have with Harry alone. "I really need to discover why, I can't have him trying to control every step of my life without knowing. He tried to make me suspicious of the Delacour's before and now the Bells."

"Does he want you to keep having occlumency lessons with professor Snape?" Fleur asked.

"Yes, I think so."

"Then there is your answer. I bet the weird greasy professor knows why. He is too close to the headmaster. He is even on the order, isn't he?" The French girl concluded with a prideful voice.

"True." Harry whispered.

"I say keep trying to get it from his mind, do to him what he is trying to do with you." The veela looked almost evil now.

"I agree." Daphne said Hermione just uncomfortable bit her lips. Harry nodded, it was not the best plan, but it was something. The door opened, and Blaise Zabini entered. He gave them a smirk then looked at Daphne.

"You were right, something is off with Malfoy, seems like his mind isn't working, really, someone is messing with it." Daphne nodded. Pansy was up to something.

"Wait" Harry said. "Something is wrong with Malfoy? Something I should know about?"

"Maybe when you invite me to your secret meetings, I will tell you Potter? I hope you are at least planning for something good." The tall boy grinned.

"Nothing less than world domination Blaise" Harry joked.

"And here I was hoping for an orgy…" Fleur said with a sultry voice, making Hermione blush. Harry laughed and let his egg fall. The weird golden thing made a loud shrieking noise before Harry close it.

"Why do you egg scream in mermish?" The Italian asked.

"Mermish?" Both fleur and Harry said at the same time.

"Yes, my grandfather does business with them in Italy that is exactly the sound they made outside the water." Blaise shrugged.

Harry gave Fleur a big smile, Daphne felt weird, only later she was going to realize it was jealousy.

.OvO.

"You called for me headmaster?" Harry asked, looking around the old wizard office. The piles of books and parchments, and weird instruments, and the old headmaster portraits around the walls. To his surprise, Albus was not behind his table, as he usually was, but seated in one of the chairs around the coffee table. Harry took a deep breath, trying to read his old mentor's scent.

Again, it was weird. All his instincts said he couldn't be trusted, that no one with two scents could.
Two scents, that was it. The man has two different smells.

"Yes, harry my boy. Please have a sit."

Harry did so. Something was weird.

"Harry… I know things between us are going astray…” He raised his hand when the boy tried to protest. "No Harry, you and I know true. I have no idea what the Delacours and the Greengrass's had told you." He looked right into Harry's eyes, but the young werewolf couldn't feel the now familiar feeling of intrusion from a legiments attempt. "But I trust your judgment my boy."

Harry raised his eyebrows.

"I also know that this is in great part my own fault. See Harry, I took you for granted, and I'm seizing the fruits of it."

Harry decided to enter in the game.

"You know sir, I have learned a lot about my family this year, and unfortunately it was not by you. How do you think I feel? How can I know you didn't do it by design sir?"

"Fair enough Harry. You are right about this, just as tried to protect you from the fame your name bared, I also believed that not knowing about the… convoluted… political past of your family would be good for you. Again, a miscalculation on my part"

"Yes sir, you miscalculated the fact that I'm still human."

Dumbledore gave him a hurtful look, but sighed in resignation, Harry was right.

"Yes Harry, again, you are right. Now it came to my knowledge that professor Snape may have overstepped his barrens at his occlumency sessions. And that caused some… backlash."

"That is an understatement…"

"I can guarantee you that he has been reprimanded for his brash actions my boy. But in the end, professor Snape's unkind actions can serve for something good."

"And what is that sir?"

"It can serve for us to start the process of mending our bridges Harry. Now, are you interested in knowing about the order of the Phoenix?"

Harry's eyes got wide, and he simply nodded as much as he knew he couldn't trust everything the headmaster said, he could at least compare with what Sirius and Remus had told him.

"Alright, Harry. The order, as your parents Sirius and Remus knew about, was the second interaction of the group. The first one was formed more than half a century ago, to fight against Grindelwald. In its essence, the order is a group of wizards and witches, servants of the light that rise against the darkness wherever it may appear. With lord Voldemort growing in power and gathering more and more followers, it became imperative to reform the order." He looked at Harry to make sure the boy was following. The werewolf nodded. "You see, more worrisome than the violence, it was all the support Voldemort was being able to gather around the blood purists, who detain a great part of the political power and wealth of the magical world. So, it was important to show the public that an alternative existed, and we were this alternative…"
"Lead by you sir?"

"Only because of the circumstances Harry, it was never my intent or desire to lead, but it was needed at the time. And right after your father finished his auror training with Louvor and your mother entered the unspeakably, they approached me to join the order. And for advice"

"Advice?"

"I don't believe it's my story to tell Harry, but something was happening in between them. Maybe one of his old friends can talk with you about it. My part is to say that they were received with open arms by me and everyone in the order. And they stayed with us for more than a year."

"Why did they leave then?"

"Political differences…You must understand, they were no longer part of the order, but they were always our supporters. We are still allies to the end."

"That… that is a lot…" .Harry felt overwhelmed and confused.

"I understand my boy. You can ask your newly allies about it and take the time you want to think about it. And you can be sure to come to me anytime you need. I know sometimes it didn't look like it Harry, but I am on your side."

"Thank you, sir," Harry said standing up, his mind and senses racing. "That means a lot."

"Good night Harry, send my regards to Miss Delacour." The headmaster winked at him. "Oh, and Harry…” The boy turned to look at him. "To further prove my point, I will be there at Sirius's side."

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