She was there. Almost on the other side of the Great Hall, he spotted her. She was standing alone, leaning against the wall, away from a group of friends who were among the louder ones, mocking Harry. Although they met in class almost every day, they had become almost strangers to each other, and all by one accident. Daphne was a pretty blonde. Despite the Hogwarts robes that hid her body, she was the dream of probably every boy who grew up to be interested in girls. She carefully used the time on weekends, when dress restrictions were much less, to go around in regular clothes. Her dark jeans, which she was now wearing, hugged her shapely legs tightly, transitioning to shapely hips. Harry knew well that her ass, which was now leaning against the wall, was curvy and even caused an image of firmness. Now if Harry hadn't fooled around on stage, there probably would be more than one boy in the room who would have dreamed at that moment of being that wall against which she was leaning her buttocks. Her white shirt, although sticking out on one side, was mostly tucked into her pants and tight. It emphasized the girl's perfectly narrow waist, which Harry knew very well that the girl worked hard on every day. Her shapely breasts may not have stretched the fabric itself to the point of exaggeration, but the boy suspected that the garment itself must have been tailored to fit comfortably. The green Slytherin tie dangled inertly between hemispheres that surely, more than once, had caused the inattention of one of the male students during class.

The last time they spoke, she destroyed Harry, who withdrew even further from student life. He never recovered from this mental wound. Even Dumbledore's attempts to keep Harry from losing his childhood again came

to nothing. And now the one who had been his only confidante at an age similar to Harry's had spotted him once again, only to see him crumble on stage, being torn apart by the champion Beauxbatons, in something that had already caused a rift between them.

It didn't.

Not this time.

Not today.

Harry held his breath. Something had changed inside him. Somewhere in the depths of his mind, the monster Harry had subconsciously feared had awakened. Slowly, still drowsy, powerless, but it was only a matter of time. Harry closed his eyes, took a deep breath. He quieted down. Almost immediately, the voices of his surroundings, the conversations, the increasingly loud giggles set from him, became almost inaudible, irrelevant to someone like him. He opened his eyes. It was too far away from the audience to notice such a change. But the green eyes now flashed with determination, confidence and, above all, hidden strength. Harry would not relent. Everyone will obey his orders.

"Sleep," he commanded, and power poured straight from his magic core, seeping through his parched throat, relaxing his stiff muscles, overflowing his vocal cords. The magic obeyed his command.

A look of shock ran across Fleur's face. She struggled against herself, but the resistance did not last longer than a blink of an eye. She barely

registered that her pupils retreated, her eyelids became heavy, that they almost closed themselves, and she obeyed the command.

Somewhere deep inside Harry, a snake-enjoy hissing male voice spoke up. “Now let him bow to us.”

It was a bad evening for Fleur. The weekend had begun. Most of her friends had returned to France to their families, or at least to school or shopping. Unfortunately, not her. As a triwizard champion, she had to stay in cold England. Admittedly, she had more rights than any student. She could ostensibly skip class, but each teacher outlined exactly why she should not do so, and extra exercises to prepare her for the assignment were held every afternoon, preventing her from exercising her other rights, if only to visit a nearby magical village. Seeing her tired, discouraged, her only friend, who was staying at Hogwarts for the weekend, dragged her to the Great Hall. Fleur had already heard that the science Clubs performing at the dismal school were scheduled to hold shows at this hour. Definitely annoyed by the pushy offerings of Hogwarts students, she would never go to a place where she would have to mingle with the crowd, but today it was rumored that Harry Potter-the youngest participant in the triwizard tournament-was to perform.

Her friend’s curiosity kept Fleur on the spot. As soon as she heard about the muggle art of the mind, she wanted to get up and leave nervously. Even slamming the door on the way out. If she was going to waste the time she could have spent with her sister if it weren’t for the stupid rules, she’d rather do it by solving tests than look at anything muggle.It’s not that she had anything against the muggle born, but magical culture. She didn’t need a muggle to thrive.

When her friend jokingly suggested that she should volunteer, Fleur almost burst out laughing, but the possibilities that this plan could bring to her popped into her head.She looked at Harry Potter again, and recognized him without a problem. As a Veela, she had a greater connection to magic compared to ordinary people. From the boy who now had his show on stage she felt a specific aura, the contact of which made her shudder, but she wanted to taste it again. In addition, as she looked at him now, she had to admit that he was charming in his own way. But when he spoke, intelligently, he shook like a leaf in the wind. It was as if a stronger wind was about to blow him over, and deep inside the girl, there was a mischievous feeling that this wind could be here.

She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, raised her hand and smiled warmly in the hypnotist’s direction, released the beast that lived in her blood and the allure spread almost all over the room, aiming mainly at Harry. She declared the hunting season open.

“Fleur,” he fired out as soon as he spotted her.

She smiled at her friend, surprised by the turn of events. It was as if Fleur wasn’t getting what she wanted, and now she wanted to embarrass this boy on stage. To show that he can’t measure up to a staunch champion and ultimately show the superiority of French education. Walking toward the platform, she glanced at Harry. She furrowed her eyebrows gently, but hid what she hid by smiling wider. Was the boy even more nervous? He should now restrain himself from drooling from the amount of allure she was sending in his direction. Could it be that he had mastered himself? No, that’s not possible. He’s probably gay, or not yet grown up to be interested in girls. Fleur found this annoying, but she was also curious.

“Um, I um, I never expected you to be interested in the mind’s art,” his voice was uncertain, withdrawn, causing Fleur to awaken her predator instinct to chew him out right here and now. He was definitely not the type of guy she liked, but it was often good to keep such a useful idiot next to her.

“Oh, I don’t know. The Triwizard Tournament was just created to explore the unknown, to get to know each other, to explore what we wouldn’t normally know. After all, I’m also curious about what a fellow champion

does. Right?” The audience’s reaction spoke for itself. Fleur won this round. Though how could it have been otherwise?

She smiled. Being honest, hard rules were instilled in her at home. School was not just for learning. If that was the purpose of school, her parents would have arranged for her to be taught at home, with better teachers than the school could provide. Her time at school was to be used to get to know others and to make herself known. Everyone was supposed to understand that she was Delacour, and it was up to her to be in charge. It was to be no different at school, which was a testing ground, a battleground of cunning and willpower, an introduction before real life. Therefore, she had to win, but to do so, the destruction of her opponents was inevitable.Initially she intended to be the right girl, to enter the entire show to cause Harry’s downfall. She obeyed his instructions, although she felt embarrassed to touch such a person and perform stupid actions. Therefore, one or two times she interjected by gently joking. However, when Harry suddenly jerked her arm, she couldn’t hold back a cry of surprise. After all, a moment ago, he himself had told her to relax. How could she do so when she was being jerked around like this? He was pissing her off decently, and only her powerful will kept her from destroying him here and now. Besides, his bitterness of defeat later would definitely repay her embarrassment over this situation.

His subsequent pull on her arm caused her to almost exceed her levels of strong willpower. It didn't scare her, but how dare he even think that he could try to touch her, still in such a way? Was Harry's instinct for self-preservation failing so badly that he didn't understand that he was just roughing up a predator? Couldn't feel the temperature of her skin under which the power-filled blood boiled? She was furious. It was this boy who had taken away her due respect, her due splendor. She was the one everyone was supposed to be talking about when the Triwizard Tournament champions were chosen, but she had to be. Some kid broke in and added his name.

You could see that he was looking into the crowd. He turned his back on her. As if she was insignificant. Something like that she could not forgive. All inhibitions of allure let go, All the men in the room looked only at her, their queen. Her skin itched. She felt she was on the verge of transformation.

She stood up to stop the total show.

"Sleep."

Fleur blinked.

Wait.

Her allure wavered, faltered.

She felt as if the command in his voice surrounded her, affected her whole person.

His voice... sound... different? That was the last thing she thought about as she felt her muscles become soft. She could not stand. In the dark, she found the chair’s railing and slowly sank into the seat. She struggled, but her eyelids grew heavier and heavier, and she couldn’t keep her eyes open, which refused to obey her whims. Before she realized what was happening around her, the world went dark. The noise of the entire hall stopped reaching the girl. Now only Harry and his voice mattered.