

Faceless

by WaterSinger

Fleur Delacour may have beauty, but there is still something she seeks. OneShot.
Meant to be circa PoA.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Fleur and her family do not belong to me, nor does anything in the HP universe.

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They never look into my eyes anymore.

I don't know when it started or even when I first realized it. Maybe it was when I turned ten and started to grow. Maybe it was when I was thirteen and bled. Maybe at sixteen when I fully became a woman.

They used to meet my gaze, back when I was little. They'd smile at me as I raced through the streets, trailing Daddy like the shadow to my flickering flame. Often they'd bend down to pat me on the head, lifting my chin to smile into my eyes. And when Daddy caught up to me, they'd tell him what an adorable daughter he had. He'd lift me onto his shoulders then and parade me about like that until I'd grow restless and demand to be let down.

He's not there to carry me anymore. I'm not sure I'd let him, even if he was and could. I've grown up since then. It's still hard to realize that he will never grow any older. Hard to accept that he isn't there to tuck me in at night. Mother tries to be there, for myself and Gabrielle, but she has trouble comprehending our needs. She isn't like us, not enough to care in the right way. In some ways, it's harder for Gabrielle as she's still a child. I am adult enough to take my own problems in hand. Or so I tell myself.

It is nights like these that I doubt myself. I sit, awake and, yet, not aware. Looking for something, though I'm never sure what. Acceptance, love, friends, even happiness. It all seems so fleeting in the face of reality.

I'm told I'm beautiful. Most men have trouble tearing their eyes from me the first time they see me. It's the same, though lessened, for Gabrielle. Mother's influence; of that, there's no doubt. She has beauty women would kill for and has passed that on to the two of us. The part that nobody ever mentions is that beauty is nothing.

I feel like ice. For all I know, I may have frozen propped up in my bed, my eyes open and unfocused. Images of the hateful stares directed at me by my classmates float to the surface of my thoughts. When you are what I am, no amount of charisma or personality can stop the unthinking hatred that springs from jealousy.

As hard as it is to deal with the jealousy of women, the men are even worse. They look at me, their gazes trailing up and down my body, stopping to focus on my hips, my breasts, my lips. The boys I've gone out with have taken every opportunity they can to touch me, to stroke my skin. They admire me for my beauty, for my form.

But they do not see behind it. They see the body and not the brain. The shape of the woman but not what makes her real. They talk to me of inconsequential things as though I cannot possibly understand any more. They never ask what I think of the latest controversy or discovery unless it's one in the cosmetics area. As though that is all

I think about.

And now, as I slide down beneath my covers, a lone tear escapes and rolls down my cheek. C'est la vie, oui, but life does not demand this by necessity. The ultimate insult these men and even women give me.

They do not look into my eyes to see me.

A/N: First and foremost, I am aware that Fleur's mother is not a full Veela. However, I do believe that being half-Veela, she would have trouble understanding the human need for parental love.

Secondly, this is, as stated in the summary, a one-shot piece meant to have taken place around the end of Prisoner of Azkaban or the summer immediately after. Fleur would have been turning or already seventeen. We know nothing of her family beyond the fact that her grandmother is a Veela so I have taken some liberties.

Reviews are appreciated.