

Fleur-de-Lis

by pettybureaucrat

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Chapter 1

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"MISS WEASLEY!" Headmaster Stottlemeyer yelled, trying to keep his eyes focused on a patch of grass a foot or so in front of his feet.

"Yes, Headmaster?" Victoire replied, her soft French lilt still noticeable in her voice even at sixteen.

"What have I told you about this?" the flustered Headmaster shouted.

"About what, Headmaster?" she replied with wide-eyed innocence.

"About about sunbathing in the ... in the without clothes!" he growled.

"But, Headmaster," she smirked, "the sun has gone behind the trees! How can I be sunbathing with no sun?"

The new Headmaster shook his shaggy mane. His eyes drifted of their own accord to the young witch's shapely, nude form as she stretched her nubile body out languorously on her towel. They were drawn almost magnetically to the shocking, red fleur-de-lis tattooed on her shapely left hip. He dared not let his eyes drift a few inches to the right. He was sure the sight of Victoire's pale, blond pubes would make his heart give out.

"You are not supposed to be lying around out her in the ... in the nude, young woman! You know that!"

The beautiful blond, blue-grey-eyed daughter of Bill and Fleur rolled over on her stomach. The Headmaster cursed his body for reacting so lasciviously to the sight of the two perfect, creamy hemispheres of flesh that made up her incredibly shapely rear end.

"But, Headmaster," she pouted, "I so love the sun, the rain, the wind on my hot, creamy flesh. It feels so, so good when I touch myself and..."

"VICTOIRE! Put your clothes on, NOW! You hear me?" shouted Neville who had just arrived on the scene.

"But, Neville...",

Neville frowned threateningly. Victoire quickly pulled a wet, long tee shirt on. It barely covered the essentials and clung to her shapely body, but at least she wasn't naked any more.

"I'm sorry, Professor Longbottom," she apologized softly, her lips still curled in a mischievous and teasing smile.

"You're on detention, Victoire," Neville added. "Report to the greenhouse after supper."

She pouted prettily, tossed her long, pale blond hair over her shoulder and shimmied away, followed by the eyes of every male around the lake, including his. The squid tossed a couple of half-drowned fourth-years onto the shore. They had walked right off the end of the pier trying to get a peek up in between Victoire's long, shapely legs.

"Thank you, Professor Longbottom," the Headmaster said sincerely. "How do you do it?"

"Do what?" Neville asked.

"Manage not to stare at her when she's naked!" Professor Stottlemeyer asked.

Neville smiled and answered, "My wife and family visit hers every summer. We have for years. So do a number of my friends and their families as well. I've sort of watched her grow up. She never wears clothes on the beach by her house. I guess I've sort of gotten used to her, but believe me, I STILL stare sometimes. I'm a man! How can I not?"

The Headmaster nodded in acknowledgment and returned to the castle while Neville retreated to the greenhouse to await Victoire since it was almost time for supper. He would eat in his quarters afterwards.

A little past seven p.m., Professor Stottlemeyer was walking towards the library when he spotted Victoire Weasley walking away from it in the company of several of her girlfriends.

"Miss Weasley!"

"Yes, Headmaster?" she answered.

"Why are you not at your detention with Professor Longbottom?" he asked her sharply.

"My detention?" she gasped, her eyes wide. "What detention?"

"The one Professor Longbottom gave you right before supper. By the lake!" the Headmaster told her with a great deal of irritation.

"But, Headmaster!" she cried. "I wasn't at the lake this afternoon! I've been in the library all day! Ask my friends!"

"It's true, Headmaster," said Beverly Rogers, a seventh-year Hufflepuff.

"She was there all day, like she said," added Irma Kitteridge, another sixth-year Gryffindor.

"I SAW you, Miss Weasley," the Headmaster insisted. "I saw ALL of you. Even that scandalous tattoo on your hip!"

"My hip?" she replied. "My fleur-de-lis is not on my hip, Professor. It is on my breast! See!"

She pulled her blouse open and pushed her brassiere down off her left breast. The red fleur-de-lis was there, just above her enticing, rosy, pink nipple, which was becoming hard with exposure to the cool air of the corridor.

"MISS WEASLEY!" the scandalized old wizard shouted, sure that his heart was going to explode from the erotic shock of the gorgeous young witch exposing herself to him. "It wasn't necessary to show me! Not like that! But, then who could have been..."

"My hip, you say, Professor?" Victoire asked, readjusting her clothing. "I believe I know who might be responsible for this incident. I promise that they will be in the greenhouse within fifteen minutes!"

Fourteen minutes and thirty seconds later, a rather disheveled and battered Teddy Lupin slowly made his way into the greenhouse. The young wizard was sporting a black eye.

"Teddy?" Neville asked in surprise. "What are you doing here? Have you seen Victoire?"

The young Metamorphmagus transfigured his face into a perfect replica of Victoire Weasley's, down to her slight accent.

"Yes, Professor," he/she answered, "she gave me the black eye."

It took Neville nearly five minutes to recover from his laughing fit, which had him literally rolling on the floor with hilarity.

"That was YOU by the lake?" Neville finally managed to gasp.

"Yeah, it was me, Neville," Teddy replied, then seeing the older man's glare, quickly added, "I mean, Professor Longbottom."

"You know, Ted," Neville said seriously, "if you happen to get shagged in female form, you could very well be stuck with that form the rest of your life!"

"WHAT?" yelled the young Lupin. "Where ... how ... where did you hear that, Nev, er, Professor?"

"Read it in the minutes of the last meeting of the Ministry's Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Beasts," Neville answered with a scowl.

Like most of his friends, he despised the fact that Teddy Remus Lupin, being a Metamorphmagus, was regarded as having potential to unintentionally morph into a werewolf and, therefore, was kept under surveillance by the Ministry. Harry had forced a lot of changes to Ministry policies over the last generation, but prejudice against were-creatures remained deep seated in the magical psyche.

"Is that really true, Nev, er, Professor?" Teddy asked, quite worried.

"Yes," Neville lied blandly. "Of course, if you keep pissing off Victoire like this, she'll kill you and you won't have to worry about it. Okay, here are the dragonhide gloves and apron and a set of goggles. Replant the Venemous Tantaculas AND the Fanged Geraniums."

A couple hours later, Neville dragged himself into his quarters, tired and hungry. He closed the door, hung up his robe and shouted, "Honey! I'm home!"

The primary reason for Neville not being tempted to stare too long and rudely at Victoire Weasley ran out of the kitchen with her eyes glowing and her lips in a seductive pout. She leapt into his arms and kissed him sweetly.

"Neveelle," Gabrielle scolded him, "why are you zo late, *mon chou*? Zeducing another third-year in ze green'ouses again?"

Neville lifted the petite part-Veela up and hugged her tightly to his chest, kissing her with unbridled passion. Gabrielle squealed with delight, her dainty feet kicking in the air as he held her a good six inches off the floor.

"*Anima!*" she teased. "*Sauvage!* Ah, Neveelle, I love you more every zingle day we are together!"

"No, no third-years, unfortunately." He snickered as she slapped his arm. "Teddy Lupin, as usual."

"What 'as zat little miscreant done now, *mon aman?*?" she asked with a giggle as she started to unbutton Neville's shirt.

"He morphed into Victoire and was sunning himself naked by the lake," Neville told her as she pushed him down onto the couch and attacked his belt.

"Ow did 'e fool you, Neveelle?" she asked. "You know as well as I where Victoire's fleur-de-lis is tattooed."

"He was on his stomach. I'm afraid his morphed ass was even more erotic and seductive than our niece's," Neville confessed. "He slipped his shirt on without me seeing his tits. Damn, that sounds so strange." He laughed as Gabrielle removed his shoes, then his trousers.

"Gabrielle!" Neville gasped in mock hesitation. "What ... what if the children should catch us?"

"You silly Engleesh person!" she snickered. "Zey are with 'Arry and Ginnee. You know zat! It is times like zese I am 'appy zat 'Ogwarts staff are not allowed to 'ave zeir children in ze castle along with zem!"

Neville and Gabrielle Longbottom, *née* Delacour, were the first married couple to teach at Hogwarts in over a century. She taught Ancient Runes while Neville had replaced his mentor, Pomona Sprout, as Herbology professor. There were simply no accommodations for children other than students at Hogwarts, so when Gabrielle was offered the teaching post, both Harry and Ginny and Ron and Hermione had offered to let the Longbottom children, Melisande Alesia and Frank Frederick, live with them. The children had jumped at the chance to live with Harry and Ginny primarily because she took them, along with her own children, to all the Quidditch games she covered as correspondent for the *Daily Prophet*.

Gabrielle dropped her robe, and as Neville had suspected, she was naked underneath. Her pale, perfect skin seemed to shine with its own light as she removed his boxers, her eyes sparkling at the sight of his large erection, and settled herself onto him with a sigh of pleasure and passion.

As she began to slowly rise and fall on him, Neville softly touched the scarlet fleur-de-lis tattooed on Gabrielle's smooth and prominent mons veneris. "I like where your tattoo is, my sweet little Veela! Oh, Gaby! God! YES!!"

Up in the Gryffindor common room, Ted Lupin painfully hauled his tired body through the portrait hole. He had been stung several times by the Tentaculas and bitten once by a Geranium. Neville promptly gave him the antidotes, of course, but the effects of the stings and bite had taken their toll on him.

Victoire was studying her Potions when he came in. "So," she sniffed, "have you learned your lesson, lover?"

"Yeah," Ted groaned, "I've learned that I need to hide MY tattoo and get a decal for yours."

"I will blacken both your eyes next time, Theodore Lupin!" she warned. "Teddy, please! You are going to get expelled. Professor Stottlemeyer is different much different from Minerva."

"Would you care?" he asked, nursing his aches and pains.

She got up, walked over and sat next to him on the couch. "Teddy!" she pouted. "You know I would! Let me fix your *eyemon beau loup-garou*." Teddy forced himself to smile at the pet name. Her mother, Fleur, had teased him with it for as long as he could remember, and Victoire saw no reason to give him a rest at school.

She waved her wand and his swollen eye was healed. Like most wizards, he was hopeless with healing and domestic spells. He smiled and pulled her into his lap and gave her a soft kiss.

"I love you, Victoire. You know I do," he sighed. "I'll stop, I promise."

She smiled and kissed him back, deeply, knowing full well he'd be into some other mischief within a week. She sighed for her sweetheart. He had his father's adventuresome spirit and his mother's impish sense of humor. And somehow, he seemed to have also inherited the ingratiating, suave manners of Sirius Black and the reckless nature and disregard for rules of James Potter.

"What will it take to insure that you live up to your promises, hmm?" she asked, an alluring smile curling her full, lush lips.

"Make love to me tonight," he said simply, his eyes burning with desire as his one large hand squeezed her shapely bum.

She smirked at him. "Oh, I would love to, Teddy, you know that, but wizards cannot enter the witches' dormitory. And I refuse to do it standing up in a broom cupboard!" Her eyes teased him as her one hand settled on his chest, right over his heart, and the other stroked softly up his thigh.

He made her stand up and then he concentrated. His figure began to shift, and within a minute, Victoire was looking at her 'twin' sister.

"Well, it's only going to be us two witches who go up, my darling Victoire!" he said very cheekily.

"You are an unprincipled bastard, Teddy Remus Lupin!" she snorted. "That must be why I love you so much!"

She took his/her hand, and they walked up the stairs to her bed.

A/N: Loup-garou is French for werewolf.