

Precisely

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Fleur wandered around the grounds of Hogwarts aimlessly. The task was done, the dragons were taken care of. There had been a celebration among her classmates, of course, but the hour had grown late, and she'd snuck away, too wired to be around many people right now, too wired to sleep.

A crack sounded behind her, and she whirled, wand in hand, heart pounding, only to see her fellow competitor, Viktor Krum, looking equally as startled as he spotted her.

"Vhat are you doing out here?" he asked in his heavy Slavic accent.

"I could ask ze same of you," she said, tossing her head to get her silver-blond hair out of her eyes.

He chuckled and tucked away his wand. "So you could," he admitted. "It was getting too loud and crowded on da ship."

"Ze same in our quarters," the part-Veela admitted after putting her wand away as well. They started walking, seemingly of the same accord, towards the lake. The silence wasn't awkward as Fleur might have expected. Here, she realized abruptly, was actually someone who knew all about the pressure she'd been under lately, was still under.

Her hands absently worried at her sleeve as she fell back into some of her former thoughts. He startled her when he put a large, Quidditch-calloused hand over hers. "You did good vith the dragons today," he told her.

"So did you," she said.

His dark eyes were darker with only the moonlight to illuminate the area. "Too energetic to sleep?" She nodded, not stepping away from him, though he was very close. "Vhy do you not find one of your men?" He referred to her many followers.

"Heh. Zey do not know 'ow it is," she said with a sniff.

His look was piercing, and Fleur's heart picked up with a different sort of excitement now. "No, they do not," he said, daring to step a little closer, to put his hand on the small of her back.

"But you do," she said, tilting her head up and practically daring him to kiss her, what with that throaty voice and come-hither look in her eyes.

He resisted. "I do," he agreed. "I too am having trouble sleeping this night."

Surprisingly, there were no pretences here. They had what they had, outside of right now, but this moment seemed right. She needed to know that someone knew what this was like, and it felt like he did too.

"We don't 'ave to sleep," she said slyly and was rewarded with another deep, dark chuckle before his lips pressed against hers.

"This changes noffing, you know," he said in between kisses as he started divesting her of her robes.

"I," she gasped quietly, "I know. We will still be, ah, competitors."

"Da, precisely." He nipped the sweet spot where her neck met her shoulder.

Of course, that was precisely the reason they had found themselves there in the first place.