

**“I think we’ll have a good chance tomorrow. Though I’ve heard the fourth years are in for quite the challenge.”** Chloe mused about the first day of the academic challenge coming up the next day. It was the only event that wouldn’t have spectators. A timed test for accuracy held in the Great Hall for every year over the course of two days.

Sitting at the Ravenclaw table, Fleur pulled a snail from its shell with a fork while she listened to her friend. *The weather is terrible and the castle far less beautiful than Beauxbatons. But I must applaud the Hogwarts elves, they are fine chefs.* The escargot was delicious. It was no small feat to impress the young French woman, but they’d managed it.

That wasn’t to say that she wasn’t enjoying her time in the north of Scotland, quite the opposite. It’d been... intriguing, and she found herself in the company of more people than she had at any time since she turned eighteen. While the girls of Beauxbatons had been nothing but jealous of her looks after the change, among other things, at least some of the girls at Hogwarts seemed comfortable in their own skin. *Some of them anyway.*

She still got filthy looks from idiot girls who blamed her for their boyfriend’s weakmindedness and overall uselessness against the allure. *As though I have interest in any of them anyway. They can’t even stomach the lightest touch of my magic without becoming enamored. I’ll never understand such blatant ignorance.*

**“You’re staring at him.”** Chloe whispered in her ear, giggling when Fleur jumped in her seat.

**“I’m thinking,”** Fleur corrected, **“not staring.”**

**“And just happen to be staring in the process?”** She wiggled her brow in the direction of the Hufflepuff table where the young man in question was sitting.

**“Yes.”** she replied tersely. Chloe wasn’t wrong, she’d been quite intently looking in the direction of the most interesting person she’d met since arriving in Scotland. Harry Potter. She didn’t know what to expect, but she wouldn’t have been surprised to find an arrogant braggart too caught up in his own stories. But the stories she heard about the World Cup did make that unlikely. *Even in France we heard about the Boy-Who-Lived saving veela from the clutches of horrible Death Eaters.*

What she’d found instead was someone personable, and well-liked. *Except for by that horrid, green-robed boy and that obnoxious Ravenclaw Champion.* But more than that, he was someone resistant to her allure. *And not just resistant, but entirely unbothered by it. Like it isn’t even there. Papa has years of experience and even he cannot always handle Mama’s.*

That didn’t mean he was unaffected by her. She’d felt his eyes on her more than once. With or without the allure, she was still a beautiful woman, and there was something wonderful about somebody looking because they wanted to, because they couldn’t stop themselves, and not because the allure forced them to. There were few veela that could ever boast experiencing such a thing.

A tiny smile came to her lips at that thought though, because she could say **very confidently** that oh... two more certainly could. *He wreaked of them. At the same time...* Even as a part-veela, Fleur was particularly sensitive to that sort of thing, and she knew full-well that it hadn’t been just veela that he’d smelled of. But her kin, however distant, were the most potent.

To most women that would have served as a deterrent, but not to Fleur or any other normal veela for that matter. The witch part of her nature might find it odd, but the veela side found it intriguing. Terribly intriguing.

**“You could just stop staring and go talk with him.”** Chloe interrupted her musings.

**“Again, not staring.”** Fleur insisted, **“And we have talked.”**

**“Barely.”** Chloe scoffed, **“Three or four short conversations don’t count... especially when you’re so clearly interested. I didn’t take Fleur Delacour for a coward, but apparently, I was wrong.”**

Turning Fleur smacked her friend’s shoulder, **“I’m not a coward.”**

**“Why are you a coward?”** Gabrielle asked from her shoulder.

Fleur startled for the second time that evening, much to her annoyance, **“I’m not.”** She bit out before she noticed something about her little sister, **“Have you been crying?”**

Gabrielle reached up and scrubbed her cheeks, shaking her head vehemently, **“No.”** At fifteen she looked no more than ten, and she wouldn’t fully blossom for another few years. It was a result of their heritage and one that irritated each of the Delacour women in turn since their mother. It wasn’t a problem in the old conclaves where the veela were sequestered away, but for young girls at a school filled with teenage witches and wizards, it could be extremely frustrating.

**“You’re lying. We both know it. So tell me what happened.”**

**“Solen...”** Gabrielle started slowly, talking only loud enough for her sister to hear.

**“Of course, it was Solen.”** Fleur spat, only barely restraining herself from finding the younger student and hurling fire at her, **“It has been Solen since the start of the year.”**

While the other girl was older than Gabby by three years, she’d been relentless in tormenting her since the start of the year. Fleur knew that it was a way of goading her into a confrontation. The younger girl had nothing but disdain for Fleur since her arrival at Beauxbatons, the same year that she matured. And it was only exacerbated when Solen’s boyfriend confessed his undying love for Fleur in the middle of the dining hall. *As though it was my fault.*

Fleur always took the high road. She was older and beyond the petty hatred of some silly little girl. She ignored her bitchy barbs and provocations which only served to incense the girl farther. Still, she persisted. But this year, she had a new outlet for her anger at Fleur in the form of Gabby. And it was taking all her willpower, along with Gabby’s pleas, to stop her from putting Solen in her place.

**“Yes, well, she caught me after my Charms class. Flitwick is quite good, isn’t he?”** She knew that her sister was diverting.

**“He is. And an even more fantastic duelist.”** Fleur agreed, **“But that doesn’t tell me what happened with Solen.”**

**“It was no different than usual, I swear. Just horrid words about you... me... our family. For some reason it just got to me today.”** Gabby sat down beside her and started gathering herself some food.

**“Since you won’t let me do anything about it, you should tell Madame Maxime.”** It wasn’t the first time that she’d given that advice since the start of the year, and it wouldn’t be the last. Because Gabrielle was adamant that she could handle it just fine.

**“It would only make it worse. And as much as Maxime likes you, she likes Solen just as much. It would be my word against hers.”** There was magic that could tell the truth of it, but none of it could be used over schoolyard taunts, **“Besides, she might start it, but I’m usually happy to respond in kind... just like YOU taught me.”**

With that, her sister started chatting with Luna on her other side. Fleur found the other girl odd, but kind with more empathy and understanding than she’d seen out of anyone save maybe Chloe.

Her oldest friend heard the whole conversation, **“You really should put her in her place.”**

**“I would love to, but Gabby insists I leave it be. Besides, now that we are both champions it would look terrible for the Academy.”** Fleur bemoaned. She didn’t care one bit what Solen had to say when it was just her, but it riled her terribly to see it directed at her little sister. There was no one in the world she was more protective of.

**“Hopefully she gets embarrassed in the tournaments then. I’d love to see the little brat get humbled for once.”** Chloe threw her a coy little smile, **“We will just have to root for your man to put her in her place.”**

Fleur did NOT blush, but her eyes glanced in the direction where Harry had last been, only to find that he’d left at some point during the conversation with her sister, **“He might not have many opportunities to embarrass her. We don’t know what the tasks are going to entail yet.”**

**“Is he not on their dueling team as well?”** Chloe mused before tapping Cho on her shoulder. When she had her attention, she asked, “Do you know who ze best fourth year duelist is, by any chance?”

“Oh, Harry,” she replied without hesitation, “much to Sue’s frustration. There’re a few wagers out there on whether or not he could beat the fifth and sixth years, too. I’m pretty sure the Weasley twins still have odds on it.”

“Zank you.” Chloe told her, failing to hide the amusement in her voice as she turned back to Fleur, **“It seems he will have at least one opportunity, no?”**

**“Oh, quiet.”**

**“What, don’t you want him to beat Solen?”**

**“Of course, I do.”** Fleur had a great deal of pride in her school, but she’d root for anyone before Solen.

**“Exactly.”** She gave her a mischievous smile, **“I have a fantastic idea. You are the best duelist in our year, in the school even. Why not offer your aid, to ensure that he can beat her. Even I must admit that Solen is impressive, so it would do to have some extra help, I’m sure. Especially from someone who’s seen her duel before.”** She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, **“And it will give you a chance to... spend some time together.”**

**“Like a dog with a bone, I swear.”** Fleur muttered underneath her breath, which only made Chloe giggle.

**“What? It is the first time in all the years I’ve known you that you’ve taken a genuine interest in... anyone. No one has ever met your incredibly high and exacting standards.”** She reached up and pinched Fleur’s cheek, laughing as she was swatted away, **“Of course, I’m going to tease you at every opportunity. You’ve done your fair share at my expense. It only seems fair that I return the favor.”**

**“Insufferable... you are insufferable. Why do I stay friends with you?”** It was a common bit of banter between the two women. One that’d been repeated dozens of times over the course of their friendship. And it usually came about when Fleur knew that Chloe was right. *It is an idea that has some merit. Even if it is only some petty self-satisfaction, it would be good to see her humbled. And while I will NOT admit it to Chloe, it is a good excuse to spend some time with him.*

**“Because you love me.”** Chloe threw her a cheeky grin.

**“Unfortunately.”** Fleur shook her head in fond exasperation, staring at the place where Harry had been sitting contemplatively.

Of course, Chloe noticed, **“He’s not even there anymore and you still can’t help yourself.”**

**“Oh, leave it alone for five seconds, would you?”**

**“Never.”**

Fleur had reached her wits end with her friend for the moment. With a sigh, she slid out from behind the bench, **“I will see you back at the carriage.”**

**“Hopefully, it will be after you find that handsome boy and have a proper conversation with him.”**

Shaking her head, Fleur made for the entrance. Of course, it was just her luck that Solen and her gaggle of snickering friends were near the main entrance as she headed toward the carriage, **“Fleur,”** the brunette called out, **“Off to offer your bum to the judges. After all, it’s the only way you have any hope of even coming in second, much less winning.”** The obnoxious girls around Solen tittered at her comment.

For the first time in years, Fleur felt her ire rise at the younger girl’s jab. If those were the sort of things she was saying to Gabby, she could understand the tears. Her piercing blue eyes bore into the younger girl, **“I don’t need to trade my body to succeed. I have more than enough talent to manage that. And unlike you, I don’t spread my legs for just anybody... because I know that I am the best and that I deserve the best. We both know your choices certainly leave something to be desired.”**

Solen was caught off-guard by the response. Her shock was quickly replaced by an ugly sneer on her otherwise pretty face, **“I’ll never understand how you were chosen. You’re going to embarrass the entire Academy.”**

**“Says the girl who’s going to have her bony ass wiped across the floor by her competition. In every tournament. By the time this is all over, you’re going to be the laughingstock of the entire school.”**

Fleur took a step closer and the snickers stopped as she stared down at the shorter young woman. *And I’m going to do everything in my power to make sure it happens.*

Solen laughed in her face, but it is weak, discomfited, **“No... no... I think you are mistaking me for you... You really shouldn't have put your name in because now everyone is going to see what a fraud you are.”**

**“We'll see.”** Fleur bit out, short and furious. She stormed away from Solen and her friends and headed back into the castle. There was someone she needed to find. As she reached the entrance hall, she saw the redhead who'd sat with him at the Welcoming Feast, “Excuse moi? Do you know where I can find 'Arry?”

The redhead looked at her with big brown eyes, mouth opening and closing once before she managed to respond, “He's practicing dueling... with Sue Li. Maybe others too... They practice on the fifth floor usually... I think.” Fleur had seen lust in many people's eyes in her life, this girl was no different, but she was doing an admirable job of controlling it.

“Zank you...” She waited long enough to get a name.

“Ginny. I'm Ginny.” The cute younger woman told her hurriedly, cheeks going almost as red as her hair.

Fleur grinned back at her, “Zank you, Ginny.”

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Harry wasn't sure if he was in heaven or hell. Daphne and Susan asked to join him and Sue for their regular practice session, and both he and his usual partner happily agreed. He wasn't entirely sure how his Sue Li would take having others around, but she seemed entirely unperturbed by it. He was the only lad in a room with three gorgeous girls all of whom were sweating and grunting from their efforts.

At first it seemed that he was in for an entirely innocent session of genuine dueling practice. Not that he and Sue ever spent the whole time fooling around, they'd both made far too much progress for that to be the case. But, it didn't take long for him to be disavowed of that notion.

“Daphne,” He stopped them, “That's far too much flourish on your wand movements. The opening you leave in that fraction of a second could allow your opponent to end the match. And it limits your ability to cast quickly into the next spell.” It was something he picked up watching Dumbledore and Flitwick as they instructed during the practices. Every one of their wand movements was perfectly precise to allow for the shortest amount of time between casting.

Daphne frowned, not upset with him but with herself, “Alright, can you show me how to fix it?”

Sue hopped off the desk behind him, “I'll work with Susan while you help her.”

“Right, perfect.”

Daphne stepped over to Harry and held her wand aloft in front of him, pointing it at the wall. The thing was covered in spell burn from hundreds of spells aimed its way during practice. Casting silently, the red light of a stunner leapt from the end of her wand, but he wasn't concerned with that. He was paying attention to her hand.

He moved behind her and grabbed hold of her wrist, “See the way you're turning your hand on the twist. Your wrist is almost at a right angle, that's far more than necessary, “Make it a tighter circle.”

Daphne moved her hips back into his crotch and subtly grinded against him, in a tight circle, “Like that.”

Harry hissed quietly, so as not to alert the other girls, "Something like that, yes, but that's not your wrist."

"And your wand is in your hand," Daphne gave a firmer press against his groin and the bulge in his trousers, "So clearly, it's not responsible for that. Far too big anyway, just about the right length but too thick. Pretty sure you could knock somebody out with it if you tried though."

Growling into her ear, he pushed back against her shapely bum and made her squeak quietly in surprise, "Again. And more careful this time. Pay attention to the details of the movement."

"Yes, sir." Daphne teased him. To her credit, she managed to increase the tantalizing pressure of her bum pressing against his shaft while also performing the spell. Her wand spun in the air, a far tighter circle than her last attempt.

"Much better." Harry's voice was tight, trying not to give anything away to the other two ladies in the room, "Again. Until you can do it every time, it should be as natural as breathing. And you should be able to repeat the motion over and over again."

Behind them, he thought he heard a gasp but the feel of Daphne's bum against him had him far too distracted to worry about it.

Daphne smirked back at him, "Well it feels pretty damn natural to me." The hand that didn't have her wand in it was playing with the waist of his trousers, nails scratching against the bottom of his abs. She repeated again and again as the seconds ticked by agonizingly slow. With every twist of her wrist there was a twist of her hips against him, so subtle as to only tease him.

"Harry," Sue blessedly interrupted them, or horribly depending on which part of his brain you were asking. He turned to see the slender girl was flushed in the face, glancing furtively in Susan's direction as the redhead smiled at him, "Susan... is having a problem with distance control and balance when avoiding spells. I think...well, you're a better teacher than me. You might be able to help her where I can't."

"Oh, Sue's too hard on herself. She helped me plenty." Susan complimented the Chinese witch who pointedly didn't look at her. *Odd.*

"Alright..."

"Brilliant." As Susan passed Daphne, she reached over and gave her bum a pinch. Daphne barely jumped slightly, swatting at the hand. The redhead glanced down at Harry's trousers as she stepped up close to him, "You know, boys always lament how much the school robes hide, I'm pretty sure the girls should be just as disappointed considering the show you're putting on right now."

"Not my fault. And you're not helping."

"Who said that I was trying to help?" She asked with a mischievous smile, "I like a good show as much as the next girl." The young Bones was wearing a tight top that beautifully accentuated her lovely bust. Her round tits bounced as she dropped into a crouch ready to dodge, "Shall we?"

Swallowing, Harry nodded and pointed his wand in her direction. Stinging hexes shot from the tip of his wand at lightning quick speed. They were shockingly fast, and perfectly placed to make her move and

dodge. In learning to control the strength of his spells, he'd managed to increase speed and precision. *Should come in handy very soon too.*

Three small welts were forming on Susan, one on her forearm and two beneath the stretchy material on her legs, while she hadn't landed a shot on him, or near him. When she stumbled forward to dodge one of his spells and got caught by another one, Harry stopped "You need to be more fluid coming in and out of evasive movements, try and focus on your center of gravity. Don't ever overextend." *I'm pretty sure the likes of Dumbledore and Flitwick are even able to use magic to bolster their balance.*

"That's not exactly the easiest thing to do, Harry." Susan told him, genuinely frustrated as she rubbed the sore on her forearm. They were light enough that a simple spell was enough to lessen the pain.

"You must've learned to dance, right?" Susan nodded, "Well think of it like a dance. Be light on your feet, glide. Don't make any movement that isn't necessary." It wasn't how he'd learned but, it was the best analogy he could think of to help her.

"Again," she told him, serious. Sweat dripped from her brow as she tried her damndest to improve. And it was one hell of an improvement. Where before he was firing deliberately to make her move, she forced him to be more accurate. She threw a hex at him that forced him to dodge forward and they ended up bumping right into each other. Seemingly by accident, she fell against him and pushed them both over. He ended up with her bouncy bosom right in his face. One of her hard nipples pressed against his cheek.

"Oh, now this is a position I've never seen you in before." Susan cradled his head against her sensitive mounds, making her gasp at the pressure against her sensitive nubs, "You look good." The redhead ended up straddling his crotch as he pushed up onto his elbows.

*Well, she's certainly not as subtle as Daphne.* Still, he wasn't going to complain about having such magnificent mammaries pressed into his face. Harry glanced in the direction of Sue and Daphne and found that the two young women had their backs turned to them. He filled his hands with the meaty cheeks of her curvy bum, "You're horrible, you know that."

"Really," She pushed down into his freshly hardened shaft, "I think I'm wonderful." His manhood wasn't enjoying the inconsistent attention it was suffering. *I'm of half a mind to spank them for this fucking teasing.*

"This your plan all along?"

"Honestly, yes." Susan told him as her fingers traced the bulge in his trousers right next to her thigh, "But, I wanted to get some extra practice in as well. I... uh... really appreciate the help. You're a good... teacher you know." She bit her lips as he kissed at the exposed skin of her neck, "Good at a lot of things."

"You're a horrible tease."

"Guilty." Susan couldn't hold back her moan as she humped against his crotch. But then just a few short seconds later she pushed up on her knees and lessened the wonderful friction. She had a coy little smirk on her lips as she stood over him and offered a hand.

Susan sent him a cheeky wink before heading over to the other girls. Their conversation was brief as Sue just nodded her head and moved back to Harry. He couldn't help but notice that her thick nipples poking

out clearly against her tight shirt, and while it could only be sweat, there appeared to be a wet spot forming on her stretchy trousers too. *Looks like she's been getting it just as bad as me.*

Her eyes darted down to the obvious bulge in his trousers then back up to his emerald eyes, "They've been teasing you, too? Haven't they?" Her voice was strained with her own desire.

"Merlin, yes." Harry admitted. One thing he appreciated about Sue was that she was often a girl of action, not words.

Still, what she did next definitely surprised him. Without any warning she dropped to her knees and pulled his trousers down to his knees. His cock sprung out of his trousers and bobbed heavily in front of her face. "Sue, you don't have to..." He didn't finish the thought as she grabbed his bare dick for the first time, and pointed it right toward her welcoming mouth. She parted her cute mouth and sucked in his leaking crown, "Oh... Merlin..." His quiet exultation was enough to get the attention of Daphne and Susan.

He expected the elation in Susan's eyes from his previous experiences with her, but he didn't expect the lust in Daphne's after her questions about just how many there were. The two girls moved toward them, but Sue Li pulled off his cock and gave one command, "No."

"But..." Susan started with a pout.

"No. You've spent almost every minute since we got in here teasing the hell out of us... so now we're going to tease you. This is what you've wanted all night, and I'm the only one who's going to get it." Sue brought his engorged dome back to her soft lips and enveloped him. The movements were unpracticed and hurried, and wonderful.

"You heard her," Harry added when it looked like both girls were going to protest, "maybe if you're lucky she'll share."

Daphne stamped her foot in irritation, while Susan just frowned sullenly, crossing her arms beneath her impressive bust. He found their lustful frustration cute as all hell, but when Susan turned to Daphne and slipped her hand into her knickers, he could scarcely believe what he was seeing. The wanton moan that escaped Daphne's slim throat told him that she was just as surprised as him.

With a naughty smirk, Susan just told him, "Well, you're not the only one who can put on a show." *Slick. Gluck. Slick. Guck.* The wet sound of Susan's plunging fingers and Sue's fervent sucking mingled as the smell of sex filled the air.

The Chinese witch could only get about half of his cock into her mouth and a thick strand of spittle fell from her chin down to her heaving bust as she worked. Regardless of her experience, it felt absolutely fantastic all the same. Her tongue was wonderfully dexterous, and she was incredibly skilled at using it to map the most pleasurable veins of his shaft. Her slender fingers came up and tickled at his big, smooth bollocks gently, coaxing bead of slippery precum into the back of her mouth.

Grabbing her ponytail, he was careful not to thrust his hips and force more of himself into her mouth than she could handle, but it did get her attention as she looked up at him with desire darkened eyes, "Sue... I'm... not going to last much longer." That didn't deter the gorgeous dark-haired girl in the



slightest. The wonderful suckling of her lips only increased. Herr cheeks hollowed out as she did everything she could to get her reward.

Impressed, Harry moaned low in his throat as his bollocks pulled tight to the base of his shaft. His cock quaked as the cum started racing out of his shaft to fill her waiting mouth. The first rope hit her tongue and the effect was instant. Sue's eyes opened in alarm as she shook through her first cum-induced orgasm from her lover.

Daphne was panting thanks to the redhead's persistent, eager ministrations as they both stared lasciviously at Sue doing her work, "Is that her first time?" Susan asked. Harry only nodded his head as he stared down at the young woman on his cock.

His sizable load proved too much for newbie on his cock, between the body-shaking orgasm and the sheer amount of cum, it started leaking down her chin and at the corner of her lips, dripping down to her long, slender neck.

With a chuckle, Daphne shuddered through her own orgasm, "And... and she called us a... tease? How many times... have you... oh... been alone together? And she's never..."

"Lucky for her... and for you... I like giving as much as receiving." Harry grunted out as more of his seed filled the girl's mouth.

Sue jerked the last of his cum from his cock and pulled off his girthy shaft. Panting heavily, her warm breath tickling his sensitive cockhead as she stood and walked to the other two girls. Without a word, she gathered some the cum on her chin on one finger on each hand. She offered it to the two horny witches that teased them both so mercilessly.

They both eagerly sucked her fingers clean, like it was their favorite treat in the whole world. *And from what they've said, it's probably not far off.* They shook through their own peaks at just the taste, and Harry was treated to the sight of their beautiful bodies, different but no less enticing, quaking in pleasure.

Their fun came to an end with a sobering knock on the door.

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Fleur knocked again, sure that she'd found the room she was looking for. It was the only one on the fifth floor that was magically locked. She was of half a mind to simply magic her way in, but it proved unnecessary.

After the second knock, the door opened to reveal striking emerald-green eyes and a handsome young man, "Fleur?"

"'ello 'Arry," She smiled at him easily, "I was looking for you."

"Oh, well you found me." He opened the door to let her in, "What can I do for you?"

"'elp me, I'm 'oping." Fleur stepped inside and found three other young women in there with him, each of them gorgeous though different. The redhead was curviest, with an obvious hourglass figure. The blonde looked like she could be part Veela, just like her. Her hair was lustrous, and she had the gentle curves of a Renaissance statue. The last was dark-haired and pearl pale. Taller than Fleur with long, slender legs and a surprisingly large bust.

They were all of them lightly glistening with sweat, no doubt from their practice. *But that wasn't the only thing that has their faces flush.* The pungent smell of their sex wafted in the air like a delicious perfume. *I must have interrupted something.* She couldn't keep the small smile from her lips as she looked at Harry, "Working 'ard?"

"Tournaments only a couple weeks away. Can't start slacking now." He replied easily. She could understand the omission. *Wouldn't want to be caught with his hand in the cookie jar... so to speak.*

"Excellent, zat is exactly why I'm 'ere. I wish to 'elp you."

"Why?" He asked confused.

"Because Solen LeClaire is a miserable cow who torments my little sister as a way of getting back at me for somezzing I couldn't control." She laid it out plainly, unable and unwilling to lie in her frustration, "I don't just want you to beat 'er, I want you to embarrass 'er. And I know that I can 'elp you. I'm told that you and 'er," she pointed at Sue Li, "are ze best duelists in your year. You seem like my best chance to see it 'appen." *And if it allows me to spend more time around this enigmatic young man, all the better.*

"Well, whoever told you that is definitely right." The blonde told her.

"Fantastic," she looked pleadingly at Harry, making her captivating blue eyes as big as she could manage, "So, what do you say?" It was a look that often got her Papa to do anything she wanted when she was a little girl, and still worked a treat when she pulled it out as a grown woman.

Harry glanced from her to the three young women, and gave a shrug of his shoulder, "I want to win. So, it doesn't seem sensible to turn down help when it's offered." He looked her up and down, and she found she enjoyed the feel of his eyes on her and the roguish smile that came to his lips, "You're going to have to show me just how good you are though."

Without hesitation, she pulled her wand out. *This should be fun.*