

That didn't seem to satisfy Fleur, but she huffed, dropping him to the ground and turning on her heel back to the other champions. Harry could see several boys in the stands watching with a mixture of fear and awe; even he had to admit that was terrifyingly impressive, watching her pick up Bagman with one hand.

"Remind me never to piss her off," Cedric muttered. Harry and Viktor both hummed in agreement.

With Fleur pacing like a caged tiger, Bagman and the other judges seemed to realise it was best to get started as quickly as possible.

Harry stripped off his robe and shoes when the other champions started doing the same, leaving him in the swimming shorts and tank top he'd been supplied with the day before. The other male champions were dressed similarly, and Fleur wore a silver one-piece swimsuit, oblivious to the looks she was getting once she dropped her robe. She was too focused on her sister and the lake.

"Champions, you have one hour!" Bagman announced, still eyeing Fleur warily. "Start on my whistle. One... two... *three!*" Bagman blew his whistle, and they immediately jumped into action. Harry shoved the gillyweed in his mouth and began to chew, wading out into the freezing cold water. All three other champions blazed past him, disappearing under the surface of the water. Harry refused to do so until he was absolutely sure this whole thing would work.

*I really should've tested this*, he thought to himself as he swallowed the slimy plant, ignoring the faint laughter he could hear from the stands as he stood in the shallows like an idiot. *Don't fail me now, Snape.*

When it finally started working, it kicked in remarkably quickly, and Harry had to throw himself into the water to avoid choking on air. His feet elongated into flippers, his hands webbing between the fingers, and he grinned to himself as he swam forwards, the water feeling more room temperature than the near-ice he knew it was.

Snape hadn't let him down. He could do this.

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Much more than an hour later, Harry burst through the surface of the lake and took a glorious gasp of air, having lost his gills about fifteen feet under. He dragged Ron and Gabrielle with him, both of them regaining consciousness once they were above water. Gabrielle's eyes immediately filled with tears as she splashed and gasped her sister's name, and Harry let go of Ron, letting the little girl wind her arms around his neck. "There you go, I've got you," he soothed, unsure how much English she spoke. "Fleur is okay," he said, though truthfully he didn't know what had happened to the French girl. "Can you swim?" Gabrielle sniffled and made a so-so gesture with one hand, the other gripping Harry's shoulder tightly.

"Harry, hurry up! What's she doing here?" Ron asked, impatiently treading water, his red hair plastered to his forehead.