

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Summary: After finding an old, decrepit Time Turner in the Room of Requirement, Harry finds himself trapped inside a time loop, forced to relive the same day over and over again. No matter, though. He's gotten out of worse situations before. All he has to do is find a way to keep himself entertained while he figures out a plan. Easy enough...right?

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Chapter 1: Déjà Vu

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Slughorn's office was unrecognisable. What had been a cosy, cluttered sitting room on previous visits had been transformed into a silver-and-green wonderland. Enchanted snow fell gently from the ceiling, vanishing before it touched the floor. Christmas trees sparkled in every corner, their branches heavy with candles and ornaments. House-elves circulated with trays of canapés and drinks, while a group of fairy lights danced in complex patterns above the assembled guests.

Harry stood near the refreshments table, tugging at the collar of his dress robes, feeling conspicuous and out of place. Beside him, Luna Lovegood stood in a silver dress that caught the light in unexpected ways.

"You're supposed to wear them, not eat them," Luna said dreamily, watching a wizard from the Ministry pop a candied pineapple into his mouth. "Though they do look rather like they want to be eaten. The pineapples, I mean. Not the people."

Harry smiled despite his nerves. "Thanks for coming with me, Luna. I know it was pretty last-minute."

"Oh I don't mind," Luna said, her gaze drifting toward the ceiling. "I like parties, they're an excellent place to study Wrackspurt breeding habits."

Harry nodded, unsure of how to respond to the dreamy witch. Instead, he took his chance to study the crowd. He spotted Hermione across the room, rigid with a fixed smile that looked like it might crack her face. She was attached to the arm of Cormac McLaggen, who was too busy boasting about his Quidditch prowess to a bored-looking wizard in a teal coat to notice his date's discomfort. Hermione caught his eye, and her expression flickered between relief and embarrassment before finally turning away with a flush of shame.

It seems like her plan to make Ron jealous wasn't going as well as she hoped. Harry would say he felt for his friend, but then again, she had done this to herself.

Leaving his friend to her fate, Harry moved on. Ginny was there with Dean Thomas, looking elegant in dark gold robes. She caught Harry's eye and smiled, and Harry felt his stomach flutter. He looked away quickly.

"Ah, Harry! There you are!"

Professor Slughorn materialised from the crowd, resplendent in maroon velvet, his walrus moustache waxed to impossible points. He beamed at them, his small eyes twinkling.

"So glad you could make it, my dear boy! And Miss Lovegood! What a surprise! Your father writes for the Quibbler, does he not? Fascinating publication. I knew your mother, you know. Quite the extraordinary witch. A bit... unconventional, but brilliant minds often are."

"Thank you, Professor," Luna said, her gaze drifting toward a potted plant. "The Hellebore is singing. That's a good sign. Usually, it only sings when it senses truth in one's words."

Slughorn blinked, then decided to interpret this as a compliment. "Quite! Now, Harry, I must introduce you to some of my other guests. Ambrosius Flume from Honeydukes—exquisite chap. And there's Gwenog Jones, Captain of the Holyhead Harpies. I've been telling her all about your talent as a Seeker..."

Harry endured another twenty minutes of introductions to various Slug Club alumni—an editor from the Daily Prophet, a potioneer who'd invented a hair-thickening tonic, and a witch who

claimed to have dated a vampire in the 1970s. Through it all, Luna drifted beside him like a silver ghost, occasionally making small comments about the overexcited nature of the resident Wrackspurts. Her comments never failed to derail any uncomfortable conversation Harry found himself in with one of Slughorn's "guests". In fact, it was almost as if Luna would intentionally stay quiet right up until the moment the other guests would bring up his scar or Voldemort. The serene Ravenclaw was more cunning than she let on.

He was in the middle of pretending to listen to a lengthy story about Squid ink exports when the door burst open with a bang that made everyone jump.

"Professor Slughorn, sir!" Filch wheezed, dragging a struggling figure by the ear. "I caught this one lurking in an upstairs corridor! Says he was trying to sneak in!"

Draco Malfoy's face was flushed with anger and humiliation. He jerked free of Filch's grip, smoothing his robes with as much dignity as he could muster.

"Mr Malfoy!" Slughorn said, his initial surprise settling into a cautious smile. "Is what Mr Filch is saying true, my boy?"

"I was trying to gatecrash," Draco said stiffly, not meeting anyone's eyes. "I didn't get an invitation."

Slughorn surveyed the Slytherin with a complicated expression, his walrus-esque moustache twitching to and fro. "I see," he said, his lips settling into a thin line. "I confess, I didn't invite you for a reason, my boy. With your father's current...*legal* situation, I thought it best to avoid any awkwardness."

Draco's jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

"However," Slughorn continued, his generous nature winning out over caution, "You may consider this a warning, young man. Don't let me catch you sneaking about my corridors again. Thus, you are welcome to stay. 'Tis the season of goodwill, after all!" Slughorn chortled, his previous cheer returning like the flip of a switch. "Come, everyone, no harm done!" he

announced to the room as he clapped his hands together, trying to restore the party atmosphere. "Let us return to the celebration at hand!"

"I think not, Horace."

Severus Snape stepped forward from where he had been standing near the refreshments table, his presence somehow darkening the festive atmosphere. He had been there all along as a chaperone, watching the proceedings with his usual disdain, but now his attention was fixed entirely on Draco.

"I shall escort Mr Malfoy back to the Slytherin common room," Snape said, his black eyes boring into Draco's pale face. "I was just leaving anyway."

"Oh, Severus," Slughorn said, puffing up slightly. "The boy just arrived. Let him have a refreshment first—"

"I think Mr Malfoy has had enough excitement for one evening," Snape said, his voice carrying an undercurrent of steel. "Come, Draco."

Draco looked almost relieved to escape the awkward attention. He followed Snape toward the door without a backward glance.

Harry's head buzzed with suspicion. Something about Draco's excuse didn't feel right. He was an egotistical prat, sure, but gatecrashing a party? Even Draco would find such a thing beneath him. No, the ferret's excuse was flimsy at best. He was up to something. Could it be related to what he saw in Borgin and Burkes?

Whatever the case, Harry wasn't going to let this chance pass him by.

"Excuse me," Harry muttered to Luna. "I'll be right back."

"Be careful," Luna said dreamily. "The Hellebore stopped singing. That usually means someone is about to make a very costly mistake."

Harry nodded, giving Luna's hand a squeeze before slipping out of the office, pulling his Invisibility Cloak from his pocket as he moved. He'd learned to keep it on him at all times this year. He threw it over his head and raced down the corridor.

He caught sight of them on the fifth floor, Snape's dark head bent close to Draco's pale one, their voices low and urgent. Harry followed at a safe distance, his heart pounding. They climbed past the sixth floor, up to the seventh, and into an empty corridor when Draco muttered something inaudible to Harry's ears. Without warning, Snape snapped, grasping the blonde-haired boy by the robes and pushing him against the wall.

Harry stilled instantly.

"—swore to protect you!" Snape hissed, his lips curving into a near snarl. "I made the Unbreakable Vow!"

"I don't need protection!" Draco snapped as he tried in vain to wrestle himself free from Snape's iron-like grip. "I was chosen for this! Me! I will not fail him like the others! Like—"

"Your father?" Snape said coldly. "Your father was a fool; that is why he failed." The potions master released his grip, causing Draco to stumble forward as Snape settled him with a stern glare. "And you will join him in failure if you do not let me assist you."

"No!" Draco retorted, his voice venomous yet with a underlining of desperation bleeding through.

"I told you I don't need your help to fix it! I was chosen! This is my moment!"

"Draco—"

But Draco was no longer willing to listen. Freed from Snape's grip, the blonde wizard turned and ran, leaving Snape behind before the older man could utter another word.

For a few tense moments, Snape just stood there, looking down the corridor where Draco had disappeared, before, with a scoff, the greasy-haired professor turned on his heel and stalked back towards the stairs, his black robes billowing behind him like storm clouds.

Harry hesitated. Snape was heading back toward the dungeons, but Draco was going somewhere else entirely. Somewhere important.

Harry made his decision almost instantly. He dashed forward, turning down the hall Draco had run to.

The corridor stretched ahead, lined with the usual suits of armour and dusty tapestries, but Draco was nowhere to be seen. Harry slowed to a halt, breathing hard, his eyes scanning every shadow and alcove. The hallway was empty.

“Fuck,” Harry muttered under his breath. Where had the ferret gone?

Harry moved forward cautiously, his wand now in his hand, every sense alert for movement. The corridor ended in a T-junction. To the left, he could see the staircase leading back down. To the right—

The tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy hung there, depicting the wizard's futile attempts to teach trolls ballet. The wall opposite it was blank, featureless stone.

Harry approached the blank wall, his mind racing. The Room of Requirement. *Of course.*

He paced back and forth three times, concentrating hard.

I need to see what Malfoy's doing. I need to see what he's hiding.

On the third pass, nothing changed, much to his dismay. Perhaps he was being too specific?

Pacing again, he concentrated on a different request.

I need a place to hide something. Something no one else can find.

This time, as he completed his third pass, the stone began to shift, a door materialising just like all the other times. Yet, something was wrong.

Instead of the usual smooth panel, this was an old, warped door with a twisted brass handle, ancient and weathered as though it had stood there for centuries.

Harry hesitated, his hand hovering over the handle. This wasn't right. The Room never looked like this. But Draco must have gone inside. There was nowhere else he could have gone.

Harry pushed the door open.

The room inside was nothing like the vast spaces he'd seen before. It was small, cramped, filled with centuries of forgotten things—broken furniture, rusted suits of armour, and towering piles of discarded objects that cast long shadows in the dim light. It smelled of dust and age and something else, something metallic and sharp.

Harry moved deeper into the room, navigating between stacks of broken cauldrons and moth-eaten robes, his wand raised and ready. Draco was nowhere to be seen. Had he been wrong?

He stopped in the centre of the cramped space, turning slowly. No Malfoy. No sign anyone had been here recently. Just junk and shadows and the faint smell of rust. His shoulders sagged, frustration bubbling up in his chest. He'd been so sure this was where Draco had gone. There was nowhere else he could have disappeared to so quickly. But the room was empty.

“Brilliant,” Harry sighed. He turned to leave, already mentally cursing himself for wasting such a golden opportunity to find out Malfoy’s plan. Yet as he stepped towards the door, a small glint of gold caught his eye.

Harry paused.

On a small table wedged between a broken wardrobe and a toppled suit of armour sat an object that seemed entirely out of place among the discarded rubbish. It was an hourglass. A gold one, largely pristine except for the crack down the middle. Golden sand seeped from the fracture like blood from a wound, pooling on the table and dripping onto the floor, yet somehow never diminishing.

Harry approached it, his earlier frustration momentarily forgotten. What was a time-turner doing here, of all places?

He studied the hourglass cautiously. It was different from the one Hermione had used back in their third year—more ornate and slightly larger. The crack in the side drew his eye. It'd been

broken somehow. Maybe that was why it was here? Perhaps another student had been lent one years ago, just like Hermione. Yet unlike his friend, maybe they had a mishap that caused the fracture, so they stored it away here?

Harry shook his head. That hardly seemed plausible. Someone from the Ministry would have surely come looking for it. It mattered little anyway. It was obviously broken and no use to him. And yet... he couldn't find it in him to just walk away. A Time-Turner was a powerful tool, even broken as this one was. Hadn't Malfoy said something about fixing 'it'? Could this be the ferret's true goal, to repair this time-turner and hand it over to Voldemort?

That thought did not leave a very comfortable feeling behind inside of Harry's gut. Even if this time-turner wasn't what Draco was after, he could hardly leave it here for the ferret or anyone else to find, for that matter.

Harry reached forward. His fingers were a hairsbreadth away when he felt it, the hairs on the back of his neck standing on end while his mind practically screamed *'Don't touch it!'*

But it was too late.

The moment his fingers brushed the metal, the world exploded.

Golden light erupted from the cracked hourglass, blinding, burning. Harry felt himself falling, spinning, tumbling through a vortex of sand and light and screaming silence. He tried to grab something, anything, but his hands passed through solid stone like smoke.

Images raced past him. Snape and Draco in the empty corridor. Slughorn's party. Luna giggling as he whispered a small joke to her beneath his breath. Faster and faster they flashed around him, a kaleidoscope of colour and sound that made his stomach lurch.

And then—darkness.

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Harry woke with a start, his hand already reaching for his wand before he could properly sit up. Yet it was not stacks of dusty trinkets and golden light that met his vision, but the blurry canopy

of his four-poster bed. He was in his dorm room? Confused, Harry sat up fully, his breathing slowly returning to normal as he retrieved his glasses. The world came into focus through the lenses of his bifocals. It was definitely his dorm room. The Room of Requirement was gone, replaced instead by his snoring roommates and the light of early morning. There was no broken time-turner or whirlpool of golden sand.

A dream.

It was just a dream. A particularly vivid one, but that was all. He felt groggy, his head thick with a phantom sensation of falling.

Harry dressed mechanically, his mind still hazy with sleep. It had all felt so real. Draco's confrontation with Snape, the strange room the Room of Requirement summoned, the broken Time-Turner. He shook his head as he headed down to the Great Hall.

It was just a weird dream. Probably something his subconscious drummed up after everything that's happened this term.

"Morning," Ron mumbled around a mouthful of toast as Harry approached the table. "You look rough, mate. Bad night?"

Harry managed a weak smile. "Something like that," he mumbled.

Hermione looked up from her book, her brow furrowed slightly in concern. "It wasn't another one of *those* dreams, was it?" she asked.

Harry shook his head and turned to reply, but the words caught in his throat. In her hands was a copy of "*Magical Field Dynamics in Enclosed Environments*", the very same book that he knew she had finished yesterday afternoon. He knew she had finished it because she had spent a good hour forcing him to listen as she critiqued the author's writing.

Frowning, Harry gestured to the thick tome. "I thought you said that book was rubbish?"

Hermione blinked and looked down at her book. "This one? No, I don't think so. I only just checked it out of the library this morning."

"That's not right," Harry replied slowly, his brows furrowed. "You said that the author's writing was entirely too narrow-minded and that his hypothesis of aggressive environmental growth from nearby magical sources was flawed when you look at actual magical ecologies from around the world."

Hermione froze, her eyes wide as she stared at him with what could only be described as a look of astonishment. Ron was staring too, his features set into a look of pure bewilderment.

"I... Well, yes, from what I've read so far, that seems to be the case but—"

Before Hermione could continue, a shriek echoed across the Great Hall. Everyone's heads snapped toward the Gryffindor table where Lavender Brown had just shot to her feet. Her white blouse, now soaked and completely transparent, was plastered to her skin, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. The rosy peaks of her nipples were clearly visible against the wet fabric, and the full, round shape of her breasts was on display for the entire hall to see.

"Seamus Finnigan, you absolute—!" she cried, her face turning a blotchy, furious red as she crossed her arms over her chest in a futile attempt to cover herself, and fled the Great Hall in tears.

Dean Thomas, who was sitting beside Seamus, snickered and leaned over to his friend. "Told you she wasn't wearing a bra," he muttered, nudging Seamus with his elbow and grinning.

"Guess you owe me five Sickles—"

Before Dean could finish his thought, Ginny, who was sitting right next to him, slapped him hard across the back of his head. "You're a pig!" the redhead snapped, glaring venomously at both Dean and Seamus. "Both of you!" Ginny huffed, standing quickly as she hurried after Lavender out of the Great Hall.

Harry stared, his appetite seemingly gone. Memories of that exact encounter drifted forth from his memory. Lavender, her blouse, Dean's comment, Ginny smacking him before storming out.

It all happened before. He *watched* it happen before, just as he knew Hermione had read that book before, too.

His spiralling thoughts were broken apart by the screech of dozens of owls flooding the great halls. Letters and packages rained down onto the tables. A copy of the latest Daily Prophet issue landed next to him. Harry stilled, his breath frozen in his lungs as he looked at the date of the issue.

December 20th, 1996.

But yesterday had been December 20th, hadn't it? He was sure of it. He remembers seeing the date on this exact issue, or at least he believes so...

Was it a memory, or was it his dream? Surely the entirety of yesterday wasn't one big dream? Slughorn's party certainly felt real, as too did everything else that happened before that. It was just the mysterious time-turner that his mind had conjured. He had left the party and gone to bed surely...and yet, he couldn't recall doing so at all.

"Hermione, do you remember what time I left Slughorn's party last night?" he tried. Surely she would know.

And yet any hopes he had of a straight answer were dashed when Hermione turned to him with a look of confusion.

"Slughorn's party is tonight, Harry. Last night you and Ron stayed up playing Wizard's chess, remember?"

"I..." Harry began, his blood turning slowly into ice in his veins. "I have to go check on something!" he said, standing so fast his chair scraped loudly. "I'll be right back."

He didn't wait for a response, his feet carrying him out of the Great Hall on their own. The corridors blurred past him, a tunnel of stone and torchlight as his mind raced. He needed answers, and only one place would have them as far as he was concerned.

He took the stairs two at a time, his lungs burning by the time he reached the seventh-floor landing. He didn't hesitate, immediately beginning to pace the empty stretch of corridor. On his third pass, a door materialised. It was the old, warped door from his memory, the ancient, weathered wood with its twisted brass handle.

Harry swallowed thickly and reached for the handle.

The room inside was exactly as he remembered. The same cramped space filled with forgotten things, the same smell of dust and rust, the same oppressive shadows cast by the towering piles of junk.

He didn't need to search. His feet carried him with a dreadful certainty to the small table wedged between the broken wardrobe and the toppled suit of armour. There it was. The hourglass, whole and pristine, the golden sand shimmering within its flawless glass orb, taunting him with its perfection. The crack was gone, as if it had never been there in the first place.

Harry stumbled back from the table, his heart hammering against his ribs. The Time-Turner sat there, perfect and intact, no trace of the crack that had bled golden sand in his memory. His memory. Not a dream. An actual day he'd already lived.

He backed out of the room, the warped door swinging shut behind him with a hollow thud that echoed in the empty corridor.

What was he going to do now?

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The day passed in a blur of repeated moments. Harry spent the morning in the Gryffindor common room while Ron complained about Hermione's date with McLaggen, endured the same lunch conversation about Quidditch, and watched Neville knock over his pumpkin juice at exactly the same moment. Every interaction felt scripted, something he'd already experienced.

He went to the party. He watched Filch drag Malfoy in, watched Snape escort him out. He didn't follow. He went back to the common room instead, climbed into bed, and stared at the canopy until sleep finally took him.

He woke to the same grey morning light filtered through the same curtains. Not on December 21st, but the 20th all over again, the date on the calendar staring back at him in silent mocking laughter.

He dressed in silence. Walked to breakfast in silence. Watched Lavender's blouse get soaked, watched Dean make his comment, watched Ginny slap him and storm out. All of it. Again.

The realisation settled into his bones like a chill he couldn't shake. He was stuck. It wasn't a one-time fluke; he was reliving the same day, over and over again.

He tried everything. He skipped the party altogether, choosing to spend the evening lying in bed until his eyes closed of their own volition. They opened once more after what felt like a single breath later, to the morning of December 20th.

He stayed in bed all day, pretending to be sick. He woke up on December 20th.

He packed a bag and walked out the front gates, Apparated to Hogsmeade, then London, then slept in a Muggle hotel far from Hogwarts. He woke up in his four-poster bed on December 20th. He screamed the truth in the Great Hall until his voice went raw. He woke up on December 20th, and the world was unchanged.

The loop was absolute. Eventually, the panic calcified into resignation. If nothing he did mattered, if tomorrow would always be today, he might as well stop caring about consequences. On the seventh loop—or the twentieth, he'd lost count—Harry went to the party. More so out of boredom than any true necessity. It was the most convenient way to get drunk too. The punch Slughorn provided was spiked just enough that it only took a few glasses for him to get a pleasant buzz. Eventually, the room was swimming pleasantly, faces blurring together, the same conversations he'd heard a dozen times becoming background noise.

Through it all, Harry found his gaze settling on Luna time and time again.

She stood in her silver dress, the fabric catching the light like spun moonbeams. Merlin, she was pretty. It was obvious, of course. Anyone with eyes could see that Luna was beautiful, from her pale skin to her silvery hair and delicate features. Only now, Harry was realising just how *ethereal* his date truly was.

The punch hummed through his veins, warm and reckless. He was tired of standing here pretending to care about Slughorn's boring guests. Tired of the whole charade. Luna turned her head, catching him staring, and smiled, the same smile that made him feel like she could see right through him.

Harry crossed the room before he could think better of it. He took her hand, his grip firm and insistent.

"Come with me," he said.

Luna tilted her head, studying him with those large silver eyes. "Where?"

"Somewhere private."

She took his hand without question. Harry led her from the room, the noise of the party fading behind them as they moved down the corridor. Their footsteps echoed against the stone floors, the torches flickering as they passed. Luna walked beside him, her fingers cool in his grip, the silver bells in her hair chiming softly with each step.

They climbed down a staircase, then another, Harry choosing paths at random, not caring where they ended up as long as it was away from the crowd. In the end, it was an abandoned classroom on the third floor that he chose, closing the door behind them with a soft click.

Luna wandered toward the window, her silver dress swishing against the dusty floor. She ran her finger along the windowsill, her pale skin practically glowing in the moonlight as she turned to face him with a quiet smile. Harry pushed off from the door and crossed the room in three strides. The punch had settled into his blood, warm and reckless, making everything feel distant

and unimportant. He stopped in front of her, close enough to smell her perfume, the scent sweet and earthy, like dried flowers.

"You're beautiful," he said. The words came out unguarded, falling from his lips before he could catch them.

Luna smiled, that strange, knowing curve of her mouth. "So are you. I've always thought so," she replied, her voice even as she tilted her head to the side. "Is this the part where we kiss? Padma told me that usually happens after a date."

Harry chuckled and pulled her close, his hands firm against her hips as he leaned down.

Her lips were soft and warm, tasting of cinnamon and the sweet cream of a pastry she had eaten earlier at the party. Luna pressed her body closer, deepening the kiss as her hands slid up to grip his shoulders, while his own hands wrapped around, coming to rest on her lower back, where the curve of her ass first began.

As the kiss deepened, so too did Harry grow bolder. The feel of her body pressed against him, her petite form warm and soft, stirred something within him. His hands wandered further, sliding down to fully cup her pert bum, lifting her slightly against him. Luna made a soft sound into his mouth, not protesting, her fingers tightening in his robes. He walked her backwards until she hit the edge of an old desk, the aged wood providing the perfect surface to lift the petite blonde onto.

Her legs parted to make room for him as he stepped between them. Harry's blood hummed beneath his flesh, the flood of hormones taking control over his actions as his lips found the soft flesh of Luna's neck. The blonde's breath stuttered, a low whine leaking forth as he nipped lightly at her pulse point before moving down to her collarbone. Below, his hands continued their exploration, pushing her dress upwards to reveal the supple flesh of her thighs.

Luna arched into him, her head falling back, her breathing steady but quickening. "Your hands are warm," she whispered, her voice dreamy. "I like them there."

Harry's palms slid higher, tracing the soft skin where her thighs met her hips, thumbs brushing the crease of her pelvis. He pushed the fabric of her dress higher, gathering it at her waist and exposing her fully to the cool air of the abandoned classroom. Luna wasn't wearing anything underneath. No knickers or stockings, just bare flesh. just bare skin and the glistening pink slit of her pussy. She didn't flinch or cover herself. She remained serene, her legs parted slightly, revealing her swollen folds, her inner thighs already coated with her arousal.

Luna gasped as his fingers found her wet folds, her hips bucking slightly, her hands gripping the edge of the desk. "Harry," she breathed, his name a whisper on her lips.

He pulled back to look at her, his hands spreading her thighs wider. Her pussy was slick and open, her clit a hard pearl peeking from its hood, glistening with her juices. Harry traced her folds with his fingertips. Luna watched him with half-lidded eyes, her cheeks flushed and breathing heavy as he teased her entrance.

"You're perfect," he murmured, his green eyes boring into her won silver orbs as he slowly sank two fingers inside of her awaiting cunt. She was tight, her walls clenching hard around his fingers as he slipped them further inside. The silver-haired girl whimpered, her teeth digging into her bottom lip as he used his fingers to stretch her, but not once did she close her eyes. Instead, her silver orbs remained fixed to his, as if she wanted him to see into her very soul as he pleased her.

Harry added a third finger soon after, her small whimpers devolving into a keening whine as he pumped them inside her tight quim.

"Please," she whispered. "I need more."

"Are you sure?" he asked, stilling his fingers inside her. Though his hormones roared for him to take the plunge, Luna was still his friend, Time Loop or no.

"I want you inside me," Luna said simply, her voice steady and sure. "Please?"

Harry nodded, slowly removing his fingers from her centre before pulling away. His dress robes came off easily, the thick garments falling to the floor before they were soon joined by the shimmering fabric of Luna's dress a moment later.

She stood before him naked, pale and ethereal in the dim light, her silver hair cascading over her shoulders, her pink nipples pebbled from the cool air. Harry drank her in, his cock aching and heavy between his legs, already leaking precum. Luna's eyes drifted down to his length, her gaze curious and unashamed.

"Oh," she voiced, her eyes locked onto his stiffened cock. "You're quite big. Do you think it will fit?"

"Only one way to find out," Harry said, his voice rough with desire.

He turned her around gently, bending her over the desk. She went willingly, her forearms resting on the dusty wood, her hair spilling forward like a silver curtain. Harry positioned himself behind her, his hands gripping her hips as the crown of his cock prodded against her slick entrance. He pressed forward slowly, parting her folds with only minor resistance.

Luna gasped as he began to enter her, her body tensing, her fingers curling against the desk. She was tight, impossibly tight, her virgin cunt gripping him like a fist as he pushed deeper, inch by inch. Harry groaned, his head falling back, the sensation of her wet heat enveloping him almost overwhelming.

"Harry," she breathed, pushing back against him. "More. Give me all of it."

He thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt inside her. Luna cried out, her body shuddering, but she didn't pull away. Instead, she pushed back harder, her cunt clenching around him, adjusting to his size.

"Oh my~" she whispered, her voice trembling but eager. "*Please*, Harry. Fuck me."

He obliged, his hips snapping against her ass, his cock sliding in and out of her tight pussy, glistening with her arousal. The desk creaked beneath them, Luna's gasps and whimpers filling

the empty room as he pounded into her, his grip on her hips tightening, his thrusts growing harder and more desperate.

"Harder," she urged, her silver orbs looking back at him over her shoulder, her expression serene even as she was being ravaged. "Please! It feels so good~!"

Harry obliged, slamming into her with abandon, his cock spearing into her wet cunt again and again. He set a brutal pace, his hips working like a piston, driving his full length into her with every thrust. The sound of their bodies meeting filled the room, wet slaps of flesh against flesh as he pounded into her quivering core.

Luna's pussy gripped him greedily, her folds clinging to his shaft each time he pulled back, as if trying to suck him back inside.

He shifted his angle, grinding against her with every stroke, and Luna cried out, her knuckles white where she gripped the desk. "There!" she gasped. "Right there, Harry! Please don't stop!" Harry kept that angle, hammering into her sweet spot relentlessly. His balls slapped against her clit with every thrust, his cock stretching her virgin walls, filling her completely. Luna pushed back to meet him, her hips rolling in time with his, taking him deeper, her cunt milking him with every stroke.

"So tight," he groaned, his fingers digging into her hips hard enough to bruise. "So fucking tight, Luna. You're taking my cock so well."

"Yes," she whimpered, her silver hair spilling across the desk, her back arched beautifully. "Don't stop! Please don't—GYAH!"

Luna's climax surprised them both, the girl's soft cries echoing off the stone walls as her pussy trembled around him in rhythmic pulses. It was so sudden that Harry couldn't help but follow her over the edge almost immediately, his cock lurching inside her quivering walls as his own peak was spilled inside her. Harry buried his face into her neck as he came, a deep groan escaping from his lips as he pumped her full with his warm seed.

They stayed like that, breathing hard, his cock still twitching inside her used pussy, his cum already leaking out around him. Then Harry pulled out slowly, watching his seed drip from her swollen folds, and helped her stand. She turned, her cheeks flushed pink, her eyes luminous, and kissed him softly.

"That was lovely," she whispered. "Can we do it again?"

Harry laughed, his forehead resting against hers. "Same time tomorrow?"

"I don't see why not!"

Harry laughed, the hidden meaning behind his words lost on Luna as they began to redress themselves.

Perhaps this Time Loop wasn't such a bad thing after all...

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Author's Note

I'm gonna be honest, I struggled hard with this chapter. I must have rewritten most of it at least five times. Hopefully this final version is enjoyable!

Thanks for reading!