

Forever in a Day

“Stupid Ball,” Ron grumbled, yanking his robes over his head and tossing them angrily to the floor.

Harry nodded in agreement. The Yule ball hadn’t quite gone the way either of them had hoped. Both of them had been right prats to their dates, something Harry was really starting to feel guilty about. Harry finished changing into his pajamas, blew out his candle, and crawled into bed while Ron continued to mutter angrily to himself. It was several minutes before he stopped muttering and started snoring, and honestly, he wasn’t sure which was worse. As he lay on his back, slowly drifting off to sleep, his last thought was wishing he had done things differently.

Waking the next morning before any of his dorm mates, Harry took a quick shower before heading downstairs. As he walked through the Common Room, it was buzzing with activity. Groups of students gathered together on almost all of the available seats, talking excitedly. Making his way to the portrait hole, he overheard a few of them going on about the Yule ball. He let out a sigh when he made it into the hall, he’d been hoping that the excitement would calm down once the Ball was over.

Reaching the Great Hall, he quickly spotted Hermione’s distinctive head of bushy brown hair and made his way over to her.

“Morning, Hermione,” he said as he dropped into the seat next to her.

“Morning, Harry.” she greeted him, smiling brightly.

As Harry loaded a plate with eggs, bacon, and toast, he noticed she look oddly excited.

“What’s got you so excited?” he asked.

“Because-”

Hermione's answer was cut off when Ron fell into the seat next to her, a disgruntled look on his face. Harry mentally braced himself for another row between his two best friends.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" he asked Harry gruffly as he started filling a plate.

"I didn't know you wanted me to," he said with a shrug. "I thought you'd want to sleep in after last night."

Ron looked at him oddly and tilted his head to the side.

"Last night?" he asked in confusion.

Harry opened his mouth to talk, but just as he did, Dumbledore stood and tapped his fork against the side of his goblet. Quickly, all talking ceased in the Hall and everyone turned their attention to the aged Headmaster. It gave Harry an odd sense of déjà vu as he remembered him doing the same thing the day before.

"If I could have everyone's attention for a moment," Dumbledore called out loudly. "Thank you. Now, as I'm sure all of you are aware, tonight, we are holding the traditional Yule Ball as part of the Triwizard tournament."

"What?" Harry whispered in shock as the rest of the hall chattered excitedly.

Hermione shushed him while keeping her full attention on Professor Dumbledore.

"Yes, I'm sure you are all as excited as I am. As you all know, it is also a tradition to wait until the day of the Ball to ask one of these lovely young ladies to be your date."

A sinking feeling grew in his stomach as he listened to Dumbledore give the exact same speech, and watched the Hall react in the exact same way they had the day before.

"I wish you all the best of luck, and I look forward to seeing you all later tonight," Dumbledore concluded.

The Hall broke into loud, excited chatter and several of the boldest stood and approached the girl they wanted to take to the Ball. Just as he remembered, four boys rushed over to Fleur Delacour and asked her to be their date. Harry didn't sit to watch them be rejected, he stood abruptly and walked as fast as he could to the Head Table.

"Professor Dumbledore, I need to talk to you," he said immediately, working to hold down his growing panic.

"The Headmaster is too busy to deal with your petty problems, Potter." Snape sneered. "Return to your seat."

"It's quite alright, Severus," Dumbledore said, holding up a wrinkled hand. "I'm sure Harry has a good reason for needing my attention."

"I do," Harry said quickly, ignoring Snape's comment entirely. "Professor I really need to talk to you, privately."

Dumbledore looked at him closely, his bright blue eyes seeming to see right through him.

"Very well. My office?"

Harry nodded and Dumbledore wiped his mouth with a napkin and stood. He walked behind him impatiently as they walked to his office on the second floor. It seemed to take longer than usual for the moving spiral staircase to get in position. When they entered the office, the aged

wizard took a seat behind his desk, steepling his fingers as he watched Harry pace back and forth in agitation.

“What is it you needed to talk about, Harry?” he asked.

Now that he was here, he didn’t even know where to start, or even if he should. What if he was wrong and yesterday was some kind of really vivid dream? What if-

“Harry?”

Snapping his head up to look at Dumbledore’s concerned face, he took a deep breath.

“Sir, I think I’ve gone back in time,” he said hesitantly.

“What makes you think that?” the Headmaster asked curiously.

“Because I went to the Ball yesterday,” he said, still pacing back and forth. “You gave the exact same speech, everyone in the Hall reacted the same way, it was all the same.”

“Have you come in contact with a Time Turner recently?”

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Wait. You believe me?”

“Of course,” Dumbledore said. “Harry, since you have come to this school, the impossible seems to happen on a regular basis. In fact, at this point, I’d find it suspicious if something incredible didn’t happen around you.”

Harry smiled at him, his mind calming. If anyone could figure out what was happening and stop it, it was Albus Dumbledore. Feeling slightly better, he took a seat in one of the comfortable chintz chairs in front of the desk.

“Now, did anything strange happen? Any bright lights, anything strange at all?” he asked.

“No,” Harry said after a moment’s thought.

“What happened right before you were sent back in time, what were you doing?” Dumbledore asked.

“After the ball ended, I went to bed and when I woke up, it was the same day all over again,” he explained.

“No strange dreams?”

“No, sir.”

Dumbledore hummed and leaned back in his chair, stroking his beard for a long moment before he spoke again.

“I’m sorry Harry, but that’s not much to go on.”

Harry deflated, his shoulders slumping.

“Don’t look so down, Harry. You have an opportunity that few ever get,” he said, his blue eyes twinkling.

Harry looked at him questioningly.

"A second chance." he elaborated.

"But don't I have to worry about not changing the past?" Harry asked in concern.

"Well, since two Harry Potters didn't wake up in your bed this morning, I don't think we have to worry about that," he answered.

"You don't think?"

Dumbledore shrugged and lifted his hands, palms up.

"I'll be honest Harry, what you're describing shouldn't be possible. I quite honestly have no idea what happened to you. I'll look into it as much as I can, but hopefully, you can repeat today, and tomorrow everything will go back to normal." he said with a reassuring smile.

"So, I don't have to worry about changing things and creating a world-ending paradox?" he asked, just to make sure.

"You've already changed things just by being here in my office. If a paradox were going to happen, I believe it already would have." Dumbledore told him.

Harry didn't know whether to be relieved or terrified by the thought, but he nodded anyways.

"As I said, I'll look into this as much as I can, however, I do need to start making arrangements for the Ball tonight," he said.

"Oh, right," Harry said, taking that as his dismissal.

Just before he reached the door, Dumbledore called out to him.

“Oh, and Harry.”

“Yes, Professor,” he said, turning back with his hands still on the doorknob.

“Do try to enjoy yourself at the Ball tonight. As I said earlier, very few people get a second chance in life, and never quite like this,” he said with a mysterious smile.

“I will. Thanks, Professor.” Harry replied.

“You’re welcome, Harry,” Dumbledore said as he stepped onto the staircase.

After leaving Dumbledore’s office, Harry wandered through the halls aimlessly as he decided to take his advice. Last night, the Ball had been a bit of a disaster. Now, he had a chance to do it right. As he wandered through the castle, his thoughts turned to who he could take to the Ball this time. Last time, he had gone with Parvati because he had waited till the last minute, and she was one of the few girls left without a date. He could ask her again, but, while she was certainly attractive, they really didn’t have that much in common. He also knew that Cedric had asked Cho to be his date right after breakfast, so she wasn’t an option. That’s when Harry remembered another girl that he liked who wouldn’t have a date for a couple of hours yet.

He had asked Katie last time as well, but because of his procrastination, he had been about fifteen minutes too late. Smiling to himself, Harry turned and made his way to the front lawn, where he knew she would be. Fred and George had gathered a mass of students for a giant snowball fight and had talked the whole Quidditch team into joining. Trudging through the ankle-deep snow, he was hit square in the face with a snowball the moment he rounded the base of Ravenclaw Tower. The freezing cold ball of fluff melted against his warm skin and dripped down under his collar, sending shivers down his spine.

“Sorry, Harry!” Susan Bones called out apologetically.

Giving her a playful glare, he bent down and quickly packed a handful of snow into a loose ball before hurling it at her. With a surprised yelp, she ducked out of the way just in time. The snowball sailed over her head and smack Justin Finch-Fletchley directly in the mouth.

“Nice one, Harry!” George yelled.

The Gryffindors had dug a waist-high trench in the snow and were crouched behind it as they lobbed snowballs over to the Hufflepuff trench. Rushing forward as more snowballs were pelted at him, he slid into the trench, coming to stop between Katie and George. She looked at him and smiled brightly as he sat with his back resting against the trench wall, her brown eyes sparkling and her cheeks pink from the cold. A small lock of her dark brown hair fell out of her snow hat and stuck to her sweaty forehead.

“Having fun?” he asked with a smile.

“Most fun I’ve had all year,” she answered brightly.

The snowball fight went on for over an hour as the Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs traded shots back and forth. It came to an end when Susan and Hannah decided to levitate a large mound of snow over their heads and drop it. Harry remembered what was going to happen and pulled Katie out of the way just as the snow fell.

“GAH!” Someone yelled.

Everyone looked over to see Fred and George covered in heaps of snow and fell into gales of laughter as they frantically tried to unbury themselves. The girls on both sides decided to call it quits after that to go get ready for the Ball. As he watched Katie leave with Angelina and Alicia, he took a moment to work up his courage before chasing after her.

“Katie, wait up!” He called out.

Thankfully, she waved Angelina and Alicia to go on without her as she stopped to wait for him. When he caught up, all of his courage seemed to escape him in an instant, leaving him standing next to her awkwardly.

“Did you need something, Harry?” she asked curiously.

“Er, right well...” he stammered before taking a deep breath. “I-I was wondering if you wanted to go to the ball with me?”

His nerves were calmed when she smiled widely at him, rather than the sad, apologetic smile she had given him last time.

“I’d love to,” she said happily. “Meet me in the Common Room at six?”

“Yeah,” he said with a wide, goofy grin. “Great.”

There was a moment of awkward silence as they stared at each other and then looked away nervously, still with wide grins on their faces. Suddenly, Katie leaned forward and hugged him, her arms wrapping around his shoulders. Harry moved woodenly as he hugged her around the waist for a moment before she pulled back.

“So, I’ll see you later tonight?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’ll see you then.”

“Great.”

“Great.”

With a nervous wave, Katie took a couple of steps backwards before she turned and walked back to the castle. Harry had just let out a relieved sigh when he felt two people stand on either side of him and wrap their arms around his shoulders.

“Way to go, Harrykins.” the Weasley twin to his right said.

“They grow up so fast, don’t they Fred?” said the one on his left, presumably George.

“Indeed, they do George,” Fred said solemnly.

“At least we can always count on Ron to always need our help.” George pointed out.

“Alas, it seems he’ll always need his wise and handsome older brothers,” Fred replied.

“I don’t suppose you know anyone mad enough to take our little brother to the Ball, do you Harry?” George asked.

“Actually, I think I might,” Harry said smiling.

After he, along with Fred and George pestered Ron into asking Parvati to the Ball, Harry spent a few hours lounging around the Common Room, playing games and talking with the rest of the male Gryffindors until it was time to get ready. When he was done helping Ron fix his robes as best they could, he donned his own dress robes and headed down to the Common Room to wait for Katie. Sitting on the couch near the fire, he watched a few of his classmates greet their dates as they came down the stairs for a few minutes before Katie came down.

She looked stunning in her crimson red dress. It was tight and form-fitting at the top, with a low neck that showed the tops of her medium-sized breasts. The bottom hugged her hips tightly then fell loose around her legs, a slit up the right side giving him a tantalizing glimpse of her long, toned leg. Her dark hair was done up in a tight bun with a few loose strands framing her face. A light amount of makeup accentuated her lovely brown eyes, and her pouty lips glistened

a dark red. She looked almost unrecognizable from the tomboy Quidditch player he had known for the past three and a half years, but she still had the same bright, friendly smile he knew so well.

“Wow, er, you look great!” Harry stammered nervously.

“You, too,” she said happily, her hands coming up to straighten his lapel with a playful smile. “Didn’t think I ever see you in a tux.”

“I didn’t think I’d ever see you in a dress,” he replied easily.

Katie blushed lightly and ran her hands over her dress self-consciously.

“You really do look beautiful,” Harry said reassuringly in a soft voice.

“Thank you,” she said with a beaming grin.

Suddenly, she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek softly, and he could feel his cheeks heat up.

“So, er, are you ready to go?” he asked, offering her his arm.

Katie wrapped her arm through his, her brown eyes sparkling excitedly as he led her out of the Common Room. As they joined the flow of students headed towards the Great Hall, they were talking about the possibility of organizing a Quidditch game between Gryffindor and the Durmstrang students when one of the portraits called out to them drunkenly.

“Oh, you two look absolutely lovely together!” The painting of a short, round witch crowed loudly.

Harry blushed heavily and led Katie away quickly as she giggled next to him, her own cheeks going a light pink. Mercifully, there weren't any other incidents and his blush had faded by the time they reached the Entrance Hall. There was a stream of French and Bulgarian students coming in through the open doors, but oddly there was no draft from the cold winter night outside.

"So, what do we-" Katie began.

"Mr. Potter! Ms. Bell! Over here please." McGonagall called out to them over the babble of the growing crowd.

Harry led Katie over to where Professor McGonagall was waiting with the other Champions and their dates. They exchanged greetings with everyone, and he smirked at her stunned exclamation when she saw Hermione, remembering his own reaction the last time. Before he knew it, McGonagall was gathering them in front of the doors for the first dance. Harry shifted his weight from foot to foot nervously as they waited for the doors to open. Katie squeezed his arm lightly and gave him a reassuring smile. He smiled back at her and took a calming breath just as the heavy oak doors swung inward.

Harry did his best to ignore the staring, clapping crowd he led Katie over to their table. He was really glad he chose to go with her this time, conversation came easy and helped him to relax. In fact, he was enjoying himself so much that he didn't even think about Cho sitting across from him. Far too soon in his opinion, it was time for the first dance. Taking Katie by the hand, he led her out onto the dance floor and tentatively rested his hand on her waist.

The band started playing and all thoughts of the crowd watching them fell away as he focused on dancing with the beautiful, smiling girl in front of him. He stumbled with his steps a few times, but Katie's effortless movements guided him back on tempo. Soon, other couples joined the Champions on the floor, and he relaxed a bit more, knowing they wouldn't be focusing on him. After the first couple of songs, the band started to play a slower song, and Harry froze nervously when he saw the couples around him hold each other close as they swayed to the beat.

"Do you want to take a break?" Katie asked.

“We can stay if you want,” Harry said, determined to be a good date this time around.

Her brilliant smile told him he had made the right choice. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders and pressing her body against his. Tentatively, he slid his hands around to the small of her back and licked his suddenly dry lips. As they slowly spun in place, rocking lightly to the music, Katie rested her head on his shoulder. Harry marveled at the feeling of her lithe, warm body in his arms and how her soft breasts pressed against his chest, the smell of her flowery perfume filling his nose. Swallowing thickly, he looked around at the other couples, trying to distract himself for the arousal he felt before something embarrassing happened.

His eyes passed over several couples dancing happily, but he noticed two things that bothered him. Hermione didn't look nearly as happy dancing with Krum as she had acted the last time, and Ron was sitting sulkily at a table next to a disgruntled-looking Parvati. He felt a twinge of guilt for setting them up when he knew Ron wasn't going to be a good date. That was twice now he had ruined her evening, though indirectly this time, he still felt responsible. He vowed to make it up to her when he got a chance.

Turning his attention back to Hermione the next time he was turned in her direction, he noticed how uncomfortable she looked with Krum. It made him wonder if he was somehow responsible for her not enjoying herself as much, or if her night simply got better later. Before her argument with Ron, she had looked quite pleased with her date, much more than she did now. Hermione noticed him looking and took a moment to give him a smile and a wave. He waved back at her just as his spin turned him away from her.

A couple of minutes later, the song ended, and the band announced they were going to take a short break.

“Do you want to go get a drink?” he asked Katie.

“Sure,” she said with a wide smile and flushed cheeks.

Harry led them over to the drinks table where they met up with Fred and George, along with their dates, Alicia and Angelina respectively.

“Hey, Katie!” Angelina called out. “How’s your night going?”

“Brilliant!” she replied enthusiastically.

“If you think you’re having fun now, wait until you’ve had the punch,” George said with a mischievous grin just as Harry handed her a glass.

“What did you do?” Alicia asked, eyeing her glass suspiciously.

“Nothing.” The twins said together.

“What makes you think we did anything?” Fred asked innocently.

“You think it’s safe?” Katie asked Harry in a whisper.

He thought back but didn’t remember them doing anything to the punch last time, although he wouldn’t put it passed them. As Angelina and Alicia continued to question their dates, Harry looked at Katie, shrugged, and downed half his glass. They waited for a few seconds in anticipation for something to happen.

“Anything?” he asked.

“I don’t think so,” she said, eyeing him closely.

“No horns?” he asked half-jokingly.

“Nope,” she said with a smile.

“Seems safe to drink,” he told her.

Angelina noticed them drink the punch without any ill effects and glared at George.

“You prat,” she said, smacking his arm.

“Oi, we told you we didn’t do anything,” he said, rubbing his arm but grinning.

Harry shook his head at their antics and looked around the Hall.

“Hey, you guys want to go sit for a few minutes,” Harry asked the group as his eyes landed on Ron and Parvati.

After they agreed, he took Katie by the hand and led them over to Ron’s table in a dark corner of the Hall.

“Finally remembered me, did you?” Ron snarked when he got close.

Harry blinked at him, surprised by the anger directed at him.

“You could’ve just asked him to dance, Ron.” Fred joked.

Ron’s ears went red as everyone else laughed at the joke. With an angry scoff, he glared at his brother and sat back against the table arms folded over his chest. As everyone took seats around the table, Harry knew he needed to talk to Ron before he made a scene.

"Hey Parvati, mind if I borrow your date for a minute," he asked.

"No," she said shortly, turning to glare at Ron.

As Ron stood and marched away to an empty table next to theirs, Harry leaned down to whisper in Katie's ear.

"I need to talk to him for a minute. Can you try and cheer up Parvati?" he asked quietly.

"I'll try, but I don't think there's much I can do," she whispered back.

"Thanks," he said with a smile.

On a whim, Harry turned his head and kissed her on the cheek softly. Fred and George wolf whistled loudly, causing him and Katie to blush as Angelina and Alicia smacked their shoulders. Leaving quickly to avoid any more embarrassment, he grabbed Ron's robes and pulled him further away so they could talk privately.

"Now, what's your problem?" he asked Ron quietly.

"My problem?" Ron hissed back incredulously. "You're the one that's been ignoring me all night."

"I have a date," Harry growled in frustration. "And so do you, in case you've forgotten. Are you seriously angry with me for dancing with a pretty girl at a Ball?"

"You said you hated dancing," Ron grumbled.

"Have you seen what she's wearing?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Ron glanced over his shoulder at Katie.

"She does look pretty hot," he admitted.

"Yeah, so does Parvati, and I can promise you, dancing with her will be a lot more fun than sitting here sulking."

"I hate dancing," Ron said, a sour look on his face.

"Look," Harry said, trying a different tact. "Parvati is one of the biggest gossips in the school, right?"

"So?"

"So, if she doesn't have fun, the whole school is going to know about it by tomorrow. Do you have any idea how hard it will be for you to get another date after that?" he asked.

Ron's face paled and his eyes widened as he looked frantically over at Parvati.

"Bugger. I didn't think of that," he said. "What am I going to do, Harry?"

"Ask her to dance, tell her she looks nice. Come on, Ron, it's not that difficult," he told him.

"But I don't know how to dance," Ron whined.

"Then ask her to teach you," Harry said with a shrug. "Now, come on."

Turning away, Harry walked back over to the table and sat down next to Katie, who was still trying to cheer up Parvati with little success.

“Did it work?” she whispered in his ear, her warm breath ghosting over his ear and causing goosebumps to raise on his skin.

“I think so,” he whispered back, his voice cracking.

Harry cleared his throat, blushing lightly as Katie smiled at him and squeezed his hand under the table. Just then, Ron returned, and they watched him closely as he sat down next to Parvati. She glanced at him before looking away and pointedly ignoring him. Ron turned to Harry with a helpless look. Sighing, he nodded subtly to Parvati, urging him on. The redhead took a fortifying breath and cleared his throat.

“Er, Parvati,” he said nervously, getting her attention. “You, er, you look n-nice.”

“Oh, thank you,” she said, looking at him curiously.

Fred had a mischievous smirk on his face and opened his mouth to undoubtedly insult Ron, only to gasp in pain when Angelina stomped on his foot. Harry smiled at her thankfully, and got a wink in return, as Fred grumbled and lifted his leg to rub his sore foot.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if I can have your attention,” Dumbledore called out, silencing the crowd. “It’s my pleasure to introduce our surprise band for the evening, the Weird Sisters!”

The Hall broke into raucous applause and cheers as the most popular Wizarding band in Britain took the stage. Waving to the crowd of students gathering around the stage, they picked up their instruments and began playing.

“Ooh, I love this song!” Parvati exclaimed, glancing pointedly at Ron.

Again, Ron looked at him in askance, a lost look on his face. Harry sighed quietly and nodded towards Parvati as she bobbed her head to the music. Licking his lips nervously, Ron turned to Parvati.

“Er, do you, uh, do you want to dance?” Ron stammered.

Parvati looked at him in surprise but smiled brightly.

“Yes!” She said excitedly, grabbing his hand and pulling him out of his chair. “You know, I was worried you weren’t ever going to ask me to dance.”

Ron looked back over his shoulder at Harry with a frightened look on his face as Parvati dragged him onto the dance floor. Parvati danced smoothly and gracefully, facing Ron and taking both of his hands in hers. Ron, on the other hand, was quite possibly the worst dancer in the world as he stomped from side to side, his gangly limbs and giant feet making his movements look even more awkward. Fred and George looked at each other and smiled before standing and pulling their dates onto the dance floor. Harry and Katie laughed as the twins flapped their arms and swung their legs in the oddest form of dancing they had ever seen.

“Do you want to dance?” he asked Katie once they had calmed.

“As long as you promise not to dance like that,” she said humorously, nodding her head towards Ron and the twins.

“If I even look like that, please, hex me,” he said jokingly.

Katie giggled as he stood, offering her a hand up and then leading her onto the dance floor.

The couple laughed and smiled for the next half an hour as they danced to the Weird Sisters’ most popular songs. Eventually, they played another slow song, and Harry was holding Katie close as they swayed to the music.

“That was a really nice thing you did, talking Ron into dancing with Parvati,” Katie said softly into his ear.

Harry shrugged lightly, mindful of her head on his shoulder.

“I’m the one that told Ron to ask her. I kinda felt like it was my fault she wasn’t enjoying herself,” he muttered modestly.

“Still, it was really nice of you,” she said, turning her head to kiss his cheek.

Harry lifted his head and turned to look at her, his eyes falling unconsciously to her glossy red lips. As they stared at each other, their face only a couple of inches apart, he tilted his head slightly to the side and leaned forward slowly. His eyes closed as he kissed her full, soft lips. Katie inhaled sharply through her nose and threaded her fingers through his hair, pulling his head forward more firmly as her lips moved against his. Harry stroked his fingertip up and down her lower back with a feather-light touch, causing her to moan against his lips. When he parted his lips to suck in a breath, Katie slipped her tongue into his mouth while her hands tugged at his hair lightly.

Daringly, as his tongue slid along hers, tasting her, he slid his hands down her back and over her small, perky bum. Gently, he rested his palms on her round, muscular cheeks over her thin dress. Closing her lips around his bottom lip and sucked on it lightly as she pulled back. Harry couldn’t help the wide, goofy grin on his face as he looked at her flushed, smiling face. That’s when they both noticed the slow song they had been dancing to had ended, and the students around them were dancing to a much more energetic song.

“Can we go for a walk?” she asked breathlessly over the loud music.

“Yeah,” he said with a nod.

As she grabbed his hand and led him off the dance floor, Harry reached down and tried to surreptitiously adjust himself into a more comfortable position. Katie led him out of the Entrance Hall and into the courtyard lit only by the moon and flying, glowing faeries. As they walked hand in hand, it took his eyes a few moments to adjust to the darkness. When they did, he quickly noticed that every couple he saw was snogging heavily, oblivious to the world around them. Swallowing thickly, he turned and looked over at Katie with wide eyes. Giggling at him, she pulled him behind an unoccupied bush, pushed his back up against the stone wall, and kiss him hard.

Harry was quick to get over his surprise and pulled her close as his tongue darted between her soft lips. Katie pressed herself against him firmly, her breasts squashed against his chest and his thigh grinding against his rapidly rising excitement. Moving his hands back down to her perk bottom, he cupped her cheeks firmly, enjoying the way her flesh gave way under his firm grip. Grinding her waist against him even harder, he knew she must be able to feel his erection pressing into her thigh. As they continued to snog heatedly, Harry slid his hands up his sides, his palms brushing the sides of her full, round breasts.

A sensual moan left her throat, driving him on. Harry slipped one of his hands between their bodies and rested it on her soft, fleshy mounds, the firm globe flattened slightly as she pressed against him firmly. Her stiff nipple, swollen with excitement, rubbed against his palm through the thin material of her crimson dress. Katie pulled back from his slightly, giving his hand room to gently squeeze her full, warm breast, his fingertips tracing over the smooth, soft skin above the low neckline of her dress. Moving her hands down slowly, she slid them over his strong shoulders, down his hard chest and muscled abs, pausing at his belt. As one hand moved to rest on his hip, her other hand traced lightly down his thigh until her fingertips brushed against his hard, swollen length through his pants.

“Stebbins! Moore! Two nights detention!”

Harry and Katie jumped apart and snapped their heads to the side. Snape was gliding through the courtyard, a malicious smirk on his lips as he doled out detentions to anyone caught in a compromising position. Fortunately, the bush they were hiding behind block them from view.

“Come on,” Harry whispered urgently

Grabbing her by the hand, Harry pulled her into the covered archway surrounding the courtyard and through a side door leading back into the castle. Sneaking back into the Entrance Hall, Katie burst into a fit of giggles, her eyes sparkling as she smiled brightly. Despite his disappointment at being interrupted, he couldn't help but smile back at her.

Making their way back to the Ball, Harry and Katie spent the next couple of hours dancing and laughing with their friends. Unfortunately, just like the last time, towards the end of the dance, Ron and Hermione had another row. Harry sighed as he watched them scream at each other and storm off angrily in different directions. Soon after, the clock struck midnight, and the band packed up as the students shuffled back to their Common Rooms.

Hand in hand, Harry walked Katie back to Gryffindor Tower, both of them walking slowly as neither wanted the night to end. The Common Room was empty when they eventually arrived, and he stood facing Katie at the bottom of the stairs leading to the girls' dorms.

"I had a really great time tonight, Harry," Katie said with a wide smile.

"Me too. Do you think we could go out again sometime?" he asked nervously.

"I'd love to," she said happily.

Tilting her head up, she gave him a soft, lingering kiss on the lips.

"Good night, Harry."

"Good night, Katie."

He watched as she slowly climbed the step, her hips swaying enticingly under her clinging dress. Pausing at the landing, she looked over her shoulder at him, a knowing smile on her lips as he snapped his eyes back up to her face. With a final wave, she disappeared up the steps, leaving Harry alone in the deserted Common Room.

With a broad grin, Harry turned and headed up the stairs to his own dorm. When he got there, his dorm mates were already in bed and the lights were out. Quickly, Harry changed into his pajamas and climbed into bed. All things considered, he was quite glad he got a chance to relive this day, but he was relieved to finally see it end. His tiredness caught up with him and he quickly drifted off to sleep.

Waking up the next morning, Harry took a brief shower before heading down into the Common Room. As he made his way to the entrance, his stomach sank as he heard his classmates talking excitedly about the Yule Ball. With growing unease, he raced out of the room and down to the Great Hall, where he jumped into a seat across from Hermione.

"Morning, Harry" she greeted him.

"Hermione, what day is it?" he asked quickly.

Hermione lifted her head, giving him an odd look.

"It's-"

Her response was cut off as Dumbledore stood and tapped his fork against his goblet. The Hall fell silent, and Harry felt his stomach jump into his throat.

"If I could have everyone's attention for a moment," Dumbledore called out loudly. "Thank you. Now, as I'm sure all of you are aware, tonight, we are holding the traditional Yule Ball as part of the Triwizard tournament."

"Oh shit," Harry said softly.

“Did you see or feel anything strange the first night? Any bright lights or powerful magic?”
Dumbledore asked calmly from behind his desk.

“No, nothing,” Harry said, pacing back and forth over the worn rug in agitation.

“I’m sorry, Harry, but that’s not much to go on.”

“I know, you said that last time,” he said, running a hand through his hair.

“I assume I also told you I would look into it?” Dumbledore asked.

“Yeah, you did, but I don’t know if you found anything. I didn’t expect this to happen again, so I planned on asking you tomorrow, er, today?” Harry asked in slight confusion.

“Well, if I were me, and I usually am,” Dumbledore said, his lips twitching under his beard. “It’s unlikely I expected this to happen again either. In all likelihood, I would have looked at your dorm for any residual temporal magic. Had I not found anything unusual, I would have allowed you to enjoy the ball before speaking to you again.”

“So, you don’t think you found anything last time?” Harry asked, his mind already a befuddled mess from dealing with time travel, again.

“I think not,” he responded. “Which means, I’m going to have to take a closer now, rather than later. I should warn you, Harry, temporal magic can be quite tricky. It may take several attempts for me to discern what has happened. I’ll need you to pay close attention to everything I do. Otherwise, we risk repeating the same tests and making little headway.”

“Yes, sir,” Harry said with a nod.

Dumbledore stood from his chair and walked around the desk to stand in front of Harry. Drawing his wand, he waved it in a wide arc. No light came out, but he felt a strange tingling sensation all along his skin, like when your foot falls asleep. He did his best to stand still and not move too much. Eventually, the discomfort became too much, and he raised his hand to rub his arm. When he did, he noticed a faint, light blue aura around his exposed skin. A second later, Dumbledore stopped his spell and the glow faded.

“There’s a faint trace of temporal magic around you, most likely from your use of the Time Turner at the end of last school year, but I sense nothing recent.” the headmaster explained.

“Is that good?” he asked.

“I’m not sure,” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard as he stared off in thought. “You said you simply went to bed and woke up to a repeat of the same day, correct?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then perhaps we should look at your dorm next,” he said, turning to leave the office.

Harry followed him, walking quickly to keep up with his long strides. When they reached the Gryffindor Common Room, everyone stopped and stared. It was quite unusual for the headmaster to visit them.

“Good morning, everyone. Don’t mind us, we’ll only be a few moments.” Dumbledore said as he strode over to the stairs and up to the fourth-year dorm.

As Harry followed him, he could hear the few students left in the common room whispering to each other. When he caught up to the Professor, he was already waving his wand and muttering a chant quietly. He watched closely, but there really wasn’t much to see. There was no glowing or pulses of magic to give him any idea about what was actually happening. After a couple of minutes of casting his spell, or perhaps several spells, he stopped chanting and lowered his wand.

"Curious," Dumbledore said softly. "No signs of any powerful magic, temporal or otherwise. Most curious, indeed."

"What does that mean, Professor?" Harry asked.

"Quite honestly, I'm unsure," he admitted. "Time travel takes a tremendous amount of very specific magic. It should be easily detectable, but there is nothing here to suggest any kind of abnormal magic. I suppose it's possible whatever magic is causing this happened someplace else. The question is, where do we look, and why don't you show any signs of recent time travel?"

Harry sighed dejectedly and sat down on his bed as Dumbledore turned and looked out the window.

"Or, perhaps it's something else altogether."

"Professor?" Harry asked when he didn't elaborate.

Dumbledore turned away from the window and began pacing back and forth across the room slowly, head bowed in thought, and hands clasped behind his back.

"In my many, many years on this earth, I have seen magic do things that seem possible. Take this very school for example," he said, waving his arm in a wide arc, encompassing the room. "Moving staircases, trick steps, doors pretending to be walls and walls pretending to be doors, rearranging itself when the need arises. None of that was part of the castle when it was first built."

"The castle did all of that by itself?" Harry asked, brow knitted in confusion.

“Precisely!” Dumbledore crowed and walked over to the wall, running his hand along the stones. “Just imagine it, Harry. For a thousand years, this school has been home to tens of thousands of teenagers. All of that magic, all of those emotions, slowly soaking into the very stones that surrounds us over hundreds of years. As those children grew, so too, did this school, until it has become what it is today. It would certainly explain why it has a tendency to be - mischievous, shall we say.”

“You're saying the castle is alive?” he asked incredulously.

“Yes, although, while not quite in the same way as you and I are, it is alive, nonetheless,” Dumbledore said, turning back to him.

“So, the school did this to me?” he asked, struggling to understand just what the headmaster was getting at.

“Oh, no, not at all. While the school does have its playful side, it has always been protective of its students. What I'm trying to say, is that there are many things we do not yet understand about magic. It would be foolish of us to ignore the possibility of the impossible.”

Harry nodded slowly, thinking he was finally beginning to grasp what the Professor was trying to tell him.

“Come, let's return to my office. There's a few other things we should discuss.”

Rising from his bed, he followed the headmaster back out of Gryffindor tower and back to his office in silence, still trying to wrap his head around what was happening. Was he going to be stuck like this forever? Forced to repeat the same day over and over for all eternity? Fortunately, before he had time to work himself up into a full panic, they arrived back at the headmaster's office. The moment they entered, Fawkes let out his soothing song and flew over to land on Harry's shoulder. Reaching up, he stroked his feathers, a small smile stretching his lips as he sat down across the desk from Dumbledore.

“Now, while there is much we don’t know about what’s happening to you, there is one thing we can be certain of.”

“What’s that?” Harry asked, turning his attention away from Fawkes and back to Dumbledore.

“Whatever form of time travel you’re experiencing, it is not the kind wizards are familiar with. We know this because of two things. Firstly, there is only one of you, and second, there are no recent traces of temporal magic on you. I’ll teach you the spell I used so you can check yourself. I want you to keep an eye on the glow surrounding you and let me know if it gets more faint.” Dumbledore said.

“What will that tell us?” he asked curiously.

“I’m not sure if it will tell us anything, but it may be another piece to the puzzle.” the headmaster answered. “Now, as there isn’t a second Harry Potter running around when you go back, I believe it is your soul, rather than your entire being that is sent back in time. If that’s the case, I may have a way for you to take something back with you.”

Opening a drawer, he pulled out a small, black leather-bound book and set it on the desk.

“Soul magic is very obscure and, while relatively useless most of the time, it can easily become extremely dangerous. What I would like to do, with your permission, is to link this journal with your soul. Theoretically, this will allow it to follow you wherever you go. Or, in this case, whenever.” he explained.

“Is it dangerous?” Harry asked, eyeing the journal.

“No. This spell is perfectly safe.” Dumbledore assured him. “Under normal circumstances, this spell is relatively useless. However, with your unique situation, I think you’ll find it very helpful. Keeping a journal will allow you to remember things more easily, especially things that you may not have thought important at the time. It may also help you emotionally. Do I have your permission?”

“Uh, sure, go ahead,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Thank you, Harry. Just sit still for a moment,” he instructed.

Standing, Dumbledore took his wand out of his pocket and walked around to the side of the desk. Tapping Harry on the head, a thin, gold strand of glowing magic attached his head to the tip of his wand. Moving his wand over, he tapped the journal, where the gold strand stayed, connecting him to the small black book. A moment later, the strand faded and disappeared.

“That’s it?” Harry asked.

“That’s it.”

Dumbledore picked up the book and handed it to Harry, who took it from him and glanced at the cover. As he watched, gold letters wrote themselves in intricate, flowing script spelling out his name.

Harry James Potter

“Thanks, Professor,” he said as he pocketed the journal.

“You’re welcome, Harry. Just promise me you will use it. I think you’ll find it most helpful in the coming days.”

“Or day, in my case,” Harry said with a grin.

“Indeed,” Dumbledore said, returning his smile. “I’m afraid there’s not much more I can do for you at the moment. I’ll do what research I can tonight and send a copy of my notes to you. It’ll be up to you to fill me in next time. Until then, a word of advice, if I may?”

“Of course.”

“Try to stay positive and make the most out of this opportunity. Use this time to get to know new people, experience new things. Perhaps get ahead on some of your schoolwork, on occasion. I dare say, with enough time, you may even surpass your friend Ms. Granger.” He said with a smile.

Harry snorted lightly and smiled. “I really hope this doesn’t go on *that* long, Professor.”

“I suppose not.” he agreed with a chuckle. “Do try to at least enjoy the Ball.”

Harry smiled as he remembered his date with Katie the last time.

“That, I can do,” Harry said as he stood from his seat. “Have a good night, Professor.”

“You too, Harry.”

Stroking Fawkes’ feathers one last time, he turned and left the office. He headed to his dorm to get his winter jacket. He had a snowball fight to go to.

Harry ducked down and sat with his back against the trench dug into the snow just as multiple snowballs flew over his head. To his left, Katie yelped and ducked down next to him, a wide grin on her face and her cheeks flushed from the cold.

“Having fun?” he asked.

“This is the most fun I’ve had all year,” she answered brightly.

“So, uh, you have a date for the Ball yet?”

“No, not yet,” she said, brushing a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “Why?”

“Well, do you want to go to the Ball with me?” he asked with a lopsided grin.

“Yeah, I’d love to,” she said, smiling happily.

Harry smiled back and raised his wand to shoulder height with the tip pointed up.

“Protego.”

A wide, blue transparent shield sprouted from his wand just as a large pile of snow was dropped on top of them. Katie yelped again and scooted closer to him as Fred and George were buried under a small mountain of powdery white snow. While the Weasley twins dug themselves out, Katie looked up at him with a wide, surprised stare. Harry gave her a roguish smile and shrugged his shoulders.

A few hours later, he was once again in his dorm room, getting dressed for the Ball while Ron grumbled about his robes.

“Hey, Ron?” he called out.

“What?” Ron grunted, severing another lace cuff from his robes.

“You might want to make sure you show Parvati a good time tonight,” he said gently.

“Why?” he asked in a bewildered tone. “Who cares? It’s just a stupid ball.”

“You know Parvati is one of the biggest gossips in this school, right?” Harry asked.

“So?”

“So, if she doesn’t have a good time tonight, every girl in the school will know about it by tomorrow. You’ll be lucky to get another date with *any* girl before we graduate,” he told Ron.

“Oh, Merlin. I didn’t think about that.” He said with a nervous look.

“Relax, Ron. All you have to do is tell her she looks pretty and dance with her, It’s not that difficult.”

“But I’m rubbish at dancing,” Ron whined.

“You’ll be fine,” Harry said. “Look, I’ve got to go meet Katie. I’ll see you later at the Ball.”

Heading down to the Common Room, he felt much less nervous this time around as he waited for Katie. A few minutes later, as she walked down the stairs in her tight crimson dress, he thought that maybe this whole stuck-in-time thing might not be so bad after all. Standing up, he walked over to greet her with a smile on his face.

“Wow, Katie. You look great!” he said, offering her his arm.

“You, too,” she said happily, her hands coming up to straighten his lapel with a playful smile. “Didn’t think I ever see you in a tux.”

"I didn't think I'd ever see you in a dress," he told her with a smile. "You really do look beautiful."

"Thank you," she said with a beaming smile, tilting her head up to kiss him on the cheek.

"Ready to go?" he asked.

"All set."

Things went much the same as last time, and Harry soon found himself once again opening the Ball with Katie. As they danced across the floor, he was happy to note that Ron had taken his advice and was dancing with Parvati. She looked incredibly happy as she twirled about, while Ron's was white, his freckles standing out prominently as he concentrated on not stepping on her feet.

After what felt like hours of dancing, Harry and Katie finally decided to take a break. Soon after, they were joined at their table by Fred, George, Angelina, and Alicia.

"Hey, Katie!" Angelina called out. "How's your night going?"

"Brilliant!" she replied enthusiastically.

"If you think you're having fun now, wait until you've had the punch," George said with a mischievous grin just as Katie raised her glass to her lips.

"What did you do?" she asked suspiciously.

"It's fine," Harry assured her, taking a sip of his own punch. "They're just messing with you."

“Must you ruin our fun, Harrykins?” Fred asked as both twins pouted exaggeratedly.

Harry simply smiled at him and shrugged. They spent quite a while sitting and talking with their friends, laughing and joking with each other. Eventually, the twins decided to take their dates back out onto the dance floor, leaving Harry and Katie alone at the table.

“You want to go dance some more?” he asked her.

“Actually, do you mind if we go for a walk?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said, trying not to look too excited.

Remembering what had happened last time, he pulled her to a stop as she turned towards the front courtyard.

“Hang on, I saw Snape heading that way a little while ago. You want to go to the middle courtyard instead?” he asked.

“Good idea,” Katie said smiling.

Hand in hand, they walked through the silent halls, the echo of music from the Great Hall getting quieter as they got further away. When they finally reached the courtyard, they were relieved to find it had been charmed in the same way as the front courtyard, keeping them warm. Glowing Faeries flew around above their heads, leaving everything dimly lit. There wasn't anyone else there at the moment, and Harry wondered if Snape was going from one courtyard to the other, harassing students, and handing out detentions. It certainly seemed like something he would do.

Katie tugged on his arm and pulled him into a small alcove. Pushing him back against the wall, she giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck. Harry smiled at her and dipped his head, pressing his lips gently against hers. Threading her fingers through the hair at the back of his

head, she pulled his head down firmly, mashing their lips together. Harry slid his hands down her back and over her pert bottom, pulling her waist against his. Slipping her tongue between his lips, Katie moaned into his mouth when she felt his growing erection pressing against her thigh. As they continued to kiss, he slid one of his hands up her side, his thumb brushing over the side of her breast.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang from a door being thrown open. Harry pulled back and cursed quietly as he turned around. A group of older students, likely sixth or seventh years, were loudly making their way to the courtyard. One of the boys took a swig from a bottle that he guessed was Firewhiskey and passed it around the group. Grabbing Katie by the hand, he pulled her back into the castle. He was getting really tired of being interrupted. Surprisingly, rather than wanting to go back to the Ball, she pulled him over to an empty classroom and pulled him inside. Closing and locking the door, she turned to him with an impish smile and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a passionate kiss.

Grabbing her bum, he lifted her up and carried her over to the teacher's desk before sitting her down on the edge and stepping between her spread legs. The slit going up the right side of her dress to mid-thigh left most of her leg bare to his touch. Starting at her knee, he ran his hand lightly up her smooth, muscular leg to the edge of her dress. Katie ran her hands up his chest and pushed his cloak off his shoulders, and Harry let go of her for a moment to let it slide down his arms to the floor. When he wrapped his arm around her again, he rested his palm at the small of her back and ground his erection into her panty-clad mound, drawing a wanton moan from her lips. Pulling her lips back from his to breathe heavily, Katie rested her hands on his belt and looked up at him with sparkling brown eyes.

"I really like you, Harry," she said breathlessly.

"I like you too, Katie," he told her, bringing one hand up to brush a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

Smiling at him brightly, Katie fiddled with his belt and opened the buckle as she tilted her head up and kissed him again. Harry slid both of his hands under her dress and traced his fingers lightly up her warm, soft thighs all the way up to her hips. While he drew his fingers in random patterns with a feather-light touch along her panty line, getting closer and closer to her hot mound, Katie reached into his pants and palmed his shaft through his boxers, gently rubbing his

straining erection. Harry groaned into her mouth and ran his thumb over her slit through her thin, silky panties. Gasping, she pulled back, staring at him with a wide, hungry stare.

Harry looked down, his eyes landing on her smooth legs and black panties as he rubbed her through her panties again. Katie slipped her hand into his boxers and wrapped her long, thin fingers around his girth, and pulled him out into the open air. His rigid erection jutted out towards her, the head a swollen, angry red as he throbbed in her loose grip. Taking that as his cue, Harry grabbed the waistband of her panties and gave them a light tug. Biting her lip, she let go of him for a moment and placed her hands on the desk, lifting herself up. Pulling her black, silky panties down her legs, he stared in fascination as her tight, bald slit came into view. His eyes stayed locked there even as he pulled them off of her feet and tossed them carelessly on the desk next to her.

Realizing he was staring, he looked up to find her looking at his face nervously. Harry gave her a reassuring smile and a brief kiss on the lips.

"You're gorgeous, Katie," he told her softly.

She smiled at him and wrapped her fingers around his erection, stroking his length lightly. Pulling him forward, she placed his head at her entrance, his engorged head prying open her taught lips as he rested there. Letting go of his shaft, she put her hands on his hips and slowly pulled him forward. Katie gasped as he eased into her, slowly sinking into her grasping core. Her smooth, damp walls stretched around his girth, and a gasp left her lips as her eyes closed. Inch by inch, Harry fed his length into her until his hips pressed against her open thighs. Panting slightly, she wrapped her arms around him tightly, holding him in place while her head rested on his shoulder. Holding still, he stroked her back lightly, savoring the feeling of being inside of a girl for the first time as he gave her a moment to adjust to his size.

Running his hands up her sides, his hands brushed over the side of her breasts, his thumbs rubbing the bumps her stiff nipples made in the material on her dress. Wanting to see her breasts, Harry slipped his fingers under her shoulder straps and pulled them down her arms. Lifting her head off of his shoulder, Katie gave him a playful look as she sat up straight and pulled the straps down her arms, and pulled down the top of her dress, exposing her thin black bra. His eyes were riveted to her chest as she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Slowly, she allowed it to fall forward, exposing her perfectly shaped breasts and hard, crinkled nipples.

Harry swallowed thickly, prompting her to giggle at the entranced look on his face. Grabbing his wrists, she brought his hands up to her breasts and placed them over her warm mounds lightly. Cupping them in his hands, he rubbed his thumb over the soft, smooth skin while squeezing them experimentally. Katie closed her eyes and moaned lightly when his thumbs brushed over her swollen pink nipples, her hips bucking slightly. Feeling an incredible pleasure surrounding his length, Harry began moving his hips slowly, gently sawing back and forth. Pulling back only a couple of inches, he pushed back in, grinding his pelvis against hers before easing back again.

Letting out a moan, Katie grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a fierce kiss, her tongue slipping into his mouth. His confidence building, Harry started moving his hips faster and his hands groped her breasts more firmly. Katie let go of the back of his head and grabbed a hold of his ass, pulling him against her more firmly when he bottomed out and bucking her hips to grind her clit against him. Harry felt his climax building far too quickly and fought to stave it off for as long as he could. Pulling his lips away from her to catch his breath, he closed his eyes and tried his best to distract himself from the overwhelming pleasure he was feeling.

“Oh, Harry. You feel so good in me,” Katie whispered in his ear, nearly causing him to come undone.

“I’m getting close,” he warned her, unable to hold back much longer.

“Me too,” she panted softly. “Just a little more.”

Harry bit his lip painfully, hoping it would distract him as he thrust into her desperately. The room was filled with the sounds of heavy breathing, the light slapping of skin on skin, and the occasional moan or groan from the two of them. Suddenly, Katie tensed in his arms and her walls grew tighter around him, fluttering along his length.

“Yes!” she hissed, clutching at him tightly as she trembled in his arms.

With a loud groan, Harry let himself go, his throbbing length lurching inside of her as he came. Jet after jet of hot cum splashed forcefully against her walls, as he buried himself as deep as

possible in her core. When their orgasms finished, they stayed connected, leaning against each other as they panted for air. Harry had never felt so satisfied or relaxed in his life. It was unbelievable how good sex actually felt. Nothing he had heard from the older students came close to actually describing what it felt like.

Standing up straight, he cupped Katie's cheek and kissed her softly, his hand coming up to squeeze her breast again. When they broke apart several long seconds later, she smiled up at him, her face lightly flushed.

"As much as I'd like to stay in here for the rest of the night, we should probably get back to the Ball," she told him.

"Yeah, you're right," he said.

Harry pulled out of her, watching in fascination as a small amount of cum leaked out of her. Stepping back to tuck himself back into his pants, Katie hopped off of the desk, her perky breasts bouncing as her legs wobbled under her. He rushed forward to hold her up, worried she might fall. She giggled lightly as she got her legs under her and pecked him on the lips.

"Thanks," she said.

"You're welcome," he told her.

Instead of letting go of her, he moved his hands up and cupped her breasts again. Katie laughed and playfully slapped his hands away after a moment.

"We're supposed to be getting dressed." she reprimanded him with a smile still on her face.

Harry smiled at her unapologetically as he finished straightening his robes and picking up his robes. Once Katie had finished redressing and fixing her dress, they left the classroom arm in arm and headed back to the Ball.

"I wish we could do this every night," Katie said as they slowly strolled through the halls.

"Me too," Harry said with a smile.

They got back just in time for the last dance, a slow song where they held each other closely and spun in slow circles. When the song ended, he walked her back to the Common Room and kissed her good night.

Back in his dorm, after changing into his pajamas, he found a roll of parchment sitting on his bed. Unrolling it, he found a list of notes from Dumbledore. Harry copied them into his new journal, but it didn't have anything they hadn't talked about earlier. After the night he just had, he wasn't too upset about it. Things could certainly be worse, he thought. Making a few more notes of his own in the journal, he tucked it under his pillow.

Climbing into bed, he started thinking about who else he could take to the Ball next time. There were so many beautiful girls in the school he had always wanted to date, and now he had the chance to ask them. He was really starting to see the advantages of being stuck like this. Even if he made a complete fool of himself, no one would remember any of it, and he could try again and again to get things right. Slowly, Harry drifted off to sleep, the images of several girls dancing in his mind.

Chapter 3

When Harry woke in the morning to the dueling snores of Ron and Seamus, the first thing he did was check under his pillow for the journal Dumbledore had given him. He smiled in triumph when he found it was still there. Jumping out of bed, he changed into his casual clothes, put on his wristwatch, and tucked his journal and a self-inking quill in his pocket. The night before, as he drifted to sleep, a plan had formed in his mind. From now on, he was going to make a careful note of everything that happened around the castle and when. If there was one thing he had learned from his adventures over the last three years, it was that you could never have enough information.

As he jogged down the stairs to the Common Room, he decided not to talk with Dumbledore today. It wasn't like it mattered if he took a day off to just enjoy himself every now and then. After all, he had all the time in the world to figure out what was happening.

Harry paid more attention to the people around him than he normally would as he looked around the Common Room. Sitting down in an empty chair and retying his shoes, he noticed a few girls glancing his way before turning to whisper and giggle with their friends. One girl, in particular, drew his attention. Lavender Brown, who was sitting with her best friend Parvati and their dormmate Fay Dunbar, gave him a flirtatious smile and a little wave when he looked her way. Lavender was widely considered to be one of the prettiest girls in their year, and she knew it. She was a curvy, busty blonde with bright blue eyes and a flirtatious personality.

With confidence he had never felt before, Harry smiled at her and winked before standing up and making his way to the Great Hall. Walking through the halls at a sedate pace, he noticed several other girls from other houses and even other years looking at him as he passed. How had he never noticed before, he wondered. Susan Bones, a pretty, short redhead with quite possibly the largest breasts in the school, blushed when he looked at her and smiled. She waved shyly and hurried away with her friend Hannah Abbot rushing to catch up. He even thought he saw Julie Runcorn, a pretty Slytherin in the year above him, looking at him speculatively as she stood outside the doors to the Great Hall talking with a girl he didn't recognize.

He wondered if he always got this much attention from the female population or if it was all because of the Ball and he was a Champion. Sitting down across from Hermione with a quick greeting, he filled his plate and let his mind drift as Dumbledore gave his short speech.

"Hey, Hermione?" Harry asked when Dumbledore had finished.

"Yeah?"

"Have you noticed girls paying more attention to me lately?" he asked curiously.

“Well, of course, they are,” she said as if it was obvious. “The Yule Ball is tonight and you’re a Champion.”

“Do you think they’re only interested in me because I’m a champion?” he asked.

It bothered him that some of the girls giving him looks might only be interested in him because some put his name in a stupid Goblet, but not as much as it might have a few days ago. It wasn’t like anyone would remember what happened anyways. Still, using his fame to get a date just didn’t sit right with him. Acting like that wouldn’t make him any better than someone like Lockhart, wouldn’t it, he asked himself.

“A few of them, maybe, but most of them have been looking at you like that since first year. Haven’t you noticed?” she asked a little incredulously.

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed Hermione, but strange things seem to happen around me,” he said jokingly.

Hermione rolled her eyes but smiled at him.

“Boys, I swear you’re all clueless sometimes,” she told him.

“When it comes to girls, yes,” he said with a nod.

“Honestly, Harry, think about it. You’re good-looking, you’re smart, you’re a Quidditch player, and, as much as you might hate it, you’re one of the most famous wizards in England. With this whole Tournament, and the way you performed on the first task, you’ve never been more fanciable.” she told him.

“You think I’m fanciable?” he asked teasingly with a raised eyebrow.

Hermione glared at him, picked up a grape from her plate, and tossed it at him, hitting him in the chest. Harry picked the grape up off the table and popped it into his mouth with a crooked smile.

"You know what I mean," she said, giving him a flat look.

As they returned to eating, Hermione looked at him closely, as if she was studying him.

"You seem different today," she said out of the blue.

"Different how?" he asked.

She shrugged and finished swallowing a bite of toast before answering him.

"I don't know, you just seem more relaxed today, more confident, maybe. I thought you'd be more worried about finding a date for tonight."

While her tone was off-handed, the intent way she looked at him belied her curiosity.

Harry shrugged. Fortunately, before he could come up with some excuse that she probably wouldn't buy anyways, Ron showed up. He plopped down heavily on the bench next to Hermione and tiredly began loading his plate with enough food to feed Crabbe and Goyle.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" he asked Harry.

"Didn't know I was supposed to," Harry said as he finished his breakfast.

Ron grunted and focused on shoveling food into his mouth. Hermione wrinkled her nose cutely at the admittedly gross display and turned back to Harry.

“So, do you know who you’re going to ask to the Ball yet?” she asked.

Harry looked down the Gryffindor table and eyed several of the girls. As if she felt his gaze, Lavender looked up just as his eyes passed over her and smiled at him.

“I reckon I do,” Harry said.

Standing up, he walked down the length of the table and sat down next to Fay, putting his directly across from Lavender.

“Morning girls,” he said with a grin.

“Morning, Harry,” they said in unison with a giggle.

“So, what brings you over here?” Lavender asked, leaning forward on her folded arms and causing her chest to swell prominently.

“Actually, I was wondering if you would go to the Ball with me,” he said, unable to stop his eyes from dropping down to her ample chest for a moment.

Lavender face broke into a wide smile, her red, glistening lips widening to reveal her perfect white teeth.

“Sure, I’d love to,” she said brightly.

“Great,” he said, smiling back. “Meet you in the Common Room at six?”

“Sure.”

“Alright, I'll see you then,” Harry said.

Standing, he made his way back over to his friends. Behind him, he heard Lavender and Fay squeal and titter girlishly. As he sat back down, he noticed Ron staring at him open-mouthed, half-chewed food nearly falling out, and Hermione looking at him in surprise.

“What?” he asked her.

Hermione opened her mouth to talk, but stopped, closed her mouth with a *click*, and shook her head. Glancing at Ron, she grimaced in disgust and slapped him hard on the shoulder.

“Close your mouth, Ron. That’s disgusting.” she scolded him.

“Bloody hell, mate,” Ron said after swallowing his food.

“Language.” Hermione barked.

Ron ignored her and continued as if she hadn’t spoken.

“You just walked up and asked the hottest girl in our year to the Ball, just like that?” he asked in awe.

Harry shrugged. “You might want to get a move on if you want a date for tonight.”

Ron swallowed thickly as he looked around the Hall, eyeing a few girls nervously.

Harry didn’t feel like helping Ron out this time around, not when it didn’t mean anything in the end. Bidding his friends goodbye, he left the Great Hall, giving Lavender a smile and a wink as

he passed her. With nothing to do for several hours, he decided it was time for some research, though not the kind Hermione was so fond of. Ducking around a corner, he pulled his Invisibility cloak and the Marauders Map out of his bag. Wrapping the cloak around his shoulders, he wandered aimlessly through the halls. He overheard several conversations from girls talking about who they hoped would ask them to the Ball and was surprised to find his name coming up just as often as Cedric and Krum. He also got to witness many of his classmates nervously asking girls to the Ball and found their floundering and stuttering quite entertaining.

One of the most entertaining things he saw while wandering the halls was the sheer number of Allure-addled boys that were turned down by the stunning but haughty Fleur Delacour again and again. The funniest, by far, was when Malfoy attempted to ask her. He started off by strutting up to her with an arrogant swagger, but as he got closer, his eyes glazed over, and his legs wobbled.

“How’d you like to go to the Ball with a proper wizard?” he had asked, puffing up his chest while his eyes leered at hers.

While Harry was a little disappointed Malfoy hadn’t stuttered and drooled like a few of the more susceptible boys, her reply more than made up for it.

“I would, love to,” she said with a mocking smile. “Let me know eef you find one.”

Without a backward glance at his reddened, outraged face, she spun gracefully, flipping her hair over her shoulder, and walked away. Harry’s ribs hurt from holding in his laugh as Malfoy stomped off like a petulant child. He only wished there had been more people around to see the git’s utter humiliation.

After wandering around for a while longer, making note of a few other memorable moments that might be helpful later, he returned to the Common Room to relax. While sitting in front of the warm fire, reading a copy of Quidditch Weekly, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie came in excitedly after their snowball fight with the Hufflepuffs. He felt surprisingly jealous when he heard Katie was going to the Ball with Cormac McLaggen, a handsome but arrogant wizard in the year above him. He did his best to hide his feeling, which he thought he managed well, but he also noticed she didn’t seem to be very excited about her date.

A few minutes after the Chaser trio disappeared up the steps to the girl's dormitory, Hermione came in with a light blush and looked distracted while clutching a book to her chest.

"Hey, Hermione," Harry called out to her.

"Hmm? Oh, hi Harry," she muttered, taking a seat next to him on the couch.

"Everything okay?" he asked curiously.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Hermione told him, shaking her head as if to clear it.

"So, did you get asked to the Ball yet?" he asked.

"Well, yes. As a matter of fact, I did," she said without elaborating.

"And?" he asked, drawing out the word. "Who's the lucky guy?"

Hermione bit her lip and looked at him as if weighing whether to tell him or not. The last time he had asked her, she'd refused to say who, but that was probably more due to Ron's attitude at the time than anything else.

"Promise not to laugh?" she asked.

"Of course," he said, setting down his magazine and giving her his full attention.

"Viktor Krum asked me to the Ball," she confessed quietly.

“Really?” he asked, faking his surprise. “Well, that’s good, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know,” Hermione said with a sigh, throwing herself back against the couch. “I mean, we really don’t have anything in common.”

“Do you not want to go with him?” Harry asked with genuine curiosity.

“It’s not that, it’s just...I don’t know, I guess I’m just nervous,” she said, looking down at her hands.

Harry was surprised at how she was acting. Every time he had seen her before, she had seemed so confident and excited about going to the Ball. It made him wonder how much of that had been an act. Wrapping his arm over her shoulder he pulled her against his side comfortingly. Hermione took a deep, calming breath and leaned against him.

“It’ll be fine. It’s not like you’re marrying him or anything, it’s just a dance, right?” he asked, trying to reassure her.

“I suppose you’re right,” she said, then gave a small smile. “I guess I should just be happy anyone asked me at all.”

“Don’t talk like that.” Harry reprimanded her, squeezing her shoulder firmly. “You’re beautiful, you’re brave, and you’re the smartest person I know. Anyone would be lucky to have you as their date. Krum’s got most of the girls in the school chasing after him, but he asked you, didn’t he?”

They sat there in companionable silence for a minute before Hermione sat up and pulled away from him.

“Thanks, Harry,” she told him with a grateful smile.

“Anytime.”

“I should go start getting ready, I'll see you later,” she said.

Harry sighed as he watched Hermione walk up to her dorm, relieved he hadn't made a mess of that. Picking up his magazine again, he sat back and tried to relax. Surprisingly, Hermione came back down half an hour later, with damp hair and wrapped in a white robe.

“Something wrong?” he asked, noticing the look on her face as she sat down next to him.

“It's Lavender,” she told him softly, looking to make sure no one was listening in. “She was hit in the face with a stray snowball and now she has a black eye.”

“Does she still want to go to the Ball?” Harry asked in concern.

“Yes, but she's really self-conscious about it. Parvati and Fay are helping her with her makeup to try and hide it. Just don't say anything if you notice it, okay?”

“I won't, thanks for telling me,” he told her.

Smiling and patting his leg, she raced back up to her dorm to get ready for the Ball. Harry sighed again and rubbed his eyes. Standing from the couch, he went up to his dorm a little early to get ready, hoping nothing else would go wrong. A few minutes before six, he went back down to the Common Room, sick of listening to Ron complain about his dress robes. It was nearly a quarter after before Lavender came down, but any thoughts of complaining were pushed from his mind when he saw what she looked like.

She wore a tight, pink dress with a plunging neckline, putting a large amount of her pale, jiggling cleavage on display. The dress hugged her thin waist down to her hips, where it flared out, accentuating her already impressive curves. On her face, she wore fairly heavy makeup, with thick mascara and pink highlights around her eyes, and glistening bright red lipstick. Her

blonde hair was done up in intricate ringlets that fell around her pale shoulders lightly. Harry stood up from the couch he was sitting on and approached her with a smile.

“You look fantastic,” he told her.

Lavender smiled brightly and pushed her chest out a bit more.

“You look quite handsome yourself,” she said, brushing her hands over his robes to straighten an imaginary wrinkle.

Harry held out his arm and adopted a faux posh look.

“Shall we, my lady?” he asked.

Lavender giggled and took his arm as he escorted her down to the Great Hall. It was quite difficult, especially on the stairs, for him to not get distracted by the sight of her buxom breasts as they nearly bounced out of her dress with each step.

“You’re late, Potter.” McGonagall barked the moment she spotted him.

“Sorry, Professor,” he said, taking his place in line behind Cedric and Cho.

She glared at him a moment longer while he smiled at her, unbothered. With a long-suffering sigh, she turned and left. Harry looked over at Lavender and gave her a wink, causing her to giggle lightly just before the door to the Great Hall opened.

The first hour of the Ball went great. Harry had a great time dancing with Lavender, who seemed to take pleasure in rubbing her curvaceous figure against him and watching his reactions. When they took a break from dancing, Harry went to get them drinks while she and Parvati went to the bathroom. He sat with the rest of his Quidditch team and Ron, who didn’t

have a date this time, talking and laughing while he waited for her to return. Katie's date, Cormac, was acting like his usual arrogant self, and continually tried to put his hands on her. Harry was relieved when she rebuffed his non-too-subtle advances, and even quietly threatened to hex him after a few minutes.

Harry grew worried as time went on and Lavender still didn't return. The twins and their dates went back to dancing, but Katie stayed to wait with him. It probably had more to do with the fact she didn't want to dance with Cormac than anything, but he still appreciated her being there.

"Maybe I should go look for her," Harry said.

"She's probably just redoing her makeup, I'm sure everything's fine," Katie assured him with her familiar smile.

"Harry?" A shy, quiet voice called from behind him.

He turned to find Padma standing behind him, biting her lip nervously.

"Hey Padma, everything okay?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," she said, worrying her hands. "Parkinson vanished Lavender's makeup just as she was coming back to the Ball, and everyone started laughing--"

"Where is she?" he interrupted in concern.

"She was crying so much Parvati took her back to the dorm. She said she was really sorry, but she's too embarrassed to come back."

Harry gritted his teeth in anger and clenched his fists. Part of him wished it had been Malfoy who had done it, just so he had someone to hit. When he realized there wasn't anything he could do, he sighed and threw himself back in his chair.

"Thanks for telling me, Padma," he told her.

"You're not angry at her, are you?" she asked in trepidation.

"With Lavender, no," he assured her. "I'm angry at that bitch Parkinson. Can you tell Lavender I understand, and I'll see her tomorrow?"

"Sure," she said, turning to leave.

"Padma, wait. You don't happen to know when Lavender got hit with the snowball, do you?" he asked.

"It happened right before lunch when she and Parvati were coming back from Hogsmeade to do some last-minute shopping, why?"

"Just curious," he told her, fighting a smile.

Padma looked at him oddly for a moment but shrugged and left.

"Sorry, your night got ruined," Katie said genuinely.

"It's okay, I'm sure things will work out fine tomorrow," Harry told her with a smile.

Harry passed the rest of the night sitting with Ron, watching the Ball from his table. He had the pleasure of watching Katie slap Cormac loudly across the cheek only a few minutes later when

he tried to grab her bum while dancing. After that, he tuned out Ron as he complained about Neville dancing too closely with Ginny as he made plans for how to fix things. Unfortunately, he was so caught up in his thoughts that he ended up getting caught up in Ron and Hermione's fight once again. It was a rather unpleasant way to end a terrible evening.

The next morning, things went pretty much the same as he asked Lavender to the Ball again. He offered to go to Hogsmeade with her, but apparently, she had a girl's day out planned with Parvati, Padma, and Fay. Harry ended up wandering the castle under his invisibility cloak for a couple of hours, before grabbing his broom and flying out over the grounds half an hour before lunch.

Floating high over the grounds, he watched and waited for Lavender and her friends to make their way back up to the castle. When he spotted them, he swooped down, landing lightly next to them.

"Hey girls, have a good trip?" he asked, falling into step with them.

Giggling, Lavender told him how they saw John Marchbanks, a seventh-year Gryffindor, asking Madam Rosmerta to be his date to the Ball. As he listened and laughed along with them, he kept an eye out for any movement. With puffy white clouds overhead, and the ground covered in soft, white snow, he barely saw the brief flicker of movement as a snowball thrown wildly by Fred as he slipped rocketed towards Lavender. His hand shot out with blazing speed, just in time to catch the snowball. The girls shrieked as it exploded in his hand from the force of the impact, and Lavender stared at him in awe as his hand sat just a couple of inches from where her head had been.

"Whoa, nice catch!" Fay exclaimed.

"You okay, Lavender?" he asked, wiping the cold, melting snow off his bare hand, his skin stinging slightly.

In lieu of answering, she threw her arms around his shoulders and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you so much,” she said, her warm breath washing over his neck before she pulled back. “I don’t know what I would have done if that hit me.”

“Well, looks like you won’t have to find out,” he said, smiling. “You want me to help you carry your bags?”

After escorting them back up to Gryffindor Tower, bags in hand, she thanked him again and kissed him on the cheek before she, Parvati, and Fay dashed up the steps to get ready for the ball. When she got to the landing, Lavender turned back and gave him a sultry, promising smile just before she vanished up the steps.

A few hours later, Harry was back in the Common Room, waiting for Lavender. This time, she came down right on time and wore much less makeup.

“You look fantastic,” he told her.

Lavender smiled brightly at him and push out her chest a bit more.

“You look quite handsome yourself,” she said, running her hands over his robes to flatten an imaginary wrinkle.

“Shall we?” he asked, offering her his arm.

Giggling, she took his arms as he led her down to the Great Hall.

Lavender laughed and smiled brightly as Harry spun her and then pulled her against him for the opening dance. He led her gently across the dance floor as other students began joining in.

“I had no idea you could dance like this,” she said over the music.

"I've been practicing," he told her simply.

They continued to dance for another hour before the band took a break. Again, Lavender and Parvati excused themselves to the bathroom. This time, Harry waited a few seconds before following them discreetly, just in case. A few minutes after they entered the bathroom, they left, just as Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, and two other girls he didn't recognize approached. Sticking to the shadows of the hall, Harry crept closer, his hand palming his wand in his pocket.

"Honestly Brown, are you so desperate for attention you have to dress like a complete whore?" Pansy sneered as the girls behind her laughed.

"At least I have something for boys to look at." Lavender sniped back, her eyes glancing down at Pansy's rather flat chest dismissively.

Pansy glared at her and clenched her fists at her side as Parvati covered her mouth to stifle a laugh. Lavender tried to end it there and leave, but Pansy yelled out to her, drawing the attention of several other girls waiting for the bathroom.

"Yeah well, at least I have the sense to date a proper wizard, not some pathetic loser like Potter," Parkinson yelled, her voice carrying down the dim hallway.

The other girls in the hall gathered together in groups and whispered furiously to each other as they watched intently.

"Loser? If I remember correctly, he's tied for first place. As for your *date*," Lavender said, using the word derisively. "I hardly think you could call him that, considering he would rather sit with two trolls than dance with you."

Pansy's pale face went a furious red as Lavender turned away and the other girls in the hall gasped and sniggered. Reaching down to her ankle, she pulled out her wand and aimed it at

Lavender's back. Harry whipped out his wand before Pansy's even cleared her holster and muttered the incantation for the animation charm while aiming at a nearby suit of armor.

"Furnunculus!" Pansy snarled.

The girls in the hall gasped as the writhing violet jinx flew towards Lavender's unprotected back. Lavender turned just in time to see the curse hurling towards her and raise her arms out of reflex. The suit of armor jumped to life and leapt in front of her, holding up its shield to block the jinx. With a loud, echoing gong, the jinx ricocheted off the shield and struck the ceiling, causing the girls to scream. Lavender stared at the suit of armor in wonder as it stood in front of her protectively.

"What is the meaning of this!?" McGonagall shouted, striding angrily down the hall. "Ms. Parkinson, that will be a week's detention, starting Monday. If I ever catch you doing anything like this again, it'll be a month and a call to your parents. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," Parkinson said through gritted teeth.

"Good, now get back to the Ball. I'll be informing your Head of House of your punishment." McGonagall said sternly.

Turning her attention to the suit of armor, she flicked her wand silently and sent it back to its position against the wall, then looked at Lavender who was still staring at it in disbelief.

"Are you alright, Ms. Brown?" she asked in a softer tone.

"Er, yes, Professor," Lavender answered.

"I take it this wasn't your work?" she asked, waving to the suit of armor.

“No, I have no idea what happened.”

McGonagall hummed in thought and looked down the hall. Harry thought he was hidden well enough in the shadows, but her cat-like eyes locked on to him almost immediately.

“Mr. Potter, I take it this was your doing?” she asked loudly.

Lavender and Parvati spun around, looking at him in surprise as he stepped out of the shadows, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Sorry, Professor,” he muttered.

“No need to apologize, Mr. Potter,” she said, her lips twitching into a faint smile. “In fact, I believe ten points are in order for a perfectly executed animation charm.”

Harry blinked at her in surprise and Lavender smiled at him proudly.

“Although,” she said, drawing out the word. “How did you know your date was in need of your assistance?”

“Uh,” Harry said, racking his brain for an excuse. “Something just felt...off.”

McGonagall raised an eyebrow at his admittedly lame excuse, while he thought he heard Lavender whisper something about ‘premonitions’ to Parvati excitedly.

“I see...” McGonagall said almost amusedly. “Well then, I believe you three should be getting back to the Ball.”

Turning on her heel, McGonagall strode down the hall, her heels clicking loudly on the stone floor. With a wide smile on her face, Lavender walked up to Harry and threw her arms around his neck.

“My hero,” she said softly.

Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled him down for a fierce, heated kiss. Harry grunted in surprise, but wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close as he kissed her back.

“Ahem!” Parvati cleared her throat loudly next to them with a wide grin.

Harry and Lavender broke apart slowly, their cheeks flushed and panting lightly.

“If you two are finished, we really should get back to the Ball,” Parvati told them.

“Right,” Harry said.

Taking Lavender by the hand, they walked back to the Ball. She clung to his side, both hands holding his arm and trapping his bicep between her warm breasts. When they got back to the Great Hall, the Weird Sisters were already playing. Squealing excitedly, Lavender pulled Harry onto the dance floor. They spent the next couple of hours, they stayed on the dance floor, with Lavender rubbing and grinding herself against him provocatively. When she felt his excitement pressing against her, she looked at him with sparkling blue eyes and a teasing smile on her lips. Eventually, they grew winded and decided to take a break.

“Do you want to go for a walk?” she asked him with a promising look.

“Sure,” he said.

Grabbing his hand, she led him towards the Entrance Hall. Just as he was about to warn her about Snape prowling the courtyard, she pulled him further down the hall and out a door leading to a group of several parked carriages. Two of them were rocking slightly, and the windows were heavily fogged, leaving him a good idea of what was happening inside. Lavender giggled quietly at his surprised look, opened the door to an unoccupied carriage, and pushed him inside. Climbing in after him, she wasted no time in straddling his lap and kissing him heatedly. Harry cupped her ass and pulled her against him as they kissed, their tongues sliding against each other almost frantically.

Lavender moaned into his mouth and ground herself down on his straining erection. Pulling back suddenly, she gave him a sultry smile and slid down onto her knees in front of him. Swiftly, she opened his pants and pulled down his boxers. She gasped when his rigid length leapt up, the head grazing her chin before giggling as she wrapped her hand around him, firmly stroking his shaft. Staring up at him, she parted her glistening red lips and plunged her mouth down on him, taking half his length into her mouth.

Harry hissed in pleasure as his sensitive member was enveloped by her hot, wet mouth. It surprised him how eager she was, but he wasn't going to complain about it. As she bobbed her head up and down, her tongue writhing along his rigid shaft, the air in the carriage quickly grew hot and humid. Shucking off his robe, he tossed it on the seat next to him, loosened his bow tie, and opened the top two buttons of his shirt. A groan left his lips as she sucked hard while pulling back up to his head, tongue swirling around his swollen tip.

Abruptly, she pulled off of him, stroking his spit-soaked shaft rapidly as she caught her breath. Letting go of him completely, Lavender slipped the straps of her dress down off of her shoulders and peeled it down to her waist, exposing her large breasts. They were pale, perfectly shaped mounds of smooth flesh, topped with wide, soft pink areolas and stiff, slightly darker nipples. She thrust out her chest, displaying them proudly as she stroked his spit-soaked shaft, causing them to jiggle enticingly.

Working her cheeks, she bent her head and a large glob of warm spit fell from her lips and fell on his engorged head. Smearing it over his length, she shuffled forward on her knees and wrapped her smooth, plump breasts around him. Using her arms, she pressed them together tightly around his length and worked them up and down, only his red, swollen head peeking up from between them. Lavender smirked at him as he groaned in pleasure from the feeling of her silky-smooth skin caressing his throbbing shaft. Tucking her chin against her chest, she wrapped her full, pouty lips around his sensitive head.

After being kept hard for the last two hours from her provocative dancing, Harry quickly felt his climax approaching.

“Lav, I’m close,” he warned her.

Lavender smiled up at him smugly with her lips still surrounding his head. Working her breasts in short, rapid movements, she sucked hard on his tips while swirling her tongue around his glans. Harry groaned loudly as his length swelled even more, his tip leaking as she brought him closer and closer to the edge. With a grunt, his shaft lurched as he came, filling her mouth with each powerful pulse while she kept her lips sealed tightly around him. His legs shook as he finally found his relief, the strength of his orgasm gradually fading.

When his climax finally ended, Lavender pulled her mouth off of him, a small dribble of white seed leaking from her lips. Wiping it up with her finger, she opened her mouth to show him the pool covering her tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing audibly. Smiling at him coyly, she sucked her finger clean, giggling lightly when his spent member gave an excited lurch.

Standing up as straight as she could, her back hunched against the ceiling, Lavender wiggled her hips as she slowly worked her dress down over her wide hips. Her dress fell to the floor, leaving her in only a pair of matching, skimpy panties. A moment later, she pushed those down her smooth, toned legs as well, revealing her tight slit, decorated with a small, thin strip of blonde hair just above. Harry's spent member slowly jerked back to life, rising as it grew. Climbing on top of him, she straddled his hips and ran her hands through his disheveled hair as she bent down to kiss him passionately.

Both of them moaned as his length pressed against her damp slit, and Lavender ground herself down on him, her hips rocking back and forth slightly. Harry trailed his hands up her sides until he cupped her perfect breasts, the soft, pale mounds spilling out around his hands. She shivered lightly as he rubbed his thumbs lightly over her stiff, swollen nipples, drawing another moan from her lips. Lavender pulled her lips away from his, her breath coming in light pants. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back as Harry trailed kisses down her neck, slowly making his way to her breasts. Kissing and sucking at the soft, smooth skin along the top of her voluptuous mounds, he worked his way down until he reached her nipple.

As he wrapped his lips around her sensitive nub, a hiss left her lips and her hips bucked, pressing her weeping slit against his fully hardened length. Head thrown back, Lavender let out a gasp when he gently scraped his teeth over her hard nipple, hands clenching tightly at his hair.

“Ooh, I knew I should’ve just pulled you into a broom cupboard last year.” Lavender moaned.

Harry smiled around the nipple in his mouth and let go to kiss her again. Lavender moaned into his mouth and slid one hand down his chest to wrap her fingers around his rigid shaft. Raising herself up slightly, she lined him up with her entrance and slowly lowered herself down, his girth stretching and filling her tight core with every inch. She broke their kiss and rested her forehead against his, her blue eyes darkened with lust as her round ass rested on his thighs, his length fully seated in her hot, grasping core.

“You’re so big, Harry,” she said softly in a passionate tone.

Harry was quite sure what to say, so he responded by kissing her heatedly and rolling his hips. Lavender gasped against his lips as his pelvis ground into her slit, her legs quivering slightly. Raising herself up a couple of inches before dropping quickly back down on his shaft, she started riding him, slowly increasing her pace. They broke their kiss, and he stared at her wonderful breasts as they bounced and wobbled enticingly with her movements. He moved his hands around her back and down to her ass, her full mounds filling his hands. Soon, Lavender was bouncing up and down on half his length, his rigid shaft spearing into her hot, slick core over and over again.

Harry quickly learned that Lavender was very vocal as a continuous stream of gasps, moans, and groans left her lips. Worried about getting caught, he dug his wand out of his robes and quickly cast a silencing charm on the carriage. Lavender gave him a devilish look and began riding him even harder and moans grew louder. Meaty slaps from her cheeks hitting his thighs joining the chorus of sounds filling the room.

“Oh Merlin, yes, fuck me!” Lavender yelled, her breasts bouncing wildly with her frantic movements. “Give me that big cock you stud!”

Harry fought down a chuckle at some of the corny this she shouted, and his smile only seemed to encourage her. Fortunately, the pleasure he felt from her driving his length into her sweltering core was enough to distract him. He was just starting to wonder how much of it was an act when she suddenly stiffened and trembled in his arms, her walls clutching him tightly as she reached her peak.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she chanted, her hips bucking wildly.

A shuddering moan came from her throat as Harry gripped her hips tightly and slammed up into her, even as she rode out her climax. Her arousal drenched his shaft while her core fluttered around him. After a long moment, her trembling body went limp, and she collapsed against him with a groan. Once she was recovered, she started riding him again, her thick thighs still quivering occasionally. Lavender continued to whisper dirty things to him as she bounced on his rigid length, driving him closer and closer to his peak.

“I’ll let you cum anywhere you want, Harry,” she whispered to him. “You can paint my face, cover my big tits, I’ll even let you fill my tight little pussy.”

The thought of having Lavender on her knees as he covered her beautiful face and large breasts, pushed him over the edge. Lavender squealed in surprise when he suddenly spun them around, so she was sitting on the seat. Yanking himself out of her grasping core, he stroked his shaft frantically while hunched over her. Lavender smiled up at him and lifted her breasts up, jiggling them playfully. A long stream of cum rocketed from his swollen tip and struck her, leaving a line of thick, hot cum from her chin, down to the middle of her breasts. She let out a surprised squeak and giggled as he painted her pale skin with several more white strips of thick, hot cum.

By the time he was done, a large portion of her breasts was covered in his seed, with a pool forming in her cleavage as she pressed them together. As Harry panted, recovering from his climax, Lavender ran a finger over her breasts, coating it in his cum, and sucked it into her mouth with a wink. Smiling at her and shaking his head, he sat down on the seat next to her.

After Lavender had cleaned herself up using her wand, they spent a while longer cuddling, kissing, and talking. Harry couldn't resist the temptation of caressing her breasts, not that she seemed to mind from the smug look she gave him. Eventually, they redressed and returned to the Ball for the last couple of dances. Afterwards, he walked her back to Gryffindor Tower where they said good night.

Changing his clothes and crawling into bed, he remembered at the last minute to check himself with the spell Dumbledore had taught him. Finding the results the same, he made a few notes in his journal. Reading back through some of the notes he made earlier while under his cloak, he decided on his next date for the Ball and laid down to sleep with a smile on his face.

Chapter 4

Harry woke up and walked down to the Great Hall, determined to finally take Cho to the Ball. He wasn't sure when Cedric had asked her, so he decided to ask her just after breakfast. Sitting at the Gryffindor table across from Hermione, he watched the beautiful Asian girl talking and laughing with her friend Marietta as he slowly ate.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled in exasperation. "Are you even listening to me?"

"I'm listening." He told her, finally tearing his eyes off of Cho.

"Really?" she asked doubtfully. "Then what was I just saying?"

"You said you were excited about the practical uses of Ancient Runes project you're going to be doing at the start of next term," Harry said, having listened to the same conversation several times by now.

"Oh," she said, nonplussed. "Sorry, it looked like you were staring off into space and ignoring me. What are you looking at anyways?"

Hermione turned in her seat and looked at the tables behind her. As smart as she was, it didn't take her long to figure out where he had been staring. When she turned back around, she looked at him with a knowing smirk on her lips.

"Are you going to ask her to the Ball?" She asked teasingly.

Harry nodded as he swallowed his oatmeal. "I'm planning on it," he said.

"You know, I'm impressed, Harry. I thought you'd be a lot more nervous about asking someone to the Ball," she told him.

Harry simply shrugged and changed the subject.

A little while later, after Dumbledore had given his speech and Ron had joined them, he waited impatiently for Cho to leave. Finally, she got up with her friends and started walking to the Entrance Hall. Bidding a quick goodbye to his friends, he stood up and raced after her. Harry ended up catching her just as she started climbing the main staircase.

"Hey, Cho!" he yelled, taking the stairs two at a time. "Can I talk to you for a second?"

"Oh, sure, Harry," she said before turning to Marietta. "I'll meet you back in the Common Room."

Marietta nodded and continued up the stairs, leaving Harry and Cho relatively alone on the staircase.

"So, how have you been, Harry?" she asked a little nervously.

"I've been alright, how about you?"

“Good. You know, I don’t think I told you, but you were really impressive at the First Task,” she said.

Harry blushed lightly and his stomach fluttered at the compliment.

“Oh, thanks,” he said a bit lamely and ran a hand through his hair. “I just got lucky I guess.”

“It didn’t look like it for the size of your Dragon,” she said with a pretty smile.

Harry smiled back at her as they fell into a short, awkward silence. It felt like the longer he talked to her, the more nervous he got.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?” Cho asked, looking at him curiously.

“Oh, right, um, Listen, I was wondering if you would go to the Ball with me?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh,” she said, looking at him sadly. “I’m sorry, Harry, but Cedric already asked me.”

“Oh.” Harry said, feeling deflated but trying to cover it with a smile “I guess I was just a bit too late.”

“I really am sorry,” she said genuinely.

“It’s alright. He must have asked you pretty soon after Dumbledore’s announcement,” Harry said.

“Actually, he asked me on the way to breakfast,” she said with a light blush.

"Ah, I guess I should have woken up earlier," Harry said jokingly. "Maybe next time."

"Next time?" she asked curiously.

"You never know when they might have another Ball," Harry said with a shrug, kicking himself for talking too much. "Anyways, I'll see you around, Cho."

"Bye," Cho said with a wave as she started climbing the stairs.

Dejectedly, Harry wandered around the halls aimlessly as he thought about how he was going to ask her to the Ball before Cedric. Every time he had relived the day, he had woken up late. There was no way for him to set an alarm either. It took him a little while, but he eventually remembered how Dumbledore had linked the journal to him, and he wondered if he could do the same with his watch. Before he'd even made the conscious decision, he was already walking in the direction of Dumbledore's office.

"I see," Dumbledore said, leaning back in his chair.

Harry had just spent the last several minutes telling him everything he knew and answering a few questions.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but I must admit, I'm at a bit of a loss," he said.

Harry nodded, partly relieved. A large part of him was really starting to enjoy reliving the same day over and over. Nothing he did had any real consequences, and he had a chance to do things he would never normally do. It gave him confidence and a feeling of liberation he'd never experienced before.

"Professor, I was wondering if you could use the spell you used on the journal on my watch," Harry said.

“Certainly, I could see how that would be useful,” he said.

He felt a bit bad misleading Dumbledore but justified it to himself by thinking it might come in handy for figuring out what was really happening later. After he performed the spell, they talked for a little while longer. Dumbledore had no more ideas than the last time they spoke, but he promised to do as much research as he could and send the notes to Harry later. He also had a couple of ideas that, while he didn't think they would solve the problem, they might give them some useful information.

Firstly, he wanted Harry to stay awake as long as possible and watch the time carefully. The idea was that if he was only sent back in time when he was asleep, Harry might be able to stop it by simply not sleeping. If that didn't work, they might be able to determine at exactly what time it was happening and use that to possibly find some answers.

Secondly, and more concerningly, he wanted Harry to check his age at night and in the morning. Dumbledore thought he was being sent back in time, or at least his soul was. However, with no signs of temporal magic around him, it was possible something else was happening. His first concern was to figure out if Harry was aging. If he was, things were far more serious than they seemed. He gave him a spell that would track his exact age down to the second and instructed him to use it every night and every morning for at least a week. For the first time in the last few days, Harry felt real concern.

Harry, as he had found himself doing quite a lot lately, spent time walking around the castle under his Invisibility Cloak. It proved both a good distraction for his worries and gave him a good amount of information about classmates he had never really spent time with before. Lost in his thoughts, he ended up spending far more time wandering the halls under his cloak than he intended before remembering he didn't have a date for the Ball.

Cursing under his breath, Harry raced back to the Common Room. He ran into Katie at the portrait hole and asked her to the Ball once again, only to find out she had already agreed to go with Cormac. In the end, he ended up going with Parvati again and got Ron a date with Padma.

He focused on being a much better date this time and did his best to ignore his jealousy as he watched Cedric with Cho and Cormac with Katie. It ended up being a rather pleasant evening,

although nothing that memorable happened. That was due in large part to Harry focusing more on how to ask Cho before Cedric next time. At the end of the night, he escorted her back to Gryffindor tower and got a soft kiss on the lips goodnight before she walked up the stairs with a happy smile on her face. Again, he felt guilty for not giving her his full attention and resolved to give her a proper date soon. After he got a date with Cho.

Before bed, Harry used the spells Dumbledore had taught him and made sure to set an alarm on his watch. This time, he was going to make sure to ask Cho to the Ball first. He crawled into bed, deciding to try the headmaster's idea of staying up all night some other time, and drifted off to sleep.

His alarm woke him at seven the next morning, and he groggily climbed out of bed. Using the spells Dumbledore had taught him, he was relieved to see he was indeed younger than when he went to bed. Writing down his exact age in his journal, as he had been instructed, he grabbed a quick shower and got dressed for the day. Feeling better now knowing he wasn't going to end up as a sixty-year-old fourth year at some point, Harry grabbed his cloak and the Marauders Map as he headed out of the Common Room.

There were very few students awake and about this early during Winter break, leaving the halls nearly empty. Harry headed straight for Ravenclaw Tower, hoping to meet Cho as she left for breakfast. As he neared the entrance to their Common Room, he checked the map and looked to make sure she hadn't left yet. Sure enough, he found her still in her dorm. Her dot was moving, meaning she was probably still getting ready for the day. His relief was short-lived, however, when he saw another dot already waiting just down the hall and around the corner from Ravenclaw tower. Cedric Diggory.

Harry cursed silently. Quickly, he thought of a plan and checked to make sure the halls around them were clear before throwing on his Invisibility Cloak. Tiptoeing silently, he snuck past the entrance to Ravenclaw Tower and glanced around the corner. Cedric was leaning against the wall with a magazine in his hands. Clearly, he was waiting for Cho to leave the Common Room so he could ask her to the Ball. Harry tightened his grip on his wand in his pocket and walked around behind Cedric as silently as possible. The older Hufflepuff didn't notice a thing as he yawned hugely and checked his watch before going back to his magazine.

Harry took his wand out of his pocket and aim it at Cedric's back before pausing, the tip of his wand hovering in front of him. Did he really want to go this far to get a date with Cho, he asked

himself. Why not, he thought, it wasn't like it would really matter by tomorrow anyways. Solidifying his resolve, Harry checked the Map one last time and took careful aim.

"Stupefy," he whispered.

The red jet of magic traveled the handful of inches and hit Cedric right between the shoulder blades, and he collapsed to the ground with a soft thump and a rustle of paper from the magazine. Breathing a sigh of relief, Harry quickly levitated him and put him gently in a nearby broom cupboard. Summoning the Quidditch magazine, he tossed it into his lap and closed and locked the door before turning to lean his back against it.

Just as the adrenaline rush began to fade, he heard the door to the Ravenclaw Common Room open and a handful of female voices. Harry peeked around the corner just in time to see Cho and her friends making their way to the stairs. Taking a deep breath, he did his best to calm his racing heart and pulled off his cloak as he walked up behind them.

"Hey, Cho!" Harry called out, jogging to catch up with them.

"Hey, Harry," she said, glaring at her friends as they giggled.

"Could I talk to you for a second?" he asked, his nerves growing as her friends smirked at him knowingly.

"Sure," she said with a smile.

It took a few seconds for her to shoo away her friends, and one of them whispered something that had Cho blushing prettily.

"So, what did you want to talk to me about?" she asked, brushing her long, dark hair over her shoulder.

“Well, I was wondering if you would go to the Ball with me?” he asked.

Cho smiled brightly at him, her cheeks going a light pink.

“Yes!” she blurted out excitedly. “I mean. I’d love to.”

“Great,” Harry said happily. “Can I walk you down to the Great Hall?”

“Sure. I'd like that,” she told him.

Walking side by side, they talked about the Tournament and lamented the lack of Quidditch as they walked through the halls slowly.

“I mean, it just doesn’t make sense,” Cho complained. “We could have had a whole Quidditch tournament with the two other schools here. The best of England versus the Durmstrang and Beauxbatons.”

“Yeah.” Harry agreed. “I’d love to fly against Krum.”

“That’d be brilliant,” Cho said, smiling at him. “It just seems like such a waste that there’s so many students here and only the four of you get to compete. Have you had any luck finding out who put your name in the Goblet?”

Harry stopped in his tracks and stared at her in surprise. “You believe me?”

“Of course. You’ve never lied to me before,” she told him with a shrug.

Harry smiled brightly, feeling like a weight had just been lifted off his shoulders.

"Thank you," he said gratefully.

Cho smiled shyly and softly took his hand in hers. Harry smiled and gave it a light squeeze as he laced his fingers through hers.

"So, any luck," she asked after a moment.

"Oh, right," Harry said, having forgotten the question. "No, not yet. Well, Dumbledore hasn't told me anything, at least."

"Do you think he knows something?" she asked.

"I'd be surprised if he didn't," Harry said.

"Well, I'm sure he'll figure it out soon. At least you're doing really well in the Tournament," she said, trying to lift the mood.

"Honestly, I'll just be happy to survive. If Dragon's were just the start, I don't think I want to know what they have planned next," he said, shaking his head.

"I'm sure you'll do great. I think you have a good chance at winning," she told him encouragingly.

"You really think so?" he asked.

"Yeah, I do," Cho said, smiling softly.

They reached the Great Hall and paused for a moment awkwardly.

“Well, I should go sit with my friends,” she said, pointing over at the Ravenclaw table with her thumb.

“Yeah,” Harry said lamely before an idea popped into his head. “Hey, we’re having a snowball fight against Hufflepuff after breakfast, do you want to come?”

“Sure,” she said, her dark brown eyes lighting up excitedly. “Do you mind if I bring a couple of friends?”

“No, not at all,” he said, smiling. “So, I’ll see you then?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you then.” she agreed.

Cho let go of his hand and turned to head to the Ravenclaw table.

“Hey, Cho,” Harry called out to her, waiting for her to look at him before continuing. “Thanks.”

She smiled at him brightly before turning and heading to her table, where she was swarmed by a gaggle of giggling girls. Harry went to his own table and sat down in his usual place across from Hermione. It wasn’t until near the end of breakfast that Cedric showed up, looking severely disgruntled. He felt kind of bad as he watched him get turned down by Cho. The guilt, however, only lasted until he met her in the Entrance Hall, and she smiled brightly at him. Both of them were bundled up in heavy winter clothes as they headed out to the snowball fight.

A couple of her friends, including Marietta and Eloise, joined them a few minutes later, but spent most of their time on the sidelines, trying not to get hit by stray snowballs. Harry had an enjoyable morning with Cho as they laughed and yelled while snowballs flew past their heads. It seemed she had something against one of the older Hufflepuffs named Joshua Kent. Three times, she nailed him in the groin with high velocity, densely packed balls of snow and ice. It only ended when Joshua was forced to quit, due to the pain. When he asked her about it after the snowball fight had ended, she told Harry that he had dated one of her friends and spread

some false rumors about her when they broke up. He made a note to himself not to get on her bad side.

They split up for lunch, and then Cho disappeared upstairs to get ready for the Ball afterwards. Harry spent the rest of his time waiting for the Ball in the Common Room with Ron and Neville. Things got a little awkward when Ron found out Neville had asked Ginny to the Ball but, fortunately, Harry was able to calm him down.

“Harry, you gotta help me mate.” Ron plead with him after Neville left to go take care of some plants. “There’s no way I can show up to the Ball without a date if Neville has one.”

Sighing in irritation, both at his inability of getting a date of his own as well as his treatment of Neville, Harry agreed to help him. Eventually, he ended up getting him a date with one of Hermione’s roommates, Fay Dunbar, a pretty girl with nice curves, dirty blonde hair, and green eyes. He was about ready to throttle the git when his only response was to complain about how Fay’s hands were too big and her ears too small. Huffing in frustration, Harry went up to the dorm to get ready for the Ball.

Half an hour later, he was dressed and ready to go. Leaving Ron on his own to try and salvage his dress robes, he left for the Great Hall where he planned to meet Cho. Arriving a few minutes early, he leaned against the wall as he waited for his date. One thing he noticed quickly, was Cedric had taken a pretty blonde from Beauxbatons as his date and was glaring daggers at Roger Davies. It made him curious enough that he decided to ask him about it.

“Hey, Cedric.” He said, walking over to him.

“Huh, oh, Hey Harry,” he said, snapping out of his thoughts. “This is my date, Suzette.”

“Bonjour,” she said with a smile.

“Hello,” Harry said, smiling back. “You know Ced, if you glare at him any harder, his head might actually explode.”

Cedric snorted and the corners of his lips twitched.

“Someone stunned me this morning and left me in a broom cupboard, and I think it was Roger,” he said, glaring at the back of his head again.

Roger seemed oblivious as he stared at Fleur Delacour with his mouth slightly open, his eyes glazed over.

“What makes you think it was him?” Harry asked curiously.

“Well, I mentioned to him that I was thinking about asking someone from Beauxbatons to the Ball. I didn’t say who it was, but I think he thought I was talking about Fleur. Plus, I was outside Ravenclaw tower when it happened. Git dropped me right on my head, too.” he explained, rubbing the back of his head.

Harry winced, more out of guilt than sympathy.

“Well, you could always talk to Fred and George. I’m sure they’s be happy to help you get back at him.” he offered.

“You know, that’s not a bad idea,” Cedric said with a smirk.

“So, Suzette, what do you think of Hogwarts?” Harry asked.

He talked with them for a couple of minutes, finding Suzette to be a rather down to earth and funny, with surprisingly good English. Their conversation ended when Cedric cleared his throat and pointed behind him.

Cho was coming down the stairs, looking extremely pretty in her tight silver dress robes. He was so busy staring at her that it took Cedric nudging him in the back to get him moving. Walking up to Cho, he held out his hand and helped her down the last couple of steps.

“Wow! You look incredible.” Harry told her.

Cho blushed but smiled brightly at him.

“Thank you,” she said. “You look quite handsome yourself.”

Harry smiled and offered her his arm. When she took it, he escorted her over to the other Champions and their dates just as McGonagall told them to line up. Moments later, they were walking into the Great Hall and over to their table. Like with Katie, Harry found himself enjoying his time with her as they talked. Even Suzette, as a Chaser at Beauxbatons, joined the conversation when the subject turned to Quidditch. Hermione rolled her eyes playfully as they dragged Krum into the conversation and started talking about making plans for a game. Harry knew it wasn’t actually going to happen since no one would remember anything, but it was fun to think about. He really did want to fly against Krum. Not because he thought he could win, but just wanting to see how he could hold up against the greatest Seeker in the world.

Eventually, dinner ended, and the first dance was about to begin. Harry led Cho out onto the dance floor and took his position, one hand on her hip while the other held her hand as they waited for the music to start. The band started playing and he smiled as he led her through the traditional first dance.

The evening went by quickly as Harry spent most of his time on the dance floor with Cho. It was a relief when the first song ended, and he was able to hold her close during the slower songs. Cho’s lithe, athletic body felt small and light in his arms. Several times during the night, he picked her up off her feet and spun her around, causing her to squeal and laugh. Eventually, they got tired and decided to take a break.

Looking for a table to sit at, Harry deliberately avoided glancing over at Ron, who was sitting sulkily in the far corner alone. He didn’t know when Fay had abandoned him, and he really

didn't care to find out right now anyways. Eventually, he spotted an empty table and Cho went to take a seat while Harry offered to go get drinks. When he returned, he had just set their glasses down at the table when Hermione joined them.

"Hey, Hermione. Where's your date?" Harry asked, wrapping an arm around Cho's shoulders.

"He needed to use the bathroom," she told him, smiling.

"Having a good night then?" he asked.

Hermione nodded. "The Ball's been wonderful, hasn't it?"

"Definitely," Cho said, leaning into Harry's side.

Smiling at her, he started running his fingers up and down her bare, smooth arm.

"Kind of ironic though," he said looking at Hermione.

"What is?" she asked curiously.

"Well, all these years you've been going on about how much you hate Quidditch, and now you're dating the most famous Quidditch player in the world," he said teasingly.

Hermione rolled her eyes as he chuckled at her.

"I wouldn't say that we're dating..." she said quietly, her cheeks turning a light pink.

"You don't want to?" Cho asked in surprise.

Under the table, Cho put her hand on his thigh and started rubbing up and down his leg. Harry cleared his throat and shifted slightly in his seat, fighting down his excitement.

“Don’t get me wrong, Viktor’s been great, and I like him,” Hermione said, pausing to choose her words carefully. “I just don’t know if I want to date him, you know?”

Harry looked at her in surprise. She had always looked so happy during the Ball that it never occurred to him that she might not be interested in Krum.

“So, is there someone you *are* interested in?” Cho asked, her hand sliding further up his thigh.

“No, not really,” Hermione answered.

“Well, Ron seems to be interested in you,” Cho said, tilting her chin towards the table in the corner, where Ron was glowering at them.

Hermione sighed. “I know but there’s no way that would ever work. Don’t get me wrong, he’s a good friend, usually. But we’d be at each other’s throats constantly if we started dating and I doubt our friendship would survive a breakup.”

“Wait,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Ron fancies Hermione?”

Cho and Hermione looked at each other and burst out laughing at the incredulous look on his face.

“Boys,” Hermione said to Cho laughingly.

“It’s almost cute how clueless they can be,” Cho said, looking at Harry teasingly.

Harry rolled his eyes and tried to look sulky, but that was difficult with Cho's hand getting closer and closer to his rapidly hardening excitement.

Mercifully, Krum showed up and sat down next to Hermione, stopping them from teasing him further.

"We'll leave you two to enjoy some time alone. There's something I want to show Harry." Cho said.

Harry looked at her curiously as she stood up and pulled him to his feet. He waved a quick goodbye to Hermione as Cho pulled him into the Entrance Hall and up the stairs.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

Cho turned and gave him a mischievous smile. "It's a surprise."

With his knowledge of the castle, it didn't take Harry long to realize she was taking him up to Ravenclaw tower. He was worried she wanted to end the night early until she led him right past the entrance to the Ravenclaw Common Room and towards a wooden door at the end of the hall. She opened the door leading to a spiraling staircase that took them up another three floors. At the top, there was a wooden ladder leading to a hatch in the ceiling. Cho climbed up ahead of him, giving him a great view of her long, toned legs as he followed up after her.

When he reached the top of the ladder, he found himself climbing into a circular room at the very top of Ravenclaw tower. There were windows all the way around, giving them a stunning view of the Hogwarts grounds. The floor of the tower was covered in a mismatched collection of pillows and blankets in all different shapes, sizes, and colors. In the very center of the room, Cho lit a stove, driving away the slight chill in the air. As Harry closed the trap door behind him, Cho unbuttoned the small cape covering her shoulders and dropped it to the floor.

Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders, threading her fingers through his hair as she pulled him down for a kiss. Between the kiss and the fire from the stove, Harry quickly started feeling a bit too warm. Shucking off his outer robe, he let it slide down his arms to pool on the floor around his feet. Wrapping his arms around Cho's waist, he pulled her thin body against him, her small breasts pressing firmly against his chest. Slipping her leg between his, her toned thigh rubbed across the straining erection causing a noticeable bulge in his slacks.

Harry groaned into her mouth, and he felt Cho smirk against his lips as she pulled back. Running her hands over his shoulders and down his chest, she slowly dropped to her knees in front of him. Harry was a little surprised at how fast things were moving, not that he was complaining. Cho quickly unbuckled his belt and opened his pants before reaching into his bowers and wrapping her long, thin fingers around his length. As she pulled out his rigid erection, a wide, predatory smile stretched across her lips.

"Wow," she whispered.

Staring hungrily at his member, she softly ran her hand up and down his length, exploring every inch of his shaft. Harry swallowed thickly and panted in excitement as he watched her lean forward and kiss his swollen tip with her full, soft lips. Cho's dark red lipstick left behind a smudge on his head that she gently wiped away with her thumb, causing Harry to gasp and his length to jerk in her hand. Giggling, she looked up at him with a sultry gaze and parted her lips as she slowly leaned forward to wrap her hot, damp mouth around his head.

Cho's small mouth was stretched wide around his thick shaft as she slowly descended down his length. Harry placed his hands on her head, fighting the desire to drive himself deeper into her mouth when his engorged head pressed against the back of her mouth. As she dragged her lips back up his length, her lips left behind long trails of dark red lipstick from the middle of his shaft, all the way to the tip. With his tip still trapped between her lips, Cho smiled up at him before taking a deep breath through her nose and descending back down his shaft, this time moving faster.

Harry tilted his head back and groaned as she started moving faster and faster. Just as she hit a rhythm, the trap door suddenly banged open, startling both of them. Cho jumped, sending his length deeper than she was prepared for and causing her to yank her head off of him while coughing hard. Harry tried, and failed, to cover his considerable length with his hands just as

Marietta poked her head into the room, only to stop in her tracks and stare at them with wide eyes.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Sorry. I didn’t realize it was occupied.”

Tearing her eyes away from his crotch, she looked at Cho and he could clearly see her mouth the words, ‘He’s huge.’

Harry felt his cheeks burn, and he bent down to grab a pillow off the floor, using it to cover himself.

“Er, do you mind?” he asked.

“Well...” Marietta drawled, tilting her head to try and get a better look at his crotch.

“Marietta!” Cho scolded her.

“Fine. I’m going,” She gave in, giving Cho a wink as she climbed back down the ladder. “You might want to lock the door this time.”

As soon as the door was closed, Harry pulled out his wand and locked it. Cho started giggling uncontrollably, and he used the pillow to cover his face, groaning into it in embarrassment. When she calmed a moment later, Cho walked up to him and pulled it away from his face, a smile still on her face. Placing her hand on his chest, she tilted her head up and kissed him on the lips gently. When she pulled back, she pushed him hard on the chest while her foot slipped behind his, sending him sprawling to the floor.

Harry pushed himself up on his elbows as she giggled again and reached up behind her back to lower the zipper on her dress. Shrugging it off her shoulders, she let the top of the dress fall down to her waist, revealing her small, bare breasts. Sitting high on her chest, they were capped with long, hard brown nipples and tiny round areolas. The tips of her breasts trembled

slightly as she moved. Cho swayed her hips back and forth as she worked the dress over her hips and dropped it down her long, muscular legs, leaving her standing in only a pair of small grey blue panties. Harry quickly pulled off his shirt and kicked off his pants as she slowly lowered her panties, giving him a perfect view of her bald slit and taut lips.

Strutting over to him with her hips swaying provocatively, she dropped to her hands and knees when she reached his feet and crawled over him. Lifting his cock, she rested it against his stomach and ran her tongue all the way from his base up to the head. Placing a kiss on the tip, she continued kissing her way up his chest and neck to his lips. Harry wrapped his arms around her, cupping and squeezing her small, tight bum as he ground his throbbing erection against her toned stomach with a groan.

Cho pulled her lips away from his and sat up on his waist with her hands resting on his chest. Lifting herself up, she grabbed the base of his shaft and pressed his swollen head against her entrance. She had to push down on him surprisingly hard, making him worry for a moment he would fit, before he finally slipped into her incredibly tight depths.

Cho was by far the tightest girl he had ever been with. He could actually feel his girth forcing her open as she slowly descended down his length. As she took more and more of his shaft into her incredible heat, there was a look of absolute rapture on her face. Her legs trembled when she bottomed out and her nails dug into his chest while she sat still for a moment.

Harry slid his hands up to her chest and ran them over her breasts, her long, fat nipples bending under his palms. Cho moaned and started bouncing on his waist, the muscles on her legs flexing under her smooth, pale skin as she raised and lowered herself. Starting with short, slow movement, she began going higher and higher up his length, rapidly gaining speed. Soon, she was riding him aggressively as her arousal dripped down his shaft.

"I love your big fat cock!" Cho yelled, her ass bouncing off of his hips. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Harry let go of her breasts and held on to her hips, a stunned expression on his face as she started slamming herself down on his cock with bruising force. By now, she was raising herself up to his tip before driving back down on him at a speed that was almost concerning. He mentally cringed as he imagined what would happen to his length if she raised up too high and

he was to slip out of her. He could only hold on to her hips and hope for the best as she moaned and yelled on top of him, her nails digging painfully into his chest.

Cho panted heavily and her sweaty skin shone in the moonlight from the windows as she continued to jump up and down his length. Suddenly, her body stiffened, and without warning, she let out an ear-ringing shriek as she came. Harry grunted as her unbelievably tight walls clamped down on him, making it almost impossible for him to move. He was almost relieved to have a break, his hips aching her forceful bouncing. Sitting up, he wrapped his arms around her and rolled them both over, so Cho was on her back and Harry was on top of her.

“Oh yes!” Cho yelled, wrapping her arms and legs around him tightly, her heels digging into his ass. “Plow me with that huge cock! Fuck me, baby!”

Harry fought back a laugh as her shouting brought back memories of the cheesy lines he used to hear through the wall when Dudley got a hold of a few porn videos. Leaning over her, he kissed her heated on the lips to keep her from talking as he started thrusting into her. Cho bucked her hips up with every thrust while moaning enthusiastically into his mouth. Despite her rather odd reactions, her hot core felt incredible wrapped tightly around his length. Harry settled into a rhythm and was forced to pull his lips away from her when breathing became an issue.

“Harder!” She yelled the moment her lips were free. “Oh, Merlin, fuck me harder with that massive cock!”

Harry pulled his hips back until only his head remained trapped between her gripping lips before brutally slamming back in. Cho’s nails dug into his back as she threw her head back and moaned loudly. Closing his eyes, Harry focused on the feeling of her tight depths as he continued slamming into her with bestial thrusts. Her entire body was jerked forward with each powerful impact, forcing him to grab her shoulders to hold her in place. Focusing on the pleasure of her depths, Harry felt his climax quickly rising.

Normally, he would have warned her, but he didn’t think he could hold back a laugh from any more of her over-the-top yelling. Slamming into her furiously, beads of sweat ran down his temples as he chased his peak.

Just as he came, his cock pulsing against her gripping walls, Cho tightened around him again as she reached a climax of her own. Another painfully high-pitched keen left her mouth right next to his ear as she stiffened and trembled under him. As his climax waned and her arms and legs relaxed around him, Harry rolled off of her and collapsed onto his back, panting for breath. Cho curled up to his side, her hard nipples rubbing against his chest when she hugged him tightly.

A few minutes later, just as Harry felt himself drifting off to sleep, she reached down and started stroking him back to hardness. He looked over at her in surprise and got a sultry smile in return. Cho sat up and climbed back on top of him, his length sliding back into her dripping core more easily this time. Harry groaned and rested his hands on her hips as she bottomed out. He was in for a wild night.

Waking up in the morning to the incessant beeping from his watch, it took him a few seconds to realize he was back in his dorm. The last thing he remembered from the night before was falling asleep next to Cho at the top of Ravenclaw Tower. Sitting up, he was glad everything was once again reset. Otherwise, he was certain his hips would be painfully bruised. Taking off his watch, he rolled over and decided to go back to sleep. He didn't think he could survive another night with Cho.

Chapter 5

Harry was walking through the halls, side by side with Hermione, absentmindedly listening to talk about their Charms project due at the end of Winter break for what felt like the hundredth time. He had the Marauder's Map in his hand, curiously watching the tiny footprints walk across the parchment. Currently, he was looking at the names, debating on who to ask to the Ball. Truthfully, he was at a bit of a loss. Katie had been a good friend for years, he'd fancied Cho for months, and Lavender, to put it crudely, was known for being easy. Now, he wasn't sure who to ask. Having had the most fun with Katie, he was thinking about asking her again when he noticed something odd on the map.

"Hermione, look," Harry whispered urgently, cutting her off mid-sentence.

She gave him a short glare for interrupting her but look to where Harry was pointing. They were standing just outside the Defense classroom, and inside they could see Barty Crouch and Professor Moody. Oddly, Moody sat in his office, while Crouch was moving around the classroom.

“So?” Hermione asked.

“Crouch said he was sick remember, it’s why he sent Percy to the Ball in his place,” he told her.

“Where did you hear that?” she asked.

In his excitement, it took Harry a second to realize she wouldn’t remember. Concealing his frustration, he decided to just make something up to explain it away.

“The twins told me yesterday that Percy is taking over for Crouch because he’s sick. I thought you knew,” he told her.

Hermione furrowed her brow.

“They didn’t tell me,” she said, pressing her shoulder against his to look at the map. “Maybe they’re talking about the Tournament?”

“They’re not even in the same room.” he pointed out. “Besides, does Crouch seem like the kind of person to call in sick if he wasn’t on his death bed?”

“I’m sure it’s nothing, Harry,” Hermione told him.

Even though he knew she was probably right, he couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off.

"I'm going to the library, are you coming?" she asked after a moment.

"No, you go ahead. I'm gonna go see Professor Dumbledore," he told her.

"Harry, he's probably busy making preparations for the Ball. Can't it wait until tomorrow?" she asked.

"I wish," he said.

Waving goodbye, Harry cleared the Marauder's Map and tucked it into his pocket. Lost in thought, he let his feet lead him on the familiar path to the headmaster's office.

Harry blinked his eyes open groggily and tried to sit up, only for the back of his head to give a painful throw, causing his vision to darken. His eyes burned sharply from even the soft torchlight in the room. Despite not being able to see, he knew from the smell that he was in the Hospital Wing. Reaching up to rub his forehead, he felt a bandage under his fingers. Following it around his head, he hissed in pain when he touched the large bump on the back of his head.

"Here."

His glasses were placed into his hand, he put them on and gingerly cracked open his eyes to find Madam Pomphrey standing over him.

"Drink this," she said brusquely.

She shoved a steaming goblet in his hand and helped him to slowly sit up so he could drink it. Harry choked down the slimy, acidic potion, grimacing as he handed the goblet back to her. Within moments, the pain in his skull vanished and the sensitivity in his eyes went away.

"What happened?" he asked, scooting back to rest his back against the pillows.

“We were hoping you could tell us.”

Harry turned, his head giving a twinge of pain as he moved too fast, and looked at the door where Professor Dumbledore had just entered.

“Do you know who attacked you?” he asked, taking a seat next to the bed.

Harry shook his head.

“No, sir,” Harry said. “I was walking down the hall, on my way to see you, and the next thing I know, I woke up here.”

“Hmm,” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. “You were found stunned in an empty hallway on the second floor. It appears you hit your head when you fell.”

“I don’t even remember making it that far,” he said.

“Tell me everything you remember,” Dumbledore instructed.

Harry thought back, his memories foggy and muddled. Pomphrey unwound the bandage around his head and began applying a thick, yellow salve that smelled strongly of Bubotuber puss to the back of his head.

“I was talking with Hermione and...” Harry trailed off as his memory became clearer.

While Dumbledore waited patiently for him to gather his thoughts, he debated internally about telling him about the Marauder’s Map. Not only was it a useful tool for breaking curfew, but it also was one of the few possessions he had that had once belonged to his parents. He didn’t think Dumbledore would confiscate it, but the fear was still there. In the end, it was only the

fact that he knew he would get it back when the day repeated that he decided to tell him about it.

“Hermione and I were talking outside the Defense classroom when I noticed something odd on the Marauder’s Map,” he said.

“And what is the Marauder’s Map?” the Headmaster asked curiously.

“It’s a map of the school that shows where everyone is in the castle, my dad and his friends made it when they were in school,” Harry told him.

“Impressive,” Dumbledore said, raising his eyebrows. “That would explain how there were able to avoid getting caught with some of their more daring pranks. May I see it?”

Harry hesitated for a moment before reaching into his pocket, only to find it empty. Frantically, he began checking all of his pockets.

“It’s gone!” Harry exclaimed.

“Calm down.” Pomphrey barked, stilling him with a hand on his shoulder. “You’re in no shape to be getting yourself all worked up.”

“We will find it, Harry,” Dumbledore said in a soothing tone. “Please, continue.”

“We were talking while I was looking at the map and I noticed Crouch was in the Defense classroom with Moody,” he said.

“Bartimus Crouch?” Dumbledore asked, his brow furrowed.

“Yeah. I thought it was odd, since he’s supposed to be sick. I was just going to your office to tell you about it. The last thing I remember, I was walking down the stairs from the fifth floor.” Harry said, straining to remember more but coming up with nothing.

“Poppy, did you check him Memory Charms?” the Headmaster asked.

“No, I didn’t see a reason to,” she said.

“Could you?” he asked.

Nodding, Pomphrey pulled her wand out of her pocket and waved it over him while chanting under her breath. A blue light surrounded his head, affecting his vision for a moment until she stopped the spell. Neither of them said anything, but the grave look on Professor Dumbledore’s face spoke volumes.

“Someone erased my memory?” Harry asked, horrified.

“It would appear so,” he answered heavily. “Do you still have your wand?”

Harry dug into his pockets again and pulled out his wand. Dumbledore held out his hand and he handed it to him, handle first.

“What was the last spell you cast?” Dumbledore asked.

“Uh, I used the Mouth Cleaning Charm this morning,” he said.

Nodding, Dumbledore touched the tip of his wand to Harry’s.

“Prior Incantato.” he intoned.

As he pulled the tip of his wand away, images of past spells began to project themselves above the tip of Harry's wand. Disconcertingly, he saw a Disarming Charm and a Shield Charm that he didn't remember cast before the Mouth Cleaning Charm he used in the morning. The reality that he had been at someone else's mercy and had his memory of it forcibly wiped away was sickeningly frightening. He could feel bile rising in his throat as his face paled and his hands shook.

"We will find who did this, Harry," Dumbledore said, handing him back his wand.

Taking his wand back, he held it firmly, the familiar warmth of the Holly wood feeling comforting under his fingers.

"Did you notice anyone in the hallway watching you with the Map? Anyone following you?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry shook his head. He had been so focused on thinking about the Ball he hadn't been paying attention to the world around him.

"That leaves us with a great many suspects. I'll have the House Elves search for your Map. If they can find that, we will have our culprit. Can you tell me what it looks like?" Dumbledore asked.

"I cleared it before I left Hermione. It looks like a large piece of folded parchment until you give it the password. I solemnly swear I'm up to no good." Harry said.

Dumbledore's lips quirked up under his beard.

"Seems appropriate, given who its creators were," he said.

Just then, the door to the Hospital Wing swung open and Hermione and Professor McGonagall entered. Hermione was dressed in her dress robes for the Ball and had a garment bag folded over her arm. She rushed over to him, tossed the garment bag on an empty bed, and hugged him tightly.

"I'll go speak with the House Elves. Have a good evening, everyone." Dumbledore said as he stood.

"How do you feel, Mr. Potter?" McGonagall asked.

"I'm fine," Harry said as Hermione let him go and sat in the chair next to his bed.

"Is he well enough to go to the Ball?" McGonagall asked Madam Pomphrey.

"As long as he takes it easy, he should be fine," she replied.

"I'd really rather just skip the Ball tonight," Harry said.

McGonagall looked at him sharply, her lips thinning.

"Mr. Potter, it has been a tradition for over seven hundred years that *all* of the Champions attended the Ball and perform the opening dance. I will not let you be the first to break that. Now, Ms. Granger has your robes. You have half an hour to get dressed and meet me in the Entrance Hall." she told him firmly.

Turning on her heel, McGonagall marched out of the Hospital Wing.

"I don't even have a date!" Harry yelled after her.

The professor turned back to him with her hand on the door.

“I have taken the liberty of getting one for you,” she said. “Susan Bones has agreed to go to the Ball with you.”

Harry wracked his brain for an excuse but failed to come up with anything before she disappeared through the door. Sighing tiredly, Hermione handed him the garment bag and used her wand to levitate a privacy screen around his bed.

Twenty minutes later, Harry was dressed and making his way down to the first floor. He quickly realized that his balance was still a bit off, and Hermione had to help steady him more than once. As they walked down the main staircase, Krum met Hermione at the bottom and held out his hand for her. She looked at Harry questioningly and he waved her off, using the railing to steady himself. Susan made her way over to him, looking very beautiful in the dark red dress she was wearing.

Susan was short, only coming up to his shoulder, with a massive bust that covered her entire chest, wide hips, and thick thighs. Her long red hair was done up in an intricate bun, making her look more mature than the usual pigtails she wore. Shyly, she walked up to him and made a motion as if to offer him a hand, before taking it back mid-movement and clasping her hands in front of her.

“Are you okay, Harry?” she asked in concern.

“I’m fine, just a bit unsteady. I might not be much of a dancer tonight,” he told her apologetically.

“Oh, that’s okay. I’m just glad you’re not hurt,” she said, her freckled cheeks turning pink.

Harry smiled at her and offered her his arm. Wrapping her arm around his nervously, he led her over to the group to wait for the Ball to officially start.

"You look fantastic, Susan. I really like your hair," he told her.

"Thanks," she said quietly, looking down at the floor shyly. "I like your robes."

A moment later, the doors to the Great Hall opened. Susan tightened her grip on his arm as he led her past the throng of staring students and over to their table for dinner. Harry ate very little due to the nausea he still felt. Instead, he took the time to get to know Susan better. Even after going to school with her for four years, he still knew very little about her.

"After my parents were killed by You-Know-Who, Aunt Amelia took me in. It gets lonely sometimes since she works a lot, but I spent a lot of time with Hannah," she told him.

"Your aunt works for the Ministry, right?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, she's the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. She preferred being an Auror, but I'm glad she spends most of her time in the office. I don't like worrying about her when she has to go arrest people." Susan said.

"Do you plan on becoming an Auror," he asked.

"Oh, no. I'm not good at Defense. I plan on becoming a Healer." she answered. "What do you plan on doing after Hogwarts?"

"Honestly, I'm not too sure. I'm thinking about joining the Aurors, or maybe Quidditch if I'm good enough," he told her.

"I'm sure you'd be good at either. You're the best in Defense, and the only time you lost at Quidditch was when you were attacked by Dementors." Susan said with an encouraging smile.

"You play Quidditch?" Krum asked suddenly.

"Er, yeah. I'm the Seeker for Gryffindor." Harry said.

"We should fly sometime," he said.

"Really?" Harry asked excitedly. "Yeah. That'd be great."

"What team you want to join?" Krum asked.

"I haven't really thought about it," he admitted. "I'm not really sure if I'm good enough to play professionally."

"I think Dragon would disagree." Krum joked. "Vish I had thought of that."

Most of the people at the table chuckled. Harry made a note to himself to write about this in his journal. Maybe he could find a way to get Krum to fly with him before the Ball. After everyone went back to their meals, Harry turned back to Susan.

"So, how did McGonagall end up asking you to go to the Ball with me?" he asked.

"Hannah accidentally burned my neck trying to curl my hair, so we went to the Hospital Wing to get some burn cream. We overheard Professor McGonagall talk about trying to find a date for you if you woke up in time, so Hannah kind of volunteered me," she told him with a blush.

"Well, thanks for agreeing to go with me," he said.

"You're welcome," she muttered quietly.

Harry smiled at her shyness and picked at his food. A few minutes later, the band took to the stage and the Champions prepared to dance with their dates. Susan looked incredibly nervous to be surrounded by her staring classmates. As they took their positions, Harry leaned down to whisper in her ear.

“Just relax and have fun. You’ll do fine,” he told her reassuringly.

Susan took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling sharply, and placed one hand on his shoulder while Harry took the other in his. When the music started, he did his best to lead, but the lingering dizziness caused him to stumble a few times. To one side, he could hear snickering from a congregation of Slytherins. Thankfully, the waltz ended after a couple of minutes, and the band changed to a less energetic song. Harry pulled Susan closer, his arms wrapping around her waist to rest on the small of her back. Her soft breasts pressed into him, flattening slightly against his hard chest. He smiled down at her as she blushed lightly and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Is this okay?” he asked.

“Mh hm.” she hummed.

Gradually, Susan relaxed, eventually resting her head on his chest as they swayed to the music. It was a letdown not long later that the music stopped for the band to take a break.

“Why are they taking a break? They just started.” Susan complained.

“They’re switching bands. Dumbledore got a special band to play tonight.” Harry told her with a smile.

“Really, who?” she asked curiously.

“The Weird Sisters,” he said.

“Ooh, I love that band!” she exclaimed happily as Harry handed her a drink.

“Do you mind if we sit for a bit before they come out?” Harry asked, his legs feeling a bit shaky.

“Of course. Are you feeling okay?” Susan asked in concern.

“I’m fine,” he assured her.

Wanting to avoid Ron and his sulking at not having a date, they ended up sitting with Hannah Abbot, Megan Jones, and Sophie Roper, Susan’s dormmates. Hannah was a pretty blonde with hazel eyes and large breasts, but not nearly as large as Susan’s. Megan had light brown hair and eyes, with an athletic build, while Sophie had dirty blonde hair with green eyes and a thin but curvy body. Surprisingly, none of the girls had dates but seemed happy to just go with their friends. Susan explained she had another dormmate, Leanne, who was sitting with her date, Lee Jordan. Harry knew a bit about Leanne through Katie, who was close friends with her. He suspected she was the one who set her up with Lee.

All three girls were warm and welcoming to him, which he found a bit surprising. Not long ago, the Hufflepuffs were ready to have him hanged for supposedly trying to steal Cedric’s spot in the limelight. When he mentioned it jokingly, all of them, with the exception of Susan, looked down at the table in embarrassment.

“We’re really sorry about that,” Megan said while Hannah and Sophie nodded. “Cedric told us you warned him about the Dragon. We figured there was no way you would help him if you were lying about not wanting to be in the Tournament.”

“I told you he wasn’t lying.” Susan taunted them playfully.

“You believed me?” Harry asked in surprise.

Susan blushed heavily and ducked her head shyly.

“Susan believed you from the start, said we were idiots for not trusting you,” Hannah told him.

Harry smiled at Susan and reached under the table to squeeze her hand.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

After that, the girls started gossiping about who had gone to the Ball with who while Harry listened silently. Letting go of Susan’s hand, he rested his hand on the hem of her dress at her knee under the fabric. The blush on her face that had just faded slowly started coming back as he gently caressed his hand up and down her smooth thigh. When he got halfway up her thigh, she stuttered mid-sentence and her blush darkened.

“Everything okay, Susan?” Harry asked, fighting a smirk.

“Fine,” she said in a voice that was an octave higher than normal.

He enjoyed seeing her blush shyly as he teased her. It was also a little surprising she hadn’t tried to stop him yet. Feeling daring, Harry slid his hand up even higher, his fingers slipping between her thick, warm thighs. Susan inhaled sharply through her nose and bit her lip cutely. Slowly, he moved his hand further up her leg until his pinky rubbed against the silky fabric of her panties. Surprisingly, she parted her legs slightly, giving him a bit more room.

Seeing that Susan had gone silent, Harry jumped into the conversation to keep the other girls from noticing. While he talked, he turned his arm and ran his middle finger lightly up and down the front of her panties. Her legs trembled as he hit a sensitive spot, her muscles clenching and relaxing under his fingers.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if I can have your attention,” Dumbledore called out, silencing the crowd. “It’s my pleasure to introduce our surprise band for the evening, the Weird Sisters!”

Harry took his hand off Susan's leg and clapped along with his cheering classmates. Hannah, Sophie, and Megan stood, jumping up and down excitedly as they cheered. It took Susan a couple of seconds to realize what was going on before she joined her friends. They ran out onto the dance floor, and Susan turned to Harry, looking at him hopefully. Smiling he grabbed her hand and pulled her out to join them.

After playing their biggest hits for over half an hour, the band changed to playing a few ballads.

"So, do we get a dance with Harry, or are you going to keep him to yourself all night?" Hannah asked with a smile.

"If Harry doesn't mind," Susan said, with a shrug, then turning to him with a questioning look.

"It's fine with me," he said with a shrug of his own.

"Thank you," Hannah said to Susan and gave her a quick hug.

Grabbing Harry's hand, she pulled him to an open spot on the dance floor and wrapped her arms around his neck. Unlike his dance with Susan earlier, Hannah kept a small gap between them.

"So, I hear I have you to thank for Susan being my date," he said with a teasing smile.

"Yup," she said with an unrepentant look. "Look, don't tell Susan I said this, but she's fancied you for a while. She's just too shy to say anything, so I did it for her. Just do me a favor and let her down gently if you don't like her."

"I don't think you need to worry about that," Harry said with a smile.

“Good, I’d hate to have to hex you after you’ve already been attacked once today,” she told him with a faux-threatening look. “Did you find out who did it?”

“No, we don’t know, but I can guess,” he said, glancing over at Malfoy.

Malfoy was sitting at a table pointing and whispering, presumably cruel insults, to his friends about the people on the dance floor. To his left, Parkinson looked a bit put out at not being out there herself.

“I wouldn’t put it past him.” Hannah agreed. “I’ll tell the girls to keep an ear out, we’ll let you know if we hear anything.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, appreciating the thought, even if they would never get the chance to carry it out.

After dancing with her for the rest of the song, they walked back over to the table where the rest of the group was sitting.

“Who’s next?” he asked.

“My turn,” Megan said, standing up.

Harry held out his hand and led her out onto the dance floor when she took it. Like Hannah, she danced with her arms around his neck and a small gap between them.

“So, why did you three decide to go stag?” Harry asked.

“We didn’t, no one asked us to the Ball,” she said.

“Really?” he asked, surprised no one had wanted to go with any of the three pretty girls.

“Apparently, they would rather go with girls from other houses. I know a few of them tried to ask Fleur to the Ball and then whinged all night when she turned them down. It was actually pretty funny.” she told him with a smile.

“Idiots,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“My cousin asked out about you, you know,” Megan said after a moment of silence.

“Your cousin?” he asked, tilting his head to the side questioningly.

“Gwenog Jones, Seeker and captain for the Holyhead Harpies,” she said, as if surprised he didn’t know.

“She’s your cousin?” he asked in surprise.

“Yeah, I thought everybody knew,” she said.

“I had no idea,” Harry said, shaking his head. “What was she asking about.”

“She wanted to know if you were as good as the rumors she was hearing,” Megan said smirking. “Apparently, she’s thinking about making an exception to the girls-only rule for the team if you go pro.”

Harry shook his head in disbelief.

“I don’t even know if I’m good enough to make a pro team, or if it’s what I want to do,” he told her.

“Well, if you want to play, Gwen wants you to know you have an open invitation for a tryout,” she said.

A moment later, the song ended, and he escorted her back over to the table. Sophie thanked Susan with a hug and followed him excitedly onto the dance floor. Again, she left a small gap between them, and he was beginning to wonder if it was some sort of girl code they were following out of respect for Susan.

“Thanks for dancing with me, Harry,” she said, a wide smile on her face.

“My pleasure,” he said, smiling back. “The boys in your house are idiots if they’d rather go to the Ball with Fleur than one of you.”

“It not her fault, really,” Sophie said. “She can’t help it she’s a Veela.”

Hermione’s going to have a fit that Ron was right, he thought.

“Maybe she can’t, but they can,” he told her. “I’m mean, yeah, she’s pretty, but she’s kind of stuck up.”

“That’s an understatement,” she said through a laugh.

“So, if you could pick, who would you have gone to the Ball with?” he asked.

“You mean besides you and Cedric,” she asked, giggling at the surprised look on his face. “Come on, Harry. You two and Krum are the most desirable boys in the school.”

“Yeah, well, besides the three of us, who would you go with?” he asked.

“There’s a few boys I would have gone with, but no one special I was hoping for. Honestly, I’m most interested in girls than boys,” she told him.

“Any special girls you’d like to go with?” he asked with a smile.

“Maybe,” she said with a smile.

“You’re secrets same with me,” Harry told her.

“Promise?” she asked, looking both anxious to tell someone and nervous about what he would think.

“I promise,” he said sincerely.

Sophie bit her lip nervously and hesitated for a moment before she spoke.

“I really like Susan, but I don’t think she’s into girls,” she said quietly.

“Ah,” Harry said in understanding. “I guess I kind of stole your date, then.”

She shrugged. “It’s okay, she probably wouldn’t have gone with me, even if I asked.”

“You never know unless you try,” he told her.

“You’re not interested in her?” she asked with a raised brow.

“Don’t get me wrong, I like Susan, but I really don’t know her that well yet,” he explained. “You know her a lot better than I do. You should ask her to dance.”

Sophie bit her lip hesitantly in thought.

“The worst she can do is say no. You’re not going to ruin your friendship over a dance,” he told her convincingly.

Truthfully, Harry’s motivations weren’t quite as selfless as he made them out to be. Although there was still a large part of him that liked making people happy. Not only could he just ask Susan to the Ball next time, but he was also quite interested in seeing the two girls dance together. His mind immediately went to the idea of taking both of them to the Ball, but that would be almost impossible to pull off.

When the song ended, Harry walked with Sophie back over to the table and finished off his punch while Susan stood up, waiting excitedly for her turn to dance with him. Glancing at Sophie, he darted his eyes over to Susan, hoping she would get the message.

“Uh, Susan?” she said nervously. “Before you dance with Harry, I, uh, I was wondering if you wanted to dance with me?”

Susan blushed and looked completely thrown off, unsure how to answer. Harry decided to step in and see if he could help a bit.

“You can dance with her if you want,” he told Susan. “I wouldn’t mind a little break.”

“You’re sure?” Susan asked, her cheeks bright red as she played with her dress nervously.

“Go on, have fun,” he told her.

Sophie smiled hopefully and held out her hand to Susan. Slowly, she took it and they walked out onto the edge of the dance floor. Harry smiled as he sat down, his feet and legs aching slightly, and watched the two, pretty witches sway in slow circles.

He talked with Hannah and Megan for a few minutes while watching them dance. When they eventually returned, both of them were smiling happily. Sophie hugged him tightly and thanked him quietly before taking her seat. Susan looked at him hopefully, so he stood with a smile and took her back out onto the dance floor. As soon as they got into place, holding each other closely, the music changed to a much faster beat. Harry and Susan looked at each other for a moment before breaking into laughter.

For the next couple of hours, Harry danced with Susan, and they eventually got a slow song. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't fight the tiredness and pain from his earlier head injury indefinitely. As they went to sit back down, Susan noticed his energy looked to be flagging.

"You okay, Harry?" she asked in concern.

"My head's really starting to hurt," he admitted.

"Do you want to get some fresh air?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry said.

Saying goodbye to the other girls, they left the Great Hall and Harry led her to the Transfigurations Courtyard, rather than the front courtyard where he knew Snape was prowling. It was a relief to get away from the loud music and the humid atmosphere of the Great Hall. As it was still a little early and the Ball was still in full swing, they passed on a handful of students and couples on their way. When they got to the courtyard, Harry sat, took a deep breath, and rubbed his forehead, hoping to ease his throbbing skull.

"I had a really great time tonight," Susan said softly.

Harry blinked his eyes open and smiled softly at her.

“Me too,” he said.

“Here, turn sideways,” she said, using her hands on his shoulders to guide him.

Harry turned so he was facing away from her and straddling the bench. He felt Susan moving around behind him to sit on the bench the same way he was. Grabbing his shoulders, she pulled him back until he was leaning against her, his pillowed on her substantial chest. Taking off his glasses, she began running her fingers through his hair, softly massaging his scalp. Harry groaned and closed his eyes, luxuriating in the soothing feeling of her gentle fingers moving through his hair. Susan giggled at the sound of his groan, her chest vibrating under his head.

They stayed that way for a couple of minutes until Harry started to worry that he might actually fall asleep on her. On the plus side, the throbbing in his head was all but gone. Sitting up, he spun around to face her, their knees brushing.

“Thank you,” he said softly.

“You’re welcome,” she replied, smiling through a light blush.

Reaching up with his hand, he stroked her cheek, watching as her blush darkened under his fingers. Slowly, Harry leaned forward and brushed his lips across hers softly. When she didn’t react, he kissed her plump lips more fully, his hand sliding along her cheek to the back of her head. Susan moaned softly against his lips and wrapped her arms around his neck, her fingers playing with the hair at the back of his head. As she parted her lips to breathe, Harry slipped his tongue into her mouth, and she kissed him back heatedly.

Grabbing her legs, he pulled them up, so they were resting over the top of his. This gave him the room to scoot closer, her large breasts pressing against his chest as she practically sat in his lap. Susan’s legs wrapped around his waist while his hands moved down to her full, curvaceous bum. Harry was continually surprised by just how willing and amorous she was, despite her

near-constant shyness. Rather than simply sit on his lap, Susan ground herself against him, causing his erection to swiftly rise beneath her.

Sliding one hand up her hip and along her side, he cupped her incredibly large breast, each nearly the size of his head. She moaned as he cupped and caressed her soft mounds through her dress, even pushing her chest into his hand. Lost in the moment, Harry reached up with his other hand and unzipped the back of her dress. Susan, just as caught up as he was, slipped her arms out of the shoulder straps without any prompting from him. He searched with his hands for the clasp to her bra and groaned in frustration when he failed to find it.

Giggling against his lips, Susan reached for the front of her bra and effortlessly popped it open. Harry couldn't resist breaking the kiss to look at them after the number of times he had fantasized about her. Despite their size, her huge breasts barely drooped when they were released from her bra. They sat like two perfectly shaped teardrops on her chest, with wide, soft pink areolas and two short, pink nipples in the middle. Cupping them in his hands, a vast amount of soft, pale flesh spilled out over his hands. Even if he held one with both of his hands, they still wouldn't be able to cover it all.

Lifting her breasts, he bent down and kissed her nipples gently. Harry opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around her nipple, feeling it harden under his tongue. Susan moaned, her hands tightening in his hair as she pulled him forward into her chest. A few seconds later, Harry sat back up to kiss her on the lips, his hands still latched to her huge tits.

"Way to go, Potter!" a male voice yelled, washing over them like a bucket of cold water.

Suddenly remembering they were sitting in an open courtyard, Susan yelped and hugged herself to Harry tightly to cover herself. Looking over her shoulder, he saw Cormac and Katie. Cormac was leering with a smirk at Susan's bare back while Katie was looking at them in shock. Harry glared at Cormac, angry at being interrupted, and at himself for forgetting where they were.

"Clear out, McLaggen!" Harry yelled.

“Not a chance,” he said with a smirk. “I’m not gonna miss the chance to see Bones topless.”

“Cormac,” Katie growled threateningly.

“What, it’s not like I’m gonna snog her, I just want to take a peek,” he said as if it was a perfectly reasonable request.

Katie reared her fist back and punch him in the arm hard enough to make him wince in pain.

“What the hell!” he yelled.

“Get out!” she growled.

Before he could argue, Katie stomped on his foot and shoved him through the door while he was off balance.

“Sorry Susan, Harry. I’ll make sure he doesn’t look while you get dressed,” she told them before disappearing through the door and closing it shut behind her.

“I’m so sorry, Susan,” Harry said as he helped her get dressed.

“It’s not your fault,” she said, blushing all the way down to her chest. “We both got a little caught up.”

Harry smiled at her and zipped up the back of her dress.

“It’s getting late. Maybe we should call it a night,” she said.

Harry nodded in understanding and stood up before helping her to her feet. While it was a disappointing moment to end the night on, he knew there was always next time. Maybe it would be better when he actually asked her to the ball and his head wasn't killing him, he thought. Leaving the courtyard, he walked her back to the Hufflepuff common room. After giving her a brief kiss goodnight, he made his way back to Gryffindor Tower.

Climbing into bed after changing into his pajamas, he laid on his back and stared at the canopy over his bed. Despite being excited about the prospect of taking Susan to the Ball again, there were other thoughts that plagued his mind. He still didn't know who attacked him, and the fact that they erased his memory was truly horrifying. Also, he still didn't know why Crouch was in the castle when he was supposed to be so sick, that he sent Percy in his place. Crouch didn't strike as the kind of person to skive off work, let alone for something as important as the Yule Ball. Something strange was definitely happening, and once again, he was at the center of it.

Along with asking Susan to the Ball, he really needed to talk to Dumbledore and find out what was going on. He refused to be dropped headfirst into a life-or-death situation without knowing what was really going on for the fourth year in a row. Fortunately, he had all the time in the world to find answers, and he intended to be prepared this time.

Chapter 6

Harry woke the next morning, relieved to find himself fully healed from the day before and determined to find some answers. Getting dressed, he headed straight down to the Great Hall. He barely listened to Hermione talk about the same things she always talked about, while waiting impatiently for Dumbledore to finish making his announcement about the Yule Ball. As soon as he was done, Harry stood and marched up to the Head Table.

"Professor Dumbledore, I need to talk to you, it's important," he said urgently.

"The headmaster doesn't have time to deal with your petty--"

"Shut it, Snape," Harry growled impatiently.

Snape stood, his cold, dark eye glittering with fury as he leaned his clenched fists on the table.

“Why you little-”

“That’s enough,” Dumbledore said calmly but firmly.

“Professor, please, it’s urgent,” Harry said.

“Very well. Shall we go to my office?” he asked as he stood.

“Headmaster, what about-”

“I shall speak to Harry about his behavior, Severus,” Dumbledore said as he turned to walk around the table.

Together, they walked to the headmaster’s office on the second floor in silence. Harry spent the short trip going over what he was going to say in his mind. Unfortunately, it wasn’t something that was easily explained.

When they reached the office, Dumbledore sat down behind his desk and steepled his fingers in front of his face.

“What seems to be the problem, Harry?” he asked, looking at him intently.

Harry sat down across from him and ran a hand through his hair in agitation as his leg bounced rapidly.

“I was attacked yesterday, er, or I will be later today.” he started uncertainly.

Seeing the puzzled look on the headmaster's face, he knew he'd have to start from the beginning. It took him nearly twenty minutes of explanation while Dumbledore listened silently. It wasn't until he was completely finished that Dumbledore finally spoke.

"You have no idea who your attacker was?" Professor Dumbledore asked.

"No, sir," Harry said.

"Hmm." the aged wizard hummed, leaning back in his chair. "While fights between students do happen from time to time, the fact you were Obliviated is highly concerning. We do not teach that spell in the normal curriculum, for obvious reasons. I highly doubt that it is taught at Beauxbatons or Durmstrang either. That suggests whoever did this either isn't a student, or they were self-taught. Both of which are very concerning, for different reasons."

Harry nodded, waiting silently as the professor stroked his beard, his eyes staring off into the distance in thought.

"You said this all started outside the Defense classroom, correct?" he asked after a long moment.

"Yes, sir," Harry answered.

"Did you see anything odd, anything that seemed out of place?" he asked.

"Not really," Harry said, thinking back. "The only thing strange was seeing Mr. Crouch in Professor Moody's office."

"You saw Barty Crouch in the castle?" Dumbledore asked curiously, sitting forward.

"Well, not exactly," he said, scratching the back of his head. "I saw him on the Map."

Before Dumbledore could ask, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out the Marauder's Map. Laying it out on the desk, he pressed his wand to the blank parchment.

"I solemnly swear I'm up to no good," he said.

Lines of black appeared on the surface, drawing themselves into a floor plan of the entire castle. Little footprints with name tags moved around the page.

"Oh my," Dumbledore said, examining the Map closely. "What a marvelous piece of magic."

Harry unfolded the Map, turning the pages until it showed the Defense classroom. Unfortunately, only Moody's name could be seen in his office.

"He's not there yet," Harry said disappointedly.

"How certain are you this map is accurate?" Dumbledore asked.

"Positive," he said with certainty. "It even showed Peter Pettigrew when he was an Animagus last year. Although I did think it was broken at the time. If I'd known it was telling the truth..."

"Well, it certainly is most odd for Barty to be in the castle. He's been too sick to work for a fortnight. Apparently, he's been sending instructions to young Percy Weasley by owl daily. I've tried to convince the Minister to send someone to check on him, but he thinks Barty has simply overworked himself. Perhaps he's feeling better, though why he would come here to see Alastor of all people, I have no idea." Dumbledore said.

"They don't get along?" Harry asked curiously.

“Not in the least,” he answered. “During the war with Voldemort, Barty took a very hard line with Death Eaters, even going so far as to authorize the use of the Unforgivables. Alastor detests the Dark Arts with a passion and strongly disagreed. He thought there were plenty of other spells for Aurors to use and that there was no need to resort to using the same spells the Death Eaters used to terrify the populace. They fought over it in the Wizengamot for weeks before Barty eventually won out.”

“So, why would Crouch want to see Professor Moody if they don’t get along?” Harry asked.

“That is the question,” Dumbledore said, watching the names on the map. “We could speculate for hours, but it will get us nowhere. I will simply have to ask him about it later. However, I doubt any of this has anything to do with who attacked you. Neither Barty nor Alastor would have any reason to attack you. You said your map was missing when you woke up in the Infirmary?”

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“It’s possible someone saw you with it outside the classroom and decided to take it for themselves. Did you notice anyone watching you or acting strangely?” he asked.

“No, sir. Honestly, I wasn’t paying that much attention.” Harry admitted.

“Do you remember who was in the hallway with you, besides Ms. Granger?” he probed further.

Thinking back, Harry listed off a few names but had to admit there were several others he couldn’t name.

“I’m afraid with so little to go on, there isn’t much I can do,” Dumbledore said.

Harry sighed angrily and tossed his head against the back of the squishy armchair he was sitting in.

"I do have one idea we could try," Dumbledore said, causing Harry to perk up and look at him. "I believe I once told you that I do not need a cloak to become invisible."

"I remember," he said, nodding.

"Perhaps if we reenact the scene while I follow you invisibly, we may be able to catch our culprit red-handed. It's been quite some time since I've had an adventure." the headmaster said with a wink, his eyes twinkling. "What time did you say this happened?"

An hour later, Harry and Hermione were walking past the Defense classroom as they had the time before. There hadn't been time to explain everything to her, so he just told her Professor Dumbledore had asked for their help. He felt a little guilty keeping her in the dark, but it wasn't like she would remember it anyways.

Staring at the map as they paused outside the classroom, he saw Crouch was once again in Moody's classroom, while Moody himself was in his office. Showing Hermione, he did his best to keep the conversation as close to what he remembered as possible. When they parted ways a short while later, Harry did his best to look preoccupied and present a vulnerable target. This was extremely difficult given how fast his heart was racing.

Following the same path as last time, he kept his hand clenched tightly on his wand, his muscles coiled and ready to react instantly. The closer he got to the second floor, the faster his pulse pounded in his ears. Any second, he thought, any second now, they'll attack. For minutes he stayed on edge, even pausing to re-tie his shoe, hoping his attacker would show themselves. Still, by the time he reached Dumbledore's office, nothing had happened.

Following the instructions the headmaster had given him beforehand, Harry climbed the spiral staircase feeling a mixture of anger and disappointment. He had really hoped this would work and he would find out who attacked him. It was slowly driving him insane not knowing. Harry wondered what had gone differently this time as he threw himself down into the chair forcefully. A moment later, Professor Dumbledore appeared out of thin air and sat back down at his desk.

"I don't understand what went wrong," Harry lamented.

"It could be any number of things," Dumbledore said with a shrug. "Time travel can be quite finicky, even the smallest of changes can have enormous repercussions."

"What do we do now?" Harry asked, his tone laced with depression.

"Not much sadly. We can try again if you wish, but I can't tell you how many attempts it will take to get things right." Dumbledore said.

Harry sighed and sat back in his chair, staring into the distance thoughtfully for several seconds.

"Professor, can you teach me to duel?" Harry asked, sitting forward as the idea suddenly sprang to mind.

Being attacked was bad enough but being Obliviated afterwards had really shaken him up. With so much time on his hands, maybe he should put it to good use and become a better wizard.

"Do you really think that's necessary?" he asked, looking at him over the top of his half-moon glasses.

"I only got off two spells when I was attacked," Harry said.

"In all likelihood, you were ambushed from behind, and you yourself said you weren't paying attention. The fact that you were able to defend yourself at all is impressive." Dumbledore told him.

"But I need to be better!" Harry said fiercely. "I don't ever want someone to take my memories away from me again!"

"I'm sorry, Harry, I really don't have much time today. I'm already behind on preparing for the Ball," he said apologetically, causing Harry to slump dejectedly into his chair. "However, you could ask Professor Flitwick. He should have some time to teach you and he was a World Champion duelist not too long ago."

Harry perked up and nodded. While he would prefer Dumbledore to teach him, Flitwick was definitely a skilled wizard.

"Do you think he'll believe me about being stuck repeating the same day over and over?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore took out a sheaf of parchment from his desk and wrote a quick note.

"Give him this when you see him," he said, handing the note to Harry.

Dear Filius,

I know this may seem remarkable, but Harry is currently stuck in what appears to be a temporal loop of some kind. We are working to find the cause and return things to normal. In the meantime, Harry has requested that you instruct him in the art of dueling, if you are willing. Should you agree, it would be best if you and Harry were to come up with a way for him to convince you he is telling the truth when time repeats, as you will have no knowledge of what occurred previously. Might I suggest giving him some personal information he should not otherwise know?

Best Wishes,

Albus

Harry carefully folded the note and tucked it into his pocket.

“Thank you, professor,” he said sincerely before standing up.

“One more thing before you go, Harry,” Dumbledore said, holding up his finger. “If you are able, I would like you to try to stay up as late as possible and keep an eye on the time. While it’s unlikely such a simple solution will work, it is possible. If it doesn’t, it should at least give us an idea of *when* it is happening, even if it won’t tell us *how*.”

“I will,” Harry said with a nod.

Giving a wave, he raced out of the office as fast as he could without running, anxious to see Professor Flitwick. As Harry quickly walked through the halls, he happened to notice a familiar head of red hair that, for once, wasn’t Weasley. Smiling, he took a quick detour and jogged up behind Susan, who was walking with Hannah and Sophie.

“Hey, Susan,” Harry said as he fell into step next to her.

“Oh, h-hi Harry,” she said nervously, while Hannah giggled.

“I was wondering if you would like to go to the Ball with me,” he said, giving her a crooked smile.

Susan looked at him with wide eyes, her cheeks turning a light pink. It took Hannah elbowing her in the side for her to give him an answer.

“Yes!” she nearly shouted suddenly, her cheeks going an even brighter red.

“Great,” Harry said, his smile widening. “I’ll meet you in the Entrance Hall at six, okay?”

“Okay,” she said softly, nodding her head.

Waving to the girls, Harry took off back down the hall with a spring in his step. Behind him, he could hear Sophie and Hannah talking rapidly and quietly with Susan, giggles slipping out occasionally.

A couple of minutes later, he was standing outside the Charms classroom and knocked on the door.

“Come in,” he heard Flitwick’s squeak through the door.

Harry pushed the door open to find Flitwick sitting behind his desk. Surprisingly, Daphne Greengrass, a pretty, curvy blonde Slytherin in his year was sitting at the back of the classroom while working on what looked like her Charms project. Daphne was a quiet girl that he knew very little about. He had, of course, heard the rumors about her that went around the school. She was often called the Ice Queen of Slytherin due to her cold demeanor towards pretty much everyone, regardless of what house they were from. Despite that, her beautiful, sharp-featured face, long blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and busty figure, made her one of the most desirable girls in the school.

Daphne glanced up at him for a moment with an expressionless look on her face before looking back down at her project.

“Ah, Mr. Potter. What can I do for you?” Flitwick asked.

“Professor Dumbledore asked me to give you this,” he said, handing him the note.

Professor Flitwick’s bushy brown eyebrows climbed higher up his face as his eyes moved across the page.

“Oh my. How did that happen?” he asked curiously.

“I don’t know,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Well, if anyone can figure it out, it would be Albus,” he said, shaking his head. “So, you want to learn how to duel?”

“Yes, professor,” Harry said.

“What made you take an interest in dueling?” Flitwick asked.

“Someone attacked me, er, yesterday,” Harry said, his eyes shooting over to Daphne, who was still working on her project. “I want to make sure I can defend myself better next time.”

“So, you want to learn for self-defense, not to become a professional duelist?” he asked, looking for clarification.

“Yes, sir,” Harry said.

“Why not go to Professor Moody, he would certainly be able to teach you?” he asked.

“Er, I don’t think he has the time, professor,” Harry said.

While he didn’t know if that was entirely true, he really would prefer to learn from Flitwick. There was just something about Moody that made Harry uncomfortable, and it wasn’t just because of his ravaged looks and gruff demeanor.

“Honestly, I’d rather learn from you, sir.” he continued.

“Alright,” Flitwick said with a nod. “I’ll teach you. First, let’s see where you’re at.”

Climbing down the pile of books he used as steps to get down from his desk, Flitwick pulled out his wand. With a simple wave, all of the desks, with the exception of Daphne's, slid off to the side of the room and stacked themselves against the wall. The noise drew Daphne's attention and she looked up at Harry with a small scowl on her face.

"Sorry for the disruption Ms. Greengrass. I'll put some wards around your desk, so we don't disturb you," Flitwick said.

With a few intricate flicks, swirls, and jabs of his wand, a blue bubble appeared around her desk before fading into transparency.

"There, that should do it," he said.

With a huff, Daphne went back to work on her project, completely ignoring them.

"Now, Harry, take out your wand, and attempt to disarm me while defending yourself," Flitwick told him.

Harry pulled out his wand and stood with his feet planted shoulder width apart, the tip of his wand pointed at the floor. Suddenly, Flitwick's wand snapped up and a red Stunning Charm raced straight for his chest.

"Protego!" Harry yelled.

A shimmering blue shield sprang from the tip of Harry's wand, just in time for the Stunner to splash against it. Quickly, he dropped the shield and moved his wand in a whip-like motion.

"Expelliarmus!" Harry shouted with his wand pointed at Flitwick's chest.

With a negligent flick, the tiny professor effortlessly slapped aside his Disarming Charm like it was an annoying insect. In a seamless motion, Flitwick went from slapping aside his spell to returning one of his own. Without a word, his wand spiraled in a corkscrew motion, and a blue spell shot from the tip.

Unsure of what spell was coming his way, Harry opted to twist out of the way of the spell, rather than risk shielding against it.

“Stupefy!” Harry yelled as he moved.

Harry watched with growing anticipation as the spell rocketed towards Flitwick, who stood unmoving in the face of his Stunner. What he thought had been a well-aimed spell missed the Half-Goblin’s head by millimeters, ruffling his hair as it passed. The happy-looking smile on the professor’s face sent a shiver of worry down Harry’s spine. A moment later, Flitwick sprang into action, sending spells at him at a much quicker pace.

Any chance for him to get in any offense went out the window as he twisted, dodged, and block as fast as he could. It took his full focus not to get hit as spell after spell flew towards him. Gradually, Flitwick increased his pace until Harry finally caught a Petrification Hex to the leg. Legs snapping together, and his arms stuck to his sides, he teetered for a moment before toppling over backwards. Unable to brace himself, he waited for the pain of landing on the hard stone floor, only to find himself coming to a gentle stop in mid-air. Flitwick slowly lowered him to the ground before releasing him for the spell.

“Excellently done, Mr. Potter. Very well done, indeed.” Professor Flitwick said cheerfully.

“But I lost,” Harry said, climbing to his feet.

“Yes, but you put up a very good fight, much better than I would expect from a fourth year,” he said with a smile as he guided two chairs over to them with a wave of his wand. “Now, let’s go over the duel, shall we? What do you think you could have done better?”

"I was too slow. I need to be faster." Harry said immediately.

"Very good. Speed is key in a duel. What else?" he asked pleasantly.

"Uh, I need to learn more spells?" Harry asked more than stated.

"While more knowledge is never a bad thing, it doesn't necessarily make you a better duelist. That said, yes, learning more spells will help," he said. "Can you think of anything else?"

Harry thought for a moment before shaking his head.

"You waited to see if your spell hit before casting another," Flitwick told him. "It's a common mistake that I myself used to make, but it's something you need to learn to stop doing. Keep casting as fast as you can until your opponent is no longer a threat."

"Right," Harry said, nodding his head.

"Now, when I sent that sleeping charm at you, you dodged rather than use a shield. Why?" he asked.

"I wasn't sure what it was," Harry said a bit embarrassedly at not recognizing the first-year charm. "I didn't know if my shield would stop it."

"Very good, Mr. Potter. Excellent." Flitwick said excitedly. "If you don't know what a spell is, the best thing to do is get out of the way. For future reference, a basic Shield Charm, such as Protego, will not stop a Sleeping Charm."

"Really?" Harry asked in surprise.

“Indeed. Mastering a few spells is far better than learning a dozen spells poorly. If you’re going to use a spell in a duel, learn everything you can about it. You need to know exactly what it can do, and what it can’t.” he explained.

Harry nodded attentively. It was time to break out his old schoolbooks, he thought.

“For now, the most important thing for you to learn is how to cast silently,” Flitwick stressed. “It’s difficult, especially for a wizard your age, but I’m confident you can learn if you try hard enough. Start with simple spells that you are most familiar with. The key is to focus on what you want to happen. Once you learn how to do it with one spell, the rest will come much easier. Come with me.”

Standing, Harry followed him back over to his desk. With a twirl of his wand, the desk moved themselves back into place and two books floated down from the bookcase along the back wall to land in front of him.

“Here, this book has a very good section on non-verbal casting,” he said, handing Harry a thin blue book. “And this one has a good list of basic spells to learn for dueling. It’s a bit dry, I admit, but the information can be very useful.”

Flitwick handed him a much thicker, heavier red book.

“Read through both of those and practice silent casting as much as you can. Once you learn that, we can look at some more advanced techniques. Of course, I’m always available if you need help, but it will be up to you to do the work.” he told Harry. “Now, in order for us to save time, we’re going to need a way for you to convince me you’re telling the truth. I’m going to trust you with some very personal information, Mr. Potter. Regardless of whether others will remember or not, I would like it if you kept this to yourself.”

“I will, sir,” Harry assured him.

“Very well,” he said after a moment. “One thing that very few people know about me, is that I was once married. My wife, Sylvia, and I went to Hogwarts together, we got married shortly after graduating, and we had a daughter together. A few years later, I retired from dueling and had just started working at Hogwarts, while my wife took a job at the Ministry as a clerk for the Wizengamot.”

Harry leaned forward, listening silently, fascinated to learn about the life of one of his favorite professors outside of school.

“During the war with Grindelwald, my wife decided to become a spy for his forces. For years, she stole some of the most secret documents from the ministry and sent them to his forces. When Britain finally joined the fight against Grindelwald, they routed our forces at every turn, and thousands of good witches and wizards were killed because of the information she sent to them. It took them a while to find out who was sending the information, but when they did, Sylvia was sent to Azkaban for life.”

Harry felt horrible as he listened, watching as the face of the normally happy professor turned heartbroken as he relived some of his worst memories.

“I visited her a few times, but she always refused to tell me why she did it. For a long time, a part of me hoped she had been threatened or placed under the Imperius curse. In the end, I’ve come to accept that she was just one of the thousands of witches and wizards that was fooled into following that mad man. After she was arrested, I decided to join the fight, to atone for what Sylvia had done. I almost wasn’t allowed to fight, but Albus vouched for me. I ended up fighting for the rest of the war, and I was even there the day Albus defeated Grindelwald. Yet, even now, it doesn’t feel like I did enough.”

Harry sat silently, unsure what to say or do to comfort the older man.

“What happened to your daughter?” he asked, hoping that would bring back better memories.

He was right as Flitwick smiled and nodded to a small, framed picture on his desk. Looking closer, he saw a picture of a slightly younger Flitwick standing next to a tall, pretty dark-haired woman. Next to her, two young girls were smiling and waving.

“My daughter, Maria, and my two granddaughters, Sara and Kelly. Maria is one of the best healers at Saint Mungo’s. Sara’s nine and Kelly is ten. She’ll be coming to Hogwarts next year.” he said.

“What house do you think she’ll be in?” Harry asked.

“As much as I’d like to have her in Ravenclaw, I suspect she’ll end up in Gryffindor. Kelly is much too adventurous to end up anywhere else. Sara’s much more likely to end up in Ravenclaw.” he said with a soft smile as he looked at the photograph.

“I can keep an eye out for her,” Harry offered.

“Thank you, Harry, but I’m not sure if that’s a good thing considering your record for getting into trouble,” he said jokingly.

Harry chuckled and tilted his head to acknowledge the point.

“Thank you, professor,” he said quietly, grateful Flitwick trusted him enough to tell him his story.

“While you may get into more trouble than any other student I’ve ever known, you’ve always had the best of intentions. Time and time again, you’ve gone above and beyond to protect this school and its students. I know you well enough that I’m confident you will keep your word. And I trust you will do the same, Ms. Greengrass,” he said, looking over Harry’s shoulder.

Harry looked behind him, so engrossed in his conversation that he had forgotten Daphne was still there. She looked up from her project and nodded seriously.

"I will, professor," she said sincerely.

"Thank you. Now, it's getting a bit late. I think it's about time for all of us to be getting ready for the Ball," he said.

Nodding Harry and Daphne both gathered their things and stood to leave. They ended up leaving at the same time and walked down the hall side by side in silence. As they reached the staircase, they turned to go their separate ways.

"See you later, Daphne," Harry said with a short wave.

"Potter," she said, though without the venom in her voice that he was used to from most of her housemates.

Smiling, he made his way up the stairs to Gryffindor Tower to get ready for the Ball.

Despite the rather long day, Harry was excited for the Ball as he straightened his tie in the mirror. Doing his best to ignore Ron's whinging about his robes and lack of a date, he quickly finished getting ready and checked his watch.

"Right, I need to go meet Susan," Harry said as he grabbed his outer robe.

"I can't believe you got Busty Bones to go to the ball with you," Ron said grumpily.

"Don't call her that," Harry said a bit angrily.

"What? She is, isn't she?" he asked defensively.

“And he wonders why he doesn’t have a date,” Seamus said.

Harry thought that was a bit rich coming from Seamus of all people but kept quiet and made for the door before he could be dragged into an argument. Quickly leaving the common room, made his way down to the Entrance Hall. He ended up getting there a few minutes early and spent some time talking with Cedric and Cho. Given his last experience with the pretty Chinese girl, he felt none of the jealousy he had before. Although, thinking that, he still didn’t like seeing Katie walk in on McLaggen’s arm, even though he knew she didn’t like him.

A couple of minutes later, Cedric tapped him on the shoulder and nodded towards the stairs. Smiling, he turned to find Susan walking down the stairs in her dark red dress. Walking over, he met her at the bottom of the staircase and held out his hand. Blushingly, she took it with a bright but shy smile on her face.

“You look beautiful, Susan. I really like what you’ve done with your hair,” he said with a smile.

“Thanks,” she said softly. “You look good, too.”

Wrapping her arm around his in a gentlemanly fashion, he led her over to the other Champions.

“Hey, Susan,” Cedric said before turning to Harry with a faux serious look on his face. “You better take good care of her tonight, Potter. I won’t stick up for you if you hack off my house again.”

“I’ll take good care of her,” he said with a smile. “And thanks for that, by the way.”

“No problem,” Cedric said with a smile and a shrug. “I’d have probably died if you didn’t tell me about the Dragons. Oh, and before I forget, have you figured out your egg yet?”

“No, I was going to work on it after Christmas,” Harry said.

Cedric looked around for a second before leaning closer.

“Take it to a bath and listen to it in the water. Use the Prefects Bath, the password’s Pine Fresh,” he whispered.

“Thanks,” Harry said with a nod.

Cedric clapped him on the shoulder just before McGonagall returned and told them to line up. Harry and Susan took their place at the back of the line and waited for the doors to open. Seeing her nervous look, Harry took her hand in his and gave it a comforting squeeze.

“Just relax, you’ll do fine,” he told her quietly.

She smiled at him and took a deep, calming breath. A moment later, the doors opened, and the applause began as they entered the Great Hall.

The evening went even better than last time, as Harry didn’t have a pounding headache to worry about this time. The only problem Harry had, was trying to keep in mind that Susan had no memory of their last date. It was probably the worst part about being trapped and reliving the same day. With how their date had ended last time, he was sorely tempted to try and move things along faster but knew he couldn’t without potentially scaring her off. Patience had never really been his strong suit, but he really had no other choice at the moment.

Still, Harry enjoyed dinner and the opening dance with Susan. The feel of her generous curves pressed against him brought back pleasant memories. When the Weird Sisters took the stage, Harry again enjoyed a dance with each of her friends. As he danced with Sophie, and their conversation took a similar route to the last time, he felt a bit more mischievous.

“I guess I kind of stole your date then,” Harry said.

“It’s okay,” Sophie said with a shrug. “I doubt she would’ve gone with me even if I asked.”

“You know, I don’t mind sharing,” he told her with a lopsided grin.

Sophie stared at him open-mouthed, her cheeks going pink before she broke out into a shocked laugh. Harry laughed at the look on her face, and she smacked him lightly on the shoulder in return. This time around, Harry didn’t bother talking her into asking Susan for a dance. As much he enjoyed watching them, he was feeling a bit selfish tonight and wanted to spend more time with Susan considering how their last date had been cut short.

As soon as he was done dancing with Sophie, he pulled Susan back onto the dance floor and pulled her close. For the next couple of hours, they stayed out there, dancing and talking. When they finally decided to take a break, Susan collapsed into a chair. Taking her shoes off with a groan, she rubbed her toes gingerly.

“Here, give me your feet,” Harry said.

“What?” she asked.

Rather than repeat himself, he bent down and swept her feet up onto his lap. Gently, he started rubbing her feet, his thumbs pressing into her soft soles. Biting her lip, Susan moaned and leaned back in her chair.

“He’s definitely a keeper.” Hannah teased.

The other girls giggled and began talking while Harry continued rubbing her feet. With the way she was sitting sideways, her legs hidden under the table, none of them saw one of his hands slowly make its way up Susan’s leg. As he rubbed his thumb in circles on the arch of her foot with one hand, his other hand soon made it passed her knee under her dress to caress her thigh.

Susan became quitter, and her face redder, the higher his hand moved. A surprise moan left her throat when his fingers brushed the front of her panties.

"Wow, that must be one hell of a foot massage. Don't suppose I could get one of those, could I?" Megan asked teasingly.

"Sorry, my hands are busy right now. Maybe later," Harry replied.

As he spoke, he gave up on rubbing her feet and focused on running his thumb up and down the front of Susan's hot mound. Her legs trembled in his lap as he brushed over her clit, and she bit down on her lip cutely to stay quiet. Quickly, the front of her silky panties became damp with her arousal. For a few minutes, he continued to tease her, careful not to do anything that might push her over the edge. He doubted her friends wouldn't notice that, and, while he enjoyed teasing her, he had no intention of actually embarrassing her.

Susan once again surprised him. Bending a leg, not only did she give his hand more room, but she pressed her foot into his crotch. The fact she was doing this right under her friends' noses excited him to the point that he rapidly grew hard. Softly, she rubbed his length as it rested along his thigh with the ball and toes of her foot. In return, Harry slipped his thumb under the edge of her panties and traced along the edge of her moist lips. Both of them were so focused on teasing each other that neither of them noticed the looks they were getting from Megan, Sophie, and Hannah.

"You two look tired, why don't you call it a night?" Hannah asked, giving Susan an odd look.

"Actually, I think I just need a bit of fresh air," Harry said, taking his hand out from under her dress. "Do you want to go for a walk, Susan?"

"Sure," she said quietly, her cheeks still flushed and nearly panting in excitement.

Grabbing his outer robe, Harry draped it over his arm and held it in front of him to cover his erection as he stood. Holding out his hand, he helped Susan to her feet. With a quick goodbye to the girls, he wrapped his arm around her waist and led her out of the Great Hall.

Guiding her deeper into the castle, the moment they were alone in a quiet hallway, Harry abruptly pressed her against the wall and kissed her heatedly. Although she grunted in surprise against his lips, Susan was quick to kiss him back, her plump lips moving with his. Harry rested his hands on her hips and slid them up her sides, his thumbs grazing the underside of her breasts.

The sound of approaching footsteps had him pulling back and looking down the hall. Hearing them coming closer, he grabbed her hand and pulled her down the hall quickly. Susan laughed, her blue eyes sparkling brightly as they jogged further into the castle. Harry smiled at her and tugged her hand, pulling her into a secret passage.

"This way," he said.

"Where are we going?" she asked breathlessly with a wide smile on her beautiful round face, cheeks flushed in excitement.

"It's a surprise," Harry said with a lopsided grin.

Leading her up a spiral staircase behind a tapestry, they stepped out onto the fifth floor. In the flickering torch light, it took him a moment to find what he was looking for, but after a bit of searching, he found the statue of Boris the Bewildered. Stopping in front of the door just to the left of the statue, Harry gave the password.

"Pine fresh," he said.

The lock clicked open, and Harry reached out to turn the handle. Pushing open the door, he found the most luxurious and opulent bath he had ever seen. The swimming pool-sized bath was already full of crystal-clear water, steaming rising from the top in lazy spirals. Along the back of the white marble bath, there sat dozens of taps, each leading to a copper tube like the pipes of an organ.

"Wow." Susan breathed, just as awed by the room as he was.

Closing the door and tapping the handle to ensure it was locked, he turned to Susan with a smile and wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Can I interest you in a bath, Ms. Bones?” he asked.

Looking up at him, she bit her lip shyly and gave a nervous nod. Giving her a comforting smile, Harry stroked her cheek gently and leaned forward to kiss her softly. As they kissed, he tossed his cloak to the floor and untucked his dress shirt. Pulling his tie loose, he quickly undid the buttons of his shirt and slid it off of his shoulder to the floor.

Susan whimpered against his lips as her hand touched his bare, muscled back and shoulders. Slowly, her hand moved lightly over his arms to his chest, her long, thin fingers tracing the planes of his lean muscles. While her hands explored his chest, Harry reached behind her back and pulled down the zipper of her dress. As he pushed the straps over her shoulders, she moved her arms just long enough to pull her arms out of the straps before her hands went right back to caressing his chest and abs.

Harry pulled the dress down her chest, revealing her matching, dark red bra. While he worked on pushing her dress down over her wide hips, Susan’s hands moved from his abs down to his belt. With trembling, fumbling fingers, she worked at the buckle before moving on to the button and zipper. After he worked her dress down over her hips and it pooled around her feet, Harry helped her push his pants down to his ankles and stepped out of them.

Feeling daring, he took half a step back and pushed his boxers to the floor. Watching Susan’s face, her eyes widened while she stared at his erection as it bounced free, bobbing up and down in front of him. She continued to gaze at it intently as he reached for the front of her bra and unhooked the clasp. The front of her bra sprang open, and her huge breasts bounced free, barely drooping despite their size as they were released from their support. With the bright lighting of the Prefects Bath, he got an even better look at her heavenly breasts. He doubted even Fleur Delacour, with her Veela heritage, could compete with Susan’s spectacular bust.

Susan moved her hands as if to cover herself but stopped halfway and wrapped her arms awkwardly around her stomach while looking down shyly. Merlin, she’s cute when she’s shy,

Harry thought as he watched her blush and bite her lip cutely. As she looked down at the floor, her eyes continually darted to his member as it stood proudly between them.

Stepping closer, Harry curled his fingers under her chin and lifted her head to face him. His excited erection pressed against her stomach just under her breasts as he leaned forward and gave her a brief, tender kiss.

"You're so beautiful, Susan," he whispered softly.

Susan looked up at him and smiled shyly. Kissing her again, Harry grabbed her hands and moved them up to his shoulders. Placing his hands back on her waist, he slowly moved them up her stomach and cupped her breasts. She gave a short moan into his mouth and pressed herself against him, trapping his erection between their stomachs.

Kneading her soft mounds, Harry broke the kiss to bend down and wrapped his lips around one of her wide, pink areolas, his tongue flicking her stiff nipple. Susan let out a quiet whine as he sucked and kissed her nipple lightly before switching to the other. She pulled off her bra and tossed it to the floor before threading her fingers through his hair. Wrapping his lips around one of her cute nipples, he sucked hard and pulled his head back, stretching her breast out slightly before her breast came free with a loud, wet *pop*.

While he continued to play with her breast, Susan had a moment of bravery and reached down with a trembling hand to run his fingers along his shaft. Still caressing her chest with his hands, Harry kissed his way back up to her lips, groaning into her mouth as her small hand wrapped around his girth in a light grip. Gaining a little more confidence, she gripped him a bit more firmly and began softly stroking his length with short, hesitant movements.

"That feels so good," he whispered against her lips.

Susan looked down to watch as her hand slowly moved up and down his shaft, her fingers barely touching around his girth.

"It's so big," she whispered as if entranced.

A moment later, she blushed brightly, as if only just realizing what she had said. Smiling, Harry gave her a brief kiss on the lips before his hands let go of her breasts and moved down to her hips. Slipping his thumbs under the waistband of her panties, he pushed them down to her knees and let go, allowing them to slide down to her ankles. Biting her lip shyly, Susan stepped out of her panties.

Grinning, Harry wrapped his arms around the back of her thighs and lifted her off the ground. Susan squealed and let go of his shaft to wrap her arms and legs around him tightly. Chuckling, he carried her over to the bath and walked down the steps into the waist-deep water of the shallow end. Carrying her over to one of the marble benches that ran the length of both sides of the bath, he sat down with Susan in his lap. She ended up straddling his lap on her knees, and her eyes widened as his rigid length pressed against her hot slit.

"Uh, Harry, I've, uh, I've never done this before," she whispered nervously.

Unsurprised, given her earlier reactions, Harry stroked her cheek tenderly.

"Do you want to stop?" he asked, hoping she didn't.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I just..."

As she struggled to find the words, Harry leaned forward to kiss her full, soft lips.

"I'll be gentle, I promise," he told her softly.

Getting an idea, Harry moved her off of his lap and stood up.

"Harry?" she asked in confusion.

"I have an idea, give me one second," he said, giving her a reassuring smile.

Running over to the stack of fluffy white towels piled up on one of the changing benches, he grabbed a stack of them. Carrying them over to the bath, he laid them in a line perpendicular to the edge of the pool in a makeshift bed. Dropping back down into the water, he waded back over to Susan and pulled her to her feet. She looked at him curiously as he lifted her up and sat her on the edge, on the towels.

Starting at her lips, he trailed kisses down her body. He paused for a moment at her breasts, unable to resist giving them some more of his attention before continuing down her chest and stomach to her thighs. Grabbing her knees, he gently pried her legs apart to reveal her damp lips and a small strip of curly red hair decorating her otherwise bare mound.

Susan took her bottom lip between her perfect white teeth and panted in anticipation as Harry kissed his way up the inside of her thigh, slowly working his way towards her core. The scent musky scent of her arousal made his shaft throb with excitement as he kissed the edge of her slit. Wetting his lips, he continued to tease around the edge of her tight lips. She panted so loudly above him he worried she might hyperventilate.

Placing a kiss directly on her moist lips, Susan gasped, her whole body quivering as she stared down at him wide-eyed. Sticking out his tongue, he stuck the tip between her taut lips and swiped up the entire length of her slit in one slow movement, the taste of her sweet excitement coating his taste buds. As his tongue brushed over her clit, Susan stifled a moan, even as her hips jerked slightly.

Hearing her quiet sounds of pleasure, Harry became determined to see her let loose and lose control. Pushing back between her lips, he ran it up and down, stopping just short of touching her clit each time. Occasionally, he plunged his tongue deep into her entrance, swirling it around to touch every millimeter of her weeping core he could reach. It didn't take long for her to begin whimpering each time he neared her needy clit, only to back away before touching it.

Her hands gripped his hair, tugging lightly to guide him up to her sensitive nub. Still, Harry avoided it, teasing her relentlessly.

“Harry, please,” she begged in a whisper.

Smirking up at her from between her legs, he watched her flushed face as he finally ran his tongue over her swollen clit. Susan gasped and shuddered, her hand tightening almost painfully in his hair. Wrapping his lips around it, he sucked lightly before pressing his tongue flat against the tight bundle of nerves and ungulated his tongue against it.

“Oh, Merlin,” Susan gasped.

Finally, she let out a long, unrestrained moan. Hearing such a shy, innocent girl let out a sound so wanton had his cock throbbing with excitement. Susan mashed his face into her mound as he assaulted her clit with his tongue, flicking over it rapidly from all directions. Her legs trembled as they clamped his head in place while a long string of unrestrained gasps and moans left her lips.

Pushing his middle finger between her lips, he sank his long digit deep into her depths and caressed her smooth, slick walls. Susan’s panting grew heavier as her moans grew louder. While his tongue continued to slick over her clit, his finger grazed a particularly sensitive spot inside of her. With a sharp gasp, Susan quivered and shook violently as she came. Her arousal drenched Harry’s chin and hand while she pulled his hair roughly and her legs practically crushed his head.

Trapped in place, Harry could only gently continue to pleasure her as she rode out her climax. As her peak finally waned, she let go of his hair and her legs went limp around him as she fell onto her back, panting heavily. Smiling a bit smugly, Harry wiped his chin and ran his hands up her stomach to caress her breasts. Even lying flat on her back, her massive mounds looked surprisingly firm for their size.

After giving her a few moments to recover, he grabbed her hands and pulled her up until she was sitting. Kissing her on the lips, he lifted her up and carried her back into the soothingly hot water. As he sat back down on the bench with Susan on his lap, his rock-hard erection pressed against her slit, her lips wrapping around to hug his shaft. She moaned and bucked her hips

against him as she straddled his lap. Grabbing one of her full cheeks with one hand, he lifted her up slightly and guided the head of his member to her entrance with the other.

“Go as slow as you need to,” he told her softly.

Biting her lip, Susan nodded. With painful slowness, she lowered herself down on his rigid length.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned as her tight, hot depths enveloped his head.

Hands on her hips, he fought the urge to ram his length into her. Quiet moans left her lips as she slowly worked up and down, gradually feeding more and more of his shaft into her core. Harry grabbed one of her massive breasts, his thumb rubbing circles over her engorged nipple while he watched her other breast wobble delightfully with her movements.

The deeper Susan took him, the faster she began to move, her motions growing more confident with each new inch that invaded her untouched depths. Soon, she had taken his entire length, her round ass resting on his thighs as she paused with a shuddering breath.

“You feel incredible, Susie.” He whispered huskily.

“I did it?” she asked as if surprised by her success at taking all of him.

Harry chuckled and pecked her lips.

“You did it,” he told her. “Does it feel good?”

“Mh hm,” she hummed shyly with a nod.

Wanting more, Harry pulled her close and put his mouth next to her ear.

“You like having my big cock inside of you?” he asked.

Gasping at his vulgarity, he felt her nod nervously. Grabbing her hips, he started moving her up and down his length in slow, short movements.

“Tell me, Susie. I want to hear you say it,” he whispered.

“I-I like it,” she stuttered, moving on her own along with his hands as her breathing sped up.

“What do you like?” he asked, flexing himself inside of her.

Susan whimpered and went quiet for so long he worried he wouldn’t get an answer.

“I-I like your big cock.” she whispered so quietly he had to strain to hear her.

As the words left her lips, her body trembled and she started riding him faster, raising herself up higher before dropping back down. Harry smiled at her words and leaned back to kiss her passionately for a moment.

“You’re so beautiful, Susan, and your tight little pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock.” Harry told her in a deep, husky tone.

Susan moaned and bounced harder in his lap. Small waves splashed against the edge of the bath from her movements. Her breasts bounced and jiggled as they bobbed in and out of the water.

“And your tits are so fucking perfect. You have no idea how many times I’ve fantasized about getting my hands on these,” he said, cupping her breasts and squeezing them, mounds of soft pale flesh oozing out around his fingers.

Susan whimpered and buried her face in the crook of his neck as she blushed. She bucked her hips desperately, rolling her hips and grinding her clit against his pelvis roughly every time she bottomed out. Harry began thrusting up into her in time with her movements, the quiet moans and whines she let out next to his ear slowly driving him crazy.

“Harry,” she moaned softly as she panted, her muscles tightening.

Realizing she was close to another climax, Harry gripped her hips and started thrusting up into her quickly, chasing after his own peak. Susan whined and whimpered as she clutched at his back, her nails digging lightly into his skin. Seconds later, her entire body tensed and shook as she came, a long, low moan leaving her lips. Harry hammered into her furiously for several seconds as he neared his tipping point. With a grunt, he pulled her down onto him firmly as his climax finally hit, his length pulsing inside of her with each jet of hot seed that launched from the tip of his swollen head.

Susan cooed as she relaxed, hugging herself tightly to Harry. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed the side of her neck as he relaxed and closed his eyes to savor the feeling of bliss clouding his mind.

A couple of minutes later, Susan sat back and kissed deeply and slowly. As they kissed, Harry reached up and caressed her breasts again, unable to get enough of her glorious mounds. Slowly, his length hardened inside of her, stretching her tight depths around his girth. Pulling back, Susan looked at him, her blue eyes sparkling with excitement even as she bit her lips shyly.

“Can we do that again?” she asked.

Smiling, Harry stood up and walked her into the chest-deep water of the deep end of the bath. With the water helping to support her weight, he pinned her against the back wall and started thrusting in and out of her clutching depths as he kissed her heatedly.

An hour and a half later, Harry fell into bed with a smile seemingly permanently etched on his face. Opening his journal to write a few notes, he read one he had left himself earlier about staying up as late as possible. Despite his tiredness, he decided to give it a shot since it was already past two in the morning. Taking out the books Professor Flitwick had given him to read, he hung his watch over the edge of the book as he read, constantly checking the time between paragraphs.

Quickly, he found himself engrossed in learning about non-verbal casting and the time seemed to fly by. Glancing at his watch, the time read four nineteen as he turned back to his book. One moment he was turning the page, then suddenly, the next, he was waking up in bed. It was wholly disconcerting as he didn't remember falling asleep, and even his pajamas were different. He looked around for the books Flitwick had given him, but they were nowhere in sight. It took a minute for him to realize they wouldn't have come back with him.

That was going to make things difficult, he thought with a sigh.

Chapter 7

For the last week, the ball had taken a back seat as Harry worked tirelessly to learn non-verbal magic. He found it surprisingly difficult, and incredibly frustrating. For hours, he would sit in an abandoned classroom while failing to cast even the simplest of spells over and over again. It wasn't until Professor Flitwick used a rather unorthodox teaching method that he finally had his first success. While having the tiny Charms professor hit him with Stinging Hexes was extremely unpleasant, Harry couldn't deny the results. In a single morning, he had gone from not being able to cast anything, to being able to reliably cast a Shield Charm silently.

While Harry hadn't enjoyed the process, Daphne, who spent most of the day in the Charms classroom working on her project, found his suffering quite amusing if her smirk was anything to go by.

Although Harry hadn't been as focused on finding a new date for the ball and usually went with Katie or Susan, he did find himself interested in Daphne. He'd spoken to her briefly on a few occasions throughout the week he worked on non-verbal casting, but she seemed to have little interest in doing anything other than working on her project. Daphne wasn't like any of the other Slytherins that he knew, and the fact she didn't show any interest in him only made him more determined to take her to the ball.

The day after his first success, Harry left the Great Hall early and headed straight for the Charms classroom. With Professor Flitwick still at breakfast, he was hoping to have a few minutes alone to talk with Daphne. Sure enough, when he got there, Daphne was already sitting at a desk at the back of the classroom, working on her charms project.

"Morning, Daphne," Harry said, giving her a small, friendly smile.

"Potter," she said neutrally, not even bothering to look up at him.

Sitting down at the desk next to her, he pulled out his Defense book and flipped to the page on dueling techniques.

"How's your projecting going?" he asked casually.

"What do you want, Potter?" she asked with a sigh.

Looking away from the tea set she was trying to enchant, Daphne crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back in her seat as she looked at him.

"Just making conversation," Harry said with a shrug.

Daphne rolled her eyes.

"You've spoken to me more in the last two minutes than you have in the last four years we've been classmates," she said.

"Well, this is the first time we've ever been alone in a room together. Usually, you're surrounded by people who don't like me very much," Harry said.

"I'm not stupid, Potter," Daphne said, narrowing her eyes. "If this is about the ball--"

"I didn't say anything about the ball," he interrupted her, not wanting to give her a chance to turn him down. "I was just making conversation, honestly."

Daphne glared at him suspiciously for a moment before shaking her head and going back to her project. Unfortunately, before Harry could try and strike up a conversation with her again, Professor Flitwick entered the classroom. Standing, Harry paused before going up to talk to him.

"By the way, if you're making a floating tea set, you might want to put the Propulsion Charm on before the Floating Charm," he told Daphne quietly. "Putting the Floating Charm on first will make it unstable."

It was advice he had heard Professor Flitwick give her every day for the last week. Before she could reply, Harry turned and walked to the front of the room.

"Morning Professor," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Potter. What can I do for you today?" Flitwick asked.

"I know this is going to sound crazy, but..."

As usual, it took him a couple of minutes to convince Professor Flitwick that he was stuck reliving the same day over and over, and he needed help with his dueling.

"Only you, Potter, could have something so impossible happen to you on such a regular basis," he said, shaking his head.

"Honestly, I think I'm starting to get used to it," Harry joked.

Flitwick chuckled and climbed down from his desk.

"Alright, so what have I taught you so far?" he asked.

"Non-verbal casting," said Harry. "I just got the hang of the shield charm yesterday.

"Let's see how you do today, shall we? Wand at the ready," the tiny professor said, drawing his own wand.

Harry drew his wand and waited while focusing on the spell he needed to cast. After a couple of seconds, Flitwick fired a pink Stinging Hex from the tip of his wand. Swirling his wand in a circular motion, Harry saw his shield pop up for a split second before it flickered and failed.

"Gah!" he yelped, rubbing his chest.

"Close," Professor Flitwick said. "Let's try that again."

Nodding, Harry glanced up at Daphne. She still had her head down, working on her project, but he swore he could see a small smirk on her lips. Focusing back on Flitwick, he readied his wand and waited for him to cast. A pink Stinging Hex leapt from his wand again, and this time Harry's shield worked flawlessly.

"Excellent, Mr. Potter. Excellent," the professor said happily. "Now that you've got one spell down, the others should come much more easily. Let's work on some offensive spells now."

For the next three hours, Professor Flitwick worked with Harry on learning to cast the Stunning Hex and Disarming Charm silently. While he still struggled a bit in the beginning, Harry found that it was indeed easier after learning the Shield Charm. As the clock reached noon, he was casting all three spells nearly every time he tried.

“Wonderfully done,” Professor Flitwick cheered after he was able to successfully switch between spells. “Let’s take a break.”

Harry nodded tiredly as the professor walked over to Daphne.

“How are things coming along, Ms. Greengrass?” he asked.

“Good, sir. I think the teapot is finished,” Daphne said.

“Excellent, let’s see,” Professor Flitwick asked excitedly.

With a nod, Daphne tapped her wand to the teapot. It shivered and rattled for a second before floating into the air. Smoothly, it drifted over to a teacup sitting on the desk and tipped slightly as if to pour tea.

“Fantastic work, Ms. Greengrass,” Professor Flitwick exclaimed happily. “Fantastic job. Usually, students apply the Floating Charm first and the teapot shoots across the room.”

“Thank you, professor,” Daphne said as she glanced over at Harry.

He smiled at her as he walked by to pick up his bag.

“Excellent work today, both of you,” Professor Flitwick said proudly. “Let’s take a break for lunch. You’re both welcome to come back later if you wish. My door is always open.”

“Thanks, Professor,” Harry said.

With a smile, Professor Flitwick left the room. Harry took his time packing his things as he waited for Daphne. He waited a second after she left before following. Unfortunately, Daphne took off down the hall quickly as soon as she was out of the classroom. While he could have caught up with her, it was pretty obvious she wasn’t interested in talking to him. Sighing, Harry figured he would just need to figure out a better way to ask her to the ball.

Making his way downstairs, Harry headed for the Great Hall. When he got there, he found the ridiculous sight of several boys quite literally waiting in line to ask Fleur Delacour to the ball. Snorting quietly, he was about to walk away when he noticed a familiar face sitting next to her.

He had hardly thought about Suzette since she had gone to the ball with Cedric a while ago but seeing her now, he remembered how nice she had been to him. While not quite as beautiful as Fleur, she was certainly pretty in her own right, with dark blonde hair, and green eyes. She also had a great figure that would have garnered her a lot more attention if it wasn’t for the bombshell sitting next to her. On a spur of the moment decision, Harry turned and walked over to the Ravenclaw table.

“Hey, Potter, wait your turn!” One of the boys yelled.

Rolling his eyes, Harry continued past the line and stood in front of the group of French girls sitting at the table. While Fleur was talking to a nervous, stuttering Hufflepuff sixth year, and several other girls were watching amusedly, Suzette was studiously ignoring the goings on while picking at her salad.

“Excuse me,” Harry said.

Of course, with his luck, everyone besides Suzette looked up at him.

“Suzette?” he repeated, causing her to jerk her head up in surprise to look at him.

Though he hadn't meant to time it that way, Fleur had just opened her mouth to say something when he called out Suzette's name. Closing her mouth, she looked at him oddly, her eyes sharp and her brow furrowed.

"Oui?" Suzette said questioningly.

"Hi," Harry said with a smile. "Would you like to go to the ball with me?"

As Suzette blinked at him nonplussed, Fleur completely ignored the next boy that nervously asked her to the ball, her attention focused on him. Harry mentally kicked himself for not waiting until he could talk to her alone, or at least with less people around.

"You want to go to the ball with me?" she asked in surprise before gathering herself. "We 'ardly know each other."

"Then we'll have plenty to talk about at dinner," Harry said with a smile.

Suzette smiled and eyed him with a bit more interest. Suddenly, the pull he normally felt from Fleur increased. Determinedly, he ignored it and kept his eyes on Suzette, whose smile grew wider.

"Can you dance?" she asked.

"I'm alright," Harry said with a shrug and a smile. "Tell you what- have you eaten yet?"

"Non, we just sat down," Suzette said as she eyed him curiously.

"How 'bout I take you to Hogsmeade for lunch? We can get to know each other a little before you decide if you want to go with me," he said.

Suzette laughed prettily and pushed her plate away.

“Alright, ‘Arry,” she said.

“Great, give me just one minute,” Harry said as she stood up and donned her heavy cloak.

Rushing over to the Gryffindor table he set his bag on the bench next to Hermione.

“Hermione, I need a favor,” he said while opening his bag and pulling out his winter cloak.

Right now, he was extremely glad he had taken to carrying it around in his bag for the snowball fight lately.

“Where are you going?” Hermione asked, looking at him curiously.

“I’m taking Suzette, one of the Beauxbatons girls, to Hogsmeade. With any luck, I might have a date for the ball. Can you take my bag back to the common room for me?” he asked as he put on his cloak.

“Since when do you know anyone from Beauxbatons?” said Hermione, a bewildered look on her face.

“Since now,” Harry said. “Can you take care of my bag for me? Please?”

“Fine, but I expect an explanation when you get back,” Hermione said sternly.

“Deal. Thanks, Hermione, you’re the best,” Harry said with a grin.

Patting her on the shoulder, he walked over to the doors of the Great Hall, where Suzette was waiting for him.

“Ready to go?” he asked with a smile.

“Oui,” she said, smiling back.

Harry led her out onto the front lawn and over to the horseless carriages. At the last second, he remembered to hold the door open for her so she could get in first. Mentally, he cursed the heavy winter robes they had to wear as she bent over to climb inside. Climbing in after her, he closed the door and a moment later the carriage rocked slightly as they made their way to Hogsmeade.

“So, where do you plan on taking me, monsieur?” Suzette asked.

“I was thinking we could go to the Three Broomsticks,” Harry said.

“Are there no other restaurants?” she asked curiously.

“Well, there’s the Hog’s Head, but I’ve heard it’s pretty dirty there. There’s also Madam Puddifoot’s. I haven’t been there, but it’s known for being a place that couples go to.” he told her.

“I ‘ave never been there either. Maybe we will ‘ave to try it. We are on a date.” Suzette said with a smile.

“Sure,” Harry said. “Is there anywhere else you’d like to go.”

“I ‘aven’t spent much time there. What else is in ‘Ogsmeade?” she asked.

Harry spent the rest of the carriage ride telling her about the different shops in the village. Once the carriage stopped, he hopped out before offering her his hand to help her out. To his pleasant surprise, she kept his hand in hers after stepping out. For the first fifteen minutes or so, Harry led her down the main road, pointing out the various different shops and establishments.

“Do you want lunch first, or do you want to explore a bit more?” Harry asked.

“Lunch,” she said.

Leading her down the street to Madam Puddifoot’s Harry once again opened the door for her. The moment he stepped in after her, he was almost bowled over by a stifling wave of heat. All around them were searing, bright pink walls. Suzette, who was a step ahead of him, stopped in her tracks as she looked around in horror at the gaudy decorations.

The place was small, with only about a dozen cramped booths in the shop. At one end was a blazing fireplace, pumping out an unnatural amount of heat. The air was so heavy with the scent of cinnamon and ginger that Harry was sure he could taste it in every breath. Even the booths were bright pink, with paper doilies decorating the tables. Near the ceiling a Cherub flew overhead, dropping fake snow on the heads of the three couples that were already there. Not that any of them noticed, because they were all snogging messily. One boy seemed to be trying to inhale a brunette's face, and it made Harry wonder how anyone could find that kind of kissing enjoyable.

“Hello, dears. Oh, don’t you two look adorable together,” a small, plump woman with short blonde hair said with a bright smile. “Can I get you a table?”

“Sorry,” Suzette said quickly. “I was looking for the bookstore.”

“Oh, that’s three doors down on the left,” the woman, presumably Madam Puddifoot, said happily. “Feel free to come back when you’re done shopping dear, we have a special on singing gingerbread men. They know all the Christmas carols.”

“Er, thanks,” Harry said as he backed out of the door.

Outside, Harry and Suzette were silent for a moment.

“Is it just me or does everything still look pink?” Harry asked.

Suzette laughed and took his hand as Harry let out a chuckle.

“So, Three Broomsticks?” he asked.

“Oui,” Suzette agreed strongly.

Laughing again, Harry led her back down the road. At the Three Broomsticks, they found a table and ordered lunch.

“So, what do you like to do for fun?” Harry asked.

“Flying, playing the violin, reading if I can find a good book,” Suzette said.

“Do you play Quidditch?” Harry asked, not wanting to give away what he already knew and possibly make her think he was stalking her.

“Oui, I'm a chaser. You play too, non? I 'eard you are quite the Seeker,” she said.

“I'm alright,” he said with a shrug.

“You know, there are a lot of stories about you,” Suzette said with a teasing smile.

Harry groaned, "Please don't believe any of those."

"They say you killed a professor in your first year," she said with a laugh.

"Well..." Harry said, scratching the back of his head awkwardly.

He really didn't want to talk about his adventures, but he couldn't bring himself to lie to her about it.

"Non!" Suzette gasped, her eyes going wide.

"It wasn't my fault, really," Harry said quickly, hoping she didn't get the wrong idea. "Voldemort was possessing him, and he tried to kill me. It was self-defense. I mean- I didn't even mean to kill him. It was the protection my mother left me with that did it. Really, it was more like he killed himself when he attacked me."

"You-Know-'oo? I thought 'e was dead," she said.

Harry rubbed his face with his hands. This was not going at all like he had planned. She's definitely going to think I'm a nutter, he thought.

"I know this sounds crazy, but--"

"I believe you," Suzette cut him off, reaching over to take his hand in hers. "I just wish to understand."

"Really?" Harry asked in surprise.

Suzette smiled nervously and moved her hands to her lap.

"There's something I should tell you if you still want to take me to the ball," she said before taking a deep breath. "I'm a natural Legilimens."

"Er, what's that?" Harry asked curiously.

"It's someone who can read minds," she said hesitantly.

Harry stared at her for a moment before his eyes widened as the gravity of what she said sank in.

"I can't read everything, just what is on your mind unless I concentrate," she continued quickly.

Harry had a moment of panic, but quickly calmed down when he realized it didn't really matter if she knew the truth about him being stuck in time. Unfortunately, that led to him thinking about all the other thoughts he'd had about her throughout the day. More than once, he'd thought about her in some rather inappropriate ways. A giggle broke him out of his thoughts, and he blushed heavily.

"It's alright, 'Arry," she assured him. "I take it as a compliment. Men have had far worse thoughts about me. Really, it doesn't bother me."

"Oh," Harry said in relief. "So, you know about..."

"That you are stuck reliving the Yule Ball? Oui," Suzette said with a smile. "Some of your thoughts today made much more sense once I learned that."

"I bet," Harry said, shaking his head. "You must have thought I was such a nutter."

"A little," she admitted teasingly. "I was more curious than anything."

"Is that why you agreed to have lunch with me?" Harry asked.

"Partly," Suzette said. "I also said yes because you are genuinely interested in me, and I wanted to get away from those boys thinking about Fleur."

Harry grimaced in sympathy.

"I guess reading minds has its downsides," he said.

"Oui. Some of the things men and even women think about her are 'orrible," she said with a shiver. "I try to ignore it, which is why I was surprised when you asked me to the ball. That and men don't usually approach me when Fleur is around. I was really impressed when you completely ignored her Allure."

"Why did she do that, anyways?" Harry asked curiously.

"It's not 'er fault. Fleur can't control 'er Allure, especially when she's jealous," she told him.

"Jealous?" Harry asked incredulously. "I thought she hated me."

Suzette gave him a smile that made him feel as if he was completely naïve.

"She 'ad a line of boys ready to ask 'er to the ball, and you walked right past them to ask me? Of course, she was jealous," Suzette explained. "Fleur does not 'ate you. She was just upset about 'aving one more person to compete against. She sees this as 'er chance to prove she's more than just a pretty Veela that uses 'er Allure to get what she wants."

"I never thought about it that way," he admitted.

“Most people don’t, but Fleur doesn’t make it easy for you to feel sorry for ‘er,” Suzette said. “She believes you now, by the way. I told ‘er you were telling the truth.”

“Thanks,” Harry said with a smile. “Anyways, enough about Fleur. What it’s like being able to read minds?”

“It ‘as its ups and downs,” Suzette said with a small shrug.

Harry and Suzette talked for another hour before they decided to head back to Hogwarts. As they stepped out of the carriage and walked back to the castle hand in hand, Harry thought back on their lunch. While it had been intimidating to talk to someone who could read your mind, he eventually got used to it. By the end, he was able to almost completely forget about it. It helped that Suzette never called him out on his thoughts, other than to give him a teasing smile when his thoughts turned to her.

Just as Harry was about to ask her to the ball again, she turned and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Meet me in the Entrance ‘All at six,” she told him.

Harry grinned excitedly as she squeezed his hand before letting go and making her way the short distance to the Beauxbatons carriage. Still smiling, he walked up to the castle.

A few hours later, after lounging around the common room with his housemates and getting Ron a date with Parvati again, Harry made his way back down to the Entrance Hall. He spent a couple of minutes talking to Cedric before the Beauxbatons girls walked in. Once again, all of the attention was on Fleur as she walked in at the head of the group. Well, almost all of the attention. Harry only glanced at her briefly before scanning the group for Suzette. It took a moment for him to spot her at the back of the pack and he waved to her with a smile.

When Suzette spotted him, she smiled brightly and made her way through the crowd towards him. Harry thought she looked stunning in her silvery blue dress. The way the light, flowing material hugged her body really showed off just how curvy she really was. Her dark blonde hair

was curled gently, two locks framing either side of her pretty face while the back was done up in an intricate bun. All in all, he thought she looked just as beautiful as Fleur tonight.

Harry was reminded of her ability to read minds when her green eyes sparkled, and she gave him a dazzling smile just as she reached him.

“You look incredible,” Harry said softly.

“Merci,” Suzette said, kissing him on the cheek while wrapping her arm around his.

As Professor McGonagall directed the other students into the Great Hall, Harry, the other Champions, and their dates all talked quietly off to the side. Most of them, anyway. Roger Davies was too busy drooling over Fleur in her silver dress to join the conversation. It was several minutes before the doors to the Great Hall closed, only to open again a short time later so the Champions and their dates could enter. Harry pulled out Suzette’s chair for her when they reached their dinner table, which earned him a pleased smile.

Dinner was pleasant, and Harry spent more time getting to know his date. Neither of them spoke about him being trapped in time, or her ability to read minds with the others so close. Surprisingly, it made him feel as if everything was normal, if only for a short time. Of course, as usual with Harry, nothing ever went entirely without incident. After only a few minutes into their meal, he began feeling Fleur’s Allure tugging at him. Fortunately, he was able to ignore it and concentrate on Suzette. Smiling, she reached under the table and rested her hand on his thigh.

The other wizards at the table weren’t so lucky. Cedric, Krum, and even Percy, while they could normally ignore her, weren’t quite as resilient when Fleur focused her Allure a bit more. Hermione and Cho glared at her while not so gently nudging their dates when their eyes started to wander. Roger was the worst by far, though. Even his distracted agreements to everything Fleur said had devolved into incomprehensible grunts as she continued to talk about Beauxbatons.

Harry and Suzette found the whole thing quite amusing and took to counting how many times Hermione and Cho elbowed their dates. Fortunately, for Cedric and Krum at least, it was soon time for the opening dance.

“So, I take it Fleur’s not happy with her date?” Harry asked as they moved across the dance floor.

“Non,” Suzette said with a giggle. “She was only insulting ‘Ogwarts to get a reaction out of ‘im. I’m surprised she agreed to go with ‘im, she never showed any interest in ‘im before.”

Harry shrugged, not knowing Fleur well enough to comment. That, and he was much more interested in the girl he was currently dancing with.

Harry spent more time dancing with Suzette than he had with any other date he’d taken to the ball, not that he was complaining. The only hiccup after dinner was when they passed Malfoy on the dance floor. Suzette visibly flinched and pressed herself closer to him as she led them away.

“That boy is ‘orrible,” she said with a shiver.

Harry could only imagine the disgusting thoughts running through the git’s demented head. While he didn’t like seeing Suzette so uncomfortable, he did enjoy the way she pressed herself against him. She picked up on that thought and pulled back slightly to smile at him.

“I much prefer the way you think about me,” she said with a teasing smile.

As Harry blushed at getting caught, Suzette laughed softly before surprising him by leaning forward to kiss him on the lips in the middle of the dance floor. When she pulled back a moment later, she laughed at the surprised look on his face.

A little while later, they finally took a break. They ended up taking a seat with a couple of her friends from Beauxbatons. There was Chloe, a tall, thin brunette with bright blue eyes, and

Elise, who had smooth, chocolate-colored skin, with a large bust that looked massive on her thin frame. Despite Harry being the Hogwarts Champion, both girls were quite nice to him, which he found a relief. It seemed that while he had ignored the rest of the school since his name popped out of the Goblet, a lot more people than he expected had started to believe him. Even despite Rita Skeeter's articles, his modest actions following the First Task had led many people to question the claims that he was just seeking attention.

With the exception of listening to another loud argument between Ron and Hermione, the rest of Harry's evening went spectacularly. As the night wound down, he thought about asking Suzette if she wanted to go for a walk but could never quite work up the courage. With her ability to read his thoughts, she would already know what he really wanted, and for some reason, he felt like asking out loud would only make him come across as a pervert. Before he knew it, he was walking Suzette across the ground towards the Beauxbatons carriage.

As they stepped out of the Warming Charm surrounding the front courtyard, Suzette shivered at the sudden cold of the Scottish winter. Harry took off his cloak and draped it over her shoulders, earning him a smile and a kiss on the cheek as she threaded her fingers through his hand, hugging his arm for warmth.

"Merci," she said.

The rest of the short walk to the carriage was spent in a comfortable silence as they just enjoyed each other's company.

"Would you like to come in?" Suzette asked when they reached the front door of the carriage.

"Er, is that allowed?" Harry asked.

"Oui, Madam Maxime is allowing us to have guests just for tonight. We are all of age," she said before giving him a sultry smile. "I told you I like the way you think about me."

Opening the door, Suzette pulled him inside. While he had expected the carriage to be bigger on the inside, the sheer scale left him stunned. The entire interior was made of white marble,

with huge, enchanted windows showing different parts of what Harry assumed to be France along the walls. Past the foyer, there was a grand staircase leading up to the second floor, with a long hallway behind it. A large, crystal chandelier hung overhead, lighting the room.

Suzette pulled him up the stairs and down a long hallway with doors lining the walls on either side. One of the doors opened and a pretty redhead stepped out with only a small white towel wrapped around her. She smiled at them and waved before opening a door across the hall. From the cloud of steam that billowed out into the hall, Harry assumed it was the bathroom. Suzette led him a little further down the hall before turning into a room.

The first thing he noticed was the bay window at the back of the room with a view of a pristine beach. He also noticed two large, comfortable-looking beds, as well as a pair of desks. Behind him, Suzette closed the door and hung his cloak on the hook attached to the back of it. As she turned around, Harry pinned her against the door and kissed her heatedly. Suzette moaned into his mouth as Harry slid his hands up her sides, his thumbs grazing the underside of her breasts.

"I've wanted to do that all night," Harry said with a smile when he pulled back.

"I know," Suzette said with a teasing smile.

Sliding her fingers through his hair, she pulled him in for another kiss. Slowly, her hands moved down his neck and shoulders to his chest, where she began popping the buttons open on his shirt. When Harry reached for the strap on her dress, she grabbed his hand and smiled against his lips.

"Not yet," she whispered.

Moving his hands down, she placed them on her breasts and pressed her lips against his while continuing to work at the buttons of his shirt. Soon, his white dress shirt was discarded to the floor and Suzette began working on his belt. As soon as his pants were open, she dropped into a squat. Grabbing his pants and boxers, she yanked both of them down while looking up at him with a sexy smile. That smile disappeared when she let out an awed gasp as his rigid cock leapt up and slapped against the underside of her chin.

“Mon Dieu!” she whispered, her hand coming up to wrap around his length gently.

Stroking him back and forth lightly, Suzette looked up at him with a lustful gaze as she slowly stood back up. Placing her hand on his chest, she pushed him backwards until his knees hit the foot of the bed on the left side of the room. With surprising strength, she shoved him back onto the mattress where he landed on his back and bounced a couple of times.

Giving him a sultry smile, Suzette slowly, teasingly pulled her arms out of the straps of her dress. Holding the dress in place for a few seconds, she gave him a tantalizing glimpse of the top of her breasts before finally letting go. The dress fell to the floor and pooled around her feet. Harry’s eyes fell immediately to her breasts which were, in a word, perfect. They were the perfect size for her body, the perfect teardrop shape, and they had perfect puffy, light pink areolas and nipples.

Harry stared at them, mesmerized until Suzette giggled and bent over slightly to push down her matching, silvery blue panties. Swaying her hips, she climbed up onto the bed and crawled up between his legs, her round, heart-shaped ass swaying behind her. Harry swallowed thickly as she pushed his length against his stomach and kissed the base of his shaft. His cock jerked excitedly from the soft touch of her full lips, causing Suzette to giggle. Sticking out her tongue, she slowly licked him from base to tip before kissing the swollen tip.

“Fleur would be so jealous if she knew you ‘ad this,” she said just before taking him between her lips, her tongue swirling around his head.

“Too bad for her,” Harry said, not particularly caring about Fleur at the moment.

Moaning around his length, Suzette bobbed her head a few times before letting him fall out of her mouth. Crawling up his body, she sat on his stomach, her smooth, bare lips parting around him to hug his shaft. Biting her lip, Suzette moaned and rolled her hips, grinding herself on him. Harry groaned and reached up to cup her warm, soft breasts, the smooth mounds spilling out around his fingers as he squeezed lightly. A moan left her lips when his thumbs grazed over her nipples.

Placing her hands on either side of his head, Suzette leaned over him as she worked her hips up and down the underside of his length. Harry could feel the delicious heat of her damp core as she coated his shaft in her arousal. Lifting her hips, she placed him at her entrance and slowly lowered herself onto his throbbing cock. With her eyes closed, Suzette let out a gasp, her mouth hanging open as he sank into her sweltering depths.

"Fuck," Harry grunted as her tight, slick walls surrounded him.

A whimper left her lips when she finally bottomed out. Opening her eyes, she bent down and kissed him passionately. With a moan, she started bouncing her hips up and down. Starting slowly at first, Suzette gradually gained speed, raising up his thick cock higher before dropping back down. Harry caressed her back, hips, ass, and breasts as they kissed, touching every inch of delicious skin he could reach. Suzette had just sat up with a sultry smile as she began to ride him harder when the door suddenly opened.

Harry froze as Elise walked into the room, her long, dark curly hair damp and only a small white towel covering her body. Suzette, however, merely glanced over her shoulder without breaking stride. Elise smirked at him as she walked into the room and closed the door behind her.

"Sorry, I just need to get my clothes," Elise said in a thick French accent.

As she walked over to the wardrobe and pulled out a set of pajamas, she kept glancing over at Harry on the bed. Harry was acutely aware of her eyes on him and throbbed excitedly inside of Suzette. She smiled down at him as she bounced on his cock.

"Harry likes it when you watch," she told Elise with a smirk. "You can stay if you want."

"Really?" Elise asked, giving Harry a sexy smile.

Tossing her clothes on the bed, Elise sat down on top of them. Giggling at the shocked look on his face, Suzette bent down so her lips were right next to his ear.

“Elise likes you. She’s imagining it’s ‘er riding your big cock right now,” she whispered.

Realizing he was being teased, Harry wrapped his arms around her and flipped both of them over. Suzette squealed and laughed as he pinned her to the bed under his weight. Locking his eyes with hers, he raised his hips until only the head of his cock was still inside of her and paused. Suzette wiggled in anticipation a moment before Harry drove his hips forward and buried his entire length in her tight depths. Throwing her head back, Suzette trembled and moaned loudly as he pounded into her. Bending down, he kissed her briefly before pulling back to pant as his hips hammered her beautiful ass into the mattress.

Hearing a moan from across the room, both of them looked over at the other bed. Elise had opened her towel, baring herself to the room. With her back propped up against a pile of pillows and her legs spread, her huge, soft tits jiggled as two of her fingers delved into her pink folds. Harry found himself drawn to the contrast between her dark skin and the light pink of her delicate lips.

Remembering his thoughts weren’t exactly private at the moment, he snapped his head back to look at Suzette. With a smile, she leaned up and kissed him.

“I wouldn’t have invited ‘er to stay if I didn’t want you to look,” she told him softly.

Smiling, Harry kissed her hard as his hips began moving again. He plowed into her hot, slick depths and ground his pelvis against her clit, determined to show her his appreciation. Suzette tore her lips away from his and gasped before moaning.

“Oui!” she gasped.

Glancing back over at Elise, he watched as she lifted one of her breasts and sucked on her own nipple, now driving three fingers deep between her lips.

“Arry,” Suzette moaned, drawing his attention back to her.

Her face was flushed, and her breath came in heavy pants as she writhed under him. Getting an idea, Harry focused his thoughts on how beautiful she looked and how incredible it felt to be inside of her. Suzette gasped, her eyes shimmering as she stared at him. Her walls fluttered around him as she moaned and trembled. While his idea definitely made her excited the way he hoped, it also had the side effect of rapidly driving him to his own climax. Harry slammed into her harder and faster, desperate to bring her to a peak before himself.

Surprisingly, it was Elise who came first. Her short scream drew the attention of Harry and Suzette. Again, they turned to look at her, just in time to see her cum hard while rubbing her clit furiously. The sheets under her were drenched in arousal as fluids sprayed out of her.

As Harry was watching her, Suzette moaned and shook as she reached her own climax moments later. The squeezing of her walls along with the sight and sounds of two beautiful girls reaching their peak drove him over the edge. Burying his length in Suzette, he grunted as he flooded her walls. Each powerful jerk of his cock sent a stream of hot cum deep into her core. Groaning, he collapsed on top of her while his hips continued to jerk.

As both of them calmed, Suzette cupped his cheeks and kissed him tenderly. He kissed her back, leaning his weight on one arm while his free hand caressed her body. A short while later, he heard the door to the room open and close quietly. Looking around, he noticed that Elise had left.

"She wanted to give us some time alone," Suzette said.

"That was nice of her," Harry said with a smile.

Pulling out of her, he laid on his back as Suzette curled up against his chest.

"You should ask her next time, I'm pretty sure she'd go with you," she said.

"Er," Harry stuttered.

He'd had a passing thought about asking Elise to the ball sometime in the future, forgetting for a moment that Suzette could read his mind. Thinking about one girl while lying in bed with another was probably not a good idea, he thought. Suzette laughed and looked up at him.

"It's fine, 'Arry, I know by now people can't control their thoughts," she said with a reassuring smile. "Besides, with you being stuck reliving the same day, I know you're going to take other girls to the ball. I would probably do the same in your position. Just make sure to take me again once in a while, I 'ad a lot of fun tonight."

Harry gaped at her before shaking his head and laying back down on the pillows.

"You are definitely the coolest girl I've ever met," he told her.

Suzette giggled and kissed his chest.

"You know, since I'm a Legilimens, I can see what you remember. If you ever need to talk, just pull me aside and talk to me. I'll know you're telling the truth," she said.

"Thank you," Harry said gratefully.

"You're welcome," Suzette replied. "So, who do you plan on taking to the ball next time?"

"Um," Harry said, not sure if he should answer.

"Daphne? She looks cute," she said, causing Harry to roll his eyes and smile. "What about that brunette friend of yours?"

"Hermione?" Harry asked.

"Oui, that's 'er name," Suzette said.

"We're just friends," he told her.

"Really? Because she was wishing you 'ad asked 'er to the ball instead of Krum during dinner," she said.

"I had no idea she thought about me that way," Harry said, stunned.

In truth, he had never really thought about it. Sure, he knew Hermione was beautiful, but he had always thought of her more as family. Dating her had never really crossed his mind. Now that it had though...

"And, with 'ow jealous Fleur was, you might be able to get her to go with you too. Most of the girls in the school were 'oping you or Cedric would ask them to the ball today," she told him.

"Definitely the coolest girl ever," Harry said.

Chapter 8

Harry panted as his wand was ripped from his grasp. Lungs burning and sweat dripping from his brow, he looked up to see Professor Flitwick smiling bright, looking none the worse for wear. Over the last month, Harry's dueling had significantly improved. Most of the spells he cast were performed silently, and yet the tiny Charms professor remained completely unfazed.

Rather than discourage Harry, it simply drove him to keep improving. The fact that he was so easily and casually defeated, despite working tirelessly on his dueling for over a month, really pushed home just how far he had to go.

"Excellent work, Mr. Potter," Professor Flitwick praised. "I dare say you'd give any student in this school a run for their money at this point."

Even through his exhaustion, Harry smiled. That had to be the best compliment he'd received so far. Over the course of his time with Professor Flitwick he'd learned that, while his Charms teacher was always quick to encourage him, it took an impressive display to get a true compliment.

"Thanks, Professor," Harry panted.

"How long have you been doing this now?" Flitwick asked, summoning a chair behind Harry for him to sit in before grabbing one for himself.

Harry sat down gratefully, his legs aching from throwing himself across the classroom so many times. Professor Flitwick swished his wand, conjuring a goblet out of thin air and filling it with water before levitating it over to him.

"A little over a month," Harry answered, before taking a big gulp from the goblet.

"Really?" Professor Flitwick asked, his dark, bushy eyebrows leaping to the top of his forehead. "That's a remarkable improvement over such a short period of time."

Harry shrugged modestly.

"You're still way too fast for me," he said with a smile.

"An advantage of my heritage and decades of practice," Professor Flitwick told him, returning the smile. "Against someone who's at my level, it will be some time before you pose a real threat. However, when compared to your fellow students, or even your average adult witch or wizard, I think you'd find yourself more than up for the challenge. Highly impressive for a fourth year. I expect good things from you in the Tournament."

"I'm not sure that's all I have to worry about," Harry said with a sigh.

"I haven't spoken too much with the headmaster about your situation," the professor admitted. "However, given your knack for attracting trouble, would I be right in my assumption there's more going on behind the scenes?"

"I don't know," Harry said with a shrug. "That's the problem, we still have no idea who put my name in the Goblet. Just the fact that they haven't been caught yet worries me. And then there's the fact that someone attacked me and erased my memory of it. There has to be something else going on."

"Well, you're certainly right to be concerned. I wish there was more I could do to help you, Harry," Professor Flitwick said. "Right now, the best advice I can give you is to continue training, and trust your instincts, they've served you well so far. Let me know if there's anything else I can do."

"Thanks, Professor," Harry said.

Jumping down from his chair, Professor Flitwick patted his knee before removing the Silencing Charm he'd erected earlier. Walking over to Daphne, he checked on the progress she'd made with her project. Harry leaned back in his chair as he eyed the gorgeous blonde. He'd tried asking her to the ball several times, and with different approaches, but she'd refused every time. Harry had even resorted to following her under his cloak, looking for the best opportunity to ask her, but when she wasn't in the Charms classroom, she spent most of her time in the Slytherin Dorms. Still, he wasn't about to give up completely.

A few minutes later, when they took a break for lunch, Harry called out to her just as they left the classroom. This time, he was going to try something a bit different.

"Hey, Daphne," he called out, jogging to catch up to her.

"What do you want, Potter?" she asked, not breaking stride.

"Would you like to go to the ball with me?" Harry asked.

"Is that the reason you've suddenly taken an interest in me?" Daphne asked.

"Actually, I've been interested in you for a while," he told her.

"I'm not interested in a date, Potter," she replied after a moment.

"How about just one dance then?" Harry asked, running in front of her so she stopped walking.

Daphne crossed her arms over her chest and looked at him with an arched brow.

"Look, I just need a date for dinner and the opening dance. After that, we can go our separate ways, if that's what you want," Harry offered.

She gave him a speculative look for a moment, before going around him and continuing down the hall. His shoulders slumped in defeat.

"Pick me up in front of the Slytherin Common Room at quarter 'til six, and don't be late," Daphne said over her shoulder.

"I'll be there!" Harry yelled back, perking up.

After she turned the corner, he pumped his fist in celebration before making his way down to the Great Hall.

Several hours later, he was standing nervously outside of the Slytherin Common Room, waiting for Daphne. He'd made the mistake of arriving a few minutes early, just to make sure he didn't miss her. Harry wasn't nervous about taking Daphne to the ball, he was much more worried about the glares he received as a number of Slytherins left the Common Room and walked past him. Fortunately, despite a few insults, no spells had been thrown yet.

A moment later, he almost would have preferred a duel when two witches approached him. One was a thin, curvy witch with chocolate-colored skin and pale green eyes, and the other looked like a slightly shorter, younger version of Daphne. Harry recognized them instantly. They were Daphne's best friend, Tracey Davis, and her younger sister, third year Astoria Greengrass. While Tracey was dressed in an expensive, dark purple robe, Astoria, who was just a year too young for the ball without a date, was wearing a casual outfit.

"So, you're taking Daphne to the ball?" Tracey asked, folding her arms over her chest.

It may have been meant to look intimidating, but it also had the effect of pushing her breasts together and creating an enticing amount of smooth cleavage.

"Er, yeah," Harry said, completely unprepared for this sort of confrontation.

"I thought you hated Slytherins," Astoria said accusingly.

"What?" Harry asked. "What makes you think that?"

Both girls simply raised an eyebrow at him.

"Look, I don't hate people *because* they're Slytherins," he explained. "I only hate the ones that go out of their way to cause me trouble."

"Like you're so innocent," Astoria scoffed.

"Name one time I've ever started anything with anyone from your house," Harry challenged her.

Astoria frowned in thought, but even after several seconds, said nothing.

"See?" Harry asked. "You can't."

"Alright," Tracey said, "so why did you really ask Daphne to the ball?"

"Because I wanted to," Harry said, bewildered by the question.

He thought it should have been pretty obvious why he asked her.

"What are you two doing?" Daphne asked loudly as she exited the dorm, just as Tracey was opening her mouth.

Daphne strode up to them wearing a set of elegant, dark green robes, and her hair, which was normally straight, lightly curled. The light makeup she was wearing only accentuated her beautiful face.

"Wow, you look great," Harry said earnestly.

"Thank you," Daphne said, giving him a once over. "You clean up surprisingly well."

Turning back to her best friend and sister, she arched a perfectly manicured brow, waiting for an answer.

"We were just having a chat with Potter while waiting for you," Tracey said.

"Uh huh," Daphne said skeptically. "Come on Potter, I don't want to be late."

Grabbing Harry by the arm, she pulled him off towards the stairs.

"You can call me Harry, you know," he told her as they made their way up towards the Entrance Hall.

"I'll keep that in mind," she said with a smirk. "So, what were Tracey and Astoria really up to?"

"I think they were just curious about why I asked you to the ball," Harry told her.

"And why did you ask me?" Daphne asked, glancing over at him. "It's not like there aren't plenty of witches who'd love to go with a Champion."

"That's part of the reason," he said. "I don't want anything to do with this stupid tournament, and I don't want to go with someone who only wants to go with me because I'm a part of it."

"Understandable," she said with a nod. "And the other part?"

"Well, like I said, I've been interested in you for a while," Harry said, giving her a smile.

"How long is a while?" Daphne asked.

"Since last year," Harry admitted.

"It took you this long to finally ask me on a date?" she asked with a smirk. "That doesn't seem very Gryffindor of you You'll fight a Dragon, but you can't ask a girl to Hogsmeade?"

"Girls are far more terrifying than Dragons," he said. "Dragons at least put you out of your misery when you find out they don't like you."

Daphne smiled and let out a quiet, pretty little laugh. Harry grinned widely, feeling like he'd accomplished something. It was the first time he remembered hearing her laugh. They entered the Entrance Hall a few minutes later than Harry normally did, and everyone else was already

there and waiting. Harry couldn't hold back a smile at the surprised look on Hermione's face when she spotted who he was with.

"Daphne?" Hermione asked, her jaw dropping open slightly

"Granger," Daphne said, smirking at the look on Hermione's face.

"Oh, good," Harry said with exaggerated relief, causing Daphne to look at him questioningly. "I was worried I was the only one you refused to call by their first name."

She smiled prettily, but before they could talk any more, McGonagall opened the doors and ushered them into the Great Hall. During dinner, Harry tuned out Percy as soon as he could and turned his attention to Daphne, who was much more talkative and engaging than he expected.

"You know, the hat nearly put me in Slytherin," Harry told her.

"You're kidding," she said in surprise, then smirked when he shook his head. "Imagine that. Gryffindor's Golden Boy nearly a snake. So, why didn't it put you in Slytherin"

"I met Malfoy right before the sorting," Harry joked, getting a laugh from Daphne. "Most of it was because Ron and Hermione had already gone there, and it's the house my parents were in. It made me feel, I don't know- like I was closer to them being in the same house, you know."

"Makes sense," said Daphne with a nod of her head. "I nearly ended up in Ravenclaw, except my family has been in Slytherin for centuries. I didn't want to be the one to break the tradition."

"Would it have bothered your family, if you did?" Harry asked.

"No, not really. I suppose it'd kind of be like a Weasley ending up in Hufflepuff. They'd be surprised, but I wouldn't get disowned or anything," she explained.

They talked for a little longer before it was finally time for the first dance. Taking Daphne's hand in his, he led her out onto the dance floor and rested his other hand on her waist as they waited for the music to start. A few seconds later it did, and they fell into a natural rhythm.

"You're a lot better than I expected," Daphne admitted right before he twirled her on the spot.

"I've had practice," he told her with an inner smile.

All too soon, the first dance ended and the second began as other couples began joining them on the dance floor.

"You're sure you don't want one more dance?" Harry asked.

"Sorry, Potter," she said, giving him a small, apologetic smile. "You're a nice guy, but you're not my type."

Harry nodded, disappointed and, honestly, quite surprised. He'd thought things had been going really well. Before he could think of anything else to say, Daphne turned and disappeared into the crowd. Sighing, he walked over to the punch bowl for a drink. His eyes scanned the crowd as he wondered if he should stay, or just call it a night. Just as he was thinking about going back to the Common Room, he spotted two beautiful witches standing with their backs against the wall, watching the dancing students wistfully.

Professor Vector, the Arithmancy teacher, was thin and athletic, with beautiful, Scandanavian features, blonde hair, and pale skin. The witch next to her was Professor Sinistra, who taught Astronomy. She was thin as well, though much bustier, with very dark, smooth skin. They were the two youngest professors at Hogwarts, with Sinistra in her mid-twenties, and Vector only a little older in her early thirties. A large segment of the male population, including Harry, had developed crushes on the two beautiful women.

After deliberating with himself for a moment, he decided that, since his night was already a bust, he might as well take a risk. It's not like any of it really matters anyway, he thought. Downing the rest of his punch, Harry set down his glass and made his way around the dance floor.

"Excuse me, Professor Sinistra?" he called out over the music.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?" she asked. "Is something wrong?"

"No. Actually, I was wondering if you wanted to dance," he said, holding out his hand with a lopsided grin.

Her dark brown eyes widened, and she stared at him uncertainly.

"I-I'm not sure that would be appropriate," she said with a hint of trepidation.

"Oh, go on," Professor Vector told her with a smile. "It's just a dance."

"Well- alright, I suppose," Professor Sinistra said.

A little nervously, she took his hand and let Harry pull her out onto the dance floor. Several of the students around them watched on curiously, and a bit incredulously, as he put his hand on her waist and led her around to the classical music. While she seemed a bit nervous at first, and although Harry didn't realize it, Sinistra relaxed thanks to his confidence and charming smile. A girlish laugh left her smiling lips a moment later, as he spun her away from him and then pulled her back.

"I didn't think you'd be so good at dancing," Sinistra said, her eyes sparkling.

"I practiced a bit," Harry replied with a shrug.

"I can tell," she said. "What happened to your date?"

"Daphne decided I wasn't her type," he told her.

"Really?" she asked in surprise. "You know, I was a bit surprised by your choice of date. I was under the impression you didn't like Slytherins."

"I don't know why people seem to think that," said Harry, remembering that Sinistra herself used to be a Slytherin.

Pausing, he spun her out again, and then pulled her close when she came back. Sinistra's eyes widened when she found her body pressed against his, their faces less than an inch apart.

"I don't really care about what house someone is in," he said in a tone just audible over the music.

"G-good to know," she stammered while backing away from him half a step.

They fell into a comfortable silence as they continued to dance for the rest of the song. When it came to an end, Harry gave her an exaggerated bow. Smiling brightly, Sinistra returned it with a curtsy and took his arm as he escorted her back over to Professor Vector.

"Thank you for the dance, Mr. Potter," Sinistra said a bit breathlessly. "That was very enjoyable."

"It was my pleasure," Harry said with a smile. "How 'bout you Professor Vector? Care for a dance?"

"I don't know," said Professor Vector, a bit uncertain now that she was the one being asked.

“Oh, go on, Septima,” Professor Sinistra said smilingly. “Like you said, it’s only a dance.”

Professor Vector sighed and shook her head with a smile.

“Oh, very well,” she said, not needing much convincing to give in.

Taking her hand, Harry led her out onto the dance floor just as the song changed to something much more upbeat. Vector turned out to be a much better dancer than he was. It almost looked like she was a professional as she swayed her hips almost sensually, moving effortlessly around the dance floor. While, out of the two, Harry had always been more attracted to Sinistra, he couldn’t help but eye Vector’s wide hips and thick thighs through her tight robes as she shimmied and moved. She was so absorbed in the music and dancing to the energetic beat, that she didn’t even seem to notice the show they were putting on.

Around them, most of the students cleared out of the way and whispered to each other. Unbeknownst to Harry or Professor Vector, many of the boys sitting on the sidelines suddenly started reconsidering their decision not to dance as they watched the way their attractive professor moved. More than a few of the girls had similar thoughts as they watched Harry. Although he wasn’t as graceful as his partner, he was able to keep up with her.

By the time the song was over, Harry and Vector were both flushed and smiling as they spun to a stop. It was an oddly intimate moment as they stood a couple of inches apart, their gazes locked. It wasn’t until they heard a loud round of applause that they realized they had such a large audience. Both Harry and Vector blushed lightly, separated, and stepped off the dance floor. Sinistra, and surprisingly Professor McGonagall, met them as they stepped out of the way as the next song began.

“That was quite impressive,” McGonagall said.

“I had no idea you could dance like that, Septima,” Sinistra said, an eyebrow raised questioningly.

"I took dance lessons from the time I was a little girl all the way until I graduated. I suppose I got a bit carried away," Vector said, still slightly out of breath. "Still, thank you, Mr. Potter. It's been quite some time since I've been able to dance like that with a partner. It was... invigorating."

"Any time, professor," Harry said before turning to Professor McGonagall. "I don't suppose you'd like to dance, would you professor?"

His question earned him a rare, small smile from the normally stern witch.

"Thank you, Mr. Potter, but no. I'm a bit too old to be moving like that," she told him.

"Alright," Harry said with a shrug and a smile. "Thanks for the dance professors, have a good night."

After the three professors bid him a good evening, Harry decided to get a bit of air. Dancing with Vector and Sinistra had left him a bit hot and bothered. As he made his way towards the Entrance Hall, he noticed Daphne and Tracey leaving a short distance ahead of him. Wondering where they were going, and if they might be talking about him, Harry sped up and discretely pulled his invisibility cloak from his pocket as he slipped from the Great Hall. It might seem a bit egotistical to think they'd be talking about him, but Harry had learned quite a lot walking around under his cloak over the last month and a half.

Sure enough, as he caught up to them, they were talking about him, just not in the way that he hoped. Both of them were quite surprised that he'd had the courage to ask two professors to dance. Tracey thought he did it to try and make Daphne jealous, while the girl in question didn't seem to think that was the case. Unfortunately, they were headed towards the girls' bathroom, where he couldn't follow. Harry thought he'd lost his chance to find out more about why Daphne wasn't interested in him, when Tracey put her hand on the door, only to come to a sudden stop.

"What the hell?" she asked as she pushed on the unmoving door.

“Here,” Daphne said, drawing her wand from a hidden sheath at the back of her dress.
“Alohomora.”

Tracey tried the door again, but it still didn’t budge. In frustration, Tracey pounded on the door angrily.

“Hey! Open up!” she shouted.

“Just a minute,” came Pansy Parkinson’s voice in a singsong tone.

Inside the bathroom, they heard a number of other girls giggling.

“Damn it, Parkinson! Open the door, I have to pee!” Tracey hollered through the heavy wooden door.

The only response she got was more laughter.

“Selfish bitch,” Tracey grumbled under her breath.

Daphne stepped up and tried a few more spells, only a couple of which Harry recognized, before giving up.

“Lilith must be with her,” she said with a sigh. “Parkinson’s too stupid to know anything other than a basic Locking Charm.”

“If she makes us walk all the way up to the second floor to pee, I swear to Merlin...” Tracey trailed off threateningly.

“We’ll give it a couple of minutes,” Daphne said, much calmer than her friend.

"Since we're stuck here waiting, why don't you tell me why you really dumped Potter?" Tracey asked.

"I told you, he's just not my type," Daphne replied.

"Yes, but you didn't say why," Tracey said. "He seems nice enough to me. It didn't feel like he only asked you as some sort of stupid male conquest thing. And, you said yourself you thought he was hot. He's rich, famous, good-looking, he seems nice, he's from a good family, so your dad won't mind, what's the problem?"

After the way she had interrogated him earlier, Harry was a bit surprised Tracey was defending him so much.

"He was a bit too nice," Daphne said.

"Too nice?" Tracey asked, sounding as incredulous as Harry felt.

"You know what I mean," Daphne said with a sigh. "I want a guy that's nice when he needs to be, but willing to take what he wants when he has to."

"And you don't think Potter can do that?" Tracey asked. "You didn't really take that long to make up your mind."

"I can just tell," Daphne replied. "Potter's nice, but he's not the type to just pin you down and ravish you, you know?"

"You read too many romance novels," Tracey told her. "So, you want a guy that treats you like a princess outside of the bedroom, and whore in it."

"I wouldn't quite put it like that but-"

"But that's exactly what you mean," Tracey finished for her. "I've said it before, and I'll say it again, you're never gonna find that, Daph. Guys are either nice like Potter or controlling assholes like Malfoy. I don't know about you, but I'd prefer someone like Potter."

"I'll find what I'm looking for, I just need to be patient," Daphne said determinedly.

"You're wasting your time," Tracey said, shaking her head. "You could just teach him to act like you want."

"You can't teach someone to be dominant like that," Daphne said with certainty.

"So, you're done with him. You wouldn't mind if I pulled him into a broom cupboard?" Tracey asked, wagging her eyebrows.

"Knock yourself out," Daphne told her with a shrug.

"You know, I bet after that show he put on with Professor Vector he's damn good in bed," Tracey said thoughtfully. "When a guy can dance like that you can tell he knows how to move."

Tracey wiggled her eyebrows, causing Daphne to roll her eyes as a smile tugged at her lips. A second later, there was a loud click, and the bathroom door opened.

"Finally," Tracey breathed.

Rushing into the bathroom, she shouldered her way roughly past the group of Slytherin girls, including Pansy Parkinson, as they made their way out.

"Watch it!" Pansy yelled.

“Don’t lock the door next time,” Tracey yelled back from inside a stall.

“We were having a private conversation,” Pansy said with a huff as if that was a legitimate reason.

“Have it somewhere else next time!” Tracey yelled.

“What’s her problem?” Pansy asked, turning to Daphne.

Daphne rolled her eyes and calmly walked into the bathroom. Scoffing, Pansy and her friends made their way back to the ball. Harry, still under his cloak, slowly made his way up to the Gryffindor Common Room. Now he knew what Daphne wanted. The question was, how did he give it to her?

The next day, Harry once again raced after Daphne as she left the Charms classroom for lunch.

“Hey, Daphne,” he called out.

“What do you want, Potter?” she asked.

“I was wondering if you wanted to go to the ball with me,” he said with a grin.

“Is that why you’ve suddenly taken an interest in me?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Actually, I’ve been interested in you for a while,” he said, still not used to the feeling of déjà vu he always felt at times like this.

“I’m not interested in a date, Potter,” she told him, again.

Grabbing her around the waist and spinning her to face him, Harry pulled her close. Daphne's bright blue eyes went almost comically wide as he bent down and kissed her hard on the lips. Grunting against his lips, she froze in place for a long moment. Slowly, tentatively, her lips began to move against his. When he felt her kiss him back, Harry pulled back with a smug grin on his lips.

"How about now?" he asked.

Daphne blinked at him for a moment, just before her eyes narrowed. Suddenly, his head snapped to the side and his cheek stung painfully as her hand connected with his face forcefully. Huffing, she walked around him and stalked off down the hall as Harry rubbed his cheek. The students in the hall, who had turned at the sound of the slap, laughed at him.

"Alright, maybe that was a bit too fast," Harry said to himself before working his jaw.

Daphne was a lot stronger than she looked, he decided. Sighing, he decided to go down to lunch and talk to Suzette. Maybe she would be willing to go with him again and give him some advice. She seemed more than willing to help him out before.

Thankfully, despite the rather obvious handprint glowing red on his cheek, Suzette was still willing to talk to him. After she agreed to go on a date with him before the ball, Harry decided to give her a tour of the castle. They were walking around the seventh floor while Harry tried to explain his situation.

"So, we are all stuck repeating the same day, but only you remember any of it? That's 'ow you knew I was a Legilimens?" she asked.

"Yeah," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "This would be a lot easier if I could just show you. Can't you just – I don't know, look at my memories, or something?"

"Oui, I could," Suzette said. "Is there someplace private we can go?"

“There really isn’t anything up here...” Harry said in thought.

Suddenly, they both jumped when there was a loud *pop* next to them. Harry, startled, drew his wand and scanned around, thinking someone might be attacking him again.

“Harry Potter sir is looking for a private place to take miss?”

Harry looked down at the familiar voice to find Dobby standing in front of him, gazing up with his tennis ball-sized eyes.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said, stowing his wand.

“Dobby knows a place!” he exclaimed excitedly. “Dobby can show Harry Potter, sir.”

“Is this your ‘Ouse Elf?” Suzette asked.

“Not exactly,” Harry said as they followed Dobby around the corner and down the hall. “He used to belong to a really bad family called the Malfoys. I tricked his owner into freeing him in my second year, and he’s stuck around as a... friend, I guess.”

“Harry Potter sir calls Dobby friend!?” Dobby gasped, staring up at him in adoration.

“Uh,” Harry said uncomfortably.

“Harry Potter sir is being too kind!” Dobby said before breaking down into tears and hugging him around the knees.

Sighing, Harry patted the thin Elf lightly on the back. Suzette covered her mouth as she giggled, apparently finding the whole thing amusing. It took him a couple of minutes to calm Dobby down enough so that he could continue showing them the private room he was talking about.

“Here it is, Harry Potter sir,” Dobby said, pointing at a bare stretch of wall directly across from a portrait of a wizard trying, and failing, to teach Trolls to dance. “We Elves be calling it the Come and Go room, wizards be calling it the Room of Requirement.”

“Uh, Dobby, there’s nothing here,” Harry pointed out.

“Harry Potter sir must summon it. Yous be needing to walk in front of the wall three times,” Dobby said, holding up four fingers, “while thinking about the room yous want.”

“Okay,” said Harry, a bit dubiously.

Looking back at Suzette, who shrugged at him, Harry turned back to the wall. Taking a deep breath, and thinking he looked like an idiot, he paced back and forth in front of the blank stretch of stone.

I need a private place to talk, I need a private place to talk, he thought.

Surprisingly, on his third pass, a wooden door faded into place, seeming to melt out of the stone. Hesitantly, he turned the handle and pushed open the door. Inside, he found a miniature version of the Gryffindor Common Room. It was about the size of his dorm, with two couches, a low coffee table between them, and a small fireplace in the wall to the left of the couches. A merry little fire crackled away in the grate, heating up the room and taking away the chill present in the halls.

“Wow,” Harry said. “This is great, Dobby.”

Suzette peeked in over his shoulder while Dobby beamed up at him and bounced on the balls of his feet.

“The room can be whatever Harry Potter sir needs it to be,” Dobby told him. “It can even be the Room of Hidden Things.”

“What’s that?” Suzette asked curiously.

“It bes where wizards go to lose things, and Elves go to find them,” Dobby answered, a bit cryptically.

“This is brilliant,” Harry said as he walked into the room and sat on one of the couches. “Really Dobby, thank you. You have no idea how helpful this is.”

Dobby beamed at him, tears shimmering in his lamp-like eyes. Harry barely noticed though, because his mind was too busy thinking of the things he could do with a room like this. It could be a place to train, a place to gather his thoughts in private, he could even hide here on the nights he didn’t feel like going to the ball. Harry jumped a bit when Suzette sat down next to him and rested a hand on his shoulder. She smiled at him, and he knew she could tell how much something like this meant to him.

After saying goodbye to Dobby, and shaking off his thoughts about the room, Harry focused back on Suzette.

“So, er, how do we do this?” he asked.

“You just need to relax,” she told him. “Are you sure you want to do this? I will be able to see everything, and I may not be able to control what I’m looking at.”

Harry thought for a moment before nodding.

“I’m sure, I trust you,” he told her.

Suzette gave him a brilliant smile and surprised him by pulling him into a quick, tight hug. While Harry wasn't sure why she was so happy, he still gladly hugged her back. The feeling of her soft curves brought back memories of their time together in the Beauxbatons carriage. Pulling back from the hug, she looked at him with a raised brow and a smirk.

"I can't wait to see 'ow that 'appened," she told him.

Blushingly lightly, Harry returned the smile with one of his own. Trailing her hands down his arms, Suzette took both of his hands in hers.

"Focus on what you want me to see, and try to relax," she told him. "If I see something you don't want me to, just think stop."

"Okay," Harry said.

Clearing his throat, he focused on what he wanted her to see and nodded. Relaxing her shoulders, Suzette stared into his eyes. After really realizing what was happening, Harry started to relive some of his memories in his mind's eye. It was as if he suddenly had a photographic memory. Even things he barely remembered were suddenly crystal clear. He relived the first few days he was stuck repeating the Yule Ball, before moving on to his date with Suzette. Even though things moved at a breakneck pace, he still somehow saw and heard everything as if it was happening right in front of him.

When that was over, and she moved on to his conversation with Professor Flitwick from a day earlier, he felt Suzette's curiosity about his history when Flitwick brought it up. Suddenly, Harry's attention began to slip, and he found himself falling back into his older memories. Her hands tightened around his as they both witnessed all of his terrifying, near-death experiences. He tried to move them back to his memories from the day before, but either he failed, or Suzette was too engrossed in what she was seeing to be moved.

Harry considered telling her to stop, but they were already at his third year, and he trusted Suzette. Once she was up to date on the most horrifying moments of his life, Suzette pulled out of his mind and threw her arms around him, hugging him as if he might vanish at any moment.

“Ow are you still alive?” she asked quietly, her accent thicker than usual.

“Er, just lucky, I guess,” Harry said.

“I’m sorry, mon cheri, I deed not mean to-”

“It’s fine,” Harry interrupted reassuringly. “Like I said, I trust you.”

“Merci,” she said quietly.

After a moment, Suzette pulled back, and Harry was surprised to find tears in her eyes. Cautiously, he reached up to wipe away a tear from her cheek with his thumb. Harry was so used to everyone forgetting what happened lately, it was a bit strange that she could remember by looking at his memories. Strange, but good, he decided.

Smiling at him, Suzette leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Harry kissed her back gently, his hand caressing her cheek as their lips moved together. After a few seconds, she pulled back and looked at him affectionately.

“Do you want to keep going?” he asked hesitantly.

“Oui,” she said, wiping her eyes. “There is only one day left, oui?”

“Yeah,” he said.

Nodding, Suzette took a deep, cleansing breath before looking into his eyes again. Quickly, she looked at the rest of the memories he had to show her, and then pulled back out. Biting her lip cutely, she put her hands on his chest and pushed him onto his back. Harry smiled and looked at her curiously as she lay down halfway on top of him.

"Old me," she told him.

Harry gladly wrapped his arms around her while she rested her head on his chest and shoulder.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I can get emotional when I take in too much. I don't just see things. I feel them too. It's like I was there with you through all of that."

"Oh," Harry said, suddenly feeling horrible he'd let her watch all of that.

"It's not your fault," Suzette told him firmly. "I could 'ave stopped once I realized what was 'appening, but I wanted to know you better."

"Are you okay?" he asked in concern.

Having lived through those memories, he knew how much they could affect someone.

"I'll be fine," she said, cuddling further into him.

Smiling, Harry trailed his fingers up and down her side, his fingertips just grazing the side of her bulging breast as it pressed into his side. For some time, they lay like that in companionable silence.

"I'll make you a deal," Suzette said eventually. "I'll 'elp you with Daphne if you stay with me tonight."

Harry smiled and agreed with his earlier opinion of her. Coolest girl ever, he thought, causing her to giggle.

"So, I take you to the ball, and you help me get another girl to go with me tomorrow?" he asked with a grin. "I'm not seeing a downside."

"Oh, we're not going to the ball," Suzette said, looking up at him with such a sultry look it nearly took his breath away before she slid an arm and a leg over him to straddle him on her hands and knees.

"We're not?" Harry asked, his hands unconsciously resting on her hips.

"Non, you need a break from the ball," she said firmly. "I can feel 'ow crazy it's making you. Tonight, you're taking a break."

Leaning down, she kissed him passionately on the lips and rubbed her body against his, her soft curves giving way under firm muscles. For the next hour, Harry had what was, without a doubt, the most passionate sex of his life. There were no words between them, only heated gazes as she rode him to climax after climax.

After they were done and rested, Suzette realized a flaw in her plan. While they could probably hide away up there and not be found, she would feel too guilty making her friends worry, even if they wouldn't remember it the next day. After a bit of thought, Harry agreed with her. The last thing he wanted was to be proven wrong about how hard the room was to find and have a bunch of his professors bursting in, looking for him, when he was in bed with Suzette. Ultimately, they decided to go to the ball and do the opening dance before leaving at the first opportunity.

A few hours later, that's exactly what they did. The moment the first song was over, Suzette dragged him out of the Great Hall, completely ignoring the knowing and scandalized looks some people gave her. Quickly, they were back in the room Dobby had shown them on the seventh floor, only they weren't.

Suzette had summoned the room this time, and it looked completely different from the one they had used earlier. Instead of a smaller version of the Gryffindor Common Room, it was a warm, comfortable bedroom, dominated by a massive, fluffy-looking bed. Suzette only spent a moment taking in the room before pinning him against the door and kissing him heatedly.

“Daphne wants someone who will take control of ‘er,” she whispered against his lips when they broke apart for air. “You need to take ‘er, you need to be aggressive.”

Harry wondered for a moment why she was talking about Daphne before remembering what Suzette had promised to teach him. Harry nodded while she smiled at him and pecked him on the lips.

“Tonight, I want you to treat me like your ‘ore,” she told him huskily. “Rip off my dress.”

Swallowing thickly, Harry reached for the hem of her dress before she stopped him.

“Non, tear eet,” she said firmly while moving his hands to the neckline of her dress, her accent becoming more noticeable again.

Taking a deep breath, Harry tightened his grip and then tore her dress open right down the middle with a loud *rip*. His cock throbbed in his pants a moment later when he realized she wasn’t wearing any sort of knickers underneath.

“Good, now carry me to bed,” she told him huskily.

Grabbing her luscious cheeks, he picked her up by the ass and did as she said. Throwing her onto the mattress, Harry quickly stripped out of his robes. Suzette licked her lips and rubbed her thighs together as she watched him, her eyes trailing down his toned chest and abs, to his towering erection when it was freed.

For hours, Suzette instructed Harry, teaching him how a girl like Daphne wanted to be treated. While he was a bit hesitant and nervous in the beginning, he learned quickly and eagerly under her instructions. The fact that Suzette herself seemed to enjoy the same sort of treatment certainly helped him feel more comfortable. Forgetting that she could read his mind for a moment, Harry promised himself that he would make this up to her sometime soon. Suzette was quickly becoming a close friend, and he wanted to make sure she knew how much he appreciated her.

By the time they fell exhaustedly onto the mattress, Harry had learned more about sex than he thought was possible. He thought he'd had a good grasp on the subject before, but his night with Suzette showed him just how much more he still had to learn. Rather than feel discouraged, like some egotistical young men might, Harry was excited at the prospect of learning more from his stunning French friend.

Despite falling asleep next to Suzette the night before, Harry once again woke up in his bed in Gryffindor Tower. Part of him was disappointed he was still stuck repeating the same day, but another part of him was excited about what he had planned. With so many conflicting emotions, Harry spent a little longer in bed than he probably should have. Eventually, he got up and readied himself for the day.

Following Suzette's advice, he did things much the same as he did the first time he took Daphne to the ball. His French friend thought that he needed to show Daphne he was genuinely interested in her before he pushed things further. It wasn't until dinner at the start of the ball that Harry did things differently.

As he was listening to Percy drone on about his promotion and his new responsibilities, he reached for Daphne's leg under the table. Resting his hand on her thigh, he stroked up and down over her dress, gradually reaching higher each time he moved up. Daphne turned suddenly quiet under his touch, her cheeks turning pink as she squirmed in her seat. When Dumbledore distracted Percy, Harry turned his full attention to Daphne and tried to have much the same conversation they'd had last time. While he was able to keep up his end, she looked much more distracted, and barely gave more than one-word answers to his questions.

Taking that, along with the fact that she hadn't pushed his hand away or otherwise tried to stop him, as a good sign, Harry decided to push his luck. Moving his hand down to her knee, he rested it there until she regained her composure and began talking more. Just as she was answering a question about her family, Harry slipped his hand under her dress and slid it back up her thigh. Daphne struggled to keep talking as he kept moving upwards. Wasting no time in teasing her, he slid his hand all the way up to her mound, where he found a distinct lack of knickers. She gasped and covered it with a cough when his pinkie pressed against her warm lips.

Harry moved his hand as much as he could without drawing attention. Somehow, while everyone else remained ignorant, Fleur looked at him sharply. It made him wonder if she had some sort of sixth sense for sex as a Veela. Within moments, her Allure was washing over the whole table, drawing the attention of Cedric, Krum, and Percy. Looking over at her, Harry gave Fleur a smirk and a wink before turning his attention back to his date. By then, Daphne was breathing heavier than normal as his pinky slipped between her damp lips and wiggled against her clit.

Fleur, apparently upset at being ignored, focused her Allure on him even more. This time, Harry completely ignored her as he focused his attention on Daphne. While he remained unaffected, it seemed his date wasn't so lucky. Daphne's flush went all the way down to her chest, and her pussy let out a small gush as she trembled in her seat. It made him wonder if she was affected because of the intensity of Fleur's Allure, or if she was interested in witches, as well as wizards.

Before he could think about it too much, it was time to start the first dance. Daphne clutched Harry's hand hard as he pulled her onto the dance floor and rested his hand low on her hips, his fingertips wrapping around to rest on her ass. His date looked a bit startled and confused, though not upset with what was happening. It just seemed like she hadn't expected him to be so aggressive. Harry smiled at her as the music started and they moved across the dance floor. Daphne moved a bit uncertainly at first, far from the elegant, confident dancing she had displayed the first time. Eyes locked with his, she quickly regained her composure as he led her through the familiar movements of the traditional dance.

Harry, acting much calmer and more confident than he truly felt, stayed silent during the entire first dance. When it came to an end a couple of minutes later, and the second song started, he didn't ask her for a second dance, or if she wanted to leave. Instead, Harry pulled her close, moving her arm up to his neck while his wrapped around her waist. Pulling her close, so that her body pressed against his, he spun them in a slow circle as he looked at her hungrily, his bright green eyes darkened with desire.

"Having fun?" he asked.

Daphne swallowed as she looked up at him, their faces just an inch apart.

“Why did you ask me to the ball, Potter?” she asked, her voice lacking the cool confidence she was infamous for.

“Like I said earlier, I’ve been interested in you for a while,” Harry said, his hands resting just above the round curve of her full ass.

“You seemed more than just *interested* during dinner,” Daphne replied, sounding much more like herself.

“You didn’t seem to mind,” Harry said with a smirk.

“Potter-” she started more uncertainly.

“Harry,” he corrected firmly.

“Harry,” Daphne repeated quietly.

Unconsciously, Harry stopped dancing entirely as he lowered his face towards her slowly. Daphne had plenty of time to move, but remained still, her breathing speeding up in anticipation as he pressed his lips to hers. Unlike the last time he’d kissed her, this time, Daphne returned it immediately, moaning into his mouth as her arms tightened around his neck.

Although Harry wanted to grab her ass and pull her against him possessively, he held back, remembering what Suzette had drilled into his head. Princess in public, whore in private. He’d shown Daphne that he could be aggressive and daring, now he had to show her he had restraint and could treat her properly. So, instead, he stroked her back lightly and gave her the best kiss he could. By the time they separated, both of them were flushed and breathless. It took a second for them to come back to reality and realize the spectacle they’d become. Around them, people were staring and whispering to their dance partners as they stared at the couple that had stopped to snog in the middle of the dance floor.

Even though she blushed, Daphne held her head high and returned the smile Harry gave her as they started moving again. They continued dancing for several more songs until the band took a break. As they stopped by the punch bowl to get a drink, Tracey practically skipped over to them with a wide grin on her face.

"Looks like someone had fun out there," she said teasingly. "Didn't you say you were only going to have one dance with Potter?"

"I.. enjoyed myself much more than I thought I would," Daphne admitted, getting a raised eyebrow from her friend. "Harry, could you go get us some punch?"

"It's right-"

"That bowl down there looks good," Tracey interrupted.

Realizing they needed to have some girl talk for a minute, Harry nodded, pecked Daphne on the lips, and walked a short distance away. Ladling out three more glasses of punch, Harry strained his ears to try and hear what they were saying.

"So, you found your guy?" Tracey asked.

"I think so," Daphne said nervously.

"Wow, you must really like him. I've never seen you act like this," Tracey said in surprise. "What did he do to make you all..."

Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see Daphne whispering into Tracey's ear. Though he was still curious about what she was saying, Harry smiled, happy enough with what he had heard. It seemed like Suzette was right, and he had managed to finally get Daphne's attention.

"No way!" Tracey gasped, her jaw dropped and eyes wide.

Daphne shushed her, but it was too late. Tracey's yell had drawn the attention of someone else in the hall. Cursing under his breath, Harry left the punch behind and made his way back over to Daphne just as a scowling Draco Malfoy stomped over to her. Because several people got in his way, it took him a little bit longer to get back to his date. Feeling him come up behind her, Daphne reached out and took his hand.

"-traitor," Malfoy said just as he arrived. "Lucky for you, I'm willing to give you another chance. Ditch Potter, and I'll be your date."

Tracey scoffed and Daphne squeezed his hand, silently asking him to let her handle this. Behind Malfoy, Parkinson's eyes narrowed at Daphne, as if it was somehow her fault Malfoy had asked her to be his date.

"And why would I want to do that?" Daphne asked coldly.

"Isn't it obvious? Dating me would be a hell of a lot better than dating, *Potter*," Malfoy said, sneering at Harry's name.

"Let's see. Harry's rich, famous, handsome, and, unless I'm mistaken, he's currently tied for first place in the Triwizard Tournament, despite being three years younger than the people he's competing against," Daphne said with a raised eyebrow.

Malfoy's cheeks went pink as he glared at her, and Harry struggled not to laugh.

"You'd do well to remember who has the *real* power around here, Greengrass," Malfoy growled threateningly.

"Oh, please," Daphne scoffed. "You think just because your family has managed to buy their way into being the Minister's lap dogs that I'm supposed to be impressed? You have no idea what real power is. What have you done, Malfoy? Name me one thing you've accomplished since coming to this school."

"I don't need to prove myself," Malfoy said, straightening his robes. "My name speaks for itself."

"That means he hasn't done anything," Tracey said with a smirk.

Malfoy glared at her, but she merely smiled back and crossed her arms over her chest.

"No one asked you, Mudblood," he snarled furiously.

"I'm a Half-Blood, thank you very much," Tracey replied calmly.

"That's what I hate about you most, Malfoy," Daphne said as if neither of them had spoken. "It isn't the fact that you're a cruel, childish bully, or that you use blood as an excuse to insult people that are better than you. It's the fact that you're lazy, and you take magic for granted. You sit on your ass, and you expect your name and your money to get you anything you want in life. You're pathetic."

Malfoy fumed silently for several seconds as he and Daphne glared at each other. Harry discretely reached into his pocket and palmed his wand, just in case he needed it.

"You'll pay for this!" hissed Malfoy, his cheeks red enough to rival a Weasley.

Spinning around, he stomped off through the hall, shoving people out of the way as he went. Parkinson gave Daphne and Harry one last baleful glare before running after Malfoy. Once they were out of sight, Daphne let out a breath Harry hadn't realized she was holding.

"Are you sure you should have said all that?" Tracey asked.

"No, but Merlin that felt good to get off my chest," Daphne said.

"You were brilliant," Harry told her, wrapping his arms around her from behind.

Smiling, Daphne spun around in his arms, grabbed the back of his head, and pulled him down for a passionate kiss. Harry blinked at her when they broke apart a few moments later, feeling a bit stunned both from the fact she kissed him and from the kiss itself.

"Not that I'm complaining, but what was that for?" he asked.

"For letting me handle him," she said with a smile. "I hate it when wizards think I can't take care of myself."

"Just remind me not to piss you off. I don't think my ego could survive that kind of beating," Harry joked.

Daphne laughed as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"You two are so cute it's actually sickening," Tracey said with a grimace. "I think I was just sick in my mouth a little bit."

Harry laughed while Daphne rolled her eyes.

It wasn't long before Harry had Daphne back out on the dance floor. As they moved against each other to the Weird Sisters' most popular songs, Harry snuck in a quick feel whenever he thought he could get away with it. Daphne, who was back to acting like her usual self, smirked at him with a smoky gaze every time he did.

Long before the dance was over, Harry had convinced her to go for a walk with him, not that she needed much convincing. Rather than take her to his usual spot in the Transfigurations Courtyard, he led her all the way up to the seventh floor while using every shortcut he knew of to speed up the process.

“Where are we going?” Daphne asked curiously.

“You’ll see,” Harry told her with a grin. “Trust me, you’ll like this.”

A minute later, she watched him with an odd look as he paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall. He smirked at the look on her face when a door appeared out of nowhere. Opening the door, Harry bowed and waved her in grandly.

“Where are we?” Daphne asked as she stared around the room.

Harry, who was feeling too anxious to be creative, had simply reproduced the room he’d shared with Suzette the night before.

“This is the Room of Requirement,” Harry told her.

“The what?” Daphne asked, still absorbed in scanning the room.

She was so distracted, that she didn’t notice Harry walking up behind her until his arms wrapped around her stomach.

“I’ll explain in the morning,” Harry said deeply in her ear.

“Morning?” Daphne asked, her breath coming faster as his hand slid up to cup her breasts. “What do you plan to do with me ‘til then?”

Rather than the coy question she had meant to ask, her voice came out breathy with excited anticipation.

“Anything I want,” Harry whispered.

Instead of ripping her dress off the way he did with Suzette’s, he decided to take a different approach. Not because he was worried about her dress, but because it was even faster. Taking one hand off her chest, Harry grabbed his wand from his pocket. With a quick wave, both of their clothes were ripped from their bodies and flung across the room. Daphne gasped, panting excitedly as Harry groped one of her large, perky tits, kissed her neck, and pressed his erection into her luscious ass.

Tossing his wand aside into the pile of discarded clothes, Harry walked her forward a couple of steps and then pushed her forward and bent her over the end of the bed. Groping her thick, round cheeks, he raised one hand and brought it down with a loud *slap*. Daphne arched her back and let out a deep, wanton moan, before looking a little surprised at her own reaction.

Pressing his rigid cock against her damp mound, Harry ground himself against her roughly, trapping her between his body and the mattress. Reaching forward, he grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back, causing her back to arch and her ass to press against him even harder.

“Harry?” she whimpered nervously, but clearly excited.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it?” Harry asked, smacking her ass roughly again.

“How did you-”

Don’t worry about that right now,” he told her firmly. “Just answer the question. Is this what you want, slut?”

Daphne bit her lip and groaned, a shiver running through her body. Harry waited a couple of more seconds for her answer, before smacking her ass once again. This time, he kept smacking it, his hand turning her pale, smooth skin pink and causing it to ripple enticingly with each strike.

“Yes!” Daphne shouted, her legs quivering as she coated him in her arousal. “Yes, this is what I want! Oh, Merlin. What are you doing to me?”

“I told you,” Harry muttered darkly, “anything I want.”

Pushing her head back down against the bed, he pinned her in place as he stared down at the delicious curves of her bum, and the leaking, pink slit between her legs. Grabbing his cock, he ran his engorged head up and down between her dripping lips, beads of arousal gathering on his tip. Daphne moaned, gripping the bedding tightly in her fists as he teased her. Suddenly, she let out a shocked squeal as Harry started smacking the head of his cock against her clit with a wet slap. Smirking, he stopped, leaving her panting against the mattress as he pressed himself against her sopping wet entrance. It was incredible just how wet and hot she was, heat radiating off of her dripping mound.

Daphne's breath hitched when Harry sank the head of his cock between her tight lips. Not sure how experienced she was, he eased into her, savoring the feeling of her tight, wet heat. A long, low moan was forced from her throat when he buried himself to the hilt, her legs shaking and body squirming as she reached a surprising climax. Harry couldn't hold back a groan as she tightened and fluttered around him, her warm arousal bathing his cock.

“You're cumming already?” Harry asked derisively. “I knew you were a slut, but fuck.”

Daphne whimpered, turning to hide her blushing face. Smirking, Harry pulled back at an agonizingly slow pace, his swollen head dragging along the inside of her walls until he paused when he was halfway out. Suddenly, he snapped his hips forward, a wet, vulgar squelch coming from her body as his cock plowed its way into her depths. As his hips clapped against her ass, Daphne threw her head back and let out a lewd moan. She was so wet, drops of her fluids rolled down both their thighs from the impact.

Smiling and shaking his head, Harry smacked her ass as he began thrusting in and out of her flooded depths. Daphne continued letting out a string of low, whorish moans, only broken by her loud gasping breaths. Her pussy kept making the most pornographic sounds each time his hips connected against her with a wet slap. In a shockingly short amount of time, Daphne began

trembling again, panting as her moans grew to a higher pitch. She was rapidly being pushed to a second climax.

Grunting, Harry suddenly pulled out of her, her slick walls desperately trying to hold him in. She let out a needy, frustrated whine and turned to look at him over her shoulder.

"Please, don't stop," Daphne whimpered.

"I'm not even close to done with you yet," Harry assured her.

Slapping her ass one last time, he grabbed her hips and flipped her over onto her back. Grabbing her legs, he tossed them over his shoulders and leaned over her, nearly folding her in half as he drove his length back into her depths.

"I just want you to look at me," he said. "I want you to know exactly who's making you cum like a Knockturn alley whore."

Daphne, her face flushed pink, gasped and panted as Harry began hammering into her furiously. While one of his hands held her shoulder for leverage, his other hand roughly groped and squeezed her firm breast, the thick, red nipple peeking between his fingers. Her face grimacing in a rictus of agonized pleasure, Daphne bit her lip, suddenly trying to quell her moans as she looked at him and her legs tensed next to his head.

"Don't go quiet now," Harry growled. "Let me hear how much you love being fucked, you slut."

Daphne clenched her eyes shut, biting her lips hard enough the skin turned as white as her teeth while her head shook back and forth frantically. Harry, determined to hear her desperate moans again, tightened his grip on her shoulder and drove his cock into her fluttering walls frantically. Daphne fought for a few more seconds, before losing out to her body's desires. After a particularly savage thrust, she threw her head back and moaned loudly.

"I'm cumming!" she screamed. "Oh, fuck I'm cumming!"

Sure enough, Daphne came again seconds later, her mouth open in a silent scream as she panted harshly. Harry laughed delightedly as she writhed under him, his cock still plowing her gushing core relentlessly. She came harder and easier than any girl he'd ever been with before. How ironic, he thought, that the perfect whore in private, was anything but outside the bedroom.

The smile was wiped from Harry's face when her pussy tightened incredibly around him and tore a groan from his lips. Leaning over Daphne, he slammed into her with all the force he could muster as he chased his own peak. The breast he wasn't grasping bounced wildly on her chest, nearly slapping her chin from the force of his thrusts. Panting heavily, he stared into her bright, lust-filled eyes as he felt his pleasure rapidly rising to a crest.

"Take it," Harry growled. "Take my cum, you little whore."

After just a few more thrusts, Harry grunted as he came, a torrent of cum exploding from his tip to splash against her already soaked walls.

"Ha-RRY!" Daphne's moan turned into a scream as she hit a stunning climax just from the feeling of his.

Panting, he collapsed on top of her as his orgasm waned, and his energy left him. Under him, Daphne continued to tremble and moan for several long moments before she too fell limply to the bed. Harry tried to stand up, but she immediately tightened her arms and legs around him, holding tight.

"I'm not letting you go," Daphne murmured tiredly.

Chuckling, Harry moved her legs down to his waist and crawled onto the bed with her still attached to him. Rolling over onto his back, he caressed her body as she rested on top of him. Gradually, Harry started to get hard again, his cock still trapped between her lips. Moaning, Daphne sat up on his lap, driving him deeper into her depths. Harry's hands ran up her busty, curvaceous body as she put her hand on his chest and started riding him at a leisurely pace.

Daphne was definitely worth the effort it had taken to get her here, Harry decided.

Chapter 9

"You seem different today," Hermione said at breakfast.

"Really?" Harry asked.

"You look more... I don't know, confident, comfortable?" she said, tilting her head as she eyed him.

"Comfortable?" he asked curiously.

Hermione nodded, set her spoon down, and folded her arms on the table.

"Comfortable with yourself," Hermione elaborated. "I thought you'd be more nervous about the ball."

"Nah, it's just dancing, right?" Harry said with a smile.

Nodding, her bushy hair bounced around her head, and she continued to look at him curiously.

"What about you?" Harry asked. "Are you nervous?"

"A little," Hermione admitted quietly. "I'm more worried about not being asked than the ball itself."

“Trust me, you’ll get asked,” Harry said with a confident smile, then continued quickly. “Is there anyone, in particular, you want to ask you?”

Hermione picked up her spoon and stared down at her bowl of cereal as she played with it.

“There’s one or two I’m hoping will ask,” she said softly.

“Really? Who?” Harry asked, genuinely curious.

Hermione looked at him oddly for a moment, and just when he thought she might give him an answer, Ron arrived and dropped heavily onto the bench next to her. Looking startled, her cheeks turned a light pink as she looked away. Harry wondered why she’d reacted that way. He knew she was aware that Ron fancied her, but he also knew she didn’t return those feelings, so none of that would explain her blush.

Maybe he was just overthinking it, Harry decided.

For the rest of breakfast, they turned back to much more familiar topics. Now that he knew what to look for, he was sure he spotted Ron giving their friend a speculative glance when Dumbledore officially announced the ball. For some reason, that bothered Harry more than he thought it would, and not just because he agreed with Hermione that she and Ron dating could only end in disaster.

“Hey, Ron,” Harry said in a harsh whisper.

Biting into a sausage, Ron looked up at him curiously.

“I heard Lavender say she was hoping you would ask her to the ball,” Harry told him quietly.

Hermione looked at him suspiciously, no doubt because she knew he was making it up. Ron failed to notice her reaction though, his eyes going wide as he glanced over at the busty, bubbly blonde a short way down the table.

“Really?” Ron whispered back excitedly.

“Yeah, you should go ask her before someone else does,” Harry told him quietly. “I think Seamus was planning on asking her, too.”

Ron glanced over at Lavender again, but this time she caught him looking. The redhead blushed when she whispered to Parvati and the two girls giggled loudly.

“Harry’s right,” Hermione added. “You should ask her.”

Still looking at Lavender, Ron stood jerkily and took a deep breath, puffing up his chest. With nervous, stumbling steps, as if he’d forgotten how big his feet were, Ron walked over to the pretty blonde and tapped her on the shoulder.

“You know he’s going to be devastated if she says no,” Hermione said.

Harry didn’t respond and continued watching Ron fumble over his words with bright red ears, knowing she was right. Quite honestly, he wasn’t sure what had come over him, he just felt like he needed to get Ron’s mind off Hermione. It was a pretty stupid way to go about it, especially when he knew Ron wouldn’t work up the courage to ask Hermione to the ball anyways.

Thankfully, it looked like Lavender agreed to go to the ball with Ron. With a goofy grin, the redhead walked back over and sat down next to Hermione.

“She said yes?” Harry asked.

“Yup,” Ron answered proud, smug smile. “Just had to give her a bit of the ol’ Weasley charm.”

Hermione snorted and rolled her eyes, “Staring at her chest isn’t charm.”

Ron’s ears went red again, and he narrowed his eyes at Hermione.

“You’re just jealous,” he said.

Hermione glared at him and straightened up indignantly.

“Hermione, can you help me with my Charms project?” Harry asked quickly before she could retort.

The last thing he wanted was to listen to another row between his friends this early in the morning.

“Why would you want to do homework on Christmas?” Ron asked with a look of disgust.

“Well I, for one, am glad Harry’s taking his studies seriously,” Hermione said. “Especially since we still don’t know who put his name in the Goblet of Fire. What do you need help with, Harry?”

“Well, I know we’re supposed to be doing a simple enchantment, but I had a better idea I was thinking about trying,” Harry said. “Could you take a look at it?”

He was actually telling the truth. With all the extra time on his hands, and the conversations he’s been having with Professor Flitwick, Harry had started thinking more about Enchanting. The more he got into it, the more fun he had creating new things. It had become something of a hobby over the last several weeks for him to come up with and test out new ideas.

“Sure,” Hermione said. “We can go now, I wanted to look up a few things in the library anyway.”

“Mental, both of you,” Ron said shaking his head.

“Yeah, let’s go,” Harry said before Ron unknowingly started another argument.

Hermione gave Ron a superior look and lifted her nose in the air as she stood and made her way towards the Entrance Hall. Saying goodbye to Ron, who had gone back to not so subtly checking out Lavender, Harry followed her out of the Great Hall, amused by her antics.

“So, what’s this idea of yours?” Hermione asked as they started up the stairs.

“Well, I was reading through a book on Enchanting when I came across something called a Shield Ring,” Harry told her. “Basically, it’s just a ring that allows you to cast a powerful shield without a wand. I thought it might come in handy, considering I’m... well, me.”

“That sounds pretty complicated,” Hermione said, nibbling on her bottom lip. “Something like that would probably need the right materials to channel the magic, Runes to anchor the spell, and possibly even some sort of conductor.”

“I know where to get everything, I just need you to double-check how I layered the Enchantments and help me with the Runes. I’m still trying to get the hang of those,” Harry told her.

“When did you start learning Runes?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“I just started looking at them for this project,” Harry said with a shrug and an inward smile.

"I'm really glad you're starting to take your studies seriously," Hermione told him with a smile. "I know you're under a lot of pressure from the tournament, but you never know when something like this can help you. Who knows, maybe there'll be a task where you need to know Enchanting or Runes."

"Maybe," Harry said. "Honestly, I've just been having fun figuring out how to make things with magic."

"Just because it's for school doesn't mean it can't be fun," Hermione said.

"I guess," Harry said, before giving her a mischievous grin. "Just don't expect me to spend as much time reading as you do, I *do* still have to tournament to worry about. I mean, I could be killed. Or worse, *expelled*."

Hermione huffed and bumped his shoulder with hers, sending him stumbling to the side slightly. Grinning, Harry bumped her back lightly and her face cracked into a smile before she laughed prettily.

Reaching the Gryffindor common room, they stepped through the portrait and headed up to the fourth-year boys' dorm. Harry peaked in first, making sure the coast was clear before opening the door all the way. Hermione followed him inside and walked over to sit down on his bed. Sliding his hand under his pillow, Harry pulled out his journal and flipped through it until he found the diagram he was looking for.

"Here," Harry said, pointing to a page with notes scrawled all over, "this one."

"Wow, Harry. This is really impressive," Hermione said, sounding genuinely impressed.

"Thanks," he said modestly.

"Your runes are a bit off though," she told him, chewing her bottom lip in thought. "This one does mean protection, but not in the sense you want, and this is the wrong anchor. It should look more like this."

Pulling a quill out of her pocket, Hermione crossed out his old Runes and wrote new ones. Most notably, the protection Rune she used looked exactly like his scar. Unconsciously, Harry ran his fingers over the hard, raised skin as Hermione finished her corrections. Of course, she just happened to have a quill on her, he thought.

"That *should* work," Hermione muttered.

"Should?" Harry asked.

"Well, we won't know for sure until we try it," she told him. "I want to check the order you have the spells in too, do you have your Charms book?"

"Yeah," Harry said.

Hopping off the bed, he walked over to his trunk and started digging through it for his books. Being Christmas break, his schoolbooks had become buried under a mess of clothes and other, less academic books, like Quidditch Through the Ages. While he was looking for his textbook, he failed to notice Hermione flipping through his journal. Slowly, her eyes widened, and a blush stained her cheeks as she read some of the more personal details Harry had written about.

"Ha!" Harry cried out triumphantly, then frozen when he noticed the look Hermione was giving him.

"Harry, what is this?" she asked. "Is this true?"

Sighing, he knew there would be little point in hiding anything from her now.

"Yeah," he said quietly.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked, sounding hurt.

"I have, several times," he told her truthfully. "You just don't remember it, no one does."

"Oh," Hermione said softly, glancing back down at the leather-bound book in her hands. "How long have you been reliving Christmas?"

Sitting down on the bed, Harry sat back against his pillows as Hermione watched him carefully. He really didn't want to talk about this now. It didn't seem like there was any point. There was nothing either of them could do about it right now.

"About three months," he told her.

"Months!" she gasped.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "I've been trying to figure it out with you, Dumbledore, Flitwick-no one knows what's happening. No one even knew this was possible."

"You can't just give up!" Hermione admonished him.

"I'm not," Harry assured her. "I'm still looking for answers, but there's nothing to go on."

Hermione bit her lip, giving him a sad look before glancing down at the journal again.

"What-what about the dates you wrote about?" she asked hesitantly. "Are those true?"

Harry looked down and stared at his hands out of embarrassment, and perhaps a bit of shame. He'd written in pretty graphic detail about some of his more memorable dates. He'd done it, not just as a way to help him remember, but also as a way to get things off his chest. It wasn't like he could really talk to someone about something they didn't remember happening.

"Yeah," Harry admitted.

"That's why you seemed so different today," Hermione said in realization. "You are different. But-why date so many different girls?"

"It's kind of hard to build a relationship when don't remember anything," Harry told her. "It's easier to start new ones."

"Oh," Hermione said softly. "I guess that would make things difficult."

"You're not... disappointed?" Harry asked, still staring at his hands.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione said.

Scooting closer to him, she placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Of course, I'm not disappointed in you," she told him. "I can't imagine how difficult this must be for you. It's all just a bit shocking."

Harry let out a breath he didn't even know he was holding. Hermione's opinion had always meant a lot to him, and even though she wouldn't remember any of this, he would. Knowing that she didn't think any less of him was a huge relief, and something he hadn't even realized until this moment that he was worried about.

"So, who do you like going to the ball with the most?" Hermione asked suddenly.

Harry looked up and blinked at her, nonplussed by the question.

“Er, well, I really like going with Katie, and Suzette is great,”

“Suzette?” Hermione asked.

“She’s from Beauxbatons, and a Legilimens,” Harry explained and then continued when he saw her eyes light up in recognition of the term.

Of course, she would know, Harry thought affectionately.

“Since she can read my mind, it makes it easier to talk to her,” Harry continued. “Susan was great, and Daphne. Honestly, I like all the girls I’ve gone to the ball with. I don’t think I could pick just one. Maybe when I can stop whatever this is, I can figure it out.”

“You know, as bad as this might seem, I think this could be really good for you,” Hermione said.

“You’ve said that before,” Harry told her with a smile.

“Great minds think alike,” she joked.

Chuckling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her into a sideways hug.

“I really wish you could remember everything,” Harry said softly.

Hermione rested her head on his shoulder while hugging his arm.

“Me too,” she replied just as quietly.

They sat in that position for a couple of minutes in companionable silence.

“Well, I may not remember everything, but you know you can always come to me, right?” Hermione asked.

“I know,” Harry said, looking at her with a grateful smile.

“Do you still want to work on your project?” Hermione asked. “Or we could go to the library and see what they have on time travel.”

“We’ve already looked, including the Restricted Section,” Harry told her. “Let’s work on the project, I could use a distraction.”

Hermione sighed, clearly not happy with his answer, although she didn’t argue. He could understand her desire to try and solve the puzzle of what was happening, but he had spent weeks looking for an answer and could use a break. He doubted they would find any answers in the library anyways.

Climbing off the bed, they headed out of the common room and down the hall.

“Where are we going?” Hermione asked when he started heading up instead of down.

“There’s a room on the seventh floor I want to show you,” Harry said with a grin.

Hermione looked at him curiously but didn’t question him as he upwards. Looking over at his best friend, Harry wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans while working up the courage for what he was going to do next.

"You know, there's one girl I really want to take to the ball, but I still haven't been able to work up the courage to ask her," he said.

"Really?" Hermione asked curiously. "But why? They won't remember any of it, so what does it matter if they turn you down."

"It's a bit... intimidating," Harry said. "I keep thinking about what would happen if I messed up and then things suddenly went back to normal."

Oh," Hermione said, her eyes lighting up. "Honestly, I don't know what you boys see in her, but you should just ask her."

Harry looked at her questioningly and tilted his head to the side.

"What?" he asked.

"You're talking about Fleur, aren't you?" she asked, her face revealing her dislike of the French Champion. "Just ask her. If she says no, then she's not worth worrying about."

"I'm not talking about Fleur," Harry told her.

"Oh," Hermione said again, this time in surprise. "I saw you mention her in your journal, I just thought..."

"I've thought about it," Harry admitted. "Suzette's told me a lot about her and why she acts the way she does, but I want to try and get to know her a bit better first. Hold on a second."

They had reached the Room of Requirement. Motioning for Hermione to stay where she was, Harry paced back and forth in front of the wall, asking for the Room of Hidden Things. Opening

the door, he smiled as he watched Hermione's mouth drop open as she looked at the towering piles of random materials and objects that seemed to go on for miles.

"Oh my god," she gasped. "What is this?"

"This is the Room of Requirement, Dobby showed it to me," Harry said.

He spent a couple of minutes explaining to her how the room worked, smiling at the light of fascination glowing in her warm brown eyes.

"This is incredible," Hermione said. "Just imagine the history and secrets hiding in this room. We might be able to find something from the Founders in here."

"Maybe," Harry agreed. "But we're here to find a ring. I remember seeing a pile of jewelry the last time I was in here."

Slowly, they started walking through the narrow paths carved between piles of random junk. Hermione spun around as she walked, trying to look everywhere at once.

"So, if you didn't mean Fleur, who were you talking about?" she asked after a couple of minutes.

Harry hesitated, starting to have second thoughts. Hermione noticed and stopped looking around to stare at him curiously. Swallowing thickly, he reached out and gently took her hand in his.

"I meant you," he told her softly.

Hermione's eyes widened and her mouth worked up and down silently several times.

“Me?” she squeaked.

“You must have thought about it,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair nervously.

“Well, of course, I’ve thought about it,” Hermione said, then bit her lip nervously. “But are you sure this is a good idea? I mean, what happens if we break up? I don’t want to lose you.”

“I’ve thought about this a lot,” Harry told her, “Look, you’ve been my best friend for four years, and I don’t think anything can change that. Sure, things might be a bit weird if it doesn’t work out, but I don’t think that’ll stop us from being friends. Besides, I’ll probably have hundreds of chances to get things right before you remember anything.”

Hermione snorted at his weak joke and then stared down at their still-linked hands, biting her lip thoughtfully. It was something he’d noticed she did a lot of whenever she thought about something serious, and he found it incredibly cute.

“I really wish there was a way I could go back in time with you,” she said softly.

“Me too,” Harry said, repeating his words from earlier, this time with a very different feeling behind them.

“If-” Hermione began, stopping suddenly to gather her thoughts. “Just promise me that we’ll still be friends no matter what happens.”

“I promise,” Harry said with a grin. “Does that mean you’ll go to the ball with me?”

“Yes, I’ll go to the ball with you,” Hermione said with a wide smile of her own.

His heart leaping excitedly, and with a beaming grin, Harry pulled Hermione to him and hugged her tightly. As soon as she wrapped her arms around him, he picked her up and spun her

around in a circle while she let out a surprised squeal. Setting Hermione back down on her feet, their faces just inches apart, Harry reached out and brushed a stray lock of curly hair back behind her ear.

Their faces slowly drifted closer, and he saw her glance down at his lips before looking back up at his eyes. Tilting his head slightly to the side, he watched her eyes slowly drift closed, and she stopped moving forward when their lips were just a hair's breadth apart. Shutting his own eyes, Harry felt Hermione let out a nervous, shuddering breath that washed over his face. Closing the last remaining distance between them, he brushed his lips across hers.

Hermione sucked in a sharp breath through her nose and Harry felt excitement course through his veins, even from that brief kiss. Pulling her against him even tighter, he kissed her again, this time much more firmly. Hermione moaned into his mouth and threaded her fingers through the hair at the back of his head, while Harry's hands moved down to rest just above her bum.

When they pulled apart a long moment later, they kept their foreheads touching lightly. Harry opened his eyes just before Hermione, and when their eyes connected, both of them gave the other a wide, happy grin. Leaning forward, he kissed her briefly one more time.

"Come on," he said, tugging on her hand.

Harry linked his fingers with Hermione's and led her deeper into the Room of Requirement. It took them over an hour to find a ring that would work for his project and leave the room. Mostly, that was because he couldn't keep his hands off Hermione. Harry constantly pulled her to the side to snog her as often as he could. From her smiles and giggles each time he did, he didn't think Hermione minded all that much.

Leaving the Room of Requirement, they made their way to a dark corner of the library. This calmed them down, and they actually managed to get some work done. They didn't get the Shield Ring to work, but Harry had a much better idea of what he needed to do.

Just before they were about to leave, he noticed Viktor Krum watching Hermione closely from behind a bookcase. Not looking at the Bulgarian, Harry wrapped his arm around Hermione and kissed her on the cheek, making it clear they were together.

Not this time, Krum, Harry thought as he watched him walk away out of the corner of his eye. He didn't know if Hermione noticed her admirer, but she still looked pleased with Harry's attention.

Eventually, they went down to the Great Hall for lunch. After they ate, Hermione went back to her dorm to start getting ready for the ball. Harry, feeling bold, kissed her firmly in front of everyone just before she left. Hermione blushed at the loud cheers they received from the Weasley twins and a few others, but she still smiled brightly.

"Something wrong, Ronnie?" Lavender asked, giving her gawping date a piercing look. "You're not interested in Hermione, are you?"

"What? Uh, no, of course not," Ron said quickly.

Lavender eyed him for a moment longer before nodding. Harry just hoped Ron would let it go for now and let him enjoy the day. Surprisingly, it seemed as though that was exactly what Ron intended to do. Even as Harry helped Ron modify his robes later, he never mentioned Hermione.

Finally, it was time for the ball and Harry waited in the Entrance Hall with the other Champions for their dates. He'd seen Hermione in her dress numerous times, but because he knew she was dressed up for him, it made her look all the more stunning as she made her way down the grand staircase.

"You look incredible," Harry told her.

"Thanks," she replied with a light blush. "You clean up nice yourself."

Harry smiled and took her hand in his as they waited for the doors to open. Glancing over, he noticed that Krum was taking Millicent Bulstrode to the ball. That was a bit of a surprise, as Harry had seen many other girls chasing after the famous seeker for a date.

Soon, the doors opened, and the Champions entered with Harry once again at the tail end. As always, a lot of his classmates whispered in surprise when they saw just how attractive Hermione could be when she tried. Harry couldn't help but feel a bit smug as he noticed the dropped jaws and lecherous stares.

"I bet most of them are wishing they were me right now," Harry whispered, causing Hermione to blush and smack his arm.

The teasing smile stayed on his face as he pulled out her chair at their dinner table. This time, Harry made sure not to sit next to Percy, having no interest in hearing about his promotion yet again.

As they ate, Harry and Hermione fell into a comfortable, familiar conversation. It was amazing to him just how right the evening felt, although he'd had similar thoughts about Katie, Susan, Suzette, and Daphne after getting to know each of them better.

After the opening waltz, the two of them spent most of the night happily out on the dance floor. Surprisingly, Lavender had managed to convince Ron to dance with her, and they spotted the couple several times throughout the evening. As the night wound down, Harry realized that he'd never seen Hermione look as happy as she did that night. Her eyes were bright, she laughed readily, and her smile never seemed to leave her face for long.

The crowd of students began to thin, as students headed back to their dorms with some couples sneaking off to broom cupboards. Harry took the chance to pull Hermione off to the side.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" he asked.

“Sure,” Hermione said happily.

Harry led her out into the Entrance Hall and then turned towards the Transfiguration Courtyard, but Hermione stopped him and pulled him towards the stairs. Using the shortcuts he’d shown her over the years, she quickly led him up to the seventh floor. Pacing back and forth in front of the bare stretch of wall, Hermione summoned the Room of Requirement.

Harry paused as he followed her in. There was only one piece of furniture, a large, four-poster bed covered in Gryffindor colors. Above their heads, dozens of candles floated in the air, bathing the room in the warm glow of the candlelight. The one other thing of note was a fire that crackled merrily in the grate and kept the room pleasantly warm.

Hermione turned to face him, looking down nervously while she unnecessarily smoothed out her dress. Walking up to her, Harry pulled her close and kissed the top of her head.

“Are you sure about this?” he asked softly.

“I’m sure,” Hermione said, even as she trembled lightly with her face buried in his chest. “I-I love you. I have since first year. I just keep thinking that if I don’t do this tonight, there might not be a tomorrow for me. For us... I know I’m not as experienced as most of the girls you’ve been with-“

“You don’t need to be,” Harry told her softly but firmly. “You don’t need to compare yourself to anyone else. I don’t want them, I want you.”

Grabbing her shoulder, Harry pushed her back slightly and then lifted her chin, so she was looking up at him. Meeting her nervous gaze, he bent down and kissed her gently.

“I love you, too,” he said when he pulled back.

Hermione gave him a beaming, watery smile, and pulled him down for another kiss. As the kiss grew deeper, their tongues dancing between their lips, Harry let his hands slide down to cup her bum. Squeezing lightly, he pulled her firmly against him, his rapidly hardening erection grinding against her thigh. Hermione moaned into his mouth as her nails raked lightly across his scalp.

Suddenly, she pulled back, her face flushed a delicate pink as she panted lightly. Turning around slowly, Hermione lifted her hair out of the way. Taking a deep, trembling breath, Harry reached up and slowly pulled down the zipper of her dress. Inch by inch, it split open to reveal her smooth, pale skin and the clasp of her red bra until it stopped at the small of her back.

He saw Hermione's shoulders rise and fall as she took a deep breath, and then let the dress fall to the floor. Harry's eyes trailed up her long, toned legs and over her thick bum, barely covered by her lace panties. Slowly, hesitantly, Hermione turned to face him, her hands fidgeting at her sides. His gaze followed the expanse of her thin stomach and up to her full, high breasts, the tops bulging slightly out of the tight cups of her bra.

Harry swallowed thickly as he throbbed in his pants. Meeting her eyes, he placed his hands on her bare waist and pulled her close.

"You're perfect," he told her softly.

"No, I'm not," Hermione said, staring at his chest while her arms rested on his shoulders.

"You are to me," Harry said.

As soon as she looked up at him, Harry kissed her hungrily. Sliding his hands down the smooth skin of her back, he cupped her bum and lifted her up. Hermione gasped against his lips and wrapped her legs around him as he carried her over to the bed. When he sat her down at the foot of the mattress, Harry stroked her cheek before stepping back.

Tossing his robe aside, he undid his tie and began undoing the buttons of his shirt. Hermione bit her lip, staring at his chest as his shirt hit the floor. Next, Harry worked on his pants, pulling

them down and revealing the massive, straining bulge in his boxers. Just as he reached for the waistband, Hermione surprised him by sinking to her knees.

Glancing up at him nervously, she reached out with shaking hands and gently pulled down his boxers. Harry's rigid length sprang forth, causing her to suck in a sharp breath. As he stepped out of his boxers, Hermione reached up and gently wrapped her long, thin fingers around his hot shaft. He hissed through his teeth and his cock pulsed in her hand, an electric like thrill shooting up his spine.

With slow, hesitant movements, Hermione began stroking his length. Shifting closer, she looked up at him again with her lips just inches away from his swollen head. Panting with excitement, Harry stroked her cheek, willing her in his mind to keep going. As if she could read his mind, Hermione turned her gaze back to the pillar of flesh in her hand. She inched closer, her warm breath washing over his sensitive glans. He nearly groaned out loud as she paused to lick her full, pink lips. Just as he began to wonder if she knew how much she was teasing him, she leaned forward and kissed his tip.

Harry's pulse leapt at the contact, causing his cock to swell and jump in her light grip. Gazing up at him, Hermione opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his tip, not quite taking in the whole head. Groaning at the feeling, Harry couldn't stop himself from bucking forward slightly. That seemed to encourage her because she opened her mouth wider and took more of him between her lips.

"Merlin, Hermione," Harry gasped.

Bobbing her head slowly, Hermione began exploring his length with her tongue and experimenting with how she sucked. Everything she did with her hot mouth felt incredible to Harry. With each pant, hiss, and groan he let out, Hermione's confidence grew. It didn't take long for her to find a rhythm. Dragging her lips up and down the top half of his length, she sucked hard on the way up, then slathered him with her tongue on the way back down.

Hermione stared up at him, watching his reactions to see what worked and what didn't. There was a look in her eyes, almost like a playfulness, that he'd never seen before. They seemed to

sparkle as she bobbed her head faster and undulated her tongue along the underside of his thick shaft.

"I'm close," Harry panted.

Hermione paused for a moment, looking unsure, and causing Harry to groan in disappointment. Keeping her lips wrapped around his engorged head, she bobbed back and forth in short, fast movement, while her hand suddenly stroked him rapidly. Harry grunted from the abrupt increase in her pace as he raced towards his peak.

"Hermione," he groaned, giving her one last warning.

Harry couldn't hold back any longer. He came with a grunt, and Hermione flinched as the first burst of cum hit the roof of her mouth. Closing his eyes, he felt her catch the rest of his explosive climax on her tongue as he shook. She'd stopped moving entirely, so Harry grabbed her hand and moved it for her until she picked up on what he wanted and did it on her own.

When his peak waned, Harry slumped slightly, drained from the incredible release. Hermione chose that moment to suck hard on his hypersensitive glans, drawing a gasp from his lips as he shivered from the pleasurable agony. Unable to take the overwhelming sensation, he pulled out of her mouth.

Panting, he looked down at Hermione. She had a curious look on her face as she swallowed, and his cock throbbed back to life at the sight. Smiling, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet.

"That was a lot more fun than I thought it'd be," she admitted.

Harry chuckled, followed by Hermione as she let out her own laugh. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her close and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

“Did I do okay?” she asked.

“You were brilliant,” Harry told her.

Hermione blushed but gave him a pleased smile at the compliment.

“Now, it’s your turn,” he said with a grin.

Her eyes widened as he picked her up and sat her back down on the bed. Reaching behind her back, Harry felt for the clasp of her bra. Hermione bit her lip as he popped it open and slowly pulled the straps down her arms. Harry’s eyes immediately fell to her breasts as they came into view. Just the right size for his hands, they jutted perkily from her chest and were capped with soft, pink, Galleon-sized areolas and small, stiff nipples.

Hermione gazed at him nervously, her hands fidgeting at her side as she struggled not to cover herself.

“You’re beautiful, Hermione,” he told her.

Leaning forward, he kissed her hungrily as his hands slid up from her hips to her chest. She moaned when he finally cupped her breasts, his thumb grazing her hard nipples. Crawling up onto the bed, Hermione scooted back until there was enough room for both of them to lie down. A groan left both of them as Harry pressed his weight onto her and his cock pressed against her thigh and damp panties.

Pulling away from her mouth, Harry trailed his lips down her chin and neck. Hermione moaned, threading her fingers through his hair as she tilted her head back. He continued his path down over her clavicle to her breasts. Cupping one in his hand, he kissed all the way around the other before taking her stiff nipple into his mouth.

“Harry,” Hermione moaned, arching her back.

Kissing his way back up to her lips, Harry laid down on his side and trailed his fingers down her tight stomach to the waistband of her panties. Slipping his hand under the fabric, he teased her bald mound before tracing along the outside of her smooth lips. Hermione bucked her hips and spread her legs for him.

Harry continued to tease her for a little longer before running the tip of his finger between her hot, damp folds. With a gasp, Hermione jerked her hips towards his fingers. Rubbing his finger up and down between her lips to coat it in her arousal, he dipped his finger into her entrance.

"Please don't tease me, Harry," Hermione said breathily.

Smiling, Harry slipped a second finger into her all the way up to the third knuckle. Hermione's eyes fluttered closed as she groaned and rolled her hips against his hand. With two fingers buried in her hot, tight depths, Harry ground his palm against her clit. Hermione writhed on the bed under him, her eyes closed as she panted and moaned.

Suddenly, she pushed his hand away and nearly ripped off her panties. Lying back down, Hermione pulled him on top of her and spread her long, toned legs wide to wrap around his waist. Grabbing his cock, she placed him at her entrance and looked up at him, nervousness and lust warring in her eyes.

Kissing her briefly on the lips, Harry watched her face closely as he slowly eased into her. Both of them groaned as his cock stretched open her tight folds.

"More," Hermione panted, her heels digging into his ass.

Kissing her again, Harry sank deeper into her. Hermione moaned into his mouth and pulled away from his lips to bury her face in the crook of his neck.

"You feel so good, Harry," she whispered.

“So do you, love,” Harry told her.

Moving his hips back and forth gently, he sank deeper into her with each thrust. Sooner than he expected, Harry bottomed out inside of her. Closing his eyes, he savored the moment and the feeling of her tight, hot depths gripping his cock.

“Fuck me,” Hermione breathed into his ear.

His cock swelling at her pleading tone, Harry began rocking his hips, easing his length in and out of her tight grasp. Pushing himself up on his arms, he stared down at her, watching her face contort with pleasure as she gasped and moaned. Further down, he briefly watched her perky breasts jiggle on her chest, and then looked further down to see his cock, glistening with her arousal, sliding in and out of her taut lips.

“You’re so beautiful, Hermione,” he told her, leaning his weight on one arm to reach up and caress one of her breasts.

“Faster,” Hermione panted.

Grinning down at the wanton look on her face, Harry put his elbows on either side of her head and gave her what she wanted. Pulling almost halfway out, he drove his hips forward, filling her rapidly. Eyes nearly rolling into the back of her head, Hermione moaned lewdly and dug her nails into his shoulders.

Within moments, she started grunting with each thrust, her body shaking under him. Hermione’s nails dug sharply into his skin while her legs tightened around him. Realizing she was close, Harry moved faster, rolling his hips to grind his pelvis against her clit each time he bottomed out.

With a short, sharp cry, Hermione reached her peak. Her depths fluttered around his cock wildly as she held onto him for dear life. Harry pounded into her quickly, not only to extend her climax but also in a desperate bid to reach his own.

Hermione gave another cry as he neared his end, whether from a second climax, or a continuation of the first, he wasn't sure. Panting, Harry pinned her to the bed with his weight as he reached his peak. Grunting with each pulse of his cock, he rolled his hips and buried himself into Hermione as deep as possible as he filled her.

With a moan, she went limp under him and ran her fingers through his hair as his climax came to an end. After catching their breath, Harry rolled over onto his back and Hermione curled up at his side, her head resting on his chest. They lay like that for quite some time, until Harry heard a loud snuffle.

"Mione, what's wrong," he asked, suddenly worried she might regret what they'd done.

"I don't want to forget this," she told him tearfully.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, not sure what else to say.

"It's not your fault. I just wish we could stay like this," Hermione said, then sighed. "Why do things like this always happen to you?"

"Just my luck, I guess," Harry said. "Besides, if it hadn't, I never would have taken you to the ball."

"I guess you're right," she admitted.

"Do you want to go back to the dorm?" Harry asked after a few moments.

"No," Hermione said. "Can we just stay here?"

"Of course," Harry said, looking at her with an affectionate smile.

One moment, Harry was stroking Hermione's back as she drifted off to sleep, the next, he was waking up back in Gryffindor Tower, alone.

"Damn it," Harry growled, slamming his fist into the mattress.

Chapter 10

Harry avoided going to the ball for the next few days and spent most of his time hiding away in the Room of Requirement and practicing his magic. He knew he was sulking a bit, but he didn't really care at the moment. It was one of the few times he was partially glad no one remembered anything, because it meant no one knew about his little hiding spot.

One thing the room couldn't provide, however, was food. Every night, while the rest of his classmates were enjoying the festivities, Harry snuck down to the kitchens to eat. The first couple of nights, he went with the cloak and the map to avoid running into anyone, but after seeing no one around, he left the cloak behind and just used the map.

After nearly a week of skipping the ball, Harry made the familiar trek to the kitchens. After getting engrossed in practicing some more advanced spells, he ended up leaving much later than usual and had to skirt around a couple of younger Hufflepuffs who left the ball early.

Checking the map to make sure the coast was clear; he noticed a name that made him do a double take.

Barty Crouch

Crouch was just down the hall, in the men's bathroom. Not once, in the months that Harry had relived this day, had Crouch shown up to the ball. Why would today be any different, Harry wondered. Nothing was different unless he changed something himself. Was Crouch there because he was missing, he asked himself. But then why send Crouch, a man who should have been at home, sick, and not one of the professors or even a couple of Aurors? It just didn't make sense.

Before Harry even realized what he was doing, his feet were taking him towards the men's bathroom. Peeking around the corner, his body hidden by a suit of armor, he waited. Less than a minute later, Harry watched Crouch's name make its way to the door. Looking up, someone stepped out of the bathroom, but it wasn't Crouch.

It was Moody.

His brow furrowed in confusion; Harry looked down at the map again. Moody was standing right where Crouch's name was on the map. Just as he wondered if something was wrong with the map, he heard Sirius' words from the year before echo in his mind.

"The map never lies!"

Moody stopped and turned towards Harry suddenly, his electric blue, fake eye locking on to him. Freezing in place, his mind reeling and his adrenaline racing, Harry watched as Moody's eye moved from his face to the map and then back. His blank expression morphed into a scowl and his wand slipped down from the sleeve of his robes into his gnarled hand.

"Shit," Harry breathed.

Feeling the magic building up, he dove out of the way just as Moody's hand snapped up with the speed of a striking snake and fired a blue spell that crashed into the suit of armor he had just been standing behind. The Bludgeoning Hex caved in the chest plate and sent the armor scattering across the floor with a loud, metallic clang.

Scrambling to his feet, Harry drew his wand just in time to slap away a Stunning Hex.

“Well, well, well, someone’s been holding back in class,” Moody sneered in a voice that didn’t match his face.

His tongue shot out in an odd, snakelike manner before a dangerous-looking smirk split his scarred face.

Harry gripped his wand tightly and lashed out, firing spells as fast and as powerfully as he could. Moody dodged with shocking grace for a man with a wooden leg and returned with his own curses and hexes. Harry was gratified to see his lessons with Flitwick had paid off, and he was able to keep up with the man.

Slipping just to the side of Moody’s Disarming Hex, Harry sent back a Cutting Curse that sliced into Moody’s cheek. Harry smirked as he reached up and touched the wound. Furiously, he slapped aside Harry’s follow-up Stunning Hex and glared at him angrily.

“I don’t have time for this!” Moody hissed. “Crucio!”

Shocked at hearing the incantation of an Unforgivable Curse, Harry didn’t think to move until it was too late. The spell moved much faster than he expected, and he could only watch as if in slow motion as it hit him in the hip.

Harry belatedly felt his body hit the hard stone floor as the most excruciating pain he’d ever felt exploded through him. It felt like a million red hot knives were being repeatedly stabbed into every inch of his being. Someone screamed in the distance, and he prayed that help had come.

A moment later, the spell ended, and he belatedly realized he was the one who had screamed for the stinging in his throat. Panting, Harry rolled over, his body still twitching and aching horribly. Moody stalked towards him, a malicious grin on his face.

“As much as I’d like to torture you into insanity like I did with the Longbottoms, the Dark Lord has other plans for you,” he said, his tongue slipping out like a snake’s. “Don’t worry Potter, you won’t remember a thing.”

Harry grit his teeth in fury as he realized Moody, or whoever he was, had been the person to Obliviate him and steal his map. As Moody stopped at his feet, wand raised, Harry forced his tired, aching body to move. His wand snapped up, and a white spell leapt from the tip. Moody raised a shield – but the spell wasn’t aimed at him.

Behind Moody, Harry summoned a heavy, metal shield from one of the untouched suits of armor in the hall. Moody’s eye spun its socket and his body turned to slap it aside with his wand. He moved incredibly fast, blocking the shield and trying to turn back to Harry. He almost made it too, but Harry’s Stunning Hex hit him just under the armpit.

The man swayed and toppled forward, landing right on Harry. Grunting and wincing from the impact, Harry pushed the heavy weight off of him and climbed to his feet. Picking up Moody’s wand, he watched him closely for a moment to make sure he was out before sighing in relief.

Staring down at the man, his anger grew as he remembered the pain of the Cruciatus Curse. Furiously, his foot lashed out, kicking him again and again until he was out of breath. Satisfied, Harry bound him in ropes, levitated him, and gingerly made his way to the Great Hall.

He must have looked quite the sight, Harry reflected, walking into the Great Hall with a bound professor floating in front of him. The band slowed to a stop as soon as they spotted him, and the rest of the students turned, gasping when they caught sight of him. It took a couple of minutes, and an angry argument with Snape, for Harry to explain what had happened.

Dumbledore immediately took Harry to his office, where Snape, McGonagall, Madam Maxime, and Karkaroff followed. It didn’t take long for the headmaster to find the Polyjuice Potion in Moody’s flask. Determined to get answers, Dumbledore told Snape to fetch a vial of Veritaserum, and McGonagall to watch the man, while he went to Moody’s office to find his real friend. Harry insisted on going with him, and eventually, he conceded.

They found Moody at the bottom of his own trunk, and it took a few minutes to get him out. Dumbledore wanted him to go to the hospital wing, but Moody refused. Eventually, Dumbledore conjured him a simple peg leg and a cane so he could walk back to the headmaster's office.

On the way, he described how Barty Crouch Jr. and Peter Pettigrew had ambushed him at his home just before the start of school. Harry remembered the night when Mr. Weasley had gone to Moody's home at the end of the Summer. Everyone had thought Moody was just being his usual paranoid self, but they hadn't been talking to Moody at all.

When they got back to the office, Karkaroff was gone, and McGonagall looked like she'd seen a ghost. Where Moody had been, there was now a much younger man with dark black hair in his place.

As the real Moody gathered his leg and eye from the imposter, Dumbledore told Snape to give him the Veritaserum. That's when they learned the truth.

Voldemort was trying to come back, and he wanted to use Harry to do it. The younger Crouch was the one who entered Harry's name in the Goblet. The ritual Voldemort wanted to use required Harry to suffer and overcome a difficult trial before his blood could be used to give Voldemort a new body.

"What do we do?" McGonagall asked, her face ashen as she stood behind Harry and gripped his shoulder tightly.

"If Alastor is willing, I believe the best course of action is to simply let things play out," Dumbledore said. "Harry will finish the tournament, and when Voldemort believes he has him captured, we will stop him. With any luck, we'll be able to capture him and discover how he survived after his body was destroyed."

"You want to use him, as bait!" McGonagall asked incredulously.

"If he is willing," Dumbledore said, turning to look at Harry. "I know I have asked a lot of you over the years, more than I have had any right to. And now, I'm afraid I must ask for your help once more."

"Can't we just go get him now?" Harry asked. "I mean, we know where he is."

"The Dark Lord is weak, not helpless," Snape spat angrily. "If we attempt to reach him, he will know and he will disappear, you foolish boy."

"Severus," Dumbledore said sharply as Harry glared at him. "Unfortunately, Professor Snape is correct. Voldemort will only be vulnerable when he thinks he has won. We must let things play out if we are to stop him."

"I'll do it," Harry said determinedly.

It was decided they would put Crouch in the same trunk he'd placed Moody in, and Dumbledore would contact some Aurors he knew and ask them to keep an eye out for Crouch Sr. in case he showed up. He didn't trust Fudge to do what was needed to stop Voldemort, and he didn't want word getting out to the other Death Eaters.

Eventually, the other professors left, but Harry stayed behind to talk to Dumbledore in private. Before she left, Madam Maxime turned around, looking uncomfortable as she straightened her robes.

"Monsieur Potter, I'm sorry for not believing you soonair," she said stiffly. "I weel tell my students you deed not put your name een zhe Goblet."

"Thank you," Harry said gratefully, even though he knew it would never happen.

Nodding, Maxime left the office. Harry turned to Dumbledore and, once again, told him about being stuck repeating the same day and what little he'd learned about what was happening.

“Well, this certainly complicates things,” he said thoughtfully.

“Professor, do you think Voldemort is behind this?” Harry asked.

“Whilst we shouldn’t discount the possibility, I don’t believe so,” Dumbledore said, pacing in front of the window that looked out over the grounds. “Voldemort would want time to move faster, if anything, and the toll required to keep up such an undertaking for so long would likely be beyond him even if he was at the height of his power. How long would you say this has been going on for?”

“About six months,” Harry replied.

“Well, that does narrow it down somewhat,” Dumbledore said. “The amount of magic required to trap you in time for so long would be immense. One would either need dozens of powerful witches and wizards maintaining the spell around the clock for months or a powerful artifact, possibly one that’s been lying in wait for centuries, slowly gathering power.”

Harry sat in his chair and watched Dumbledore as he continued to pace back and forth in silence. Fawkes flew down to Harry and perched on his shoulder before letting out a calming note.

“Have you noticed anything strange; loud noises, flashing lights, any pain in your scar?” he asked suddenly.

“Er, no, I haven’t,” Harry said shaking his head.

Sighing, Dumbledore walked over to his desk and pulled out a small, leather-bound book identical to the journal he’d given Harry months ago. Opening the book, he tapped a quill with his wand, and it leapt up to start writing at an incredible speed.

"I'm going to keep note of everything we learn and bind it to me the same way I bound your journal to you," Dumbledore said. "Of course, I won't remember what I've done, so I'll need you to remind me every morning. Hopefully, together, we can find out what's happening and put a stop to it."

Harry nodded, wondering why he hadn't done that before.

Grabbing a sheaf of parchment, Dumbledore picked up another quill and wrote a quick note.

"This will give you unrestricted access to the Restricted Section of the library," he said, handing it to Harry and binding it to his soul as before. "I want you to learn everything you can about time travel and time-related magic. I admit it's not a subject I've studied in depth. I truly apologize for asking so much of you tonight, but I can't do this alone."

"It's alright, professor," Harry said, taking the note.

"Thank you," Dumbledore said gratefully, then smiled. "I can understand why you failed to show up for the ball tonight. At first, I thought it was because you couldn't find a suitable date, but now I imagine you've grown rather tired of it."

"A bit," Harry said with a small smile. "It's tough to enjoy a date when you know they won't remember it in the morning."

"Ah," Dumbledore nodded in understanding. "I imagine that would make things rather difficult. Just don't let figuring out what's happening take over your life. In all likelihood, it will take quite some time for us to determine the cause, especially as I will have to relearn any developments each morning. Make sure you take some time to enjoy life. Try something new."

"I will," Harry promised.

“Good,” Dumbledore said. “Well, I believe we’ve had enough excitement for one night. Will you need to go see Madam Pomfrey, or will you be healed in the morning?”

“I’ll be fine by morning,” Harry confirmed as he stood. “Goodnight, professor.”

“Goodnight, Harry,” he replied.

Fawkes chirped and rubbed his head against Harry’s affectionately before taking off and landing on his gilded perch.

“Night Fawkes,” Harry said with a smile.

When he got back to Gryffindor Tower, he found Ron and Hermione waiting up for him. Unfortunately, they’d gotten into an argument about Krum again. Harry walked in to find them screaming at each other until Ron stormed off to the dorm and Hermione broke down in tears. Sighing, he walked over to the couch she was on and wrapped an arm around her. Startled at the touch, she looked up as he smiled.

“Harry!” she exclaimed.

Hermione’s tears vanished as she leapt forward to hug him tightly.

“Are you alright? Are you hurt? What happened?” she asked rapidly.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, “Just a little sore.”

Pulling back, Hermione looked him over worriedly while holding his hand and squeezing it.

“Did he really use the Cruciatus Curse on you?” she asked quietly.

“Yeah,” Harry said with a sigh. “But I’m fine, he didn’t hold it for long.”

“What happened after you left? Do you know why he attacked you?” Hermione asked.

Harry explained that Moody was an imposter and told her about Voldemort’s involvement but kept quiet about everything else. He didn’t want to waste the time explaining it when she was just going to forget by morning. He’d tell her tomorrow and they could go to the library together.

“Well, at least we know what’s happening this time. That means we can stop him, right?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“Right,” Harry said.

Hermione nodded and leaned against his shoulder as their other housemates gradually returned. They relaxed into a companionable silence for a long time before finally heading to bed.

The next morning, Harry walked down to the Great Hall with renewed determination. Marching straight up to the Head Table, he ignored Snape and told Dumbledore to read the journal on his desk. He looked a bit puzzled, but nodded, nonetheless.

Eating a quick breakfast, he went over to the Ravenclaw table and asked Suzette to meet him in the Entrance Hall when she was done. The girls around her giggled, obviously thinking he planned to ask her to the ball, but Suzette knew he meant something else. When she agreed, he made his way back to the Gryffindor table and asked Hermione to help him in the library. She agreed quickly, but when he asked Ron, he refused, saying he didn’t want to spend his holiday in the library.

Harry thought about telling him more but decided against it. He knew Ron would just whinge the whole time anyway, and he didn’t want to have to convince him every morning. So, a few

minutes later, Harry and Hemione met Suzette in the Entrance Hall. Leading them to an abandoned classroom, he told them about being stuck in time, as well as the imposter Moody, and Voldemort's plan to regain his body. After answering all of their questions, Hermione looked between him and Suzette curious.

"I don't mean any offense, but why did you bring Suzette?" she asked.

Harry looked over to Suzette for permission before explaining.

"She's a Legilimens, so it's really easy to explain things to her. She's helped me a lot over the last few months," Harry told her.

"Months!?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Harry said with a shrug.

Then, Harry turned to Suzette.

"Speaking of which, do you want to take a look?" he asked, pointing to his head.

"Oui," Suzette replied.

Walking up to Harry, she cupped his cheeks with her hands and gazed into his eyes. For a couple of minutes, they stood there, staring at each other as she quickly looked through his memories. When it was over, she gave him a sympathetic smile and hugged him tightly.

"Oh, mon cheri," she said quietly.

Harry smiled and gave her a squeeze, feeling like he'd found an old friend. When they pulled apart, he smiled at both of them, feeling better than he had in days.

"I need to go to the library and read up on time travel," he said. "I was hoping you two would help me."

"Oui," "Of course," they said in unison.

Grinning, Harry led them to the library. Hermione stared wistfully at the note from Dumbledore giving them permission to use the Restricted Section and looked at the books like she wanted to devour them all.

After reigning her in and focusing her efforts on finding books about time travel, they spent most of the day in the Restricted Section, only leaving for a quick lunch. Harry learned a lot, but it was quickly becoming clear that the majority of the magic involved was well beyond him at the moment. Sighing, he realized this was going to take a long time if he had to dispel it himself.

A couple of hours before the ball, Madam Pince came in and kicked them out. Harry felt a bit guilty when Hermione panicked about not having enough time to get ready, but Suzette invited her back to the carriage and offered to help her. He felt even worse when he realized neither of them had a date because they had spent all day helping him.

"Hermione, Suzette," Harry said as they reached the Grand Staircase. "Would you two like to go to the ball with me?"

"What? You mean both of us?" Hermione asked.

"Well, yeah," Harry said.

"I'd love to," Suzette said brightly, then turned to Hermione. "Come on, it'll be fun."

"Oh, alright," Hermione said, giving in with a smile.

Harry grinned as they continued walking towards Gryffindor Tower. Suzette waited outside as Hermione ran up to her dorm to get her dress. Harry relaxed with the rest of the boys after she left, knowing it wouldn't take long for him to get ready.

"E really cares about you, you know," Suzette said as she helped Hermione with her hair.

"Who?" Hermione asked, confused by the sudden change of subject.

"Arry," Suzette said.

"Oh. I know," Hermione said. "We've been best friends for three and a bit years."

"E cares about you as more than a friend," Suzette told her with a smirk. "E stopped going to the ball for days when you didn't remember going to the ball with him."

"We went to the ball together?" Hermione asked, biting her lip.

"Oui," Suzette said. "I can show you if you'd like."

"Really. How?" Hermione asked curiously.

"There's a way to project memories in someone's mind," Suzette said. "I saw your date with Arry in his mind when I looked through his memories. Do you want to see it?"

"Wouldn't that be like invading his privacy?" Hermione asked nervously.

“Arry won’t mind,” Suzette told her. “E wouldn’t ‘ave showed it to me if ‘e did.”

“He showed it to you?” Hermione asked.

“It was bothering ‘im,” Suzette explained. “We talked about it while you were looking for books.”

Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully for a long moment.

“Alright,” she said eventually.

Setting down the bottle of Sleekeazy, Suzette wiped her hands clean and walked around to stand in front of Hermione. Dropping down to her knees, she cupped her cheeks and held her still as she pushed the memories into her mind. Hermione’s pupils dilated and twitched rapidly for several seconds before she pulled away and blinked rapidly. A moment later her cheeks flushed.

“Oh my,” she said quietly.

“I told you,” Suzette said with a knowing grin.

Standing up, she walked back around behind Hermione and resumed brushing her damp hair.

They stayed quiet for a short while as Hermione looked back on the memory that wasn’t her own. Suzette knew it would take some time for her to get used to seeing herself from someone else’s point of view.

“Have you gone to the ball with Harry?” Hermione asked suddenly.

“Oui,” Suzette replied. “A few times.”

“Does it bother you, that he’s gone with so many different girls?” Hermione asked, sounding more curious than anything.

“Non,” Suzette answered immediately. “It’s been ‘ard for ‘im. I’m just glad I can ‘elp ‘im at all. ‘E really is a wonderful man.”

“Yeah, he is, isn’t he,” Hermione agreed.

“Go wash your ‘air, and I’ll ‘elp you finish it,” Suzette said.

An hour and a half later, Harry stood outside the doors to the Great Hall, waiting for his dates. In all honesty, he would rather have spent a quiet evening with them in the Room of Requirement, but he knew the ball meant a lot to them.

Hermione and Suzette soon showed up with the rest of the Beauxbatons contingent. Harry smiled widely as they walked up to him, and he swore Hermione looked even better this time. Suzette must have caught that thought because she grinned at him and winked. It made him grateful to have made such a good friend.

McGonagall wasn’t too pleased to find out he had two dates, however. With a tired sigh, she told him to pick one of his dates to do the opening dance with while she went to have another place set at the champion’s table.

“I think she took that rather well,” Harry joked.

“I think she’s just getting used to weird things happening around you,” Hermione said, shaking her head with a smile.

"After the last three years, she should be," Harry said. "You both look great by the way. I really like what you did with your hair this time."

"Oh, thank you," Hermione said with a light blush. "Suzette helped me with it."

McGonagall returned before they could say anything else and led them into the Great Hall. Harry got a lot more attention than usual for having two dates, and Hermione blushed heavily under the attention. On his left, Suzette held his arm tightly and smiled as she held her head high.

One great thing about being bracketed between the girls, Harry discovered, was that Percy had a much harder time boring him with talk of his work.

When it came time for the first dance, Suzette told Hermione to go first. From then on, the girls took turns dancing with him, and they even shared a few dances together once the Weird Sisters took the stage. It was quite a sight to see the two girls dancing together and laughing happily.

As the night grew later, Suzette began flirting with Harry more heavily and even got a bit handsy. Hermione looked thrown off by the development and it seemed like she didn't know how to react. Before things could get uncomfortable for her, Harry asked the girls if they wanted to take a break. When Suzette, rather pointedly, sent him off to get drinks, he got the hint and left them alone to talk while he wandered over to the refreshments.

He dawdled for a couple of minutes, chatting to Cedric and Cho to give the girls time to talk, but his attention was soon drawn by yelling. Ron and Hermione were standing in front of each other in the middle of an argument.

"Bugger," Harry muttered.

"I don't envy you, mate," Cedric said.

"Yeah, me neither," Harry replied right before he left.

"You ruin everything!" Hermione yelled, her eyes glistening.

Ron, his ears bright red, turned to Harry with a glare as he approached.

"And where have you been?" Ron asked angrily. "Finally remembered me, did you?"

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, semi-confused as to how he was suddenly the villain.

"You've been ignoring me all day, then you show up with *two* dates. Couldn't be bothered to let me have one, oh great Triwizard Champion?" he spat with a sneer.

"We're women, not brooms to be shared, you git!" Hermione yelled. "And we invited you to go with us, but *you* didn't want to go to the library. Maybe if you'd plucked up the courage to ask someone, you'd have a date instead of ruining everyone else's!"

Furiously, Ron spun around and stomped away, his face and neck beet red. Hermione collapsed into her chair and put her face in her hands as she cried. Suzette, who'd stayed quiet through the argument, sat down next to her and rubbed her shoulder soothingly. Ignoring the crowd staring at them, Harry sat down on her other side and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. Hermione leaned into him and sniffled loudly.

"Why's he been so horrible this year?" Hermione asked miserably.

"I wish I knew," Harry said.

"E's jealous," Suzette said quietly.

When Harry and Hermione turned to look at her curiously, she quickly continued.

“‘E’s jealous that ‘Arry is a champion and ‘e’s jealous that ‘e took you to the ball,” she explained. “‘E’s afraid if you and ‘Arry get together you’ll leave ‘im behind.”

“We will if he keeps acting like that,” Hermione said angrily.

“‘Arry, maybe we should go to that room you found on the seventh floor,” Suzette suggested.

Harry looked at her curiously, not sure why she was so keen to leave all of a sudden, but he trusted she had a reason.

“Sure,” he said with a shrug. “You want to get out of here, Hermione?”

“Yes,” she replied fervently.

Standing up, each of the girls took one of his arms as he led them out of the Great Hall. With all the pointing and whispering as they left, it was a relief to get out into the deserted halls. It took a while to get up to the seventh floor, and Hermione paused after the second to take off her high heels. Harry smiled at her as the top of her head went from being nearly level with his, to just below his nose. Hermione rolled her eyes at him, and a giggle from Suzette drew their attention.

“Sorry,” she said with a smile. “I just find it funny ‘Ermione can read you so easily. She doesn’t need to be a Legilimens to know what you’re thinking.”

Harry wasn’t too surprised. After their years of close friendship, it was easy for them to guess what the other was thinking most of the time. For some reason though, the thought perked Hermione up quite a bit. It seemed he still had a lot to learn about girls, he thought to himself. Suzette laughed again, and Harry turned to her with a smile and a wink.

When they reached the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy Suzette trotted in front of him and paced in front of the door, her silvery blue dress shimmering in the candlelight. Harry and Hermione followed her in once the door appeared and found the room looking exactly like the sitting room inside the carriage.

Grabbing Harry's hand, she led him over to the couch nearest the crackling fire and pushed him down in the middle. A moment later, he had Hermione curled up on his right arm, and Suzette curled up on his left. They sat there for a few moments enjoying the quiet before Harry felt Suzette tap him gently on the arm.

Turning to look at her, and their eyes met, he suddenly saw an image of him kissing Hermione. Blinking, it took him a few seconds to realize Suzette had pushed the image into his mind. Looking at her curiously, her eyes darted over to the brunette pointedly before he finally realized what she was trying to tell him.

Harry hesitated nervously, but after thinking about it, he couldn't see a reason not to. While there were plenty of reasons he didn't like repeating the same day over and over, it did give him the opportunity to be bold and take risks where he usually wouldn't.

Turning to Hermione, he pulled his hand out of hers and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. As she looked up at him with a smile, he leaned forward slowly. Her eyes widened and she licked her lips as he moved closer, and his intent became clear. Harry gently pressed his lips to hers briefly before pulling back less than an inch. Hermione let out a shuddering breath, her eyes closed in anticipation. With a small smile stretching his lips, he leaned forward again and kissed her firmly.

Hermione's lips moved against his the moment they touched, a quiet moan reverberating in her throat. Her hand came up and her fingers threaded through his hair, and she pressed her body tightly against the side of his, trapping his arm between her firm breasts. Their tongues met, and she tasted like the fruit punch from the ball with a hint of mint. Harry trailed his hand down her back and lightly cupped her bum where it lifted off the couch.

When he eventually pulled back, a thin string of saliva attached his bottom lip to hers. A flush ran from her cheeks down her neck as she opened her bright, glittering brown eyes. Harry smiled softly at her until he felt Suzette shifting around.

He turned to find her moving around to kneel next to him. With a playful smirk, she cupped his cheek with one hand, tilted his head back, and kissed him heatedly. Her tongue delved straight into his mouth while her hand moved down to caress his chest.

Just as quickly as it started, she pulled back, her pale green eyes glittering as she smiled prettily.

“Your turn,” she told Hermione.

Harry looked over at his brunette friend, who bit her lip uncertainly for a moment. Finally, after a long minute, she smiled and leaned towards him. Before they could kiss, Suzette shifted again, drawing their attention to her. Hermione turned her head to look at her just as Suzette shot forward and pressed their lips together. Hermione’s eyes went wide, and she let out a muffled, surprised grunt.

Harry blinked in surprise, then his jaw fell open when Hermione closed her eyes and kissed Suzette back. Hesitantly at first, Hermione quickly grew more comfortable and soon they were snogging heavily right in front of him.

Suzette was the first to pull back and smiled as she stood up and turned her back to a very flush and breathless Hermione.

“Can you unzip me, ‘Ermione?” she asked, looking over her shoulder.

Swallowing thickly, Hermione stood up and reached for the zipper at the back of Suzette’s dress. Lowering it slowly, the dress opened in an ever-growing V, revealing more and more smooth, bare skin, and a distinct lack of bra. When the zipper stopped at the small of her back, Suzette slipped the straps off, looked back over her shoulder with a coy smile, and then dropped the shimmering dress to the floor.

Harry's eyes instantly looked down to take in the sight of her tight bottom, protected only by a small pair of light blue panties, and her long, smooth legs. Glancing over at Hermione, he smiled when he noticed he wasn't the only one enjoying the sight.

Suzette chose that moment to turn around, revealing her firm, full breasts which jiggled slightly with her movement. Harry's erection leapt against his trousers painfully, and he had to reach down to adjust himself. Suzette glanced at him with a smirk before turning her attention back to Hermione.

"Your turn," she said with a smile.

"I-" Hermione started, then stopped nervously.

Suzette walked up to her and leaned forward to whisper in her ear. Putting a bit of pressure on her shoulders, she got Hermione to turn around to face him. Hermione blushed heavily when they heard the quiet sound of her zipper being pulled down to the small of her back. Briefly, their eyes met, and Harry gave her a reassuring smile while Suzette slipped her fingers under the shoulder straps of her dress.

Hermione had a moment of panic, folding her arms across her body. Letting go of one of the straps, Suzette brushed a stray lock of hair brown hair behind her ear while whispering to her quietly. Harry couldn't make out what she was saying, but whatever it was, it worked. Hermione slowly relaxed, her arms gradually falling to her sides. Suzette smiled, kissed the side of her neck in a surprisingly tender gesture, and reached for the strap of her dress once more.

This time, Hermione held still. Her eyes closed as Suzette slipped the straps off her pale shoulders and allowed it to fall freely. Hermione's firm, teardrop shaped breasts were bared to his gaze, but unlike Suzette, her dress got caught on her hips.

Eyes still shut, she panted lightly in nervous excitement as Suzette reached down and shimmed the dress over her hips until it came loose and fell to the floor. Hermione gasped as she was left wearing only a pair of panties just a shade or two darker than Suzette's.

Suzette, who was crouched, her face level with Hermione's bum, peeked around her hip to smile at Harry. Keeping her eyes on his, she tilted her head and lightly kissed one of Hermione's smooth, jutting cheeks, causing the girl to gasp for a second time. Standing up, she wrapped her arms around Hermione and pulled her back firmly against her front as her hands gently caressed the smooth, pale skin of her stomach. Lifting one hand, she crooked a finger at Harry, beckoning him to join them while kissing the side of Hermione's neck.

Leveling himself off the couch, he stood just in front of his best friend, buzzing with nervous energy. Suzette smirked as she reached up and cupped one of Hermione's breasts while the other grazed lightly over her tight stomach. Suddenly, she pinched her light pink nipple, delicately rolling it between her thumb and forefinger.

Hermione gasped and finally opened her eyes, which widened when she found herself staring directly into Harry's. Giving her a reassuring smile, he stroked her cheek tenderly before leaning in to kiss her deeply. She let out a low moan into his mouth, and he didn't know if it was from his kiss or Suzette's touch.

"'Arry is wearing far too much, oui?" Suzette asked.

Breaking their kiss, Hermione licked her lips and nodded in agreement. Smiling, Suzette slipped around Hermione, gave Harry a short but intense kiss, and then moved around behind him. Together, she and Hermione quickly divested him of his outer robes and crisp white shirt.

"Do you want to get 'is pants?" Suzette asked, startling Hermione, who was staring hungrily at his muscled torso.

"Um," Hermione hummed uncertainly.

"'ere," Suzette said.

Walking around Harry to his front, she smiled at Hermione while taking her hand and dropping to her knees. When she tugged on her hand gently, Hermione slowly and nervously knelt down next to her.

“You get the zipper,” Suzette said while her hands reached for his belt.

Swallowing as she stared at the obvious bulge in his trousers, Hermione tentatively used the very tips of her fingers, trying to touch his pants as little as possible, to reach for his fly. She got a hold of it just as Suzette finished unbuckling his belt and popping open the button. Hermione’s hand trembled slightly as she unzipped his fly and quickly pulled her hands away.

Harry smiled down at her even though she wasn’t looking at him, amused that she was so much shier when there was someone else in the room.

Suzette did meet his gaze and they shared a quick look and smile before she grabbed the waistband of his trousers and yanked them down. He didn’t know if it was her intention, or if it was just because his plaid boxers were still a size too big, but they went down with his pants.

“Oh my!” Hermione gasped as his rigid length sprang up and stood parallel to the floor between their faces.

Suzette grinned at Hermione as she stared in lustful fascination at his impressive manhood. Standing up, she held out her hand to Hermione, who struggled to tear her gaze away from him.

“You can join us when you’re ready,” Suzette told Harry with a playful grin.

Harry tilted his head curiously. Suzette continued to smile as she pulled Hermione a few steps off to the couch. Grabbing the waistband of her panties, she pushed them down her legs and stepped out of them before reaching out and doing the same to Hermione’s. As soon as she stepped out of them, Suzette sat down on the couch and pulled Hermione on top of her as she laid down on her back.

Cupping Hermione's cheeks, Suzette kissed her heatedly. Shaking himself, Harry toed off his dress shoes, stepped out of his trousers, and walked behind Hermione. He took a moment to enjoy the sight of her perfect heart-shaped bottom swaying lightly back and forth before climbing up on the couch.

Hermione pulled back sharply and looked back at him as she felt his weight settle. Caressing her back, Harry leaned over her back, his stiff rod slipping between her legs and brushing against her smooth thighs as he kissed her. She groaned when he pulled back soon after and stared at him excitedly while he grabbed himself by the base.

Harry kept eye contact with her as he pressed his engorged head against the hot, damp lips of her entrance. Hermione let out a light gasp when he pressed forwards, parting her folds but not quite entering her. Closing her eyes, she turned away from him and moaned when Suzette's lips sucked at the delicate skin of her throat.

As one of her hands reached up to gasp Hermione's breast, Harry pushed forward more. It still sent a thrill through him to watch his red, swollen glans be swallowed up by his best friend's tight walls. After a brief pause, he began sawing his hips back and forth slowly, gradually sinking more of his shaft into her grasping depths.

"It feels wonderful, oui?" Suzette asked with a grin.

"Yes," Hermione hissed.

Harry grinned as Hermione took the initiative for the first time and kissed Suzette hungrily on the lips. As he finally hilted himself inside her, he leaned over Hermione's back and brushed her hair out of the way so he could get a better look. Watching the girls kiss heatedly, their tongues dancing between their lips, he kissed the side of her neck. Reaching under Hermione, he cupped one of her breasts while Suzette's stiff little nipple brushed against the back of his hand.

Pulling his hips back until he was halfway out of her, Harry paused before reversing course and gently driving his rock-hard length back into her sweltering depths. Pulling her lips away from Suzette's, Hermione let out a low, sensual moan as she pushed her hips back towards him. His

eyes meeting Suzette's, they shared a brief smile while Hermione closed her eyes and panted lightly.

"Faster," Hermione breathed.

Grinning, Harry gave her breast one final squeeze before straightening up. Grabbing her hips, he pulled back before thrusting back into her quickly, his thighs clapping lightly against her firm bum.

"Oh God, yes, Harry," Hermione gasped.

Smacking her ass lightly, Harry set a moderate pace, slowly pulling most of the way out before thrusting back in quickly. Hermione let out a series of gasps, moans, and groans as she arched her back and bucked back into his thrusts.

Suddenly, Hermione stiffened and let out a sharp gasp. Harry briefly wondered what he did to cause that reaction when he felt her lips move around the base of his cock. It only took a moment for him to realize Suzette had reached down to rub her clit.

Grinning, Harry picked up his pace, his thighs beating a staccato rhythm against Hermione's heart-shaped bottom with each thrust. Panting more heavily, she arched her back. A second later, she gasped and moaned wantonly when Suzette took one of her swollen, jiggling nipples between her lips and sucked.

"Oh fuck!" Hermione cursed.

It didn't come as much of a surprise when Hermione reached her peak only a few moments later. Her body went stiff, her arms and legs trembling as she screwed up her face and gasped. When she finally relaxed a short time later, she swatted Suzette's hand away from her and hung her head as she continued to shake and pant.

Grinning, Harry pulled out of her and lifted her up, so her back was pressed against his chest. When he cupped her breasts, Hermione turned her head and kissed him deeply. They kept kissing until they both felt Suzette moving around. Sitting up, she grinned at the two of them.

“My turn,” she said.

Leaning forward, Suzette kissed Hermione before spinning her around and laying her down on her back. Hermione squealed in surprise as they spun, then broke into a fit of giggles with Suzette when they landed.

Harry expected Suzette to crawl on top of Hermione in a reversal of their previous position, but she didn't. Instead, Suzette kissed her way down Hermione's chest and stomach until her face was buried between her thighs. Hermione inhaled sharply as Suzette stuck out her tongue and licked along her wet slit. Harry smiled at his best friend's wide-eyed face. Tonight, she was experiencing a lot of firsts, and he was impressed she was taking it so well. He was also really grateful to Suzette for helping to make all of this happen.

Lining up behind her, he was determined to show her just how much he appreciated her.

Even as he focused on Suzette, Harry had a hard time not looking at Hermione's pleased face. It was the first time he'd ever seen two witches together, and just seeing it had him throbbing excitedly. More than once, he had to briefly slow his thrusts, so he didn't finish too soon. Although, from her moans, it didn't look like Suzette seemed to mind too much.

Just when he began to think he couldn't hold back any longer, Suzette pulled her mouth away from Hermione's folds with a loud cry. Hermione, meanwhile, let out a desperate groan and bucked her hips.

“Suzette, please. I'm so close,” she begged.

Hermione tried to reach down to take care of herself, but Suzette grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the couch. Hermione let out another frustrated groan as she bucked her hips

and writhed uselessly. After taking a moment to catch her breath, Suzette's tongue assaulted her clit frantically.

"Yes!" Hermione yelled, arching her back.

Harry reached his limit as he watched Hermione cum on another girl's tongue. With a grunt, he buried himself as deep as he could in Suzette and spilled himself inside of her depths. Beneath him, she let out a low, contented moan as he filled her with numerous, powerful jets of cum. Leaning over her back, his hips bucked with each pulse of his cock.

Turning her head, Suzette reached back and grabbed his hair before pulling him in for a searing kiss. Tasting Hermione's arousal on her lips and tongue had his spent length trying to throb its way back to life.

When he'd caught his breath, Harry turned the couch they were on into a large, soft bed with a thought. Hermione gasped at the unexpected magic, but for once she was too tired to ask about it.

Wrapping his arms around Suzette, he fell backwards and pulled her with him until they were lying on their backs. As she curled up against his side, he patted the mattress next to him in invitation. Smiling softly, Hermione crawled over to him and laid down on his other side, her head pillowed on his chest.

"Arry," Suzette said after a moment. "I want you to promise us you won't go back to moping in the morning."

"I won't," he promised.

Smiling, he pulled her close and kissed the top of her head.

"You know I'll always be there for you, right?" Hermione asked.

"I know," Harry said, turning to look at her. "It's just – hard, sometimes."

"Harry, I've never known you to give up before, and you better not do it now," Hermione said firmly. "I know it's not easy, but we'll figure it out, I know we will. You just need to remind us, so we can help."

"I will," Harry said, pulling her close for a kiss.

"Besides, if it gets too 'ard, you can always ask me or 'Ermione to take care of it for you," Suzette said teasingly.

"Suzette!" Hermione exclaimed with an incredulous laugh.

Chapter 11

Harry lost track of how many weeks – or maybe even months – had passed since he started researching time travel, and he was becoming increasingly frustrated. Time travel made little sense in the first place, and he was only just now beginning to understand the basics of how it worked. Which, by any logic he'd ever seen before, it shouldn't.

Spending hours upon hours in the library reading the same dusty old books, going to the ball with the same people, and having the same conversations day after day – it was all really starting to get to him. It was almost like a sense of claustrophobia. Like being locked in his cupboard back at Privet Drive with no way to escape.

Harry felt like he could go mental at any moment. Even talking with Hermione and Suzette only helped so much. It turned out that sharing memories didn't necessarily mean sharing knowledge. He wasn't quite sure how it worked, but it meant that he had to spend time explaining everything he'd learned before they could actually get to researching. It slowed things down, and quite often, Harry would just go to the library himself, entrenching himself in the dank, dusty Restricted Section of the library.

Something had to change, or Harry felt like he was going to lose his mind. Well, at least more than he already had.

In the end, he started taking dueling lessons with Flitwick again to let out some steam every couple of days. With a Death Eater masquerading as the Defense professor and Voldemort looking for a way back again, it would probably come in handy. Another change he made was giving himself a day off to do whatever he wanted every five days. The structure helped him keep track of the passing time, and the day off gave him a much-needed outlet.

Of course, on his first day off in weeks, the first thing Harry did was decide to go flying. As soon as he woke up he grabbed his broom, skipped breakfast, and headed straight outside. The moment he stepped outside the Entrance Hall, Harry mounted his Firebolt and shot into the air, a grin on his face even as the frosty morning air filled his lungs and stung at his eyes.

Blanking out his mind, he pointed the tip of his broom down and zipped towards the Whomping Willow, its branches thrashing and barely missing him as he flew past. From there, he soared at top speed, his feet nearly touching the surface of the water. In front of him, the Giant Squid lifted one of its tentacles in a wave. Slaloming between some trees along the edge of the Forbidden Forest, Harry suddenly turned right sharply and raced towards the Quidditch Pitch.

After flying around for a while longer, he spotted something out of the corner of his eye. Turning, he saw Katie Bell, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and grinning with her short brown ponytail whipping behind her. Smiling back at her, Harry pulled up, and barrel rolled over the top of her to the other side. Playfully, they flew around one another in a game of cat and mouse, seamlessly switching roles.

By the time they landed, Harry's cheeks hurt, both from the cold and from smiling for so long. His hands and chin were numb, his body shivering, but he couldn't have been happier.

"Thanks, Katie," Harry said gratefully.

With his free arm, he reached out and hugged her. Katie blinked in surprise, then smiled and hugged him back.

“Not that I’m complaining, but what was that for?” she asked with a smile.

“Just for being a good friend,” Harry said vaguely.

“Oh, you’re welcome,” Katie said, looping her arm through his. “But if you don’t mind, I’d like to go warm up a bit.”

Harry chuckled as he felt her shiver next to him while they started towards the castle. When they came upon the Quidditch locker rooms, Harry remembered the many fantasies he’d had about Katie, Alicia, and Angelina. Ones that usually involved the girls’ shower after a big win.

Harry grinned.

“Hey, Katie?” Harry asked.

“Hmm?” she hummed.

“You know what would be great right now? A nice hot shower,” he said.

“That sounds brilliant,” Katie agreed with a smile and a skip in her step.

Tugging her arm, Harry began leading her to the locker room.

“Harry?” Katie asked, her brow furrowed cutely. “Where are we going?”

“Taking us to have that shower,” he said with a grin.

Katie blinked at him as Harry unhooked his arm from hers and wrapped it around her shoulder.

“Seriously?” she asked as they stepped into the locker room.

“Why not?” Harry asked.

Letting go of her, he grabbed their brooms and placed them on the rack that the school brooms usually rested on. Seeing Katie still looking a little confused, Harry smiled as he wrapped his arms around her waist, picked her up off the ground, and spun her around in a circle. Katie squealed in laughter as he carried her over towards the girls’ shower before setting her down on her feet. Pressing her against the wall, Harry leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers gently.

Katie inhaled sharply and froze for a second before she relaxed and kissed him back eagerly, her arms wrapping around his shoulders while her fingers threaded through his hair. Harry kissed her harder, his tongue sliding between her lips to caress along hers. Slowly, feeling returned to his face as the heat increased between them.

Pulling back, he hugged her close, her breasts flattening slightly against his chest as he slipped his hands inside her thick winter cloak.

“Ready for that shower?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Together?” Katie asked nervously.

“Well, it would be more fun that way,” Harry said as he caressed her hips with his thumbs.

“What’s gotten into you?” she asked with a nervous laugh, shaking her head.

Harry shrugged. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his Holly wand and flicked it at the showers. All six showerheads along the back wall turned on, pouring out hot water that created a cloud of steam in the cool air. Katie looked at the showers and bit her lip with a thoughtful, slightly nervous expression while Harry took off his cloak.

Placing his hands on Katie's hips. He kissed her again as his hands slid up her sides to push her cloak off of her shoulders.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Katie whispered against his lips.

Smiling, Harry gave her one last kiss on the lips and stepped back to start taking off the rest of his clothes.

"You have no idea how many times I've wanted to do this after winning a game," he said with a smile as he pulled off his jumper and t-shirt.

"Really?" Katie asked, raising her eyebrow with a smirk. "And do these fantasies of yours usually involve Angelina and Alicia as well?"

"Sometimes," Harry admitted as he unbuckled his belt.

"Figures," Katie teased while rolling her eyes and tentatively unbuttoning her shirt. "I swear, you boys all think we girls just have lesbian orgies any time we're alone."

"Do you?" Harry asked teasingly.

Katie giggled as she let her shirt fall open, leaving a small gap that gave him a glimpse plain white bra and fit abs.

“Well, there was this one time...” Katie replied thoughtfully.

Harry’s eyes went wide as he dropped his pants, an obvious bulge forming in the front of his boxers.

“I’m kidding, you perv,” Katie said, nudging his shoulder.

Harry put an exaggerated expression of disappointment on his face and looked down with a pout.

“That’s just mean,” he pouted.

Katie snorted and shook her head. Seeing her eyes drop down to his groin, Harry grabbed the waistband of his boxers and pushed them down to his ankles. She eyed his partially engorged length and unconsciously licked her lips.

“You going to join me?” Harry asked.

Snapping out of her staring, Katie took a deep breath and shucked off her shirt, her cheeks flushing red. After spending a few seconds to take in her beautiful figure, Harry lifted her chin with his fingers and gave her a peck on the lips before walking off into the shower. He hoped that would make her a little less nervous.

Stepping under the hot water, his hands, feet, and face tingled from the sudden warmth. Rinsing off his hair, he turned around just as Katie walked in, completely naked, her hands fidgeting at her sides like she was fighting the urge to cover herself. Her perky, jutting breasts and their light pink nipples bounced with each step she took.

Smiling, Harry reached out with his hand. Katie smiled back shyly as she walked closer and took his hand. As soon as she did, he pulled her under the spray of water with him as she laughed.

His quickly hardening length pressed against her thigh when he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on the lips.

“You’re gorgeous,” Harry whispered.

Smiling, Katie ran her hands up to his shoulders and then to his hair before pulling him in for another kiss, her soft, smooth breasts pressing against his chest. Harry slid his hands down and cupped her firm bum, grinding his erection against her mound. Katie moaned and bucked her hips as her fingers gripped his hair and gave it a light tug backwards.

“You better take me to the ball after this,” she told him with a faux stern look.

“Or, we could skip the ball and just do this all day,” Harry offered teasingly as he slid his right hand up her wet skin to cup her breast.

“Mhh, tempting,” Katie replied with a grin.

Her brown eyes sparkling, she slipped her hand down to lightly grasp his cock. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she stroked him lightly, his tip pointing up between their bodies. Kissing Katie, he continued to caress her breast with one hand while the other reached down to run a finger through her hot, damp folds. Moaning into his mouth, she bucked against his hand and gripped his shaft more firmly.

Hissing in pleasure, Harry wrapped his arms around Katie’s waist, spun them around, and dropped to his knees as he pressed her back against the tiled wall. Grabbing her right thigh, he lifted it up and rested it on his shoulder. Flushed and panting excitedly, Katie ran her fingers through his spiky wet hair as he kissed the inside of her muscular thigh. Slowly, he kissed his way up her leg, moving ever closer to her bald mound.

Katie gasped as his lips landed on her warm folds, the taste of her arousal coating his lips. With one hand cupping her ass, the other reached up and groped her full breast, his thumb rubbing across her nipple as his tongue licked between her lips. Moaning, Katie trembled as his tongue

traced over her clit, her hand tightening in his hair to pull him closer. Harry's nose flattened against her mound as he kissed, sucked, and licked her swollen nub.

Sliding his hand off of her bum, Harry ran his two middle fingers between her drooling lips before slipping them inside of her.

"Oh fuck, Harry," Katie moaned.

Pumping his fingers in and out of her, Harry hit a slightly rougher patch of skin along the top of her walls that made her curse and tighten around his fingers. Grinning, he wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked while rubbing that spot again, and again. Katie's breath hitched as her body shuddered. Her fingers tightened in his hair painfully as she bucked her hips and let out a long, high-pitched keen.

Letting go of her breast, Harry grabbed her hip and pinned it to the wall to keep her from bucking too much. With a scream, Katie threw her head back, bumping it against the wall as she came violently. Even with the stream of hot water cascading over their bodies, Harry could still taste her arousal gushing all over his lips and chin.

Throughout her powerful climax, Harry kept stimulating her, even as she went from pulling him closer to trying to push him away. Katie's body shook so hard it almost looked like she was convulsing as he drew out her powerful orgasm. Gasping for air, her breasts jiggled and bounced enticingly as she stared down at him with wide eyes. A moment later, those wide, brown eyes rolled into the back of her head as she experienced a second peak that was just as powerful as the first.

Harry finally had to stop when the only leg holding her up spasmed and gave out momentarily. Letting her other leg drop to the floor, he stood up and held her up as her whole body sagged as she trembled against him. With her head buried in the crook of his neck and her arms holding him weakly, Harry smiled and kissed her neck as he caressed her back lightly.

"Holy shit," Katie panted.

“You sure you don’t want to skip the ball?” Harry asked with a smirk.

Katie snorted against his shoulder.

“I don’t think I could survive doing that all night,” she mumbled.

Harry chuckled before stroking her cheek and pulling her in for a slow, passionate kiss. When Katie’s legs stopped trembling and she was able to stand up on her own, he took some time to just run his hands over her smooth, wet skin, enjoying the feel of her soft curves. Her breasts were firm enough to defy gravity but soft enough to give under his touch. Moving his hands down her back, he cupped her full, firm bum, roughly groping the thick muscle.

Katie kept one hand on the back of his neck, keeping their lips connected while her other hand grasped his raging cock and stroked it firmly. Her thumb ran along the bulging vein on the bottom of his shaft all the way up to his red, swollen glans. Harry hissed as she lightly traced the edge of the head where it flared out from the shaft. He lurched in her hand, his engorged length demanding attention.

Gripping Katie’s bum, Harry lifted her up and pinned her back against the wall as the shower poured down on his back. She immediately wrapped her legs around his waist and looked down as she teased herself with his cock. Impatiently, Harry groaned and bucked his hips, causing his head to bump into her clit before sliding up. Katie gasped and trembled as she lifted herself up and lined him up with her dripping entrance.

With her hands gripping his shoulders, Harry slowly lowered her down onto his rigid pole. Katie gasped while he inhaled sharply as inch after inch sank into her tight, hot depths.

“Oh fuck,” Katie gasped, her mouth hanging open as she panted. “Why didn’t we do this sooner?”

Harry smiled, thinking of the numerous times he’d slept with Katie before that she didn’t remember. Without a doubt, she was one of his favorites.

When she finally took him to the hilt, her bum resting on his thighs, she hugged him tightly and rested her head on his shoulder with a deep, guttural moan. Harry gave her a moment to adjust before pulling back and sinking back in.

“You feel so good, Katie,” Harry told her softly.

“So do you,” Katie said with a moan.

Flexing her legs, she began lifting herself up and dropping down in time with his thrusts. Lifting her head, she leaned back against the wall, arching her back as she practically threw herself down onto his cock. Grabbing one of her bouncing breasts, Harry slammed into her soft, silky depths, his thick shaft stretching her tight walls. Her light brown eyes stared into his lustfully as she writhed on his cock.

This was one of the reasons he loved being with Katie so much. As soon as she got going, she was an absolute wildcat in bed. She also came incredibly easily.

With a trembling moan, Katie shuddered as she reached a sudden climax. Harry groaned as she tightened and spasmed around him, her drenched walls fluttering around his length. Nails digging into his shoulders, Harry continued thrusting through her peak until she placed her hands on his chest. As he came to a stop, she unwrapped her legs from around him and set her feet on the floor.

She wobbled a bit, so Harry helped steady her as she turned around. Putting her hands on the wall, Katie bent at the waist and arched her back as she stuck her ass out towards him. Grinning, Harry caressed her round cheeks while slipping back inside of her.

“Fuck me,” Katie panted.

With one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, Harry thrust hard and fast. Katie moaned loudly as she braced herself against the wall while he pounded into her. His hips

bounced off of her ass with a loud, wet slap at each impact of his thighs. It seemed like Katie had only just recovered from her last climax when she moaned out another one.

On the verge of reaching his own peak, Harry mercilessly hammered into her as Katie screamed out her pleasure over the sound of the rushing water. Burying himself in her depths, his cock pulsed as he came. Bracing one hand on the wall, Harry hugged himself to her back and kissed her neck while his hand cupped one of her breasts. Katie turned her head and kissed him hard as his length pulsed with each burst of cum that filled her.

Panting as they recovered, Harry pulled them both upright and hugged her from behind as they stood under the shower.

“How soon do you think we can leave after the ball starts?” Katie asked.

Harry laughed and kissed the side of her neck.

Chapter 12

After finding a book on time travel that mentioned something about a ‘closed loop,’ Harry got pretty excited. Six hours later, all he had was a massive headache and very little understanding of what the author was on about. All he really knew, with the help of Suzette and Hermione, was that it had almost nothing to do with his situation.

Tired and frustrated, Harry lay on a bench in the Transfiguration courtyard with his head resting in Suzette’s lap. As her fingers ran through his hair, he was grateful Professor Flitwick had already put up the Warming Charms. Unlike the cold Scottish Winter surrounding the rest of the castle, the courtyard felt more like late spring.

“Who are you taking to the ball?” Suzette asked quietly.

“No one,” Harry said, his eyes still closed. “I was planning on skipping tonight.”

“Don’t be so sad, ‘Arry,” she told him. “We’ll find a way to stop this.”

“I know,” Harry said with a sigh.

“Besides, there are plenty of girls here who would love to keep you company for the night,” Suzette said, a smile in her tone.

Opening his eyes, Harry looked up to find her smirking down at him, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

“Like who?” Harry asked.

“The red‘ead behind me,” Suzette said.

Turning his head, Harry caught a glimpse of a familiar face.

“That’s Ginny, Ron’s little sister,” Harry said. “I’m not sure how I’d feel about taking her to the ball with the way he’s been acting lately.”

“Ah,” Suzette said in understanding. “What about the two girls over there?”

Harry looked in the direction she nodded and furrowed his brow. He saw a pair of identical twins with long, black hair, pale complexions, and slim figures.

“That’s Flora and Hestia Carrow, I think,” Harry said.

“Why not ask them?” Suzette asked.

“Both of them?” Harry asked in return with a raised eyebrow.

Suzette shrugged, “They like to share,”

Harry snorted and laid his head back down in her lap. He had to admit, the idea of taking twins to the ball was quite appealing. Maybe he could try and take Parvati and Padma together sometime, he thought.

“What about you?” Harry asked.

“I’m going to see if ‘Ermione will go with me,” Suzette told him with a grin.

Harry blinked in surprise before laughing.

“I love to see that,” he said with a grin.

“You already ‘ave,” she reminded him. “But I’ll share the memory with you if anything happens.”

“Alright, thanks,” Harry said, then sat up, his head feeling much better. “Let’s go get our dates before someone else asks them.”

As if summoned by his words, Hermione returned from the bathroom. Harry excused himself just as she sat down next to Suzette and made his way over to Hestia and Flora. Unlike the Patil and Weasley twins, he couldn’t see any way to tell them apart from one another.

“Hey girls,” Harry said with a smile.

"Hello," they replied in unison.

"Listen, I was wondering - would like to go to the ball with me?" he asked.

"Both of us?" they asked together, their heads tilting in opposite directions.

"Why not?" Harry asked in return. "It didn't seem fair to only ask one of you."

Turning to look at each other, they seemed to have a silent conversation before smiling and turning back to him.

"We'd love to," they said as one.

"Great. Meet me in the Entrance Hall at seven?" Harry asked.

"Sure," one of them said.

"We'll see you then," said the other.

With a wave, the girls left, presumably to get ready for the ball. Harry turned around with a smile, then paused and it turned into a grin when he saw Hermione and Suzette kissing.

It's going to be an interesting night, Harry thought to himself.

A few hours later, Harry was sitting at a table taking a break from dancing with his two dates. Both of them looked quite beautiful in their dark green dresses. Throughout the evening, Harry had learned how to tell the girls apart. Not only did Hestia have slightly lighter brown eyes than Flora, but she also tended to be the quieter of the two.

The night had been quite fun so far, and he found Hestia and Flora to be quite funny. They had a dry sense of humor like his own, with Hestia being the more mischievous, despite being less talkative. It had also been quite fun seeing the looks on people's faces when he showed up with two Slytherin dates. Then again, it was always fun when something he pissed off Malfoy. Especially when he wasn't even trying to.

Out on the dance floor, Suzette and Hermione were still dancing and having a great night. Poor Ron, who'd showed up without a date, looked like he couldn't decide who he was more jealous of. With so much time on his hands, Harry wondered if he should try and find a good date for him. Despite their differences this year, he didn't like seeing his friend looking so alone and sad.

"You know, we were really surprised when you asked us to the ball," Flora said, pulling Harry out of his thoughts.

"Why's that?" Harry asked.

"Our name," Hestia said quietly.

At his curious look, Flora took over.

"Our aunt and uncle were Death Eaters," she explained.

"Oh," Harry said. "I didn't know, but it honestly doesn't matter. Merlin knows I'd hate to be judged by how my aunt and uncle behave."

The girls both smiled gratefully at him.

"Didn't you grow up with them?" Flora asked.

“Yes, but it was pleasant,” Harry said. “They’re kind of the reverse Death Eaters. They hate anything to do with magic.”

“Really?” they asked in unison.

“Yeah,” Harry said, smiling at their incredulous looks.

“Who doesn’t like magic?” Hestia asked.

“I think it’s the fact they don’t have it that makes them hate it so much,” Harry speculated. “Muggle or magical, people tend to fear what they don’t understand.”

“That’s true,” Flora agreed thoughtfully. “I wish our parents would let us visit the Muggle world. I’ve always found it rather fascinating how they manage without magic.”

“They don’t let you go into Muggle places?” Harry asked.

“They don’t like Muggles,” Hestia admitted quietly.

“Ah,” Harry said in understanding. “Well, I’m glad you two aren’t like that.”

As the girls smiled at him, their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Hermione and Suzette. Both of them were flush and a bit breathless as they sat down across the table from Harry and his dates.

“Having fun?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Oui,” “Yes,” they answered with matching grins.

"How's your night going?" Hermione asked.

"Great," Harry said. "We're just taking a little break."

"Arry, why don't we all go for a walk?" Suzette asked with a playful smile. "You could show us that room you found on the seventh floor."

Harry smiled back, knowing what she meant while Hermione, Flora, and Hestia looked at them curiously.

"What do you think?" Harry asked his dates.

Flora and Hestia looked at each other for a moment before Hestia shrugged.

"Alright," Flora said.

"Let's go," Suzette said excitedly. "You'll like this."

Harry shook his head and smiled as he stood with his dates and followed Suzette and Hermione out of the Great Hall. It took only a couple of minutes, using Harry's shortcuts, to get to the seventh floor. Suzette paced back and forth in front of the bare stretch of wall three times. On the third pass, just as Hermione was opening her mouth, a thick, wooden door melted out of the stone wall. Grinning, Suzette pushed open the door with a flourish. As they entered the room, it looked pretty bare, with only a fireplace, two couches, and a rug.

"What do you think?" Suzette asked.

"It's... cozy," Hermione said politely.

Rather than be put off by her lack of excitement, Suzette grinned even more broadly. Harry smiled as he watched her close her eyes and focus. A moment later, the back wall moved further back and two king-sized bed sprouted from the floor about five feet apart. Hermione gaped in shock while Suzette giggled at the expression on her face and followed her over as she went to inspect one of the beds.

“Wow, this magic is incredible,” Hermione said in awe as she ran her hand across the soft sheets. “Do you think it’s a form of Transfiguration or – umph!”

Hermione’s question was cut off as Suzette pushed her down onto the bed and kissed her passionately. Harry chuckled as Hestia and Flora stared at the two girls who snogged heatedly on the bed like they weren’t there. He figured Suzette had seen something in his dates and brought them here for a reason, but even if she was wrong, he could always join her and Hermione a little later. Walking up behind the twins, Harry wrapped an arm around each of their shoulders.

“You know, there’s a free bed over there,” Harry pointed out.

Flora and Hestia looked away from each other, turned back to the sound of Hermione’s dress being unzipped, then turned back to each other and stared for a long moment. Just as Harry was starting to get worried, they smiled. Each of them took one of his hands, pulled it off of their shoulders, and pulled him over to the unoccupied bed. Flora pulled off his cloak and began working on his tie and shirt, while Hestia dropped to her knees and started unbuckling his belt.

Feeling pleasantly surprised by how fast the twins were moving things along, Harry pulled Flora close and kissed her. As their lips and tongues danced, she quickly unbuttoned his shirt and ran her hands over his chest. He felt his pants being pulled down and almost instantly felt the head of his cock enveloped in a hot, wet mouth.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

Pulling back from Flora, he looked down to see Hestia looking up at him with his girth stretching her lips. While he was looking down at her slowly bobbing head, Flora undid the clasp behind

her neck and unzipped her dress. Harry looked back up just in time to see the dark green material flutter to the floor and pool around her feet.

Like most of the girls Harry had taken to the ball, she wore no bra, leaving her in just a pair of silky, black panties. Flora was quite thin, and without her heels, stood a good four inches shorter than him. Her breasts, while small, looked fitting on her slender frame. They were also very perky, jutting from her chest and capped with light pink, puffy nipples, and small, red nipples. Every movement she made, no matter how small, caused them to bounce and jiggle enticingly on her chest.

Running a hand through Hestia's long, straight, black hair, Harry cupped one of Flora's breasts just as she leaned forward to kiss him again. His hand enveloped her small breast, and he enjoyed the way her soft mound felt as it gave way under his touch. Running his thumb over the tip, her areola felt smooth, and her tiny nipple barely stuck up above the rest of her breast. Taking it between his thumb and forefinger, he gave it a light squeeze, causing Flora to moan into his mouth.

Meanwhile, Hestia continued bobbing her head, her lips stretched wide around his impressive length. Gradually, she took him deeper and deeper until he slid along the roof of her mouth and hit the back of her throat. Gagging lightly, she pulled back sharply, but settled quickly and sucked hard as she pulled all the way back to the head. With a wet pop, his rock-hard length came free from her mouth.

As she stood up next to him and Flora, Harry heard a loud gasp from across the room. Looking over, he found Hermione staring at him as she knelt over Suzette's face. Harry took a second to drink in the sight of her beautiful, naked body, before shrugging off his shirt and tossing it to the floor. Toeing off his shoes, he stepped out of his pants, leaving him just as naked.

With her sister out of the way, Flora licked her lips as she got her first good look at his pulsating erection. Harry picked her up and sat her down on the bed just as Hestia let her dress fall to the floor. Grabbing Flora's panties, he yanked them off of her and tossed them aside. His length looked almost monstrous in size as he placed it above her bald, taut slit. The head stopped nearly at her belly button, and it made him wonder if he'd actually be able to fit inside of her.

Flora seemed keen to find out as she wrapped her small hand around his shaft, her fingers barely touching, and lined him up with her damp entrance. Harry rubbed his thumb in circles just above her clit, causing her to let out a moan just as he started sinking into her. Hestia stepped up beside him, her eyes riveted to the sight of his thick shaft splitting open Flora's incredibly tight lips. As Harry sank slowly deeper into her grasping folds, he wrapped an arm around Hestia's waist and kissed her hard.

Just past the halfway point, Flora began gasping and bucking her hips. Sitting up, her wide eyes stared at his thick shaft as more and more of it disappeared inside of her. When he finally bottomed out, she let out a high-pitched moan and collapsed onto her back. Hestia pulled her lips back from his at the sound and looked down at her sister.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"So big," Flora panted. "This is so much better than our Muggle toys."

Harry pulsed at the thought of the two identical girls laying on their backs and passing a dildo back and forth between them. Harry tried to pull back, but Flora was so tight around him that he started pulling her off the bed. Letting go of Hestia's waist, he gripped both of Flora's thin hips firmly, his large hands wrapping around her easily, and held her in place. It was an incredible sensation as he dragged his length back out of her grasping folds. Flora fisted the sheets in a white-knuckled grip and trembled as she stared open-mouthed at his cock. With just his head trapped inside of her, Harry paused, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead. Her walls fluttered around him as if trying desperately to suck him back in. After a brief moment, he obliged and slowly sank back into her.

Flora keened as his thick length forced her tight folds open around him, her eyes clamped shut. Hestia grabbed his face and turned his head to kiss him briefly before pulling away. Climbing onto the bed, she crawled over to Flora before, shockingly, she bent down and kissed her on the lips passionately. Harry's cock throbbed as he watched their tongues meet just before his view was obscured by a curtain of dark hair. After a few seconds, Hestia sat up on her knees and shuffled around until she knelt over Flora's head. As soon as she was within reach, Flora eagerly kissed and licked her folds.

Incredibly aroused, Harry leaned forward and began thrusting faster into the girl pinned under him. Flora's loud, sensual moan was muffled by Hestia's bare mound. As she began to loosen around him slightly, he increased his tempo while leaning forward to kiss Hestia on the lips. With one hand, he reached up and caressed one of her breasts. Moaning lightly into his mouth, she placed her hand over his and squeezed it firmly. Realizing what she wanted, Harry's touch grew much firmer. Hestia inhaled sharply through her nose and moaned much more loudly as he groped her chest roughly.

Under them, Flora began to pant and moan heavily. With each new thrust of his cock, she arched her back and bucked her hips to meet him. Suddenly, her folds clamped so tightly around him he could hardly move. Harry groaned as she spasmed around him from her powerful climax. Hestia moaned as Flora screamed into her slit.

When she finally calmed, Harry gripped her hips tightly and pulled his hips back. Slowly, his drenched cock came free from her tight gasp. He was barely out of her before Hestia crawled forward and hugged him while grinding herself down on his length. Chuckling against her lips, Harry easily lifted her up in his arms. Hestia reached under herself and placed his swollen head at her entrance before lowering her weight onto him.

"She likes it rough," Flora panted.

Harry pulled back and looked at Hestia, who nodded her head eagerly. Smiling, he walked between the two beds and pinned her against the wall. Staring into her eyes, he drove his hips forward relentlessly. Hestia gasped and clawed at his back as his cock stretched out her tight walls. Just like her sister, she was so tight he had trouble pulling out of her.

Hooking his arms under her legs, Hestia was folded in half as her knees pressed against her chest. With her entire body pinned to the wall by his arms, Harry was able to hold her in place as he drew his cock back. With just the head between her lips, he changed course and plowed into her. Hestia gasped and threw her head back to moan while her hands clutched at his shoulders.

Hearing a scream behind him, he turned his head and looked back to see Hermione climaxing hard. The most exciting part for Harry was that she was watching him as she did. Grinning,

Harry pulled Hestia away from the wall as she stared at them with wide eyes. Standing next to Hermione as she slid off Suzette's face with a deep blush, he held Hestia tightly and started hammering into her with short, fast strokes. Somehow, Hermione's brown eyes got even wider.

Laughing, Suzette stood up and turned Harry's head to give him a kiss. When she pulled back, they shared a brief but meaningful look before she kissed Hestia's cheek and squeezed one of her wildly jiggling breasts.

"Do you mind sharing?" Flora asked Suzette nervously.

"Not if you don't?" Suzette told her.

Grinning, Flora jumped off the bed and trotted quickly over to the other one, her pretty little tits bouncing beautifully. Surprisingly, she walked right past them and crawled onto the bed with Hermione. His best friend turned her head just in time for Flora to lean forward and kiss her on the lips. Hermione moaned in surprise but relaxed after a moment and kissed the younger Slytherin back.

"I didn't see that coming," Harry said with a laugh.

Slowing his thrusts to a stop, he laid Hestia down a couple of feet away from where her sister was snogging Hermione heatedly.

"We've always fancied you and Hermione," Hestia said with a smirk.

Shaking his head incredulously, Harry leaned down to kiss her before pulling out of her completely. Hestia moaned in disappointment, but he ignored it in favor of rolling her over onto her stomach. Gripping her small ass firmly, he groped her rear briefly before smacking her cheek playfully. Smiling at her small yelp, Harry grabbed her shoulders and slammed back into her. Hestia clawed at the bedding and cried out as she came from that single, brutal thrust.

Crawling onto the bed, Suzette knelt over Hermione's face this time, while Flora had moved between her legs. Harry throbbed at the sight as he ignored Hestia's climax and began pounding into her with hard, deep thrusts. His muscles strained as he fought to drag his length out of her each time he filled her clutching depths. He'd never had to work so hard to get off before, but the feeling of her silky walls hugging his sensitive head was well worth the effort.

As he hammered Hestia into the mattress with powerful thrusts, he looked over to watch the other three girls. It was an orgy of visual stimulation as he watched the busty blonde, the curvy, curly-haired brunette, and the thin, dark-haired doppelganger of the girl he was ruining. Suzette, in particular, looked incredible as she panted and rolled her hips while groping one of her large breasts. The fact that she was doing that while riding Hermione's face like it was her own personal sex toy didn't hurt either.

Just as that thought crossed his mind, Suzette looked at him with a lustful smile. Cupping her breasts, she shook them for him and then lifted on up to suck her own hard, pink nipple. Excitedly, Harry throbbed and fucked Hestia even harder as he neared his peak. Grinning, Suzette reached down, pinched one of Hermione's nipples with each hand, and pulled them roughly. Hermione arched her back with a loud, pleased moan just as Harry slammed deep into Hestia and let loose a torrent of cum.

Feeling him climax inside of her, Hestia moaned and shivered. As he pulled out of her, Suzette cried out as she tipped over the edge. Harry had barely softened before the sight had him hardening all over again.

Sliding off Hermione's face, Suzette crawled over to him with a smile and kissed him deeply. As she pulled him onto the bed, he knew it was going to be a long night.

Chapter 13

Harry ran his hand through Angelina's long, dark hair with a groan. Currently, the stunning, dark-skinned witch was on her knees, her dress bunched up around her wide hips and leaving all but her tight stomach exposed to his gaze, and her thick, pouty lips stretched around his girth.

Thick, stringy globs of saliva dripped down her chin and onto her body as she relentlessly plunged her mouth down onto his rigid length. Angelina stared up at him with a hooded gaze as her fingers delved between her folds, her large breasts bouncing on her chest. Loud, wet gags sounded into the night from atop the Astronomy Tower as she battered her own throat with his cock. Her beautiful makeup for the ball was now a ruined mess from the tears and saliva running down her face, streaks of dark red lipstick running along his shaft.

After nearly a year of repeating the same day, and pushing boundaries he never would have dared before, Harry was now convinced that women were just as depraved and perverted as men. They were just better at hiding it.

The moment Angelina had run her hand along his bulge as they kissed, her eyes lit up wantonly. Suzette had told him his long-time friend and teammate had a bit of an oral fixation, but he was still stunned at how fast she'd dropped to her knees and swallowed his length. Now, after nearly half an hour, she still showed no signs of wanting him to finish. Every time he felt like he was getting close, she would pull off of him and praise his manhood like it was some mythical artifact until he calmed enough for her to swallow him again. In contrast, she had already reached her climax twice from playing with herself, shuddering and moaning around his cock.

"Fuck!" Harry grunted.

Angelia buried him in her throat, her nose grinding against his pubic bone while her long tongue lapped at his balls. By far, it was the most intense blowjob of his life, and Harry had quite a bit of experience with talented witches at this point. His hips flexed out of instinct, driving every last millimeter of his shaft between her lips. Angelina gagged loudly but made no attempt to pull back as a long string of spit fell from her chin, some landing on her chocolate-colored nipple before further soaking her dress.

Suddenly, they heard a loud gasp from the door.

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Johnson!" Professor Sinistra gasped.

Angelina blushed and pulled back sharply off his cock, leaving it spit-soaked and jutting in the air. Harry saw Sinistra's eyes go wide as she stared at it. Smirking, he made no move to cover himself.

"Something wrong, Professor?" Harry asked.

Both Angelina and Sinistra stared at him incredulously as he smiled, completely unfazed by being caught in the act. Even as Sinistra tried to look stern, her eyes still glanced down at his length hard length more than once.

"You can't be doing that here," Professor Sinistra hissed. "Both of you, get dressed."

Angelina, looking quite ashamed, moved her arms from covering her chest to pull up her dress, but Harry put his hand on her shoulder to get her to stop.

"Uh, Professor, there's no way this thing is going to fit back in my trousers the way it is," Harry said, gesturing to his throbbing erection. "Would it be alright if we had a few minutes to finish?"

Again, both witches stared at him nonplussed. Angelina's mouth gaped open, making Harry wish he could take the opportunity to put his rapidly cooling cock back into her wonderfully hot mouth. Professor Sinistra worked her mouth open and closed, but no words left at first.

"Five more minutes," she said, looking surprised at her own answer.

"Thanks, Professor," Harry said with a grateful smile.

Nodding stiffly, Sinistra took one last glance at his crotch before walking back through the door and pulling it closed behind her.

“Did she seriously just agree to let me finish blowing you?” Angelina asked incredulously.

“Seems that way,” Harry said with a grin. “Sorry Ang but, as fun as this has been, it looks like we’re gonna have to be quick.”

She stared at him for a long moment before she burst out laughing.

“Merlin, Harry,” she said through her laugh. “I don’t know what’s gotten into you tonight.”

“Well, it’s more about what’s gotten into you that matters,” Harry joked, wagging his cock at her and drawing another laugh. “So, do you want to finish what you started, or do you want to go for a quickie?”

“You can fuck me later,” Angelina said, waddling forward on her knees to wrap her hand around his shaft. “Right now, I want you to shove this big cock down my throat until you cum.”

Taking the tip in her mouth, she brought his hands to her head and looked up at him lustfully. Grinning, Harry ran his hands through her hair tenderly before grabbing two rough handfuls of her thick, lush locks.

“Shit, we should have done this sooner,” Harry said as he sheathed himself in her throat.

Angelina moaned in agreement around his shaft before gagging loudly. As he began to thrust roughly, her large breasts bounced on her chest and her fingers returned to her folds. Instead of pushing her fingers into her depths, she rubbed her clit rapidly. Harry gripped her hair tightly as he ruthlessly drove into her tight throat over and over again. It continued to amaze him that, despite the tears running down her eyes and the loud squelches and gags that came from her throat, Angelina was still enjoying herself immensely. For some reason, it always amazed him some women enjoyed this sort of thing.

Pushing those thoughts to the back of his mind, Harry focused on fucking her face. While perhaps not as pleasurable as some of the slower, more sensuous blowjobs he'd had, the sights, sounds, and depravity of the situation brought on an excitement he didn't often get. On her knees, Angelina happily choked on his thick shaft as it plunged in and out of her voracious mouth.

Finally, Harry was allowed to reach his peak. With a loud groan, he buried his cock in her throat, her gullet expanding around his shaft as it swelled. The first shot was fired directly into Angelina's stomach before he pulled back. With his cock resting on her tongue, she moaned wantonly and swirled her tongue around as his release spilled into her mouth. As his climax came to an end, he pulled out with a shudder when she continued to suck him dry.

While Angelina tilted her head back to swallow, her hand moving frantically over her clit, Harry felt something. After months of practice with Professor Flitwick, he was starting to get the hang of feeling magic. Right now, he felt the unmistakable magic of the Disillusionment Charm, a spell his Charms professor had made sure he was familiar with. A smirk crossed his face as he realized Professor Sinistra was watching them.

Reaching down, he grabbed Angelina's hand and pulled her to her feet. A frustrated groan left her lips and she glared at him for stopping her so close to her climax. She opened her mouth, but before the words could escape, Harry spun her around and pushed on her shoulder while holding her hips.

"I know we don't have a lot of time, but I can still return the favor," Harry said.

Bent over at the waist, Angelina braced her hands on the wall to keep herself steady and looked over her shoulder. Harry smiled at her and ran his hand over her smooth, plush behind before running two fingers between her drenched folds. With a moan, she hung her head down and bucked her hips back at him.

Using a trick Suzette had taught him, Harry slipped two fingers inside of her. After a bit of searching, he found a patch of slightly rougher skin along her top wall, just a few inches in. The moment he grazed it, Angelina gasped, and her hips rocked hard. Smirking, he gripped her shoulder tightly to keep her in place and suddenly began stimulating that spot frantically.

Angelina cried out, her hips jerking forward from the intense feelings. Harry wouldn't let her get away though. While his hand held her shoulder in place, his other hand followed her movements as she writhed wildly. Loud gasps and high-pitched squeals split the night air as Harry shook his hand so fast it looked like his arm was vibrating.

In less than a minute, Angelina screamed out her climax while a stream of hot arousal splashed all over the floor. Her legs trembled violently and threatened to give out on her before Harry wrapped his arm around her waist to hold her up. Pulling his dripping fingers out of her still spasming folds, he held her to his chest, kissing her neck and fondling her breasts as she panted and gasped.

"Bloody hell," she gasped a short while later. "Where the fuck did you learn that?"

"A friend," Harry said with a shrug and a smug smile.

Taking his wand out of his pocket, he cast a few quick charms to clean both of them up. Angelina would have to reapply her makeup, but at least she didn't look like a Knockturn Alley whore after a gangbang, Harry thought. Just before she fixed her dress, he spun her around and kissed her on the lips.

Once they were both decent, they headed for the door. Halfway down the stairs, Harry came to a stop.

"I left my robe up there, I'll be right back," he said.

Kissing Angelina on the cheek, he raced back up the stairs and peeked in the door. Professor Sinistra had taken off the Disillusionment Charm, hiked up her dress, and buried a hand in the front of her panties. Unfortunately, her back was to Harry, so he could only see her arm moving back and forth.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed the door open loudly. Professor Sinistra spun towards him with her eyes wide. Harry got a quick look at her thick thighs, wide hips, and black panties before she yanked her hand free and covered herself back up.

“Sorry,” Harry said with a smile. “I forgot my robe.”

Blushing heavily, Professor Sinistra said nothing as he picked up his robe and walked back to the door.

“Have a good night, Professor,” Harry said with a wink.

Closing the door behind him, he caught back up to Angelina and wrapped an arm around her waist as he led her back to the ball. They still had quite a bit of time left in the night, but Harry was already thinking of ways to try and sleep with his beautiful professor.

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It took several tries for Harry to get close to Professor Sinistra. He spent nearly a week following her under his cloak and talking to her at the ball to find the perfect opportunity. With a solid plan in mind, he once again took Daphne to the ball.

When she left him for the night after the first dance, Harry spent some time wandering around and talking to his friends. As the night wore on, and everyone, including the teachers, consumed more of the spiked punch courtesy of Fred and George, he went over to ask for a dance. First, he danced with Professor Vector. While it was fun, and he found Vector plenty attractive, tonight, he was focused on Sinistra.

Afterwards, he convinced her to join him on the dance floor. As he spun her around, Harry made sure he brushed his erection against her several times. When the song ended, he pulled her close and pressed his hard length against her thigh as she stared up at him, her eyes slightly wide.

“Thanks, professor,” Harry said.

“You’re welcome,” she said, her cheeks flushed darker than normal.

They parted ways, and Harry ended up sitting with a sullen Katie for a while. He was tempted to take her onto the dance floor, but he didn’t want to miss his chance. He would have had plenty of time, and that was something he kept in mind if there needed to be a next time.

Eventually, Professors Vector and Sinistra left to do their rounds. Slipping out of the Great Hall, Harry dipped into an alcove to put on his cloak before catching up to them. He knew they would be heading upstairs before splitting up. Professor Vector would check the fifth floor, while Professor Sinistra would head up to check out the Astronomy Tower.

“Did you notice anything – odd, about Harry when you were dancing with him?” Sinistra asked Vector.

“What do you mean?” Vector asked.

Sinistra looked around to make sure they were alone before answering and Harry moved closer so he could listen easier.

“Didn’t you feel his erection?” Sinistra asked quietly.

“I thought I might have at the end,” Vector admitted. “You don’t think he was really that excited to dance with us, do you?”

“Oh, he was definitely pressing it against me,” Sinistra told her. “That thing was big. It’s like he was trying to hide a beater’s bat in his pants.”

“Size queen,” Vector said teasingly while bumping her shoulder.

“You would be too if you felt him rubbing against you the whole dance,” Sinistra said, causing both witches to giggle. “Merlin, it’s almost enough to make me want to give him a detention for being a bad boy.”

The two women broke down into laughs and Harry smiled as he walked behind them. They walked a bit further before finally splitting up. As Vector disappeared down the corridor, he followed Sinistra up the spiraling staircase to the Astronomy Tower. Thankfully, she left the door open at the top and made it easy for him to sneak in.

While Sinistra walked over to the parapet to look out over the grounds, Harry closed the door quietly and took off his cloak. Once he was close to her, he walked normally, his steps sounding on the hard stone floor.

Just as Sinistra turned to see who was behind her, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. Looking over her shoulder, her eyes went wide at the sight of him.

“Mr. Potter,” she gasped. “This - this is highly inappropriate.”

“Didn’t you want to give me detention, professor?” Harry asked.

Sinistra gaped at him, her cheeks flushing as she stared at him. It was then that she seemed to realize what he had pressed firmly against her luscious backside.

“Harry,” she said, spinning around in his arms and placing her hands on his chest. “We-”

Harry cut her off by pressing his lips to hers. Sinistra grunted in surprise and went stiff for a long moment. Slowly, her shoulders relaxed, and her lips moved against his. His hands slid up and down the back of her dress, his hands moving closer to her bum while her large breasts flattened against his chest. As soon as he cupped her full, thick globes, Sinistra pulled back and stared up at him.

"We shouldn't," she said quietly.

"But you want to," Harry countered gently.

Sinistra swallowed as she stared at him. Her mouth opened as if to speak her denial, but no words came out. Smiling, Harry leaned forward and kissed her again. This time, she didn't hesitate to kiss him back, nor did she pull back when Harry cupped and lightly squeezed her rear. Instead, she moaned into his mouth, her hands sliding over his chest and shoulders.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Sinistra said breathlessly.

Harry just smiled as he squeezed her cheeks roughly and pulled her close, his hard shaft grinding into her thigh. Inhaling sharply, Sinistra rocked her hips forward on instinct, then bit her lip when she realized what she'd done.

"Fuck it," she said suddenly.

Grabbing his head, she pulled him in for a kiss while her hands pushed his robe off his shoulder. Before it had even hit the ground, her hands were working on the buttons of his shirt. Harry slid his hands up her back and reached for the zipper of her dress. He slipped his hands inside the back of her dress and caressed her smooth skin as she tugged his shirt out of his pants. Rather than reaching for his belt buckle, Sinistra ran her hand down the front of his pants and over his large, prominent bulge.

Groaning as her hand traced his length, Harry shrugged off his shirt before grabbing the straps of her dress. The top fell down until it caught on her wide hips, baring her large breasts. He wasted no time in pulling back from her lips and burying his face in her soft, pillowy mounds. Opening his mouth, he took one of her wide areolas between his lips, his tongue circling her thick nipple. With a whine, Sinistra reached for his belt and practically tore it open in her haste to open his pants. In seconds, she was pushing them down his thighs and grasping for his exposed length.

“Mmh, that’s big,” Sinistra panted. “Merlin, I need this.”

Grabbing her dress, she wiggled back and forth as she pushed it, along with her panties, down over her wide hips to pool at her feet. Not bothering to remove her high-heeled shoes, Sinistra stepped out of her dress and spun around. Putting her hands on the top of the parapet, she bent at the waist slightly and stuck out her big, round ass towards him. Harry ran his hands over her soft, smooth globes before giving her a light spank that earned him a low moan.

“You have a great ass, professor,” Harry said, groping her cheeks firmly.

“You can call me Aurora,” Sinistra said before letting out a low moan as he pulled her firm globes apart to reveal her taut slit and puckered back entrance.

Letting go, he watched with a grin as her cheeks snapped back together with a small clap. Running his hands up her back, Harry leaned over her and ground his throbbing erection against her hot, leaking folds.

“You don’t want me to call you professor, professor?” he asked teasingly.

“It’s wrong,” Sinistra whimpered while rocking her hips and sliding her slit along his shaft.

“That’s what makes it fun, professor,” Harry whispered in her ear with a smirk.

She whimpered again before letting out a gasp as his head pressed against her entrance. Straightening up, Harry grabbed her shoulder with one hand and her hanging breast with the other as he sank into her. Sinistra moaned and bucked her hips back at him wantonly.

“Yes,” she hissed.

"Is this what you had in mind when you said you wanted to put me in detention, professor?" Harry asked, pulling back and delving back into her quickly.

"Harry," Sinistra moaned.

Smirking, he raised his hand and gave her ass a firm smack.

"That should be Mr. Potter, shouldn't it?" Harry continued teasing. "Maybe you're the one that needs to be in detention, professor. This is completely unprofessional behavior."

"I don't care, just fuck me," she barked.

Smiling, Harry did just that, plowing into her hot, tight depths with long, powerful thrusts. The beautiful, dark cheeks of her ass rippled from the impact of his hips. Without a doubt, she had one of the best, if not *the* best ass in the school, he thought.

"You know, if you did this with your students more often, I bet your class would have much better attendance," Harry teased. "I know I sure as hell would have stayed."

"Oh fuck!" Sinistra gasped, a shudder running through her as she started practically throwing herself back into his thrusts. "Harder!"

Panting from the exertion, Harry grabbed a handful of her long, straight black hair and used it as a handle as he slammed into her. Within moments, Sinistra shrieked into the night as she reached a powerful climax. Groaning at the tightening of her depths, he was forced to slow his thrusts as she bucked wildly. As her legs trembled, Harry leaned forward to wrap an arm around her chest, groping her full breasts while helping to hold her up. After a few moments, her body went slack as she panted hard. Kissing her neck, he continued rocking his hips lightly as she recovered. Supporting her own weight, Sinistra turned her head and kissed him passionately.

"Please don't stop," she whispered against his lips.

Harry smiled and pecked her on the lips.

"I'm not even close to done with you yet, professor," he told her.

Straightening up, Harry groped her lush cheeks as he began thrusting slowly.

"Your ass is fantastic, professor," he said, smacking the other cheek lightly.

"Mmh, you can fuck it, if you want," Sinistra told him.

"Seriously?" Harry asked, stopping his thrusts.

Looking over her shoulder, she smirked at him, her bright hazel eyes sparkling.

"Hand me my wand," she told him.

Grinning, Harry kissed her on the lips before pulling out of her completely. Both of them groaned in disappointment as he bent down and dug through her dress. Finding her wand, he pulled it free from the holster attached to the thin fabric and handed it to her. Sinistra aimed the tip of her wand between her cheeks and mumbled a quick spell. A shiver ran through her body before she tossed her wand back on top of her clothes.

Trembling with excitement, Harry stepped up behind her. Gripping her dusky globes, he spread them apart and lined the tip of his cock up with her puckered entrance. As he pushed forward, he thought it looked almost impossible for something as large as his cock to fit in her tiny hole. Sinistra groaned as he pushed forward more and more firmly. It took a surprising amount of force, to the point he was worried about hurting her, before her tight ring gave way and he

slipped inside. The Astronomy professor gasped followed by a loud moan as Harry inhaled sharply.

Sawing his hips back and forth, he slowly sank deeper into her incredibly tight, impossibly hot back door. It seemed almost impossible that anything could feel better than the things he'd already experienced but being deep in his professor's ass absolutely did. Part of it was the incredible feelings themselves, and part of it was the insanely erotic situation.

After a slow start, Harry bottomed out in her perfect behind. Pulling halfway back out, he slid back in with slow, deep thrusts. Sinistra moaned low in her throat and looked at him over her shoulder.

"Fuck, I've never felt this full," she said, staring at him with a hooded gaze.

"You like having one of your students deep in your ass, professor?" Harry asked, leaning over her back and increasing his pace.

"Yes," she hissed, her eyelids fluttering.

Smiling, Harry grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, arching her neck sharply. Pulling nearly all the way out, he plunged back into her in a single, relentless thrust. With his lips attached to her delicate throat, he felt her windpipe rumble as she moaned sensuously.

Feeling his climax beginning to build, Harry reached under her with his free hand and sank two fingers into her dripping folds. After a bit of searching, he found that sensitive spot inside of her and rubbed it gently. Sinistra gasped and shuddered, her hips bucking back against him hard and driving his cock deep into her rear.

"Harry!" she exclaimed, panting heavily.

As he continued to gently run his fingers over the patch of slightly rougher skin inside of her, he hammered into her bum with deep, powerful thrusts. It felt like no time at all before he was teetering on the edge.

"I'm close," Harry growled, his hips continuing to clap against her lush cheeks.

"In – me," Sinistra grunted,

Groaning, Harry held on as long as he could. The closer he got to his peak, the harder he slammed into her. Just as his cock swelled, spilling himself deep in her bum, Sinistra's mouth hung open in a silent scream as she was pushed over the edge. Eyes clamped shut, the muscles and tendons in her neck bulged as her entire body seized up. Suddenly, a high-pitched squeal left her throat while her entire body shook uncontrollably.

Wrapping an arm around her, Harry held her close to his chest as he continued filling her. Sinistra's eyes flew open and nearly rolled into the back of her head as her legs gave out. If not for his arm around her, she would have fallen to the floor. Harry wrapped both arms around her chest, one hand squeezing her breast as he savored the moment of bliss fogging his mind.

Eventually, their euphoria faded, the two of them panting for air as they recovered. Harry kissed her neck and Sinistra turned her head to kiss his lips tenderly. When he softened, she pulled forward until he slipped out of her, then turned in his arms.

"Mr. Potter, that will be one week's detention for inappropriate behavior towards a professor," she said with a smile.

"Just a week?" Harry asked with a grin.

"We'll see," Sinistra said, leaning forward to kiss him.

While Harry was a bit sad he wouldn't get to experience that week, or more, with his gorgeous professor, he was glad he at least had this to relive and remember.

Abruptly, the memory of that night blurred and vanished. Blinking, he found himself staring into the face of Suzette as she grinned at him.

"You've been a naughty boy, 'Arry," she said teasingly.

"A bit," Harry said with a smile.

Giggling, Suzette sat back on the couch in the Room of Requirement.

"Listen, I've been wondering, can you teach someone to be a Legilimens?" Harry asked.

"I could, but it takes a lot of time, and I've never tried to teach anyone before," Suzette said.

"Time is the one thing I never run out of," Harry replied, a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Chapter 14

Harry watched, enthralled, as Suzette pinned Katie to the door of the abandoned classroom and kissed her passionately. He felt himself growing hard as they desperately stripped each other of their dresses. In moments, both of their alluring, curvaceous bodies were on full display. Kissing hungrily, their full, soft breasts pressed together, Suzettes larger globes giving way to Katie smaller, yet firmer mounds.

Pulling back with a smirk, Suzette took Katie's hand and led her over to the unused teacher's desk. As the brunette hopped up on the desk, the blonde bent over and kissed the inside of her thighs, her round, heart-shaped ass jutting out towards Harry. When Suzette reached her damp

folds, Katie let out a low, sensual moan that made him throb in arousal. Hissing, he unconscious bucked up into the hot, sucking mouth engulfing his length.

The world around Harry swam and, when it cleared, the girls had moved into a completely different position. Both of them were on the desk now, Suzette hovering over Katie while they kissed passionately. Shifting around, they each pressed a thigh against the other's damp mound, moaning as they rolled their hips in rhythm to grind against each other.

Panting, Harry watched the scene closely, eyeing their soft, beautiful curves and listening to their wanton moans. A hard suck on his glans, combined with seeing Katie gasp as she reached her peak, was too much for him. Grunting, his vision swam once more as he spilled himself into the voracious mouth surrounding his length. When his vision cleared, he found himself naked and back in the Room of Requirement, staring down at an equally nude Suzette as she swallowed around him, her eyes sparkling.

With a groan, Harry closed his eyes and ran a hand through her long, golden hair, savoring the moment of bliss. After he'd finished, and Suzette was sure he was completely drained, she pulled off of his slowly deflating shaft and grinned.

"You're getting very good at this," she said.

Smiling, Harry kissed her on the lips before pulling her into his lap.

"I had a great teacher," he told her with a smile.

Smiling prettily, she pecked him on the lips before resting her head on his shoulder.

It had taken months of hard work, but Harry was finally starting to get the hang of Legilimency. He'd never be able to use it the way she did, not being a natural, but he'd gotten to the point now that he could peek into someone's mind without using an obvious spell. All it took was eye contact, a bit of concentration, and an open mind, and he could see what someone was thinking. Sharing full memories like he had with Suzette was harder, and the person would

certainly notice, but she assured him it was good practice. That and it was quite fun for both of them.

Over the last few weeks, once he'd mastered the basics of both Occlumency and Legilimency, it had become a bit of a game between the two of them. Harry and Suzette would go to the ball with their dates before meeting up in the Room of Requirement to share their memories, each trying to outdo the other. Harry would both try to watch her memories, as well as show her his own.

Tonight, Suzette had run into Katie after she'd had a date-ending fight with her date, Cormac McLaggen. He couldn't help but wish that he'd been there to see it in person and perhaps join in on the fun. Of course, that was a thought he often had after seeing Suzette with another witch.

Idly, Harry wondered if it made him selfish for not wanting to see her with other men when she'd seen him with numerous other women.

"Of course not," Suzette said, kissing his neck and breaking him out of his thoughts. "You should never feel guilty over what you like and don't like, 'Arry. Besides, I 'ave you, I don't need other men. They'll only disappoint me."

Smiling affectionately at her, he leaned down to give her a tender kiss.

"Have I told you how cool you are?" Harry asked.

"Once or twice," Suzette said with a playful smile before resting her head back on his shoulder. "So, who do you plan on taking to the ball next?"

"Actually, I was hoping we could go together," Harry said. "It's been a while since we've gone together, just you and me."

"Hmm, I suppose it 'as," she murmured tiredly, though there was a smile in her tone.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head and lifted her bridal style as he stood from the couch. A bed grew out of the floor a few feet away as he carried her in that direction. Setting her on the mattress, he climbed up behind her, his arm wrapping around her and cradling one of her breasts as he pulled her back against his chest. Suzette hugged his arm while letting out a contented hum. It didn't take long for the two of them to drift off to sleep.

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Waking up back in his bed in Gryffindor Tower, Harry hopped up and quickly dressed. He raced down to the Entrance Hall and waited for the Beauxbatons students to arrive. Suzette was one of the few things that helped him keep his sanity through this ordeal, and he'd come to depend on her companionship, in a way.

One of the other things that had helped him, surprisingly, was learning Legilimency. At first, he'd done it out of boredom and curiosity, wondering how Suzette saw the people around her. That, and he'd thought it would make getting interesting dates to the ball a lot easier and time-consuming. He'd never expected the other benefits that came along with it. Not only was he able to get a better sense of what the people around him were really like, but it also made them feel more human.

Recently, Harry had started to look at his classmates and teachers more like objects to be manipulated than people, and he hadn't even realized it. In addition, it made explaining his situation much simpler and faster. In fact, he was so familiar with Suzette's mind at this point that just a few seconds of eye contact was all it took for him to show her some of what had happened over the last year and a bit. Legilimency or, more accurately, Occlumency, had made his own mind feel clearer. His own memories now came to him clearer and easier than ever before.

That alone had a knock-on effect with his dueling lessons and the time travel research. Or at least it had until he hit a wall. Repeating time for a day, even across the whole planet, could, in theory, be done. Doing it for months or years on end, just shouldn't be possible. There were still

a lot of books for him to go through but researching had grown more and more aggravating when every new book he read only told him what he already knew.

Hearing the rumble of voices, Harry looked up to see the Beauxbatons contingent trooping up from their carriage with thick cloaks wrapped tightly around them. Spotting Suzette, he smiled as he watched her approach. It didn't take long for her to catch wind of his thoughts and looked over at him. When they made eye contact, it only took a second for him to push his memories into her mind. After a moment of staring at him blankly, a smile stretched across her pink lips. Saying goodbye to her friends, she walked up to him quickly and hugged him tightly.

"Good morning, mon cheri," she said as if they hadn't missed a beat from the night before.

"Morning," Harry replied, kissing her cheek.

Taking his hand in hers, she smiled brightly and led him into the Great Hall, and over to the Gryffindor table.

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Harry and Suzette spent the rest of the day together, talking and laughing like close friends as they wandered the castle and surrounding grounds. Suzette made a game of having him try to read the minds of random passing classmates. It was a bit difficult in the beginning, trying to surreptitiously invade an unfamiliar mind, but he got the hang of it quickly. Of course, the biggest thing on people's minds was the ball, and who they were going to go with. Even after nearly two years of taking most of the girls he knew to the ball, it was still shocking how many girls he barely knew were so jealous and disappointed to find him sitting so closely with Suzette.

Despite his improvements, Harry still wasn't anywhere near as talented as Suzette. She took great pleasure in diving deeper into the minds of the girls interested in him and describing, in great detail, the fantasies they had about him. By the end of the afternoon, he could only shake his head and wonder at how clueless he had been when he thought back to his worry over finding a date the first time he went to the ball.

A couple of hours later, Harry grinned as Suzette met him in the Entrance Hall with Fleur following close behind. Curiously, she didn't walk over to Roger, who was standing close by but met with Adrian Pucey. As Suzette frowned, Harry looked over at her questioningly.

"I told 'er not to go with Roger, I didn't know who she agreed to go with," she explained at his look.

Harry only had time to nod before Professor McGonagall began ushering them into the Great Hall. Dinner passed surprisingly quickly as he talked and laughed with Suzette through the whole meal. They danced for quite a while, losing track of their friends until they decided to take a break. Sitting down at a table, they were joined by Hermione, Angelina, Katie, Alicia, and most of their dates. The only exceptions being McLaggen, who Katie had ditched earlier than usual thanks to some advice from Suzette, and Ron, who Padma had left much earlier to dance with one of the students from Durmstrang.

"I'm sorry things didn't work out with your date," Suzette said to Katie.

"It's fine," Katie replied with a shrug. "I really shouldn't have agreed to go with him, I know what he's like. At least I got a couple of dances in before he went back to being a complete ass."

"You can dance with 'Arry, if you want to," Suzette offered.

"Are you sure you don't mind?" Katie asked cautiously.

"Of course not," Suzette told her.

Smiling, she turned to Harry and kissed him on the cheek. Returning the smile, he stood from his chair and offered his hand to Katie. She took it happily and followed him as he led her onto the dance floor. Harry couldn't help but think back to the memory Suzette had shared with him the night before, and he was certain that was exactly why she had insisted he dance with her in

the first place. He'd planned to spend the entire night with just his date, but dancing with Katie made it very tempting to see if she would join them, something he knew Suzette wouldn't mind at all.

"Thanks for the dance, Harry," Katie said with a bright smile and flushed cheeks.

"It was my pleasure," Harry replied. "You really look great tonight."

"Oh, thanks," she said, blushing prettily as they headed back over to the table with the others.

Katie sat back down next to Angelina and Alicia, who giggled as they began whispering to her. A couple of seats over, Hermione was trying and failing, to stop Fred and George from badgering Krum into a pickup game of Quidditch before break ended. Smiling, Harry leaned down and wrapped his arms around Suzette as he stood behind her.

"I have to run to the bathroom, I'll be right back," he told her quietly.

"Ok," she said.

Turning and tilting her head back she kissed him on the lips. Just before pulling away, Harry trailed his hand up from her stomach and gave one of her breasts a playful squeeze. Suzette squealed, laughed, and slapped his arm lightly with a smile on her face as he pulled back and headed out of the Great Hall with a chuckle. Making his way out into the hall, Harry stopped and sighed when he spotted the long line outside the men's room on the first floor. Turning around, he made his way back to the Entrance Hall and up to the second floor. To his relief, the hall was completely deserted and the bathroom empty.

After relieving himself and washing his hands, he left the bathroom only to be nearly bowled over by someone. Putting his hands on the witch's waist, Harry steadied himself against the door frame and straightened up. He found himself looking at Fleur, who was wide-eyed and flushed with a wild look in her eyes.

"Fleur, you alright?" he asked.

"I -" she before breaking off and swallowing thickly.

Suddenly, she pushed on his chest and sent him stumbling back into the bathroom. As Harry regained his balance, he felt her Allure wash over him more powerfully than ever before. In an instant, his erection was hard and throbbing against the front of his pants, a rush of adrenaline coursing through his veins. Shaking his head to clear it, he looked up at Fleur just as she put her hands on his chest. Harry backed up as she stalked towards him until his back hit the wall behind him.

"Fleur?" Harry called worriedly, placing his hands on her hips to stop her from moving closer.

"Please 'Arry, I need you," she begged breathlessly, her pupils dilated.

Harry knew immediately something was wrong. Fleur had hardly spoken to him before, and the way she was acting was completely out of character from what he knew of her. Peeking into her mind, he was nearly overwhelmed by the arousal and lust clouding her thoughts. Pulling back, he blinked and tightened his grip on her hips to keep her from moving closer.

"I will let you do anything you want to me, please," Fleur pleaded, her hands scrambling to unbutton his shirt.

Harry reached for his wand, and she instantly took advantage of his loosened grip to press herself flush against him. A gasp left his lips as she rubbed his length through the fabric of his pants.

"Fleur!" he yelped.

"I'll suck your dick," she panted in a deep, husky tone that sent shivers down his spine. "You can fuck me 'owever you want, for as long as you want. Don't you want me, 'Arry?"

Leaning forward, she kissed and sucked at his neck while her hands scrambled for his belt. With a flash of red from his wand, her body went limp. Harry caught her in his arms and gently lowered her to the floor before sitting down to take a deep, calming breath. Closing his eyes, he cleared his mind and waited a couple of minutes for his throbbing erection to die down before sending a Patronus to McGonagall. He didn't know how to send messages through it yet, but he was sure with his record she would follow it to investigate. Harry wasn't willing to leave Fleur alone with the state she was in.

Clearly, someone had slipped her something, and he had a good idea who to blame.

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Sitting on the bed next to Fleur, Harry sighed tiredly as he listened to Professor McGonagall and Madam Maxime argue while Madam Pomfrey check his fellow Champion.

"Ow do we know 'e deen't do eet 'imself?" Maxime demanded loudly.

"Mr. Potter would never do something like this," McGonagall defended him just as loudly. "And even if he did, why would he be the one to tell us?"

"Maybe 'e got cold feet," Maxime said.

A moment later, Snape entered the Hospital Wing, sneered at Harry, and then walked over to Dumbledore, who stood by silently as the two witches argued.

"You called, Headmaster?" Snape asked.

"Yes, would mind helping Poppy? Ms. Delacour has been potioned, and she's having trouble determining the exact potion," Dumbledore said.



“Very well,” Snape said grudgingly, not looking at all happy.

Walking over to the bed, he spoke quietly to Pomfrey before pulling out his wand and waving it over Fleur. Through all that, McGonagall and Maxime continued to argue over who was at fault.

“Zhis ees just an attempt by ‘Ogwarts to ‘inder my Champion!” Maxime declared.

Harry sighed, took off his glasses, and rubbed the bridge of his nose in annoyance. He was tempted to just get up and leave, but he wanted to make sure Fleur was alright first. A few seconds later, the door to the Hospital Wing opened again and Suzette rushed in with a worried look. Taking a look at the arguing professors and her close friend unconscious in bed, she looked up at Harry. As their eyes connected, he pushed his memory of what happened into her mind.

Eyes going wide, she looked at Fleur in concern before walking over to sit down next to him. Wrapping his arm around her, he pulled Suzette against his side and kissed the top of her head as they waited.

It was a couple of minutes later that Madam Pomfrey walked over to the potions cabinet and took out three vials. Walking back over to Fleur, she flicked her wand, forcing the sleeping girl to sit up, and then slowly poured each vial into her mouth. Laying her back down, it was only a few seconds before her eyes fluttered open. Sitting bolt upright, Fleur looked around wildly before calming down and clutching the blanket to her chest.

Suzette and Maxime both rushed over to her, Suzette holding her hand comfortingly while Maxime questioned her rapidly in French.

“Where ees zhis Adrian Pucey?” Maxime demanded abruptly, standing to her full, imposing height. “I demand ‘e answer for zis!”

“Surely you’re not going to believe the word of this-”

“Severus,” Dumbledore said sharply, cutting him off. “If you could go get Mr. Pucey, I’m sure we can get this matter settled.”

Snape narrowed his eyes as he and the headmaster shared a long look. Huffing, Snape spun on his heel, his cloak billowing behind him as he stormed out of the room.

“I demand you call ze Aurors,” Maxime said, focusing her anger on Dumbledore.

“Arry,” Fleur called softly as the professors began arguing again.

He turned to look at Fleur as she sat with her back against the headboard, Suzette perched on the edge of the mattress next to her.

“Zhank you,” she said. “For not...”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, giving her a small smile.

Suzette smiled brightly at him while Fleur licked her lips and hesitated for a moment before speaking again.

“Why didn’t you?” she asked.

Surprised by the question, Harry couldn’t help but peek into her mind to see why she would ask that. Fleur was worried he didn’t find her attractive. He had spent all night with Suzette and barely looked at her all. While she may have disliked the way most boys turned into drooling idiots around her, she’d grown used to it, and having him ignore her almost completely had shaken her confidence by a surprising amount.

“Well, it was pretty obvious something was wrong,” he told her.

Fleur stared at him for a moment, then nodded. Suzette distracted her when she began speaking quietly in French. Harry could tell from her smile that she was up to something, but she was careful not to meet his eye, so he didn't know what.

It was a couple of minutes later when Snape walked back into the Hospital wing with Adrian Pucey behind him. Fleur glared at him while Pucey smirked back. That look didn't last long when Maxime towered over him and began demanding to know why he had potioned Fleur. Considering the potion he had given her, Harry thought the answer was pretty obvious.

"I didn't do anything to her," Pucey said. "She started acting funny and then took off running when I tried to talk to her.

"Zhat's a lie!" Fleur yelled, her accent thickening in her anger.

As he looked over at her, his eyes caught Suzette's and she pushed a memory into his mind; one not from her, but from Fleur. She stood in the Great Hall, sipping a glass of punch when she suddenly noticed something was wrong. Excusing herself, Fleur rushed to the bathroom where she washed her face with cold water, desperately trying to keep control of herself. When she realized she couldn't, Fleur left to return to the carriage. Adrian Pucey along with Graham Montague and Cassius Warrington were waiting for her in the hall, and it was then she realized what was happening.

Fortunately, the potion hadn't fully kicked in by then, or perhaps Fleur had used her anger to fight it. Either way, when they approached her with knowing smirks, she demonstrated why she was chosen as a Champion by hexing them before they could even get their wands out. As the potion burned through her system, Fleur took off in a panic, not really knowing where she was headed. The only thought in her mind had been to get away. That's when she'd run into Harry.

"Unless you have any proof..." Snape sneered as Harry pulled back from the memory.

As Madam Maxime began to curse at Snape in two different languages, Harry slipped his hand into his pocket, gripped his wand, and cast a silent Summoning Charm. The mostly empty vial in

Pucey's robes jumped out and landed on the floor with a loud clink. Harry smirked as the Slytherin's face paled when Maxime bent over to pick it up.

Somehow, Dumbledore managed to talk Maxime out of calling the Aurors and, instead, Pucey was suspended for the rest of the year, while Montague and Warrington would serve a month's detention. Neither Fleur, nor her headmistress looked happy with the punishment, but they accepted it. By the time the arguing stopped, and they were allowed to leave the Hospital Wing, the Ball was nearly at its end.

"Do you want one more dance before we call it a night?" Harry asked Suzette, feeling guilty that his terribly bad good luck had led him into another absurd situation.

"Non, that's okay," she said, smiling sweetly at him. "You can dance with Fleur though."

"Merci," Fleur said with a smile before Harry could respond.

Grabbing his hand, she marched out onto the mostly empty dance floor, dragging him behind her while his date giggled at his surprised expression. Fleur wrapped her arms around Harry's neck, swaying in time with the slow beat of the music, while he placed his hands on her waist.

"Sorry your night went to hell," Harry said apologetically.

"It's not your fault," Fleur told him.

Curious about the way she was acting, Harry decided to peek into her mind. It was shocking just how attracted to him she was at the moment. Apparently, she found his ability to refuse her advances a major turn-on, which only reinforced the thought that he would never understand women. Even when he could read their minds, they made no sense. First, she felt almost insulted that he didn't ravish her when she tried to seduce him under the Lust Potion, and now she found it attractive.

Of course, she felt guilty for feeling that way about her friend's date, though not enough to turn down a chance to dance with him.

"You know, I was under the impression you didn't like me very much," Harry said with a smile that took any sting out of his words, hoping to understand what had changed her mind about him.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking suitably apologetic. "I was just upset you were allowed to stay in the tournament."

While that was true, Fleur left out the part where she dismissed him as worth worrying about after Suzette explained he was telling the truth. Even when he tied for first place in the First Task, she convinced herself that he did so due to luck. Seeing himself through her eyes, Harry couldn't really fault her for feeling that way. He really did look like a lost boy until he suddenly changed the night of the ball, looking much more confident and capable than he had before.

Harry was startled out of his thoughts when Fleur hugged him closely and rested her head on his shoulder. He'd been so engrossed in looking at her thoughts of him that he hadn't noticed anything else she was thinking about. It was impossible for him to ignore the way her body felt pressed up against his. Fleur really was absolutely stunning. Everything from her face, to her large, jutting breasts, to her slim waist that flared out into wide hips and voluptuous behind, all of it was just more alluring than anyone he'd ever been with before.

If it wasn't for her arrogance and superior attitude, he would have tried to take her to the ball months ago.

Over her shoulder, he spotted Suzette watching them with a crafty smile on her face. Harry didn't need to read her thoughts to know what she was planning. Grinning at her, he trailed his fingertips up and down Fleur's back, his hand moving dangerously close to her bum. Suzette watched his hands excitedly while Fleur hummed and nuzzled the side of his neck.

Seriously the coolest girl ever, Harry thought as he lost sight of his date.

Every day he spent with Suzette, he was slowly falling more in love with her, and he knew she felt the same about him. Neither of them had said anything, but after spending so much time in each other's minds, they didn't need to.

With his back to Suzette, Harry took a chance and laid his palms flat on Fleur's wide, jutting behind. She gasped quietly but made no move to pull away from him. When they spun around so that he was facing Suzette again, he gave her cheeks a light squeeze. Fleur's breathing picked up against his neck, while his date grinned. Harry had to bite back a chuckle when she winked at him.

Unfortunately, the music stopped a moment later.

"That's it for the night ladies and gents, be sure to check out our new album, Black Cauldron, out now," the singer said as the band began to pack up.

Fleur pouted up at the stage as Harry pulled back from her. When they walked back over to Suzette, he glanced at her and caught a flash of guilt as she looked at her friend. Oddly, that made him like her a bit more.

"Did you 'ave fun?" Suzette asked with a knowing smile.

"Oui, zank you," Fleur said, her cheeks going a light pink.

"Do you want me to walk you back to the carriage?" Harry offered.

Fleur tilted her head cutely as she looked at him.

"You mean us?" she asked, gesturing to herself and Suzette.

Suzette smiled affectionately as she wrapped her arms around Harry's and hugged it to her chest while her fingers threaded through his.

"Arry found us a room to stay in tonight," she said.

Fleur opened her mouth in a small 'o,' her eyes widening slightly.

"I see," she said. "Zhat's alright, I can walk back myself."

"Wait," Suzette called out as Fleur began to turn away, then turned to Harry. "Could you go get us a drink before we go?"

"Sure," he smiled.

Kissing her cheek, Harry took his time as he walked over to the snack table.

"Hey, Harry," Cedric said, clapping him on the shoulder.

"Hey, Cedric. Where's Cho?" he asked curiously.

"In the bathroom. I was just about to walk her back to the Ravenclaw Tower," he said with an easy grin. "How's your date going?"

"Pretty good," Harry grinned, nodding over to Suzette where she was whispering to Fleur quietly.

"Hey, what happened between you and Fleur earlier?" Cedric asked curiously. "There was a whole bunch of rumors going around earlier that you two got into a duel and sent her to the Hospital Wing."

Harry snorted and shook his head.

“Pucey dosed her with Lust Potion. She kicked his ass and ran away but ran into me in the hall. I stunned her and took her to the Hospital Wing before she could do anything she’d regret,” he explained.

“Whoa,” Cedric said, blinking in surprise. “Lucky she ran into you. I don’t know anyone else that could turn down Fleur Delacour even if their date was standing next to them.”

“It wasn’t easy,” Harry admitted. “It’s just too bad we’re not playing Quidditch this year. With Pucey, Warrington, and Montague off the team, Slytherin would have been slaughtered.”

“They were in on it too?” Cedric asked, then shook his head when Harry nodded. “Bloody hell, what is wrong with them?”

“No idea,” Harry said, then nodded behind him. “Your dates back.”

Cedric turned around and grinned when he spotted Cho. Remembering his own date with her, he knew Cedric would have his hands full with the aggressive Asian girl if things went well.

“Listen, have you figured out your egg yet,” he whispered abruptly.

“Not yet,” Harry said, honestly having completely forgotten about the screaming menace sitting in his trunk.

“You need to put it in water,” Cedric told him quietly. “Use the Prefects’ Bath - password’s ‘pine fresh.’ I’d avoid it tonight though - Roger was bragging about taking Jennifer Hanes there. I think he was making it up but... anyways, I better go. See ya, Harry.”



Cedric clapped him on the shoulder one more time before hurrying back over to Cho. Harry wasn't too concerned with the tournament at the moment, so he filed that away for later. The Prefects' Bath though, that could come in handy later, he thought with a grin. Grabbing two glasses of punch, he walked back over to Fleur and Suzette.

"Here you go ladies," he smiled, handing a drink to each.

"Thank you," "Merci," they said in unison.

"Do you mind if we show Fleur that room you told me about?" Suzette asked, her lips quirked up in a small smile. "I thought she could use it to get away from the boys when they bother her."

"Sure," Harry answered.

Fleur grinned excitedly as she and Suzette shared a look. Finishing their drinks, they set the glasses down on a table and followed Harry as he led them out of the Great Hall.

"Aren't ze stairs zat way?" Fleur asked when they walked right past the Grand Staircase.

"We're taking a shortcut," Harry told her.

Walking up to a portrait of a door tucked away in the corner, he raised his hand and knocked seven times. The door swung open, and Harry stepped through right onto the seventh-floor corridor.

"Mon Dieu," Fleur gasped.

"That door will take you to any floor – just knock for what number floor you want. It can't take you to the dungeons, but it's great if you're running late in the morning," Harry said.

“Merci,” Fleur said.

Smiling at her, he took Suzette’s hand and led the two over to the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy. After pacing three times, the wall across from the painting melted into a door.

“This is the Room of Requirement, it can become pretty much anything you want it to be,” Harry announced as he strode into the room.

He’d chosen his favorite setup, a near replica of the Gryffindor common room, with two couches, a lit fireplace, and a large bed off to one side. Suzette smiled at him while pulling him over to one of the couches by the hand.

“Fleur wanted to thank you for ‘elping ‘er,” she said breathily, her eyes sparkling excitedly.

Fleur smirked as she walked towards him, placing one foot in front of the other and swaying her hips seductively. Reaching behind her back, she popped open a clasp of her light blue dress. Without breaking her stride, the dress fell to the floor and pooled around her feet. Underneath, she was completely naked, not even a pair of panties to cover her.

Harry stiffened in his pants as he looked over her luscious figure. Her large, impossibly perky breast jiggled with every step, her thin waist and tight stomach flaring out into wide hips and a deliciously thick bum. Grinning at his wide-eyed look, Fleur stopped in front of him as he stared up at the bottom of her smooth, jutting chest. Her wide, perfectly round areolas were the softest pink, and her nipples were only slightly darker.

Dropping to her knees, she spread his legs open and ran her hands up his thighs as she steeled between his knees. Suzette kissed his cheek while her hands reached over to start unbuttoning his shirt. Looking over, Harry kissed her passionately as Fleur began working on his belt. Pulling his rigid length out of his pants, Fleur gasped lightly as she held his burning shaft in her small hand. Harry broke apart from Suzette with a hiss.

"C'est magnifique," she breathed, stroking him lightly.

"Still think I'm a little boy?" Harry asked, smiling to take the sting out of his words.

"Non," Fleur said, looking up at him with big, bright blue eyes that sparkled lustfully. "Zat was rude of me. I will make it up to you."

Pressing his throbbing length against his stomach, she leaned forward and kissed the tip. His erection pulsed against her lips, drawing a short giggle from her as she kissed down his shaft. Next to him, Suzette stood, unzipped her dress, and let it drop to the floor. Her light green eyes danced with excitement as she looked down at Fleur laying kisses up and down his length.

Apparently not happy with his eyes on Suzette, Fleur took him between her lips and ran her tongue around the sensitive rim. Sucking in a sharp breath, Harry bucked his hips up unconsciously and stared down at the arousing sight of Fleur's thick, red lips stretched around his glans. Suzette giggled while Fleur pulled off of him and then ran her long, pink tongue from the base of his shaft to the tip.

Suddenly, his clothes vanished. Startled, Harry looked up to see Suzette smirking at him as she set down her wand while Fleur gave an appreciative hum as she looked him over.

"Definitely not a leetle boy," she said.

As Suzette sat back down next to him, hugging his arm between her breasts, Fleur took him back into her mouth. Harry groaned as she started bobbing up and down, swirling her tongue around his girth and slathering it in warm saliva as she went progressively further down his shaft. Each time she dragged her lips back up his length, he could see streaks of red lipstick marking her progress.

"Feels good, non?" Suzette asked, her hand caressing his chest and abs.

“Incredible,” Harry said, running his fingers through Fleur’s silvery blonde hair.

Looking up with her lips stretched wide around his girth, Fleur smirked with her eyes and pushed him deep into her mouth, his head bumping against the roof of her mouth. As he tilted his head back to groan, Suzette kissed him hungrily. Turning his arm, Harry traced his fingers along the inside of her thigh and up to her hot, damp folds. Pulling her lips away from his with a moan, she buried her head in the crook of his neck. Watching Fleur continuing to bob up and down on his cock, she panted lightly as he teased the outside of her slit.

Making eye contact with Fleur, he slipped into her mind. Her emotions were a mix of arousal at what she was doing, along with a touch of jealousy that his full attention wasn’t on her. That jealousy was dying quickly though as she glanced over to watch his fingers slip between Suzette’s wet lips. A ripple of surprise ran through him when he realized Fleur had a distinct lack of experience. He didn’t know why, not being talented enough to look that deep without getting caught, but with her personality, he could guess she was quite picky.

Despite her outward confidence, she was wracked with nerves on the inside. What little experience she did have was either with men who became scarily aggressive under her Allure or turned into little more than walking erections. None of them last long under her touch, and it worried her slightly that he was lasting so long. He also got a glimpse of her desires as he scanned her mind, and what he found was both surprising, and arousing.

“Fuck that feels so good, Fleur,” Harry said, massaging her scalp.

Fleur practically purred around him and bobbed faster, her bright, sparkling eyes never leaving his.

“Deeper,” he said in a husky, demanding tone.

Still with him deep in her mouth, she shivered lightly before pushing down to take him deeper. Fleur fought to keep her eyes open when he hit the back of her throat, causing her chest to heave as she gagged. Pulling back slightly, she took a deep breath through her nose before determinedly plunging back down. Her throat clamped shut as she tried to shove in

using brute force. Tears gathered in her eyes and strings of thick, slimy spit dripped down his shaft. Her breasts shook as she gabbled harshly around him. While she didn't succeed in taking him deeper, it was incredibly arousing to see such a stunning, proud witch brutally choking herself on his cock.

"You need to relax," Suzette told her.

Fleur glared at her friend, her pride not allowing her to admit defeat as she pulled back and coughed while panting for breath.

"Maybe you should show her," Harry suggested.

"Non, I can do eet," Fleur said firmly.

Without hesitation, she slammed him against the back of her throat again. For several seconds, she hammered his head against the entrance of her throat, gagging lewdly without success. Pulling back slightly, she took a deep breath before taking Suzette's advice and tried to relax. This time she managed to let his tip into her throat, but immediately gagged loudly around him and pulled up sharply. Coughing, with a single tear running down her cheek, she pouted at his cock so cutely he couldn't help but chuckle.

"Ere, let me show you," Suzette said.

Pouting even more, Fleur grudgingly moved over as Suzette knelt down next to her between his legs.

"Relax and take it slow," she said while stroking his spit-soaked length. "It takes time to get used to it."

Leaning forward, Suzette wrapped her lips around him and bobbed up and down a few times before taking him deep. Pausing as he hit the roof of her mouth, she smiled up at him with her

eyes before slowly plunging him into her throat. Harry groaned loudly and caressed her hair as she took him to the hilt, her throat hugging him tightly. After holding him there for just a couple of seconds, she pulled off and offered him to Fleur.

Taking him in hand, she quickly shuffled back in position and wrapped her lips around him.

“Go slow,” Suzette said again, her hand running up and down Fleur’s back soothingly. “Use your tongue to guide ‘im.”

Positioning the head of his cock at the entrance of her throat, Fleur paused a moment before slowly pushing down. Harry slipped inside, and she managed to take him an inch further before her throat spasmed around him. A loud, wet gag left Fleur’s lips as she pulled off of him sharply. Glaring at his glistening length as if it had offended her, she swallowed him again. This time when she gagged, Fleur determinedly held herself in place by gripping Harry’s thighs. With her chest heaving, saliva drooling from her lips, and tears rolling down her cheek, she slowly drove herself down until her nose pressed against his groin.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped.

It took all of his self-control not to grab her head and begin thrusting into her. The spasms from her tight throat felt incredible and, more than that, knowing just who had his cock buried in her slender neck had him throbbing in excitement.

After just a second, Fleur shot off of his length and coughed while gasping for air. When she’d recovered, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and gently guided her lips back to his throbbing cock.

“More,” he said.

Staring up at him, her eyes dark with arousal, Fleur obediently took him back into her mouth and straight back into her grasping throat. This time, she let her nose just touch his pelvis

before pulling back to the head, pausing, and then plunging back down. Gradually, here gags diminished, but never went away entirely.

“So good, Fleur,” Harry said, combing his fingers through her hair.

Moaning, she closed her eyes and continued throating his length over and over again, slowly getting used to the feeling of his girth stretching her slender neck.

Behind her, Suzette cautiously ran her fingers up the inside of Fleur’s thigh. She started to pull off of him, but Harry stopped her before his head could leave her lips.

“Stay,” he said in a deep tone.

Fleur stared up at him, her lips still wrapped around his tip as Harry relaxed his arm. As Suzette reached her folds, she closed her eyes and moaned around him. When she opened them again, she started bobbing on his cock, dark, lust-filled eyes locked with his.

“Is she wet?” Harry asked Suzette, his eyes locked with Fleur’s as he massaged her scalp.

“Soaked,” Suzette said with a grin.

Leaning forward, her breasts flattening against Fleur’s back, Suzette kissed her shoulder and cupped one of her breasts.

“You like sucking ‘is cock, don’t you?” she asked.

In response, Fleur moaned long and low around his shaft. From his angle, Harry couldn’t see what Suzette’s hand was doing, but he could see her shoulder moving faster and faster. With another moan, Fleur began driving him in and out of her throat quickly, pulling only halfway back up his length before plunging back down. Harry groaned, his climax building rapidly.

“E’s getting close,” Suzette panted. “Are you ready to taste ‘im?”

Fleur moaned with his cock buried in her throat, sending incredible vibrations all the way through his length. Through the haze of pleasure, Harry could hear not only the wet sound of his cock invading Fleur’s throat, but another wet sound coming from between her legs as Suzette fingered her.

“I’m coming,” Harry warned.

Fleur pulled back to his tip, short, muffled grunts escaping her lips as she stroked his shaft furiously. While a groan, Harry exploded in her mouth, flooding it with his release. As cum surged out of his cock with every pulse, Fleur closed her eyes and squealed when Suzette brought her to her own climax. Shuddering, her breasts jiggling, she continued to suck him dry as she rode out her orgasm.

Harry groaned as she continued to suckle on his head even after both of them had finished. It took a moment for his brain to register the fact she must have swallowed, causing him to swell against her tongue. Behind her, Suzette grinned while holding up her hand, glistening with Fleur’s arousal. Staring at him lustfully, she brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean. One single thought dominated her mind.

Ruin her.

In seconds, Harry was back to a raging erection. Pulling himself out of Fleur’s mouth, he bent down to kiss her lips before standing up and lifting her into his arms. Moaning against his lips, she settled on his lap, her sweltering folds sliding along his length. Breaking the kiss, Harry placed himself at her entrance and left it there. With her arms wrapped around his neck, Fleur bit her lip and slowly sank down on him. A gasp left her lips as his thick head parted and stretched her tight walls.

“So beeg,” Fleur gasped.



Grinning, Harry reached up and groped her amazing breasts roughly as she slowly descended down his length. Suzette climbed onto the couch next to him and pulled him in for a deep kiss. When she pulled back, Harry groaned when Fleur took half his length. Grinning, she stroked his chest while turning to Fleur.

"I love watching 'im with other women," Suzette said breathily. "Look at 'im stretch you open."

"You've done zis before?" Fleur asked, unable to suppress her curiosity even as she began bouncing slowly up and down, taking him just a little deeper each time she descended.

"Oui," Suzette said, watching as his cock sank into her friend's tight folds with a smirk. "You should 'ave seen 'im with Professor Sinistra. 'E ruined 'er derriere for other men."

Fleur's eyes went wide as she looked from Suzette to Harry. Unconsciously, she dropped down onto him, taking him to the hilt with a loud gasp. Smiling, he shrugged before leaning forward to suck hard on one of her nipples. Fleur moaned loudly as she sat still on his lap, her hands gripping his hair and holding him to her chest. Kissing all around her pale globes, he buried his face between her smooth mounds, sucking and scraping his teeth lightly along her delicate skin.

Pulling back, he gripped on of her breasts firmly and aimed it toward Suzette in offering. Smiling at Fleur's wide-eyed look, she leaned in, wrapped her lips around the nipple and sucked lightly while Harry did the same to the other. Fleur gasped, followed by a low moan as her hips rolled. Growling at the feeling of her incredible depths flexing around him, Harry pulled back, grabbed her hips, and started guiding her up and down his considerable length. Suzette pulled back and smirked when Fleur let out a wanton moan as she sank back down onto him. Taking over, Fleur used her toned thighs to raise and lower herself on his cock.

"'Arry feels so good in you, non?" Suzette asked.

"Oui," Fleur gasped, her breasts bouncing alluringly.

Reaching behind her, Harry gripped her thick bum, groping roughly as Fleur gradually increased her pace. Suzette reached over and ran her hands over her friend's body, slowly exploring all of her soft curves. Looking over and seeing the lust in her green eyes as she looked at Fleur, Harry decided it was time to get her more involved.

"Suzette, can you move for a second?" Harry asked.

With her being able to read his mind, there was no way to surprise her. Still, she smiled brightly with an excited gleam in her eyes as she stood from the couch. Wrapping his arms around Fleur, Harry turned to the side and laid her down on the couch. With one knee on the couch and a foot on the floor, he pulled Suzette over and laid her down on top of her. Fleur stared up at her with wide eyes.

Pulling his hips back, Harry sank back into Fleur's depths quickly. Just as she gasped, Suzette leaned down and kissed her, their tongues meeting and breasts pressed together. Fleur froze for a long moment, but as Suzette continued to kiss her, and Harry continued to thrust, she gave in and kissed her back.

Throbbing excitedly as he looked down at the two gorgeous witches, he caressed Suzette's full ass as it jutted out towards him. Giving her a playful spank, he pulled out of Fleur and sank into her sweltering depths without hesitation. When he heard two moans, one in pleasure and one in disappointment, he smirked.

"Fuck Fleur," Suzette panted, looking over her shoulder. "I want to watch 'er cum for you."

Shaking his head in amusement, Harry caressed her back and pulled out before sinking back into Fleur. She moaned wantonly under them as his cock filled her, her eyes fluttering closed. When she opened them again, she tentatively reached up to cup Suzette's hanging breasts. A moment later, both girls were kissing heatedly, tongues dancing as they moaned.

Leaning over the girls to get a better look, he used his leverage to start pounding into Fleur. She squealed into Suzette's mouth and wrapped her legs around him, heels digging into his thighs as she urged him on. Harry happily gave her what she wanted. Kissing Suzette's back, he

hammered down into Fleur, driving her into the cushions with every powerful thrust. It didn't take long for her to start writhing under them, eventually tearing her lips away for Suzette's to gasp and moan as she sucked in a much-needed breath.

"That's it. Show 'Arry 'ow much you love 'is cock," Suzette said, her voice husky and accent thickening. "Scream for 'im, beg 'im."

Suzette switched to French, talking rapidly as Fleur let out a loud moan. When Fleur began talking, it was in French as well, but Harry didn't need to understand the language to know what she wanted. Slamming into her harshly, she suddenly went still, her head thrown back with her mouth open in a silent scream. Seconds later, a shudder ran through her body, and she let out a cry of pleasure. Harry grunted as Fleur tightened around him, her walls fluttering wildly. Suzette continued taunting her in French as the girl thrashed through a thunderous climax.

Slowing to a stop as she collapsed bonelessly, Harry grinned as he pulled out of her, his knee aching from the awkward position he'd been in. Suzette sat up as he scooped up Fleur and carried her over to the bed. Fleur finally opened her eyes as the two of them crawled onto the mattress with her.

"You're steel 'ard?" she asked weakly, looking down at the large, angry red length standing tall and eager.

"We can take a break if you need to," Harry offered.

Fleur closed her mouth, her pride, and competitiveness, not allowing her to ask for a break. Spreading her legs, she beckoned him over with a finger. Grinning, Harry waddled over on his knees and rolled her over onto her stomach. Looking over her shoulder, Fleur brought her knees up under her, her face still on the bed, and arched her back. It made for an incredible enticing view, but looking at him, she never noticed Suzette laying down in front of her until the bed moved.

When Fleur turned back, she suddenly found herself just inches from her friend's dripping folds. Sitting up, Suzette ran her fingers through Fleur's hair soothingly, and Harry didn't need to see her face to know she was nervous. Leaning over her back, he kissed her shoulder and nibbled at her ear.

"Lick her," he whispered.

"I've never..." Fleur confessed, trailing off.

"You'll do fine," he assured her. "She deserves it after being willing to share her date with you, right?"

Fleur took a shuddering breath as Suzette scooted closer, leaving her mound within easy reach of Fleur's mouth.

"Taste her," Harry demanded in a low voice.

He felt the witch shiver under him and, a moment later, she stuck out her tongue and tentatively ran it between Suzette's lips.

"Oui," Suzette moaned, scooting closer.

Smiling, Harry kissed Fleur's neck and sat up on his knees. Sharing a heated look with Suzette, he lined himself up with Fleur's entrance and sank into her depths.

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The next day, Harry met Fleur in the Entrance Hall as she and her classmates entered in the morning.

"Fleur," he called out.

She looked at him curiously, almost cautiously, for a moment before saying something to her friends and walking over to him.

“What is it?” she asked.

“Have you figured out your Egg yet?” Harry asked.

“Non,” Fleur said, looking at him suspiciously.

Harry sighed, “Look, if you don’t know yet, you need to listen to it underwater.”

“Why are you telling me zis?” she asked.

“Because I don’t want your hostage to get hurt because of some stupid tournament,” Harry said.

“Ostage?” Fleur asked, her eyebrows shooting up.

“You’ll understand when you listen to the Egg,” he told her.

“How do I know zis isn’t some kind of trick?” she pressed, folding her arms over her chest.

“For Merlin’s sake, I’m trying to help you,” Harry said, his annoyance not completely feigned as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “Fine, grab your egg after breakfast and meet me here, I’ll show you.”

Fleur looked him over for a long moment, her lips pursed.

“Alright, I will meet you ‘ere,” she said.

Turning on her heel, Fleur headed into the Great Hall. Harry watched her ass sway as she walked away with a smirk. Putting up with her attitude was tiring, but it would be worth it to take her to the ball. The night before had made him curious, and he wanted to take Fleur to the ball to get to know her better.

Walking over to the Gryffindor table, he grinned as he thought about what Fleur’s reaction would be when she found out they would be taking a bath together.

Chapter 15

Harry followed Dumbledore into his office and paced back and forth in front of the desk while the aged wizard took a seat.

“What troubles you, Harry?” Dumbledore asked.

“Have you read your journal today?” Harry asked in return.

“Journal?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

Sighing, Harry walked around the desk, reached into the top drawer, and pulled out a leather-bound book.

“Read this,” he said, setting it down in front of the headmaster.

As Dumbledore began to read, his white, bushy eyebrows creeping ever higher on his wrinkled forehead, Harry walked over to Fawkes and stroked his feathers. Closing his eyes, the bird crooned softly, and Harry felt some of his frustration and anxiety wash away. Relaxing his tense

shoulders, he continued to stroke Fawkes' plumage while looking out the bay window at the peaceful grounds.

"Have you found something new?" Dumbledore asked a few moments later.

"No, but I have an idea," Harry said, giving Fawkes one last stroke on his crest before turning to walk back over to the desk and pacing in front of it. "I've been thinking about this a lot lately, and it can't be a coincidence that Voldemort shows back then this time thing happens."

"It is suspicious," Dumbledore agreed, reaching up to stroke his beard. "However, I find it unlikely Lord Voldemort would waste what little power he has at the moment on meddling with time."

"But we don't know that," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "What if he found something we've never heard about before? What if he did it accidentally and doesn't know how to fix it? In all the research I've done, no one has ever mentioned anything like this happening before. It shouldn't even be possible."

"What is it, precisely, that you want to do, Harry?" Dumbledore asked, his eyes following his student's path back and forth in front of his desk.

"I want to find Voldemort and confront him," Harry said. "We can shove some Veritaserum down his throat and make him talk."

Dumbledore sat back in his chair and looked at him thoughtfully for a long moment.

"Do you know where he is?" he asked eventually.

"No. We've questioned Crouch, but there's some sort of spell stopping him from telling us," Harry paused and took a deep breath. "I think we need to trick him into thinking I'm going to leave Hogwarts, for good - I'm betting he'll take me straight to Voldemort."

“Absolutely not,” Dumbledore said firmly. “It’s too dangerous. Voldemort may be weak, but he is not to be taken lightly. We have no idea what he has planned for you, and we don’t know what would happen should you be killed. I know you must be frustrated, but I’m sure, in time-”

“It’s been two years!” Harry shouted. “I’m sick of this! I want to move on with my life!”

Running both of his hands through his hair and causing it to stand straight up, he took a deep breath and tried to calm himself as Fawkes crooned.

“I have to do *something*,” Harry said frustratedly. “We’ve read all the books on time travel in the library and the ones you got from the Unspeakables. There’s nothing in any of them about time repeating in a loop like this. I’m out of options.”

“I’m sorry, Harry,” Dumbledore said, leaning forward with his forearms resting on the desk. “Give me some time to think on this.”

“Fine,” Harry sighed disappointedly.

Turning, he walked out of the office without another word.

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Harry spent the rest of the day avoiding everyone in the Room of Requirement. He had no desire to go to the ball again that night. As the clock neared midnight, he finally left and made his way down to the Great Hall in search of Dumbledore.

“I’m sorry, Harry, I don’t have anything yet,” the headmaster said when he approached. “Please, just be a little more patient and give me some more time.”

Shoulders sagging, Harry sighed and turned around to leave.



“What’s the matter, Potter, could find anyone willing to-”

Whatever snide comment Malfoy was going to make was cut off when Harry’s fist slammed into his jaw with enough force to knock the Slytherin flat on his back. He heard McGonagall shout from behind him, but he ignored her and marched towards the door.

Harry had no intention of waiting for Dumbledore to come up with something. After two years and very little help from the headmaster, he was sick and tired of waiting. He just needed some help.

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It took Harry longer than he’d hoped to explain everything to Hermione and Suzette and to get them to agree to help him. Predictably, neither of them was exactly happy he wanted to intentionally put himself in danger. Thankfully, Suzette understood his desperation and eventually agreed to help him. After that, it took only a little longer for Hermione to give in.

A short time later, Harry put away the Marauder’s Map and nodded to Hermione. Biting her lip nervously, she nodded back, and the two of them made their way down the hall towards the Defense classroom.

“I’m sorry, Hermione, I just can’t do this anymore,” Harry said.

“But you did fine in the first task. I’m sure you can through the rest of this tournament,” Hermione replied, her voice trembling slightly.

“I got lucky,” Harry told her. “Besides, it’s not just the tournament. Look at everything that’s happened since I’ve been here. Voldemort going after the stone, the Basilisk, everything that happened with Sirius. I’m tired of it.”

“Harry, if you leave, you could lose your magic,” Hermione said.

“I know,” Harry sighed, “but it’s either my magic or my life.”

Reaching out, he pulled Hermione into a hug.

“I’ll miss you,” Harry said.

“I’ll miss you, too,” she whispered softly before sniffing. “When are you leaving?”

“Tonight,” he answered. “I’m going to take my broom and leave while everyone is distracted by the ball.”

“But won’t they just come after you?” Hermione asked. “I doubt Dumbledore is just going to let you go.”

“I’ve already looked up the spells to hide for them,” Harry said, pulling back and blinking in surprise at the genuine tears trailing down her cheek.

“Just promise you’ll let me know where you end up,” Hermione said shakily. “I don’t want to lose you.”

“You won’t,” Harry assured her firmly.

He wrapped his arm around her shoulders and guided her down the hall while she leaned against him. Once they were a corridor away, Harry pulled his map out of his pocket to make sure it was safe to talk. When he saw Crouch still in the classroom, he put the map away and hugged Hermione tightly.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"M fine," Hermione mumbled into the crook of his neck. "Sorry, it's just – I've worried you might really leave with all the terrible things that happen to you."

"I'm not going anywhere, 'Mione," Harry whispered, rubbing her back.

Pulling back, she smiled at him just as Suzette walked around the corner.

"Did it work?" Hermione asked, wiping her eyes on her robe.

"Oui," Suzette said, rubbing Hermione's arm comfortingly before glancing at Harry worriedly. "E plans to kidnap you and take you to You-Know-Who when you try to leave."

"Good," Harry said despite his racing heart.

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With a few hours until the start of the ball, Harry, Hermione, and Suzette went to the Room of Requirement to relax. During that time, Hermione insisted on planting a Tracking Charm on him and going to Dumbledore as soon as he was gone. Suzette supported the idea, and Harry gave in without much of a fight once they promised not to tell him too soon.

After looking up the spells and a brief discussion, the girls decided to place two on him. One would be a simple charm that was easy to find and remove, while the other, more complex charm, would be placed on a Galleon for him to keep in his pocket. The hope was that if Crouch thought to look for a Tracking Charm, he would find the simple one, dispel it, and not think to look for the second.

All too soon, the ball started, and it was time for Harry to leave.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, Harry?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Not really," Harry admitted. "But I have to do something, Hermione."

Nibbling her bottom lip, she teetered on the balls of her feet before launching forward and hugging him tightly.

"Please be careful," she whispered.

"I will," Harry said.

When they parted, Suzette hugged him gently and kissed him on the lips. Giving the girls what he hoped was a reassuring smile, he left the room and headed for Gryffindor Tower. Racing through the common room full of younger years having a party of their own, he climbed the stairs two at a time up to his dorm.

Grabbing his backpack and throwing open his trunk, he filled the bag with a random assortment of clothes and zipped it closed. Picking up his broom, he ran back down the stairs, ignoring the odd looks he got.

Once he was back out in the hall, he stopped and rested with his back against the wall, desperately trying to calm his racing pulse. Now that the time had come, he wondered just how good this idea was. Before he could think about changing his mind, he heard the steady, wooden thump of Moody's leg echoing off the stone floor.

Harry pushed himself off the wall and looked down the corridor just as Crouch turned the corner.

"Going somewhere, Potter?" Crouch asked.

“Just going to fly for a bit,” Harry said nervously. “I didn’t feel like going to the ball.”

“With a backpack full of clothes?” Crouch asked while Moody’s fake eyes whizzed around in his socket. “Come on, lad. We need to have a chat.”

Swallowing thickly, Harry followed Crouch down the stairs towards his office. He hoped Crouch thought he was just nervous about getting caught running away and not about something else. His nerves only worsened when he walked through the Defense classroom and approached the office. Almost mercifully, Harry saw a flash of red behind him before the world went dark.

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When Harry came to, he found himself lying on a dirt and dust-covered floor in a dark room. He tried to push himself up but found his arms bound to his side by a thick, rough rope.

“Ah, it seems our guest is awake,”

Harry froze, his blood running cold at the voice that had haunted his dreams over the summer.

“Help him up, Barty,” Voldemort said.

Rolling to his side, Harry looked up and watched as Crouch walked over and roughly yanked him to his feet. Finally getting a good look at the room he was in, he found it was mostly bare, with just a fireplace, a wing-backed chair facing away from him, and a threadbare rug covering the wooden floor. Next to the chair stood Pettigrew, who Harry glared at venomously.

“Turn me around, Wormtail. I wish to greet our guest,” Voldemort said.

Trembling in fear, Pettigrew scurried over to turn the chair. Harry thought he was ready to face Voldemort, but nothing could have prepared him for what he saw. In place of the man he expected was what looked like a horribly disfigured baby with a large head, bright red eyes, and a flat nose. Harry couldn't help but recoil at the sight.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Harry?" Voldemort asked with a grotesque grin.

"I didn't think it was possible, but you actually look uglier than the last time I saw you," Harry said.

Crouch snared and raised his wand, but Voldemort held up a hand as he let out a wheezing laugh.

"We'll see how long that bravery lasts," Voldemort said. "How long until the potion can be completed?"

"O- on the full moon three days from now, my lord," Pettigrew stammered.

"Excellent," Voldemort hissed with a malicious smirk.

"What do you want from me?" Harry asked.

"You'll find out soon enough," Voldemort said, his red eyes glowing brightly. "Put him in one of the bedrooms, then return to Hogwarts. We must keep up appearance until the potion is finished."

"What should I do with Moody when I'm done, my lord?" Crouch asked.

"Keep him hidden until the ritual is finished. Then kill him. I-" Voldemort stopped suddenly and looked around the room while picking up his wand. "Someone's here. You said you checked him for spells."

"I did," Crouch said.

"Not well enough."

Harry felt his heart soar in relief at the sound of Dumbledore's voice. A second later, he seemed to step out of thin air and into the room.

"Dumbledore," Voldemort hissed maliciously.

"Good evening, Tom," Dumbledore replied pleasantly.

Crouch yanked Harry in front of him and put his wand to his throat.

"Drop your wand, or the boy dies," he growled.

Gritting his teeth, Harry threw his head back with all the force he could muster. He heard the distinct sound of breaking bone as Crouch dropped to the floor, his eyes clouded and dazed as blood poured from his nose. Dumbledore flicked his wand, cutting the ropes around him and freeing his arms. Harry turned around, bent down, punched Crouch as hard as he could, and then yanked his wand from his limp fingers.

"Useless!" Voldemort spat.

"It's over, Tom," Dumbledore said, advancing with his wand aimed at his chest while Pettigrew cowered in the corner. "You're no match for me in your current condition."

"It's never over," Voldemort hissed. "*Kill him!*"

It took Harry a moment to realize he was hearing Parseltongue. Spinning around, he saw a massive snake rearing up to bite Dumbledore. Slashing his wand in a downward arch, a red, silk-like ribbon of magic flowed from the tip. As if caught in a gale, the ribbon whipped across the room and hit the snake just behind the head as it leapt at Dumbledore's back. The head continued to fly forward and hit him in the back while the body tumbled to the floor, where it writhed in its death throes.

Just when Harry thought it was over, black smoke poured out of the snake's body. Quickly, it coalesced into a cloud with Voldemort's face in the center. Seeing it brought back memories of the night Voldemort had fled Quirrell's body. Suddenly, it let out a bone-chilling scream before it began to fade into nothing.

"Avada Kedavra!" Voldemort yelled.

As if in slow motion, Harry looked over at Dumbledore, who had taken his eyes off Voldemort to look at the cloud. His heart dropped into his stomach as he watched the glowing green curse aimed at his back.

With an agility that belied his age, Dumbledore spun out of the way, the curse burning his robes as it passed. As he finished his surprisingly graceful pirouette, he flicked his wand. Ropes sprang from the tip, tying up Pettigrew and Voldemort before their wands were ripped from their hands.

"No!" Voldemort screamed in impotent rage. "You'll pay for this!"

"Perhaps," Dumbledore said carelessly.

"Did you bring Veritaserum?" Harry asked.

"You'll get nothing from me, Potter," Voldemort snarled before Dumbledore could answer.

His head snapping back, a black cloud leaked from Voldemort's mouth. A moment later, Harry watched helplessly as the body in the chair fell limp and lifeless while the shade of Voldemort flew through the wall.

"Damn it!" Harry growled.

Angrily, he marched over to Pettigrew, yanked him to his feet, and pinned him to the wall. Pettigrew trembled and stared at him fearfully.

"What was Voldemort doing?" he demanded.

"H-h-he was trying to get a body back," Pettigrew stammered.

"How?" Harry pressed, shoving him roughly.

"Harry," Dumbledore called.

Turning around, he saw the headmaster holding up a small, clear vial.

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Dumbledore expertly managed to extract all of the information Pettigrew knew. It was horrifying to hear what he'd done to help Voldemort get a body and how they'd ripped the information about the tournament from Bertha Jorkins. Unfortunately, nothing that Voldemort was doing, or had planned, would affect time in any way.

"So, I'm stuck," Harry said, sighing defeatedly as he dropped into a chair back in Dumbledore's office.

“Not necessarily,” Dumbledore said, sitting down behind his desk. “I know you’re frustrated, Harry, but tonight you took a dangerous risk.”

“What else am I supposed to do!?” he asked. “I can’t just wait around for this to stop on its own.”

“No, but running into dangerous situations isn’t going to help either,” Dumbledore said sternly. “I understand this is difficult for you, but we don’t know if time will still reset if something happens to you, and I’d rather not find out. Promise me you won’t take off like that again.”

Ducking his head and feeling a bit guilty, Harry nodded.

“I promise,” he said.

“Good,” Dumbledore replied. “Go get some rest, and we’ll talk more tomorrow. I have a few ideas we can talk about then.”

Pulling his journal closer, Dumbledore picked up a quill and began writing rapidly.

“Night, Professor,” Harry said.

“Good night, Harry,” he said with a smile.

Exiting the office, he had just enough time to recognize Hermione and Suzette before his vision was obscured by a mane of bushy brown hair.

“I was so worried,” Hermione said, squeezing him tightly.

“I’m fine,” Harry told her, hugging her back.

“Did you find anything?” Suzette asked.

“No,” Harry sighed, shaking his head as Hermione pulled back. “Voldemort is just focused on getting his body back. He’s not doing anything that would mess with time.”

“We can figure this out,” Hermione reassured him. “Maybe we need to talk to an Unspeakable that works with time at the Ministry.”

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged, unconvinced.

Grabbing his hand, Suzette began leading him down the hall while Hermione took the other. A few minutes later, they arrived at the Room of Requirement. Leading him over to the couch, the girls sandwiched him between them.

“Don’t give up,” Suzette told him. “We’ll figure this out.”

When he nodded absently, she reached up to stroke her fingers through his hair. Closing his eyes, Harry leaned into her touch, only to wince and hiss when they trailed along the back of his head.

“What’s wrong?” Hermione asked.

“I headbutted Crouch,” Harry said.

Hermione gently ran her fingers along the back of his scalp, but he still winced.

“There’s a huge bump on the back of your head,” she told him.

"Great," Harry sighed before taking off his glasses to rub the bridge of his nose.

Now that he was thinking about it, his head was really starting to hurt.

"Ere, I can 'eal it," Suzette offered, drawing her wand.

Nodding gratefully, Harry turned, so he was facing away from her. Facing Hermione, he waited as she tapped her wand on the back of his head. He felt a sharp sting for a brief moment before the pain, and the bump, vanished. Before he could turn back around, she hugged him from behind and kissed the side of his neck. Hermione bit her lip, and Harry didn't need Legilimency to see her insecurities rising to the surface.

Smiling, he pulled her into his lap and gave her a kiss on the lips before hugging her to his chest.

"Let's go to bed," Suzette said.

"Sure," Harry said.

Hermione squeaked when he stood up suddenly, still holding her in his arms.

"Harry!" she gasped, her arms wrapping around his neck.

Harry and Suzette chuckled as he carried her over to the bed and tossed her onto the mattress. As he stood by the side of the bed and began stripping out of his clothes, Suzette crawled onto the bed and kissed Hermione. Moaning in surprise, she relaxed after a moment and kissed her back. Harry undressed slowly, enjoying the view as they started tugging at each other's clothes.

As neither of them had gone to the ball that night, it took longer for them to take off their clothes, but he didn't mind. After all, he had all the time in the world.

When they eventually finished, he crawled onto the bed. Feeling the bed shift, Hermione pulled her lips away from Suzette's and looked at him, her eyes raking over his body. Smiling at her, he looked up and exchanged a look with Suzette. Eyes sparkling, she smiled and rolled to the side. Harry leaned over and gave her a kiss as he crawled on top of Hermione. Pulling away, he looked down at his best friend as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I love you, Hermione," he said softly.

Her deep brown eyes shimmering, she smiled brightly.

"I love you, too," Hermione said.

Giving her a brief kiss, he turned to look at Suzette.

"I know," she said, stroking his cheek with a smile. "I love you, too."

With a smile of his own, Harry leaned down to give her a kiss. As he did, her hand reached down to grab his hardened length and used it to tease Hermione's folds. Surprised, she gasped and bucked her hips, causing Harry to groan. Pulling back, Suzette smiled at him playfully before turning to Hermione.

Letting go of his shaft, she trailed her hand up Hermione's stomach and cupped one of her breasts. As she panted through an open mouth, Suzette leaned in and kissed her heatedly. Throbbing excitedly at the sight, Harry placed himself at Hermione's entrance and gently pushed in. As her tight, hot folds wrapped around his head, she threw her head back and moaned.

Suzette kissed and sucked at her neck while her fingers gripped and rolled her stiff, pink nipple. Rocking back and forth, Harry slowly sank deeper and deeper into Hermione's depths with each thrust until he eventually bottomed out. When he did, she closed her eyes and let out a moan so sensual that it caused him to swell inside of her. As he began thrusting back and forth, he leaned forward and kissed her passionately before moving down to the other side of her neck.

“Oh God, Harry, Suzie,” Hermione moaned.

Chuckling against her skin, he shifted to his knees and continued his slow, deep thrusts while moving his hand up to her unattended breast. Pulling his lips back, he rested his forehead against hers, watching her face intently as it contorted in pleasure.

“Do you have any idea how beautiful you look like this?” Harry asked.

“Harry,” Hermione whined, her eyes fluttering closed as her body tensed.

Grinning, Harry ignored the desire to move faster and maintained his slow, steady pace. Her mouth hung half open, her slightly minty breath washing over his face as she panted. Squeezing her nipple sharply, her heels dug into his bum while her nails traced lines of fire down his back. With a hiss, his hips snapped forward in a brutal thrust that drove her into the mattress and caused her perky breasts to bounce sharply.

Hermione threw her head back with a gasp, her mouth hanging wide open as her back arched and her hips rolled in time with his thrusts.

“Harry, please,” she whimpered.

“What do you want, love?” Harry asked while Suzette moved down and took an engorged nipple between her lips. “Tell me.”

Panting, Hermione’s eyes locked with his.

“Harder,” she whispered. “Fuck me harder.”

Harry's length lurched, hearing those words leave her lips. Kissing her hard, he sped up his thrusts and drove his rigid length roughly into her hot, grasping depths. Hermione cried out into his mouth, her nails raking along his shoulders as her body started to tense. Breaking the kiss, Hermione gasped for breath, her perky breasts bouncing wildly with each powerful thrust.

As he continued plunging rapidly into her leaking folds, Hermione gasped and writhed under him, her muscles trembling. Harry kept his eyes on her face as she suddenly went rigid, her back arched sharply. A second later, she let out the most wanton moan he'd ever heard while drenching his shaft. Her depths grasped him so tightly he forced himself to slow down out of fear of hurting her.

Hermione looked to be in a world of her own when she opened her eyes, staring blankly at the ceiling while her body shook. After a very long moment, her body relaxed, and she collapsed limply onto the bed with a moan.

"That was so beautiful, cheri," Suzette said before kissing Hermione on the lips.

Smiling, Harry pulled his still rock-hard length out of her. He shuffled over to Suzette, but she sat up and pushed him down on his back next to Hermione. Grinning, she swung her leg over his waist and sank down on his shaft with a moan.

With a contented hum, Hermione rolled over and rested her head on his chest while her hand caressed his chest. Resting one hand on Suzette's hips as she began to ride him, he kissed the top of her head.

"Harry?" Hermione murmured.

"Yeah?" Harry asked, his hand rising up to cup one of Suzette's large, bouncing breasts, his thumb rubbing over her stiffened peak.

"Suzette said you've been with a lot of other girls," Hermione asked more than said.

Harry tensed worriedly. He wished he could see her eyes to see what she was thinking, but her head was turned away from him. Suzette smiled in a way that told him she knew, but she hid those thoughts from him.

At least her smile is probably a good sign, he thought.

"Yeah," Harry said tentatively.

"Have you slept with Katie?" she asked.

"Er, yeah," Harry admitted honestly. "A few times."

After a long, nerve-wracking moment, Hermione lifted her head to look at him.

"Do you think she'd let me join in with you?" she asked, biting her lip nervously. "I've always had a bit of a crush on her."

Harry stared at her for a full second before chuckling and hugging her close.

"We can certainly try," he said with a grin.

Smiling, Hermione kissed him before turning back around and resting her head on his chest, her eyes watching as his length sank easily into Suzette's glistening folds. Laying his head back, Harry turned his full attention back to the beautiful witch riding him. Grinning at him, Suzette made a show of caressing her breasts and rolling her hips.

A couple of minutes later, Hermione sat up and straddled his chest. Leaning forward, he got a great view of her full, round bum as she wrapped her lips around one of Suzette's hardened nipples. The French witch moaned and cupped the back of Hermione's head. Harry reached up, gently caressing and squeezing her gorgeous cheeks.



Looking back at him over her shoulder, Hermione smiled before scooting forward and kissing Suzette on the lips. As Harry watched, one of her hands slid down between Suzette's legs. The blonde moaned as Harry felt Hermione rubbing in circles over her clit. When her movements began to slow down, he grabbed her hips, planted his feet on the bed, and started thrusting up into her.

"More," Suzette gasped before going right back to kissing Hermione passionately.

Panting, Harry did as she asked. He did his best to fight back his own climax, but after being brought close by Hermione, he couldn't hold on long.

"I'm close," he grunted in warning.

Suzette tore her lips away from Hermione's and looked at him over her shoulder lustfully.

"In me, mon amour," she gasped. "I want to feel you."

Groaning, Harry drove up into her with fast, vigorous thrusts while Hermione rubbed her clit frantically. Closing his eyes and gritting his teeth, he held on as long as he could. With a growl, he snapped his hips up hard and exploded inside of her. Suzette moaned into Hermione's mouth as he filled her depths with a tremendous climax. A few seconds later, she threw her head back and cried out as Hermione brought her over the edge.

With a look of wonder on her face, Hermione looked down and watched as Suzette rocked her hips frantically. Wrapping her arms around the brunette, Suzette continued humping at his length even as he began to soften. Moments later, she sagged tiredly and kissed Hermione with a soft smile on her lips.

Grabbing Hermione's wrist, she brought her hand up to her mouth. With a mischievous look, she wrapped her lips around her glistening fingers and sucked them clean. Hermione stared at her opened mouth, then squeaked in surprise when Suzette suddenly kissed her.

When she pulled back, she and Harry both laughed at the surprised look on Hermione's face. Shaking her head, Hermione smiled shyly and moved over to lay next to Harry, her face buried in the crook of his neck. Chuckling, he kissed the top of her head as Suzette laid down on his other side.

The girls fell asleep quickly, but Harry lay awake long into the night.

## Chapter 16

Staring at his watch, Harry waited until the time ticked over to ten-fifteen and twenty-seven seconds before walking around the corner. He just saw Snape disappear into the storage closet as he walked silently down the torch lit hallway of the dungeons. As he came upon the door, Snape muttered a curse when his wand slipped from his fingers and clattered to the floor.

While the potions professor was busy muttering to himself, Harry smirked and gave his wand a slight wave. It wasn't much. Just enough to make his wand roll just outside the closet while the door clicked shut... locking automatically. Smirking, Harry silenced the door and stooped to pick up the pitch black wand and stow it in his pocket without breaking stride.

Before Snape had even realized there was a problem, the hallway was deserted, and his enraged screams could only be heard inside the tiny room in which he was trapped. Ascending the stairs while humming a tune, Harry lifted the visor on one of the many suits of armor spread around the castle and dumped the wand inside. Frowning, he wiped his hand on his robes.

"Even his ruddy wand feels greasy," Harry muttered to himself.

Barley paying attention to where he was going, Harry dodged smoothly around a pair of sixth year Slytherins who glared at him and then continued down the hall. While smoothing out his tie, he heard the familiar, dulcet tones of Draco Malfoy up ahead.

"You really might want to reconsider going to the ball with me, Greengrass," he said smugly.

"And why would I want to do that?" Astoria, Daphne's sister, a year younger than her, asked.

"Because I put out the word to make sure no one else asks you," Malfoy replied, the smirk easily heard in his tone.

"You-" Astoria began only to cut herself off.

He knew from past experience that she was seething at the arrogant ponce, her fists balled at her sides as she glared venomously at him.

"You should be honored to go with a rich, powerful pureblood such as myself," Malfoy drawled. "Besides, it's not like anyone else is going to ask you now."

Crabbe and Goyle chuckled stupidly as Harry glanced at his watch.

Ten sixteen and Forty-nine seconds... fifty... and fifty-one.

Harry minced around the corner and hit Malfoy with a Sticking Charm just as he leaned his back against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest smugly. It only took him a moment to realize something was wrong, but by then, it was too late. With his back stuck to the wall and his arms stuck to his chest, there was nothing he could do but struggle in place.

"Really, Malfoy. Is blackmail the only way you can get a date?" Harry asked.

"Potter," Malfoy growled.

Grunting, he tried to free himself from the wall but only succeeded in tiring himself. Harry ignored him and turned to Astoria, who had gone from furious to amused.

“Well, if no one else is brave enough to cross this git to ask a pretty girl like you to the ball, then I guess it’s up to me,” Harry smiled.

Astoria gazed at him with her light blue eyes, blushing prettily even as she smiled. Much like her older sister, she had straight, golden blonde hair and a beautiful, sharp-featured face. However, whereas Daphne had a full, curvaceous figure and a large bust, Astoria’s figure was more athletic and nearly four inches shorter. Even so, she was still very attractive, and Harry was more than happy to save her from Malfoy’s pathetic scheming.

“Don’t you dare, Potter,” Malfoy growled dangerously. “Crabbe! Goyle!”

Harry rolled his eyes as he heard the two trolls crack their knuckles menacingly. Smiling at Astoria and giving her a wink, Harry aimed his wand nonchalantly over his shoulder just as Goyle raised his.

“Stupify!” Goyle bellowed.

Harry’s wordless Banishing Charm hit Goyle’s hand just as he finished his incantation. Instead of hitting Harry in the back, like he intended, his wand was shoved to the side. Goyle blinked stupidly at his wand as Crabbe dropped to the floor, unconscious.

“You idiot!” Malfoy screamed.

“So, what do you think, Astoria?” Harry asked, smiling. “Would you do me the honor of going to the ball with me?”

“I’d love to,” she beamed.

“Goyle!” Malfoy shouted.

Harry grinned, lifted his wand, and aimed it over his shoulder again.

“Stupify!”

This time, Goyle’s wand was banished upwards, and he was hit in the face with his own Stunning Hex. Malfoy seethed impotently as his body dropped next to Crabbe’s.

“Care to join me for breakfast?” Harry asked, offering his arm.

Astoria giggled as she looked behind him, gave Malfoy a smug smirk, and then hooked her arm through his.

“And here I thought you Gryffindors were just mindless brutes,” she teased.

“We have our moments,” Harry shrugged.

“You’ll pay for this, Potter!” Malfoy seethed as Harry and Astoria stepped over Crabbe and walked down the hall, arm in arm. “My father will hear about this! You hear me! Potter!”

~

While Harry enjoyed his date with Astoria, she limited their after-dance activities to a rather pleasant snog. While he would admit he was disappointed, he wasn’t upset. He could hardly blame her for not being willing to jump into bed on the first date. While he might have been able to find a way to go further with enough time, he wasn’t that bothered by it. Astoria was nice, but she wasn’t quite his type.

Still, the night wasn't a total loss. Malfoy had fumed the whole night; no one had cared to look for Snape by the time he'd left - which Harry found hilarious – and he'd shown Astoria an enjoyable evening where she normally would have stayed in her common room. He just wished she could remember it.

With the night still fairly early, Harry made a few notes in his ever-expanding journal before grabbing his cloak and map.

I still have a few hours to do some research, Harry thought.

Opening the map, he wanted to check the coast was clear before heading towards the library. As he spread out the intricately folded parchment, however, he caught sight of a name that sent a wave of anger over him.

Rita Skeeter.

Without hesitation, Harry gathered up his wand, threw the cloak over himself, and raced out of the dorm. Seeing her name makes its way out the front door and onto the grounds, he chased after her, weaving between the students hanging out in the Entrance Hall. Ironically, had Snape been around, far fewer students would have been hanging around the front courtyard.

Refusing to feel any sort of remorse for the bastard, Harry continued tracking his target as Skeeters name drifted closer and closer to Hagrid and Madame Maxime. Unfortunately, besides the two Half-Giants and their awkward courting, he saw nothing amiss. Looking at the map again, he noticed Skeeters name was practically on top of them, yet she was nowhere to be seen.

Maybe she has a cloak, too, Harry wondered.

Poking just the tip of his wand out of his cloak, he cast a silent Summoning Charm.

*'Accio Invisibility Cloak.'*

Nothing. Not even a flutter and Skeeter was still there. As Madame Maxime stormed off and Skeeter started to drift away, Harry got desperate.

*'Accio Rita Skeeter.'*

Harry was so disappointed that nothing seemed to happen that he almost missed it. A momentary flicker from a reflection. Eyes moving in that direction, he caught sight of something small and dark zipping towards him. His hand reaching out on instinct, Harry caught it in the palm of his hand as it buzzed and struggled wildly.

Animagus, Harry thought with a smirk.

Looking around to make sure he hadn't been seen, he gripped the beetle in his hand and made his way back to the castle. Moving quickly to the first unused classroom he could find, he found the door lock and heard a giggle inside. Muttering a curse, Harry climbed to the second floor and into Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Mercifully, it was empty, with even Myrtle nowhere to be seen.

Locking and silencing the door, he added Imperterable Charms to make sure she could slip out before opening his hand. Rita jumped into the air, and her wings buzzed frantically as she looked for an escape.

Harry made a mental note to ask McGonagall or Flitwick about the Animagus Reversal Charm as he smirked at her desperate attempts to slip under the door.

"You're not getting out, Rita," Harry said.

Turning to face him, the beetle shifted and grew until Rita Skeeter stood, glaring at him. She had barely changed back when Harry hit her with a Disarming Charm, catching her wand easily.

"How dare you!" Rita hissed. "Give me back my wand and unlock this door now, before I call the Aurors."

Harry quirked an eyebrow.

"You know, maybe that's a good idea," he said. "You're not supposed to be here, so that's definitely trespassing."

"And this is kidnapping!" Rita barked, holding out her hand. "Now, give me my wand."

"And I'm betting you haven't registered as an Animagus," Harry continued, unconcerned.

Rita paled slightly and dropped her hand as she looked him over with a calculating gaze.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"A public apology saying you lied about everything you wrote about me and for you to never write again," Harry replied.

Rita glared at him and folded her arms over her chest.

"Not going to happen, little boy," she growled. "I'd rather take my chances with the Aurors. I'll probably just get off with a fine."

"You're not in a position where you should be insulting me, Rita," Harry spat angrily. "Besides, a fine would be the least of your worries."

"What are you talking about?" Rita asked, trying and failing to hide her fear.



“You mean besides the fact that your career would be over?” Harry asked, grinning when she paled dramatically. “I’m betting you know a lot of things you shouldn’t, things people might be worried you tell the Aurors to get out of Azkaban. Honestly, I’d be surprised if you even made it to trial.”

Rita looked about ready to pass out but managed to put a strained smile on her face.

“Harry,” she said as if they were old friends. “Surely, we can-”

“Of course,” Harry interrupted. “That’s assuming you haven’t been stealing information from the Ministry. I mean, that’s treason. And with someone as corrupt as Fudge in office. He’d feed you to the Dementors if he thought you were spying on him.”

Rita stumbled back until she hit one of the sinks and leaned against it to keep herself standing. The panic was clear in her eyes as they frantically scanned the room, looking for any way to escape.

“I’ll do whatever you want,” Rita begged. “I’ll give you a front-page apology. I’ll write whatever you want me to - just – just please, don’t turn me in.”

“How’s it feel being on the other side of things for once?” Harry asked angrily.

“Who’s there?” A familiar, nasally voice called out from behind Harry. “I hear a boy. You’re not supposed to be here. This is – oh, hello, Harry.”

Moaning Myrtle came floating out of one of the stalls behind Harry and smiled, her translucent cheeks turning a more solid white in what he presumed was a blush. Then Myrtle caught sight of Rita and glared while folding her arms over her chest.

“What is *she* doing here?” she demanded.

"I caught Rita doing something she shouldn't, and I was just trying to figure out what to do with her," Harry said. "I take it you knew her."

"Oh, yes," Myrtle hissed. "Rita picked on me horribly while she was here. Always making up lies about everyone and spreading them around. She used to make up things about me too," Myrtle paused, a smirk flitting across her lips. "At least she did... until I caught her in the Prefect's Bath with Warren Thompson."

Harry saw Rita scowl as Myrtle giggled.

"What were they doing?" Harry asked curiously, though he could guess.

"Rita wasn't a prefect, but she snuck into the Prefect's Bath anyways," Myrtle said with a snicker. "Warren, he was such a nice boy, caught her there and threatened to turn her in. To stay out of trouble, Rita offered to... give him a blowjob!"

Harry snorted as Myrtle giggled and floated around him, stopping when she was right next to his ear.

"I don't think she was very good at it," she whispered.

Myrtle floated back with a giggle and then seemed to take interest in something over his shoulder. Looking back over at Rita, he found her with a thoughtful look on her face as she unbuttoned her robe. When she noticed his gaze, she gave him a smile that tried to be sultry, but looked far too uncertain. Harry raised an eyebrow as she pulled open her robe, displaying a healthy amount of bulging cleavage, her grapefruit-sized breasts held tightly in a silky, lime green bra.

"Harry," she said, fluttering her eyelashes at him over the top of her glasses.

Strutting towards him, Rita stopped in front of him and trailed a long, bright red fingernail down his chest.

“Surely we can come to some sort of – arrangement,” she said suggestively.

This was certainly not how Harry had thought things would go. Rita’s article had definitely pissed him off, but since he couldn’t really get any kind of revenge until the whole time issue, he’d only planned to walk her down to the Great Hall and make her admit she lied. Sure, it was a little petty, but it wasn’t like he had anything better to do. At least he had plenty of time to think about what he wanted to do to her, now that he knew her secret.

The thought of blackmailing Rita for sex had never even crossed his mind. Just the thought of doing something like that made Harry’s stomach twist unpleasantly. That said, as horrible of a person as Rita was, she wasn’t unattractive. And if she was going to offer...

He wished Suzette was there with him. Dealing with someone like Rita would be much easier with her there, and it would certainly add to the fun.

“What, exactly, do you have in mind?” Harry asked.

“Well, we do have this bathroom all to ourselves,” Rita said with a wink, looking much more comfortable than she had just a few moments ago. “I’m sure we can think of something.”

With a thoughtful look, Harry looked over at Myrtle, who was looking back and forth between them excitedly. Turning back to Rita, he smirked, hardening in anticipation of the things he could do to her.

“Alright,” he said, shrugging off his outer robe.

Harry folded his robe over, dropped it at his feet, then looked at Rita expectantly. With a nervous smile, she looked down at it and started to kneel.

"Take off your robe first," he said.

Swallowing thickly, Rita put a coy smile on her face and unbuttoned her robe the rest of the way. Shrugging it off her shoulders, her cheeks colored as Harry made a show of eyeing her up and down. Rita was thin, her skin pale white and dotted with the odd mole here and there. Her bright green bra held her breasts tightly, pushing them up and creating far more cleavage than she would normally have. Matching green panties sat high on her hips, giving the illusion that her hips were wider than they actually were.

Harry decided that she was really quite attractive, but would probably be even more so if she didn't try so hard. Between her bleach blonde hair done up in an elegant bun that contrasted with the light brown of her eyebrows, her obviously fake nails, overly long eyelashes, and the help her figure got from her knickers, it looked like someone had taken an average but attractive woman and turned her into a mockery of a model.

"Not bad," Harry admitted.

Rita scowled, her blue eyes flashing angrily before she forced a smile on her face. Reaching behind her back, she popped open the clasp of her bra and let it fall down her arms. A smirk played at the corner of her lips as she looked at him expectantly.

Her surprisingly perky breasts sat high and round on her chest with slightly upturned, light pink nipples. Compared to the size of her nipples, her areolas were quite small but perfectly round. Seeing the smug look on her face, Harry reached out and cupped one firmly, his thumbs running roughly over her hardened nipple. Rita gasped, staring wide eyed at his hand as he casually groped her firm mound.

"I thought they'd sag more."

Harry bit his lip to hold back a laugh as Rita glared at a smirking Myrtle. The same thought had crossed his mind not a moment ago.

“My breasts do not sag,” Rita sneered. “And they’re a lot better than your flat chest.”

Her sneer turned into a hiss as Harry pinched her nipple none too gently.

“Be nice. You’re in enough trouble without your mouth getting you into anymore,” he reminded Rita, causing her to pale slightly.

“I can think of something better she can do with it than talk,” Myrtle added, crossing her arms over her chest and smirking at Rita.

Huffing and glowering at Myrtle, Rita dropped to her knees, using Harry’s robe as a cushion, and reached for his belt. Once his trousers were open, she yanked them down along with his boxers. They stopped halfway down his thighs, and she gaped at what lay beneath, bringing a smirk to his face.

Harry’s length, swollen but not yet erect, hung impressively.

“Morgana’s tits,” Rita gasped.

“The other boys don’t look like that,” Myrtle muttered.

Reaching out tentatively, she took him in her hand, jumping slightly when he pulsed in excitement. Gradually, the surprise left her face, dissolving into a calculating gaze.

“You would have witches all over you if they knew about this,” she said, her eyes glittering as she looked up at him.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"You're not writing an article about the size of my cock," he deadpanned.

"You could have any witch you wanted," Rita purred seductively, her eyes gleaming like Galleons. "I have contacts over at Playwitch. One little article and a few pictures – You'd be raking in the Galleons *and* the witches."

"Not interested," Harry said with a grimace.

Rita pouted as she stroked him to hardness. Myrtle floated closer, moving around to get a better look at him. Holding him with one hand, Rita used the other to run the hard, smooth fingernail of her index finger over his engorged head teasingly.

"Maybe there's something I can do to convince you," Rita said promisingly.

Leaning forward, she wrapped her bright red, pouty lips around his swollen tip, sucking lightly as her tongue swirled around him. Harry hissed, bucking his hips unconsciously and driving an extra inch of his shaft between her lips. Rita hummed smugly, dragging her lips back off of his length and leaving behind streaks of waxy lipstick.

"I bet even that Veela would be falling over herself to get a hold of this," Rita said promisingly. "If she knew about it."

"What makes you think she doesn't?" Harry smirked.

Rita's eyebrows arched high on her forehead as a smirk pulled at the corner of her lips.

"Ooh, someone's been a naughty boy," she sang.

Taking him back into her mouth, she plunged down his length until his head bumped against the back of her throat. Bobbing up and down, the base of her tongue swirled around the sensitive head while the tip lashed at his shaft. It made Harry wonder if she'd been forced to use these kinds of talents to get out of trouble before.

Resting his hands on her head, he caught sight of Myrtle as she circled around and learned a surprising fact about ghosts. They could remove their clothes. Myrtle had opened her shirt, displaying what little cleavage she had and the middle of her bra. Her hand had slipped inside, teasing herself while her gaze remained riveted to his length. When she spotted him looking, her cheeks went bright white. Harry smiled and gave her a wink, bringing a pleased but embarrassed look to her face.

Apparently upset with his focus not being on her, Rita pulled off of him and rested his spit and lipstick coated length on her face as she slathered his balls. He thought about commenting on how much better she looked with his cock covering her face, but thought better of it when she gave a particularly hard suck that felt less than pleasant. With a grimace, Harry pulled back and offered her his hand.

Knowing what would be expected next, Rita hesitated, eyeing his throbbing length nervously before taking his hand. Pulling her to her feet, he led her over to the row of sinks. With his hands on her hips, he spun her around to face them, both of them glancing at their reflections in the mirror.

Harry smirked as she took a deep breath and bent over at the waist with her hands gripping the sink. Grabbing the waistband of her panties, he tugged them down her thin legs and helped her step out of them. As he stood, Harry ran his hands over Rita's bum and grinned when he caught a whiff of her arousal. With one hand on her hips, he used the other to run his head between her wet folds, gathering her arousal on his tip before lining up with her entrance.

Staring at her face in the mirror to watch her reaction, Harry pushed forward. Rita gasped, her mouth hanging open and her eyes wide as he stretched her walls. Taking his hand off his shaft, he gripped her shoulder and paused so she could adjust.

"Sweet baby Merlin," Rita panted. "It's like being fucked by a Troll."

Harry snorted while Myrtle giggled.

“You fucked a Troll?” she asked.

Snarling, Rita turned her head to the voyeuristic ghost to retort. Before a word could leave her lips, Harry drove forward, not interested in hearing her insults. A harsh gasp, rather than words, let her lips, prompting Myrtle to giggle again. Closing her eyes, Rita whimpered as he into her clutching depths. Turning to Myrtle, Harry smiled, causing her to blush once more. Her eyes didn't stay on his for long, turning back to look at Rita with a vindictive yet whistful expression.

Eventually, Harry bottomed out and stopped with his hips resting against Rita's ass. Myrtle floated closer, looking from the mirror and down to the spot where his sizable cock disappeared into the reporter, then up to Harry's face. Seeing Rita's eyes still closed as she tried to adjust to his size, Myrtle's face took on a shy expression as she floated in front of him. With one last look at Rita, she pulled her shirt open further and tugged her bra up over her breasts.

Harry was quite shocked to suddenly be flashed by the notoriously shy ghost but gathered himself quickly. Myrtle had small breasts, perhaps just large enough to fill the palm of his hand. It was difficult to make out details with her being completely white and partially transparent, but they looked quite pointy for their small size. Her areoles covered the entire tip of her breast and followed the curve of her breasts, with small, hard to see nipples in the center.

“Perfect,” Harry said softly.

Myrtle's nervous face broke out into a bright, beaming smile. Both of them turned their attention back to Rita a moment later when she let out an explosive breath. Harry looked at her face in the mirror just as she opened her eyes. Her cheeks flushed red when she noticed them watching her closely, her eyes tightening when they met Myrtle's. Grinning, Harry pulled his hips back.

“Merlin!” Rita exclaimed.



Stopping halfway out, Harry thrust back in. Rita, her eyes wide, gasped as he re-entered her swiftly. He pulled back again, further this time, stopping when just his head remained trapped between her folds. When he surged forwards, Rita cried out, her eyes shut tight and her right hand lifting off the sink to brace herself against the mirror. A shudder ran down her spine as he bottomed out, drawing another gasp from her bright red lips.

Harry paused, waiting for her to open her eyes before drawing his hips back again. Their eyes still locked, he plunged forward, his thick length stretching out her tight, hot depths. This time, Rita's eyes drooped, and a low, sensual moan escaped her parted lips. Harry grinned when her eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed brightly a moment later.

Thrusting again, and again, Harry settled into a rhythm of long, deep thrusts. Each one sent Rita's thin frame lurching forwards and her firm breasts trembling slightly in the mirror. The bathroom soon filled with the sound of heavy breathing, pleasure filled moans, and the steady *clap* of colliding flesh.

His pace and force steadily growing, Harry growled when Rita's head drooped. Lifting his hand off her shoulder, he grabbed a fist full of her blonde hair and pulled her head back. Rita gasped when she found herself staring back into the mirror, her eyes glazing over as her glasses fell into the sink with a clatter. Floating around in front of the ravaged reporter, Myrtle stopped in front of her with an enraptured look on her face.

"How does it feel?" she asked breathlessly.

Rita opened her mouth, but only grunted in reply.

"Answer her," Harry demanded.

She opened her mouth again, but before she could reply, her face scrunched up, and a scream ripped free from her throat. Myrtle flew back in shock, then stared open mouthed as Rita writhed frantically. Harry grunted as she tightened around his thrusting length, her slick walls fluttering wildly. Suddenly, he felt an odd pressure build up around his cock. Pulling himself

free, he stared in surprise as Rita showered the floor in her arousal. Her legs shook violently as she squirted onto the tile floor twice more before she went limp while gasping for air.

“Well, I guess that answers that,” Harry said.

Rita groaned, her forehead resting on the mirror. Grinning, Harry pulled her against his chest and then spun her around. Lifting her up, he sat her down on the edge of the sink. Rita blinked dazedly as he hooked her legs over his arms. A small yelp left her lips as she ended up with her back resting against the mirror and her legs sticking up in the air. As she blinked, her eyes focusing, Harry lined himself up and slid deep inside of her.

Rita gasped, her eyes going wide as she stared at his face.

“Potter!” she exclaimed. “Merlin, you’re going to ruin me.”

“That’s the idea,” Harry grinned.

Pulling back slowly, he barely paused before slamming forward again. Rita arched her head back, the muscles and tendons straining against the delicate skin of her neck as he settled back into a rhythm. One of Harry’s hands gripped her shoulder, pulling her down into his thrusts, while the other groped and squeezed her breast. A smirk stretched his lips as he looked at her face. With her lipstick smudged and her hair disheveled and coming loose from its bun, she looked a mess.

He could only think of one thing that would make it better.

Rolling and tugging at her swollen pink nipple, Harry hammered into Rita. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped at the edge of the sink, and her head fell forward.

“Look at you stretching me!” she gasped, staring down at his cock as it plunged in and out of her.

Harry followed her gaze. Her soft pink lips clung to his glistening shaft as if it slid in and out of her folds. Myrtle joined him, then giggled vindictively at what she saw.

"You're destroying her," Myrtle chortled happily.

"At least I know what it feels like to be with a man," Rita hissed.

Seeing the genuinely sad look flit across Myrtle's face, Harry pinched Rita's nipple roughly. Rather than being the punishment it was intended as, the blonde moaned whorishly while a tremor ran through her body. Staring at Harry with a half-lidded, sultry gaze, Rita licked her lips and hummed.

"Maybe it's a good thing I don't get to write that article in Playwitch," she smirked. "Now I get to keep you all to myself."

Harry snorted and pulled back to give her a brutal thrust. The clap of his hips colliding with her ass echoed around the bathroom, her flesh rippling from the impact. Rita threw her head back with a gasp and writhed on the sink.

"I'm cumming again!" she gasped in surprise.

Hearing a growl, Harry looked over at Myrtle's, her face twisted with fury. Suddenly, she rushed towards Rita, her form stretching and twisting as she flew into the reporter's open mouth. Harry paused in shock as Rita blinked before looking up at him.

"Oh my!" she gasped in Myrtle's voice. "That feels amazing. Please don't stop, Harry. I'm really close."

As Harry gaped, nonplussed, Rita's face transformed into a scowl.

“What are you doing!? Get out of me!” she demanded.

Rita huffed.

“It’s your fault for teasing me,” she said in Myrtle’s voice. “I just want to see what it feels like.”

Rita snarled.

“You can’t just take over my body!” Rita yelled.

Her eyes rolled.

“I’m not taking over. I’m just hitching a ride,” Myrtle said. “I’ll leave as soon as you’re done. Please, Harry.”

Shaking his head, Harry smiled down at her pleading look. Just as Rita took over again and opened her mouth to retort, he pulled back and thrust forward again. It was difficult to tell, but he was sure he could hear both Myrtle and Rita moan at different times. Harry was a bit gentler now that the kind, if temperamental, ghost was along for the ride.

“Oh, that feels so good,” Myrtle moaned.

“Harder!” Rita barked.

Soon, Harry felt his own climax begins to build. Fortunately, Rita had already been close to her peak.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Myrtle chanted.

“Yes!” Rita hissed.

Rita’s body stiffened, and her face scrunched up in pleasure as he felt pressure build up around his length. Yanking his cock out of her, Harry barely got out of the way before a stream of arousal arched past where he had stood a moment before to splatter on the floor. While Rita’s body shuddered, and three more jets of arousal shot through the air, Harry stroked himself furiously. With his free hand, he gripped the base of his cock tightly, holding back his orgasm as Myrtle and Rita savored theirs.

“Myrtle, you might want to leave,” Harry said as Rita’s sagged against the mirror.

With a disappointed moan, Rita’s mouth opened, and white smoke poured from her mouth. A moment later, Myrtle floated next to him, a satisfied, contented smile on her face. Harry stepped closer to Rita as she shook her head. Just as she started to get her bearings, he released his grip at the base of his cock.

A massive jet of cum shot from his bloated tip and painted a line from the middle of her breasts to the top of her head. Exhausted from her own climax, Rita just closed her eyes and licked her lips as several more shots of cum landed on her face and body. By the time he was done, and because of the way her body was hunched, Harry had managed to coat both her face and her breasts with a significant amount.

Smirking at the mess he’d made of the woman who’d lied about him in the paper, Harry pulled up his trousers and tucked himself away. Rita wiped a streak of cum from her left eye before cautiously opening them.

“Does this mean we’re even?” she asked, sucking the finger into her mouth.

“For now,” Harry replied as he tucked in his shirt. “As long as you behave.”

“I don’t know, Harry,” Rita purred. “I can be a very naughty girl.”

“Then I’ll just have to punish you again,” Harry grinned, backing towards the door. “Goodnight, Rita, Myrtle.”

“Bye, Harry,” Myrtle waved, her small breasts jiggling enticingly.

Smiling and waving back while Rita scowled and climbed off the sink on wobbly legs, Harry sealed the door and slipped out into the hall.

“What a weird night,” Harry said, shaking his head.

Checking his watch, he still had a couple of hours before time reset. Shrugging, he tossed the cloak over his shoulders and pulled out the map as he headed towards the library.

No one noticed a green water beetle flying through the halls a few minutes later.

~

Meanwhile, in the Great Hall, Professor McGonagall frowned as she watched the hourglass for Gryffindor losing its gems at a rapid rate.

“Albus,” Professor McGonagall called. “I think something’s wrong with the house point hourglass.”

Dumbledore looked across the hall and frowned.

“That is quite odd,” he admitted. “A prank, perhaps?”

“I doubt a student could do anything that would affect magic the founders cast,” McGonagall said.

"You're probably right," Dumbledore acknowledged. "Perhaps a malfunction, or some kind of interference? I'll examine it in the morning."

"Very well," McGonagall nodded.

~

In the dungeons of Hogwarts, Professor Severus Snape sat on the floor of a locked storage closet, glaring maliciously at the door.

"A hundred points from Gryffindor for being absolute dunderheads," he growled. "When I get out of here..."

## Chapter 17

"So, what are we looking for?" Suzette asked.

"I'm not looking for anything specific," Harry said, looking around the massive room full of things left behind by a millennia's worth of students. "I thought we could just look around for anything interesting."

"Are you sure it's alright?" Hermione asked, her curiosity warring with her conscience. "I mean, isn't it like stealing?"

"This stuff has been here for centuries, Hermione," Harry said. "No one's going to come looking for any of it."

"Think of all the books we could find," Suzette added while taking Hermione's hand and giving it a squeeze.

Hermione bit her lip with a conflicted look on her face for a long moment before she sighed.

"I suppose you're right," she conceded.

Grinning, Harry took her by the hand and led her into the maze that was the Room of Lost Things. As far as the eye could see, there were piles of discarded things, some thirty feet high. Most of it was junk, broken furniture, discarded school supplies, empty bottles, and old clothes, along with much, much more.

Among the junk, there were valuable items, such as rare boom, antique brooms, expensive jewelry, and useful magical artifacts. Looking through a pile of old brooms, most of which were in terrible condition, Harry found a pristine Nimbus Cloud, the very first broom made by the company almost three hundred years ago. Carefully pulling it out of the pile, he gently set it on the floor.

"Up!" he commanded.

The broom obediently jumped up and slapped into his hand. Harry grinned widely. A working Nimbus Cloud in this condition would be worth a small fortune to the right collector, but he was much more interested in the history behind it and how this one broom changed the face of Quidditch.

"Hey, girl," Harry said. "Come grab a broom. Searching this place will be faster and easier if we fly."

"Harry, you know I don't like flying," Hermione complained while Suzette picked out a working Comet Seven.

"We'll be moving slowly and staying close to the ground," Harry told her reassuringly before smirking. "If you're that worried, you could always ride with me."



"If I fly with you, we'll never get anything done," Hermione huffed as a smile twitched at the corners of her lips. "You spend the whole time feeling me up."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Harry said.

Suzette giggled as Hermione picked out a much more recent Comet 120.

"Good choice," Harry smiled.

"I guess listening to you and Ron go on about Quidditch for the last three and a half years was good for something," Hermione admitted.

Mounting their brooms, the three of them flew up about ten feet off the ground and slowly cruised between the piles of junk. They didn't make it far before Hermione spotted a stack of books. She didn't find anything interesting, so they took off again.

Flying around, they never more than fifty feet before one of them saw something they wanted to take a closer look at. Throughout their search, they found a few interesting things. Hermione and Suzette found a number of books, while Harry was happy with a few interesting enchanted objects he found. Hermione was especially excited to find a book that wasn't even in the Hogwarts Library.

"It's been thought to be lost for centuries!" Hermione exclaimed. "Just think of all the other lost books we might be able to find in here!"

Harry smiled at her enthusiasm before they continued searching. Even though they spent hours in the room, they covered only a small portion of it. Looking at the immense size of the room, Harry thought it would take months to look through it all.

“Wait,” Hermione frowned as they started to leave. “Won’t I just forget about the books tomorrow?”

“Dumbledore taught me a spell to link them to you,” Harry said. “The books will stay where you put them but, unfortunately, you still won’t remember what you read the day before.”

“Then what’s the point of reading them?” she asked, scowling at the books in her arms.

“You could write a summary for what you ‘ave read and then read that in the morning,” Suzette suggested with a shrug.

“I’m sorry, Hermione, but there isn’t much we can do until I find a way out of this damn loop,” Harry sighed. “none of those books you found have anything to do with time, do they?”

“No,” Hermione said with an apologetic look. “I looked, but I didn’t see any.”

Harry took off his glasses and rubbed the heels of his palms into his tired eyes.

“We still might find some,” Suzette said, kissing him on the cheek. “Didn’t you say Professor Dumbledore knew a spell to detect Time Magic?”

“I think so,” Harry replied, frowning thoughtfully. “I’ll ask him about it.”

Smiling prettily, Suzette linked her arm with his and kissed his cheek again. Harry couldn’t help but smile as he looked over at the stunning blonde.

“So, what are we doing for the ball tonight?” she asked.

"I say we forget the ball and stay here all night, just the three of us," Harry said with a crooked grin.

"That sounds magnifique," Suzette smiled.

Together, they turned to look at Hermione. Huffing, she looked down at her books longingly before shaking her head.

"I guess there's no harm in skipping a ball no one will remember tomorrow," she said.

Smiling, Suzette practically skipped over to Hermione and kissed her on the lips passionately. Hermione squeaked in surprise and froze for a moment, then leaned into Suzette and kissed her back.

"Ladies," Harry said after a few seconds, smiling. "Unless you want to do this in here, we should probably leave and change the room."

Breathless and flushed, they each grabbed one of his hands and dragged him out into the hall.

~

After a week of searching, at least to Harry, They'd made a large amount of progress. Some of the things they found were just incredible. They'd found a first edition copy of Hogwarts, A History, which Hermione cradled as if it were a baby, a Pensieve, mountains of jewelry, including a chest full of precious gems, and all sorts of valuable artifacts.

Since Harry was the only one who could remember where they searched and what they found, and there was too much to take with them, Hermione had designed a map of the room that marked the location of anything valuable or interesting. She'd tried to make it similar to the Marauder's Map, but even with Suzette's help, it was taking time.

When they came across a chest full of gems, Hermione took out her map, unfolded it, and tapped it with her wand. Above the rather accurate drawing of the pile of junk it was buried in, a small, floating flag appeared labeled 'chest of gems,' appeared.

"That really is brilliant, 'Ermione,'" Suzette smiled.

"It's nothing special," she said modestly. "It's just a Topography Charm and a few labels."

"It's better than anything 'Arry or I came up with," Suzette told her. "You're making it hard for me to decide which is better. That wonderful mind of yours, or your beautiful derriere."

"Suzette!" Hermione exclaimed as the French girl groped her bum.

"It is a tough call," Harry grinned, making a show of looking at Hermione's rear.

The brunette flushed and shook her head at them. While she watched the memories of their time together every morning through the eyes of Harry and Suzette, it always took time for them to feel real to her. That often left Hermione blushing when they teased her.

"Did you ask Dumbledore about using that charm to link us together like we do with objects?" Hermione asked, blatantly changing the subject.

"Yeah," Harry sighed while running a hand through his hair. "He told me not to unless I had no other option. It'll work, but for one, it essentially means we're married."

"That doesn't sound too bad," Suzette grinned, kissing him on the lips. "I think I could put up with you."

Harry smiled and gave her a kiss of his own.

"It would also mean that if one of us died, so would the other," Harry said. "We'd literally be linking our souls."

"Oh," Hermione frowned. "I guess I'll just have to keep leaving myself notes."

"Sorry," Harry said, squeezing her hand.

"Ow is your dueling with Professor Flitwick going?" Suzette asked as they went back to searching the room.

"Really good," Harry smiled. "He says I could probably take on most Aurors now. He's even started taking me out by the forest to teach me more powerful spells."

"Really!?" Hermione asked excitedly. "That's great, Harry. I always knew you were good, but to get that far so soon is really impressive."

"It's been nearly four years, Hermione," Harry said, smiling sadly.

"And in that time, most people would just be finishing Auror training, now being able to take on their instructors," she told him. "I'm really proud of you."

Harry smiled and wrapped his arms around her when she hugged him.

"What about Ancient Runes?" she asked.

"I just started the sixth year material," he said. "I haven't put as much time into that as I have dueling."

“That means you’ll be able to take the class with me next year, and you can drop that useless Divinations class,” Hermione said excitedly.

“Yeah, now all I have to do is figure out what’s causing a time loop that shouldn’t be possible and then end it,” Harry sighed.

He immediately wished he hadn’t said anything when Suzette and Hermione frowned at him.

“Sorry,” he muttered.

“It’s alright,” Suzette said, caressing his cheek. “We know you must be frustrated.”

“We’re just worried about you,” Hermione added.

“I’m fine,” he said, then continued at their disbelieving looks. “No, really. I mean, sure, it gets frustrating, but I’ve got you two to keep me sane. I’ll be alright.”

Looking to change the subject, Harry took out his wand and cast the Detection Charm for temporal magic that Dumbledore had taught him. He’d cast it countless times as they searched the Room of Lost Things, but so far, the only things that glowed blue at all were him and Hermione. Even then, it was incredibly dull.

Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide and a hand covering her mouth as she pointed over his shoulder. Harry and Suzette turned to see waves of blue light pulsating outwards in a huge dome.

“Merde,” Suzette murmured.

“We found it,” Harry whispered.

Hands trembling with excitement and trepidation, Harry gripped his wand tightly and walked towards the source. Walking around a pile of chairs and a mound of old trunks, he came upon a marble bust with a tarnished silver tiara on its head. Hanging around the neck of the bust was the unmistakable hourglass pendant of a Time Turner.

Cautiously stepping closer, Harry stopped when he felt a familiar magic that sent chills down his spine. It was the same magic he felt from the Diary in his second year, only much more malevolent.

“That’s Ravensclaws Diadem,” Hermione whispered in awe.

Eyes riveted to the tiara, she made to step past him.

“No!” Harry yelled, wrapping his arm around her waist.

“But, Harry, Think of all the knowledge it could hold,” Hermione said, trying to pulled away from him.

Harry started to pull her back, and she dug her nails sharply into the skin of his arm. Hissing in pain and struggling to hold back the surprisingly strong girl, he looked over at Suzette for help. She, too, was staring at the tiara but, fortunately, wasn’t moving towards it.

“Suzette, help!” Harry shouted.

Shaking her head, Suzette looked at him in confusion, then glanced back at the tiara while backing over to him.

“Let me go!” Hermione yelled, clawing at his arm and struggling against him.

“Suzette!” Harry screamed. “Help me! It’s Voldemort!”

Tearing her eyes from the tiara and looking frightened, Suzette grabbed Hermione from the other side and helped him drag her away. When they got about twenty feet away and were out of sight of the tiara, Hemione relaxed and blinked confusedly.

“What – what happened?” Hermione asked.

“There is a very strong compulsion on that thing,” Suzette said as Harry finally let go of Hermione.

“That was horrible,” Hermione shivered. “It felt like I had to have the Diadem no matter what.”

“We should go get Dumbledore,” Harry said.

Nodding, Hermione pulled out her map to mark the spot, then paused.

“Why is there blood on my hands?” she asked worriedly.

“”Arry, your arm,” Suzette said, pointing.

Hermione gasped when she saw the deep, crescent shaped cuts she’d dug into his skin with her nails. Harry’s forearm was covered in lines of blood that flowed from the cuts. Rushing over to him, Hermione healed him while tears fell from her eyes.

“It wasn’t your fault,” Harry said, brushing away a tear with his thumb.

“I should’ve been stronger,” Hermione murmured.



“Hey,” Harry said softly, caressing her cheek. “It wasn’t your fault any more than what happened to Ginny was hers.”

“Suzette was fine,” she said miserably as she let go of his arm.

Sighing, Harry pulled into a comforting hug.

“I struggled too,” Suzette told her. “It was only my Occlumency that kept me acting the same way you did.”

Kissing Hermione on the forehead, Harry and Suzette wrapped their arms around a still visibly upset Hermione and led her from the room.

~

Half an hour later, after explaining what they’d found to Dumbledore, they made the trip back to the Room of Lost Things with the headmaster in tow. As they grew closer, Hermione stopped and wrapped her arms around herself protectively.

“I think it might be best if I stay back this time,” she said.

“I’ll stay with her,” Suzette offered.

Harry shook his head, “No. Hermione, you need to face this. You know what to expect this time, and I’ll be right next to you the whole time.”

Biting her lip, Hermione considered his words for a long moment before nodding.

“How close are we?” Dumbledore asked.

"It's just around the corner," Suzette told him, pointing past the pile of chairs.

Nodding, he cautiously walked forward. Harry glanced back at Hermione, who was clinging to Suzette's hand, and then the three of them followed.

"Interesting," Dumbledore said. "You were right. This is just like the Diary."

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"All in good time," the professor replied, giving a meaningful yet subtle glance at the girls. "For now, we should focus on how it is causing time to repeat, and more importantly, how to make it stop."

"Professor?" Hermione asked. "Didn't you tell Harry a Time Turner couldn't do this?"

"Indeed I did," Dumbledore said. "However, if you look closely, you'll see that the hourglass is cracked."

Harry squinted to look closer and noticed that the bottom of the hourglass was cracked, and a few grains of sand had fallen onto the table the bust rested on.

"I believe that, along with Voldemort's influence, is what is causing this," he continued.

"But what is it trying to do?" Hermione asked. "Why repeat time at all?"

"It is attempting to resurrect Lord Voldemort, just as the Diary did," Dumbledore explained. "The...essence Tom placed in the Diadem is not as sophisticated as what he placed in the Diary. While the Diary took its power through Ms. Weasley, the Diadem doesn't have the means for

someone to pour so much of themselves into it. Instead of using a person, the Diadem is attempting to absorb magic for the room.”

“Shit,” Harry cursed. “We have to stop it!”

“Not to worry,” Dumbledore smiled. “It would take centuries for the Diadem to absorb enough magic to resurrect Lord Voldemort. Which is why it is using the Time Turner. Were it not for your connection to Tom, it may have succeeded. The world would have spent centuries reliving the same day, none the wiser that they were doing so, all while Lord Voldemort slowly grew in power.”

“But what about Voldemort?” Harry asked, unconsciously rubbing his tingling scar. “The one at Riddle manor, I mean. Do you think he remembers everything like I do?”

“It’s a possibility,” Professor Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. “However, I think not. The body Voldemort is currently inhabiting is extremely weak. It is taking all of his power to simply remain as he is. That body you saw is simply a vessel to contain his spirit. He is not truly alive, nor is he truly dead. At the moment, I don’t believe he is strong enough to realize what is happening. Still, it may be best to try and find out.”

“Can’t we just destroy the tiara?” Harry asked.

“It’s a Diadem,” Hermione corrected.

“Yeah, that,” Harry said.

“It is possible,” Dumbledore admitted. “However, it could also throw the entire castle back in time hundreds of years.”

“Oh,” Harry said, swallowing thickly. “So, what do we do?”

“For now, nothing,” Dumbledore replied, turning to face Harry. “I know you are anxious to get back to your normal life. However, we must be cautious. I’ll need to do some research before we can proceed. The Diadem will fight to protect itself, and a single mistake could have disastrous consequences.”

“Can I help?” Hermione asked.

“Your assistance would be most welcome, Ms. Granger,” the headmaster smiled. “I must admit, Time Magic is not something I’m overly familiar with.”

“Have a headache potion ready,” Harry said. “I’ve been studying it for four years, and it still doesn’t make sense.”

“I’ll ‘elp too,” Suzette offered.

“Thank you, Ms. Beaumont,” Dumbledore said.

Reaching into his pocket, Dumbledore pulled out a silver pocket watch and looked at it over the top of his half-moon glasses.

“Unfortunately, I’m needed to prepare for the ball,” he said. “We’ll have to start researching tomorrow morning. Harry, if you could be in my office at eight, there’s a few things we should go over. Ms. Granger, Ms. Beaumont, if you two could come at nine, we can get started. I must ask that you don’t tell anyone else about this for now. Lord Voldemort is a dangerous enemy and one we do not want anyone else running into unprepared.”

Harry and the girls nodded their ascent. Dumbledore looked back over his shoulder at the Diadem one last time.

Harry, Hermione, and Suzette missed the ball again that night. They spent the night in the Room of Requirement, enjoying each other's company and taking comfort in one another.

The next morning, Harry made his way to Dumbledore's office, his thoughts racing. There was a sense of relief that he finally knew what was causing him to be trapped in time, but he couldn't help but feel worried. Who knew how long it would take to figure out how to destroy the Diadem safely? How much longer would he be stuck like this?

Then his thoughts turned to the girls he enjoyed spending time with. Would they remember him? Would he remember them? What if, by stopping the Diadem, Harry forgot everything he'd done and learned over the last four years? All that knowledge, all those memories, everything he'd learned about his classmates, gone in the blink of an eye.

Harry thought of Suzette, who'd become one of his closest friends, someone he'd come to depend on, and what his life would be like without her. He thought of Hermione and their relationship going back to that of just close friends. Then, his mind turned to the other girls he'd come to care for. Katie, Susan, Daphne, Fleur, those kinky little Carrow twins, Professor Sinistra, and more.

Then, Harry's thoughts turned to all of the things he'd yet to do. He still hadn't given Parvati and Padma the dates they deserved. He hadn't tried to get Susan to realize how much Megan Jones fancied her. He hadn't found a good date for Ron. Even after four years, there was still so much he'd planned to do that he never got around to doing.

And then there was Voldemort to deal with. Harry knew that Moody was being impersonated by Crouch Junior, where Voldemort and Pettigrew were hiding, and what their plan for him was. If he forgot about all that, would he walk into their trap and end up dead after Voldemort was resurrected.

Before he realized it, his feet had guided him to Dumbledore's office on the second floor.

"Acid Pops," Harry said to the Gargoyle.

When the statue slid to the side with a grinding sound, he slipped past it onto the moving staircase. At the top, he knocked twice before he was told to enter.

“Ah, good morning Harry,” Professor Dumbledore greeted him. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit this lovely morning?”

Harry sighed, “Check the top right-hand drawer of your desk and read the journal you find in there.”

As Dumbledore did as he was asked with a curious look on his face, Harry took out his wand. With a twirl, he wordlessly transfigured the straight-backed, wooden chair across the desk into a comfortable wingback. Taking a seat, Fawkes flew over and landed on the arm with a soft croon. Smiling, Harry stroked his feathers while Dumbledore read through his journal.

It was a good fifteen minutes before he finally set it down.

“I see,” Dumbledore said, taking off his glasses and cleaning them on his robes. “I had hoped to put this off longer, but it seems I have, once again, failed to protect you. My journal tells me that you’ve learned Occlumency?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, tilting his head curiously. “Suzette taught me Legilimency and Occlumency.”

“Good,” Dumbledore nodded. “With your permission, I’d like to test how far along you’ve come.”

Harry shrugged, then nodded. Picking his wand up off the desk, Professor Dumbledore looked him in the eye and pointed it in his general direction. He felt the professor enter his mind and did his best to push him out. After several moments of not being able to find a way into his mind, there was a sudden spike of pain as he forced his way in. Harry tried to force him out, but Dumbledore was relentless in his search.

When he realized the headmaster was looking for his memory of their conversation in the Hospital Wing at the end of first year, he started shifting him to other, less important memories. That worked for a while, but eventually, Dumbledore forced his way back to the memory he wanted. As Harry watched it start to play out, he tried something he had very little practice with. He started altering the memory as they watched it.

Suddenly, Professor Dumbledore pulled out of his mind, leaving Harry with a throbbing headache.

"Impressive," Dumbledore said, then pulled a vial full of a red potion out of his desk and set it in front of him. "Drink this. It's a Headache Potion."

Harry downed it with a grimace and instantly felt the pain subside.

"Ms. Beaumont has taught you well," the headmaster continued. "What I'm about to tell you must be kept secret. The fate of the world may very well depend on it. You may tell Ms. Granger and Mr. Weasley if you wish, but no one else can know. I need your word on this."

"What about Suzette?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore leaned back in his chair thoughtfully.

"You may tell her as well," he said after a moment. "Now, tell me, have you ever heard of the term Horcrux?"

~

Harry spent an hour learning about how Voldemort had split his soul and placed parts of it in containers. Dumbledore was certain both the Diary and the Diadem were Horcruxes. Unfortunately, the headmaster had no idea how many Voldemort had made, though he believed it to be less than a dozen. As if that wasn't enough, the headmaster then dropped the

prophecy on him as well. It was a lot to take in, and Harry struggled to control his chaotic thoughts.

“So, until all of these Horcruxes are destroyed, Voldemort can’t be killed?” Harry asked.

“Oh, no, he can most certainly be killed,” Dumbledore said. You demonstrated that yourself when you destroyed his body in Godric’s Hollow all those years ago. It’s more accurate to say that he cannot pass on until they are destroyed. It may seem like a small distinction, but it is an important one.”

“So, what do we do now?” Harry asked, feeling overwhelmed.

“We focus on solving the problem at hand,” Dumbledore replied. “I find difficult problems are made easier by looking at them one piece at a time. For now, we focus on destroying the one in the Room of Lost Things without altering time any more than it already had been.”

Pulling out a piece of parchment, Dumbledore wrote a quick note before holding it up. Fawkes launched himself up from the arm of the chair, clutched it in his claws, and then vanished in a burst of flame.

“I believe your friends will be here shortly. Was there anything else you wished to talk about?” he asked.

“How did the Horcrux get the Time Turner?” Harry asked.

“An excellent question, and unfortunately, one I don’t have an answer for,” the headmaster replied. “It’s possible that a House Elf discovered it, and the Diadem compelled them to place it on the bust. Perhaps they simply did it on their own, or perhaps the Diadem had enough magic to summon it to itself after sitting in such a magically powerful room for decades. We may never know.”



Harry nodded and sat back in his chair with a thoughtful frown. As worried as he was, it was almost a relief to finally know the truth.

"You should've told me sooner," Harry said, surprising himself by speaking aloud.

"I wanted to give you a chance at a normal childhood before placing such a burden on your shoulders," Dumbledore said.

"I don't think I ever had a normal childhood," Harry sighed. "Is there anything else you haven't told me?"

Dumbledore paused, but before he could answer, there was a knock at the door.

"Enter," Dumbledore called.

Hermione and Suzette entered the office and took seats on either side of Harry. Before anyone could say anything, there was a burst of flame as Fawkes returned, startling the girls. Flapping his wings, the Phoenix set a large stack of books on the desk before swooping around and landing on the back of Harry's chair. Looking at the magnificent red and gold bird, Hermione and Suzette reached out to stroke his feathers.

"These are the most comprehensive books on time travel that I can get my hands on," Dumbledore said. "We'll need to find a way to neutralize the Time Turner before we can destroy the Diadem."

Reaching into his desk, the headmaster took out three leather bound journals and handed one to each of them.

"I want you to keep notes of anything useful you find in these journals. I've already linked them to myself," Dumbledore said. "We have from now until two to research before I must leave to prepare for the ball."

Picking up three of the books, he handed them out and then picked up one for himself. Only the occasional scratch of a quill broke the silence in the room. Harry had trouble focusing on the words on the page as his mind kept drifting to other worries.

Seeing his distraction, Suzette reached over and squeezed his hand. Smiling, he squeezed back. The thought of losing the beautiful girl who'd become such a big part of his life filled him with determination. He was going to find a way to stop the Diadem and keep his memories, no matter what it took.

## Chapter 18

Harry felt a sense of relief so powerful at knowing what was keeping him trapped in time and finally having at least a chance to escape that he was almost giddy when he woke up the next morning. It also filled him with an odd sense of urgency to try and do some of the things he'd always wanted but hadn't gotten around to.

Even after more than four years of reliving the same day over and over again, there were some things that he'd thought were too unlikely or difficult to pull off that he'd simply put the ideas aside. Now, with a possible end nearing, he wanted to at least try.

For the first time in a long time, Harry had a smile on his face as he entered the Great Hall. Looking around at the familiar faces, it really hit him how much better he now knew classmates that had been little more than acquaintances when this all started. Even some that he'd considered friends had surprised him.

There was Angelina Johnson, a fiercely competitive girl that was a bit of a size queen with an oral fixation. Susan Bones was shy and quiet to most but shockingly submissive. Daphne Greengrass, who was cold and unapproachable even to her housemates, dreamed of a man who would treat her like a queen in public and a whore in private. At only twenty-four, Professor Sinistra, the youngest professor at Hogwarts, was almost desperate for sex and affection. Even Hermione had shocked him with how wanton she could be at times, and she'd been his best friend for years.

And then, of course, there was Suzette. Her natural Legilimency and understanding had been a beacon for him in one of the darkest times of his life. Just when he'd never felt more alone and trapped, she came along and became a friend who could understand him like no one else ever had. The fact that Suzette and Hermione got along fantastically and cared about each other as much as they cared for him had been like a dream come true.

Part of him still occasionally wondered if this was just some magically induced dream that was only happening inside his head. Only the fact that everything looked and felt absolutely real dissuaded him from truly believing that.

Sitting down across from Hermione at the Gryffindor table, Harry absently held a conversation with her, one he'd had thousands of times, while his mind wandered. When Dumbledore made his customary speech about the Yule ball, he looked from his bushy haired friend and another brunette only a few seats away. It had been a while since he'd gone to the Ball with Katie, and he had to admit, she was one of his favorites.

Harry remembered Hermione admitting to having a crush on Katie a while back but had never been able to think of a plausible way for the three of them to go together. Now, though, he couldn't think of a reason not to at least try.

"Hey, Hermione," Harry said when Dumbledore finished his announcement and sat. "I need to talk to you for a minute in private."

"Okay," she said, looking at him curiously and leaning forward to whisper. "Is it about the Tournament?"

"No," Harry smiled.

With all of the studying he'd done over the last four years, he knew of a dozen different ways to get through the task. It almost felt like cheating that he had so much more time than the other Champions, but it wasn't like he had any control over his situation. Besides, they were three years older than him, and it would be a complete waste of an opportunity not to try and

improve his magic with all the time he had. Not to mention the fact that he now knew Voldemort was behind his name ending up in the cup and most of what his plans were.

After finishing their breakfast, Harry led Hermione out of the Great Hall and into the nearest empty classroom.

"Take a seat," Harry said, pulling another chair over to hers. "There's something I need to show you."

As Hermione looked at him curiously, he gently pushed his memories into her mind. She gasped, her eyes widening as memories of the four years flashed in front of her eyes.

"Oh, Harry," she said, jumping up and hugging him tightly.

"I know it's a bit overwhelming. Just breathe and wait a minute for your mind to catch up," Harry said.

"Did we really, um...?" Hermione asked, trailing off nervously.

Harry smiled at the familiar question. It was something she asked nearly every time he did this with her. Hugging her tighter, he pulled Hermione into his lap and kissed her softly.

"Frequently," he whispered.

She blushed, but a bright smile lit up her face, and she leaned her head on his shoulder.

"As much as I'd love to stay like this, I have to go talk to Dumbledore," Harry said. "I want you to do something for me, though."

“Anything,” Hermione said, sitting up to look at him intently.

Harry grinned, “Ask Katie to the Ball.”

Hermione’s eyebrows rose sharply, and her mouth worked silently up and down.

“Look, this time travel stuff might not last much longer, and we both know you want the three of us to go together,” Harry said.

“And how does me asking her to the Ball get the three of us to go together?” Hermione asked.

“I’ll take care of that,” Harry told her with a crooked grin. “I don’t know if it’ll work, but it’s worth a shot.”

“Alright,” Hermione sighed. “You’ll tell me what happens with Professor Dumbledore, won’t you?”

“Of course,” he said, giving her a peck on the lips.

Hermione squeaked cutely in surprise when Harry suddenly stood up and set her on her feet. Pulling her body flush with his, he gave her a good snog before pulling back, leaving her flushed and breathless.

“I’ll see you in a little bit,” Harry said.

Leaving the classroom, Hermione headed back to the Great Hall while he made his way up to the second floor. Giving the Gargoyle the password, he rode the stairs up to the headmaster’s office.

"Come in," Dumbledore called out before Harry could even knock on the door.

Shaking his head, he pushed open the door and walked into the office. Fawkes chirped in greeting and glided over to land on his shoulder.

"Good morning, Harry," Dumbledore said. "I trust you're here about yesterday's discoveries."

"Yeah," Harry said. "I know you wanted me here at eight, but I don't wake up until after nine, and I can't exactly set an alarm."

"That's understandable," Professor Dumbledore nodded.

"So, do you know how we should deal with this?" Harry asked.

"I need to take a closer look at the Horcrux and the Time-Turner before I can give you a definitive answer," Dumbledore said. "It may take me some time to fully understand what we're up against."

Harry sighed but nodded.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" he asked.

"Give me a couple of days to learn a little more before I bring you with me," the headmaster replied. "This is very dangerous magic. A single mistake could have grave consequences."

"Alright," Harry said.

"In the meantime, I'd like you to read this," Dumbledore said.

Reaching into his desk, he pulled out a book. The black leather cover was cracked in places, and the pages yellowed and warped with age. Harry took it and immediately felt a chill run down his spine. It felt like the dark magic from the book was seeping out and creeping over his hands.

“What is this?” Harry asked, revolted.

“That is what I believe to be the last surviving copy of a book called Secrets of the Darkest Arts by Herpo the Foul,” Dumbledore replied. “It is a book I have worked tirelessly to destroy, and the one I believe Voldemort learned the Horcrux ritual from. This book contains some of the darkest, foulest magics ever created.”

“Why do you want me to read this?” Harry asked, setting the book on the desk and wiping his hands on his robes.

“In order for you to help me with Voldemort’s Horcruxes, you need to understand everything about them,” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. “Normally, I would not allow such a dangerous book to leave this office. However, since you are the only one able to remember what happens, I feel it’s safe enough for you to take with you.”

Nodding, Harry grimaced and slipped the book into his pocket.

“I’d also like you to look into studying Runes and Curse Breaking,” he continued. “Even a basic understanding could be useful in our research.”

“I’ve already been learning Runes,” Harry said. “I was hoping to take that instead of Divinations when this was all over.”

“Excellent,” Dumbledore smiled. “That will make things easier. Now, if you’ll excuse me, it seems I have some work to do before the Ball.”

Nodding, Harry stood and headed for the door.

“Stay safe, professor,” Harry said just before leaving.

~

Instead of going to find Hermione like he’d planned, Harry ended up going to his dorm to read through the book Dumbledore had given him. He found it horrifically disgusting, and it made him sick to his stomach more than once. After reading about Horcruxes and forcing himself to understand all of the details, he finally put it down.

Feeling dirty from just touching the book, let alone reading it, Harry stuffed it in his trunk next to a pair of Dudley’s old socks and took a long, hot shower. By the time he was done, he felt quite a bit better and realized just how hungry he was.

“Where have you been?” Hermione asked exasperatedly when she spotted him coming down to the common room.

“Sorry,” Harry said. “I got distracted after my talk with Dumbledore.”

“Did you learn anything new?” Hermione asked.

“Nothing really important,” Harry lied. “How did things go with Katie?”

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to tell Hermione about the book or what he’d learned. It was just that he didn’t want to think about it anymore tonight. If he told her, there was no way he could stop her from reading it herself, despite the fact she wouldn’t remember any of it.

“She said yes,” Hermione replied, biting her lips as her cheeks went a light pink. “I still don’t see how you’re going to talk her into the three of us going together.”



“You let me worry about that,” Harry said, throwing an arm over her shoulders with a crooked grin. “Come on, let’s go get something to eat. I’m starving.”

Hermione sighed and shook her head at him as he led her out of the common room.

~

Hermione kept looking at Harry expectantly throughout lunch and into the afternoon, but it wasn’t until nearly three that he finally made his move. Hermione and Katie were sitting on the couch next to the fire, talking about Muggle fiction, of all things, while Harry sat in a chair, flipping through an advanced spell book.

“Hey, Katie, Hermione, can I ask you two a favor?” he asked at a pause in their conversation.

“Sure, what do you need?” Katie asked.

“Since I’m a Champion, I have to do the opening dance with someone. I know you two are going together, but I was hoping one of you would have dinner and then do the first dance with me,” Harry said.

Katie and Hermione shared a brief look before Katie turned back to him.

“I don’t mind, but I’m sure we can find you a date if you need one,” she said.

“I’m not really interested in finding a date,” Harry said. “The only girls I wanted to go with are taken, so I’d rather just do the first dance and relax for the rest of the night.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Harry,” Katie said sympathetically. “Sure, one of us could do the opening dance with you.”

Turning to the side, she looked at Hermione questioningly.

“You can do it,” Hermione smiled. “I’d rather not have the attention, and you know how bad the rumors would be.”

“You don’t mind, do you?” Katie asked.

“Of course not,” Hermione said.

Smiling brightly, Katie leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek before springing to her feet excitedly.

“I’m going to go start getting ready,” she said happily. “Are you going to come up and let me and Alicia help you with your hair.”

“Yeah, I’ll be up in a couple of minutes,” Hermione smiled.

Harry smiled as Katie turned and bounced up the stairs, her ponytail swaying back and forth.

“I don’t know if I like this,” Hermione said quietly.

Harry turned and looked at her in surprise.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“It just feels sort of – wrong,” Hermione said. “It feels like we’re manipulating her. Can’t you just show her your memories like you did with me and tell her the truth?”

"I – didn't even think about that," Harry admitted, surprised with himself.

Why hadn't he thought about that before, he wondered.

"Should I go get her?" Hermione asked.

Nodding, Harry sat back in his chair thoughtfully as Hermione dashed up the stairs to the girl's dorm. He wondered if he really was manipulating girls to go on dates with him. But wasn't that what dating was normally like anyways, boys doing what they thought a girl would like to get them to go out with them? Suzette had never said anything against it and even encouraged him sometimes.

Harry's thoughts were interrupted when Hermione and Katie came bounding back down the stairs, and he resolved to talk to Hermione and Suzette about it more the next time the three of them were together.

"Hermione said you wanted to tell me something," Katie said, taking a seat on the couch across from him.

"Yeah," Harry said, licking his lips. "Do you know what Legilimency is?"

"No," Katie said, shaking her head with a curious look.

"It's basically magical mind reading," Harry said. "Think of it as a way for a person to connect their mind to another's. I want to use that to show you something. I promise not to look at anything you don't want me to."

"Okay," Katie said slowly, glancing over at Hermione, who smiled encouragingly.

Harry sighed, knowing his description was horrible and Katie didn't really understand. When she looked at him again, he gently entered her mind and fed her some of his memories. He didn't show her everything like he did with Hermione, but he showed her his memories of being stuck in a loop and all their dates to the Ball.

"Whoa!" Katie gasped, her eyes wide.

"Just give it a minute for your memories to settle," Harry said. "I know it's a lot to take in."

"That's an understatement," Katie said, rubbing her eyes. "So, we're all live in some kind of time loop, and you're the only one who remembers anything?"

"Yeah," Harry said.

Katie stared at him incredulously.

"How have you not gone insane?" she asked.

"I'm not entirely sure I haven't." Harry joked.

Katie snorted and shook her head.

"And we've gone to the Ball before?" she asked.

"Quite a few times," Harry smiled.

"And now you want to go with me and Hermione?" Katie pressed.

"I was hoping to," Harry said. "It was actually Hermione's idea."

"I saw that," Katie said, smiling as Hermione blushed. "Alright, so we'll do the first dance, and then Hermione joins us?"

"You're okay with this?" Hermione asked, surprised.

"Yeah, why not?" Katie asked. "I like both of you, and it's not like anyone will remember it. Well, besides Harry, and it's not like we haven't had sex before. Why not give it a try and see how things go?"

Harry smiled while Hermione goggled at her.

"You're the best, Katie," Harry grinned.

"I know," she smiled.

~

Harry, Hermione, and Katie ended up having a great time at the Ball. They certainly got some looks for their classmates but were mostly able to ignore them. Ron, predictably, tried to make a scene until Alicia and Angelina chased him out of the Great Hall with a few mild Hexes.

As the night grew late, it was actually Katie that dragged them up to the seventh floor. Harry smiled as she pulled them into a comfortable looking room clad in Gryffindor colors and surprised Hermione with a passionate kiss. As the two of them staggered over to the bed, giggling when they nearly tripped, taking off their dresses and shoes on the way, Harry shrugged off his cloak.

He began to wonder just how much of Fred and George's spiked punch they'd had when Hermione fell onto the bed while pulling Katie on top of her, her cheeks bright pink as she took Katie's pink nipple between her lips. Katie moaned, her back arching and pulling her black panties taught around her full, muscular bum.

Harry slowly stripped out of his clothes as he watched the two roll around on the mattress, the last of their clothes being tossed carelessly to the floor. Smiling, Katie kissed her way down Hermione's body until her face was buried between her legs. Hermione arched her back and moaned, her hands landing on the top of Katie's head.

"You taste so good, Hermione," Katie whispered.

Glancing over her shoulder, she looked back at Harry and wiggled her bum with a grin. He smiled, realizing how much he'd missed her playful side. Walking up behind her, he dropped his boxers and climbed onto the bed. Katie moaned as his hands ghosted over her smooth, round curves. Leaning over her back, he kissed her shoulder and sucked at the side of her neck.

"Merlin, that feels big," Katie panted, wiggling her bum against his rigid erection. "Just put it in. I'm so fucking wet right now."

Snorting in laughter, Harry kissed her cheek as her lips descended on Hermione's folds. Straightening up, he rubbed his head between her glistening lips teasingly a couple of times before lining himself up with her entrance. Slowly, he pushed forward, sinking into her sweltering embrace.

"Oh God," Katie gasped.

Harry groaned as he bottomed out and paused, savoring the feeling of her tight depths. Leaning forward again, he ran a hand over her ribs and cupped one of her breasts as he began thrusting. Katie moaned into Hermione's mound, her tongue delving deep into her folds.

"Katie," Hermione moaned, bucking her hips.

Spurred on, Katie attacked her clit enthusiastically, making Hermione moan even louder. Harry smiled at his best friend as she writhed wantonly while thrusting into Katie. Reaching up, Katie grasped one of Hermione's breasts and pinched her nipple lightly. Hermione arched her back, her hands tugging gently at Katie's elegant bun.

Katie's moans grew rapidly until she suddenly screamed out, her folds fluttering wildly around his thrusting shaft. Harry grunted as he was brought to a surprising climax, burying himself in her depths as he exploded.

"Bloody hell," Harry grunted.

After a moment to catch her breath, Katie crawled forward. Kissing Hermione passionately, she rolled them both over and grinned.

"Now, it's your turn," she said.

"I might need a minute," Harry panted.

"Maybe we should give him a show?" Katie suggested to Hermione.

Smiling, Hermione leaned down and pressed her lips to Katie's. The two made a show of kissing and groping each other as Harry watched. Smiling and shaking his head at his luck, Harry shuffled over beyond Hermione, his erection rapidly swelling.

~

It was over three hours later that the three of them collapsed onto the bed, Katie curling up to Harry's left side and Hermione on his right.

“Harry?” Katie asked.

“Hmm?” he hummed.

“Will you show me the memories of our time together when this is all over?” she asked.

“If you want me to,” Harry said.

Katie smiled briefly and kissed his cheek.

“I just don’t want to forget about this,” she said, her smile fading into a frown. “I wish I didn’t have to forget about this tomorrow. This has been the best night of my life. Even if we don’t end up dating or anything after this, I still want to remember it.”

Harry frowned thoughtfully and kissed the top of her head. A moment later, he sat up, climbed off the bed, and walked over to his clothes.

“What are you doing, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“If I use Legilimency to show Katie, she’ll only be seeing things from my perspective,” he said, pulling his wand from the pocket of his discarded pants. “But, we found a Pensieve in the Room of Lost Things when we searched it.”

Looking around, he grabbed a knick knack from the fireplace mantle and transfigured it into a small glass vial.

“What’s a Pensieve?” Katie asked.



"It's a device that lets you watch memories," he said, sitting down on the edge of the mattress. "If you want, I can make a copy of your memory of tonight and show it to you when this is finally over. There's a spell Dumbledore taught me that connects objects to my soul, so they stay with me when everything resets."

"Really?" Katie asked excitedly, sitting up.

"Yeah," Harry smiled. "I suppose we don't even need the Pensieve. We could just give it back to you, and you'll remember everything the way you remember it now."

"What do I need to do?" Katie asked.

"Close your eyes and just focus on what you want to remember," Harry said.

Giving her a moment to focus, he touched the tip of his wand to her temple and muttered the incantation. Pulling away slowly, a long silver thread stuck to the tip. Dropping the silver memory into the vial, he corked it and set it on the nightstand, knowing it would be in his dorm when he woke up.

"Can you do the same for me?" Hermione asked. "I know you'll show me everything, but I'd like to see some of it from my own point of view."

Smiling, Harry transfigured another vial and did the same for her.

"Thank you," Katie said, kissing him passionately.

"You're welcome," Harry said.

Wrapping his arms around the girls, they snuggled up to him, and all three quickly fell asleep.