

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 tea pot is finished,” Daphne said.

“Excellent, let’s see,” Professor Flitwick asked excitedly.

With a nod, Daphne tapped her wand to the tea pot. 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 tea pot 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 girl'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, comfy 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 tear drop 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 the across the room, both of them looked over at the other bed. Elise had opened her towel, baring her 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.