

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 ink 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 instruction 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?” Hary 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 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 before hand, 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 a 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.

"Professor, can you teach me to duel?" Harry asked, sitting forward as the idea suddenly springing 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, 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 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 rapid 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 quite 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, hand 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 on Daphne’s sild 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-Goblins 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 you 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 other will remember or not, I would like it 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 professor's outside of the school.

“During the war with Grindelwald, my wife decided to become a spy for his forces. For years, she stole so 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, 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 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 was 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, there were two young girls 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." Hary 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, thought with the venom in her voice that he was used to from most of her house mates.

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. Giving 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 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 bath and listen to it in the water. Use the Prefects Bath, the passwords 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 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 bringing 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 on to 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 on heel 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 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 the other, 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 his 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 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 quite 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. 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 have 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 she 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 each 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 thrust 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.