

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 shimmered 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 more calm 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, waggling 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. With 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 steel 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 laid 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. That 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 she 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 on to 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 her 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 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 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 dog 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 her 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 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 on to 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.