

Chapter 10

Harry avoided going to the ball for the next few days and spent most of his time hiding away in the Room of Requirement and practicing his magic. He knew he was sulking a bit, but he really didn't care at the moment. It was one of the few times he was partially glad no one remembered anything, because it meant no one knew about his little hiding spot.

One thing the room couldn't provide, however, was food. Every night, while the rest of his classmates were enjoying the festivities, Harry snuck down to the kitchens to eat. The first couple of nights, he went with the cloak and the map to avoid running into anyone, but after seeing no one around, he left the cloak behind and just used the map.

After nearly a week of skipping the ball, Harry made the familiar trek to the kitchens. After getting engrossed in practicing some more advanced spells, he ended up leaving much later than usual and had to skirt around a couple of younger Hufflepuffs who left the ball early.

Checking the map to make sure the coast was clear, he noticed a name that made him do a double take.

Barty Crouch

Crouch was just down the hall, in the men's bathroom. Not once, in the months that Harry had relived this day, had Crouch once shown up to the ball. Why would today be any different, Harry wondered. Nothing was different unless he changed something himself. Was Crouch there because he was missing, he asked himself. But then why send Crouch, a man who should have at home, sick, and not one of the professors or even a couple of Aurors? It just didn't make sense.

Before Harry even realized what he was doing, his feet were taking towards the men's bathroom. Peeking around the corner, his body hidden by a suit of armor, he waited. Less than a minute later, Harry watched Crouches name make its way to the door. Looking up, someone stepped out of the bathroom, but it wasn't Crouch. It was Moody.

His brow furrowed in confusion; Harry looked down at the map again. Moody was standing right where Crouch's name was on the map. Just as he wondered if something was wrong with the map, he heard Sirius' words from the year before echo in his mind.

"The map never lies!"

Moody stopped and turned towards Harry suddenly, his electric blue, fake eye locking on to him. Freezing in place, his mind reeling and his adrenaline racing, Harry waited as Moody's eye moved from his face to the map and then back. His blank expression morphed into a scowl and his wand slipped down from the sleeve of his robes into his gnarled hand.

"Shit," Harry breathed.

Feeling the magic building up, he dove out of the way just as Moody's hand snapped up with the speed of a striking snake and fired a blue spell that crashed into the suit of armor he had just been standing behind. The Bludgeoning Hex caved in the chest plate and sent the armor scattering across the floor with a loud, metallic clang.

Scrambling to his feet, Harry drew his wand just in time to slap away a Stunning Hex.

"Well, well, well, someone's been holding back in class," Moody said in a voice that didn't suit his body.

His tongue shot out in an odd, snake like manner, before a dangerous looking smirk spilt his scarred face.

Harry gripped his wand tightly and lashed out, firing spells as fast and as powerfully as he could. Moody dodged with a shocking grace for a man with a wooden leg and returned with his own curses and hexes. Harry was gratified to see his lessons with Flitwick had paid off, and he was able to keep up with the man.

Slipping just to the side on Moody's Disarming Hex, Harry sent back a Cutting Curse that sliced into Moody's cheek. Harry smirked as he reached up and touched the wound. Furiously, he slapped aside Harry's follow up Stunning Hex and glared at him angrily.

"I don't have time for this!" Moody hissed. "Crucio!"

Shocked at hearing the incantation for the Unforgivable, Harry didn't think to move until it was too late. The spell moved much faster than he expected, and he could only watch, as if in slow motion, as it hit him in the hip.

Harry belatedly felt his body hit the hard stone floor as the most excruciating pain he'd ever felt exploded through his body. It felt like a million red hot knives were being repeatedly stabbed into every inch of his body. Someone screamed in the distance, and he prayed that help had come.

A moment later, the spell ended, and he belatedly realized her was the one who had screamed. Panting, Harry rolled over, his body still stinging and aching horribly. Moody stalked towards him, a malicious grin on his face.

"As much as I'd like to torture you into insanity, just like I did with the Longbottom's, the Dark Lord has other plans for you," he said, his tongue slipping out like a snake's. "Don't worry Pooter, you won't remember a thing."

Harry grit his teeth in fury as he realized Moody, or whoever he was, had been the person to Obliviate him and steal his map. As Moody stopped at his feet, wand raised, Harry forced his tired, aching body to move. His wand snapped up, and a white spell leapt from the tip. Moody raised a shield, but the spell wasn't aimed at him.

Behind Moody, Harry summoned a heavy, metal shield from one of the untouched suits of armor in the hall. Moody's eye spun its socket and his body turned to slap it aside with his wand. He moved incredibly fast, blocking the shield and trying to turn back to Harry. He almost made it too, but Harry's Stunning Hex hit him just under the armpit.

The man swayed and toppled forward, landing right on Harry. Grunting and wincing from the impact, Harry pushed the heavy weight off of him and climbed up to his feet. Picking up Moody's wand, he watched him closely for a moment to make sure he was out before sighing in relief.

Staring down at the man, his anger grew as he remembered the pain of the Cruciatus Curse. Furiously, his foot lashed out, kicking him again and again until he was out of breath. Satisfied, Harry bound him in ropes, levitated him, and gingerly made his way to the Great Hall.

He must have looked quite the sight, Harry reflected, walking into the Great Hall with a bound professor floating in front of him. The band had slowed to a stop as soon as they spotted him, and the rest of the students turned, gasping when they caught sight of him. It took a couple of minutes, and an angry argument with Snape, for Harry to explain what had happened.

Dumbledore immediately took Harry to his office, where Snape, McGonagall, Madam Maxime, and Karkaroff followed. It didn't take long for the headmaster to find the Polyjuice Potion in Moody's flask. Determined to get answers, Dumbledore told Snape to get Veritaserum, and McGonagall to watch the man, while he went to Moody's office to find his real friend. Harry insisted on going with him, and eventually he conceded.

They found Moody at the bottom of his own trunk, and it took a few minutes to get him out. Dumbledore wanted him to go to the hospital wing, but Moody refused. Dumbledore eventually conjured him a simple peg leg and a cane so he could walk back to the headmaster's office.

On the way, he described how Barty Crouch Jr. and Peter Pettigrew had ambushed him at his home just before the start of school. Harry remembered the night when Mr. Weasley had gone to Moody's home at the end of the summer. Everyone had thought Moody had just been paranoid, but they hadn't been talking to Moody at all.

When they got back to the office, Karkaroff was gone, and McGonagall looked like she'd seen a ghost. Where Moody had been, there was now a much younger man with dark black hair in his place.

As the real Moody gathered his leg and eye from the imposter, Dumbledore told Snape to give him the truth serum. That's when they learned the truth.

Voldemort was trying to come back, and he wanted to use Harry to do it. Crouch was the one who entered Harry's name in the Goblet. The ritual Voldemort wanted to use required Harry to suffer and overcome a difficult trail before his blood could be used to give Voldemort a new body.

"What do we do?" McGonagall asked, her face ashen as she stood behind Harry and gripped his shoulder tightly.

"If Alastor is willing, I believe the best course of action is to simply let things play out," Dumbledore said. "Harry will finish the tournament, and when Voldemort believes he has him captured, we will stop him. With any luck, we'll be able to capture him and discover how he survived after his body was destroyed."

"You want to use him, as bait!" McGonagall asked incredulously.

"If he is willing," Dumbledore said, turning to look at Harry. "I know I have asked a lot of you over the years, more than I have had any right to. And now, I'm afraid I must ask for your help once more."

"Can't we just go get him now?" Harry asked. "I mean, we know where he is."

"The Dark Lord is weak, not helpless," Snape spat angrily. "If we try to go to the manor, he'll know and he'll disappear, you foolish boy."

"Severus," Dumbledore said sharply as Harry glared at him. "Unfortunately, Professor Snape is correct. Voldemort will only be vulnerable when he thinks he has won. We must let things play out if we are to stop him."

"I'll do it," Harry said determinedly.

It was decided they would put Crouch in the same trunk he'd placed Moody in, and Dumbledore would contact some Aurors he knew and ask them to keep an eye out for Crouch Sr. in case he showed up. He didn't trust Fudge to do what was needed to stop Voldemort, and he didn't want word getting out to the other Death Eaters.

Eventually, the other professors left, but Harry stayed behind to talk to Dumbledore in private. Before she left, Madam Maxime turned around, looking uncomfortable as she straightened her robe.

"Monsieur Potter, I'm sorry for not believing you sooner," she said stiffly. "I will tell my students you need not put your name in the Goblet."

"Thank you," Harry said gratefully, even though he knew it would never happen.

Nodding, Maxime left the office. Harry turned to Dumbledore and, once again, told him about being stuck repeating the same day and what little he'd learned about what was happening.

"Well, this certainly complicates things," he said thoughtfully.

"Professor, do you think Voldemort is behind this?" Harry asked.

"While I don't think we should discount the possibility, I don't believe so," Dumbledore said, pacing in front of the window looking out over the grounds. "Voldemort would want time to move faster, if anything, and the power required to keep it up for so long is beyond him even if he was at the height of his power. How long would you say this has been going on for?"

"About six months," Harry replied.

“Well, that does narrow it down a bit,” Dumbledore said. “The amount of magic required to loop time for so long would be immense. You would either need dozens of powerful witches and wizards maintaining this spell around the clock for months, or a powerful artifact, possible one that’s been lying in wait for centuries, slowly gathering the power.”

Harry sat in his chair and watched Dumbledore as he continued to pace back and forth in silence. Fawkes flew down to Harry and perched on his shoulder before letting out a calming note.

“Have you noticed anything strange, loud noises, flashing lights, any pain in your scar?” he asked suddenly.

“Er, no, I haven’t,” Harry said.

Sighing, Dumbledore walked over to his desk and pulled out a small, leather-bound book identical to the journal he’d give Harry months ago. Opening the book, he tapped a quill with his wand and it leapt up to start writing at an incredible speed.

“I’m going to keep note of everything we learn and bind it to me the same way I bound your journal to you,” Dumbledore said. “Of course, I won’t remember what I’ve done, so I’ll need you to remind me every morning. Hopefully, together, we can find out what’s happening and put a stop to it.”

Harry nodded but wondered why he hadn’t done that before.

Grabbing a sheaf of parchment, Dumbledore picked up another quill and wrote a quick note.

“This will give you unrestricted access to the Restricted Section of the library,” he said, handing it to Harry and binding it to his soul. “I want you to learn everything you can about time travel and time related magic. I admit, it’s not a subject I’ve studied in depth. I truly apologize for asking so much of you tonight, but I can’t do this alone.”

"It's alright, professor," Harry said, taking the note.

"Thank you," Dumbledore said gratefully, then smiled. "I can understand why you failed to show up for the ball tonight. At first, I thought it was just because you couldn't find a date, but now I imagine you've grown a bit tired of it."

"A bit," Harry said with a small smile. "It's tough to enjoy a date when you know they won't remember it in the morning."

"Ah," Dumbledore said in understanding. "I imagine that would make things difficult. Just don't make figuring out what's happening take over your life. In all likelihood, it will take quite some time for us to determine the cause. Make sure you take some time to enjoy life."

"I will," Harry said.

"Good," Dumbledore said. "Well, I believe we've enough excitement for one night. Will you need to go see Madam Pomphrey, or will you be healed in the morning?"

"I'll be fine by morning," Harry said as he stood. "Good night, professor."

"Good night, Harry," he replied.

Fawkes chirped and rubbed his head against Harry's affectionately before taking off and landing on his gilded perch.

"Night Fawkes," Harry said with a smile.

When he got back to Gryffindor Tower, he found Ron and Hermione waiting up for him. Unfortunately, they'd gotten into an argument about Krum again. Harry walked in to find them screaming at each other until Ron stormed off to the dorm and Hermione broke down into

tears. Sighing, he walked over to the couch she was on and wrapped an arm around her. Startled at the touch, she looked up as he smiled.

“Harry!” she exclaimed.

Hermione’s tears vanished as she leapt forward to hug him tightly.

“Are you alright? Are you hurt? What happened?” she asked rapidly.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, “Just a little sore.”

Pulling back, Hermione looked him over worriedly while holding his hand and squeezing it.

“Did he really use the Cruciatus Curse on you?” she asked quietly.

“Yeah,” Harry said with a sigh. “But I’m fine, he didn’t hold it for long.”

“What happened after you left? Do you know why he attacked you?” Hermione asked.

Harry explained that he was an imposter and told her about Voldemort’s involvement but kept quiet about everything else. He didn’t want to waste the time explaining it when she was just going to forget by morning. He’d tell her tomorrow and they could go to the library together.

“Well, at least we know what’s happening this time. That means we can stop him, right?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“Right,” Harry said.

Hermione nodded and leaned against his shoulder as their other housemates gradually returned. They relaxed in a companionable silence for a long time before finally heading to bed.

The next morning, Harry walked down to the Great Hall with renewed determination. Marching straight up to the Head Table, he ignored Snape and told Dumbledore to read the journal on his desk. He looked a bit puzzled, but nodded, nonetheless.

Eating a quick breakfast, he went over to the Ravenclaw table and asked Suzette to meet him in the Entrance Hall when she was done. The girls around her giggled, obviously thinking he planned to ask her to the ball, but Suzette knew he meant something else. When she agreed, he made his way back to the Gryffindor table and asked Hermione to help him in the library. She agreed quickly, but when he asked Ron, he refused, saying he didn't want to spend his holiday in the library.

Harry thought about telling him more but decided against it. He knew Ron would just whinge the whole time anyways. So, a few minutes later, Harry and Hermione met Suzette in the Entrance Hall. Leading them to an abandoned classroom, he told them about being stuck in time, as well as the imposter Moody, and Voldemort's plan to regain his body. After answering all of their questions, Hermione looked between him and Suzette curious.

"I don't mean offense, but why did you bring Suzette?" she asked.

Harry looked over to Suzette for permission before explaining.

"She's a Legilimens, so it's really easy to explain things to her. She's helped me a lot over the last few months," Harry told her.

"Months!?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Harry said with a shrug.

Then, Harry turned to Suzette.

“Speaking of which, do you want to take a look?” he asked, pointing to his head.

“Oui,” Suzette replied.

Walking up to Harry, she cupped his cheeks with her hands and gazed into his eyes. For a couple of minutes, they stood there, staring at each other as she quickly looked through his memories. When it was over, she gave him a sympathetic smile and hugged him tightly.

“Oh, mon cheri,” she said quietly.

Harry smiled and gave her a squeeze, feeling like he’d found an old friend. When they pulled apart, she smiled at both of them, feeling better than he had in days.

“I need to go to the library and read up on time travel,” he said. “I was hoping you two would help me.”

“Oui,” “Of course,” they said in unison.

Grinning, Harry led them to the library. Hermione stared wistfully at the note from Dumbledore giving them permission to use the Restricted Section and looked at the books like she wanted to devour them all.

After reigning her in and focusing her efforts into finding books about time travel, they spent most of the day in the Restricted Section, only leaving for a quick lunch. Harry learned a lot, but it was quickly becoming clear that the majority of the magic involved was well beyond him at the moment. Sighing, he realized this was going to take a long time if he had to dispel it himself.

A couple of hours before the ball, Madam Pince came in and kicked them out. Harry felt a bit guilty when Hermione panicked about not having enough time to get ready, but Suzette invited her back to the carriage and offered to help her. He felt even worse when he realized neither of them had a date because they had spent all day helping him.

“Hermione, Suzette,” Harry said as they reached the Grand Staircase. “Would you two like to go to the ball with me?”

“What? You mean both of us?” Hermione asked.

“Well, yeah,” Harry said.

“I’d love to,” Suzette said brightly, then turned to Hermione. “Come on, it’ll be fun.”

“Oh, alright,” Hermione said, giving in with a smile.

Harry grinned as they continued walking towards Gryffindor Tower. Suzette waited outside as Hermione ran up to her dorm to get her dress. Harry relaxed with the rest of the boys after she left, knowing it wouldn’t take long for him to get ready.

“E really cares about you, you know,” Suzette said as she helped Hermione with her hair.

“Who?” Hermione asked, confused by the sudden change of subject.

“Arry,” Suzette said.

“Oh. I know,” Hermione said. “We’ve been best friends for four years.”

“E cares about as more than a friend,” Suzette told her with a smirk. “E stopped going to the ball for days when you didn’t remember going to the ball with him.”

“We went to the ball together?” Hermione asked, biting her lips.

“Oui,” Suzette said. “I can show you, if you’d like.”

“Really. How?” Hermione asked curiously.

“There’s a way to project memories in someone’s mind,” Suzette said. “I saw your date with Arry in ‘is mind when I looked through ‘is memories. Do you want to see it?”

“Wouldn’t that be like invading his privacy?” Hermione asked nervously.

“Arry won’t mind,” Suzette told her. “E wouldn’t ‘ave show it to me if ‘e did.”

“He showed it to you?” Hermione asked.

“It was bothering ‘im,” Suzette explained. “We talked about it while you were looking for books.”

Hermione bite her lip thoughtfully for a long moment.

“Alright, she said eventually,” she said eventually.

Setting down the bottle of Sleekeazy, Suzette wiped her hands clean and walked around to stand in front of Hermione. Dropping down to her knees, she cupped her cheeks and held her still as she pushed the memories into her mind. Hermione’s pupils dilated and twitched rapidly

for several seconds before she pulled away and blinked rapid. A moment later her cheeks flushed.

“Oh my,” she said quietly.

“I told you,” Suzette said with a knowing grin.

Standing up, she walked back around behind Hermione and brushing her damp hair.

They stayed quiet for a short while as Hermione looked back on the memory that wasn't her own. Suzette knew it would take some time for her to get used to seeing herself from someone else's point of view.

“Have you gone to the ball with Harry?” Hermione asked suddenly.

“Oui,” Suzette replied. “A couple of times.”

“Does it bother you, that he's gone with so many different girls?” Hermione asked, sounding more curious than anything.

“Non,” Suzette answered immediately. “It's been 'ard for 'im. I'm just glad I can 'elp 'im at all. 'E really is a great guy.”

“Yeah, he is, isn't he,” Hermione agreed.

“Go wash you 'air, and I'll 'elp you finish it,” Suzette said.

An hour and a half later, Harry waited outside the doors to the Great Hall, waiting for his dates. In all honesty, he would rather have spent a quiet evening with them in the Room of Requirement, but he knew the ball meant a lot to them.

Hermione and Suzette showed up with the rest of the Beauxbatons contingent. Harry smiled widely as they walked up to him, and he swore Hermione looked even better this time. Suzette must have caught that thought, because she grinned at him and winked. It made him grateful to have made such a good friend.

McGonagall wasn't too pleased to find out he had two dates, however. With a tired sigh, she told him to pick one of his dates to do the opening dance with while she went to have another place set at the champion's table.

"I think she took that rather well," Harry joked.

"I think she's just getting used to weird things happening around you," Hermione said, shaking her head with a smile.

"After the last three years, she should be," Harry said. "You both look great by the way. I really like what you did with your hair this time."

"Oh, thank you," Hermione said with a light blush. "Suzette helped me with it."

McGonagall returned before they could say anything else and led them into the Great Hall. Harry got a lot more attention than usual for having two dates, and Hermione blushed heavily under the attention. On his left, Suzette held his arm tightly and smiled as she held her head high.

One great thing about being bracketed between the girls, Harry discovered, was that Percy had a much harder time boring him with talk of his work.

When it came time for the first dance, Suzette told Hermione to go first. From then on, the girls took turns dancing with him, and they even shared a few dances together once the Weird Sisters took the stage. It was quite a sight to see the two girls dancing together and laughing happily.

As the night grew later, Suzette began flirting with Harry more heavily and got a bit more handsy. Hermione looked thrown off by that and it seemed like she didn't know how to react. Before things could get uncomfortable for her, Harry asked the girls if they wanted to take a break. When Suzette, rather pointedly, sent him off to get drinks, he got the hint and left them alone to talk while he got drinks.

He dawdled for a couple of minutes, talking to Cedric and Cho to give the girls time to talk, but his attention was drawn by yelling. Ron and Hermione were standing in front of each other in the middle of an argument.

"Bugger," Harry said.

"I don't envy you, mate," Cedric said.

"Yeah, me neither," Harry said right before he left.

"You ruin everything!" Hermione yelled, her eyes glistening.

Ron, his ears bright red, turned to Harry with a glare as he approached.

"And where have you been?" Ron asked angrily. "Finally remembered me, did you?"

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked.

“You’ve been ignoring me all day, then you show up with *two* dates. Couldn’t be bothered to let me have one oh great Triwizard Champion?” He spat with a sneer.

“We’re women, not brooms to be shared with your friends, you git!” Hermione yelled. “And we invited you to go with us, but *you* didn’t want to go to the library. Maybe if you’d plucked up the courage to ask someone, you’d have a date instead of ruining everyone else’s!”

Furiously, Ron spun around and stomped away, his face and neck beet red. Hermione collapsed into her chair and put her face in her hands as she cried. Suzette, who’d stayed quite through the argument, sat down next to her and rubbed her shoulder soothingly. Ignoring the crowd staring at them, Harry sat down on her other side and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. Hermione leaned into him and sniffled loudly.

“Why’s he been so horrible this year?” Hermione asked miserably.

“I wish I knew,” Harry said.

“E’s jealous,” Suzette said quietly.

When Harry and Hermione turned to look at her curiously, she quickly continued.

“E’s jealous that ‘Arry is a champion and ‘e’s jealous that ‘e took you to the ball,” she explained. “E’s afraid if you and ‘Arry get together you’ll leave ‘im behind.”

“We will if he keeps acting like that,” Hermione said angrily.

“‘Arry, maybe we should go to that room you found on the seventh floor,” Suzette said.

Harry looked at her curiously, not sure why she was so keen to leave all of a sudden, but he trusted she had a reason.

“Sure,” he said with a shrug. “You want to get out of here, Hermione?”

“Yes,” she replied fervently.

Standing up, each of the girls took one of his arms as he led them out of the Great Hall. With all the pointing and whispers as they left, it was a relief to get out into the deserted halls. It took a while to get up to the seventh floor, and Hermione paused after the second to take off her high heels. Harry smiled at her as the top of her head went from being nearly level with his, to just below his nose. Hermione rolled her eyes at him, and a giggle from Suzette drew their attention.

“Sorry,” she said with a smile. “I just find it funny ‘Ermine can read you so easily. She doesn’t need to be a Legilimens to know what you’re thinking.”

Harry wasn’t too surprised. After their years of close friendship, it was easy for them to guess what the other was thinking most of the time. For some reason though, the thought perked Hermione up quite a bit. It seemed he still had a lot to learn about girls, he thought to himself. Suzette laughed again, and Harry turned to her with a smile and a wink.

When they reached the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy Suzette trotted in front of him and paced in front of the door, her silvery blue dress shimmering in the candlelight. Harry and Hermione followed her in once the door appeared and found the room looking exactly like the sitting room inside the carriage.

Grabbing Harry’s hand, she led him over to the couch nearest the crackling fire and pushed him down in the middle. A moment later, he had Hermione curled up on his right arm, and Suzette curled up on his left. They sat there for a few moments, enjoying the quiet, when Harry felt Suzette tap him gently on the arm.

Turning to look at her, and their eyes met, he suddenly saw an image of him kissing Hermione. Blinking, it took him a few seconds to realize Suzette had pushed that image into his mind.

Looking at her curiously, her eyes darted over to the brunette pointedly before he finally realized what she was trying to tell him.

Harry hesitated nervously, but after thinking about it, he couldn't see a reason not to. While there were plenty of reasons he didn't like repeating the same day over and over, it did give him the opportunity to be bold and take risks where he usually wouldn't.

Turning to Hermione, he pulled his hand out of hers and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. As she looked up at him with a smile, he leaned forward slowly. Her eyes widened and she licked her lips as he moved closer, and his intent became clear. Harry gently pressed his lips to hers briefly before pulling back less than an inch. Hermione let out a shuddering breath, her eyes closed in anticipation. With a small smile stretching his lips, he leaned forward again and kissed her firmly.

Hermione's lips moved against his the moment they touched, a quiet moan reverberating in her throat. Her hand came up and her fingers threaded through his hair, and she pressed her body tightly against the side of his, trapping his arm between her firm breasts. Their tongues met, and she tasted like the fruit punch from the ball with a hint of mint. Harry trailed his hand down her back and lightly cupped her bum where it lifted off the couch.

When he eventually pulled back, a thin string of saliva attached his bottom lip to hers. A flush ran from her cheeks down her neck as she opened her bright, glittering brown eyes. Harry smiled softly at her until he felt Suzette shifting around.

He turned to find her moving around to kneel next to him. With a playful smirk, she cupped his cheek with one hand, tilted his head back, and kissed him heatedly. Her tongue delved straight into his mouth while her hand moved down to caress his chest.

Just as quickly as it started, she pulled back, her pale green eyes glittering as she smiled prettily.

"You're turn," she told Hermione.

Harry looked over at his brunette friend, who bit her lip uncertainly for a moment. Finally, after a long moment, she smiled and leaned towards him. Before they could kiss, Suzette shifted again, drawing their attention to her. Hermione turned her head to look at her just as Suzette shot forward and pressed their lips together. Hermione's eyes went wide, and she let out a muffled, surprised grunt left her lips.

Harry blinked in surprise, then his jaw fell open when Hermione closed her eyes and kissed Suzette back. Hesitantly at first, Hermione quickly grew more comfortable and soon they were snogging heavily right in front of him.

Suzette was the first to pulled back and smiled as she stood up and turned her back to a very flush and breathless Hermione.

"Can you unzip me, 'Ermione?" she asked, looking over her shoulder.

Swallowing thickly, stood up and reached for the zipper at the back of Suzette's dress. Lowering it slowly, the dress opened in an ever-growing V, revealing more and more smooth, bare skin, and a distinct lack of a bra. When the zipper stopped at the small of her back, Suzette slipped the straps off her shoulders, looked over her shoulder with a coy smile, and then dropped the shimmering dress to the floor.

Harry's eye instantly looked down to take in the sight of her tight bottom, protected only by a small pair of light blue panties, and her long, smooth legs. Glancing over at Hermione, he smiled when he noticed he was the only one enjoying the sight.

Suzette chose that moment to turn around, revealing her firm, full breasts which jiggled slightly with her movement. Harry's erection leapt against his trousers painfully, and he had to reach down to adjust himself. Suzette glanced at him with a smirk before turning her attention back to Hermione.

"Your turn," she said with a smile.

“I-” Hermione started, then stopped nervously.

Suzette walked up to her and leaned forward to whisper in her ear. Putting a bit of pressure on her shoulders, she got Hermione to turn around to face him. Hermione blushed heavily when they heard the quiet sound of her zipper being pulled down to the small of her back. Briefly, their eyes met and Harry gave her a reassuring smile while Suzette slipped her fingers under the shoulder straps of her dress.

Hermione had a moment of panic, folding her arms across her body. Letting go of one of the straps, Suzette brushed a stray lock of hair brown hair behind her ear while whispering to her quietly. Harry couldn't make out what she was saying, but whatever it was, it worked. Hermione slowly relaxed, her arms gradually falling to her sides. Suzette smiled, kissed the side of her neck in a surprisingly tender gesture, and reached for the strap of her dress once more.

This time, Hermione held still. Her eyes closed as Suzette slipped the straps off her pale shoulders and allowed it to fall freely. Hermione's firm, tear drop shaped breasts were bared to his gaze, but unlike Suzette, her dress got caught on her hips.

Eyes still shut, she panted lightly in nervous excitement as Suzette reached down and shimmed the dress down over her hips until it came loose and fell to the floor. Hermione gasped as she was left wearing only a pair of panties just a shade or two darker than Suzette's.

Suzette, who was crouched, her face level with Hermione's bum, peeked around her hip to smile at Harry. Keeping her eyes on his, she tilted her head and lightly kissed one of Hermione's smooth, jutting cheeks, causing the girl to gasp for a second time. Standing up, she wrapped her arms around Hermione and pulled her back firmly against her front as her hands gently caressing her smooth, pale skin of her stomach. Lifting one hand, she crooked a finger at Harry, beckoning him to join them while kissing the side of Hermione's neck.

Leveling himself off the couch, he stood just in front of his best friend, his nerves buzzing with nervous energy. Suzette smirked as she reached up and cupped one of Hermione's breasts while the other grazed lightly over her tight stomach. Suddenly, she pinched her light pink nipple, delicately rolling it between her thumb and forefinger.

Hermione gasped and finally opened her eyes which widened when she found herself staring directly into Harry's. Giving her a reassuring smile, he stroked her cheek tenderly before leaning in to kiss her deeply. She let out a low moan into his mouth, and he didn't know if it was from his kiss or Suzette's touch.

"Arry is wear far too much, oui?" Suzette asked.

Breaking their kiss, Hermione licked her lips and nodded in agreement. Smiling, Suzette slipped around Hermione, gave Harry a short but intense kiss, and then moved around behind him. Together, she and Hermione quickly divested him of his outer robes and crisp white shirt.

"Do you want to get 'is pants?" Suzette asked, startling Hermione, who was staring hungrily at his muscled torso.

"Um," Hermione hummed uncertainly.

"'ere," Suzette said.

Walking around Harry to his front, she smiled at Hermione while taking her hand and dropping to her knees. When she tugged on her hand gently, Hermione slowly and nervously knelt down next to her.

"You get the zipper," Suzette said while her hands reached for his belt.

Swallowing as she stared at the obvious bulge in his trousers, Hermione tentatively used the very tips of her fingers, trying to touch his pants as little as possible, to reach for his fly. She got a hold of it just as Suzette finished unbuckling his belt and popping open the button. Hermione's hand trembled slightly as she unzipped his fly and quickly pulled her hands away.

Harry smiled down at her even though she wasn't looking at him, amused that she was so much shier when there was someone else in the room.

Suzette did meet his gaze and they shared a quick look and smile before she grabbed the waist band of his trousers and yanked them down. He didn't know if it was her intention, or if it was just because his plaid boxers were still a size too big, but they went down with his pants.

"Oh my!" Hermione gasped as his rigid length sprang up and stood parallel to the floor between their faces.

Suzette grinned at Hermione as she stared in lustful fascination at his impressive manhood. Standing up, she held out her hand to Hermione, who struggled to tear her gaze away from him.

"You can join us when you're ready," Suzette told Harry with a playful grin.

Harry tilted his head curiously. Suzette continued to smile as she pulled Hermione a few steps off to the couch. Grabbing the waistband of her panties, she pushed them down her legs and stepped out of them before reaching out and doing the same to Hermione's. As soon as she stepped out of them, Suzette sat down on the couch and pulled Hermione on top of her as she laid down on her back.

Cupping Hermione's cheeks, Suzette kissed her heatedly. Shaking himself, Harry toed off his dress shoes, stepped out of his trousers, and walked behind Hermione. He took a moment to enjoy the sight of her perfect heart shaped bottom swaying lightly back and forth before climbing up on the couch.

Hermione pulled back sharply and looked back at him as she felt his weight settle. Caressing her back, Harry leaned over her back, his stiff rod slipping between her legs and brushing against her smooth thighs as he kissed her. She groaned when he pulled back soon after and stared at him excitedly while he grabbed himself by the base.

Harry kept eye contact with her as he pressed his engorged head against the hot, damp lips of her entrance. Hermione let out a light gasp when he pressed forwards, parting her folds but not quite entering her. Closing her eyes, she turned away from him and moaned when Suzette's lips sucked at the delicate skin of her throat.

As one of her hands reached up to gasp Hermione's breast, Harry pushed forward more. It still sent a thrill through him to watch his red, swollen glans be swallowed up by his best friend's tight walls. After a brief pause, he began sawing his hips back and forth slowly, gradually sinking more of his shaft into her grasping depths.

"It's feels wonderful, oui?" Suzette asked with a grin.

"Yes," Hermione hissed.

Harry grinned as Hermione took the initiative for the first time and kissed Suzette hungrily on the lips. As he finally hilted himself inside her, he leaned over Hermione's back and brushed her hair out of the way so he could get a better look. Watching the girls kiss heatedly, their tongues dancing between their lips, he kissed the side of her neck. Reaching under Hermione, he cupped one of her breasts while Suzette's stiff little nipple brushed against the back of his hand.

Pulling his hips back until he was halfway out of her, Harry paused before reversing course and gently driving his rock-hard length back into her sweltering depths. Pulling her lips away from Suzette's, Hermione let out a low, sensual moan as she pushed her hips back towards him. His eyes meeting Suzette's, they shared a brief smile While Hermione closed her eyes and panted lightly.

"Faster," Hermione breathed.

Grinning, Harry gave her breast one final squeeze before straightening up. Grabbing her hips, he pulled back before thrusting back into her quickly, his thighs clapping lightly against her firm bum.

"Oh God, yes, Harry," Hermione gasped.

Smacking her ass lightly, Harry set a moderate pace, slowly pulling most of the way out before thrusting back in quickly. Hermione let out a series of gasps, moans, and groans as she arched her back and bucked back into his thrusts.

Suddenly, Hermione stiffened and let out a sharp gasp. Harry briefly wondered what he did to cause that reaction when he felt her lips move around the base of his cock. It only took a moment for him to realize Suzette had reached down to rub her clit.

Grinning, Harry picked up his pace, his thighs beating a staccato rhythm against Hermione heart shaped bottom with each thrust. Panting more heavily, she arched her back. A second later, she gasped and moaned wantonly when Suzette took one of her swollen, jiggling nipples between her lips and sucked.

“Oh fuck!” Hermione cursed.

It didn't come as much of a surprise when Hermione reached her peak only a few moments later. Her body went stiff, her arms and legs trembling as she screwed up her face and gasped. When she finally relaxed a short time later, she swatted Suzette's hand away from her and hung her head as she continued to shake and pant.

Grinning, Harry pulled out of her and lifted her up, so her back was pressed against his chest. When he cupped her breasts, Hermione turned her head and kissed him deeply. They kept kissing until they both felt Suzette moving around. Sitting up, she grinned at the two of them.

“My turn,” she said.

Leaning forward, Suzette kissed Hermione before spinning her around and laying her down on her back. Hermione squealed in surprise as they spun, then broke into a fit of giggles with Suzette when they landed.

Harry expected Suzette to crawl on top of Hermione in a reversal of their previous position, but she didn't. Instead, Suzette kissed her way down Hermione's chest and stomach until her face

was buried between her thighs. Hermione inhaled sharply as she stuck out her tongue and licked along her wet slit. Harry smiled at his best friend's wide-eyed face. Tonight, she was experiencing a lot of firsts, and he was impressed she was taking it so well. He was also really grateful to Suzette for helping to make all of this happen.

Lining up behind her, he was determined to show her just how much he appreciated her.

Even as he focused on Suzette, Harry had a hard time not looking at Hermione's pleased face. It was the first time he'd ever seen two witches together, and just seeing it had him throbbing excitedly. More than once, he had to briefly slow his thrusts so he didn't finish too soon. Although, from her moans, it didn't look like Suzette seemed to mind too much.

Just when he began to think he couldn't hold back any longer, Suzette pulled her mouth away from Hermione's folds with a loud cry. Hermione, meanwhile, let out a desperate groan and bucked her hips.

"Suzette, please. I'm so close," she begged.

Hermione tried to reach down to take care of herself, but Suzette grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the couch. Hermione let out another frustrated groan as she bucked her hips and writhed uselessly. After a moment to catch her breath, Suzette's tongue assaulted her clit frantically.

"Yes!" Hermione yelled, arching her back.

Harry reached his limit as he watched Hermione cum on another girl's tongue. With a grunt, he buried himself as deep as he could in Suzette's and spilled himself inside of her depths. Beneath him, she let out a low, contented moan as he filled her with numerous, powerful jets of cum. Leaning over her back, his hips bucked with each pulse of his cock.

Turning her head, Suzette reached back and grabbed his hair before pulling him in for a searing kiss. Tasting Hermione's arousal on her lips and tongue had his spent length trying to throb its way back to life.

When he'd caught his breath, Harry turned the couch they were on into a large, soft bed with a thought. Hermione gasped at the unexpected magic, but for once she was too tired to ask about it.

Wrapping his arms around Suzette, he fell backwards and pulled her with him until they were laying on their backs. As she curled up against his side, he patted the mattress next to him in invitation. Smiling softly, Hermione crawled over to him and laid down on his other side, her head pillowed on his chest.

"Arry," Suzette said after a moment. "I want you to promise us you won't go back to moping in the morning."

"I won't," he promised.

Smiling, he pulled her close and kissed the top of her head.

"You know I'll always be there for you, right?" Hermione asked.

"I know," Harry said, turning to look at her. "It's just – hard, sometimes."

"Harry, I've never known you to give up before, and you better not do it now," Hermione said firmly. "I know it's not easy, but we'll figure it out, I know we will. You just need to remind us, so we can help."

"I will," Harry said, pulling her close for a kiss.

“Besides, if it gets too ‘ard, you can always ask me or ‘Ermione to take care of it for you,”
Suzette said teasingly.

“Suzette,” Hermione exclaimed with an incredulous laugh.