

Meet Your Heroes

Chapter 1

Platform nine and three quarters was packed far more than it normally was on September first. Today was the day Harry Potter finally made the trip to Hogwarts.

Ten years ago, after a rather severe bout of accidental magic, Albus Dumbledore had discovered the abuse the Dursley's had heaped upon the defenseless child. Realizing all of his plans were in danger of crumbling around him, Dumbledore took Harry and hid him away from the rest of the world. There had been an uproar, of course, and they had even threatened the venerable Headmaster with time in Azkaban, but he still refused to tell anyone where Harry was hidden.

Fortunately, Dumbledore still had enough support to not only stay out of prison, but to keep all of his positions as well. Since then, he had gathered the best instructors he could find, calling in all of the favors that were owed to him, in order to teach Harry what he would need to know.

For ten years, Harry grew up surrounded by the most powerful and knowledgeable witches and wizards alive, learning everything he could about magic. Dumbledore hated to see such an innocent boy lose his childhood, but without the protection offered by living with his aunt, there really was no other choice. He tried his best to show Harry what he could of the Muggle and Magical worlds, taking him on brief trips all over the world, thanks to the wonders of magic. However, because of the shortness of the trips, and the need for a constant disguise, he never had a chance to make any real connections.

After two foiled attempts to return himself to a body, Voldemort finally succeeded during the Triwizard Tournament. He had managed to kidnap Cedric Diggory right out from under his nose and used him in a twisted ritual to regain the powers lost to him for nearly fifteen years. To make matters worse, Lucius Malfoy had managed to convince the Minister for Magic, Cornelius Fudge, that it was all a lie made up by Dumbledore to take his position as Minister.

The following school year was without a doubt the worst in the ancient Headmaster's long memory. Delores Umbridge was a tyrant in and out of the halls, going so far as to torture students with Blood Quills when they refused to tow the Ministry line. Regrettably, there had been little Dumbledore could do to stop it. He had lost much of his power within the Ministry, though he did still have many supporters, and even his authority at school was slowly being whittled away.

In the end, the loss of his power and positions meant little to the old man. With Voldemort on the loose, most of his attention had turned to preparing Harry for what would in all likelihood be his final confrontation with Voldemort. Fortunately for them, it was the Dark Lord who made the first mistake.

Voldemort began sending Harry visions of the Department of Mysteries, trying to lure him into taking the Prophecy for him. In those vision, they learned of Sirius Blacks innocence and that Peter Pettigrew was not only alive, but the true betrayer of the Potters and servant of Voldemort. Sirius, who had been thought to have escaped Azkaban along with the other Death Eaters held there months earlier, was in reality being held prisoner and tortured as bait for Harry. While the news was disturbing, especially for Remus Lupin, one of Harry many teachers, it also gave Dumbledore the opportunity to set a trap of his own through Snape.

On a calm, warm summer's eve, Voldemort's Death Eaters and Dumbledore's Order of the Phoenix crossed wands deep in the Department of Mysteries.

Expecting to find a sheltered young man having escaped his protector to rescue his innocent Godfather, the Death Eaters instead found themselves surrounded. Any thoughts of using Harry as a hostage were dashed when he was able to out duel Bellatrix Lestrange, the most powerful and feared witch in centuries, with relative ease. The rest of the Death Eaters quickly fell to the onslaught as their numbers dwindled.

As planned, Peter Pettigrew was allowed to escape while the Order was occupied arresting Death Eaters and freeing Sirius. Harry chased after him, following him up to the Atrium. Voldemort finally made an appearance, angry at the failure of his followers. With almost casual scorn, he killed Pettigrew with a wave of his wand before coming face to face with Harry Potter.

Dumbledore and the rest of the Order could only stand back and watch as the two titian dueled. The Atrium was destroyed around them as they wielded some of the most powerful magic ever cast with a casual ease. Nearly half an hour after the first spell was cast, their wands met for the final time.

Red met Green in the center of the Ministry just as the Minister, Aurors, and the press stumbled from the few surviving fireplaces. Harry forced his spell into Voldemort's wand, expelling the echoes of the lives cut short by its master. With an indomitable will and aided by an army of the dead, Harry let out a thunderous shout as a stream of golden magic erupted from his wand and rocketed towards Voldemort along their connected wands. The last picture of Tom Riddle ever taken, was of him desperately trying to flee in terror just before a golden flash took his life and turned his body into dust.

No one dared to stop Harry as he left the Ministry, Apparating away the moment he entered a crumbling fireplace.

For the next two months, he spent time getting to know his Godfather and helping him heal for the damage done by Voldemort, and a decade and a half of begin surrounded by Dementors. Dumbledore, in the meantime, had Fudge ousted as Minister and helped to get a rather reluctant Amelia bones installed in his place. Because of her, the Death Eaters captured at the Ministry were questioned before being sentenced to life in Azkaban, and the true extent of their reach was revealed. Amelia had a long road ahead of her cleaning up the Ministry from the corruption that infested it at every level.

At the end of the summer, Harry made the decision to go to Hogwarts. While he was well above and beyond what they taught, he wanted to go to the same school his parents had, and hopefully make some friends his own age. Dumbledore was more than happy to agree, relieved the young man he thought of as a grandson hadn't become obsessed with power as he had. He only wondered if Hogwarts was ready to have another Potter wandering the halls.

"I can't believe he didn't show up." Susan Bones pouted disappointedly. "Do you think he's still going to Hogwarts?"

“He might just be getting there some other way.” one of her best friends, Hermione Granger offered.

“I don’t see why your so excited about meeting him. He’s probably just like the other single-minded idiots that go to Hogwarts.” her other best friend, Daphne Greengrass said.

Susan, Hermione and Daphne had been best friends since their second year at Hogwarts. Susan, a sixth year Hufflepuff, was a short, curvy red head with a bubbly personality. She was well known among the teachers for her boundless kindness to those around her, and even more well known among the boys of the school for her sizable bust.

Hermione, a Gryffindor with bushy brown hair and a thin figure, was a bit of an outcast in her house due to her intelligence and maturity. While only a handful of her classmates went out of their way to cause her problems, like Ronald Weasley and Draco Malfoy, the rest just ignored her. Despite the Sorting Hat’s choice, many thought she belong in Ravenclaw, rather than Gryffindor.

Daphne, a Slytherin with long blonde hair and perfect hourglass curves, was an outcast of her own, despite being considered one of the most beautiful girls in the school. However, unlike Hermione, her isolation from the other students was by choice. Daphne, nicknamed the ‘Ice Queen’ of Slytherin, was known for her cold, calculating demeanor. She sharp wit, and an even sharper tongue when provoked, her silver tongue puncturing more than one overinflated male ego.

Despite their obvious differences, they had become as close as sisters after the harrowing events of their second year. Contrary to the rumors surrounding them, it had nothing to do with the opening of the Chamber of Secrets.

Just before mid-terms, Hermione and Daphne ended up sharing a table in the crowded library. While doing research for Defense Against the Dark Arts, they both started to find inconsistencies in Professor Lockhart’s book. After comparing notes, both girls became determined to confront him. Daphne to prove him a liar, and Hermione in the hope it was all a misunderstanding.

When they got to the classroom, they found the door locked. Just as they were about to turn away, they heard a short scream that was abruptly cut off. While Hermione wanted to go get a professor, Daphne unlocked the door and stormed inside. They were horrified to discover Lockhart pinning Susan Bones to a desk, her clenched fist holding her torn shirt closed as she kicked at him.

Startled by the door opening, Lockhart turned, and they were forced to duel him when he started throwing spells at their way. Using the distraction, Susan picked up her wand and joined the fray. Together, the three second years were able to disarm and restrain Lockhart.

Due to the wishes of Susan and her aunt, the Head of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones, the reason for Lockhart's arrest was kept out of the papers, and the rest of the student body was only told he decided to stop teaching. Daphne and Hermione also agreed to keep their silence. From that day, the three girls began looking out for each other, quickly becoming close friends and spending most of their time together.

As the years went on, they only grew closer, while immature boys and jealous girls became a problem for Daphne and Susan in particular. While Hermione was a beautiful girl, most of the students still ignored her, still seeing her as the bossy bookworm they first saw her as. This only drew the girls closer together, working as a team to watch each other's backs. That didn't mean they weren't interested in boys, far from it. It was just that none of the boys they knew stood up to their admittedly high standards.

That was, in large part, the reason Susan was so excited to finally meet Harry Potter. Having been read stories about him by her aunt, like most children her age, she hoped that he would be the boy she was looking for. Daphne was more cynical, convinced he would have an even bigger ego than Malfoy from his fame. Hermione was curious about him as well, but more for academic reasons than romantic.

"Come on, Daphne. Aren't you even the least bit curious about him?" Susan asked.

"Never meet your heroes, they'll only disappoint you." Daphne said before spinning on her heel, her long golden hair fanning out momentarily before she boarded the train.

Susan sighed sadly and Hermione patted her shoulder comfortingly as they turned to follow their friend. They continued to follow Daphne down the train as students jumped out of the way of her imposing stare, clearing a path as they made their way to the back of the train. Few people sat at the back, mostly because they were the last to get the trolley, when most of the good snacks were sold out. They, however, were less concerned with snacks, and more concerned with simply being left alone.

Reaching the end of the train, Daphne slid open the door to their usual compartment and stopped dead in her tracks. Glancing at each other curiously, Hermione and Susan walked up behind her and stood on their toes to look over her shoulder. Inside the compartment, a boy with distinctive spiky black hair and round glasses, slept with his head resting on the window, his chest rising and falling slowly.

“It’s him!” Susan whispered excitedly.

“You don’t know that.” Daphne argued.

Glaring at her friend, Susan fished around in her pocket for a moment before pulling out a newspaper clipping. It was a picture of Harry Potter as he left the Ministry after defeating Voldemort, cut from the front page of the Daily Prophet.

“Look!” she hissed, shoving the picture in front of Daphne’s face.

“You keep a picture of him in your pocket?” Daphne asked incredulously.

Susan blushed but refused to be distracted.

“Just look.” Susan whispered, waving the picture.

“It does look like him, and we know everyone else in our year.” Hermione pointed out.

“Fine, it’s him. So, what?” Daphne said, pushing Susan’s hand away from her face.

“Er, hello.” came a deeper male voice.

Harry was awake and looking at them curiously, working the stiffness out of his shoulders from the awkward position he had slept in.

“Can I help you?” he asked when they didn’t answer.

Daphne was the first to recover, crossing her arms over her chest.

“You’re in our compartment.” she said flatly.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her, while Susan stared at her, horrified at her rudeness towards him.

“Sorry, I didn’t know these seats were taken.” Harry said, sitting forward to get to his feet.

“That’s okay, we can share.” Susan jumped in, giving Daphne a pointed look.

Daphne rolled her eyes and followed her into the compartment with Hermione close behind. Susan sat down directly across from Harry and Daphne took the seat to her right, leaving Hermione to sit next to him.

“I’m Susan Bones.” Susan said, holding out her hand.

“Harry.” he said, his warm, calloused hand encompassing hers.

“Hermione Granger.” Hermione said, shaking his hand.

There was a moment of awkward silence as he turned to Daphne, but she only stared at him silently. It wasn't until Susan elbowed her in the side that she introduced herself.

“Daphne Greengrass.” she said shortly.

“Er, nice to meet you.” Harry said, watching her a bit warily.

“So, you're going into your sixth year, right?” Susan said excitedly.

“Yeah.” he said.

“That's our year.” Susan said brightly, practically bouncing in her seat. “Do you know what house you'll be in?”

“Uh, Gryffindor, probably. That's the house my parents were in.” he answered after a moment's thought.

“Hermione's in Gryffindor, she can show you around if you go there. If you get sorted into Hufflepuff, I'd be happy to show you where everything is.”

“That'd be great, thanks.” he said, giving her a charming smile before turning to Daphne. “What house are you in?”

“Slytherin.” she said brusquely.

“Don't worry, she one of the nice ones.” Susan joked, and impish smile quirking her lips.

"I'm not nice." Daphne bit out.

"She's grouchy in the mornings." Susan told him in a faux whisper.

"Right." Harry said with a nervous smile.

"So, where did you go to school if you didn't go to Hogwarts?" Hermione asked, both to satisfy her curiosity and to stop Susan from pushing Daphne's buttons.

"I didn't go to school, Albus got me private tutors." he told her.

"Albus?" she asked.

"Albus Dumbledore." Harry said.

"He lets you call him by his first name?" Susan asked in shock while Hermione looked scandalized.

"Er, yeah." Harry said, shrugging self-consciously. "That's what he told me to call him when I started living with him."

"You lived with the Headmaster?" Hermione asked, awe in her voice.

"Why did you live with him?" Daphne asked before he could answer, her eyes narrowing again. This time out of curiosity, rather than anger.

"Er, my relatives couldn't take care of me anymore." Harry said quietly, turning to look out the window.

Sensing they had broached a sensitive topic, the three girls glanced at each other and silently agreed to drop that line of questioning for now. The compartment was quiet for several seconds as the train lurched into motion and pulled away from the station.

“He must have gotten you some really good tutors.” Hermione said, breaking the silence.

In the reflection of the window, they could see a soft smile appear on his face as he watched the city pass by, the train quickly gaining speed.

“Aunt Perenelle and Uncle Nicholas were my main tutors, and they lived with me while Albus was at Hogwarts during the school year. There was also Remus Lupin, Newt Scamander, Florean Fortescue, Kingsley Shacklebolt, Alastor Moody, Bathilda Bagshot, most of the Hogwarts professors, and a few others here and there.” Harry answered.

He turned to look at the girls as he finished and was worried to see them staring at him with wide eyes and slack jaws.

“Er, did I say something wrong?” he asked.

Hermione’s mouth worked silently, unable to properly form the words to express the chaotic thoughts racing through her mind. Daphne continued to stare at him, her gaze intense, as if he was a puzzle to be solved. Susan, the least studious of the three, was the first to recover from her shock with a shake of her head.

“Wow, you’re really lucky, Harry. Those are some of the best witches and wizards alive.” Susan said, her smile helping him relax.

“Yeah. It got tiring at times, but I really appreciate everything they taught me. There’s no way I’d have survive without their help.” Harry said, returning her smile.

“You were taught by the Flamels, and Bathilda Bagshot, and Newt Scamander!?” Hermione asked, her voice getting higher and faster with each name. “That’s incredible! What did they teach you? Could you teach me? Do you think I could hire them as tutors? What was it like-”

“Hermione!” Susan shouted, stopping her friend's incessant questions.

Harry was looking at Hermione worriedly, leaning slightly away from the girl as her questions grew more frantic.

“Sorry, she gets like that.” Susan apologized.

“Uh, that’s okay.” Harry said slowly, his shoulders relaxing. “Sorry Hermione, but I don’t think you could hire them as tutors, Newt went back to America, and the Flamels and Bathilda are retired. Bathilda might answer some of your questions if you send her an owl though. She likes hearing from people who appreciate history.”

“Oh.” Hermione said, her shoulders sagging in disappointment. “But you could teach me what they taught you, right?”

Her voice was full of hope and her warm brown eyes seemed to get bigger and sadder as she looked at him.

“Er, I can teach you some of it.” he offered, hoping that would be enough.

“Why can’t you teach me everything?” she asked, looking offended.

“Some of it’s really dangerous magic they made me swear never to tell anyone about, sorry.” he said, shrugging helplessly.

Unfortunately, that answer only seemed to offend her more. Before she could start again, however, Susan jumped in.

“What do you like to do for fun, Harry.” she asked, giving Hermione a pointed look.

“I really like flying and enchanting.” he told her with a grateful smile.

“Do you play quidditch?” she asked.

Even though she didn't follow the sport closely, she could appreciate a good game. That and she, like three quarters of the school, would be glad to see the Slytherin's finally lose the cup. They were becoming far too arrogant lately.

“I've played a few pickup games, but nothing serious.” he said.

They continued talking about Quidditch for a couple more minutes before the sliding glass door was thrown open violently. In the time it took Susan to jump an inch off her seat in fright, Harry was on his feet with his wand aimed right between the eyes of the intruder, the tip glowing a menacing red.

Following his wand, she saw Draco Malfoy standing in the doorway, his usual smug smirk replaced by fear, his eyes crossed to look at the wand aimed at his paling face.

As soon his wand appeared, it vanished again in a movement so fast she didn't even know where it had gone.

“Sorry about that, you startled me a bit. You might want to knock first next time.” Harry said.

Malfoy took a half step back until he bumped into Crabbe and Goyle and straightened his robes in a poor attempt to look unaffected. Glancing at her friends, Hermione narrowed her eyes,

having been a victim of Malfoy's bullying before, while Daphne smirked, enjoying the unsettled look on his pointed face.

"Potter." Malfoy drawled, his lips curling up into a sneer when he recognized the wizard at the other end of the wand.

"Yes, and you are...?" he asked.

"Malfoy, Draco Malfoy." he announced, standing up straighter.

"Ah." Harry breathed, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly.

"You're going to pay for what you did to my father, Potter. You better watch your back." Malfoy growled angrily, stepping forward in an attempt to intimidate Harry.

Sweeping his imperious gaze of the rest of the occupants, he sniffed lightly and lifted his nose in the air in disgust.

"You too." he said sneered threateningly. "Blood traitor and Mudbloods, you'll all pa-"

Malfoy's insult was cut short when he choked and reached for his throat, as if he was being choked by an invisible force. Harry had his eyes narrowed and fists clenched, waves of magic pulsating off of him in waves that sent the hairs on their arms standing on end. Taking two steps forward, he glared at Malfoy as he continued to choke and gasp for air.

"Don't ever use that word again." he hissed in a deadly quiet voice. "Got it?"

Malfoy, his face slowly turning red, nodded his head as best he could, his eyes wide with fear. Abruptly, the magic emanating from Harry stopped and Malfoy dropped to the ground, landing

on his ass while coughing and sucking in gasping breaths of air. She hadn't noticed it until he fell, but whatever Harry had been doing had lifted Malfoy clear off his feet.

Rolling over onto all fours, Malfoy crawled back to Crabbe and Goyle, grabbing handfuls of their clothes to pull himself to his feet. As if they were released from a spell of their own, they pulled him to his feet and dragged him out of the compartment as fast as they could. With a casual wave of his hand, Harry closed the sliding door and the lock snapped into place with a metallic *click*.

"Sorry." Harry said, sitting back down in his seat and staring out of the window broodingly.

The girls watched him silently, a bit unsure how to react to such a display of magic. While they knew Harry had to be powerful to defeat Voldemort, knowing that and feeling his magic firsthand were two completely different things. His magic had felt like a force of nature all its own, and he hadn't even been trying all that hard. It made them wonder just what he was capable of.

"Thank you." Hermione said quietly after a few moments. "Malfoy's been running his mouth and calling me names since my first day here, it's about time someone shut him up."

Hermione gave him a genuine, grateful smile that he eventually returned.

"I have to admit, that was impressive. Could you teach us to do wandless magic?" Daphne asked.

"Uh, sure." Harry said, scratching the back of his head. "It's not that hard really, it just takes a lot of practice."

"Really?" Hermione asked.

Over the hour, Harry taught them the basics of how to learn wandless magic and gave them a few exercises to do that would help. When the trolley stopped by, Harry insisted buying sweets and drinks for everyone, despite their protests. The rest of the trip was uneventful as they told Harry about classes, the professor he hadn't met yet, and told him about some of their classmates. When they reached the castle, Hagrid greeting him happily and dragged him over to the boats with the rest of the first years, despite his protests about how strange he would look.

"It's tradition." Hagrid told him in his booming voice. "Only way ter see Hogwarts yer firs' time."

Susan giggled at him sitting in a boat with two awe struck first years and gave him a wave. It was almost half an hour later that he walked in with the rest of the first years for the sorting, sticking out like a sore thumb as he towered over them. Susan felt bad for him, seeing how nervous and awkward he looked as everyone stared at him. It was clear that despite his fame, he wanted none of the attention.

When his name was called, she crossed her fingers on both hands and chanted 'please' under her breath, praying he would be sorted in Hufflepuff. By the sudden hush that fell over the Hall, she wasn't the only one. The hat sat on his head silently longer than anyone she could remember. She heard some of the students around her speculating on what was wrong, but she ignored them, choosing instead to watch Harry instead. As she watched, his face lost the look of intense concentration and relaxed into a pleased smile.

"Gryffindor!"

There was a beat of silence at the unexpected yell, before the Gryffindor table broke out into a cheer that shook the windows. Susan, while disappointed, smiled and clapped politely. It wasn't so bad, she thought, she would still get to see him. As Harry passed her, he glanced at her anxiously, distressed by her over-the-top reaction. She gave him a reassuring smile and a wave. The moment he sat down next to Hermione, dozens of Gryffindors surrounded him, excited to greet him. Seeing how uncomfortable he looked, she hoped he would be okay. Poor Hermione was being pushed into the table and knocked around carelessly by students rushing to get to Harry.

Fortunately, Harry noticed as well and managed to get them to back off a bit. She watched, feeling a bit jealous, as Harry wrapped his arm around her waist protectively. Hermione looked a bit startled, though not displeased, and her cheeks went slightly pink.

McGonagall finally had enough and ordered everyone back to their seats. Soon, the sorting was finished, and the Welcoming Feast began. As she ate, Susan silently made plans to spend more time with Harry. Tomorrow, being a Saturday, she would show him around the castle. Once classes started up on Monday, she would invite him to join her, Hermione and Daphne to study in the library.

Watching him interact politely, yet nervously, with his dorm mates, she couldn't help but only become more curious about him. In truth, he wasn't quite what she expected him to be. She had expected him to be quite a bit more confident, perhaps bordering on arrogance. However, rather than being disappointed, she was only more intrigued by him. Part of her felt protective of the shy, kind young man, regardless of how powerful he was. Susan couldn't wait to get to know him better and, despite her earlier attitude, she knew Daphne was just as curious after his display of wandless magic. Tomorrow, they would get to know the real Harry Potter.

Chapter 2

Out of habit, Harry woke up early on his first day attending Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Climbing out of bed and dressing quietly so he didn't wake his still sleeping dorm mates, he took a deep breath to calm his nerves.

Harry had known he was famous from a young age, but knowing about it and experiencing it firsthand was two completely different things. After being treated horribly by the Dursleys for most of his childhood, and then being isolated at a small castle in the middle of nowhere for years after, he really had no clue how to react. Albus had tried to warn him his peers would treat him differently, but he never expected them to treat him as if he was some sort of folk hero come to life. It made him appreciate meeting Susan, Hermione, and Daphne on the train even more. At least they treated him somewhat normally, even though they were understandably curious about him.

Walking downstairs to the common room, he saw only a few students awake this early. Among them was Hermione, who looked extremely cute sitting on a couch in front of the fireplace with a book in her lap, her legs tucked underneath her. He made to go over to her to say good morning, but he was stopped abruptly when Lavender Brown suddenly appeared in front of him.

“Hi, Harry!” she said brightly with a wide smile.

Lavender was a pretty blonde who he had met the night before. As she stood in front of him, he couldn't help but notice that the top few buttons of her shirt were open, displaying a vast amount of cleavage and giving him a peek at the cups of her crimson bra. Although he could admit he found her physically attractive, her forwardness made him feel quite awkward.

“Morning, Lavender.” he said politely, consciously trying to keep his eyes away from her chest.

Harry swore he could feel his cheeks heating up as she twirled her hair around her finger and pushed out her chest.

“I was wondering if you wanted me to give you a tour of the castle. I can show you some of the hidden passages. Although, with the two of us, some of them might be a tight fit.” she said, stepping close enough that her large breasts brushed against his chest.

He cleared his throat and took half a step to the side.

“Er, Hermione already offered to show me around.” he said as he stepped around her. “Maybe next time?”

“Oh, sure.” she said with a disappointed pout, her full, pink lips glistening.

Giving her a small smile and a nod, he continued over to the couch where Hermione still had her nose buried in her book. Behind him, he completely missed the glare Lavender directed at the innocent brunette as she stomped away.

“Morning, Hermione.” Harry said.

Hermione finally looked up from her book and gave him a soft, friendly smile.

“Good morning, Harry.” she replied.

“What are you reading?” he asked curiously as he took a seat on the couch next to her.

“It’s the Charms book. We’re starting Enchanting this year and I wanted to read up on it a bit. You say you already learned Enchanting, didn’t you?” she asked.

“A bit.” he said with a shrug. “I’m mostly self-taught. My tutors usually had more important things to teach me.”

“Can you give me any tips?” she asked hopefully.

“Enchanting’s all about how you layer things. Spells, especially the more complex ones, tend to interact with each other. When you’re Enchanting, you have to layer the spells in a way that they don’t interfere with each other.” he told her, thinking back to more than one project that had blown up in his face.

“But how do you know how to layer them? The book doesn’t explain that.” she said, glaring at the book accusingly.

“There’s really no way to tell until you start putting things together. You just have to get a feel for it.” he explained.

“Oh.” she said, furrowing her brow cutely in thought.

“So, are you still up for giving me a tour of the castle today?” he asked.

“Of course.” she said before checking her watch. “It’s still a little early, but we can go down to breakfast and wait for Susan and Daphne, if you want.”

“Sure.” Harry said with a shrug.

Hermione rushed up to her dorm to put her book away before showing him to the Great Hall. As they walked, she pointed out a few landmarks, like specific portraits and statues, so he could find his way back. Now that he wasn’t surrounded by chattering classmates, he had a much better chance to look around. The entire castle, for the moving staircases, to the talking portraits, to the very stone itself felt alive, and he loved it. The magic emanating from the school was warm and welcoming, like he was being welcomed home.

“What are you smiling about?” Hermione asked, breaking him out of his thoughts.

“It’s just incredible, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yeah.” she said, a soft smile on her lips as she looked around. “It is.”

When they entered the Great Hall, the tables were sparsely populated, and they sat down in a large, open gap at the Gryffindor table. They talked about Enchanting, with Harry describing how he had designed a couple of his more successful inventions, for a few minutes until a familiar voice interrupted them from behind.

“Ah, good morning, Harry, Ms. Granger.” Albus greeted them cheerfully.

“Good morning, sir.” Hermione said, straightening her posture.

Harry could easily tell she held a lot of respect for him.

“Morning, Albus.” Harry said, smiling as Hermione’s eyes widened.

“How was your first night in the castle?” Albus asked.

“Honestly, it a bit overwhelming, but Hermione and her friends have been helping me.” Harry admitted.

“Excellent, Ms. Granger is one of our most promising students. I dare say you’d had a hard time picking better friends than her, Ms. Bones and Ms. Greengrass.” He said, causing Hermione to duck her head as her cheek flushed at the praise. “I know this will be a big adjustment for you, Harry. I’m very proud of you for deciding to come here. Just remember, if you need anything, my door is always open.”

“I know.” Harry said with a smile.

Smiling in return, Albus patted him on the shoulder before continuing to the Head Table.

“Don’t you feel weird calling him by his first name?” Hermione asked once he was gone.

“Not really.” Harry said with a smile and a shrug. “But, to me, he’s always been Albus. He’s never been my Headmaster until today.”

“I guess that makes sense.” she conceded.

“He’s still a person just like everyone else, Hermione.” he reminded her.

Their conversation went back to Enchanting for a little while before Susan and Daphne arrived. After giving them time to eat, Harry and Hermione met with them in the Entrance Hall.

“So, where should we go first?” Susan asked, practically skipping with excitement.

Her bubbly attitude was so infectious, Harry couldn’t help but smile at her.

“We should start at the bottom of the castle and work our way up.” Daphne suggested.

When the other two girls agreed, they made their way down to the dungeons. For the next four hours, they explored the castle. Harry tried to take in as much as he could, but the castle seemed like it was built to be intentionally confusing. It was definitely going to take a while to find his way around, he thought.

When the tour was over, they made their way back to the Great Hall for lunch. As they passed through the one of the smaller court yards, he saw Ron Weasley, one of his new dorm mates, teasing a young blonde girl in Slytherin robes by floating her books over her head. Angrily, Harry stomped over to him and snatched the books out of the air.

“Oi!” he exclaimed.

Ignoring him, Harry turned to the girl, who looked to be a first year, and smiled.

“Here you go.” he said, handing her the books.

“Thanks.” she said quietly.

Taking the books, she ran over to Daphne and stood slightly behind her.

"You okay, Stori?" Daphne asked.

"I'm fine." she said, trying to hide how upset she truly seemed as her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

Harry raised an eyebrow in askance at Daphne, curious how she knew the girl.

"She's my sister." she said before turning to Weasley with a dark glare.

"Oi, mate. What are you doing with her?" Ron asked loudly as he gave Daphne a look of disgust.

"We're not mates." Harry growled, trying his best to fight down his temper. "First of all, Daphne's my friend. Second, why were you bullying that girl?"

"It was just a joke." Ron said nervously, finally realizing that all four of the people surrounding him were glaring at him angrily.

"You think bullying a first year is funny?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"Ah, come on. She's only a Slytherin." Ron said.

"And that makes it alright to torment a little girl?" he demanded as the magic coming off of him made the air begin to crackle.

Weasley gulped and took two steps back, his face paling.

"Harry." Hermione said tentatively.

Realizing his magic was getting away from him, Harry stepped back and took a deep breath to calm himself. While he was distracted, Weasley turned and took off down the hall.

"I'm telling McGonagall about this!" Hermione yelled after him.

Once the red head was gone, the girls turned to look at him in concern.

"Sorry." he said sheepishly, his cheeks heating up.

"Are you okay, Harry?" Susan asked.

"I'm fine." he told her with a smile.

"Um, Harry. Don't take this the wrong way, but is your magic always so...?" Hermione asked.

"Volatile?" Harry offered with a small smile. "I spent years training to become as powerful as possible, but it means I have trouble controlling my magic sometimes, especially when I'm angry. Aunt Perenelle always said I had the finesse of an Ogre."

"Is there anything we can do to help?" she asked.

"Not really, I just need to work on controlling my magic more. It's part of why I took up Enchanting." he said.

"Potter." Daphne called out, causing him to look at her. "Thanks for stopping him from bullying Astoria."

"Er, you're welcome." he said awkwardly.

After saying goodbye to Astoria, they group continued on their way to the Great Hall.

The next few weeks passed quickly as Harry got used to his new classes and classmates. He'd hoped that people would start treating him like a normal person once they got used to him and, while some did, a surprising amount still looked to him as some kind of hero. As a result, he spent the vast majority of his time with Hermione, Susan, and Daphne. Because he was in Gryffindor, he ended up spending a bit more time with Hermione than the others. It bothered him to see her being ignored and overlooked by their housemates and he was saddened to think she spent the last five years being treated like that.

Sure, she was a bit of a stickler for the rules, and she certainly liked to study, but even from his brief time at Hogwarts, he could see just how good of a person she was.

Harry enjoyed most of his classes, though he had to admit some of it could get quite boring. His favorite classes were Charms and Transfigurations. He knew McGonagall and Flitwick well from when she tutored him during the summer, and he found their classes on the simpler spells interesting. His least favorite classes, by far, were Defense Against the Dark Arts and Potions. While he liked the subjects themselves, it was the professors he couldn't stand.

Defense was taught by an Auror named Dawlish who made it clear he had no desire to be there from day one. He had been a supporter of Fudge and Umbridge, and this was his punishment. Snape, as the Potions professor, still hated Harry and was an asshole during class. Harry was seriously considering dropping the class just to get away from the bitter man.

Before he knew it, Halloween had arrived. While the rest of the school enjoyed a day off from classes and looked forward to the feast, Harry spent most of the day trying to be alone. Halloween had never been an enjoyable holiday for him. When he was young, the Dursleys had left him with Mrs. Figg while they took Dudley trick or treating, and then left him to watch as he gorged himself on sweets. Later, after he learned the truth about his parents, it became the holiday he hated most.

Hermione, who saw him most, was the first to notice him acting differently. She, along with Susan, had pestered him to find out what was wrong, but he was quite short tempered. He felt

bad for snapping at them before storming off and promised to himself that he would apologize to them later.

Unbeknownst to Harry, it was Daphne that first realized what was wrong and got Susan and Hermione to leave him alone. Both girls felt horrible for bothering him and were determined to make up for it the next time they saw him.

After skipping lunch Harry grabbed his broom and flew around the castle for hours. Fawkes joined him at one point, singing a calming yet mournful song. As the sun fell below the horizon, his stomach grumbled angrily, and he decided to go to dinner. With his head down and Fawkes on his shoulder, he ignored everything around him and sat at the far end of the table. Only a couple of minutes after he started eating, someone sat down across from him.

"Feeling better." Daphne asked.

"I'm fine." he said.

Daphne scoffed. "Sure you are."

"Where are Hermione and Susan?" he asked curiously.

"They're at the Hufflepuff table. They think you're mad at them." she said.

Harry looked over her shoulder. After a few seconds of searching, he found them both trying and failing to glance at him surreptitiously with worry written all over their faces. Sighing, he waved them over. Immediately, they both stood up and rushed over to the Gryffindor table. Susan sat on daphne's right, while Hermione sat on her left.

"We're really sorry about pestering you earlier." Susan said apologetically.

“We didn’t think about what day it was.” Hermione added.

“It’s alright.” he said. “I should have just told you what was wrong.”

“So, are you all done being stupid now?” Daphne asked.

Harry smiled at her. “For now.”

Just then, Filch came jogging into the Great Hall, clutching his chest as he huffed and puffed heavily. He ran straight for the Head Table and whispered something in Albus’ ear. Though most wouldn’t be able to see it, Harry knew him well enough to tell that something was serious was happening.

“Something’s wrong.” Harry said.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Albus stood up and let out a small bang from his wand. The chatter in the hall faded to silence as everyone turned to look at the Head Table.

“All students are to remain in the Great Hall until further notice. Please,” he said, quieting the concerned rumbled at his words. “remain calm. I will explain shortly.”

As the hall broke into scared and excited whispers, Harry stood and approached the teachers where they were huddled together in conversation.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Mr. Potter.” McGonagall said sternly. “Go back to your table and-”

"It's alright Minerva." Albus said, holding up his hand. "The Chamber of Secrets has been reopened."

Harry's eyes widened and a chill ran down his spine.

"I thought you sealed it and trapped the Basilisk inside." he said.

"I did. Only a Parselmouth could have opened it." Albus told him.

"Has anyone...?" McGonagall asked fearfully.

"No." Albus answered to a collective sigh of relief. "However, Mr. Creevy has been petrified."

"Will he be alright?" Sprout asked worriedly.

"He will be fine. However, right now, we have more pressing concerns." Albus said gravely.

"Minerva, use the Floo in the trophy room and tell Amelia what's happening. We may need to evacuate the students."

Nodding, she strode off quickly.

"Filius, Severus, and Harry, with me. Everyone else, seal the doors behind us and keep the students here. Fawkes will bring you a message when it's safe to open the doors." he instructed.

With the orders given, the group broke up. With Harry and Albus at the front, they led their small group out of the Hall. Hermione, Susan, and Daphne looked at him curiously as he passed. He gave them a smile and a wave, hoping to reassure them, but the fearful looks on their faces told him he had little success.

Conjuring mirrors, the small group cautiously crept through the school, carefully checking around every corridor. It took them ten times longer than normal to make it to the second floor and Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Just as they reached the door, they heard a multitude of footsteps approaching quickly from behind. A moment later, Amelia Bones came around the corner followed by several Aurors. It's seemed they had opted for speed rather than caution.

"What's the situation?" Amelia barked.

Harry waited impatiently as Albus quickly explained the situation. Amelia was not happy to find out Albus had left an ancient, massive Basilisk sealed inside the school. In his defense, Albus hadn't had much of a choice at the time. Without a Parselmouth available, sealing the Chamber had been the only viable solution.

"Right, Hammer, you and Dawlish go back to the Great Hall and keep an eye on the students. If you don't hear from us in two hours, evacuate everyone to the Ministry. Shackbolt and the rest of you, with me." Amelia ordered.

"Minister, with my skills, maybe it would be better if-"

"Dawlish!" Amelia barked angrily. "Right now, protecting those students is our priority. Now go."

Huffing angrily, Dawlish turned and stomped off like a petulant child, an older witch with broad shoulders and a square jaw following after him. With that settled, they finally entered the bathroom.

"Can you open it, Harry?" Albus asked.

"I'm not sure. I haven't tried to speak Parsetongue in a while." Harry admitted.

"Are you sure it's a good idea for him to be here?" Amelia asked.

Harry rolled his eyes as he searched the sink for a way in. It seemed that no matter what he accomplished, some people couldn't see past his age.

"Not only is Harry quite possibly the most powerful person in this room, he is the only Parselmouth I know." Albus told her.

The room fell into a tense silence as Harry continued to search the sink. After a couple of minutes, he found a small snake etched into one of the faucets.

"Right, here goes nothing." he whispered to himself.

'Open.'

Though the word sounded like English, his mouth moved differently, and his tongue vibrated. The sink rumbled as it sank into the floor slowly, revealing a deep, dark hole in the center.

"Right, Shackbolt, you go first and-"

Amelia's words were cut off as Harry jumped down the hole feet first. He slid rapidly down the damp, slimy pipe for far longer than he expected before he finally shot out at the bottom. He landed with a crunch on the hard, wet ground. Climbing to his feet, Harry lit his wand and looked around.

"Gross." he muttered, looking at the bone littered floor.

He only had a few seconds to look around the small room cut into the bedrock below the castle before he heard a rushing sound behind him. He turned back around just in time to see Kingsley shoot out of the pipe and stumble as he landed on his feet. Reaching out, he helped steady the tall, dark-skinned wizard.

“Hey Shack, good to see you again.” Harry greeted him with a smile.

“Good to see you too, Harry.” he replied in his deep rumbling voice.

Hearing another rushing sound, Harry moved over to the pipe and helped steady people as they came out of the pipe. The last person out of the pipe shot out much faster than the other and slammed into him, knocking him on his back. Out of instinct, Harry put his hands up in front of him to catch them. The next thing he knew, he was lying on his back with a pretty, purple hair witch in Aurors robes on top of his, her face stopping just an inch from his. His cheeks burned hot as he realized the only thing holding her up were his hands on her ample breasts.

“Wotcher, Harry. Thanks for the catch.” she said, unconcerned by his unintentional groping.

Pushing herself to her feet, she held out her hand to help him up. Harry took the offered hand but looked away from her in embarrassment. When he did chance a glance at her, she smiled cheekily and gave him a wink, causing him to blush harder.

“Harry.” Albus called out.

Clearing his throat awkwardly, Harry walked away from the pretty Auror and followed Albus deeper into the tunnel carved into the rock. It took them several minutes through the maze of tunnels and pipes, but eventually, they found the door leading to the Chamber of Secrets.

“Ready?” Harry asked as he stood in front of the door, adrenaline surging through veins.

“We’re ready.” Albus said heavily. “Remember everyone, do not look at its eyes. Keep your eyes down until it’s been blinded, then hit it with everything you can.”

“We still don’t know who opened the Chamber.” Amelia reminded him.

“We will deal with that when the time comes.” Albus said.

Just as Harry was about to open the door, he heard footsteps approaching behind them, each step echoing loudly through the tunnels. The Aurors turned and raised their wands. Everyone waited tensely as they grew closer and closer. The tips of several wands glowed crimson as the steps stopped just around the corner. A heartbeat later, a familiar head of red hair poked around the corner.

“Susan!” Amelia gasped, pushing down the wands of the Aurors nearest her. “What in the hell are you doing here!?”

“We brought roosters.” she said softly.

Susan stepped around the corner, followed a moment later by Hermione and Daphne, each of them holding roosters clutched to their chests.

Amelia glared at the three girls angrily, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I don’t know how you three found out what was happening, or how you snuck out of the Great Hall, but you’re going back. Now.” she said firmly.

“But-”

“This is not up for debate, Susan.” Amelia interrupted angrily. “It’s too dangerous for you to be here.”

“They can’t go back.” Albus said.

“What do you mean they can’t go back?” Amelia asked, turning her anger on him.

“They have no way back up, and we still don’t know if anyone else is down here.” he explained. “It would be safest for them if they stayed with us.”

Amelia huffed angrily for a moment, silently glaring at him.

“Fine!” she yelled. “Stay at the back and don’t look at the Basilisk. Do you understand?”

“Yes, auntie.” Susan said contritely, looking down at the floor. “We just wanted to help.”

Amelia sighed and walked forward to hug her tightly.

“I know, and I’m proud of you for thinking to bring the roosters, but this is very dangerous, and I don’t want anything to happen to you.” Amelia said softly.

“Sorry.” Susan said.

“We’ll talk about this later.” Amelia told her gently. “You three, stay behind the Aurors, they’ll protect you.”

All three girls nodded at her and stayed at the back. Harry smiled at them reassuringly when he glanced at him. Amelia turned to him and gave him a nod as the Aurors retook their position. Taking a deep breath, Harry turned back to the door.

‘Open.’

A snake slithered around the edge and disengaged the locks holding the massive, circular door closed. As the door swung inward, it revealed a smooth, stone-carved bridge with large pools of water on either side leading to a round platform holding an enormous statue of Salazar Slytherin. Around the cavern cut into the dark stone, torches sprang to life, projecting shadows

onto the floor from the stalactites hanging above like jagged teeth. There was no sign of life, the pools mirror smooth as Harry slowly entered the Chamber.

A ripple on the smooth surface of the water to his left had him turning, wand raised. He waited anxiously for a handful of seconds, everyone else staring at the same spot with him, but nothing else happened. Lowering his wand, Harry turned to continue down the bridge when a massive explosion of water occurred to his right.

“Eyes down!” he yelled.

Blindly, a multitude of spells in every color of the rainbow fired at the massive body of the serpent rearing twelve feet above their heads. Even their most deadly spells bounced off of the snake's thick hide as it shrieked angrily.

“Cover your eyes!” Albus bellowed over the din.

Harry put his arm over his eyes just as Albus let off a light spell so bright he swore he could see his bones through the skin for a brief moment. The Basilisk screamed and thrashed in pain as it slipped back into the water. The group, still stuck on the thin bridge, looked around wildly for the snake. One of the Aurors, the purple hair witch who fell on him earlier, hadn't shielded her eyes in time and was rubbing them in an attempt to get her sight back. A moment later, the Basilisk rose out of the water again a few feet in front of her.

As the teachers and Aurors threw curses at it, Harry took off towards the witch at a sprint. Diving, he knocked her out of the way just as the serpent's jaws snapped at her. The woman shrieked in fear, but relaxed when she realized the thing pinning her to the ground was human.

As he climbed back to his feet, helping the Auror up with him, he saw the ridiculous looking sight of three rooster levitating through the air. Back by the doorway, Susan, Hermione, and Daphne were guiding them through the air blindly as they stared at the ground. Almost instantly, two of them gave a muted squawk and went lifelessly limp when the Basilisk looked at them. The third, guided by Hermione, was facing the opposite way and was spared from its gaze.

“Get off the bridge!” Harry yelled.

While the Basilisk was distracted trying to kill the third rooster, the professors and aurors made a run for the island at the end of the bridge where they had more room to move. Kingsley grabbed the purple haired witch by the arm and dragged her out of the way as she blinked rapidly. Harry, however, stayed on the bridge as a plan formed in his mind. Careful not to look at its eyes, he watched the Basilisk as best he could.

“Hermione, move it two feet to the left!” he yelled at her.

Hermione listened and moved the confused bird that still showed no signs of crowing.

“A little more towards me!” he yelled as the Basilisk snapped blindly at the air, its nostrils flaring as it sniffed out its mortal enemy. “There! Hold it there!”

Raising his wand toward the ceiling, he hit one of the largest stalactites with a Severing Charm. The five-foot-long spear of solid rock plummeted towards the Basilisk just as it snapped at the rooster once more. Hitting the Basilisk in the middle of its head, the heavy stone spike slammed its head into the ground before piercing the skull and pinning it to the floor below.

With an unearthly shriek, the Basilisk’s body thrashed wildly in the pool, sending waves of water crashing in all directions. As the seconds passed, the body slowly calmed before finally falling still while crimson blood leaked from its head.

A cheer went up from the Aurors on the island, and Harry looked up with a smile at Hermione. Albus came up behind him and clapped him on the back with a proud smile as they began making their way out of the Chamber.

While most of the group left, Amelia left four Aurors behind to search for any clues to who had opened the Chamber. As they walked back to the Great Hall, Harry felt the energy slowly drain out of him as the adrenaline faded. Albus explained to the students what happened and ended

with a promise that they would discover who was responsible. Amelia even went so far as to offer a five thousand Galleon reward for information leading to the capture of the culprit.

What Harry had failed to foresee, was the reactions of his classmates. Since they had seen him leave with Albus, it didn't take much of a stretch for them to figure out he had been in the Chamber. Though he was tired, Harry politely answered their questions and tried to downplay his own involvement. The last thing he wanted was for them to go back to treating him like some kind of hero. Fortunately, the entire time, Hermione, Daphne, and Susan stayed by his side, providing support.

Later that night, despite his tiredness, Harry had trouble falling asleep. Just after two in the morning, he decided to get out of bed and go to the common room. Walking down the stairs, he was surprised to find Hermione curled up on the couch in front of the fire with a book in her lap.

"Hermione?" he called out softly.

Hermione jerked, startled in spite of his quiet tone, and looked up at him.

"Oh, Harry. What are you doing up?" she asked.

"I could ask you the same thing." he said as he sat down next to her.

"I couldn't sleep" she said.

"Me neither." Harry admitted.

"I was really worried about you today." Hermione said softly. "I don't have a lot of friends and I really don't want to lose you."

"I'm fine, Hermione." he assured her. "We're both fine."

To his surprise, she took his hand, gently interlacing their fingers, and leaned against his side, her head resting on his shoulder. Harry stiffened, unsure what to do. As she leaned against him, her thumb rubbing circles on the back of his hand, he gradually relaxed.

"I'm really glad we're friends, Harry." she said softly.

"Me too, Hermione." he said with a soft smile.

They sat like that on the couch for a long time, and eventually fell asleep in that position.

"So, rumor is you slept with Harry last night." Daphne said with a smirk as she sat down across from Hermione in the library later that day.

"We just fell asleep on the couch." Hermione said, rolling her eyes.

"How was it?" Susan asked excitedly.

"It was...nice." Hermione said, her cheeks turning a light pink.

"Just nice?" she asked with a teasing look.

"Fine. It was really nice. Can we get back to studying now?" Hermione asked.

"Where is hero boy anyways?" Daphne asked as she flipped through her book.

“Back in the Chamber. The Aurors wanted him to look around in case they missed something.” Hermione told them.

“Do you remember when we said we’d share a boy if we found one good enough?” Susan asked, biting her lip.

“That was two years ago.” Hermione said.

“Look, we all like Harry, right? And don’t bother denying it.” she said, pointing at Daphne. “I know you like him too.”

“What’s your point?” Daphne asked, not bothering to deny it.

“We can share Harry.” she said as if it was obvious.

“We don’t even know if he likes us that way.” Hermione pointed out.

“Of course, he does. He spends all of his time with us, and I’ve seen the way he looks at us when he thinks we’re not looking.” she said.

“He looks at me?” Hermione asked uncertainly, biting her lip.

“I’ve seen it to.” Daphne added before leaning forward. “Do you really think all three of us could date him without it causing problems?”

“Yes.” Susan said with certainty. “Look, either all of us date him, or one of us does. Which do you think is more likely to cause problems between us?”

“She has a point.” Daphne admitted to Hermione.

“Of course I do.” Susan said with a smile. “Besides, it’s not like the three of us haven’t fooled around before.”

“Susan!” Hermione hissed, looking around frantically to make sure no one had overheard.

“You’re not embarrassed about us, are you?” Daphne asked.

Under the table, Daphne put her hand on Hermione’s knee before slowly sliding her hand up to her thigh under her skirt. Her long nails drew lines over the smooth, pale skin and caused Hermione to shiver in her seat.

“Of course not.” she said quickly. “But I get picked on enough, thank you very much. You know how the boys in this school would react if they found out.”

“True.” Daphne admitted tilting her head.

“So, are you in?” Susan asked, smiling hopefully.

“I’m in.” Daphne agreed quickly.

Both girls turned to look at Hermione, waiting for her answer.

“Yes, I’m in.” she said with a sigh. “But how are we going to convince Harry? He doesn’t seem too comfortable around girls.”

“We’ll just have to take it slow. We just have to decide which one of us talks to him first.” Susan said.

“It should be Hermione. She spends the most time with him, and she’s already slept with him.” Daphne said with a smirk.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” Susan said before turning to Hermione. “It that’s alright with you.”

“Actually, I think it would be best if we all talked to him together.” Hermione said.

“You think so?” Susan asked.

“Yes. There’s no way he’ll believe me unless your there too.” she said.

“Right, here’s what we’ll do...” Daphne said.

A few hours later, Harry returned from the Chamber of Secrets and joined them in the library until curfew approached. As they left the library and headed back to their dorms, Daphne took his left as Susan took his right, and led him into an abandoned classroom while Hermione held the door open.

“Uh, what’s going on?” Harry asked as Hermione closed and locked the door.

“We wanted to talk to you about something.” Susan said before grabbing Hermione and pushing her forward.

“Okay.” he said, looking at them oddly and wondering what they were up to.

Hermione looked incredibly nervous as she stood in front of him.

“Well, you see, we’ve been talking and there’s something we wanted to tell you.” she said, her moving around wildly as she looked at the ground.

“Is something wrong?” he asked, his concern growing.

“No, nothing’s wrong. It’s just that…” she trailed off before taking a deep breath and closing her eyes. When she opened her eyes and looked at him, she began talking very quickly. “The three of have been talking and we all really like you and we were hoping you liked us.”

“Of course, I like you, you’re my best friends.” he said.

Susan giggled and stepped forward.

“No, she means we fancy you.” she said with a smile. “We want to know if you would be willing to date all three of us.”

“I, uh, I- Is this a joke?” he asked.

Whatever he had been expecting them to say, it wasn’t that. Of course, he liked them, but he’d never imagined any of them would like him back, let alone all three of them. There was no way she could be serious, he thought.

Just as he finished that thought, Daphne walked up and stopped just in front of him. Grabbing two fistfuls of his robes, she pulled him down and her soft, plump lips crashed against his. Harry froze in stunned disbelief as she kissed him, her teeth nipping at his bottom lip. When he realized she wasn’t pulling back, he tentatively kissed her back. Her tongue ran across his lips and then darted into his mouth, the taste of cherries from her lips gloss covering his taste buds. After a few glorious seconds, Daphne pulled back and smirked at him.

“Does that seem like a joke?” she asked.

Speechless, Harry could only shake his head at her.

“Good.” she said as she stepped back.

“But I never had a girlfriend before.” he blurted.

“Well, we’ve never had a boyfriend before either.” Susan said as she walked up to him. “We’ll just have to learn together.

Standing up on her toes, Susan wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a much softer kiss. Not sure what to do with his hands, Harry rested them on her hips. Her large, soft breasts flattened slightly against his chest as she pressed herself tightly against him. Her kiss was slower and softer than Daphne’s, but no less enjoyable. When she pulled away, there was a bright happy grin on her face that he couldn’t help but return.

As she backed away, she pushed Hermione towards him again, this time straight into his chest. Wrapping his arms around her to keep her from falling, they stared at each other nervously.

“Er, you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.” he told her softly.

“No, I do, it’s just...”

“Hermione doesn’t think you like her.” Daphne explained.

Harry looked down at the girl in his arms in surprise, stunned that she thought he would like her just as much as he like Susan or Daphne.

“Of course, I like you, Hermione. You’re smart, you’re beautiful, you’re kind. What’s not to like?” he asked.

Smiling with a light blush, he could see her visibly work up her courage before she looked up at him and slowly lean forwards to press her lips against his. This time, Harry was much quicker to return the kiss, his arms wrapping tightly around her as their lips moved together. He wasn't sure how long the kissed for, but it felt both longer than the others, and not nearly long enough. When they finally pulled apart, both of them were grinning madly and panting lightly with flushed cheeks.

"This is going to be great!" Susan cheered happily.