

Chapter 21

Harry woke up and stretched, feeling too comfortable to get out of bed. Slowly a lazy smile tugged at the corners of his lips while memories of the night before danced in his head. His date with Suzette and Fleur had been memorable, to say the least.

Yawning widely, Harry finally sat up and climbed out of bed. If everything went as planned, this would be his second to last Yule Ball. Tomorrow, he and Dumbledore would destroy the Horcrux, and then everything would go back to normal.

For a moment, he felt a bit sad it was coming to an end. He'd learned so much about his classmates and himself over the last few years. Thinking back to when it all started, even he could see that he'd come a long way.

That said, he was anxious for it to end. Living without consequences certainly had its advantages, but it also removed many of life's joys.

Opening his trunk, Harry pulled out his clothes for the day and headed for the shower. When he came out, fully dressed half an hour later, his dormmates were just rolling out of bed. Taking the stairs down to the common room, a smile spread across his face at the familiar sight of Hermione sitting in front of the fire with a book in her lap.

"Morning," Harry smiled, sitting down next to her.

Startling, Hermione looked at him with wide eyes and blushed. Confused by the odd reaction, he tilted his head and looked at her questioningly.

"Everything okay?" Harry asked.

"Fine," Hermione replied quickly.

Looking away, she cleared her throat and rubbed her palms on her jeans.

“Really, because it doesn’t look like it,” Harry said, his brow furrowed.

Nothing like this had happened before, and it caused a ball of worry to settle heavily in the pit of his stomach. In the nearly five years that he’d been reliving this day, Hermione had never been this nervous and out of sorts.

“What’s going on?” Harry asked firmly.

Nibbling her bottom lip, Hermione looked at him out of the corner of her eye and sighed.

“I got a letter this morning,” she said quietly.

“From who?” Harry asked.

While he stared at her intently, he wracked his brain for what could’ve happened. Was Voldemort up to something? With this a desperate attempt by the Horcrux to distract him?

“Suzette,” Hermione said.

Harry’s thoughts came to a screeching halt, and he blinked.

“She sent you a letter?” he asked.

“Is it true?” Hermione asked, pausing to look around and ensure no one was listening in before continuing. “Have you really been trapped reliving the Yule Ball?”

“Well, yeah,” Harry said, confused. “But how-”

“Suzette said she’s been saving her memories and using a spell you taught her to bring them back in time with her,” Hermione said rapidly. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I have,” Harry said. “You just don’t remember. Usually, I explain everything to you after breakfast.”

“So, that’s true too,” Hermione said.

Falling silent, she cleared her throat again and glanced at him before staring back down at her hands.

“Is it true that we went to the ball together?” she asked softly.

“Quite a few times, yeah,” Harry smiled.

“And, have we...,” Hermione trailed off, her cheeks turning a bright red.

Harry’s smile turned into a grin, knowing exactly what she was trying to ask. Reaching out, he took her hand in his.

“Yes,” he answered.

“Oh,” Hermione said, her voice an octave higher than normal. “Suzette said we had. She was quite... detailed. She even sent me a memory to prove it, but I didn’t know if I could trust her.”

“You can trust her,” Harry told her.

Biting her lip, Hermione reached into her pocket and pulled out a vial. In it, Harry saw the familiar silver strand of a memory.

“How do I...?” Hermione asked.

“You just pick it up with your wand and put it to your temple,” Harry told her.

Nodding, Hermione took a deep breath and tried to open the vial, but her hands trembled so much she couldn't grip the stopper. Placing his hand over hers, Harry squeezed it gently.

“Relax, Hermione,” he said softly. “Here. Let me.”

Harry took the vial from her hands, and she started fidgeting nervously. Pulling out the stopper, he collected the memory with the tip of his wand. Hermione watched him curiously as he raised it to her head. Gently, he brushed her hair behind her ear and touched it to her temple.

Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide as he watched the memory disappear. Her eyes stared into the distance, unfocused. A moment later, she blinked and raised a hand to her chest.

“Oh! Oh my!” she said. “We really did...”

“Hermione?” Harry asked softly.

Startled out of her thoughts, Hermione turned to him sharply. Biting her lips, she opened her mouth to speak, then closed it and threw her arms around him. With a bemused smile, Harry caressed her back soothingly.

“I had no idea you thought of me that way,” Hermione murmured into his shoulder.

“Hermione, you’re beautiful,” Harry whispered. “How could I not?”

“I’m not that pretty,” Hermione mumbled before pulling back. “Not like Suzette or Fleur.”

Harry tilted his head and looked at her curiously.

“What memory did Suzette send you?” he said. “Better yet, why did she send it? We always show you through Legilimency.”

“You know Legilimency?” Hermione gasped.

Smiling, Harry met her gaze and gently pushed into her mind. Slowly he fed her his memories of their time together over the last four years. A few seconds later, he broke the connection and watched her patiently.

“Oh, that makes so much more sense,” Hermione said, staring off over his shoulder. “I can’t believe you’ve been stuck like this for four years. Oh, Harry.”

Suddenly, Hermione’s eyes focused on him again, and she hugged him tightly.

“So, why did Suzette send you a memory?” Harry asked again.

“Oh, right,” Hermione said, pulling back. “I didn’t really understand what she meant until you showed me your memories, but I think I get it now. She wanted to do something special for you, so she sent memories to the girls you liked taking to the Ball the most.”

Hermione paused for a moment as she blushed lightly.

“I think she might be trying to get all of us to go with you for your last Ball,” she said. “Well, the last one no one else will remember, anyways.”

Harry blinked at Hermione in surprise before he snorted and shook his head.

“That definitely sounds like something she would do,” he smiled. “Come on, let’s go down to the Great Hall and see exactly what Suzette’s up to.”

Standing, Harry held out his hand and helped Hermione to her feet.

“Harry, are you sure no one will remember anything that happens today?” she asked quietly.

“Pretty sure,” Harry smiled. “They haven’t for the last four years.”

Biting her lip, Hermione glanced around the bustling common room before returning to him. Stepping forward, she pressed her body against his, her arms wrapping around his neck. Harry placed his hands lightly on her lower back as she looked up at his face. Licking her pouty pink lips, she leaned in and kissed him softly. Their lips touched only briefly before she pulled back and looked at him worriedly.

Smiling, Harry slipped his hands down and grabbed two handfuls of her small, thick bum. When Hermione gasped, he ducked down and pressed his lips firmly against her, his tongue slipping into her mouth. She moaned, threaded her fingers through his hair, and kissed him back.

Harry ignored his classmates’ cheers and wolf whistles as he kissed Hermione passionately. Eventually, they broke apart, leaving her flushed and breathless. With a grin, he took her hand and pulled her towards the portrait hole. Walking slowly through the halls, Hermione glanced between his face and the hand he was still holding.

“Are we...? I mean, when things are back to normal, will we...?” Hermione said, struggling to get the words out.

“I hope so,” Harry said, letting go of her hand and pulling her close, his arm snaking around her waist. “But that’s entirely up to you.”

“And Suzette?” Hermione asked softly, a tremble in her voice.

“Yes,” Harry replied. “Hermione, I love you just as much as I love Suzette. I know this is hard for you. Right now, you’ve seen all these memories of the three of us together, but you didn’t actually live them. Trust me, once you meet Suzette and experience so of this for yourself, you’ll feel a lot less uncertain.”

“How do you know that?” Hermione asked.

“Because we’ve had this discussion before,” Harry smiled. “Besides, I’ve spent the last two years peeking in on your thoughts. And other girls. I have a better idea of how girls think now.”

Hermione nodded and fell quiet as she leaned against his side.

“You’ve really grown up,” she said softly after a long moment. “I feel like I missed all of it.”

“You didn’t,” Harry told her. “You were right there every step of the way, just like you’ve always been. Think back through the memories I showed you. Compare the Harry that first asked you to the Ball to the last time we went together.”

Hermione’s face scrunched up cutely as she thought back, and her teeth nibbled her bottom lip. They were nearly at the Great Hall by the time she spoke again.

“You’re right,” she said, pulling him to a stop. “You’re definitely a lot more confident now... and more affectionate. You never used to touch anyone, and now...”

“All thanks to you and Suzette,” Harry smiled crookedly. “And the others, I suppose. Katie and Susan like to cuddle a lot, and I really like it, so...”

Harry gave her a grin and a shrug.

“So, shall we go see what our kinky French girlfriend is up to?” he asked.

“Harry, I’m not sure I like witches like that,” Hermione said, blushing profusely. “I know I did in the memories you showed me, but...”

Harry smiled patiently, but inside he sighed. He wished Suzette had waited like they usually did. Giving Hermione that letter first had made her a lot less accepting than she normally was.

“Hermione, do you trust me?” he asked.

“Of course I do,” Hermione replied adamantly.

“Then trust what I showed you,” Harry said. “You’re going to love Suzette.”

Tightening his arms around her, he kissed her temple and led her into the Great Hall. Harry didn’t bother going to the Gryffindor table. He looked over at the Ravenclaw table and saw Suzette and Fleur smiling and waving them over. Taking Hermione’s hand, he led her over.

“Morning,” Harry said, sliding in next to Suzette while Hermione sat on his other side. “Now, what exactly are you up to?”

As Suzette smiled at him and stared into his eyes, he felt her exploring his mind. He let her, gently guiding her to memories she was searching for. With a grin, she leaned forward and kissed him lovingly on the lips.

“I just wanted the full story,” she said by way of explanation. “And, I thought I’d do something nice for you since it was your last day and everything. For the last few weeks, while you’ve been saving memories to show the girls you like when this is over, I’ve been saving my own. I’m not sure if it will work, but I’m ‘oping I can get all of them to go to the Ball with you.”

“And when you say the girls I like, how many are we talking about exactly?” Harry asked.

There were a few girls he’d grown a lot closer to over the years, but taking all of the girls he liked would mean taking half the girls in the school. Catching that thought, Suzette smirked.

“Not that many,” she said. “There’s me, ‘Ermine, Fleur, Katie, Susan, and Daphne.”

“You really didn’t have to do all this,” Harry said.

“I wanted to,” Suzette smiled.

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

Leaning down, he kissed her deeply. As they broke apart, he felt Hermione shifting in her seat. Without looking, he knew she was feeling a bit jealous and confused by her own feelings. Winking at Suzette, he spun around quickly and kissed Hermione passionately. Suzette laughed as Hermione squeaked in surprise before she slowly relaxed and kissed him back. When they separated, she blushed as the girls of Beauxbatons giggled at them.

Well, all but one. Fleur was watching him intently, a curious look on her face.

“You might have a bit of trouble getting Daphne to agree,” Harry said as if nothing had happened. “She was always the hardest to go to the Ball with.”

“Don’t worry,” Suzette smiled. “I ‘ave my ways. Now, why don’t you go find something to do while I talk with the girls? They’re waiting for you to leave so they can talk to me.”

Glancing around, Harry spotted Katie glancing over as she talked to Angelina. Over at the Hufflepuff table, Susan was watching them before looking away quickly with a blush when Harry looked at her. On the other hand, Daphne had no qualms about being caught watching him curiously. She merely raised an eyebrow as their gazes met.

“Alright,” Harry said. “I guess I’ll go flying for a bit.”

“Ave fun,” Suzette smiled.

Kissing him on the cheek, she sidled up to Hermione as soon as he stood. When Harry headed for the door, he spotted Katie and Susan getting to their feet. Shaking his head with a smile, he headed back to the kitchens for food before returning to the dorm for his broom and cloak.

~

When Harry returned to the castle for lunch, the girls were still missing. He thought about asking around to see if anyone knew where they were, but he decided against it. Suzette knew what she was doing, and he didn’t want to get in the way.

After helping Ron get a date with Parvati and ensuring he knew he was expected to show her a good time, Harry headed up to the dorm to get changed. Thanks to his years of practice, he was able to transfigure the redhead’s robes into something less horrific. They wouldn’t win any points with Fleur for fashion, but they were leagues better than the frilly, lacy mess they’d been before.

Eventually, Harry made his way down to the Entrance Hall, where he waited for his dates. As the minutes ticked by, and they still hadn’t shown up, he grew slightly nervous. He knew he shouldn’t be – there was no way Fleur would miss the Ball – but still, the idea of being stood up prickled a the back of his mind.

Then again, the way Professor McGonagall paced back and forth, her lips pressed together as she continually checked her watch, wasn't helping either.

"Where is your date, Mr. Potter?" McGonagall asked sharply.

"She should be here soon, professor," Harry said.

"I should hope so," McGonagall said primly.

Holding back a sigh, Harry turned back to look at the front doors of the castle. In the torch-lit darkness, he could just make out a large group of girls coming from the Beauxbatons carriage and hoped it was his date.

Elise and Chloe entered first, giggling when they spotted Harry. As more and more girls poured in, he failed to spot any of the faces he was looking for.

"Looking for us?" Suzette said from behind him with a lilt.

Jumping slightly, Harry spun around and grinned. They were all there. Even Daphne had come, and Harry had no idea how Suzette had managed to talk her into it.

"Wow," Harry said, looking them over. "You all look amazing."

"Mr. Potter, which one of these young ladies is your day?" McGonagall asked impatiently.

"We all are, madame," Suzette grinned.

Harry bit back a smile as McGonagall blinked and arched an eyebrow as she turned to Harry. Cracking a smile, he shrugged.

“Very well, but you and Ms. Delacour will need to sit at the Champions table and perform the opening dance,” she told them before walking away quickly.

“I’m sorry I can’t spend more time with you, but I’ll see all of you once the first dance is over,” Harry said as Fleur took his arm with a smile.

“That’s alright,” Hermione smiled. “We talked about it, and we knew this would happen.”

While the other girls waved at them and wished them luck, Daphne strode forward purposely before stopping in front of him.

“That memory that Suzette showed me, was it true?” Daphne asked, her gaze locked with his intently.

Harry smiled as he thought back to the time he’d taken Daphne to the Ball and Suzette had joined them. That had been back before he’d learned Legilimency, and Suzette had helped him plan that night out after many failed attempts.

“Yes,” Harry said.

Daphne stared at him for a long moment before stepping forward and grabbing the front of his robes. Pulling him forward, she kissed him deeply and then pulled back.

“You’d better not disappoint me, Potter,” she said softly.

Smiling, Harry rested his hands on her hips. Sliding them around to her bum, he gripped it firmly and pulled her against him as their gazes remained locked.

"I won't," he promised.

Daphne bit her lip as she wiggled against him, her hands letting go of his robes to grip his shoulders.

"Mr. Potter! Ms. Delacour!" Professor McGonagall yelled.

Blinking, Daphne cleared her throat and stepped back, looking surprised by her own actions. Smiling at her, Harry wrapped his arm around Fleur's waist and led her over to where the other Champions were waiting. As the girls disappeared into the Great Hall and the doors closed, he turned to Fleur to see how she was doing. He was worried she might be jealous, but he was surprised to find her staring back at him with a burning gaze.

"I did not zhink I would like seeing zhat as much as I did," she purred in response to his questioning look.

"How did Suzette get all of you to agree to come?" Harry asked softly as they waited for the door to open.

Fleur smirked, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

"She showed us zhe Pensieve memories of you taking us to zhe Ball... and what 'appened after," she purred, pressing herself against his side. "Watching you wiz all of us, seeing 'ow happy we were, it was 'ard to say no."

Smiling, Harry turned his head to kiss her slowly and deeply.

"I'm really glad you came," he said softly as they parted.

Fleur smiled naughtily just as the doors to the Great Hall opened. Pulling away slightly and looping her arm through his, they strode inside. After Harry had helped her into her seat, she grabbed his and pulled it closer to hers. With a smile, he took his seat and felt her hand rub his thigh. As they talked through dinner, she continued teasing him under the table. When he grew hard, she traced the shape of his bulging length with her long, silver nails.

Harry knew there was no way her could hide his excitement as they stood for the opening dance, but he didn't care. When Cho stared wide eyed at the prominent bulge in his slacks, he smirked and gave her a wink. Taking Fleur's hand as she covered a giggle, he led her out onto the dance floor.

Harry went to take her hand for a waltz, but Fleur pushed his hand aside and pressed herself against him. Smiling, he wrapped his arm around her, his hands resting on the silky material of her silver dress right above the curve of her bum. When the music started, they completely ignored it and swayed to their own beat. Fleur swung her hair over her shoulder while wrapping her arms around his neck and pressing her body against his.

Spinning around in his arm, she tilted her head back and rested it on his shoulder while grinding her bum against his groin provocatively. Harry kissed the side of her neck, his hands splayed over her tight stomach as he glanced around.

Professor McGonagall and a few of the other older professors looked quite scandalized while the students held mixed expressions. Some were jealous, some were shocked, and a fair few looked quite flushed. The girls were so distracted they didn't even try to reprimand their dates.

Smirking, Harry brushed his thumbs along the bottom of Fleur's breasts before grabbing her waist and spinning her back around to face him. Her blue eye sparkled with delight as she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips.

"Do you have any idea how jealous you're making every boy in this room right now?" Harry asked.

Fleur smirked, "Zhey're going to be even more jealous later."

Harry looked at her questioningly, but she just laughed. He didn't know what plan the girls had for him, but he knew it would be worth waiting to find out.

As the first song came to an end, Fleur gave him a passionate kiss before she was suddenly gone. Harry blinked in surprise and tried to follow her, only to find Suzette waiting for him with a smile. Grinning, he wrapped his arms around her, lifted her off of her feet, and spun her in a circle.

"Arry!" she squealed with a laugh.

Setting her down, he kissed her softly.

"I don't know how you pulled this off, but thank you," Harry said.

"You deserve it after everything you've been through," Suzette said, stroking his cheek. "I know how much it hurts you to see them forget everything day after day."

"How did you get Daphne to agree to this?" Harry asked. "Hermione, Katie, and Susan, I can understand. Fleur, I kind of get. But Daphne?"

Suzette smiled, "It was easy. I just had to show her the right memories, and she was happy to come."

Looking over his shoulder, she nodded. Quirking an eyebrow in curiosity, Harry spun them around. It took him a moment to find what she had been looking at. Daphne was dancing with Fleur, and quite closely. Both of them were smiling happily with the occasional lingering touch as they talked. A little to their right, he spotted Hermione, Katie, and Susan dancing as they laughed.

"Huh," Harry grunted. "I would not have expected Daphne to have a thing for Fleur."

"I noticed it when you took Fleur to the Ball," Suzette said. "She was almost as jealous as some of the boys."

Chuckling, Harry shook his head and turned back to her with a smile. Looking at Suzette's beautiful face, it really struck him just how much he loved her and how much she'd meant to him. He couldn't imagine having to survive this without her help.

"Will you go to the ball with me tomorrow?" he asked suddenly. "Just the two of us. I'll take you on a date in Hogsmeade, and then we can go to the Ball together."

"I'd love to," Suzette beamed, her eyes turning slightly misty.

She pulled him down for a long, passionate kiss before resting her head against his chest. Harry caressed her back as they spun in slow circles on the dance floor.

"Is there some sort of plan for the night I should know about?" Harry asked.

"You'll see," Suzette said, and he could hear the smirk in her voice.

Smiling, Harry held her close for the rest of the song. As soon as the next one started, Suzette gave him a kiss, and Katie practically skipped over to him with a grin.

"You know, I never thought I'd see you in a tux," Katie said, running her hands over his shoulders.

"And I never thought I'd see you in a dress," Harry grinned.

He danced with each of his dates for one song before they switched. Susan was the last to dance with him, and just as their song ended, the band announced they were going to take a

break. Harry wasn't sure if it had been planned that way or if it was just a coincidence, but it worked out well.

Walking over to the table the girls had claimed hand in hand with Susan, he sat down and smiled as Fleur stroked his thigh under the table.

"What are you doing, Greengrass?" Malfoy asked as he charged over, Parkinson and his two goons trailing behind him. "It's bad enough you're friends with Davis, but now you're hanging out with Mudbloods, Blood Traitors, and the creature?"

Fleur bristled next to Harry, but he put a calming hand on her arm. He knew Daphne would want to handle this herself.

"You seem to be under the mistaken impression that I actually care what you think," Daphne said dismissively. "The people at this table actually have talent, not just Daddy's name and money to throw around."

"Please," Malfoy scoffed. "You can't possibly think Potter is better than me."

"Let's see. Potter is the only known survivor of the Killing Curse, the youngest Seeker in a century, the youngest Triwizard Champion there's ever been, and currently tied for first despite being three years younger than his competition," Daphne said, counting each point off on her fingers.

"Oui. 'e was very impressive," Fleur purred, scooting so close she was practically in his lap.

"And in case you've forgotten," Daphne continued with a smirk. "The Potters are one of the Sacred Twenty-Eight. Remind me. What have you accomplished?"

Malfoy's cheeks turned red as he balled his fists.

"I don't have to accomplish anything," he spat, straightening his robes. "My name speaks for itself."

Hermione scoffed, "You mean it's all you have."

"No one asked your opinion, Mudblood," Malfoy snarled.

"Tell you what, Malfoy," Daphne said before Hermione could speak again. "If you can beat Harry in a duel, I'll be your date for the rest of the night."

"Seriously?" Malfoy laughed. "You think Potter can't beat me in a duel? You're on, Greengrass. Unless you're too scared, Potter."

"Well, I am pretty comfortable right now," Harry said, running his fingers blatantly over the side of Fleur's breast. "But, since Daphne wants to see me kick your arse, I'll be more than happy to. Just tell me when and where."

"Right now, out on the front lawn," Malfoy said with poorly concealed jealousy as Fleur kissed Harry's neck.

Daphne scoffed, "The front lawn? Where everyone knows Snape is prowling so he can hold your hand? No. We'll do this in the Transfigurations Courtyard."

"Fine," Malfoy spat, his face flushed.

Spinning around, he turned and stomped out of the Great Hall. Pansy gave Daphne a withering glare before following after him. With a sigh, Harry kissed Fleur's temple before getting out of his seat.

“I thought you’d be more excited,” Hermione said as they made their way to the courtyard.
“You’ve wanted to do this for years.”

“Oh, I’ll enjoy it,” Harry smiled. “There’s just other things I’d rather do tonight.”

Hermione blushed as she gave him a pleased smile. A moment later, Daphne stepped in front of him and stopped. Running her hands up his chest, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed herself firmly against him.

“Humiliate him, and I’ll do anything you want,” she said promisingly.

“Really?” Harry asked.

Wrapping his arms around her, he grasped her bum and pulled her tightly against him. Daphne gasped, panting lightly as he kissed her neck.

“We both know you’ll do that anyways,” Harry whispered into her ear.

He smiled as Daphne shuddered against him. Kissing her neck one last time, he took her hand and pulled her into the courtyard. Malfoy had taken off his outer robe and was waiting for them with his wand in hand.

“Goyle, give us a countdown!” he barked while Harry stepped forward and drew his wand.

“Three.”

Harry snorted derisively as Malfoy already began moving his wand.

“Two.”

“Stupify!” Malfoy shouted.

Harry swatted the spell aside with contempt and waited for the next. If Daphne wanted to see the little shit humiliated, he was more than happy to oblige. Malfoy continued with a string of offensive curses as Harry blocked and deflected them without a word. Malfoy grew frustrated and started casting more dangerous curses. When he used a Bone-Breaking Hex that Harry blocked, he decided to end it.

His wand flashed, and he had the pleasure of watching Malfoy’s eyes widen as he was barraged by a steady stream of nonverbal hexes and curses. It was very satisfying to watch the blonde git twist and roll out of the way of spells that were coming too fast for him to block.

It didn’t take long for Harry to disarm Malfoy before hitting him with a Bludgeoning Hex that sent him rolling across the ground. The girls cheered loudly as Pansy, Crabbe, and Goyle rushed over to their fallen leader.

“Get off of me!” Malfoy yelled furiously as he got to his feet.

While he seethed, Daphne stared at Harry with a lustful gaze and flushed cheeks. Even without reading her mind, he knew exactly what she wanted.

“You’ll pay for this, Potter!” Malfoy spat. “You’ll get yours one day, mark my word-”

Tired of listening to him, Harry flicked his wand and silenced Malfoy, as well as Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy. With a twirl, he bound them where they stood with conjured ropes.

“Should we hang them from the clock tower?” Katie asked with a giggle.

“Oh, I have a better idea,” Harry grinned.

Walking up to Daphne, he reached out and stroked her cheek gently. As his fingers moved down her slender neck to the front of her dress, he grabbed it in both hands and yanked them apart. The sound of ripping clothe echoed through the courtyard as Harry literally ripped Daphne's dress off of her.

"Harry!" Hermione gasped.

He ignored her as Daphne stared at him with a wild, lustful gaze. The tattered remains of her dress fluttered to the ground, revealing her completely bare body underneath. Grabbing her by the ass, Harry lifted her off the ground and walked her over to the closest wall. Pinning her against it, he set Daphne down on her feet.

Cupping one of her breasts, his other hand slid up her chest. He gripped her neck firmly but lightly enough that she could still breathe normally. Daphne's light blue eyes burned into his as she panted in anticipation.

"Take it out," Harry ordered, his lips millimeters away from hers.

With trembling hands, Daphne reached for his belt and scrambled to open his slacks. When his rigid length sprang into her hand, she stroked him while licking her lips.

"Merlin, that's hot," Katie said softly.

"Oui," Fleur agreed huskily.

"Harry, anyone could walk in here and see," Hermione hissed.

"I know," Harry smirked, his eyes boring into Daphne's as her chest rose and fell sharply. "And I'll fuck her in front of them, too. The whole school can watch me turn Slytherin's princess into my perfect little slut."

Daphne moaned as Harry kissed her hard, his length slipping between her thighs and sliding along her dripping folds. Gripping her bum, he lifted her up and pressed his tip against her entrance. Daphne pulled her lips back and gasped, her arms and legs wrapping around him. She flexed her hips, trying desperately to impale herself, but Harry held her in place.

“Beg me,” he said.

“Please,” Daphne whimpered. “Harry, please. Fuck me.”

Harry had to remind himself she was still a virgin and resisted the urge to impale her on his throbbing length. Easing her down slowly, Daphne moaned as he sank into her amazingly tight depths.

“You like zhat?” Fleur asked as she walked over to them. “You like ‘Arry’s big cock?”

“Yes,” Daphne gasped, whimpering as she settled around his base.

As Harry began working his hips back and forth, Fleur caressed Daphne’s breast. Curling a finger under her chin, she turned Daphe’s face towards her, and their lips met in a passionate kiss.

“Twist her nipple for me, would you?” Harry asked with a smirk. “Daphne likes it rough.”

“Really?” Fleur asked with a smile.

Taking Daphne’s pink nipple between her fingers, Fleur pinched and tugged. With a gasp, Daphne threw her head back and rocked her hips forward.

“Oh, she does,” Fleur said, licking her lips. “‘Arry lift ‘er up. I want to ‘old ‘er while you fuck ‘er.”

Daphne whined while Harry throbbed excitedly. Lifting Daphne away from the wall, Fleur slipped behind her before pulling her back against her chest. Kissing her neck, she raked her nails over her breasts, leaving behind light pink lines on her pale skin.

“Yes,” Daphne hissed. “Harder, please.”

“Listen to you, moaning like a ‘ore,” Fleur said, her teeth nibbling at Daphne’s ear. “But she’s such a pretty ‘ore, non?”

“She gorgeous,” Harry said, thrusting hard and deep. “She’s our prefect, slutty princess.”

Fleur giggled as Daphne moaned and trembled. Moving one hand up to her throat, holding it like Harry had before, her other hand slid down to her clit.

“Ruin ‘er, mon amour,” Fleur growled. “I want to ‘ear ‘er scream.”

Smiling, Harry drew back until only the tip remained and then slammed back into Daphne’s hot, slick depths. She cried out, back arching as her hands clawed at his robes. Not that she had loosened up, Harry set a brutal pace. He drove in and out of her clutching depths furiously. Meanwhile, Fleur’s fingers toyed with her clit with practiced movements. Together, they had Daphne writhing between them while she gasped for breath.

Suddenly, her body seized, her head thrown back in a silent scream. She shook violently as Fleur stimulated her clit frantically. A moment later, she let out a scream so loud it hurt Harry’s ears. A spray of arousal soaked his shaft and robes. Grunting as she clenched around him, Harry groaned as he released deep in her fluttering core.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped, kissing Daphne’s neck. “Fill zhe ‘ore.”

“Fuck!” Daphne gasped.

Holding himself deep inside of her, Harry pressed his face into the crook of her neck. Kissing and sucking at her pale skin, he left behind a purple mark on her pale skin. Daphne groaned as she collapsed against him, falling limp and forcing him and Fleur to support her entire weight.

After resting for a few moments, Harry eased out of Daphne and let her feet fall to the ground. As she steadied herself on her heel, Fleur ran a finger between her red, puffy lips. Daphne trembled and then stared as Fleur brought her finger, glistening with a mixture of their fluids, up to her lips. With a naughty smirk, she sucked it between her plump lips.

“Mhh,” she moaned.

Daphne shivered as she stared at her. Smirking, Fleur curled her fingers under Daphne’s chin and pulled her in for a kiss, their tongues slithering and slipping along one another.

“As fun as this is, we should probably go before we get caught,” Harry said with a smile.

“I put up some privacy wards,” Suzette smirked.

“What do we do with this lot?” Katie asked, jerking her thumb over at the bound and silenced Slytherins.

Harry looked over and grinned as all of them glared balefully at him.

~

“Right, now, try not to squirm too much,” Harry said, patting Malfoy’s upside down cheek. “We wouldn’t want you to fall, would we?”

The girls giggled behind him as Hermione gleefully removed the Freezing Charm on the clock tower's pendulum. Crabbe, Goyle, and Malfoy went pale as they swung back and forth twenty feet above the entrance to the courtyard. While they'd wanted to put Parkinson up there too, they decided it just wasn't right while she was wearing a dress.

"So, ready to head back to the Ball?" Harry asked as he wrapped an arm around Susan's shoulders.

"I 'ave a better idea," Suzette grinned.