

Chapter 5

Harry was walking through the halls side by side with Hermione, absentmindedly listening to talk about their Charms project due at the end of Winter break for what felt like the hundredth time. He had the Marauder's Map in his hand, curiously watching the tiny footprints walk across the parchment. Currently, he was looking at the names, debating on who to ask to the Ball. Truthfully, he was at a bit of a loss. Katie had been a good friend for years, he'd fancied Cho for months, and Lavender, to put it crudely, was known for being easy. Now, he wasn't sure who to ask. Having had the most fun with Katie, he was thinking about asking her again when he noticed something odd on the map.

"Hermione, look." Harry whispered urgently, cutting her off mid-sentence.

She gave him a short glare for interrupting her but look to where Harry was pointing. They were standing just outside the Defense classroom, and inside they could see Barty Crouch and Professor Moody. Oddly, Moody sat in his office, while Crouch was moving around the classroom.

"So?" Hermione asked.

"Crouch said he was sick remember, it's why he sent Percy to the Ball in his place." he told her.

"Where did you hear that?" she asked.

In his excitement, it took Harry a second to realize she wouldn't remember. Concealing his frustration, he decided to just make something up to explain it away.

"The twins told me yesterday the Percy is taking over for Crouch because he's sick. I thought you knew." he told her.

Hermione furrowed her brow.

“They didn’t tell me.” she said, pressing her shoulder against his to look at the map. “Maybe they’re talking about the Tournament?”

“They’re not even in the same room.” he pointed out. “Besides, does Crouch seem like the kind of person to call in sick if he wasn’t on his death bed?”

“I’m sure it’s nothing, Harry.” Hermione told him.

Even though he knew she was probably right, he couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off.

“I’m going to the library, are you coming?” she asked after a moment.

“No, you go ahead. I’m gonna go see Professor Dumbledore.” he told her.

“Harry, he’s probably busy making preparations for the Ball. Can’t it wait until tomorrow?” she asked.

“I wish.” he said.

Waving goodbye, Harry cleared the Marauder’s Map and tucked it in his pocket. Lost in thought, he let his feet lead him on the familiar path to the headmaster’s office.

Harry blinked his eyes open groggily and tried to sit up, only for the back of his head to give a painful throb, causing his vision to darken. His eyes burned sharply from even the soft torchlight in the room. Despite not being able to see, he knew from the smell that he was in the Hospital Wing. Reaching up to rub his forehead, he felt a bandage under his fingers. Following it around his head, he hissed in pain when he touched the large bump on the back of his head.

“Here.”

His glasses were placed into his hand, he put them on and gingerly cracked open his eyes to find Madam Pomphrey standing over him.

“Drink this.” she said brusquely.

She shoved a steaming goblet in his hand and helped him to slowly sit up so he could drink it. Harry choked down the slimy, acidic potion, grimacing as he handed the goblet back to her. Within moments, the pain in his skull vanished and the sensitivity in his eyes went away.

“What happened?” he asked, scooting back to rest his back against the pillows.

“We were hoping you could tell us.”

Harry turned, his head giving a twinge of pain as he moved too fast, and looked at the door where Professor Dumbledore had just entered.

“Do you know who attacked you?” he asked, taking a seat next to the bed.

Harry shook his head.

“No, sir.” Harry said. “I was walking down the hall, on my way to see you, and the next thing I know, I woke up here.”

“Hmm.” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. “You were found stunned in an empty hallway on the second floor. It appears you hit your head when you fell.”

“I don’t even remember making it that far.” he said.

“Tell me everything you remember.” Dumbledore instructed.

Harry thought back, his memories foggy and muddled. Pomphrey unwound the bandage around his head and began applying a thick, yellow salve that smelled strongly of Bubotuber puss to the back of his head.

“I was talking with Hermione and...” Harry trailed off as his memory became clearer.

While Dumbledore waited patiently for him to gather his thoughts, he debated internally about telling him about the Marauder’s Map. Not only was it a useful tool for breaking curfew, but it also was one of the few possessions he had that had once belonged to his parents. He didn’t think Dumbledore would confiscate it, but the fear was still there. In the end, it was only the fact that he knew he would get it back when the day repeated that he decided to tell him about it.

“Hermione and I were talking outside the Defense classroom when I noticed something odd on the Marauder’s Map.” he said.

“And what is the Marauder’s Map?” the Headmaster asked curiously.

“It’s map of the school that shows where everyone is in the castle, my dad and his friends made it when they were in school.” Harry told him.

“Impressive.” Dumbledore said, raising his eyebrows. “That would explain how they were able to avoid getting caught with some of their more daring pranks. May I see it?”

Harry hesitated for a moment before reaching into his pocket, only to find it empty. Frantically, he began checking all of his pockets.

“It’s gone!” Harry exclaimed.

“Calm down.” Pomphrey barked, stilling him with a hand on his shoulder. “You’re in no shape to be getting yourself all worked up.”

“We will find it, Harry.” Dumbledore said in a soothing tone. “Please, continue.”

“We were talking while I was looking at the map and I noticed Crouch was in the Defense classroom with Moody.” he said.

“Bartimus Crouch?” Dumbledore asked, his brow furrowed.

“Yeah. I thought it was odd, sine he’s supposed to be sick. I was just going to your office to tell you about it. The last thing I remember, I was walking down the stairs from the fifth floor.” Harry said, straining to remember more but coming up with nothing.

“Poppy, did you check him Memory Charms?” the Headmaster asked.

“No, I didn’t see a reason to.” she said.

“Could you?” he asked.

Nodding, Pomphrey pulled her wand out of her pocket and waved it over him while chanting under her breath. A blue light surrounded his head, effecting his vision for a moment, until she stopped the spell. Neither of them said anything, but the grave look on Professor Dumbledore’s face spoke volumes.

“Someone erased my memory?” Harry asked, horrified.

“It would appear so.” he answered heavily. “Do you still have your wand?”

Harry dug into his pockets again and pulled out his wand. Dumbledore held out his hand and he handed it to him, handle first.

“What was the last spell you cast?” Dumbledore asked.

“Uh, I used the Mouth Cleaning Charm this morning.” he said.

Nodding, Dumbledore touched the tip of his wand to Harry’s.

“Prior Incantato.” he intoned.

As he pulled the tip of his wand away, images of past spells began to project themselves above the tip of Harry’s wand. Disconcertingly, he saw a Disarming Charm and a Shield Charm that he didn’t remember cast before the Mouth Cleaning Charm he used in the morning. The reality that he had been at someone else’s mercy and had his memory of it forcibly wiped away was sickeningly frightening. He could feel bile rising in his throat as his face paled and his hands shook.

“We will find who did this, Harry.” Dumbledore said, handing him back his wand.

Taking his wand back, he held it firmly, the familiar warmth of the Holly wood feeling comforting under his fingers.

“Did you notice anyone in the hallway watching you with the Map? Anyone following you?” Dumbledore asked.

Harry shook his head. He had been so focused on thinking about the Ball he hadn’t been paying attention to the world around him.

“That’s leaves us with a great many suspects. I’ll have the House Elves search for your Map. If they can find that, we will have our culprit. Can you tell me what it looks like?” Dumbledore asked.

“I cleared it before I left Hermione. It looks like a large piece of folded parchment until you give it the password. I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.” Harry said.

Dumbledore's lips quirked up under his beard.

“Seems appropriate, given who its creators were.” he said.

Just then, the door to the Hospital Wing swung open and Hermione and Professor McGonagall entered. Hermione was dressed in her dress robes for the Ball and had a garment bag folded over her arm. She rushed over to him, tossing the garment bag on an empty bed and hugged him tightly.

“I’ll go speak with the House Elves. Have a good evening, everyone.” Dumbledore said as he stood.

“How do you feel, Mr. Potter?” McGonagall asked.

“I’m fine.” Harry said as Hermione let him go and sat in the chair next to his bed.

“Is he well enough to go to the Ball?” McGonagall asked Madam Pomphrey.

“As long as he takes it easy, he should be fine.” she replied.

“I’d really rather just skip the Ball tonight.” Harry said.

McGonagall looked at him sharply, her lips thinning.

“Mr. Potter, it has been a tradition for over seven hundred years that *all* of the Champions attended the Ball and perform the opening dance. I will not let you be the first to break that. Now, Ms. Granger has your robes. You have half an hour to get dressed and meet me in the Entrance Hall.” she told him firmly.

Turning on her heel, McGonagall marched out of the Hospital Wing.

“I don’t even have a date!” Harry yelled after her.

The professor turned back to him with her hand on the door.

“I have taken the liberty of getting one for you.” she said. “Susan Bones has agreed to go to the Ball with you.”

Harry wracked his brain for an excuse but failed to come up with anything before she disappeared through the door. Sighing tiredly, Hermione handed him the garment bag and used her wand to levitate a privacy screen around his bed.

Twenty minutes later, Harry was dressed and making his way down to the first floor. He quickly realized that his balance was still a bit off, and Hermione had to help steady him more than once. As they walked down the main staircase, Krum met Hermione at the bottom and held out his hand for her. She looked at Harry questioningly and he waved her off, using the railing to steady himself. Susan made her way over to him, looked very beautiful in the dark red dress she was wearing.

Susan was short, only coming up to his shoulder, with a massive bust that covered her entire chest, wide hips, and thick thighs. Her long red hair was done up in an intricate bun, making her look more mature than the usual pigtails she wore. Shyly, she walked up to him and made a motion as if to offer him a hand, before taking it back mid movement and clasping her hands in front of her.

“Are you okay, Harry?” she asked in concern.

“I’m fine, just a bit unsteady. I might not be much of a dancer tonight.” he told her apologetically.

“Oh, that’s okay. I’m just glad you’re not hurt.” she said, her freckled cheeks turning pink.

Harry smiled at her and offered her his arm. Wrapping her arm around his nervously, he led her over to the group to wait for the Ball to officially start.

“You look fantastic, Susan. I really like your hair.” he told her.

“Thanks.” she said quietly, looking down at the floor shyly. “I like your robes.”

A moment later, the doors to the Great Hall opened. Susan tightened her grip on his arm as he led her passed the throng of staring students and over to their table for dinner. Harry ate very little due to the nausea he still felt. Instead, he took the time to get to know Susan better. Even after going to school with her for four years, he still knew very little about her.

“After my parents were killed by You-Know-Who, Aunt Amelia took me in. It gets lonely sometimes since she works a lot, but I spent a lot of time with Hannah.” she told him.

“Your aunt works for the Ministry, right?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, she’s the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. She preferred being an Auror, but I’m glad she spends most of her time in the office. I don’t like worrying about her when she has to go arrest people.” Susan said.

“Do you plan on becoming an Auror?” he asked.

“Oh, no. I’m not good at Defense. I plan on becoming a Healer.” she answered. “What do you plan on doing after Hogwarts?”

“Honestly, I’m not too sure. I’m thinking about joining the Aurors, or maybe Quidditch, if I’m good enough.” he told her.

“I’m sure you’d be good at either. You’re the best in Defense, and the only time you lost at Quidditch was when you were attacked by Dementors.” Susan said with an encouraging smile.

“You play Quidditch?” Krum asked suddenly.

“Er, yeah. I’m the Seeker for Gryffindor.” Harry said.

“Ve should fly some time.” he said.

“Really?” Harry asked excitedly. “Yeah. That’d be great.”

“Vhat team you want to join?” Krum asked.

“I haven’t really thought about it.” he admitted. “I’m not really sure if I’m good enough to play professionally.”

“I think Dragon vould disagree.” Krum joked. “Vish I had thought of that.”

Most of the people at the table chuckled. Harry made a note to himself to write about this in his journal. Maybe he could find a way to get Krum to fly with him before the Ball. After everyone went back to their meals, Harry turned back to Susan.

“So, how did McGonagall end up asking you to go to the Ball with me?” he asked.

“Hannah accidentally burned my neck trying to curl my hair, so we went to the Hospital Wing to get some burn cream. We overheard Professor McGonagall talk about trying to find a date for you if you woke up in time, so Hannah kind of volunteered me.” she told him with a blush.

“Well, thanks for agreeing to go with me.” he said.

“You’re welcome.” she muttered quietly.

Harry smiled at her shyness and picked at his food. A few minutes later, the band took to the stage and the Champions prepared to dance with their dates. Susan looked incredibly nervous to be surrounded by her staring classmates. As they took their positions, Harry leaned down to whisper in her ear.

“Just relax and have fun. You’ll do fine.” he told her reassuringly.

Susan took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling sharply, and placed one hand on his shoulder while Harry took the other in his. When the music started, he did his best to lead, but the lingering dizziness caused him to stumble a few times. To one side, he could hear snickering from a congregation of Slytherins. Thankfully, waltz ended after a couple of minutes, and the band changed to a less energetic song. Harry pulled Susan closer, his arms wrapping around her waist to rest on the small of her back. Her soft breasts pressed into him, flattening slightly against his hard chest. He smiled down at her as she blushed lightly and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Is this okay?” he asked.

“Mh hm.” she hummed.

Gradually, Susan relaxed, eventually resting her head on his chest as they swayed to the music. It was a letdown not long later that the music stopped for the band to take a break.

“Why are they taking a break? They just started.” Susan complained.

“They’re switching band. Dumbledore got a special band to play tonight.” Harry told her with a smile.

“Really, who?” she asked curiously.

“The Weird Sisters.” he said.

“Ooh, I love that band!” she exclaimed happily as Harry handed her a drink.

“Do you mind if we sit for a bit before they come out?” Harry asked, his legs feeling a bit shaky.

“Of course. Are you feeling okay?” Susan asked in concern.

“I’m fine.” he assured her.

Wanting to avoid Ron and his sulking at not having a date, they ended up sitting with Hannah Abbot, Megan Jones, and Sophie Roper, Susan’s dormmates. Hannah was a pretty blonde with hazel eyes and large breasts, but not nearly as large as Susan’s. Megan had light brown hair and eyes, with an athletic build, while Sophie had dirty blonde hair with green eyes, and thin but curvy body. Surprisingly, none of the girls had dates, but seemed happy to just go with their friends. Susan explained she had another dormmate, Leanne, who was sitting with her date, Lee Jordan. Harry knew a bit about Leanne through Katie, who was close friends with her. He suspected she was the one who set her up with Lee.

All three girls were warm and welcoming to him, which he found a bit surprising. Not long ago, the Hufflepuffs were ready to have him hanged for supposedly trying to steal Cedric's spot in the limelight. When he mentioned it jokingly, all of them, with the exception of Susan, looked down at the table in embarrassment.

"We're really sorry about that." Megan said while Hannah and Sophie nodded. "Cedric told us you warned him about the Dragon. We figured there was no way you would help him if you were lying about not wanting to be in the Tournament."

"I told you he wasn't lying." Susan taunted them playfully.

"You believed me?" Harry asked in surprise.

Susan blushed heavily and ducked her head shyly.

"Susan believed you from the start, said we were idiots for not trusting you." Hannah told him.

Harry smiled at Susan and reached under the table to squeeze her hand.

"Thank you." he said gratefully.

After that, the girls started gossiping about who had gone to the Ball with who while Harry listened silently. Letting go of Susan's hand, he rested his hand on the hem of her dress at her knee under the fabric. The blush on her face that had just faded, slowly started coming back as he gently caressed his hand up and down her smooth thigh. When he got halfway up her thigh, she stuttered mid-sentence and her blush darkened.

"You okay?" Harry asked, fighting a smirk.

"Fine." she said in a voice that was an octave higher than normal.

He enjoyed seeing her blush shyly as he teased her. It was also a little surprising she hadn't tried to stop him yet. Feeling daring, Harry slid his hand up even higher, his fingers slipping between her thick, warm thighs. Susan inhaled sharply through her nose and bit her lip cutely. Slowly, he moved his hand further up her leg until his pinky rubbed against the silky fabric of her panties. Surprisingly, she parted her legs slightly, giving him a bit more room.

Seeing that Susan had gone silent, Harry jumped into the conversation to keep the other girls from noticing. While he talked, he turned his arm and ran his middle finger lightly up and down the front of her panties. Her legs trembled as he hit a sensitive spot, her muscles clenching and relaxing under his fingers.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I can have your attention." Dumbledore called out, silencing the crowd. "It's my pleasure to introduce our surprise band for the evening, the Weird Sisters!"

Harry took his hand off Susan's leg and clapped along with his cheering classmates. Hannah, Sophie and Megan stood, jumping up and down excitedly as they cheered. It took Susan a couple of seconds to realize what was going on before she joined her friends. They ran out onto the dance floor, and Susan turned to Harry, looking at him hopefully. Smiling he grabbed her hand and pulled her out to join them.

After playing their biggest hits for over half an hour, they band changed to playing a few ballads.

"So, do we get a dance with Harry, or are you going to keep him to yourself all night?" Hannah asked with a smile.

"If Harry doesn't mind." Susan said, with a shrug, then turning to him with a questioning look.

"It's fine with me." he said with a shrug of his own.

"Thank you." Hannah said to Susan and giving her a quick hug.

Grabbing Harry's hand, she pulled him to an open spot on the dance floor and wrapped her arms around his neck. Unlike his dance with Susan earlier, Hannah kept a small gap between them.

"So, I hear I have you to thank for Susan being my date." he said with a teasing smile.

"Yup." she said with an unrepentant look. "Look, don't tell Susan I said this, but she's fancied you for a while. She's too shy to say anything, so I did it for her. Just do me a favor and let her down easy if you don't like her."

"I don't think you need to worry about that." Harry said with a smile.

"Good, I'd hate to have to hex you after you've already been attacked once today." she told him with a faux threatening look. "Did you find out who did it?"

"No, we don't know, but I can guess." he said, glancing over at Malfoy.

Malfoy was sitting at a table pointing and whispering, presumably cruel insults, to his friends about the people on the dance floor. To his left, Parkinson looked a bit put out at not being out there herself.

"I wouldn't put it past him." Hannah agreed. "I'll tell the girls to keep an ear out, we'll let you know if we hear anything."

"Thanks." Harry said, appreciating the thought, even if they would never get the chance to carry it out.

After dancing with her for the rest of the song, they walked back over to the table where the rest of the group was sitting.

“Who’s next?” he asked.

“My turn.” Megan said, standing up.

Harry held out his hand and led her out onto the dance floor when she took it. Like Hannah, she danced with her arms around his neck and a small gap between them.

“So, why did you three decide to go stag?” Harry asked.

“We didn’t, no one asked us to the Ball.” she said.

“Really?” he asked, surprised no one had wanted to go with any of the three pretty girls.

“Apparently, they would rather go with girls from other houses. I know a few of them tried to ask Fleur to the Ball and then whinged all night when she turned them down. It was actually pretty funny.” she told him.

“Idiots.” Harry said, shaking his head.

“My cousin asked out about you, you know.” Megan said after a moment of silence.

“Your cousin?” he asked, tilting his head to the side questioningly.

“Gwenog Jones, Seeker and captain for the Holyhead Harpies.” she said, as if surprised he didn’t know.

“She’s your cousin?” he asked in surprise.

“Yeah, I thought everybody knew.” she said.

“I had no idea.” Harry said. “What was she asking about.”

“She wanted to know if you were as good as the rumors she was hearing.” Megan said smirking. “Apparently, she’s thinking about making an exception to the girls only rule for the team if you go pro.”

Harry shook his head in disbelief.

“I don’t even know if I’m good enough to make a pro team, or if it’s what I want to do.” he told her.

“Well, if you want to play, Gwen wants you to know you have an open invitation for a try out.” she said.

A moment later, the song ended, and he escorted her back over to the table. Sophie thanked Susan with a hug and followed him excitedly onto the dance floor. Again, she left a small gap between them, and he was beginning to wonder if it was some sort of girl code they were following out of respect for Susan.

“Thanks for dancing with me, Harry.” she said, a wide smile on her face.

“My pleasure.” he said, smiling back. “The boys in your house are idiots if they’d rather go to the Ball with Fleur than one of you.”

“It not her fault, really.” Sophie said. “She can’t help it she’s a Veela.”

Hermione’s going to have a fit that Ron was right, he thought.

“Maybe she can’t, but they can.” he told her. “I’m mean, yeah, she’s pretty, but she’s kind of stuck up.”

“That’s an understatement.” she said through a laugh.

“So, if you could pick, who would you have gone to the Ball with?” he asked.

“You mean besides you and Cedric.” she asked, giggling at the surprised look on his face. “Come on, Harry. You two and Krum are the most desirable boys in the school.”

“Yeah, well, besides the three of us, who would you go with?” he asked.

“There’s a few boys I would have gone with, but no one special I was hoping for. Honestly, I’m most interested in girls than boys.” she told him.

“Any special girls you’d like to go with?” he asked with a smile.

“Maybe.” she said with a smile.

“You’re secrets same with me.” Harry told her.

“Promise?” she asked.

“I promise.” he said sincerely.

Sophie bit her lip nervously and hesitated for a moment before she spoke.

“I really like Susan, but I don’t think she’s into girls.” she said quietly.

“Ah.” Harry said in understanding. “I guess I kind of stole your date, then.”

She shrugged. “It’s okay, she probably wouldn’t have gone with me, even if I asked.”

“You never know unless you try.” he told her.

“You’re not interested in her?” she asked with a raised brow.

“Don’t get me wrong, I like Susan, but I really don’t know her that well yet.” he explained. “You know her a lot better than I do. You should ask her to dance.”

Sophie bit her lip hesitantly in thought.

“The worst she can do is say no. You’re not going to ruin your friendship over a dance.” he told her convincingly.

Truthfully, Harry’s motivations weren’t quite as selfless as he made them out to be. Although there was still a large part of him that liked making people happy. Not only could he just ask Susan to the Ball next time, but he was also quite interested in seeing two girls together. His mind immediately went to the idea of taking both of them to the Ball, but that would be almost impossible to pull off.

When the song ended, Harry walked with Sophie back over to the table and finished off his punch while Susan stood up, waiting excitedly for her turn to dance with him. Glancing at Sophie, he darted his eyes over to Susan, hoping she would get the message.

“Uh, Susan?” she said nervously. “Before you dance with Harry, I, uh, I was wondering if you wanted to dance with me?”

Susan blushed and looked completely thrown off, unsure how to answer. Harry decided to step in and see if he could help a bit.

“You can dance with her if you want.” he told Susan. “I wouldn’t mind a little break.”

“You’re sure?” Susan asked, her cheeks bright red as she played with her dress nervously.

“Go on, have fun.” he told her.

Sophie smiled hopefully and held out her hand to Susan. Slowly, she took it and they walked out onto the edge of the dance floor. Harry smiled as he sat down, his feet and legs aching slightly, and watched the two, pretty witches sway in slow circles.

He talked with Hannah and Megan for a few minutes while watching them dance. When they eventually returned, both of them were smiling happily. Sophie hugged him tightly and thanked him quietly before taking her seat. Susan looked at him hopefully, so he stood with a smile and took her back out onto the dance floor. As soon as they got into place, holding each other closely, the music changed to a much faster beat. Harry and Susan looked at each other for a moment before breaking into laughter.

For the next couple of hours, Harry danced with Susan, and they eventually got they slow song. Despite his best efforts, he couldn’t fight the tiredness and pain from his earlier head injury indefinitely. As they went to sit back down, Susan noticed his energy looked to be flagging.

“You okay, Harry?” she asked in concern.

“My heads really starting to hurt.” he admitted.

“Do you want to get some fresh air?” she asked.

“Sure.” Harry said.

Saying goodbye to the other girls, they left the Great Hall and Harry led her to the Transfigurations Courtyard, rather than the front courtyard that he knew Snape was prowling. It was a relief to get away from the loud music and the humid atmosphere of the Great Hall. As it was still a little early and the Ball was still in full swing, they passed on a handful of students and couples on their way. When they got to the courtyard, Harry sat, took a deep breath and rubbed his forehead, hoping to ease his throbbing skull.

“I had a really great time tonight.” Susan said softly.

Harry blinked his open and smiled softly at her.

“Me too.” he said.

“Here, turn sideways.” she said, using her hands on his shoulders to guide him.

Harry turned so he was facing away from her and straddling the bench. He felt Susan moving around behind him to sit on the bench the same way he was. Grabbing his shoulders, she pulled him back until he was leaning against her, his pillowed on her substantial chest. Taking off his glasses, she began running her fingers through his hair, softly massaging his scalp. Harry groaned and closed his eyes, luxuriating in the soothing feeling of her gentle fingers moving through his hair. Susan giggled at the sound of his groan, her chest vibrating under his head.

They stayed that way for a couple of minutes, until Harry started to worry that he might actually fall asleep on her. On the plus side, the throbbing in his head was all but gone. Sitting up, he spun around to face her, their knees brushing.

“Thank you.” he said softly.

“You’re welcome.” she replied, smiling through a light blush.

Reaching up with his hand, he stroked her cheek, watching as her blush darkened under his fingers. Slowly, Harry leaned forward and brushed his lips across hers softly. When she didn’t react, he kissed her plump lips more fully, his hand sliding along her cheek to the back of her head. Susan moaned softly against his lips and wrapped her arms around his neck, her fingers playing with the hair at the back of his head. As she parted her lips to breath, Harry slipped his tongue into her mouth, and she kissed him back heatedly.

Grabbing her legs, he pulled them up, so they were resting over top of his. This gave him the room to scoot closer, her large breasts pressing against his chest as she practically sat in his lap. Susan’s legs wrapped around his waist while his hands moved down to her full, curvaceous bum. Harry was continually surprised with just how willing and amorous she was, despite her near constant shyness. Rather than simply sit on his lap, Susan ground herself against him, causing his erection to swiftly rise beneath her.

Sliding one hand up her hip and along her side, he cupped her incredibly large breast, each nearly the size of his head. She moaned as he cupped and caressed her soft mounds through her dress, even pushing her chest into his hand. Lost in the moment, Harry reached up with his other hand and unzipped the back of her dress. Susan, just as caught up as he was, slipped her arms out of the shoulder straps with any prompting from him. He searched with his hands for the clasp to her bra and groaned in frustration when he failed to find it.

Giggling against his lips, Susan reached for the front of her bra and effortlessly popped it open. Harry couldn’t resist breaking the kiss to look at them after the number of times he had fantasized about her. Despite their size, her huge breasts barely drooped when they were released from her bra. They sat like two perfectly shaped teardrops on her chest, with wide, soft pink areolas and two short, pink nipples in the middle. Cupping them in his hands, a vast amount of soft, pale flesh spilled out over his hands. Even if he held one with both of his hands, they still wouldn’t be able to cover it all.

Lifting her breasts, he bent down and kissed her nipples gently. Harry opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around her nipple, feeling it harden under his tongue. Susan moaned, her hands tightening in his hair as she pulled him forward into her chest. A few seconds later, Harry sat back up to kiss her on the lips, his hands still latched to her huge tits.

“Way to go, Potter!” a male voice yelled, washing over them like a bucket of cold water.

Suddenly remembering they were sitting in an open courtyard, Susan yelped and hugged herself to Harry tightly to cover herself. Looking over her shoulder, he saw Cormac and Katie. Cormac was leering with a smirk at Susan’s bare back while Katie was looking at them in shock. Harry glared at Cormac, angry at being interrupted, and at himself for forgetting where they were.

“Clear out, McLaggen!” Harry yelled.

“Not a chance.” he said with a smirk. “I’m not gonna miss the chance to see Bones topless.”

“Cormac.” Katie growled threateningly.

“What, it’s not like I’m gonna snog her, I just want to take a peek.” he said, as if it was a perfectly reasonable request.

Katie reared her fist back and punch him in the arm hard enough to make him wince in pain.

“What the hell!” he yelled.

“Get out!” she growled.

Before he could argue, Katie stomped on his foot and shoved him through the door while he was off balance.

“Sorry Susan, Harry. I’ll make sure he doesn’t look while you get dressed.” she told them before disappearing through the door and closing it shut behind her.

“I’m so sorry, Susan.” Harry said as he helped her get dressed.

“It’s not your fault.” she said, blushing all the way down to her chest. “We both got a little caught up.”

Harry smiled at her and zipped up the back of her dress.

“It’s getting late. Maybe we should call it a night.” she said.

Harry nodded in understanding and stood up before helping her to her feet. While it was a disappointing moment to end the night on, he knew there was always next time. Maybe it would be better when he actually asked her to the ball and his head wasn’t killing him, he thought. Leaving the courtyard, he walked her back to the Hufflepuff common room. After giving her a brief kiss goodnight, he made his way back to Gryffindor Tower.

Climbing into bed after changing into his pajamas, he laid on his back and stared at the canopy over his bed. Despite being excited about the prospect of taking Susan to the Ball again, there were other thoughts that plagued his mind. He still didn’t know who attacked him, and the fact that the erased his memory was truly horrifying. Also, he still didn’t know why Crouch was in the castle when he was supposed to be so sick, he sent Percy in his place. Crouch didn’t strike as the kind of person to skive off work, let alone for something as important as the Yule Ball. Something strange was definitely happening, and once again, he was at the center of it.

Along with asking Susan to the Ball, he really needed to talk to Dumbledore and find out what was going on. He refused to be dropped headfirst into a life-or-death situation without knowing what was really going on for the fourth year in a row. Fortunately, he had all the time in the world to find answers, and he intended to be prepared this time.