

Chapter 4

Harry woke up and walked down to the Great Hall, determined to finally take Cho to the Ball. He wasn't sure when Cedric had asked her, so he decided to ask her just after breakfast. Sitting at the Gryffindor table across from Hermione, he watched the beautiful Asian girl talking and laughing with her friend Marietta as he slowly ate.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled in exasperation. "Are you even listening to me?"

"I'm listening." He told her, finally tearing his eyes off of Cho.

"Really?" she asked doubtfully. "Then what was I just saying?"

"You said you were excited about the practical uses of Ancient Runes project you're going to be doing at the start of next term." Harry said, having listened to the same conversation several times by now.

"Oh." she said, nonplussed. "Sorry, it looked like you were staring off into space and ignoring me. What are you looking at anyways?"

Hermione turned in her seat and looked at the tables behind her. As smart as she was, it didn't take her long to figure out where he had been staring. When she turned back around, she looked at him with a knowing smirk on her lips.

"Are you going to ask her to the Ball?" She asked teasingly.

Harry nodded as he swallowed his oatmeal. "I'm planning on it." he said.

"You know, I'm impressed, Harry. I thought you'd be a lot more nervous about asking someone to the Ball." she told him.

Harry simply shrugged and changed the subject.

A little while later, after Dumbledore had given his speech and Ron had joined them, he waited impatiently for Cho to leave. Finally, she got up with her friends and started walking to the Entrance Hall. Bidding a quick goodbye to his friends, he stood up and raced after her. Harry ended up catching her just as she started climbing the main staircase.

“Hey, Cho!” he yelled, taking the stairs two at a time. “Can I talk to you for a second?”

“Oh, sure, Harry.” she said before turning to Marietta. “I’ll meet you back in the Common Room.”

Marietta nodded and continued up the stairs, leaving Harry and Cho relatively alone on the staircase.

“So, how have you been, Harry?” she asked a little nervously.

“I’ve been alright, how about you?”

“Good. You know, I don’t think I told you, but you were really impressive at the First Task.” she said.

Harry blushed lightly and his stomach fluttered at the compliment.

“Oh, thanks.” he said a bit lamely and ran a hand through his hair. “I just got lucky I guess.”

“It didn’t look like it for the size of your Dragon.” she said with a pretty smile.

Harry smiled back at her as they fell into a short, awkward silence. It felt like the longer he talked to her, the more nervous he got.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?” Cho asked, looking at him curiously.

“Oh, right, um, Listen, I was wondering if you would go to the Ball with me?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh.” she said, looking at him sadly. “I’m sorry, Harry, but Cedric already asked me.”

“Oh.” Harry said, feeling deflated but tried to cover it with a smile “I guess I was just a bit too late.”

“I really am sorry.” she said genuinely.

“It’s alright. He must have asked you pretty soon after Dumbledore’s announcement.” Harry said.

“Actually, he asked me on the way to breakfast.” she said with a light blush.

“Ah, I guess I should have woken up earlier.” Harry said jokingly. “Maybe next time.”

“Next time?” she asked curiously.

“You never know when they might have another Ball.” Harry said with a shrug, kicking himself for talking too much. “Anyways, I’ll see you around, Cho.”

“Bye.” Cho said with a wave as she started climbing the stairs.

Dejectedly, Harry wandered around the halls aimlessly as he thought about how he was going to ask her to the Ball before Cedric. Every time he had relived the day, he had woken up late. There was no way for him to set an alarm either. It took him a little while, but he eventually remembered how Dumbledore had linked the journal to him, and he wondered if he could do the same with his watch. Before he'd even made the conscious decision, he was already walking in the direction of Dumbledore's office.

"I see." Dumbledore said, leaning back in his chair.

Harry had just spent the last several minutes telling him everything he knew and answering a few questions.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but I must admit, I'm at a bit of a loss." he said.

Harry nodded, partly relieved. A large part of him was really starting to enjoy reliving the same day over and over. Nothing he did had any real consequences, and he had a chance to do things he would never normally do. It gave him a confidence and a feeling of liberation he'd never experienced before.

"Professor, I was wondering if you could use the spell you used on the journal on my watch." Harry said.

"Certainly, I could see how that would be useful." he said.

He felt a bit bad misleading Dumbledore but justified it to himself by thinking it might come in handy for figuring out what was really happening later. After he performed the spell, they talked for a little while longer. Dumbledore had no more ideas than the last time they spoke, but he promised to do as much research as he could and send the notes to Harry later. He also had a couple of ideas that, while he didn't think they would solve the problem, they might give them some useful information.

Firstly, he wanted Harry to stay awake as long as possible and watch the time carefully. The idea was that if he was only sent back in time when he was asleep, Harry might be able to stop it by simply not sleep. If that didn't work, they might be able to determine at exactly what time it was happening and use that to possibly find some answers.

Secondly, and more concerningly, he wanted Harry to check his age at night and in the morning. Dumbledore thought he was being sent back in time, or at least his soul was. However, with no signs of temporal magic around him, it was possible something else was happening. His first concern was to figure out if Harry was aging. If he was, things were far more serious than they seemed. He gave him a spell that would track his exact age down to the second and instructed him to use it every night and every morning for at least a week. For the first time in the last few days, Harry felt real concern.

Harry, as he had found himself doing quite a lot lately, spent time walking around the castle under his Invisibility Cloak. It proved both a good distraction for his worries and gave him a good amount of information about classmates he had never really spent time with before. Lost in his thoughts, he ended up spending far more time wandering the halls under his cloak than he intended before remembering he didn't have a date for the Ball.

Cursing under his breath, Harry raced back to the Common Room. He ran into Katie at the portrait hole and asked her to the Ball once again, only to find out she had already agreed to go with Cormac. In the end, he ended up going with Parvati again, and got Ron a date with Padma.

He focused on being a much better date this time and did his best to ignore his jealousy as he watched Cedric with Cho and Cormac with Katie. It ended up being a rather pleasant evening, although nothing that memorable happened. That was due in large part to Harry focusing more on how to ask Cho before Cedric next time. At the end of the night, he escorted her back to Gryffindor tower and got a soft kiss on the lips goodnight before she walked up the stairs with a happy smile on her face. Again, he felt guilty for not giving her his full attention and resolved to give her a proper date soon. After he got a date with Cho.

Before bed, Harry used the spells Dumbledore had taught him, and made sure to set an alarm on his watch. This time, he was going to make sure to ask Cho to the Ball first. He crawled into bed, deciding to try the headmaster's idea of staying up all night some other time, and drifted off to sleep.

His alarm woke him at seven the next morning, and he groggily climbed out of bed. Using the spells Dumbledore had taught him, he was relieved to see he was indeed younger than when he went to bed. Writing down his exact age in his journal, as he had been instructed, he grabbed a quick shower and got dressed for the day. Feeling better now knowing he wasn't going to end up as a sixty-year-old fourth year at some point, Harry grabbed his cloak and the Marauders Map as he headed out of the Common Room.

There were very few students awake and about this early during Winter break, leaving the halls nearly empty. Harry headed straight for Ravenclaw Tower, hoping to meet Cho as she left for breakfast. As he neared the entrance to their Common Room, he checked the map and looked to make sure she hadn't left yet. Sure enough, he found her still on her dorm. Her dot was moving, meaning she was probably still getting ready for the day. His relief was short lived, however, when he saw another dot already waiting just down the hall and around the corner from Ravenclaw tower. Cedric Diggory.

Harry cursed silently. Quickly, he thought of a plan and checked to make sure the halls around them were clear before throwing on his Invisibility Cloak. Tiptoeing silently, he snuck past the entrance to Ravenclaw Tower and glanced around the corner. Cedric was leaning against the wall with a magazine in his hands. Clearly, he was waiting for Cho to leave the Common Room so he could ask her to the Ball. Harry tightened his grip on his wand in his pocket and walked around behind Cedric as silently as possible. The older Hufflepuff didn't notice a thing as he yawned hugely and checked his watch before going back to his magazine.

Harry took his wand out of his pocket and aim it at Cedric's back before pausing, the tip of his wand hovering in front of him. Did he really want to go this far to get a date with Cho, he asked himself. Why not, he thought, it wasn't like it would really matter by tomorrow anyways. Solidifying his resolve, Harry check the Map on last time and took careful aim.

"Stupefy." he whispered.

The red jet of magic traveled the handful of inches and hit Cedric right between the shoulder blades, and he collapsed to the ground with a soft thump and a rustle of paper from the magazine. Breathing a sigh of relief, Harry quickly levitated him and put him gently in a nearby

broom cupboard. Summoning the Quidditch magazine, he tossed it into his lap and closed and locked the door before turning to lean his back against it.

Just as the adrenaline rush began to fade, he heard the door to the Ravenclaw Common Room open and a handful of female voices. Harry peeked around the corner just in time to see Cho and her friends making their way to the stairs. Taking a deep breath, he did his best to calm his racing heart and pulled off his cloak as he walked up behind them.

“Hey, Cho!” Harry called out, jogging to catch up with them.

“Hey, Harry.” she said, glaring at her friends as they giggled.

“Could I talk to you for a second?” he asked, his nerves growing as her friends smirked at him knowingly.

“Sure.” she said with a smile.

It took a few seconds for her to shoo away her friends, and one of them whispered something that had Cho blushing prettily.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?” she asked, brushing her long, dark hair over her shoulder.

“Well, I was wondering if you would go to the Ball with me?” he asked.

Cho smiled brightly at him, her cheeks going a light pink.

“Yes!” she blurted out excitedly. “I mean. I’d love to.”

“Great.” Harry said happily. “Can I walk you down to the Great Hall?”

“Sure. I'd like that.” she told him.

Walking side by side, they talked about the Tournament and lamented the lack of Quidditch as they walked through the halls slowly.

“I mean, it just doesn't make sense.” Cho complained. “We could have had a whole Quidditch tournament with the two other schools here. The best of England versus the Durmstrang and Beauxbatons.”

“Yeah.” Harry agreed. “I'd love to fly against Krum.”

“That'd be brilliant.” Cho said, smiling at him. “It just seems like such a waste that there's so many students here and only the four of you get to compete. Have you had any luck finding out who put your name in the Goblet?”

Harry stopped in his tracks and stared at her in surprise. “You believe me?”

“Of course. You've never lied to me before.” she told him with a shrug.

Harry smiled brightly, feeling like a weight had just been lifted off his shoulders.

“Thank you.” he said gratefully.

Cho smiled shyly and softly took his hand in hers. Harry smiled and gave it a light squeeze as he laced his fingers through hers.

“So, any luck.” she asked after a moment.

“Oh, right.” Harry said, having forgotten the question. “No, not yet. Well, Dumbledore hasn’t told me anything, at least.”

“Do you think he knows something?” she asked.

“I’d be surprised if he didn’t.” Harry said.

“Well, I’m sure he’ll figure it out soon. At least you’re doing really well in the Tournament.” she said, trying to lift the mood.

“Honestly, I’ll just be happy to survive. If Dragon’s were just the start, I don’t think I want to know what they have planned next.” he said, shaking his head.

“I’m sure you’ll do great. I think you have a good chance at winning.” she told him encouragingly.

“You really think so?” he asked.

“Yeah, I do.” Cho said, smiling softly.

They reached the Great Hall and paused for a moment awkwardly.

“Well, I should go sit with my friends.” she said, pointing over at the Ravenclaw table with her thumb.

“Yeah.” Harry said lamely before an idea popped into his head. “Hey, we’re having a snowball fight against Hufflepuff after breakfast, do you want to come?”

“Sure.” she said, her dark brown eyes lighting up excitedly. “Do you mind if I bring a couple of friends?”

“No, not at all.” he said, smiling. “So, I’ll see you then?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you then.” she agreed.

Cho let go of his hand and turned to head to the Ravenclaw table.

“Hey, Cho.” Harry called out to her, waiting for her to look at him before continuing. “Thanks.”

She smiled at him brightly before turning and heading to her table, where she was swarmed by a gaggle of giggling girls. Harry went to his own table and sat down in his usual place across from Hermione. It wasn’t until near the end of breakfast that Cedric showed up, looking severely disgruntled. He felt kind of bad as he watched him get turned down by Cho. The guilt, however, only lasted until he met her in the Entrance Hall, and she smiled brightly at him. Both of them were bundled up in heavy winter clothes as they headed out to the snowball fight.

A couple of her friends, including Marietta and Eloise, joined them a few minutes later, but spent most of their time on the sidelines, trying not to get hit by stray snowballs. Harry had enjoyable morning with Cho as they laughed and yelled while snowballs flew past their heads. It seemed she had something against one of the older Hufflepuffs named Joshua Kent. Three times, she nailed him in the groin with high velocity, densely packed balls of snow and ice. It only ended when Joshua was forced to quit, due to the pain. When he asked her about it after the snowball fight had ended, she told Harry that he had dated one of her friends and spread some false rumors about her when they broke up. He made a note to himself not to get on her bad side.

They split up for lunch, and then Cho disappeared upstairs to get ready for the Ball afterwards. Harry spent the rest of his time waiting for the Ball in the Common Room with Ron and Neville. Things got a little awkward when Ron found out Neville had asked Ginny to the Ball but, fortunately, Harry was able to calm him down.

“Harry, you gotta help me mate.” Ron plead with him after Neville left to go take care of some plants. “There’s no way I can show up to the Ball without a date if Neville has one.”

Sighing in irritation, both at his inability of getting a date of his own as well as his treatment of Neville, Harry agreed to help him. Eventually, he ended up getting him a date with one of Hermione’s roommates, Fay Dunbar, a pretty girl with nice curves, dirty blonde hair, and green eyes. He was about ready to throttle the git when his only response was to complain about how Fay’s hands were too big and her ears too small. Huffing in frustration, Harry went up to the dorm to get ready for the Ball.

Half an hour later, he was dressed and ready to go. Leaving Ron on his own to try and salvage his dress robes, he left for the Great Hall where he planned to meet Cho. Arriving a few minutes early, he leaned against the wall as he waited for his date. One thing he noticed quickly, was Cedric had taken a pretty blonde for Beauxbatons as his date and was glaring daggers at Roger Davies. It made him curious enough that he decided to ask him about it.

“Hey Cedric.” He said, walking over to him.

“Huh, oh, Hey Harry.” he said, snapping out of his thoughts. “This is my date, Suzette.”

“Bon jour.” she said with a smile.

“Hello.” Harry said, smiling back. “You know Ced, if you glare at him any harder, his head might actually explode.”

Cedric snorted and the corners of his lips twitched.

“Someone stunned me this morning and left me in a broom cupboard, and I think it was Roger.” he said, glaring at the back of his head again.

Roger seemed oblivious as he stared at Fleur Delacour with his mouth slightly open, his eyes glazed over.

“What makes you think it was him?” Harry asked curiously.

“Well, I mentioned to him that I was thinking about asking someone from Beauxbatons to the Ball. I didn’t say who it was, but I think he thought I was talking about Fleur. Plus, I was outside Ravenclaw tower when it happened. Git dropped me right on my head, too.” he explained, rubbing the back of his head.

Harry winced, more out of guilt than sympathy.

“Well, you could always talk to Fred and George. I’m sure they’s be happy to help you get back at him.” he offered.

“You know, that’s not a bad idea.” Cedric said with a smirk.

“So, Suzette, what do you think of Hogwarts?” Harry asked.

He talked with them for a couple of minutes, finding Suzette to be a rather down to earth and funny, with surprisingly good English. Their conversation ended when Cedric cleared his throat and pointed behind him.

Cho was coming down the stairs, looking extremely pretty in her tight silver dress robes. He was so busy staring at her, it took Cedric nudging him in the back to get him moving. Walking up to Cho, he held out his hand and helped her down the last couple of steps.

“Wow! You look incredible.” Harry told her.

Cho blushed but smiled brightly at him.

“Thank you.” she said. “You look quite handsome yourself.”

Harry smiled and offered her his arm. When she took it, he escorted her over to the other Champions and their dates just as McGonagall told them to line up. Moments later, they were walking into the Great Hall and over to their table. Like with Katie, Harry found himself enjoying his time with her as they talked. Even Suzette, as a Chaser at Beauxbatons, joined the conversation when the subject turned to Quidditch. Hermione rolled her eyes playfully as they dragged Krum into the conversation and started talking about making plans for a game. Harry knew it wasn't actually going to happen since no one would remember anything, but it was fun to think about. He really did want to fly against Krum. Not because he thought he could win, but just wanting to see how he could hold up against the greatest Seeker in the world.

Eventually, dinner ended, and the first dance was about to begin. Harry led Cho out onto the dance floor and took his position, one hand on her hip while the other held her hand as they waited for the music to start. The band started playing and he smiled as he led her through the traditional first dance.

The evening went by quickly as Harry spent most of his time on the dance floor with Cho. It was a relief when the first song ended, and he was able to hold her close during the slower songs. Cho's lithe, athletic body felt small and light in his arms. Several times during the night, he picked her up off her feet and spun her around, causing her to squeal and laugh. Eventually, they got tired and decided to take a break.

Looking for a table to sit at, Harry deliberately avoided glancing over at Ron, who was sitting sulkily in the far corner alone. He didn't know when Fay had abandoned him, and he really didn't care to find out right now anyways. Eventually, he spotted an empty table and Cho went to take a seat while Harry offered to go get drinks. When he returned, he had just set their glasses down at the table when Hermione joined them.

“Hey, Hermione. Where's your date?” Harry asked, wrapping an arm around Cho's shoulders.

“He needed to use the bathroom.” she told him, smiling.

“Having a good night then?” he asked.

Hermione nodded. “The Ball’s been wonderful, hasn’t it?”

“Definitely.” Cho said, leaning into Harry’s side.

Smiling at her, he started running his fingers up and down her bare, smooth arm.

“Kind of ironic though.” he said looking at Hermione.

“What is?” she asked curiously.

“Well, all these years you’ve been going on about how much you hate Quidditch, and now you’re dating the most famous Quidditch player in the world.” he said teasingly.

Hermione rolled her eyes as he chuckled at her.

“I wouldn’t say that we’re dating...” she said quietly, her cheeks turning a light pink.

“You don’t want to?” Cho asked in surprise.

Under the table, Cho put her hand on his thigh and started rubbing up and down his leg. Harry cleared his throat and shifted slightly in his seat, fighting down his excitement.

“Don’t get me wrong, Viktor’s been great, and I like him.” Hermione said, pausing to choose her words carefully. “I just don’t know if I want to date him, you know?”

Harry looked at her in surprise. She had always looked so happy during the Ball that it never occurred to him that she might not be interested in Krum.

“So, is there someone you *are* interested in?” Cho asked, her hand sliding further up his thigh.

“No, not really.” Hermione answered.

“Well, Ron seems to be interested in you.” Cho said, tilting her chin towards the table in the corner, where Ron was glowering at them.

Hermione sighed. “I know but there’s no way that would ever work. Don’t get me wrong, he’s a good friend, usually. But we’d be at each other’s throats constantly if we started dating and I doubt our friendship would survive a breakup.”

“Wait.” Harry said, shaking his head. “Ron fancies Hermione?”

Cho and Hermione looked at each other and burst out laughing at the incredulous look on his face.

“Boys.” Hermione said to Cho laughingly.

“It’s almost cute how clueless they can be.” Cho said, looking at Harry teasingly.

Harry rolled his eyes and tried to look sulky, but that was difficult with Cho’s hand getting closer and closer to his rapidly hardening excitement.

Mercifully, Krum showed up and sat down next to Hermione, stopping them from teasing him further.

“We’ll leave you two to enjoy some time alone. There’s something I want to show Harry.” Cho said.

Harry looked at her curiously as she stood up and pulled him to his feet. He waved a quick goodbye to Hermione as Cho pulled him into the Entrance Hall and up the stairs.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

Cho turned and gave him a mischievous smile. “It’s a surprise.”

With his knowledge of the castle, it didn’t take Harry long to realize she was taking him up to Ravenclaw tower. He was worried she wanted to end the night early, until she led him right past the entrance to the Ravenclaw Common Room and towards a wooden door at the end of the hall. She opened the door leading to a spiraling staircase that took them up another three floors. At the top, there was a wooden ladder leading to a hatch in the ceiling. Cho climbed up ahead of him, giving him a great view of her long, toned legs as he followed up after her.

When he reached the top of the ladder, he found himself climbing into a circular room at the very top of Ravenclaw tower. There were windows all the way around, giving them a stunning view of the Hogwarts grounds. The floor of the tower was covered in a mismatched collection of pillows and blankets in all different shapes, sizes and colors. In the very center of the room, Cho lit a stove, driving away the slight chill in the air. As Harry closed the trap door behind him, Cho unbuttoned the small cape covering her shoulders and dropped it to the floor.

Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders, threading her fingers through his hair as she pulled him down for a kiss. Between the kiss and the fire from the stove, Harry quickly started feeling a bit too warm. Shucking off his outer robe, he let it slide down his arms to pool on the floor around his feet. Wrapping his arms around Cho’s waist, he pulled her thin body against him, her small breasts pressing firmly against his chest. Slipping her leg between his, her toned thigh rubbed across the straining erection causing a noticeable bulge in his slacks.

Harry groaned into her mouth, and he felt Cho smirk against his lips as she pulled back. Running her hands over his shoulders and down his chest, she slowly dropped to her knees in front of him. Harry was a little surprised at how fast things were moving, not that he was complaining. Cho quickly unbuckled his belt and opened his pants before reaching into his bowers and wrapping her long, thin fingers around his length. As she pulled out his rigid erection, a wide, predatory smile stretched across her lips.

“Wow.” she whispered.

Staring hungrily at his member, she softly ran her hand up and down length, exploring every inch of his shaft. Harry swallowed thickly and panted in excitement as he watched her lean forward and kiss his swollen tip with her full, soft lips. Cho’s dark red lipstick left behind a smudge on his head that she gently wiped away with her thumb, causing Harry to gasp and his length to jerk in her hand. Giggling, she looked up at him with a sultry gaze and parted her lips as she slowly leaned forward to wrap her hot, damp mouth around his head.

Cho’s small mouth was stretched wide around his thick shaft as she slowly descended down his length. Harry placed his hands on her head, fighting the desire to drive himself deeper into her mouth when his engorged head pressed against the back of her mouth. As she dragged her lips back up his length, her lips left behind long trails of dark red lipstick from the middle of his shaft, all the way to the tip. With his tip still trapped between her lips, Cho smiled up at him before taking a deep breath through her nose and descending back down his shaft, this time moving faster.

Harry tilted his head back and groaned as she started moving faster and faster. Just as she hit a rhythm, the trap door suddenly banged open, startling both of them. Cho jump, sending his length deeper than she was prepared for and causing her to yank her head off of him while coughing hard. Harry tried, and failed, to cover his considerable length with his hands just as Marietta poked her head into the room, only to stop in her tracks and stare at them with wide eyes.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Sorry. I didn’t realize it was occupied.”

Tearing her eyes away from his crotch, she looked at Cho and he could clearly see her mouth the words, 'He's huge.'

Harry felt his cheeks burn, and he bent down to grab a pillow off the floor, using it to cover himself.

"Er, do you mind?" he asked.

"Well..." Marietta drawled, tilting her head to try and get a better look at his crotch.

"Marietta!" Cho scolded her.

"Fine. I'm going." She gave in, giving Cho a wink as she climbed back down the ladder. "You might want to lock the door this time."

As soon as the door was closed, Harry pulled out his wand and locked it. Cho started giggling uncontrollably, and he used the pillow to cover his face, groaning into it in embarrassment. When she calmed a moment later, Cho walked up to him and pulled it away from his face, a smile still on her face. Placing her hand on his chest, she tilted her head up and kissed him on the lips gently. When she pulled back, she pushed him hard on the chest while her foot slipped behind his, sending him sprawling to the floor.

Harry pushed himself up on his elbows as she giggled again and reached up behind her back to lower the zipper on her dress. Shrugging it off her shoulders, she let the top of the dress fall down to her waist, revealing her small, bare breasts. Sitting high on her chest, they were capped with long, hard brown nipples and tiny round areolas. The tips of her breasts trembled slightly as she moved. Cho swayed her hips back and forth as she worked the dress over her hips and dropped it down her long, muscular legs, leaving her standing in only a pair of small grey blue panties. Harry quickly pulled off his shirt and kicked off his pants as she slowly lowered her panties, giving him a perfect view of her bald slit and taugt lips.

Strutting over to him with her hips swaying provocatively, she dropped to her hands and knees when she reached his feet and crawled over him. Lifting his cock, she rested it against his stomach and ran her tongue all the way from his base up to the head. Placing a kiss on the tip, she continued kissing her way up his chest and neck to his lips. Harry wrapped his arms around her, cupping and squeezing her small, tight bum as he ground his throbbing erection against her toned stomach with a groan.

Cho pulled her lips away from his and sat up on his waist with her hands resting on his chest. Lifting herself up, she grabbed the base of his shaft and pressed his swollen head against her entrance. She had to push down on him surprisingly hard, making him worry for a moment he would fit, before he finally slipped into her incredibly tight depths.

Cho was by far the tightest girl he had ever been with. He could actually feel his girth forcing her open as she slowly descended down his length. As she took more and more of his shaft into her incredible heat, there was a look of absolute rapture on her face. Her legs trembled when she bottomed out and her nails dug into his chest while she sat still for a moment.

Harry slid his hands up to her chest and ran them over her breasts, her long, fat nipples bending under his palms. Cho moaned and started bouncing on his waist, the muscles on her legs flexing under her smooth, pale skin as she raised and lowered herself. Starting with short slow movement, she began going higher and higher up his length, rapidly gaining speed. Soon, she was riding him aggressively as her arousal dripped down his shaft.

“I love your big fat cock!” Cho yelled, her ass bouncing off of his hips. “Fuck me! Fuck me!”

Harry let go of her breasts and held on to her hips, a stunned expression on his face as she started slamming herself down on his cock with bruising force. By now, she was raising herself up to his tip before driving back down on him at a speed that was almost concerning. He mentally cringed as he imagined what would happen to his length if she raised up too high and he were to slip out of her. He could only hold on to her hips and hope for the best as she moaned and yelled on top of him, her nails digging painfully into his chest.

Cho panted heavily and her sweaty skin shone in the moonlight from the windows as she continued to jump up and down his length. Suddenly, her body stiffened, and without warning,

she let out an ear ringing shriek as she came. Harry grunted as her unbelievably tight walls clamped down on, making it almost impossible for him to move. He was almost relieved to have a break, his hips aching her forceful bouncing. Sitting up, he wrapped his arms around her and rolled them both over, so Cho was on her back and Harry was on top of her.

“Oh yes!” Cho yelled, wrapping her arms and legs around him tightly, her heels digging into his ass. “Plow me with that huge cock! Fuck me, baby!”

Harry fought back a laugh as her shouting brought back memories of the cheesy lines he used to hear through the wall when Dudley got a hold of a few porn videos. Leaning over her, he kissed her heated on the lips to keep her from talking as he started thrusting into her. Cho bucked her hips up with every thrust while moaning enthusiastically into his mouth. Despite her rather odd reactions, her hot core felt incredible wrapped tightly around his length. Harry settled into rhythm and was forced to pull his lips away from her when breathing became an issue.

“Harder!” She yelled the moment her lips were free. “Oh, Merlin, fuck me harder with that massive cock!”

Harry pulled his hips back until only his head remained trapped between her gripping lips before brutally slamming back in. Cho’s nails dug into his back as she threw her head back and moaned loudly. Closing his eyes, Harry focused on the feeling of her tight depths as he continued slamming into her with bestial thrusts. Her entire body was jerked forward with each powerful impact, forcing him to grab her shoulders to hold her in place. Focusing on the pleasure of her depths, Harry felt his climax quickly rising.

Normally, he would have warned her, but he didn’t think he could hold back a laugh from anymore of her over the top yelling. Slamming into her furiously, beads of sweat ran down his temples as he chased his peak.

Just as he came, his cock pulsing against her gripping walls, Cho tightened around him again as she reached a climax of her own. Another painfully high-pitched keen left her mouth right next to his ear as she stiffened and trembled under him. As his climax waned and her arms and legs

relaxed around him, Harry rolled off of her and collapsed onto his back, panting for breath. Cho curled up to his side, her hard nipples rubbing against his chest when she hugged him tightly.

A few minutes later, just as Harry felt himself drifting off to sleep, she reached down and started stroking him back to hardness. He looked over at her in surprise and got a sultry smile in return. Cho sat up and climbed back on top of him, his length sliding back into her dripping core more easily this time. Harry groaned and rested his hands on her hips as she bottomed out. He was in for a wild night.

Waking up in the morning to the incessant beeping from his watch, it took him a few seconds to realize he was back in his dorm. The last thing he remembered from the night before was falling asleep next to Cho at the top of Ravenclaw Tower. Sitting up, he was glad everything was once again reset. Otherwise, he was certain his hips would be painfully bruised. Taking off his watch, he rolled over and decided to go back to sleep. He didn't think he could survive another night with Cho.