

Chapter 19

Harry sighed as he sat down between Hermione and Suzette in the Transfigurations courtyard. Professor Flitwick had just finished enchanting it to have a warmer climate, giving them a warm, comfortable place to sit outside. For the girls, this was a nice break from the constant chill of the Scottish Winter. For Harry, it was just another day.

“Are you going to tell us what’s bothering you?” Suzette asked.

Hermione looked at her oddly.

“Can’t you just read his mind?” she asked.

“Yes, but it’s still polite to ask,” Suzette replied.

Harry smiled briefly before leaning back against the tree.

“Hermione brought up something a couple of days ago that’s got me thinking,” he said.

“What did I say?” Hermione asked curiously.

“When we were getting ready for our date with Katie, you told me how it felt like you were manipulating her,” Harry said.

“And now you’re worried that’s what you’ve been doing with everyone,” Suzette said, smiling and shaking her head. “Arry, you’re not doing anything wrong. Everyone manipulates the people around them.”

"I know," Harry sighed. "She did make a good point, though. I never even thought about telling them the truth."

"Then why don't you keep doing that?" Suzette asked. "There's no need to brood over this."

"He likes to brood," Hermione said, smiling and nudging his shoulder.

"E does 'ave a cute frown," Suzette smirked.

Harry snorted softly, wrapped an arm around each girl's shoulder, and kissed the tops of their heads.

"What are you planning?" Hermione asked, looking at the lopsided grin on his face suspiciously.

Suzette grinned next to him and giggled.

"Oh, 'Arry is being very ambitious," she said. "You really think you can go with all of them?"

Harry shrugged, "It's worth a try."

~

The next day – for Harry, at least – he stood at the top of the Astronomy Tower. Toes hanging over the edge of the parapet, he looked down at the front lawn and took a deep breath.

"Please work," he whispered to himself.

Grabbing the stone parapet, Harry psyched himself up and threw himself forward. He felt a moment of weightlessness before gravity took hold, and he fell, arms flailing to keep himself still. The wind grew quickly until it was a roar in his ears, and the ground grew larger at an alarming rate.

Squinting against the wind, Harry pushed outwards with his magic. He started to slow for just a moment before picking up speed again.

“Shit,” Harry cursed.

Gritting his teeth, he pushed his magic harder. Below him, the Beauxbatons students looked up and pointed, some screaming in fright. Just as it looked like he was going to hit the ground, his spell took hold, and he shot forward. Fleur, Suzette, and a few of her friends ducked as he flew overhead.

Harry gave a whoop of excitement.

He’d done it! He’d learned to fly without a broom!

His concentration wavered in his excitement, and his body dipped suddenly.

“Whoa!” Harry yelled.

He tried but failed to regain control. Fortunately, he was only a few feet from the snow covered lawn when he lost his hold on the spell and tumbled to the ground. Rolling to a stop in a snow bank near the Black Lake, Harry took a moment to calm his racing heart, a cheek stinging grin on his face.

“YEAH!” he laughed excitedly.

“Yeh alrigh’ Harry?” Hagrid asked, stomping through the snow towards him.

“Brilliant,” Harry said, looking down at his shaking hands.

Every part of his body was filled with adrenaline. It was the most alive he’d felt in a very long time.

“What were yeh thinkin’?” Hagrid asked, towering above him.

“I wanted to learn how to fly without a broom,” Harry grinned. “It worked, Hagrid. I flew!”

“Yeh nearly got yerself killed,” Hagrid told him.

“Fawkes was watching me,” Harry said.

With a thrill and a flash of fire, the red and gold Phoenix appeared and glided down gracefully to perch on Hagrid’s shoulder.

“It was still dangerous,” Hagrid sighed, offering him a frying pan sized hand. “Come on.”

Harry took his hand and was lifted clear into the air before landing back on his feet.

“We did it, Fawkes!” Harry exclaimed.

Fawkes tilted his head back and crooned happily. Even Hagrid could keep his frown at the joyful magic pouring off the majestic bird. Unfortunately, even that couldn’t stop Harry from shivering when the cold of the snow began to seep through his robes.

“Go warm up, Harry,” Hagrid said. “An’ warn me the next time you decide to do somethin’ like this.”

“Sorry, Hagrid,” Harry said with an irrepressible smile.

Chirping farewell, Fawkes jumped from Hagrid’s shoulder to Harry’s and rode him all the way up to the castle. Ignoring the stares he got as he walked into the Great Hall, he paused on his way past the Ravenclaw table next to the Beauxbatons witches.

“Sorry about the scare,” Harry said.

“Ow did you do zhat?” Fleur asked, her brow furrowed as she stared at him intently.

Next to her, Suzette eyed him curiously.

“I made a spell to fly without a broom,” Harry shrugged. “It took months, but I finally got it to work.”

“Could I look at it?” Fleur asked.

“Sure. How about tomorrow?” Harry asked.

In his mind, he filed that away as another way to get some time with Fleur, but for today, he had something else in mind.

“Oui,” Fleur nodded. “I will see you zhen.”

Smiling, Harry continued on his way to the Gryffindor table. A number of boys eyed him jealously for a moment before several jumped out of their seats and made their way over to Fleur to ask her to the Ball.

“What was that about?” Hermione asked.

“I accidentally scared them this morning,” Harry said.

Hermione looked at him curiously.

“Does that have anything to do with why you jumped off the Astronomy Tower this morning?” Katie asked.

Hermione’s eyes went wide before she glared at him angrily.

“I needed room to fly,” Harry said defensively.

“Explain,” Hermione growled.

~

A few hours later, Harry waited near the kitchens, watching the time closely. At ten minutes past twelve, he turned the corner and bumped into Susan as she was coming out of the Hufflepuff dorm. Behind her, Hannah Abbot, Leanne Martin, Megan Jones, and Sophie Roper all came to a stop.

“Sorry,” Susan said, blushing prettily.

"It's alright," Harry smiled. "It was my fault. Actually, I'm glad I ran into you. Do any of you have a date for the Ball yet?"

"Not yet," Megan said.

Harry smiled, "I think I can help you with that. Follow me."

The girls shared a curious look and followed Harry up the stairs.

"Where are we going?" Sophie asked.

"The seventh floor," Harry said.

Hidden in an alcove just off the main staircase, he stopped at a portrait of a door. Knocking seven times, the door creaked open, revealing a dark alcove beyond. Following Harry through the painting, the girls gaped when they realized they were standing in the seventh floor corridor.

"Wow," Susan said. "I had no idea that was there."

"There's one on every floor except for the dungeons," Harry told her with a grin. "But that's nothing. Wait 'til you see this."

Pacing in front of the blank wall across from the tapestry of Barnabus the Barmy, he summoned the room of requirement and showed them inside.

"What is this place?" Hannah asked.

"Welcome to the Room of Requirement," Harry said, waving his arm grandly.

“This is great, Harry, and I appreciate you showing this to us. But what does this have to do with finding us dates for the Ball?” Leanne asked.

“I’m getting there,” Harry said. “I need to show you something first.”

Walking over to a cabinet, he opened the door and levitated out a stone basin.

“Is that a Pensieve?” Susan asked.

“Yeah,” Harry replied, running a hand through his hair. “This is going to sound crazy, but hear me out...”

~

Harry spent well over an hour telling the girls the truth about being trapped in time and showed them memories of his dates with them. Susan blushed heavily when he showed her the memory of their date, where he teased her under the table.

“Have you slept with all of us?” Megan asked, blushing as the memory versions of her and Harry disappeared inside the Quidditch locker room.

“I haven’t slept with Hannah,” Harry said.

“Why not?” Hannah asked, then blushed when she realized how hurt she sounded.

“You didn’t want to sleep with someone after the first date,” Harry shrugged.

“So, Han’s the only one of us that isn’t easy,” Megan smirked.

"I wouldn't say that," Harry grinned.

"I can't believe no one ever asks us to the Ball," Leanne sighed.

"Then why don't you all go with me?" Harry asked.

"All of us?" Sophie asked incredulously.

Harry grinned, "Why not?"

The girls turned and stared at each other for a long moment.

"It's better than going by ourselves," Susan said.

"I'm in," Megan shrugged, glancing at Susan wistfully out of the corner of her eye.

"What exactly are you expecting out of this, Harry?" Leanne asked.

"Just a good time at the Ball," he said, holding his hands up innocently.

"Sure," Sophie said, rolling her eyes. "Susan's right, though. It's better than going alone."

"I don't think that's the only reason she wants to go," Hannah grinned.

Susan blushed while her housemates giggled at her.

“So, are we all agreed?” Megan asked.

One by one, all of them nodded.

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned.

~

Hours later, Harry met all five of his dates in the Entrance Hall. While they’d been getting ready, it was decided that Megan would do the opening dance with him before they joined the others. Cedric watched him curiously as he hugged and kissed them on the cheek before they entered the Great Hall with the rest of the students.

“Wait, are they all really your dates?” he asked. “I thought Katherine was joking.”

“Nope,” Harry grinned.

Chuckling, Cedric puffed out his chest, “Well, I guess we do have the best girls in the school.”

“You do realize your date is a Ravenclaw, don’t you?” Megan asked.

“Hi, Cho,” Harry said, waving over Cedric’s shoulder.

Cedric spun around with a panicked look on his face. While Harry and Megan laughed, his shoulders relaxed. Turning back around, he punched Harry’s shoulder playfully.

“How did you end up with five dates, anyways?” Cedric asked.

"I asked," Harry shrugged.

Snorting, Cedric shook his head, "You know, most of us were nervous just asking one girl."

"Champions! Over here!" McGonagall called.

Once everyone had arrived and gotten in place, Harry walked in with Megan on his arm. Escorting her over to the Champions table, they enjoyed a short dinner before it was time for the first dance. After the first song was done, Sophie joined him for the second, followed by the other girls until Susan was the only one he hadn't danced with.

Taking the busty redhead in his arms, Harry spun her around with a large smile on his face. Squealing in laughter, Susan smiled widely, her cheeks flushed beautifully.

"Having fun?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Susan smiled.

"I think some of your housemates are jealous," he told her. "Ernie hasn't stopped glaring at me since the dance started."

Susan glanced over to the side where a few of the boys from Hufflepuff were sulking at a table, glaring at Harry.

"Well, that's their own fault," Susan said.

Smiling, Harry gave her another spin before pulling her close. When their dance was over, he danced one more song with each of the girls before taking a break and getting a drink.

Sitting at one of the tables, he had one of his arms around Susan and the other around Sophie.

“Ernie asked me to dance while you were gone,” Hannah said.

“You can dance with him if you want,” Harry offered.

Hannah smiled and shook her head.

“If he wanted to dance with me, he should’ve asked me to be his date,” she said.

Giggling, Sophie got up and offered her seat to Hannah. Smiling, she took the seat and cuddled up to Harry’s side.

“Do you want to sit next to Harry for a bit?” Susan asked Leanne.

“That’s okay,” Leanne smiled. “You look comfortable.”

“I knew Hufflepuffs were good at sharing, but this is a bit much,”

Harry turned around and smiled at Katie as she sat next to Leanne.

“Hey, Katie,” Harry said. “I see you ditched McLaggen.”

“I don’t know what I was thinking when I agreed to go with him,” Katie sighed. “He’s such an arrogant git.”

“Is that why you kneed him?” Leanne asked with a giggle.

“No, that was because he kept trying to grab my chest,” Katie huffed.

“Don’t you hate that?” Harry asked.

Shaking his head and trying to keep a serious look on his face, he dropped his hand down onto Susan’s breast. Blushing, she leaned into Harry and hid her face behind her hair.

“Harry!” Katie exclaimed laughingly. “What’s gotten into you?”

Shrugging, he gave Susan’s breast a squeeze and let go.

“Here he comes,” Leanne whispered urgently.

Everyone looked over to see McLaggen walk back into the hall, his eyes scanning around.

“Bugger,” Katie muttered.

Taking out his wand, Harry cast a discrete hex in McLaggen’s direction just as he spotted Katie. Taking a step forward with a smarmy grin on his face, he made it two steps before he stopped. His smile fell, and his face paled drastically. Turning around, he sprinted out of the Great Hall, shoving people out of the way.

“What did you do?” Katie asked as Harry put away his wand.

“Bowel-Loosening Hex,” he smirked. “That should keep him busy for the rest of the night.”

The girls laughed loudly. Katie stayed for a few minutes longer before deciding to call it a night. Harry danced with his dates a bit more until they surprised him.

“Hey, Harry. Can we go back to the Room of Requirement?” Sophie asked when he returned to the table.

“Sure, if you want to,” Harry said.

When the others nodded in agreement, they left the hall, and he escorted them up to the seventh floor. Hannah summoned the room. A cozy little room clad in Hufflepuff colors with a crackling fireplace. There was no furniture, just a bunch of cushions on the floor around a low table laden with Butterbeer bottles.

“Let’s play spin the bottle,” Megan grinned.

Picking up a bottle of Butterbeer, she pulled the cork free and chugged it down quickly. As everyone sat down around the table, she burped loudly and set the bottle down flat on its side. Harry used his wand to open and levitate a Butterbeer to each of the girls while Megan gave the empty one a spin. After a moment, it landed on Sophie.

“Truth or dare?” Megan asked.

“Dare,” Sophie grinned.

“I dare you to kiss Harry,” Megan said.

Blushing, Sophie crawled over to Harry and kissed him softly on the lips to a chorus of giggles. As she sat back down with a smile, she spun the bottle, which landed on Susan.

“Truth or dare?” Sophie asked.

“Truth,” Susan replied.

“What boy do you fancy the most?” Sophie asked with a smile that made Harry think she already knew the answer.

Ducking her head, Susan blushed heavily.

“Harry,” she murmured.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulder and kidded her temple. Taking a sip of his Butterbeer, he wished they had something stronger to drink. A grin stretched his lips when a bottle of Firewhiskey appeared on the table. Grabbing the bottle, he took a swig and blew out a breath of flames before passing it around.

“Truth or dare?” Susan asked Leanne.

“Dare,” Leanne said.

“I dare you to flash Harry,” Susan grinned.

“Susan!” Leanne exclaimed.

“Oh, go on. It’s not like he hasn’t seen them already,” Megan said.

“If you don’t want to, you can take a swig instead,” Harry said, holding up the bottle of Firewhiskey.

Biting her lips cutely, Leanne took the bottle and swallowed a mouthful while the girls teased her. Setting the bottle down, she slipped the straps of her dress down her shoulder. Taking a deep breath, she flipped down the front of her dress. Harry smiled at her small but perky breasts, topped with small, reddish brown nipples before she covered them up quickly.

The girls cheered and laughed loudly for a moment while Leanne blushed. Grabbing the bottle, she spun it quickly. When it settled, it landed on Harry.

“Truth or dare?” she asked.

“Dare,” Harry said.

“I dare you to, um...,” she hummed thoughtfully.

Megan leaned over and whispered in her ear.

“I dare you to take off your shirt,” Leanne smiled.

Shrugging, Harry loosened his bowtie and took off his shirt to loud catcalls from the girls. Sitting back down, he spun the bottle. Megan grinned when it landed on her.

“Truth or dare?” he asked.

“Dare,” Megan said.

“I dare you to kiss Susan,” Harry said.

Megan’s eyes widened as she glanced over at Susan nervously.

“Or you can take a swig,” Harry said, offering her an out.

Taking a deep breath, Megan crawled over to Susan and paused. Slowly she leaned closer, both of their faces bright red. Eventually, their lips met tentatively. Surprisingly, neither of them

pulled back, and they continued to kiss for several seconds. Pulling back, they looked at each other and laughed nervously. Moving back to her seat, Megan spun the bottle, and it landed on Susan.

“Dare,” Susan said before Megan could ask.

Glancing at Harry, Megan smirked, “I dare you to take off your dress and sit in Harry’s lap.”

Susan blushed from the roots of her hair all the way down to her chest. While the girls laughed and cheered, Harry held up the bottle of Firewhiskey in silent offering. Shaking her head, Susan stood up. Using her wand to unzip her dress, she let it fall down to her waist and then shimmied it down over her wide hips. After it pooled around her feet, she sat down in Harry’s lap and buried her face in the crook of his neck.

Grinning, Harry caressed her side and ran his hand up to cup her massive breast. Gasping quietly, Susan moaned and tightened her grip around him.

“Slut,” Hannah said playfully.

As the girls giggled, Susan spun the bottle and smirked when it landed on Hannah.

“Dare,” Hannah said, missing the look her best friend was giving her.

“I dare you to take off your dress,” Susan said.

Hannah’s jaw dropped, and she blushed profusely. Harry pushed the bottle of Firewhiskey over to her, and she looked at it temptingly for a moment before biting her lip and standing up. Closing her eyes, she took off her dress while her dormmates cheered. Harry watched and smiled as her dress dropped below her breasts, revealing them to him for the first time.

While not as busty as Susan, Hannah was still well endowed. Her breasts were capped with large, light pink areolas and small nipples. They bounced and swayed as Hannah shimmied out of her dress and let it fall to the floor. Blushing heavily, she took a seat and crossed her arms over her chest.

“No covering up,” Megan smiled.

Sighing, Hannah moved her arms and reached for the bottle.

The game continued with each girl getting back at the next by daring them to take off their clothes. Sophie was thin with an almost flat chest but had very thick, prominent nipples. Megan had an athletic build with a modest sized bust and dark nipples. Her breasts were extremely perky, and the tips bounced with every movement she made. Harry found himself throbbing excitingly each time they did. When she noticed, Megan smirked at him with a blush.

Suddenly, a four poster bed appeared at the back of the room. Blinking in surprise, the girls looked at each other and laughed.

“Someone’s excited,” Leanne joked.

“So, no matter what we do today, it’ll be like it never happened tomorrow, right?” Hannah asked.

“Right,” Harry said. “I could save your memories and give them back to you when this is over if you want. But other than that, you won’t remember anything.”

Smirking, Megan picked up the bottle and pointed the tip at Hannah.

“I dare you to take Harry over to the bed and have sex with him,” she said.

Biting her lip, Hannah stood up and walked over to Harry. Not meeting his eye, she told his hand and pulled him over to the bed while the other cheered. As the curtains closed around them, Harry climbed on the bed next to her and smiled gently.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked.

Hannah nodded nervously. Laying down next to her, Harry rested his hand on her stomach and kissed her. Slowly his hand caressed its way up to her breast, his thumb grazing over her nipple. Moaning into his mouth, she ran her hand over his bare chest.

Removing his hand from her breast, Harry reached down, opened his pants, and pushed them down his legs. Hannah pulled back and blushed as she stared down at the prominent bulge in the front of his boxers. While she watched, he took them off, leaving him naked. When he rolled over, his erection landed on her thigh.

Biting her lips, Hannah reached down and wrapped her hand around his shaft. Smiling, Harry caressed her breasts while she spent a few minutes exploring his length. Eventually, he climbed between her legs and pulled over her panties. Hannah was shockingly wet, so he crawled up and rested his tip at her entrance.

“Ready?” Harry asked.

Hannah nodded, her eyes locked on his shaft as he pushed forward. A gasp left her lips as he entered her slowly. She was amazingly tight, but that also meant he had to go slow to start. Sawing his hips back and forth, Harry slowly eased his way into her until his entire length was buried in her depths. Smiling down at her, he kissed her heatedly and flexed his hips, causing her to moan when his pelvis rubbed her clit.

Harry started out rocking his hips gently, gradually pulling back farther and thrusting in faster. Hannah’s folds clutched tightly at his length as she gasped, moaned, and arched her back under him.

“Oh, Merlin,” Hannah gasped. “I didn’t think it would feel this good.”

Grinning, Harry bent down and kissed her. Wrapping his arms around her shoulders, he rolled to the side, taking her with him. Hannah gasped as she sat up on his hips, her depths fluttering around him. With a grin, Harry reached up and groped her breasts as she moved her hips experimentally.

Gradually, she grew more comfortable and confident. Soon, Hannah was bouncing vigorously on his lap, her breasts bouncing alluringly while her thick bum clapped against his thighs. Grabbing her hips, Harry thrust up into her. Nails digging into his chest, Hannah moaned loudly, her body trembling as she reached her peak.

Harry was still rock hard as she collapsed onto his chest, panting.

“I’m sorry,” Hannah panted. “I need a break.”

“That’s fine,” Harry said, caressing her back.

Looking up at him, she bit her lip.

“Can we do this again when I can remember it?” Hannah asked.

“I can save this memory for you if you want,” Harry offered.

Okay,” Hannah smiled.

Kissing her forehead, Harry sat up and grabbed his wand. Conjuring a vial, he took her memory and dropped it into it.

Once Hannah had caught her breath, they pulled open the curtains to loud applause and cheering from the other girls. She smiled but blushed heavily as she walked over and sat down next to Susan.

“I can’t believe you rode him like that,” Sophie said.

“How did you know that?” Hannah asked.

“We can see through the curtains from this side,” Megan smirked.

Eyes wide, Hannah looked at the bed and blushed heavily before covering her face. Harry glanced over and saw that the curtains were completely transparent from the outside. As he let out a snort of laughter, Megan walked up to him with a grin.

“My turn,” she said.

Taking his hand, she led him over to the bed.

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The next morning, Harry walked down the Great Hall with a smile on his face. Glancing over at the Hufflepuff table, he caught Susan’s eye and winked. Blushing, she turned away while Hannah whispered to her. He couldn’t wait to give the girls back their memories. Looking around and wondering who he should take to the Ball next, his eyes landed on Fleur. Again, she had a line of boys waiting to ask her to the Ball.

As he thought of ways to get her to go to the Ball with him again, Harry turned back to his plate. Oddly, there was a note there that hadn’t been there before. Picking it up, he unfolded it.

I require your assistance. Meet me in the seventh floor corridor.

Albus Dumbledore

Finally, Harry thought.

The end was finally in sight.