

Making his way down the enchanted staircase, Harry was amongst the fourth year Gryffindors as they all headed to the Great Hall. It was Saturday, another week of lessons come and gone and one thing that they'd all noticed was that it seemed like the professors were focusing more on practical lessons than ever before. Assignments outside of class had become very specific and never any longer than was necessary, and they all attributed it to the coming tournament. *As if the tournament wasn't good enough already?*

Many of the fifth through seventh years were down on the quidditch pitch trying out for the senior year school team. They'd be the ones dueling the next day, while the first through fourth years would have quidditch trials.

It was nearly two o'clock and they were all excited for the qualifying duels. Even his classmates that knew they had essentially zero chance of winning one of the two spots had a surprising amount of optimism. Ron laughed at something Parvati said and nudged Harry's shoulder, "What do you think? Any chance that I manage to beat you?"

Snorting out a laugh, he patted his ginger friend on the shoulder, "Nope. Just count your blessings that Hermione decided to focus on the academic tournament so there's one less person to worry about."

Their bushy haired friend was still heading down with the rest of her year-mates, to show support if nothing else, but as usual she was carrying a heavy tome that certainly hadn't been assigned to them. *And she still thinks of that kind of thing as light reading?*

Neville nervously interjected from his other side, "Most of us already know we're just fighting for the second spot, Harry." The once pudgy youth had slimmed down in the last couple years. Puberty had certainly been kind to him. Beyond his physical changes, the best thing for his confidence had been his change in wand after second year.

When the young Longbottom started attending the Dueling Club, it came to Flitwick's attention that he'd been using his father's old wand. The next day, after a very lengthy conversation with Dumbledore and McGonagall, Madam Longbottom came and took her grandson to Ollivander's. Ever since, Neville's spellwork, not to mention all around confidence, had improved. *If only it would bleed over to his performances in potions.*

"I appreciate the support, Neville, but anyone can be beaten. Honestly, who knows? You might get me today." He doubted that would be the case, but he didn't have any intention of getting overconfident and resting on his laurels. The people around him clearly didn't believe a word that was coming out of his mouth though as they all snickered at his claim.

They reached the Great Hall to find that the third years were nearly finished. Two Ravenclaws that he didn't know were locked in a duel to decide the second representative for their house and the last for their year. Flitwick was watching carefully, adjudicating the match to make sure there was no foul play. Snape, McGonagall, Sprout, Moody and even Dumbledore were there as well.

The hall looked much different than it did during mealtimes. Instead of long tables that ran the length of the rooms with benches on either side, there were sixteen dueling circles. There were four for each house marked by their colors. There were stands around each group of four circles so that students who

didn't intend to participate could cheer on their friends. Many of the first years were there, wanting to watch the older students fight since they weren't allowed.

Most of his fellow fourth year lions made their way over that last duel, joining up with their year-mates from the other houses who'd arrived early. Hermione went over to the stands nearest the scarlet and gold dueling circles, sat down and promptly started reading her book. Lavender was the only other Gryffindor from their year who joined her. He was surprised to see that Padma went over as well. He would have expected her to cheer on her housemates. *But then again, her sister's a Gryff.*

Uninterested in the duel, Harry made his way over to the third year Gryffindors. Some of them looked far worse for wear, nursing bruises or in some case, worse. There was one profusely bleeding nose, but most of them just had bruised egos. Walking up behind one short redhead, he quickly dropped his hand down to her jean-clad bum. They looked like they'd almost been painted on as he gave it a hard pinch.

Ginny had been talking to Luna, "Eeep!" it was probably the most girly noise he ever heard from the young Weasley. Her sudden outburst drew some people's attention, but no one was any the wiser to the reason behind it save Luna. Smacking his hand, Ginny was frowning at him cutely, "That hurt, Harry!" she whispered loud enough so that only he could hear, "I think you should kiss it and make it better."

Shaking his head, he poked her in the nose, "What you did to me at the Opening Feast hurt a hell of a lot worse, just consider it a bit of payback." Ginny huffed but didn't argue.

Harry looked between the two girls as the crowd cheered in approval at the conclusion of the Ravenclaw match, "So, how'd you do?"

A pleased grin bloomed on both girls' faces, "Me and Colin won it for the Gryffindors!"

"Congratulations!" He offered Ginny a hug which she gladly leaned into. Harry wasn't surprised. He knew that Ginny was good with a wand. He'd seen it firsthand before. *And there's a reason all her brothers are reluctant to piss her off. She can be right ruthless when she wants to be.* Harry was a bit surprised to hear about Colin. He'd seen him at the Dueling Club before and couldn't remember anything remarkable about his skill. *But there was nothing bad about him either.*

"And I'm one of my year's Ravenclaws," Luna said with her usual airiness, "Though some of my fellow 'claws aren't very happy about it." Harry was momentarily shocked at the news. Save for his brief experience with Luna on the train, he'd never seen her fight and had certainly never seen her at the dueling club. *Though if her fighting style is anything like her personality, I imagine that she must be very hard to predict.*

"It's their loss, Luna." Harry told her, "You'll show them all exactly why you won that spot once the tournament starts."

"I just hope that we'll be able to work together in the group duels." That caught his attention, but he figured everything would be explained once they started.

Ginny rubbed her friend's shoulder, "I'll have your back, Luna. Between us, we'll be fine either way."

They were interrupted by Dumbledore's enhanced voice, "Well done, third years, well done. Congratulations to all our victors!" There was a smattering of applause and congratulations as each

house embraced their new representatives after the friendly competition. Some people were still nonplussed with having lost but most were able to get past it easily, "Fourth years, report to your Head of House, who will assign you to your first duel." Each of the four heads moved so they were standing in the center of their group of circles.

"Good luck, Harry." Ginny leaned up and gave him a kiss on the cheek, "I'd stay and root for you, but I really need a shower." Her arms were slick with sweat against her back.

"Should I kiss your cheek as well?" Luna asked him, head cocked and eyes curious.

Harry chuckled lightly, "No, that's alright. You can if you like but there's certainly no need." Luna nodded firmly, walked near him and stood on tiptoes and kissed him on the cheek quickly.

"Good luck, Harry." Ginny took her arm, giggling. And with that the pair walked out of the Great Hall. Feeling eyes on him, Harry turned to find that Sue was looking at him. She wore tight pair of stretchy looking bright blue trousers that made her legs look bloody fantastic in Harry's opinion, and a loose white blouse over the top of a sports bra underneath. Her dark hair was up in a tight ponytail, all around giving the impression of someone who was very much ready for the duels to come.

Giving her a little wave, she looked away quickly, but glanced in his direction one more time as he made his way over to McGonagall.

"Good, that's all of you." The Scottish professor said as he stood beside Neville, "I want each of you to understand that this will be tiring... exhausting even. Two of the second years conceded before we even finished, as did one of the third years. Few of you have ever used combat magic for such an extended period like this." That caused some raised eyebrows, but no one interrupted her, "You'll face all your year-mates... and the only way you will have any break is if you finish your match quickly. In order to win, you must either incapacitate your opponent, disarm them, or remove them from the dueling area."

"Are any spells off limits, professor?" Harry asked.

Looking at him, she informed them, "Dark spells with the sole intent to harm will result in immediate disqualification." Harry doubted that any of his fellow Gryffindors even knew those sorts of spells. *Though I wouldn't put it past some of the Slytherins.*

Glancing over at the Slytherins, Harry fought off a snicker at their lousy numbers. Only Nott and Blaise were there for the boys. Malfoy and his buffoons were banned from participating in any event during the tournament, not to mention a whole year's worth of detention to go along with having their wand's confiscated outside of lessons. *They were lucky not to find themselves in DMLE holding cells. Dumbledore even brought the Aurors in, but since they didn't do any damage there was little to be done.*

As for the girls of Slytherin House, Daphne, Lily Moon, and Millicent were trying out. Tracey was there, but only to support her best friend. Pansy was there as well but that was only because she seemed attached to Nott's hip since the start of the new term

"Potter, you're with Miss Patil." Pulled from his musings, Harry made his way over to the dueling circle and stood across from Parvati. The rest of his year-mates had already been paired off.

Standing across from him shaking slightly, she looked absolutely terrified. Whatever confidence she'd been able to muster left her the second she was standing across from Harry in the dueling circle. She fiddled with her wand anxiously as she watched him.

He tried giving the Indian witch across from him a reassuring smile, but it only seemed to make it worse. *Parvati's usually quite confident. Definitely not the case when it comes to dueling.* Truthfully, he was surprised that she'd even decided to participate but... she'd been dead set on it. *Maybe she's trying to prove something to Ron...*

The witch in front of him didn't even look ready for a fight, wearing a skirt and slightly healed shoes. He doubted she'd be any good ducking and dodging. *This one is going to be over quickly.*

Harry couldn't give it much thought though. Taking a steadying breath, he made use of his rudimentary Occlumency to calm his mind... and his magic. In the last week, he'd made steady progress with Dumbledore on his control, which was very much welcome in his classes. *Even if it's not perfect yet.* But this was the first time it was really being put to the test.

All around the room, the students paired off and were being watched attentively by the professors. Dumbledore's voice rang out around the room, loud and clear, "Ladies and Gentlemen, bow to your opponents." Everybody did just that, "Begin!" His twinkling blue eyes shifted toward Harry, curious about what would happen.

"Go Parv!" Lavender cheered for her best friend. Hermione was quiet though her attention left her book to focus on the duels at hand. Padma was watching their duel, but her attention was on Harry not her sister.

While Harry hadn't even drawn his wand until after the duel began, Parvati still didn't manage to get the first spell off. Fumbling her wand slightly, she aimed the tip toward Harry as he whipped his wand out with a quick flick of his wrist, "*Stupefy*," he fired a bright red stunner across the distance between him and his opponent.

Parvati's eyes widened as the end of their duel hurtled toward, but she just managed to stumble out of the way. Unfortunately for her, Harry wasn't expecting his spell to land, "*Depulso*." All around him people were yelling their spells, but he didn't want his opponent to know what was coming.

Anticipating her movement correctly, his spell impacted her square in the chest. The Banishing Charm knocked Parvati back five meters and she found herself sitting in one of the stands looking a bit woozy, but otherwise unharmed. *She'll probably have a bruised bum from the impact, but nothing worse.*

With his opponent knocked from the dueling arena, he returned his wand to its holster, "Winner, Potter." McGonagall announced as she watched the duels impassively. Cheering came from the stands, and Harry was surprised to see that most of the first years, even those from the other houses, were watching his duel specifically.

Lavender hurried over to her friend and helped her up. Walking over to her he tried to be reassuring, "Well done, Parvati."

Looking at him, she shook her head despondently, "I didn't even get a spell off against you, Harry."

“At least you’re trying... Putting yourself out there when you know this isn’t really your thing takes a lot of courage.” He was trying to be nice but, it didn’t seem to be doing anything for the Indian witch’s as she just gave him a watery smile.

So, leaving her in the comfort of her best friend, Harry looked around to the other duels taking place. Neville and Ron were firing spells off at one another as quick as they could manage with neither of the two boys gaining the upper hand.

Looking over to the Ravenclaws, he watched as Sue Li levitated one of the empty benches behind Michael Corner and pulled it into him from behind. With him sprawled out on the floor, she easily knocked him out.

Further from him in the hall, the Hufflepuffs were going at it, unlike the Slytherins all their students were participating. He could just see Susan as she blocked one of Hannah’s spells with a shield.

Dean managed to catch Seamus with a stunner as he failed to get a shield up in time. McGonagall announced, “Winner, Thomas.” She looked at Harry, “Mr. Potter, Mr. Thomas is your next opponent. Miss Patil, Mr. Finnegan is yours.” Parvati looked far less nervous about fighting their Irish classmate and made her way over to the other dueling circle.

Dean stood across from him, and gave him a friendly grin, “I’m at least going to try and make it a challenge for you, Harry.” He was breathing a little heavily, his fight with Seamus far more tiring than the one Harry had against Parvati.

“Good luck,” Harry told him, meaning it. *I really don’t want every duel I have today to be over in ten seconds or less.*

“Bow.” McGonagall instructed them, both boys listening as they stood across from one another, “Begin.” Dean managed to fire off a quick stunner directly at Harry’s chest, but his Shield Charm was in place before the spell even crossed the mid-point of their arena. The red spell bounced harmlessly off the shield and ricocheted away to be absorbed by the barrier that separated the dueling circle from the rest of the room. *Well, my control seems fine so far.*

Wrist twisting in a sequence of movements, Harry incanted, “*Stupefy. Depulso. Petrificous Totalus.*” The first spell bounced harmlessly against Dean’s hastily casted shield, but clearly put it under serious strain. His Banishing Charm shattered the shield entirely, leaving him vulnerable. Luckily for Dean, he’d always had good reflexes and some solid speed to go with it. So, he managed to move out of the way of the Body-Binder.

Pointing toward the ground at Dean’s feet, Harry had every intention of taking away Dean’s ability to continue dodging him, “*Aguamenti. Glacius.*” A torrent of water left his wand and covered Dean’s feet and boots, the following Freezing Charm bound him in place. Unable to recover quickly enough, he was still struggling to get his feet free when a well-placed stunner knocked him unconscious, “Winner, Potter.”

And on it went. The sound of incantations and spellfire filled the Great Hall for the next hour. At no point did Harry even break a sweat. Magically, this was nothing compared to the exhausting practice that Dumbledore had been putting him through in the mornings. The longer things went on the more

Harry noticed that the Headmaster's attention stayed firmly placed on him despite the action going on around the hall.

The toughest of his matches, at least those against the Gryffindors, came in his final tilt against Neville. Even if Harry lost, he still would have been one of his house's representatives at that point with a perfect 6-0 record, but that didn't mean he was going to let his friend win.

They traded spells, each of them trying to catch the other off guard to little success. Harry tried the same trick on Neville that he'd done on Dean, but he'd been anticipating it, turning the water into a cloud of steam that occluded Harry's view of the young Longbottom before any ice could form.

Casting a Disillusionment Charm on himself, Harry used the lowered visibility to his advantage. Neville fired off a stunner blindly through the steam, but his opponent had already moved. Stalking along the edge of the arena, the only sign of his movement were the footprints he left on the dewy surface of the dueling circle. Neville didn't see the Body-Bind that came from his left, and fell to the ground stiff as a board, "Winner, Potter."

Releasing the spell, Harry helped his friend to his feet, "Well done, Neville."

The sandy haired boy shrugged his shoulders noncommittally, "You still beat me pretty easily."

"You gave me my best fight, mate. You nearly got me with two different stunners, and you definitely caught me off guard with the vine spell." He assured his friend.

"Well, I beat Ron but lost to Fay, so I guess we'll see how things go in my last." Harry managed to finish quite quickly, getting two matches finished while others were still waiting for another opponent. Sweaty and tired, but still hopeful, the young Longbottom made his way over to the stands and took what little break he could while he waited for his last match.

McGonagall approached him and she finally showed a crack in her stoic visage, giving him a small smile, "Well done, Potter and congratulations. You earned a spot on the dueling team."

"Thank you, professor."

"Practices will be Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday from now on. The exact times will be posted in the Common Room tomorrow. You'll be led by Professor Flitwick and Dumbledore." Harry quirked an eyebrow at that news. *Dumbledore must really want to have a good showing in this tournament if he's getting directly involved.* Unaware of Harry's thought, she continued, "There will be individual duels as well as team duels during the inter-school tournament." *Ah so that's what Ginny meant.*

Having told Harry everything he needed to know, the Transfiguration Professor turned her attention to the ongoing duels. Feeling a tap on his shoulder, he turned to find that Sue was looking at him hopefully, "I've finished too, Harry. Will you duel me?"

Harry wasn't sure that was even allowed, "I..."

"What an excellent idea, Miss Li," He was interrupted by the Headmaster, "I would be happy to adjudicate for you both."

Grinning at the beautiful young woman, Harry replied, "Sure, I'm game."

“Excellent!” Considering Sue was usually quite reserved, he was a bit surprised to see her so openly excited. They moved over to one of the unused Slytherin circles, given their low numbers they’d already finished with their qualifying matches and were now just watching the rest of the year finish out.

Standing across from Sue, he found her lips were pressed together in silent determination. Harry expected this to be the first time of the day that he would have a real challenge. That was why his wand was already in his hand, “Bow,” Dumbledore instructed them, “Begin!”

Sue was quick, to the point where he wondered if it was even natural sometimes. It was one of her greatest advantages in the duels they’d fought in the past. Fortunately for Harry, he’d always had incredible reflexes, it was part of what made him such a great seeker and stepped out of the way of her first spell and caught the following stunner with a shield.

They started trading spells in earnest, both of them dancing around each other between the lines of the silver and green dueling circle. It felt exhilarating to Harry, for the first time that day he found himself dipping and dodging and really working for the win.

This did have the one added effect of him finally losing some of the control over his magic. A brilliantly red crimson light left his wand as he cast a stunner and Sue had the good sense not to rely on her shield. It was the right thing to do. The spell shattered her shield as though it were a piece of glass as she stepped to the side to avoid it. Catching the Headmaster’s eye for just a moment, Sue took advantage of his momentary distraction. *I really need to stop doing that when I’m facing her!*

Knowing that she needed something fast and barely visible, she’d hit him with the Tongue-Tying Curse. Seeing that she had the advantage, or at least assuming that she did, she pressed him with as many spells as she could possibly manage, even catching him with a bludgeoner in the forearm that smarted something fierce.

For most fourth years, having their ability to speak taken would mean a swift end to the duel. Harry wasn’t most of the fourth years though, and he’d made sure to learn at least one very important spell nonverbally, “*Finite.*”

Harry didn’t give away that he’d ended her spell as she moved closer and closer to him. He dodged desperately, breathing heavily as he could feel the blood pumping loudly in his ears, “*Impedimenta.*” The spell struck Sue in the chest, forcing her to slow instantly. “*Stupefy.*”

As the red light hurdled toward her at close distance, she managed to push through the Impediment Jinx and cried out in slow motion, “*Protego Maxima.*” Her spell held this time instead of shattering, but it strained against the strength of it.

A bright blue Shield Breaking Charms shot from the tip of his holly wand and demolished the well-cast spell. Sue tried to raise a physical barrier by pulling up a bit of the ground around her but, her movements were too slow. Her shield disintegrated and she couldn’t dodge out of the way from the Disarming Charm that ripped her wand from her hands.

“Winner, Potter!” Dumbledore announced as a smattering of applause followed the conclusion to their impromptu match. Harry wasn’t paying them any mind though. He headed over to Sue, offering her wand’s handle to her. Frowning adorably up at him, she took it and started spinning it in her fingers “I

thought I had you when I got you tongue-tied." Her ponytail had come loose during their fight, and her hair hung messy around her head.

"I've been working on nonverbals because I'm sure they'll be helpful in the tournament," he told her. She huffed at that news, "I figured *Finite* was the best one to start with until I can start doing it with all of them."

"Very wise, my boy." Dumbledore said as he joined the two of them. His lessons with the Headmaster, as well as Occlumency, were only aiding in his attempts at nonverbal spells, "And very well done to the both of you. That was the finest duel I've seen all day."

"Thank you, Professor." Sue bowed her head respectfully to the vaunted wizard. The young woman looked bone-tired, while Harry felt as though he could go another round. *Or three*. Dumbledore smiled warmly at them both before turning his attention over to the Hufflepuffs where they were the last to finish up.

Turning her attention back to Harry, she narrowed her eyes at him, "You'll help me learn how to do nonverbal spells?" He wasn't really sure if that was a request or demand, but it didn't really matter to him one way or the other.

Wiping the bit of sweat from his brow, he gave her a grin, "Sure, we're teammates now. Gotta make sure you can beat the lot from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang."

It surprised him when she leaned in and gave him a brief hug, "Thanks, Harry." She pulled back before he got a chance to return the gesture but noticed that she was blushing as she backed away. Her confidence seemed to leave her after that as she only glanced up at his eyes, "I... uh... I'll see you later. I need to get cleaned up." With that she hurried toward the door, no longer interested in the duels.

There was a scream of pain from the last of the duels taking place and he recognized the voice. Susan squared off against Zacharias Smith and her left arm was hanging limply at her side as she erected a shield to stop his next spell. Bone-Breakers were legal in dueling, so it didn't bring a stop to the match, but that was certainly more painful than anything he'd chosen to use during his matches.

It looked to Harry like Smith was being particularly vicious in his attempts to beat Susan. *If I didn't know any better I would think that there's something personal going on there*. He had to admire as Susan's resolve as she fought through the pain.

And in the end, she managed to win the duel. Hitting Smith with a Stickfast Hex, he ended up glued to the spot, struggling to move and nearly losing his grip on his own wand in the process. Susan ended the duel just as brutally as Zach was trying to, a bludgeoner to his head knocked him out cold. He rag-dolled to the floor, a dark blue and purple bruise started forming on his temple before he even hit the ground.

Professor Sprout sounded irate as she announced, "Winner, Bones." Walking over to the unconscious Hufflepuff student, she woke him and scowled down at him. The whole crowd watched as he swallowed nervously as he was pulled to his feet. Walking past Susan who was holding back tears from her broken arm she told her, "Get up to see Madame Pomphrey, dear."

Susan nodded, her copper hair bobbing around her. Hannah and Daphne both hurried over to their friend. Harry found himself standing next to Hermione as Dumbledore spoke, "That brings an end to our

qualifying tournaments for the day. Well done to everyone, there are salves at the door that should be enough to heal most injuries.”

“So, who got the other Gryffindor spot?” Harry asked Hermione who startled a little, not having realized he was next to her.

Noticing that he was resisting the urge to chuckle at her, she smacked his shoulder which only made him laugh, “Neville ended up getting the spot. He won his last match against Seamus. Fay and Ron tied for third and will be alternates if either of you can’t participate for some reason.”

“Good for him,” Harry looked over at the young Longbottom to see that Hannah had left Susan and was talking with him animatedly. *Looks like somebodies got an admirer.*

Making his way over to Susan, he joined his Hufflepuff friend just as Daphne pleaded with her, “You really should listen and head up to the infirmary.”

Obstinately, she shook her head, “I’ve dealt with dozens of broken bones before. I’ll be able to take care of it myself. Hannah knows I’ll be fine, don’t worry about it.” Daphne noticed Harry’s approach and gave him a pleading look. Harry wasn’t anyone to be demanding someone else take an injury seriously, but the Slytherin clearly thought that he’d be able to convince their friend.

“Come on Susie, you know that it’s better to have someone else take care of it,” he reasoned with her, “It’s not like you’re missing any bones. She’ll have you in and out of their in no time.”

“No really...”

“Do I have to carry you?” She still looked defiant, so Harry took matters into his own hands. He moved toward her and she didn’t stop him as he picked her up underneath the knee, careful not to cause any undue pressure on her arm, “I wasn’t joking.”

“Put me down, Harry!” Susan demanded, beating one hand against her good hand against his chest ineffectively. She regretted it as the movement caused a shot of pain to her other arms.

Ignoring her cries, he glanced back at Daphne. The lovely blonde looked amused at her friend’s predicament, “I’ll make sure she gets taken care of.”

“Good,” Daphne chuckled out, though he didn’t see the longing look from the girl as he carried Susan toward the door.

As they neared the enchanted staircase, they got a few odd looks from people who hadn’t been in the Great Hall, but neither of them paid it any mind. As they started their ascent up to the first floor, and the Hospital Wing, Susan cradled her arm as she nestled comfortably into Harry’s chest, “Oh, now you’re not protesting, huh?”

Susan blushed as she met his eye, “Well you’re comfortable. And if you’re willing to carry me, I might as well take advantage.”

Shaking his head, he reached the landing and made the familiar march to the infirmary, “So, any reason that Smith seemed to be **trying** to hurt you?”

“He might’ve asked me if I would go on the first Hogsmeade weekend with him... and I might’ve told him absolutely not.” Susan told him softly.

“Oh, did his winning personality not win you over? Do self-important prats not do it for you?” If it weren’t for the fact that Smith at least wasn’t a bully, he’d be no better than Malfoy.

They reached the double door’s to Madame Pomphrey’s domain as Susan giggled at his silliness, “No, definitely not. I appreciate someone with confidence but he takes it ten steps too far.”

Walking her over to the nearest bed, he placed her down gently as the matron hurried over, “Good to see you without any painful or life-threatening wounds, Mr. Potter. Happened during the dueling I take it, Miss Bones?”

“Yes, ma’am. Bone-Breaker”

“She wanted to take care of it herself. I wasn’t having any of it.” Harry tattled on her, earning a betrayed look from the Hufflepuff.

Pomphrey tutted, “You know better dear, I’ll have you out of here in a jiffy. When Mr. Potter is the voice of reason, you ought to know you’re being ridiculous.”

“Hey! I’m not that bad.”

Pomphrey gave him an entirely unimpressed look, “Would you like to pull up your sleeve and prove it, Mr. Potter.” Harry absently rubbed at the basilisk fang sized scar near his elbow, and shook his head, “I thought not.”

“Now as for you,” she returned her attention to Susan, “Lucky for you, it was a properly cast spell.” Waving her wand, the arm was set in a splint, ensuring that the broken bone would mend together cleanly. With another wave of her wand, there was a popping sound as the bones fused together. Susan winced but otherwise didn’t show any evidence of her pain. The splint was vanished as quickly as it appeared.

While Pomphrey went over to the potion’s cabinet, Harry gave Susan a look, “See, I told you. It didn’t even take five minutes.” Susan rolled her eyes but couldn’t hide her small smile.

Returning with two small vials, the matron handed them to her patient, “Take the first one now, it’ll stop any swelling and strengthen the healed bone. Take the other one before bed tonight and you’ll be right as rain.”

“Thank you, Madam Pomphrey.” Susan stood from the bed, testing her arm to make sure that everything was alright. The two teenagers walked together out of the infirmary and stopped in the corridor, “Thanks for bringing me up here, Harry.”

He waved her off, “You would’ve done the same thing for me.”

“I would’ve needed a levitation charm to carry you though.” They both laughed at that. Susan stopped when her stomach rumbled rather loudly. Blushing at the noise, she was quick to explain, “Was a bit nervous this morning and couldn’t eat, then I worked up even more of an appetite while we were dueling.”

Harry certainly wasn't going to tease her about it, "Still a while until supper..."

"Do you want to come to the kitchens with me?" She asked eagerly and a bit more loudly than was perfectly necessary. That was one place that Harry had never been in the castle, he liked the idea of seeing something new.

"Sure." Following behind the beautiful young woman, he glanced briefly down at her wide hips clad in tight jeans. Her hair was in its usual braid halfway down her back, and she wore a tight, long-sleeved black shirt.

"So how do you know where the kitchens are?" Harry asked her as they made their way towards the basement.

"They're not far from our Common Room. Most of the Hufflepuffs pop in when we're feeling a bit peckish." *Lucky buggers. Only advantage of Gryffindor Tower is it's easy to get to Astronomy.*

They reached the basement corridor. Despite being far down in the old castle just like the dungeons, they were far warmer and far less intimidating. It was brightly lit as they walked down the corridor passing a little nook with a stack of barrels on the right. There were some unused rooms, and others that were used as storage over the years. The entire corridor was covered in food themed paintings and scenes.

Harry could bash his head against the wall, that how frustrated he was when he felt it. That all too common spike of arousal shot through him as they passed another of those unused classrooms. The athletic trousers he wore were tight but elastic, so his substantial length pressed against the fabric obviously without being too painful. His sudden erection made it nearly impossible to walk naturally. *Fucking hell! Susan's gonna think I'm sodding perv! Why now?*

They were nearing a painting of a bowl of fruit, though there were still two rooms between them and it, when Susan turned to look at him. He didn't know what made her do it, and he was dreading what she would notice. Though for his part, he couldn't help but notice that her already dark-blue eyes, looked almost black as they caught the light of the flame-lit corridor.

Instinctually, the young redhead looked down toward his crotch and her breath caught in her throat. There'd been a change in the air around them as they walked together. Susan attributed it to the fact she was alone with the boy that she fancied. Understandably her mind couldn't help to go to the dream she'd had just the night before... or the dozen other ones she'd had the nights before that. The fact that he'd held her in his arms not even ten minutes prior certainly wasn't helping matters either. Her eyes locked on the obvious impression of his cock.

There was a charge in the air, as it grew heavier with... something. Harry was pleased to see that Susan didn't run or yell at him... or worse. No, instead she licked her lips and glanced from his crotch to his mouth. Her eyes fixated on his lips for what felt like an eternity. Unsure what to do in the silence, Harry made to speak, "Sus..."

Leaning up, she seemed to have made her mind up about something as she pressed her lips to his fiercely. Her hand came up and rested against his chest as she pressed her soft chest against him. He could feel her hard nipples through the layer of clothes between them as she pushed against him during the kiss. The little bit of stimulation made her whimper into his mouth.

Pulling back to look him in the eye, her hand drifted down to his crotch and ghosted along his covered length, "Is... that because of me?"

Harry blinked at her owlishly as he bit back a moan, he still couldn't say exactly what was causing this but he wasn't going to tell a sexy girl that when she had her hand on his cock, "Yes." Given the turn this'd taken he didn't think it would be a good idea to say sorry.

"So that's my fault?" she asked with a little whine to her voice. He nodded wide-eyed, "Well I think I should be the one to fix the problem then." Grabbing his hand, she pulled him toward the nearest door. It was locked, but a quickly cast *Alohomora* saw it open as Susan rushed them inside. The room was filled with old chairs and desks. Recasting the locking charm quickly, the redhead pushed him toward one of the old chairs.

"Sit down." She told him casting more than a simple *Colloportus*. *Well, she certainly doesn't want to be interrupted.* Listening to her command, the old chair creaked beneath his weight but held perfectly fine as he settled. His cock throbbed in desperate need, and his hand reached down to give it a squeeze through his trousers.

"No," Susan stopped him firmly as she approached him. There was a wild look in her eye that he'd never seen there before, "I'm going to take care of that." She kneeled between his legs, and her hands went right for the top of his trousers.

Slipping her fingers beneath both his trousers and pants she pulled them down together. His dick slapped harshly against his own covered abs and left a stain of precum on his shirt. Susan stared at his appendage with a bit of wonder, lust, and fear in equal measure, "Wow... that's... bigger than I dreamed about." She reached up with one warm, soft hand and wrapped it around his girthy length. The gentle touch made him shudder, and she smiled up at him as it throbbed in her hand.

"I've... I've only done this a couple of times..." she admitted, seemingly embarrassed, "and he wasn't nearly this big." Leaning in she licked up his length, trying to get the hot flesh wet as she could possibly manage.

Her hand glided up to the top of his shaft and gathered the bead of crystal-clear precum that formed on at his slit on her thumb. Groaning, Harry felt wonderful as he watched the busty young Hufflepuff work diligently to pleasure his cock.

Slowly but surely, his length glistened in the low light of the room as she made it slick with the moisture of her spit and his juices. At some point, he realized that she had something very specific in mind as her approach changed to ensure that his length was absolutely drenched in spittle and lubrication. He didn't know what exactly she was trying to do but it felt wonderful all the same. Seemingly pleased with her handiwork she let go of his shaft, much to his displeasure. He shivered slightly as cool air touched his cock.

But what she did next distracted him from that sensation. Her hands went to the hem of her shirt, and she pulled it over her head in one fluid motion. Underneath, her massive mammaries were contained within a striped black and yellow sports bra. Though contained was being a bit generous as the stretchy material struggled with the swell of her incredible tits. They were beautiful and full, and even contained within the bra, they seemed to defy gravity.

That was when she did something that Harry didn't expect. Leaning up slightly higher on her knees, Susan took a hold of his length and brought it to the bottom of her bosom as she pulled the stretchy lower band of the garment away from her chest. The head of his cock slipped beneath the black band and into the incredibly soft, pillowy embrace of her cleavage. *Well, this is new.* He could feel the racing beat of her heart against his shaft. And he had no doubt that she could feel the veins of his cock throb and beat along with his own, so tight was the press of her tits.

Now he understood why she'd been so dead set on ensuring that his shaft was wet as possible. Settling down so that her bum rested on her heels, His cock glided through the her wonderful tit-flesh, aided by all that wonderful lubrication she lavished it with. Poking out the top of her cleavage, it kept going until it prodded at the tender flesh of Susan's neck. Looking down at his shaft, she smiled when Harry shuddered and breathed out quickly.

Throwing his head back, he didn't see the smile directed at him as he tightened his fist to fight off the pleasure, "This... is the first time I've done this." Susan told him, "I figured a cock that big would fit perfectly between my big tits."

"Fucking right... it does." His cursing caused her to blush, and he couldn't believe that a girl with her breasts wrapped around his shaft could be embarrassed by a bit of cursing, so that meant something else, "Do you like it when I swear and tell you how much I love the feel of your ridiculous fucking tits wrapped around my massive knob."

Susan whimpered slightly at the back of her throat as she started dragging her bust up and down his shaft. She made sure his crown disappeared from sight before forcing it back through the valley of her cleavage, "I **really** like it."

Her face was flushed from the effort as she started panting with each delicious stroke of her cleavage along his shaft. Her hands moved to the side of her tits, making that tantalizing tunnel even tighter around him. It felt fantastic to have the busty redhead using her pillowy flesh to hug his length. Reaching down, his fingers tweaked at the obvious impression of her nipples through the stretchy material of Susan's bra.

Her dark-blue eyes fluttered shut as they rolled back toward the back of her head. Her motions became uneven and rough as she shuddered and shook, "Oh... fuck." Her hips spasmed beneath her as a flood of her own arousal stained her knickers and jeans.

"Did you just cum from getting your sensitive little nipple played with?" Harry asked her, doing everything he could to hold back his own climax.

Nodding shyly, Susan wasn't looking him in the eye, "They're... very sensitive. I've only ever managed to do that myself though."

"So, I'm the first person that's ever made you come because of those insane, oversensitive tits of yours. Wicked." Her eyes found him wide with surprise. Realizing he wasn't going to tease her at all, she gave him a beaming smile as she returned to the task at hand. She wanted him to cum, and she wanted it soon from the way she pounded his cock between his tits. Her neck became stained with his precum as he got closer and closer to his peak.

Reaching down again, Harry slipped his fingers beneath the thin material of her bra and found the hardened nipple. He didn't want to be only one to get something out of this, and if he could give her another orgasm before he finished, he would.

Tilting her head down, she poked her little pink tongue out and licked at his bulbous purple cockhead. That was enough to trigger his orgasm. His hips shot off the chair and the chair beneath him creaked in protest as he leaned heavily against it. His fingers twisted against Susan's nipple right on the edge of being painful.

Whimpering, she shuddered through her own orgasm as his thick, wonderfully warm seed painted her chin and upper chest. Grabbing onto her shoulder with his free hand, he humped against the pillowy flesh, as he spurted again and again. The milky white cum pooled at the top of her cleavage and stained the stretchy material of her bra. One rope spurted up and landed near Susan's eye and trailed down to her lips.

Moaning, she licked her lips. That first taste triggered something in her as she started ravenously getting as much of his seed into her mouth as she could manage, "Hmm... so good." He'd become used to this little quirk of his and wasn't going to question it now. He watched, transfixed as she cleaned herself with nothing more than her fingers and tongue. Grabbing one of her heaving breasts, she lifted it to her mouth and was able to clean the supple flesh with surprising effectiveness.

Licking her fingers clean, Harry just watched that sexy sight. When she felt she'd gotten everything, she looked at Harry feeling a bit embarrassed, "Sorry... wasn't expecting it to taste so... fantastic."

Harry shook his head, "Don't apologize. I liked watching."

Ducking her head, Susan's eyes snapped to his after a moment, looking serious, "I... I wouldn't normally do something like this, so I think it goes without saying... but I really fancy you." Harry knew that things could get complicated, that now Susan was just another girl who'd have to learn of his odd circumstances, but he wouldn't lie and say he didn't like the bodacious redhead.

"I think you're pretty great too, Susie!" The beaming smile that he got in return lit up her eyes and he couldn't help but smile back. Both teenagers forgot about the kitchens, entirely. And funnily enough, Susan found she wasn't even hungry anymore.