

The Power of Parseltongue

Chapter 1

(Disclaimer: Hogwarts starts at 18 in the story. There was no snake summoned during the incident between Harry and Malfoy in second year. Harry discovers he's a Parselmouth when he talks to a snake in front of Hagrid while visiting his cabin.)

Harry sat in a large, comfy chair in Professor Dumbledore's office, watching in amazement as the memory of his encounter with Tom Riddle and Slytherin's Basilisk collapsed back down into the Pensive. It was only a short time after he had returned with Ginny, Ron, Fawkes, and Lockhart. He found it odd to be watching something he just did like it was a show on the telly.

"Thank you for allowing us to see your memory, Harry. That is quite possibly the single greatest act of bravery I have ever witnessed." Dumbledore said, looking down at him over the edge of his half-moon glasses, smiling like a proud grandfather.

Harry ducked his head and shrugged, his face heating up in embarrassment from the praise. Mrs. Weasley rushed over to him and grabbed him in a crushing hug, sniffing as she thanked him over and over. She had spent most of the time watching the memory in tears. He patted her on the back hesitantly, not really sure how to react until Mr. Weasley pulled her away from him, hugging her tightly as she cried.

"Thank you, Harry." Mr. Weasley said, his voice choked with emotion. "There's nothing we can ever do to repay you for saving Ginny like that, but, if you ever need anything, we'll do anything we can to help you."

“It was nothing, Mr. Weasley.” Harry muttered quietly, feeling uncomfortable at the unusual feeling of being praised.

“Harry.” Dumbledore called, getting his attention. “Why don’t you head down to the Hospital Wing and have Madam Pomphrey take a look at you. I want to make sure you don’t have any lingering effects from being bitten by the Basilisk.”

“Sure, Professor.” Harry said, hopping to his feet, grateful for the escape.

With a wave to Ron and Ginny, Harry left the Headmaster’s office and meandered through the halls, headed to the Great Hall. It was the first time he really had a chance to take a breath and unwind since they had found out Ginny had been into the Chamber of Secrets. He was lost in his own thoughts and it was almost a surprise when he found himself standing in front of the door to the Infirmary. Oddly, at half past three in the morning, he could hear voices coming from inside. Easing the door open, he quietly slipped inside and closed the door behind him.

“Harry!” A familiar and much missed voice came from behind him in the dark room.

With only the moon light streaming in through the windows illuminating the room, it took his eyes a moment to adjust and a few more for his tired brain to register what he was seeing.

“Hermione!” He yelled in shock, rushing over to the bed where she was sitting up.

Jumping off of the bed, Hermione met him just as he reached her and hugged him tightly.

“I was so worried.” She said tearfully, her face buried in his neck. “When I woke up, I tried to warn Professor Dumbledore, but you had already gone down into the Chamber to find Ginny and no one knew what happened to you.”

“I’m fine.” Harry assured her. “Everyone’s fine, well, nearly.”

Hermione raised her head up to look at him sharply and he rushed to calm her down and explain.

“Ron and Ginny are fine, but when Lockhart tried to Oblivate us, his spell backfired and hit him instead. He doesn’t even know his own name now.” He told her, smirking.

“He tried to Oblivate you!?” She asked shrilly.

“What is going on here?” Madam Pomphrey asked disapprovingly, bustling over to them.

When Harry looked over at her, he noticed that Justin Finch-Fletchley and Penelope Clearwater were sitting up in bed, watching him curiously.

“Sorry, Madam Pomphrey. Professor Dumbledore told me to come down and get checked out, but I feel fine.” He added at the end as she pulled out her wand to scan him, waving his hands.

“I’ll be the judge of that.” She told him sternly. “Now, what happened?”

“Er, I was bit by a Basilisk.” He muttered quietly and quickly.

“WHAT!?” Hermione and Madam Pomphrey yelled in unison, looks of horror on their faces.

Pomphrey grabbed his arm and practically shoved him onto the bed next to Hermione, her wand waving over him frantically. His skin tingled from the sheer number of spells she was casting on him, making the small hairs on his arms stand on end.

“I’m fine, Fawkes healed me.” Harry told her, only to be ignored.

“Harry, explain. Now.” Hermione said, hands on her hips as she gave him her best McGonagall stare.

Sighing, Harry told her the story of what happened, acutely aware that everyone else in the room was listening in. When he got to the part about opening the sink leading under the school, he almost unintentionally told them about being a Parselmouth. He managed to stop himself at the last second, but Hermione noticed his slip. Her stare promised that she would demand an explanation later. He eventually finished his story, and after a thorough check up, Madam Pomphrey proclaimed him to be in perfect health. Bustling around the room, her checked up on her other patients, proclaiming them fine as well.

“Does this mean we can go back to our dorms now?” Penelope asked, looking hopeful.

Harry could imagine she wanted to leave after finding out she had been stuck in the Hospital wing for months. Madam Pomphrey pursed her lips, looking at them in contemplation for several long seconds.

“Well, I suppose there’s no reason I need to keep you here. But,” she said loudly, cutting off their celebration. “If you feel any stiffness or loss of mobility, I want you to come straight back here, is that clear?”

Hermione, Justin, and Penelope assured her they would and stood up, eager to leave. Harry left with Hermione, following the other two until they split off in different directions at the staircase. Harry could feel the long day catching up with him, yawning as he climbed through the portrait. He was looking forward to crawling into his nice warm bed, but Hermione grabbed him by the arm and pushed him onto the couch near the fire and sat down next to him. Harry sighed, knowing he would get no rest until she got the answers she wanted.

“You let something out when you were talking about opening the sink, you never told us *how* you opened it.” She said, narrowing her eyes.

Glancing around the empty common room just to make sure it was empty. He knew it would just be best to tell her so he could go to sleep.

“This stays just between us, okay? People will freak if they find out.” He said, giving her a serious look to which Hermione nodded.

Harry took a deep breath. “I’m a Parselmouth.”

Her eyes went wide, and she covered her mouth with her hand as she stared at him. He waited anxiously to hear what she would say. It was unlikely that she would hold it against him, but the thought still niggled at the back of his mind.

“What? How? I thought Voldemort was the only Parselmouth left in Britain.” She said in a rush.

“He is. Dumbledore thinks that he transferred some of his powers, including Parseltongue, to me when he gave me my scar.” He told her pointing at his forehead. “Hagrid saw me talking to a snake that was outside his cabin when I went to visit him earlier in the year. He warned me not to tell anyone because they might not react well.”

“I hate to say it, but he’s right. A lot of dark wizards have been Parselmouths.” She told him.

“Yeah, he told me. It doesn’t bother you, does it?” He asked nervously.

“Oh, Harry. Of course, it doesn’t. You’re my best friend, I’m not going to turn on you just because you can talk to snakes.” She assured him, hugging him again.

When she pulled back, she bit her lips, looking at him like she wanted to say something, but wasn’t sure if she should.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Can I heard you say something in Parseltongue? I just want to hear what it sounds like.” She asked cautiously.

Harry looked around the room once again to make sure they were alone, then closed his eyes a pictured a snake in his mind.

“*Open.*” He said, not knowing if he was speaking in Parseltongue or not, due to it all sounding like English to him.

There was a loud *click* and a gasp from Hermione. Opening his eyes, Harry saw her staring wide eyed and looking down at her lap. Standing up, a pair of metal knickers fell down her legs from under her hospital gown.

“Um, Hermione, why are you wearing metal knickers?” He asked, his voice laced with confusion.

Hermione didn’t answer, instead, she threw herself at him, hugging him tightly. Her braless breasts pressed against his arm, only her thin gown separating them from touching his arm. Harry swallowed thickly, his member stiffening in his pants.

“Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.” She chanted.

“Hermione, can you please explain to me what’s going on?” He asked, hoping she didn’t notice the rather large bulge in the front of his trousers.

Hermione sighed in exasperation as she pulled back from the hug. "I really wish you and Ron would read *Hogwarts, A History*."

Harry rolled his eyes but smiled at her typical response.

"If you had, you would know that the Founders put a charm on the castle that fits all girls with chastity belts when they arrive at Hogwarts and they don't disappear until you turn twenty-four. It's barbaric, I can't believe they haven't done something to stop it yet." She indignantly.

"Why?" He asked.

"Because Magical Britain is stuck in the dark ages." Hermione ranted. "Marriage contracts are still a big part of the culture, and nearly all of them require the female to be a virgin when she marries. A lot of girls born in the magical world are entered into a marriage contract by their parents as soon as they show any sign of magic. The worst part is, there are laws purebloods can use to force girls into contracts."

By the time she was done, Hermione was huffing in rage, her hands balled into fists so tight her knuckles were a pale white.

"That's horrible." Harry said, genuinely surprised that something like that was allowed.

"The only way to really protect yourself is to-" She started, but broke off mid-sentence, looking up at him sharply with a contemplative look on her face.

“Is to what?” He asked.

“Well, almost all of the contracts require the girl to be a virgin. So, if they weren’t, they couldn’t be forced into a contract. Normally, with the chastity belts that Hogwarts force on us, that’s not an option, but since you can get them off...” She broke off again, her expression going from nervous to determined in just a couple of seconds.

“Hermione?” He called.

“Harry, I need you to sleep with me.” She said with resolve.

“What?” He barked in shock.

“I refuse to let those bigoted idiots in the Ministry tell me who I’m going to marry. It’s my choice, they have no right to make that decision for me.” She told him, her voice full of righteous indignation, then she took his hand in hers and looked at him pleadingly. “Please, Harry, you’re the only person I trust to do this with.”

Harry sat silently for several seconds as he thought it through. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to have sex with Hermione, far from it. He had fantasized about his beautiful best friend regularly since meeting her on the train. The only thing holding him back, was the concern that it might cause problems with their friendship and make things awkward, or worse, ruin their friendship. There was one other large consideration however, and that was something that Harry understood very well. Freedom. Growing up with the Dursley’s, he knew what it was like to have your decision made for you, to have your freedom of choice taken away by people that only cared for themselves. In the end, he couldn’t, in good conscience, tell her no.

“Just promise me that this won’t make things weird between us, okay. I don’t want to lose you as a friend.” Harry said seriously.

“I promise.” She said, then leaned in to give him a hug. “Thank you.”

When she let go and pulled back, there was an awkward moment where their faces were close together and they looked at each other nervously. After a few seconds, the tension was broken when they both started laughing.

“Sorry.” Hermione said, looking at her hands. “I’ve never done anything like this before. I haven’t even had my first kiss.”

“Neither have I.” He admitted.

Harry felt a little better knowing that it was first time, too. They sat for a long moment, neither knowing what to do. Harry sighed, deciding he need to break the silence.

“We should probably do this some place other than the common room.” Harry told her, realizing that anyone could walk in on them.

Hermione looked up at him with a surprised look and then looked around the room, as if just realizing where they were. Biting her lips cutely, she took on a thoughtful look before grabbing his hand and standing up.

“Come with me.” She told him, pulling him off the couch.

Walking over to one of the Gryffindor tapestries hanging on the wall, Hermione pulled out her wand and traced it along the edge. Muttering a spell he didn't quite catch, there was a loud click causing the tapestry and the wall behind it to swing open. Peeking inside, the torches along the wall sputtered to life, revealing a miniature version of the Gryffindor common room. There was a fireplace, couch, two chairs, a low table, and a few bookcases along the wall.

“These are the rooms for the Head Boy and Girl if they're from Gryffindor. Since the Hed Boy is a Ravenclaw and the Head Girl is a Slytherin, no one's using them right now.” She explained, walking into the room.

Harry followed her in, the door closing behind him. Hermione walked over to one of two doors along one wall and opened it. Inside was a bedroom, complete with bookcases, a large four-poster bed and a big Mahogany desk. Harry's pulse began to race as he followed her inside and closed the door behind him. He wiped his sweaty palms on his pants and tried to adjust his erection, so it wasn't so noticeable. Of course, Hermione chose that moment to turn around, her eyes widening when she saw him adjusting the large lump in the front of his pants. He blushed as she stared at him, sticking his hands in his pockets to hold his shaft against his leg.

“Is-Is that because of me?” She asked, her voice squeaking at the end.

“Er, yeah, sorry.” He muttered lamely.

“No, no, it's fine. I just, I never knew you saw me that way.” She rambled, nervously talking with her hands. “So, um, how should we do this?”

Harry shrugged, just as clueless as she was with this sort of thing. "We could just start slow and work our way up, or do you just want to get it over with?"

It was pretty obvious that he was attracted to her, but he still didn't know how she felt about him.

"Maybe we should start slow." She said.

Nodding, neither of them moved for a moment. Taking a deep breath, Harry decided to just take the plunge and walked up to her, resting his hands on her hips. Hermione put her hands on his chest and then moved then over to his arms, as if unsure where to put them. Feeling his heart beating a mile a minute, he leaned down, tilted his head to the side and kissed her softly on the lips. They were both hesitant at first, but quickly everything just seemed to naturally fall into place, and they were kissing heatedly. Harry wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her body tightly against his and squashing her breasts into his hard chest. Hermione moaned into his mouth as her tongue caressed his, her hands moving from his arms to thread through his hair.

Gathering her hospital gown in his hands, he started pulling it up to her waist. Pulling back from her, both of them breathing slightly harder than normal. Giving her a questioning look and tugging on her gown, she bit her lip and gave a jerky nod. Harry looked down at her long, smooth legs and pulled the gown up higher, revealing her light blue panties. Continuing to pull it up further over her toned stomach, Hermione raised her arms as he pulled it up over her perky breasts. Lifting the gown over her head and tossing it to the floor, Harry never took his eyes off of her perfect tits, just the right size, perky, and topped with light pink nipples. Seeing her fidget in place, he realized how nervous she must feel.

"God, you're beautiful Hermione." He told her, placing his hands on her waist again.

She blushed prettily and smiled shyly at him. Deciding to even things up a bit, he grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it off over his head. As she stared at his toned chest, he reached down and opened his pants before stepping out of them, his large erection straining against the front of his boxers. Her eyes locked on to his impressive bulge and her hand moved as if to reach out for it, but she paused halfway and reached for his hand instead. Pulling him over to the bed, she crawled onto it backwards and scooted back until she was in the middle, pulling him over top of her. When they were settled, Harry rested his hand on her stomach and slid it up until his thumb rubbed the bottom of her breast. When she didn't move to stop him, he took her breast in his hand, squeezing it experimentally.

After a few moments, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for another kiss. Harry let go of her chest and moved between her leg, his erection pressed right against her hot, panty covered slit. Supporting himself on his elbows, Harry kissed her heatedly as he ground into her, forcing a moan from her lips. Hermione's hips bucked up against him, grinding herself against his straining erection. Soon, she was writhing under him, pulling her lips away from his to take gasping breaths. Harry watched in surprise as she closed her eyes and shook, her hips humping against him spasmodically as she reached a sudden climax. It was an incredible sight to watch his straightlaced friend look so wanton and sexy. Bending down, he kissed and nipped at her neck as she moaned at the end of her orgasm.

"I want you." She breathed into his ear, her voice husky and seductive.

Pulling back to look at her, she stared at him with a hooded gaze, her warm brown eyes darkened with lust. Giving her a peck on the lips, he sat up on his knees, grabbed the waistband of her damp panties, and pulled them off of her legs. He stared at her bald, glistening slit for a moment as he tossed her panties aside, the scent of her arousal filling the room. Harry pulled off his boxers and looked up to find her staring hungrily at his raging hard cock, the head swollen and purple from his excitement. As he climbed back over her, she reached down and took him in her hand, drawing a gasp from his lips. Stroking him a few times, she ran the head of his cock through her wet, hot lips a couple of times before placing him at her entrance.

Looking down at her to make sure she was ready, he pushed forward and eased his cock into her, stretching her lips over his girth. As his head sank into her hot, smooth core, Hermione arched her back and gasped. Going slow so as not to hurt her, he eased inch after inch of his length into her tight pussy, reveling in the feeling of her smooth, hot walls hugging his shaft. When he bottomed out, she wrapped her legs around him, trapping him in place.

“Give me a minute.” She panted with her eyes closed.

Harry held still and caressed one of her breasts while he gave her time to adjust, his thumb teasing her stiff, pink nipple. Hermione moaned and opened her eyes. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled him down and kissed him fiercely. When she started grinding her hips, Harry pulled out a couple of inches and pushed back in, making her gasp against his lips. Since she didn't tell him to stop, he did it again and again, gradually picking up speed. Soon, he was forced to stop kissing her as she tilted her head back, gasping and moaning in pleasure. Her nails dug into his back as she shook and writhed, her walls fluttering around him. One thing that was becoming abundantly clear, as she groaned loudly in her second orgasm, was that Hermione came very easily. That, or he was some sort of sex god, which seemed unlikely. It did make his pride swell to see such a beautiful girl writhing in pleasure underneath him.

As she came down from her second climax, Harry was feeling much more confident with the situation. Pulling his cock out of her tight grasp, she moaned in disappointment and looked at him questioningly.

“Roll over on your hands and knees.” Harry told her, stroking his wet cock.

Giving him a lustful, hungry look, she did as she was told. One of the things Harry liked most about her body was her full, round ass. As soon as she was on all fours, Harry took her cheeks in his hands, squeezing them roughly as he groped her. Waddling up behind her on his knees, he lined his cock up with her tightly slit and sank his full length back into her welcoming hole. Grabbing her wide hips, he pulled more than halfway out of her before slamming back in, his

thighs clapping loudly against her ass, making the round, pale globes jiggle with the impact. Hermione yelped and collapsed onto her chest, her back arching beautifully with her ass still in the air. Over and over, Harry slammed his cock into her quivering core, drawing the sexiest noises he had ever heard from her lips. Over the next few minutes, as he slowly built to his own climax, Hermione came again and again, her tight pussy spasming on his length and leaking copiously.

Feeling his climax approach, Harry slammed into her at a brutal frantic pace, making Hermione scream into the mattress as she came yet again. Burying his cock into her as deep as possible, he held himself there as he came, numerous jets of hot cum splashing forcefully against her fluttering walls. By the time he was done, there was a small stream of cum leaking out around the base of his shaft. When he pulled out, Hermione collapsed onto the mattress, her body jerking occasionally as jolts of pleasure ran through her body. Seeing Hermione fucked into oblivion was such an erotic sight that it kept him from going soft. Rolling her over, he pushed into her again, getting a grunt of surprised. Smiling down at her, he kissed her on the lips and rolled both of them over, so she was on top. As she pushed herself up with her hands on his chest, Harry reached up and groped her bouncing breasts as she began to ride his cock.

For the rest of the night, Hermione was trapped in an orgasmic daze as Harry fucked her over and over, driving her to orgasm after orgasm. He ended up cumming inside of her five times, leaving her pussy a cum filled mess as she curled up on her side, hands covering her slit. Despite feeling like he could still go again, Harry knew she could take anymore. Hermione had probably cum more times tonight than she had in the last year combined, he thought. It was incredible how often and how easy she could climax. Laying behind her and holding her tightly against his chest, he threw the covers over them and felt the night's activities catching up with him. As she drifted off to sleep, he desperately hoped Hermione would be willing to do this again.

Chapter 2

It had been a long, lonely summer for Harry. Three days after returning triumphantly from the Chamber of Secrets, the school year had ended, and he was sent back to the hell that was Number 4 Privet Drive. After having sex with Hermione for a good portion of those last three days, it was extremely difficult to go without for the next two months. He partially blamed his

sexual frustration for the bout of accidental magic he performed on his Aunt Marge. Mercifully, he was allowed to stay at Diagon Alley for the final three weeks of his summer vacation, back in the world where he belonged. The day before returning to school, he was surprised and pleased to find the Weasley clan, along with Hermione and her parents, waiting for him at the Leaky Cauldron when he went downstairs for breakfast.

There was a rush to greet him when they saw him standing still in surprise at the bottom of the stairs. After a hearty pat on the back from Ron and the twins, and the customary crushing hug from Mrs. Weasley, Hermione made her way through the crowd of red heads to hug him tightly. Harry luxuriated in the feeling of her soft, curvaceous figure being pressed against his body after so long. He dearly wished they could find some excuse to disappear upstairs for a couple of hours, but he doubted they could get away with it. Far too soon, she pulled back, smiling brightly at him, and he couldn't help but smile back. Grabbing his hand, she led him over to her parents who were watching them curiously at the back of the group.

"Mum, Dad, this is Harry, my boyfriend." Hermione said, biting her lip.

Harry fidgeted nervously as her parents looked at him for a moment, before greeting him pleasantly. Fortunately for him, Hermione's description of him had been rather flattering. After being properly introduced to her parents, Dan and Emma, the sizable group of boisterous red heads led the way through the alley to get everyone's school supplies. Despite the ceaseless teasing from Fred and George, Harry's spirits were raised greatly by spending time with his friends again. They were raised even further when he was informed that everyone would be spending the night at the Leaky Cauldron before making the short trip to King's Cross station in the morning.

After a long day of shopping, they all returned to the Leaky Cauldron and separated into their separate rooms to put away their things and turn in for the night. His hope for getting to spend some alone time with his new girlfriend was crushed when he found out that she would be sharing a room with her parents. He consoled himself with the fact that he still had a room to himself, away from Ron's incessant snoring, and that they would be back at Hogwarts the next day. Harry laid down in bed and was just about to drift off to sleep when his door opened and a

distinctive, bushy haired silhouette slipped into his room. Harry smiled widely as he tapped his wand against the lantern on the bedside table, illuminating the room as Hermione stopped next to his bed.

“Hey Harry, can we talk for a minute?” She asked, biting her lip nervously.

“Of course.” Harry said, patting the bed next to him in invitation.

As Hermione climbed onto the bed, he snaked his arm over her stomach and pulled her close to him. Laying on his side next to her as she laid on her back, he leaned down and kissed her heatedly. She reciprocated for several seconds before putting her palms on his chest and pushing him back.

“Hold on. Talk first, then we can have fun.” She told him, trying to sound stern even though her face was flushed, and she was fighting back a smile.

“Alright. What do you want to talk about?” Harry asked as he ran his hand up her stomach to her chest, cupping one of her breasts.

“Harry.” She warned with a hard look.

“I’m listening.” He assured her with a smirk as his thumb ran over her hard nipple, only covered by a thin t-shirt.

Hermione gave up and rolled her eyes at him, but he caught a smile tugging at her lips.

“I’ve been thinking about your Parseltongue ability this summer, and I think I have an idea of how we can change things for the better.” She said, turning serious.

“Okay.” Harry said, motioning her to continue.

“I know a lot of witches at school that are trapped in contracts they can’t get out of because of those horrible chastity belts. It doesn’t seem fair that I’m the only one who can get rid of.” She told him, pausing for a moment.

“So, I should, what, use Parseltongue in the Great Hall during the feast to free everyone?” Harry asked.

“No.” she said firmly. “If you do that, everyone would know about it and they might find a way to put them back on and make it so that Parseltongue won’t work on them again. What I was thinking was that I could ask around, discretely, for witches that want to get out of their belts and contracts. We need to keep this a secret for as long as possible.”

“Okay, I’m fine with that.” Harry told her.

“There’s one other thing.” She added quickly, just as he started leaning down. “Getting the chastity belt off is only part of it. The only real way to keep them from being forced into a contract is if they’re no longer virgins.”

When Hermione didn't continue like he expected, and she continued to look at him nervously, Harry sighed.

"Out with it, Hermione. What's your plan?" He urged her.

"Well, I was just thinking, if they wanted you to help with that..."

"You want me to sleep with other girls!?" He asked incredulously.

"I love you, Harry. And I love sleeping with you. It's just that I don't think I can keep up with you. I barely had time to study the last three days of school. Not that I didn't enjoy it or anything, but you know how much my grades mean to me, and I know how much you like sex." She rambled.

"Easy, Hermione. Are you sure about this?" Harry asked worriedly.

"Yes. I've thought about it a lot. I really don't mind you sleeping with other girls, so long as I get to pick the girls, and I'm the only one you date."

"You're not going to try and hook me up with someone like Bulstrode, are you?" He asked with a fake look of horror.

She smacked him in the chest. "Prat. No, you don't have to sleep with anyone you don't want to. All I'm saying is that if one of the girls you take the chastity belt off of wants to sleep with

you, I don't mind. Just think about it, Harry. If witches aren't forced into contracts anymore, we could change the whole government and force them to stop treating witches and non-pureblood so badly. The amount of control a husband has over their wife is disgusting."

"So, that's what this is about." Harry said in understanding. "You're on a crusade to save the world, aren't you?"

"No, just magical Britain, for now." She replied with a smile.

Harry smiled and shook his head. "If that's what you want, I'm not going to argue with you."

"Good, now come here." Hermione said as she pulled him on top of her to kiss him.

Harry still had a smile on his face as he, Ron, and Hermione boarded the Hogwarts Express. The journey was mostly normal, except for Hermione disappearing for about an hour after saying she needed to use the bathroom. When Ron questioned her about how long she was gone, she gave Harry a significant look when she replied, 'Just talking with a friend.' It wasn't until near the end of the feast that she pulled him aside to talk to him.

"I ran into Daphne Greengrass on the train. She wants you to take the chastity belt off of her." Hermione informed him as she pulled him down one of the less used hallways as students made their way to their common rooms.

"The Slytherin?" Harry asked in surprise.

“Don’t be so small minded, Harry.” She reprimanded him sternly. “Just because she’s a Slytherin doesn’t she deserves to be treated like property for her family to sell.”

“That’s not what I meant.” Harry jumped in. “I’m just surprised she wants help from me. I don’t think I’ve ever even spoken to her before.”

“Oh.” She said, deflating visibly. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have jumped on you like that.”

“It’s alright, I know you get passionate about these things. Just try to remember I’m on your side.” He told her with a smile.

Hermione smiled at him, took his hand in hers and kissed him on the cheek. There was a long moment of companionable silence before she spoke again.

“Daphne said she wants to meet you in the abandoned classroom on the third floor tonight, about an hour before curfew.” She told him.

“Okay.” Harry said, checking his watch. “That’s in about ten minutes. I’ll just go now, and I’ll meet you back in the common room when I’m done.”

“Alright.” Hermione said, leaning up to kiss him on the lips before she walked off back to the common room.

Slowly making his way to the third floor, Harry tried to remember everything he could about Daphne. Unfortunately, that wasn't much. Daphne was a quiet but beautiful dark-haired girl that he'd heard people refer to as cold and emotionless. His only interactions with her were the times he saw her in class where she always stayed to herself. When he reached the abandoned classroom on the third floor, he found it empty. Closing the door most of the way behind him without actually shutting it, he took a seat and waited. It was only a couple of minutes later that the door opened again. In the doorway stood Daphne Greengrass, a very pretty girl with straight dark hair, piercing bright blue eyes, and a thin figure with medium sized breasts.

"Potter." She said by way of greeting, nodding her head as she closed and locked the door behind her before putting up a silencing charm.

"Greengrass." Harry said, unable to hold back a smile.

Although most people described her as cold and intimidating, he couldn't help but find her demeanor more amusing than anything.

"Granger said you can help me get this chastity belt off. Is that true?" She asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Yup." He said, still smiling.

"How?" She demanded.

"Magic." he answered simply.

Daphne gave him an icy glare. Harry raised his hands in surrender but couldn't help but smile just a little bit wider.

"I'm a Parselmouth. When I say open in Parseltongue, it opens the belts. Hermione thinks it's something Slytherin designed into the original spell." Harry explained.

She gave him a curious, thoughtful look for a few seconds before nodding.

"She's probably right. But how are you a Parselmouth? I've never heard of that running in the Potter family." She asked, her eyes narrowing as if trying to solve a rather strange puzzle.

"No idea." Harry told her.

Of course, he knew he got the ability the night Voldemort gave him his scar, but she didn't need to know that. She glared at him again, as if angry that she didn't get the answer she wanted.

"Well, can you get this thing off of me?" She asked in a demanding tone.

"You know, you could at least say please." He said in a teasing tone.

"Potter." She growled at him in a warning tone.

“Alright, alright.” Harry said, raising his hands in surrender again, unable to suppress a smile. “Don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

“You’re insufferable.” She said, flipping her long hair over one shoulder and glaring at him.

Harry smiled and shrugged before closing his eyes and picturing a snake in his mind.

“*Open.*” He hissed.

An audible click told him he was successful. Daphne let out a surprised gasp and reached under her closed robes. A moment later, she had her metal chastity belt in hand. Glaring at it, she threw it across the room, whipped out her wand, and proceeded to hex and curse the thing until it was mangled beyond all recognition.

“Impressive.” He remarked, looking at the twisted, smoking heap of scrap that remained.

“Thank you.” She said, straightening her robes.

“Well, I guess I’ll see you around.” He said, giving her one last smile and a wave.

Before he had even reached the door, Daphne had grabbed his sleeve and pulled him to stop.

“Potter, wait.” She said, moving to stand in front of him. “Granger said you might be willing to help me get rid of something else.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked in surprise, his eyes wide.

“If my father finds out I don’t have the chastity belt before I lose my virginity, he’ll sell me off to the highest bidder as fast as he can.” She said angrily. “If the only way of getting out from under his control is to sleep with you, then so be it. Now, will you help me or not?”

“Yeah, I’ll help. I’m just surprised you chose me, that’s all.” He told her.

Daphne snorted. “I can’t ask anyone in my house, they’re likely to blackmail me, or just try and get a marriage contract out of my father. The Ravenclaws are nearly just as bad, except they’re more likely to just tell my father. The Hufflepuffs are too scared to come near me. Most of Gryffindor hates me for the fact that I’m a Slytherin, and out of the ones that don’t, you’re probably the one I find least repulsive.”

Harry genuinely felt bad for her, but he couldn't help but laugh at being dubbed ‘the least repulsive.’ “I already said I’d help. No need to flatter me.” Harry said jokingly.

Daphne rolled her eyes at him and took off her robe. Harry’s teasing smile turned into a gob smacked look when he saw that she was completely naked underneath. Her perky, grapefruit sized breasts bounced with each step as she walked over to the nearest desk and bent over, sticking out her full, tight ass. After a moment of standing still in shock, Harry shook himself and walked over to her. Running his hands over her smooth cheeks, he knelt down behind her and pulled them apart.

“Potter, what-” Daphne broke off into a moan as he buried his tongue between her tight lips.

Tracing his tongue up and down her slit to get her wet, he pushed his middle finger gently into her hot, wet core. She eagerly moaned and pushed back against him, prompting him to add a second finger while he tilted his head to run the tip of his tongue over her clit.

“Damn it, Potter. I haven’t had an orgasm in two years, just fuck me already.” Daphne barked.

Smirking, Harry stood up and unzipped his pants. Pulling out his rigid cock, he pressed the swollen head against her entrance and pushed forward, sinking into her tight, smooth pussy. Daphne’s legs quivered, struggling to hold herself up as his large cock filled and stretched her tight walls. By the time he bottomed out, she was trembling and panting slightly while gripping the desk tightly.

“Fucking hell, Potter. Are you part Troll?” She groused.

“I can pull out if you want me to.” Harry offered with a smile, knowing she wouldn’t want him to.

“Don’t you fucking dare.” She growled, pushing back against him slightly.

Harry laughed and gently sawed back and forth inside of her, only moving a couple inches at a time. As Daphne moaned, he kept one hand on her hip while the other moved up to her chest, grasping one of her full, firm breasts. Gradually, Harry built up speed until there was a steady

clap clap clap as his thighs slapped against her ass. Sexy gasps, moans and grunts left her lips, growing in volume rapidly. Playing with her stiff pink nipple, he could feel her arousal leaking onto his shaft as her tight, hot walls spasmed around his length. Moments later, she came around his thrusting cock, grunting cutely as her fluids drenched his crotch. Harry wondered if she was just that pent up, or if all witches came that easily.

As she came down from her climax, Harry pulled out of her still clutching snatch turned her around until she was lying on her back on top of the desk. He felt a swell of pride as her eyes widened as she stared down in surprise at the size of his glistening cock. Quickly, he stripped out of his shirt and pants before lining himself up with her entrance again. Grabbing her legs, he hoisted them up so that her knees were bent over his shoulders before he sank back into her welcoming core. Daphne watched with a smoldering look as his length disappeared between her tight lips. Leaning over her, he took one of her pink nipples into his mouth, sucking hard as his hips pumped back and forth. Grabbing two handfuls of his hair, she pulled his mouth to hers for a tongue filled, demanding kiss. When he pulled back to catch his breath a minute later, Daphne stared up at him with a challenging look.

“Come on, Potter. I'm not your girlfriend, stop being gentle and fuck me already.” She taunted him.

With a dark smirk, Harry pulled his cock back until on the head remained inside before slamming back in hard and fast. Daphne gasped and arched her back, thrusting her perky tits up into the air. A long, drawn-out moan came from her throat as he set a hard, brutal pace, pulling most of the way out before slamming into her again and again. Wrapping both of his arms around her legs, he pulled her forward, so her ass was hanging over the edge of the desk and then leaned over her, folding her petite frame nearly in half. Giving up depth for speed, Harry drilled his cock into her grasping, drooling cunt. Daphne screamed as she came again, her nails digging into the skin of his arms as her feet dangled uselessly in the air above him.

Panting and sweating from the exertion, Harry continued to drive into her mercilessly as her face went red, she gasped for air, and her body twitched under him. As soon as one orgasm ended another began, nearly sending her eyes rolling into the back of her head. The spasming

of her walls was quickly driving Harry towards his own climax. Pounding his throbbing cock into her fluttering core a few more times, he reached his peak. Burying his cock as deep as possible into, he released, send numerous jets of hot seed into her depths. When they had both come down from their climaxes, Harry was holding himself above her panting heavily, while Daphne was collapsed in a heap with her eyes closed.

Once she had caught her breath, Daphne pushed on his chest until Harry stood up and pulled out of her. A small river of white leaked out of her red, swollen lips to run down her leg as she walked over to her clothes. Using her wand to clean herself up, she got dressed while Harry started to gather his clothes.

“Thank you, Potter.” She told him sincerely.

“It was my pleasure.” Harry replied with a smile. “And you can call me Harry, you know.”

For the first time since meeting her, Daphne smiled. It was small and brief, but Harry felt like he had accomplished something by getting even that.

“Good night, Potter.” She said as she turned to walk out of the room, putting a subtle stress on his last name.

Smiling to himself as he pulled on his pants as he watched her walk out of the room, Harry promised himself that he would do something to thank Hermione.

Harry sighed as he sat down in the common room, having just come back from another lesson with Professor Trelawney. He was getting sick and tired of having his death predicted in every class, and it was only the second week of classes.

“Do you think McGonagall would let me switch classes?” he asked.

“You can ask.” Hermione said. “It’s not too later in the year, so she’ll probably let you. What class would you take instead?”

“Ancient Runes, maybe.” Harry said after a moment of thought. “You said it’s used in enchanting, right?”

“And warding, yes. It’s really quite useful.” she told him.

“Come on, mate.” Ron said. “It’s not that bad, plus it an easy grade. All you have to do is make stuff up.”

“It’s also completely useless, Ronald.” Hermione said sharply. “Harry’s actually thinking about his future.”

“If it’s so useless, then why are you taking it?” he asked snidely.

“I *thought* it would be interesting.” she snapped back. “Besides, I’m already taking other, more useful, classes.”

“How are you getting to all your classes?” Harry asked, interrupting their growing argument.

“Professor McGonagall worked out a schedule for me.” she said.

“Well, I'm going to ask her if I can switch classes. Do you want to come with me?” he asked.

“Sure.” Hermione said.

“You coming Ron?” Harry asked.

“Nah, I'll go see if Neville or Dean wants to play chess.” Ron said.

Shrugging, Harry left the common room with Hermione right behind him.

“I'm not stupid, Hermione.” Harry said.

“What!? I didn't-”

“There's no way you should be able to get to all of your classes. Su Li was talking about you working with her in Arithmancy at the same time we have Care of Magical Creatures.” Harry said.

“I promised McGonagall I wouldn't say anything.” she said softly.

“Oh, come on, Hermione. You know you can trust me.” Harry said. “You know I'll figure it out eventually.”

Hermione chewed her bottom lip for a few seconds nervously.

“She gave me a Time Turner.” she said eventually.

“A Time Turner?” he asked.

Grabbing his hand, Hermione yanked him into a secret passage behind a tapestry. Lighting her wand, she reached into her shirt and pulled out a delicate looking hourglass on a thin gold chain.

“I use this to travel through time. It's how I get to all my classes. I have to be very careful with it not to run into my past self, or I could go insane.” she explained.

“You’re using time travel to get to your classes?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Shh. Yes, it’s the only way to take all the electives.” she told him.

“Hermione that’s insane! You don’t even need to take Muggle Studies, and Divinations is a waste of time, you said so yourself. Can’t you just drop a couple of classes?” he hissed.

“But this is the only way I can take Care and Arithmancy at the same time.” she said.

“Hermione, you’re going to wear yourself out, you already look more tired than usual and were not even a month into school.” Harry said in concern. “Look, I'm not saying get rid of it, just drop a couple of classes you don’t need.”

“I’ll think about it.” she said.

Before he could get another word in, she walked back out into the hall. Sighing, Harry followed her. A couple of minutes later, he was knocking on the door to McGonagall’s office.

“Enter.” she called out.

Harry opened the door and walked in, waiting for her to look up from grading papers.

“Ms. Granger, Mr. Potter, what can I do for you?” the professor asked.

“I was wondering if it’s too late to switch classes?” Harry asked.

“That would depend on what class you want to switch to and why.” McGonagall asked with a raised brow.

“I want to switch from Divinations to Ancient Runes. Professor Trelawney only predicts how I'm going to die gruesomely in every class. I want to take something useful.” he told her.

“I see.” she said. “Ms. Granger, I know your plate is rather full at the moment, but would you be willing to help him catch up to the rest of the class?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Hermione said. “Actually, I was thinking about dropping Divinations as well, and Muggle Studies. I don’t think those classes are as beneficial as I thought they would be.”

Harry turned to Hermione and smiled at her; glad she had taken his advice. McGonagall reached into her desk and pulled out a copy of Hermione’s schedule, looking it over briefly.

“I take it you still wish to take Care of Magical Creatures and Arithmancy?” she asked.

“Yes professor.” Hermione said.

“Very well, I’ll let your professors know about the changes. Here, your revised schedules.” she said, handing them their new schedules.

“Thank you, Professor.” Harry said in relief.

“Don’t make me regret this, Potter.” she said sternly.

“I won’t.” he promised her.

As soon as they left the office, Harry turned and hugged Hermione.

“Thanks for listening to me.” he said quietly.

“Well, you were right. Divinations is useless, and you wouldn’t believe some of the things they teach about muggles in Muggle Studies.” she said with a giggle. “They still call cars horseless carriages for Merlin’s sake.”

Laughing, Harry and Hermione walked back to the common room. When they got there, Ginny rushed up to her and pulled her away. With his girlfriend commandeered for the time being, Harry decided to go outside and get some flying in.

Shooting through the center hoop at highspeed, Harry rolled over and pulled up sharply, pelting towards the ground. Rolling back over, he pulled up at the last second, his feet brushing the grass as he rocketed across the pitch with a smile on his face. Catching movement out of the corner of his eye, he slowed down and turned. Ginny and Hermione were walking towards the pitch, though neither had a broom.

With a mischievous grin, Harry leaned forward and fly towards them at top speed. As he rapidly grew closer, he saw Hermione’s eyes widen. Barreling towards them, showing no sign of stopping, he suddenly whipped his broom sideways and skidded to an abrupt halt. Hermione shrieked, covering her head with her arms, while Ginny ducked.

“You prat!” Hermione yelled, smacking his arm.

Harry laughed as he hopped off his broom, pulling her into a hug.

“Sorry.” he said laughingly.

“No, you’re not.” she grumbled into his shoulder, smacking his arm again.

“I’m sorry I’m not sorry, then.” he told her, getting a laugh from Ginny.

“Prat.’ she said again as she pulled back, her lips twitching.

“So, what brings you two out to the pitch?” he asked.

“Well, I was talking to Ginny, and she wants your help getting rid of her chastity belt.” she told him.

“Alright.” Harry said with a shrug.

“Um, Hermione said you would also, uh...” Ginny muttered quietly, her face blushing bright red all the way to her ears.

“She wants you to sleep with her.” Hermione said with a smirk.

Impossibly, Ginny managed to blush even harder and stared down at her feet in embarrassment.

“If it’s alright with you.” Harry said. “Just don’t tell Ron.”

“Merlin no!” Ginny said, horrified.

Hermione giggled. “It’s fine with me. I’m going to go do some studying, you two have fun.”

Hermione gave him a quick kiss on lips.

“I’ll be in the common room when you get back.” she said before turning to leave.

Harry watched her go for a moment before turning to Ginny, who was still blushing and staring at her feet.

“Come with me.” he told her, holding out his hand.

She took his hand hesitantly and Harry led her over to the locker room. There wasn’t much in the way of comfort, with metal lockers on the walls and the only hard wooden benches to sit on. He should have asked Hermione to transfigure a mattress or something for them, he thought. Fortunately, there was a large stack of fluffy white towels by the showers.

Grabbing one of the benches, he moved it next to the other one and pushed them together. He then grabbed a stack of towels and laid them out on top of them to form a makeshift bed.

“I’m going to unlock your chastity belt, okay?” he asked.

Ginny nodded, and Harry hissed ‘open’ in Parseltongue. Ginny shivered from the sound, and there was a loud click from under her skirt. As she reached under her skirt to remove the chastity belt, she accidentally lifted her skirt up enough to give him a glimpse of her bald, taut lips. Once she pulled the chastity belt down her legs, she dropped it to the ground with a *clang*.

“That feels so much better.” Ginny said, sighing in relief.

Smiling, Harry walked up to her and rested his hands on her waist. She looked up at him, biting her lips nervously. Ginny was quite thin and a few inches shorter than him.

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

Ginny nodded, her hands shaking lightly as she rested them on his shoulders. Leaning down, Harry pressed his lips against her and pulled her body against his. Surprisingly, despite her nervousness, she kissed him back eagerly, her hand threading through his hair. Sliding his hands down to her small, tight ass, he cupped her cheeks and groped them gently. Gathering her skirt in his hands, he lifted it up until he could slide his hand underneath and rest his hand on her bare skin. Ginny moaned into his mouth, as he gripped and squeezed her firm bum.

Suddenly, he lifted her up and carried her over to the bench. He broke the kiss as he sat her down on the bench and stood up straight. Grabbing the bottom of his jumper and t-shirt, Harry lifted it up and over his head, dropping it to the ground. Ginny stared wide eyed at his muscled chest and abs as he bent down and grabbed the bottom of her jumper. Lifting it over her head, she raised her arms to help him. Tossing it to the side, he realized that her breasts, held in a plain beige bra, were larger than he had thought they were.

Ginny looked up at nervously as he started working on his belt and opened his pants. Kicking off his shoes, he took off his jeans and underwear in one go. Harry’s partially hard member hung between his legs, drawing Ginny’s stare.

“You can touch it if you want.” he told her.

With a shaking hand, she reached up and grabbed his length and gently stroked him. Quickly, Harry grew rigid in her hand, his member swelling to an impressive size.

“I think he likes you.” Harry joked.

Ginny giggled and gradually relaxed, holding him more firmly and stroking him faster. While she continued to play with him, Harry leaned over her and unclasped her bra. It slid down her arms and she let go of him for a moment to nervously pull it off, covering her chest with one arm. Bending down, he stroked her cheek and kissed her on the lips. Slowly, she relaxed her arm, revealing her small, palm sized breasts and bright pink nipples. Still kissing her, he slid his hand

down her chest, cupping her breast and squeezing it gently, her stiff nipple rubbing against his palm.

Pushing her back on the bench, Harry kissed his way down her chest, pausing for a moment to kiss and suck at her perky nipples. Continuing his way down her stomach, he lifted her skirt up to her waist. Ginny whimpered when he teased her belly button with his tongue and slid his hands up her smooth, pale thighs.

Kneeling down between her legs, he placed a kiss right on her taut little lips, causing her to gasp loudly. Pushing his tongue between her lips, he wiggled it up and down, smearing her taste all over his taste buds. Ginny laid back and panted with her eyes closed as he alternated between pushing his tongue into her entrance and moving up to tease her hooded clit. Soon, she gripped his hair tightly, a long string of moans escaping her lips.

Slipping two fingers into her depths, he pumped them in and out gently while sucking on her swollen clit. With a high-pitched squeal, Ginny went rigid as she reached her peak, bathing his tongue in her excitement. Her face was scrunched up beautifully and turned bright red as overwhelming pleasure coursed through her.

After a long thirty seconds, she finally calmed and relaxed, releasing her nearly painful grip on his hair. Harry stood and smirked down at her, watching as she panted with her eyes closed. Giving her a little bit to recuperate, he spent some time playing with her breasts and teasing her stiff, swollen nipples. When she was finally recovered and opened her eyes, Harry pressed his erection against her slit and ran his head up and down between her hot, moist lips.

Ginny bit her lip cutely as Harry lined himself up with her entrance and slowly eased into her slick, gripping depths. She shuddered as he slowly filled her, inch after inch of his long shaft disappearing into her tight entrance. Her eyes were locked on his length, watching almost incredulously as he fed his entire cock into her tiny core. Harry groaned at the feeling of being encased in her hot grasp as he bottomed out.

Slowly pulling back about halfway, he paused for a moment before pushing back in. Ginny moaned loud and long as he rocked back and forth, her legs locking around his waist. Gradually, Harry picked up his pace, leaning over her with his hands on either side of her head while

pumping his shaft in and out of her. Soon, he was slamming his length in and out of her depths, driving her ass into the towels covering the bench roughly with each thrust. Ginny's small breasts trembled and bounced on her chest enticingly as a continuous stream of moans left her lips.

Surprisingly, it didn't take long for her to reach her second climax, the tendons in her neck straining and her face going red as she moaned through clenched teeth. Harry smirked and grabbed her shoulders, plowing into her even harder. His pelvis slapped wetly against hers, the sound echoing around the room. Finally, it seemed like she couldn't take any more and pressed her hands against his stomach to stop him. Trembling and moaning, Ginny panted heavily while her walls fluttered around him.

"You know, I've always wanted to have sex in the shower." Harry told her.

"Huh?" Ginny grunted, lost in her own world.

Laughing, Harry grabbed her hand and wrapped them around his shoulders. Once she had a grip on him, he grabbed her ass and stood up. Ginny gasped, holding him tightly while he carried her into the shower, still buried to the hilt in her depths. Because she was so light, he had no problem holding her up with one hand while he undid her skirt with the other, and then turned on the water.

Pinning her back against the wall as the water cascaded over them, he kissed her hard while thrusting into her. She whimpered into his mouth when he began to drive into her roughly, their wet bodies slapping together loudly. Grabbing her legs, he tossed them up over his shoulders, folding her in half against the wall and leaving her completely at his mercy. Breaking the kiss to breathe, Harry pulled his hand back and spanked her pert little ass lightly.

"Harry!" she exclaimed, scandalized.

Harry laughed and spanked her one more time before gripping her ass tightly and focusing on hammering her against the wall. While adjusting his wet grip on her bum, his middle finger unintentionally slid it over her puckered hole. Ginny gasped, her eyes widening as she bucked her hips in surprise and her walls tightened around him.

“Harry?” she whimpered.

Smiling at her, he teased her tight ring again, this time intentionally.

“You love it.” he said, feeling her tighten around him again.

Ginny closed her eyes, her cheeks going pink while his finger probed gently at her back entrance. Her nails dug into his shoulders as he pushed her closer to yet another climax. Harry could feel his own pleasure rising and huffed with exertion as he plowed into her even faster. Ginny reached her climax first, her hips bucking and her a soundless scream coming out of her open mouth.

Pushing her hands against his chest, she tried to stop his relentless pounding. This time, Harry ignored her and continued thrusting, chasing his own climax. Ginny body quivered and spasmed against him as she slammed into her mercilessly, sucking in gasping breaths with each brutal thrust. Just as Harry reached his peak, Ginny seemed to go from one orgasm to another. As he grunted and came, her eyes rolled into the back of her head from the agonizing pleasure. Her breathing stopped and he was genuinely worried she might pass out from the agonizing pleasure.

Thankfully, she sucked in a deep, trembling breath and shook, her legs spasming violently from the intensity of her climax. Just as Harry finished filling her depths with his seed, Ginny went completely limp except for her still trembling legs. Even a couple of minutes later, when Harry tried to set her on her feet, she would have collapsed to the floor if he hadn't held her up.

Eventually, she managed to stand, and Harry helped her dress. She seemed to be lost in a haze of pleasure on the walk back to Gryffindor Tower. Harry had to lead her the whole way back to the common room.

“What's wrong with Ginny?” Ron asked when he spotted them.

Harry mentally cursed. Of all the times for Ron to be observant, he thought.

“She’s just tired from Quidditch practice. She was helping me train.” Harry said, making up an excuse.

“I’ll help her up to the dorm.” Hermione volunteered.

Harry smiled at her gratefully as she came over to help him.

“See, this is why girls shouldn’t play Quidditch.” Ron said, shaking his head.

Unfortunately for him, Angelina, Alicia and Katie were close enough to hear him and tore into the red head. Even Ginny came around enough to yell at him while Hermione glared at him angrily. Shaking his head, Harry dashed up the stairs to his dorm and out of the line of fire. Now seemed like a good time to catch up on Ancient Runes, he thought.