

Chapter 15

Harry followed Dumbledore into his office and paced back and forth in front of the desk while the aged wizard took a seat.

“What troubles you, Harry?” Dumbledore asked.

“Have you read your journal today?” Harry asked in return.

“Journal?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

Sighing, Harry walked around the desk, reached into the top drawer, and pulled out a leather-bound book.

“Read this,” he said, setting it down in front of the headmaster.

As Dumbledore began to read, his white, bushy eyebrows creeping ever higher on his wrinkled forehead, Harry walked over to Fawkes and stroked his feathers. Closing his eyes, the bird crooned softly, and Harry felt some of his frustration and anxiety wash away. Relaxing his tense shoulders, he continued to stroke Fawkes' plumage while looking out the bay window at the peaceful grounds.

“Have you found something new?” Dumbledore asked a few moments later.

“No, but I have an idea,” Harry said, giving Fawkes one last stroke on his crest before turning to walk back over to the desk and pacing in front of it. “I’ve been thinking about this a lot lately, and it can’t be a coincidence that Voldemort shows back then this time thing happens.”

"It is suspicious," Dumbledore agreed, reaching up to stroke his beard. "However, I find it unlikely Lord Voldemort would waste what little power he has at the moment on meddling with time."

"But we don't know that," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "What if he found something we've never heard about before? What if he did it accidentally and doesn't know how to fix it? In all the research I've done, no one has ever mentioned anything like this happening before. It shouldn't even be possible."

"What is it, precisely, that you want to do, Harry?" Dumbledore asked, his eyes following his student's path back and forth in front of his desk.

"I want to find Voldemort and confront him," Harry said. "We can shove some Veritaserum down his throat and make him talk."

Dumbledore sat back in his chair and looked at him thoughtfully for a long moment.

"Do you know where he is?" he asked eventually.

"No. We've questioned Crouch, but there's some sort of spell stopping him from telling us," Harry paused and took a deep breath. "I think we need to trick him into thinking I'm going to leave Hogwarts, for good - I'm betting he'll take me straight to Voldemort."

"Absolutely not," Dumbledore said firmly. "It's too dangerous. Voldemort may be weak, but he is not to be taken lightly. We have no idea what he has planned for you, and we don't know what would happen should you be killed. I know you must be frustrated, but I'm sure, in time--"

"It's been two years!" Harry shouted. "I'm sick of this! I want to move on with my life!"

Running both of his hands through his hair and causing it to stand straight up, he took a deep breath and tried to calm himself as Fawkes crooned.

"I have to do *something*," Harry said frustratedly. "We've read all the books on time travel in the library and the ones you got from the Unspeakables. There's nothing in any of them about time repeating in a loop like this. I'm out of options."

"I'm sorry, Harry," Dumbledore said, leaning forward with his forearms resting on the desk. "Give me some time to think on this."

"Fine," Harry sighed disappointedly.

Turning, he walked out of the office without another word.

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Harry spent the rest of the day avoiding everyone in the Room of Requirement. He had no desire to go to the ball again that night. As the clock neared midnight, he finally left and made his way down to the Great Hall in search of Dumbledore.

"I'm sorry, Harry, I don't have anything yet," the headmaster said when he approached. "Please, just be a little more patient and give me some more time."

Shoulders sagging, Harry sighed and turned around to leave.

"What's the matter, Potter, could find anyone willing to--"

Whatever snide comment Malfoy was going to make was cut off when Harry's fist slammed into his jaw with enough force to knock the Slytherin flat on his back. He heard McGonagall shout from behind him, but he ignored her and marched towards the door.

Harry had no intention of waiting for Dumbledore to come up with something. After two years and very little help from the headmaster, he was sick and tired of waiting. He just needed some help.

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It took Harry longer than he'd hoped to explain everything to Hermione and Suzette and to get them to agree to help him. Predictably, neither of them was exactly happy he wanted to intentionally put himself in danger. Thankfully, Suzette understood his desperation and eventually agreed to help him. After that, it took only a little longer for Hermione to give in.

A short time later, Harry put away the Marauder's Map and nodded to Hermione. Biting her lip nervously, she nodded back, and the two of them made their way down the hall towards the Defense classroom.

"I'm sorry, Hermione, I just can't do this anymore," Harry said.

"But you did fine in the first task. I'm sure you can through the rest of this tournament," Hermione replied, her voice trembling slightly.

"I got lucky," Harry told her. "Besides, it's not just the tournament. Look at everything that's happened since I've been here. Voldemort going after the stone, the Basilisk, everything that happened with Sirius. I'm tired of it."

"Harry, if you leave, you could lose your magic," Hermione said.

"I know," Harry sighed, "but it's either my magic or my life."

Reaching out, he pulled Hermione into a hug.

"I'll miss you," Harry said.

"I'll miss you, too," she whispered softly before sniffing. "When are you leaving?"

"Tonight," he answered. "I'm going to take my broom and leave while everyone is distracted by the ball."

"But won't they just come after you?" Hermione asked. "I doubt Dumbledore is just going to let you go."

"I've already looked up the spells to hide for them," Harry said, pulling back and blinking in surprise at the genuine tears trailing down her cheek.

"Just promise you'll let me know where you end up," Hermione said shakily. "I don't want to lose you."

"You won't," Harry assured her firmly.

He wrapped his arm around her shoulders and guided her down the hall while she leaned against him. Once they were a corridor away, Harry pulled his map out of his pocket to make sure it was safe to talk. When he saw Crouch still in the classroom, he put the map away and hugged Hermione tightly.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine," Hermione mumbled into the crook of his neck. "Sorry, it's just – I've worried you might really leave with all the terrible things that happen to you."

"I'm not going anywhere, 'Mione," Harry whispered, rubbing her back.

Pulling back, she smiled at him just as Suzette walked around the corner.

“Did it work?” Hermione asked, wiping her eyes on her robe.

“Oui,” Suzette said, rubbing Hermione’s arm comfortingly before glancing at Harry worriedly. “E plans to kidnap you and take you to You-Know-Who when you try to leave.”

“Good,” Harry said despite his racing heart.

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With a few hours until the start of the ball, Harry, Hermione, and Suzette went to the Room of Requirement to relax. During that time, Hermione insisted on planting a Tracking Charm on him and going to Dumbledore as soon as he was gone. Suzette supported the idea, and Harry gave in without much of a fight once they promised not to tell him too soon.

After looking up the spells and a brief discussion, the girls decided to place two on him. One would be a simple charm that was easy to find and remove, while the other, more complex charm, would be placed on a Galleon for him to keep in his pocket. The hope was that if Crouch thought to look for a Tracking Charm, he would find the simple one, dispel it, and not think to look for the second.

All too soon, the ball started, and it was time for Harry to leave.

“Are you sure this is a good idea, Harry?” Hermione asked nervously.

“Not really,” Harry admitted. “But I have to do something, Hermione.”

Nibbling her bottom lip, she teetered on the balls of her feet before launching forward and hugging him tightly.

“Please be careful,” she whispered.

“I will,” Harry said.

When they parted, Suzette hugged him gently and kissed him on the lips. Giving the girls what he hoped was a reassuring smile, he left the room and headed for Gryffindor Tower. Racing through the common room full of younger years having a party of their own, he climbed the stairs two at a time up to his dorm.

Grabbing his backpack and throwing open his trunk, he filled the bag with a random assortment of clothes and zipped it closed. Picking up his broom, he ran back down the stairs, ignoring the odd looks he got.

Once he was back out in the hall, he stopped and rested with his back against the wall, desperately trying to calm his racing pulse. Now that the time had come, he wondered just how good this idea was. Before he could think about changing his mind, he heard the steady, wooden thump of Moody’s leg echoing off the stone floor.

Harry pushed himself off the wall and looked down the corridor just as Crouch turned the corner.

“Going somewhere, Potter?” Crouch asked.

“Just going to fly for a bit,” Harry said nervously. “I didn’t feel like going to the ball.”

“With a backpack full of clothes?” Crouch asked while Moody’s fake eyes whizzed around in his socket. “Come on, lad. We need to have a chat.”

Swallowing thickly, Harry followed Crouch down the stairs towards his office. He hoped Crouch thought he was just nervous about getting caught running away and not about something else.

His nerves only worsened when he walked through the Defense classroom and approached the office. Almost mercifully, Harry saw a flash of red behind him before the world went dark.

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When Harry came to, he found himself lying on a dirt and dust-covered floor in a dark room. He tried to push himself up but found his arms bound to his side by a thick, rough rope.

“Ah, it seems our guest is awake,”

Harry froze, his blood running cold at the voice that had haunted his dreams over the summer.

“Help him up, Barty,” Voldemort said.

Rolling to his side, Harry looked up and watched as Crouch walked over and roughly yanked him to his feet. Finally getting a good look at the room he was in, he found it was mostly bare, with just a fireplace, a wing-backed chair facing away from him, and a threadbare rug covering the wooden floor. Next to the chair stood Pettigrew, who Harry glared at venomously.

“Turn me around, Wormtail. I wish to greet our guest,” Voldemort said.

Trembling in fear, Pettigrew scurried over to turn the chair. Harry thought he was ready to face Voldemort, but nothing could have prepared him for what he saw. In place of the man he expected was what looked like a horribly disfigured baby with a large head, bright red eyes, and a flat nose. Harry couldn't help but recoil at the sight.

“Aren't you glad to see me, Harry?” Voldemort asked with a grotesque grin.

“I didn't think it was possible, but you actually look uglier than the last time I saw you,” Harry said.

Crouch snared and raised his wand, but Voldemort held up a hand as he let out a wheezing laugh.

“We’ll see how long that bravery lasts,” Voldemort said. “How long until the potion can be completed?”

“O- on the full moon three days from now, my lord,” Pettigrew stammered.

“Excellent,” Voldemort hissed with a malicious smirk.

“What do you want from me?” Harry asked.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” Voldemort said, his red eyes glowing brightly. “Put him in one of the bedrooms, then return to Hogwarts. We must keep up appearance until the potion is finished.”

“What should I do with Moody when I’m done, my lord?” Crouch asked.

“Keep him hidden until the ritual is finished. Then kill him. I-” Voldemort stopped suddenly and looked around the room while picking up his wand. “Someone’s here. You said you checked him for spells.”

“I did,” Crouch said.

“Not well enough.”

Harry felt his heart soar in relief at the sound of Dumbledore’s voice. A second later, he seemed to step out of thin air and into the room.

“Dumbledore,” Voldemort hissed maliciously.

“Good evening, Tom,” Dumbledore replied pleasantly.

Crouch yanked Harry in front of him and put his wand to his throat.

“Drop your wand, or the boy dies,” he growled.

Gritting his teeth, Harry threw his head back with all the force he could muster. He heard the distinct sound of breaking bone as Crouch dropped to the floor, his eyes clouded and dazed as blood poured from his nose. Dumbledore flicked his wand, cutting the ropes around him and freeing his arms. Harry turned around, bent down, punched Crouch as hard as he could, and then yanked his wand from his limp fingers.

“Useless!” Voldemort spat.

“It’s over, Tom,” Dumbledore said, advancing with his wand aimed at his chest while Pettigrew cowered in the corner. “You’re no match for me in your current condition.”

“It’s never over,” Voldemort hissed. “*Kill him!*”

It took Harry a moment to realize he was hearing Parseltongue. Spinning around, he saw a massive snake rearing up to bite Dumbledore. Slashing his wand in a downward arch, a red, silk-like ribbon of magic flowed from the tip. As if caught in a gale, the ribbon whipped across the room and hit the snake just behind the head as it leapt at Dumbledore’s back. The head continued to fly forward and hit him in the back while the body tumbled to the floor, where it writhed in its death throes.

Just when Harry thought it was over, black smoke poured out of the snake’s body. Quickly, it coalesced into a cloud with Voldemort’s face in the center. Seeing it brought back memories of

the night Voldemort had fled Quirrell's body. Suddenly, it let out a bone-chilling scream before it began to fade into nothing.

"Avada Kedavra!" Voldemort yelled.

As if in slow motion, Harry looked over at Dumbledore, who had taken his eyes off Voldemort to look at the cloud. His heart dropped into his stomach as he watched the glowing green curse aimed at his back.

With an agility that belied his age, Dumbledore spun out of the way, the curse burning his robes as it passed. As he finished his surprisingly graceful pirouette, he flicked his wand. Ropes sprang from the tip, tying up Pettigrew and Voldemort before their wands were ripped from their hands.

"No!" Voldemort screamed in impotent rage. "You'll pay for this!"

"Perhaps," Dumbledore said carelessly.

"Did you bring Veritaserum?" Harry asked.

"You'll get nothing from me, Potter," Voldemort snarled before Dumbledore could answer.

His head snapping back, a block of light leaked from Voldemort's mouth. A moment later, Harry watched helplessly as the body in the chair fell limp and lifeless while the shade of Voldemort flew through the wall.

"Damn it!" Harry growled.

Angrily, he marched over to Pettigrew, yanked him to his feet, and pinned him to the wall. Pettigrew trembled and stared at him fearfully.

“What was Voldemort doing?” he demanded.

“H-h-he was trying to get a body back,” Pettigrew stammered.

“How?” Harry pressed, shoving him roughly.

“Harry,” Dumbledore called.

Turning around, he saw the headmaster holding up a small, clear vial.

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Dumbledore expertly managed to extract all of the information Pettigrew knew. It was horrifying to hear what he’d done to help Voldemort get a body and how they’d ripped the information about the tournament from Bertha Jorkins. Unfortunately, nothing that Voldemort was doing, or had planned, would affect time in any way.

“So, I’m stuck,” Harry said, sighing defeatedly as he dropped into a chair back in Dumbledore’s office.

“Not necessarily,” Dumbledore said, sitting down behind his desk. “I know you’re frustrated, Harry, but tonight you took a dangerous risk.”

“What else am I supposed to do!?” he asked. “I can’t just wait around for this to stop on its own.”

“No, but running into dangerous situations isn’t going to help either,” Dumbledore said sternly. “I understand this is difficult for you, but we don’t know if time will still reset if something happens to you, and I’d rather not find out. Promise me you won’t take off like that again.”

Ducking his head and feeling a bit guilty, Harry nodded.

"I promise," he said.

"Good," Dumbledore replied. Go get some rest, and we'll talk more tomorrow. I have a few ideas we can talk about then."

Pulling his journal closer, Dumbledore picked up a quill and began writing rapidly.

"Night, Professor," Harry said.

"Good night, Harry," he said with a smile.

Exiting the office, he had just enough time to recognize Hermione and Suzette before his vision was obscured by a mane of bushy brown hair.

"I was so worried," Hermione said, squeezing him tightly.

"I'm fine," Harry told her, hugging her back.

"Did you find anything?" Suzette asked.

"No," Harry sighed, shaking his head as Hermione pulled back. "Voldemort is just focused on getting his body back. He's not doing anything that would mess with time."

"We can figure this out," Hermione reassured him. "Maybe we need to talk to an Unspeakable that works with time at the Ministry."

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged, unconvinced.

Grabbing his hand, Suzette began leading him down the hall while Hermione took the other. A few minutes later, they arrived at the Room of Requirement. Leading him over to the couch, the girls sandwiched him between them.

“Don’t give up,” Suzette told him. “We’ll figure this out.”

When he nodded absently, she reached up to stroke her fingers through his hair. Closing his eyes, Harry leaned into her touch, only to wince and hiss when they trailed along the back of his head.

“What’s wrong?” Hermione asked.

“I headbutted Crouch,” Harry said.

Hermione gently ran her fingers along the back of his scalp, but he still winced.

“There’s a huge bump on the back of your head,” she told him.

“Great,” Harry sighed before taking off his glasses to rub the bridge of his nose.

Now that he was thinking about it, his head was really starting to hurt.

“Ere, I can ‘eal it,” Suzette offered, drawing her wand.

Nodding gratefully, Harry turned, so he was facing away from her. Facing Hermione, he waited as she tapped her wand on the back of his head. He felt a sharp sting for a brief moment before

the pain, and the bump, vanished. Before he could turn back around, she hugged him from behind and kissed the side of his neck. Hermione bit her lip, and Harry didn't need Legilimency to see her insecurities rising to the surface.

Smiling, he pulled her into his lap and gave her a kiss on the lips before hugging her to his chest.

"Let's go to bed," Suzette said.

"Sure," Harry said.

Hermione squeaked when he stood up suddenly, still holding her in his arms.

"Harry!" she gasped, her arms wrapping around his neck.

Harry and Suzette chuckled as he carried her over to the bed and tossed her onto the mattress. As he stood by the side of the bed and began stripping out of his clothes, Suzette crawled onto the bed and kissed Hermione. Moaning in surprise, she relaxed after a moment and kissed her back. Harry undressed slowly, enjoying the view as they started tugging at each other's clothes.

As neither of them had gone to the ball that night, it took longer for them to take off their clothes, but he didn't mind. After all, he had all the time in the world.

When they eventually finished, he crawled onto the bed. Feeling the bed shift, Hermione pulled her lips away from Suzette's and looked at him, her eyes raking over his body. Smiling at her, he looked up and exchanged a look with Suzette. Eyes sparkling, she smiled and rolled to the side. Harry leaned over and gave her a kiss as he crawled on top of Hermione. Pulling away, he looked down at his best friend as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I love you, Hermione," he said softly.

Her deep brown eyes shimmering, she smiled brightly.

“I love you, too,” Hermione said.

Giving her a brief kiss, he turned to look at Suzette.

“I know,” she said, stroking his cheek with a smile. “I love you, too.”

With a smile of his own, Harry leaned down to give her a kiss. As he did, her hand reached down to grab his hardened length and used it to tease Hermione’s folds. Surprised, she gasped and bucked her hips, causing Harry to groan. Pulling back, Suzette smiled at him playfully before turning to Hermione.

Letting go of his shaft, she trailed her hand up Hermione’s stomach and cupped one of her breasts. As she panted through an open mouth, Suzette leaned in and kissed her heatedly. Throbbing excitedly at the sight, Harry placed himself at Hermione’s entrance and gently pushed in. As her tight, hold folds wrapped around his head, she threw her head back and moaned.

Suzette kissed and sucked at her neck while her fingers gripped and rolled her stiff, pink nipple. Rocking back and forth, Harry slowly sank deeper and deeper into Hermione’s depths with each thrust until he eventually bottomed out. When he did, she closed her eyes and let out a moan so sensual that it caused him to swell inside of her. As he began thrusting back and forth, he leaned forward and kissed her passionately before moving down to the other side of her neck.

“Oh God, Harry, Suzie,” Hermione moaned.

Chuckling against her skin, he shifted to his knees and continued his slow, deep thrusts while moving his hand up to her unattended breast. Pulling his lips back, he rested his forehead against hers, watching her face intently as it contorted in pleasure.



“Do you have any idea how beautiful you look like this?” Harry asked.

“Harry,” Hermione whined, her eyes fluttering closed as her body tensed.

Grinning, Harry ignored the desire to move faster and maintained his slow, steady pace. Her mouth hung half open, her slightly minty breath washing over his face as she panted. Squeezing her nipple sharply, her heels dug into his bum while her nails traced lines of fire down his back. With a hiss, his hips snapped forward in a brutal thrust that drove her into the mattress and caused her perky breasts to bounce sharply.

Hermione threw her head back with a gasp, her mouth hanging wide open as her back arched and her hips rolled in time with his thrusts.

“Harry, please,” she whimpered.

“What do you want, love?” Harry asked while Suzette moved down and took an engorged nipple between her lips. “Tell me.”

Panting, Hermione’s eyes locked with his.

“Harder,” she whispered. “Fuck me harder.”

Harry’s length lurched, hearing those words leave her lips. Kissing her hard, he sped up his thrusts and drove his rigid length roughly into her hot, grasping depths. Hermione cried out into his mouth, her nails raking along his shoulders as her body started to tense. Breaking the kiss, Hermione gasped for breath, her perky breasts bouncing wildly with each powerful thrust.

As he continued plunging rapidly into her leaking folds, Hermione gasped and writhed under him, her muscles trembling. Harry kept his eyes on her face as she suddenly went rigid, her back arched sharply. A second later, she left out the most wanton moan he’d ever heard while

drenching his shaft. Her depths grasped him so tightly he forced himself to slow down out of fear of hurting her.

Hermione looked to be in a world of her own when she opened her eyes, staring blankly at the ceiling while her body shook. After a very long moment, her body relaxed, and she collapsed limply onto the bed with a moan.

“That was so beautiful, cheri,” Suzette said before kissing Hermione on the lips.

Smiling, Harry pulled his still rock-hard length out of her. He shuffled over to Suzette, but she sat up and pushed him down on his back next to Hermione. Grinning, she swung her leg over his waist and sank down on his shaft with a moan.

With a contented hum, Hermione rolled over and rested her head on his chest while her hand caressed his chest. Resting one hand on Suzette’s hips as she began to ride him, he kissed the top of her head.

“Harry?” Hermione murmured.

“Yeah?” Harry asked, his hand rising up to cup one of Suzette’s large, bouncing breasts, his thumb rubbing over her stiffened peak.

“Suzette said you’ve been with a lot of other girls,” Hermione asked more than said.

Harry tensed worriedly. He wished he could see her eyes to see what she was thinking, but her head was turned away from him. Suzette smiled in a way that told him she knew, but she hid those thoughts from him.

At least her smile is probably a good sign, he thought.

“Yeah,” Harry said tentatively.

“Have you slept with Katie?” she asked.

“Er, yeah,” Harry admitted honestly. “A few times.”

After a long, nerve-wracking moment, Hermione lifted her head to look at him.

“Do you think she’d let me join in with you?” she asked, biting her lip nervously. “I’ve always had a bit of a crush on her.”

Harry stared at her for a full second before chuckling and hugging her close.

“We can certainly try,” he said with a grin.

Smiling, Hermione kissed him before turning back around and resting her head on his chest, her eyes watching as his length sank easily into Suzette’s glistening folds. Laying his head back, Harry turned his full attention back to the beautiful witch riding him. Grinning at him, Suzette made a show of caressing her breasts and rolling her hips.

A couple of minutes later, Hermione sat up and straddled his chest. Leaning forward, he got a great view of her full, round bum as she wrapped her lips around one of Suzette’s hardened nipples. The French witch moaned and cupped the back of Hermione’s head. Harry reached up, gently caressing and squeezing her gorgeous cheeks.

Looking back at him over her shoulder, Hermione smiled before scooting forward and kissing Suzette on the lips. As Harry watched, one of her hands slid down between Suzette’s legs. The blonde moaned as Harry felt Hermione rubbing in circles over her clit. When her movements began to slow down, he grabbed her hips, planted his feet on the bed, and started thrusting up into her.

“More,” Suzette gasped before going right back to kissing Hermione passionately.

Panting, Harry did as she asked. He did his best to fight back his own climax, but after being brought close by Hermione, he couldn't hold on long.

“I'm close,” he grunted in warning.

Suzette tore her lips away from Hermione's and looked at him over her shoulder lustfully.

“In me, mon amour,” she gasped. “I want to feel you.”

Groaning, Harry drove up into her with fast, vigorous thrusts while Hermione rubbed her clit frantically. Closing his eyes and gritting his teeth, he held on as long as he could. With a growl, he snapped his hips up hard and exploded inside of her. Suzette moaned into Hermione's mouth as he filled her depths with a tremendous climax. A few seconds later, she threw her head back and cried out as Hermione brought her over the edge.

With a look of wonder on her face, Hermione looked down and watched as Suzette rocked her hips frantically. Wrapping her arms around the brunette, Suzette continued humping at his length even as he began to soften. Moments later, she sagged tiredly and kissed Hermione with a soft smile on her lips.

Grabbing Hermione's wrist, she brought her hand up to her mouth. With a mischievous look, she wrapped her lips around her glistening fingers and sucked them clean. Hermione stared at her opened mouth, then squeaked in surprise when Suzette suddenly kissed her.

When she pulled back, she and Harry both laughed at the surprised look on Hermione's face. Shaking her head, Hermione smiled shyly and moved over to lay next to Harry, her face buried in the crook of his neck. Chuckling, he kissed the top of her head as Suzette laid down on his other side.

The girls fell asleep quickly, but Harry lay awake long into the night.