

Dancing didn't come nearly as easily to him as flying or dueling. He thought the latter would be beneficial, footwork and all that, but it wasn't the same. So, in lieu of his early morning lessons with Dumbledore, he'd asked McGonagall for some extra tutelage in the art. "Eyes up, Harry," McGonagall told him for what was probably the thousandth time in these little sessions of theirs, "Staring at your feet won't make it any better... just feel the music."

Honestly, he was having a far harder time with it that morning than he had since their first time, "Right... sorry." He would guess that it had something to do with the impending festivities. It was only a day away, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't help but be a bit nervous about it. Refocusing, he kept his attention on his Transfiguration Professor as the strings and woodwinds emanating from the record player in the corner. As it came to its end, he managed one final twirl and a successful dip.

McGonagall stood and straightened her robes, "Well done, Mr. Potter. I'm sure your partner will be more than pleased with your talents." He wouldn't call himself talented, far from it, but he trusted himself enough not to mash his foot down on Fleur's foot in the opening dance. She actually gave him a wry smile, "And I'm sure that you'll find it easier to keep your eyes on whichever lovely young lady you're taking to the Ball."

"Oh, don't sell yourself short, professor," Harry gave her a cheeky wink, "I think you look fantastic."

"You need to spend less time with your godfather," she deadpanned, but she couldn't hide the fact that she was flattered, just like she was every time Sirius did the same, "He's a horrid influence on you. You never would've thought to be such a shameless flirt a year ago."

"I'm not flirting," Harry insisted, "just telling you the truth."

McGonagall rolled her eyes, "How nice of you, Mr. Potter. But I think you should save the compliments for the other women in your life." She obviously wasn't blind to what was going on with him, whether it was because Dumbledore had confided the truth or not, he didn't know. With a wave of her wand, the room rearranged itself to its usual appearance, all the desks falling into place neatly.

"Trust me, they get plenty of them, and they're very well-deserved," He rarely missed an opportunity to show his ladies the affection he thought they needed, "But they wouldn't begrudge me telling my favorite professor that she's selling herself short."

"Well then, thank you, Mr. Potter." McGonagall offered him a genuine smile, "Seems you're a bit more like your father than your godfather in that regard, then."

Harry grinned, "Anytime, professor."

She shook her head, somewhere between exasperated and amused, "Off with you. Your break only just started and here you are in a classroom."

"I can think of worse places to be," he said innocently, "the dungeons, for instance."

"What a ringing endorsement," McGonagall pursed her lips, "Now really, I've had enough of your cheek for one morning."

Harry gave her a little salute, and then surprised her by leaning in for a quick hug, "Right, thanks again, professor."

Considering she'd been checking on him since he was a child, their relationship was a bit closer than the average student, and so she allowed it if only because they were alone, "You're very welcome. I look forward to seeing you put all that hard work into practice tomorrow."

"As long as I don't fall flat on my face, I'll be happy."

"I don't think that'll be a problem," she told him as he gave her one last wave and headed out the door. It was quicker to head up to Gryffindor Tower than Orina and Anya's room, so he went that way.

He made it up to the dorm without any interruption to find it largely empty. It was later in the morning than he would've guessed if most of them were already down at breakfast. *Or everyone's too anxious about tomorrow to get a proper night's sleep.*

The only person in there was Ron, staring at something on his bed morosely. They were dress robes... though that was the only nice thing that he could think to say about them. They were a hideous color with horrendous frills on the cuff and the collar. *Those must be older than Professor Dumbledore.*

They'd been on much better terms since the quidditch victory, so Harry had no problem offering him a cheery, "Mornin' mate," as he stepped past him to his own bed and pulled out a shirt and jeans from his trunk. His dance lessons with McGonagall weren't nearly as exhausting as the work he did with Dumbledore, but he still worked up a bit of a sweat.

Ron glanced in his direction and absently replied, "Yeah... mornin'."

"Want to tell me why you're looking at a set of dress robes I wouldn't even want to use as curtains?" He figured humor would be the best way of broaching the subject.

"They're what my mum got me for the Yule Ball," He looked utterly depressed as he played with the lacey cuffs, "I imagine Parvati's going to leave me when she sees me in this... horror."

"Probably should've told her about them sooner," Harry snorted out a laugh, "... you know, so she could've found herself another date."

Ron finally looked over at him with a scowl, clearly not enjoying his wit. Harry held up his hands to placate him, "Alright, I'm done taking the piss, I promise." He walked over and placed a hand on Ron's shoulder. Up close, they looked even worse, "Bloody hell, they really are horrible, aren't they?"

"Yep, I'd probably be better off going in my trousers, or even nothing at all. The punishment would be better than the embarrassment."

"Don't need to scar all of our foreign guests with your pasty body, either."

Ron looked less than impressed, "I thought you said you were done taking the piss?"

"Right, sorry," He said, but had a hard time being sincere when he was having so much fun with this, "The way I see it you have three options... and none of them include you walking into the ball starkers."

"Alright then... enlighten me."

“Well, the simplest one... you wear these with all the confidence of someone who picked them out for himself.” Harry knew it was unlikely to happen given his friend’s propensity for self-doubt, “Take a page out of the twins’ book and own the weird.”

It wasn’t remotely surprising that Ron didn’t have any interest in that suggestion, “I’m pretty sure Parvati’ll curse my bollocks off if I even think of doing something like that.”

“Well... there’s plenty of other Weasley’s to carry on the family name if that’s what it comes, too.” Ron just stared at him, completely unamused, as he waited for his other options, “Blimey, you’re no fun this morning.”

“Harry...” He warned.

“Option two,” he decided it was best to just get on with it, “you go and find Lavender.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m pretty confident that there’s no one in our year more likely to know Charms specifically designed for tailoring. The girl knows her way around a wardrobe, after all.”

“You think she’ll be able to do something with them on such short notice?” Ron sounded hopeful for the first time since he walked into the dorm.

Harry shrugged, because honestly, he had no way of knowing, “All you can do is ask. And if you don’t want to do that or she says it’s not possible, that just leaves you with option number three.” Going back to his trunk, he retrieved a galleon filled pouch and pushed it into Ron’s hand, “You take this, and you go down to Hogsmeade.” He didn’t even need to mention it would need to be secretly, “Get yourself to Gladrags, or grab a floo and go to Diagon and hit Malkin’s. Or if you really want to splurge...Twilfitt and Tattings. Wherever you decide, just get yourself something better than... those.”

It was obvious that his ginger friend was struggling with the offer, much as he wanted to take him up on it, “Harry... I can’t... I’m not a charity case.”

“No, but you’re my friend.”

“Not because you have money you git.” His ears were red, and Harry wasn’t sure if it was embarrassment or anger.

“No, you’ve known I had money since the day we met, but you never asked me for anything.” The closest he’d ever come to flaunting it was buying them sweets on the Express, “Consider it an extra Christmas gift if you want,” It was far nicer than anything else he could have picked out for him, “Or just think that I don’t want you to embarrass Gryffindor with this... atrocity.” There was also a very big part of him that was doing it for Padma because while she and her sister could have their differences, she still loved her, and would want her to have a good time.

Ron finally cracked a smile at that, “Fine, fine, stop twisting my arm. Really don’t want to go anywhere near the Whomping Willow again though.”

“Sacrifices have to be made.” Helpful as he was trying to be, that didn’t mean he had any intention of telling him about the One-Eyed Witch, “And you might want to hurry, otherwise you’ll miss the game.”

The upper year Beauxbatons and Durmstrang teams were playing each other after breakfast, and everyone was excited to see Krum play.

That put some pep in Ron's step, "Right, I'm off to Gladrags." Harry just shook his head as he headed out the door at a pace.

Taking a quick shower, Harry made his way down from the tower about ten minutes after Ron though in much less of a hurry. The Great Hall was mostly full and buzzing with anticipation of the game. Harry made his way over to the Hufflepuff table.

"No, definitely not. That's not the sort of thing you can make a schedule for." Susan's voice was soft, barely loud enough that he could hear from right next to her as he slid in next to the redhead, "And since when do you like schedules, anyway? I would've thought Padma or Sue would be more likely to come up with something like that."

"What're we talking about?" he asked as he started filling his plate. Both girls jumped slightly at the sound of his voice, but while Susan just smiled at him, Daphne blushed.

"Nothing for you to worry about, just a bit of girl talk." Susan assured him, "Where were you this morning?"

Deciding it was better not to push the issue, especially since he had a feeling that he knew exactly what Daphne suggested, he let it go, "I was with McGonagall and things ran a bit late."

"Oh, serving detention on the first day of break."

"Nope," He said cheerily, "Just trying to get on her good side so she's not too harsh when she inevitably catches me doing something I shouldn't." He gave a little wiggle of his eyebrows just to drive the point home. There was no way he was going to tell them the whole truth when the entire point was to surprise them.

Daphne snorted in disbelief, "As though that'd ever work."

"Worked for my parents." He told them between bites.

"What?" Both girls asked, mouths agog.

"According to Sirius, they got caught having a bit of fun their seventh year and McGonagall let 'em off with a slap on the wrist." Of course, Harry hadn't developed a rapport with his Transfiguration Professor over the years because he wanted to get out trouble anymore so than his parents did. *Still, it'll be a nice little perk if it ever happens.*

"Bet she was never nearly as lenient with your godfather when he got caught in the act."

"Oh definitely," Harry agreed, "He still sounded rather put out by it when he told me the story."

"Harry," Padma crashed into the seat across from him, looking excited, "I've got something for you."

"Christmas isn't until tomorrow, Pads," He reminded her, but he couldn't help but smile at her enthusiasm.

The Indian witch rolled her eyes, but it did nothing to dampen her mood, "I know that, but this isn't a present... well, not really."

Pulling out a piece of parchment and the tablet he'd given her from the first task, she started to explain, "Alright so, it says..."

Before she could get going, Harry raised one hand to shush her and looked down the table. Ivar was only five seats down from them, and in her excitement, she was talking plenty loud enough for him to hear. And though Harry hadn't noticed, Solen was behind him at the Ravenclaw table looking at his back. Despite her insistence that he wasn't worth her time, it hadn't stopped her from watching him since their little encounter at Tomes & Scrolls.

Padma noticed where he was looking and promptly snapped her mouth shut. As he stood, he told her, "Come on, we'll find somewhere quiet to discuss it."

"What about the game?" Susan asked before they could leave. People were already starting to head down to the pitch. It was only about twenty minutes until the match was meant to start. *Merlin, this morning really did get away from me.*

"This shouldn't take too long," It would probably leave him with plenty of food for thought, but it was just an inscription, "We'll meet you down there."

"They're playing against Viktor Krum," Daphne reminded him, "It could be over by then."

Harry snorted, "Well then, all we'll miss is a boring game." As he passed his Slytherin lover, he leaned down to whisper in her ear, "And by the way, you don't need a schedule... all you need to do is ask." As he left a blushing blonde behind, he and Padma made their way out together and headed to an empty classroom nearby.

When the door closed behind them, and after Harry silenced it too, Padma bit her bottom lip, "Sorry about that... I just wanted to tell you as soon as..."

"Don't apologize, you're amazing for even helping in the first place." Leaning in, he kissed her on the top of the head, "Besides, no one else heard anything so, there's nothing to apologize for to begin with." Of course, she could've just handed him the translation, but given her excitement, she hadn't considered it.

Padma nodded and went over to the desk, "I worked on it until after midnight..."

"Pads, love, there was no rush." He hadn't been expecting her to do something like that.

"I wanted to," she insisted, "And I wanted to have it done before the Yule Ball tomorrow. I knew if I didn't, I'd just spend half the night thinking about it."

He shook his head fondly as she gestured him over, "Alright so, this was... difficult to say the least, and I won't bore you with all the details... since, I didn't even know all of the languages that were incorporated into the tablet. There were layers to it and some of them were absolute gibberish just to make you think that there wasn't anything else there."

"Sounds like you had fun." Harry smiled at her.

Padma blushed at the look he was giving her and nodded, "I did."

He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek that left her beaming, before he asked, "So... what does it say?"

"Right, right," Padma looked down at the parchment and recited, "*The task ahead will test both your mettle and your wit. In the ice and snow, you'll face your foes both known to you and not. For every lock there is a key, though they mightn't be seen. Remember well these simple things and surely, you'll succeed.*"

Harry read it over one more time, "A bit cryptic, isn't it?"

Padma giggled, "I thought the same, but it does give you some good hints."

"True. I'm going to make sure I work on my warming and fire charms before the task, that's for sure." *I imagine it's going to be pretty bloody cold if they made a point of mentioning it.*

"I wonder what else is going to be in the arena with you?" Padma asked, "I'd guess that's what it meant by 'foes both known and not'.

"Your guess is as good as mine," Harry shrugged, "But at least I know to expect **something**." Wrapping an arm around her slender shoulders, he gave her a squeeze, "Thank you for this, I can't tell you how much I appreciate it." He'd been right earlier, it was definitely food for thought. *Will it be as simple as a lock and key? I doubt it. If it's meant to test our wit, there must be some sort of puzzle involved. So... probably have to find the pieces and then solve it, too. Still, one hell of an early Christmas present.*

"I was happy to do it," Padma turned slightly and pushed herself against him. His arm ended up right nestled in her cleavage, "Though... if you wanted to **show me** just how much you appreciate it, I wouldn't say no."

Harry's hand drifted down from her shoulder to the curve of her hip, and he gave her a little pinch, "Is that right?"

His Indian lover nodded excitedly as she bit her bottom lip, "Mmmm...hmmm." Turning them, he lifted her up onto the desk, and stood between her spread legs. His fingers ghosted up the inside of her thigh, and her breath hitched. She was looking at him with those wide, brown eyes, and it was amazing to him how she could look so innocent and so wanton at the same time.

Harry leaned in and gave her a passionate, knicker-ruining kiss even as he reached around to palm one of her juicy bum cheeks. When he pulled away, she tried to chase after him and actually whined a little when he didn't let her. She was panting as he looked down at her with a roguish smirk, "What do you think? Did I show you my appreciation?"

Padma pouted and shook her head, "No..."

"Oh really?"

"Definitely not." She didn't even crack a smile at his cheekiness, "You heard the part where I said I was up past midnight working on it, right?"

"Oh, you're right... I might've forgotten that part." His fingers drifted up along her thigh until they reached her dripping twat, "No knickers, Pads?"

Her eyes rolled toward the back of her head as he pushed inside her without hesitation, but she still managed to shake her head. Chuckling, he started plunging back and forth into her sodden slit, just like he had their first time behind the tapestry, "And you say I'm the tease?"

"Says... says the man who was going to leave me with nothing more... than a kiss..." He had no intention of doing that, and they both knew it. One of her delicate hands wrapped around his forearm to keep him in place, or at least tried to, but the other managed to find her wand. Despite her lust addled state, or maybe thanks to it, she managed to banish their clothes. They ended up in a haphazard heap on the floor in the corner, "Do I... seem like a tease now?"

"No," he kissed her softly, "you don't." He could feel her essence covering his digits as he drove her closer to her first peak. But that wasn't how she wanted it. Fighting past the pleasure, she managed to drop down from the desk and turn away from him, presenting her peachy bum in all its glory.

Taking a moment to admire her lovely legs, he hissed as she reached back and took hold of his cock, "Come on, Harry... you always tell me how much you love my thighs... so make 'em shake."

Any thought of the quidditch match that was probably starting at that moment was completely forgotten. Guiding his swollen crown to her taut slit, he crouched down to line up properly. As he straightened up, he filled her up with one solid thrust. The air was driven from Padma's lungs as she looked back at him awestruck, "Fuck... I don't know if.... if I'll ever get used to that."

They both watched as her bum started jiggling as he started doing exactly what she told him. Padma couldn't help but look back at it as her pink depths distended slightly as he pulled back, desperate not to let go. They looked so vibrant against her otherwise caramel colored skin, "Bloody hell, your bum was made to bounce, Pads."

They quickly worked themselves into a rhythm, alternating between slow and quick just to make their lovemaking just that little bit better. On one particularly powerful thrust, Padma squirted around his cock as she came around him, "Oh fuck... cumming!"

Harry didn't get to fully appreciate it though, because at that same moment the door opened. *Fuck... didn't put up a single locking spell.* It was a massive oversight on both their parts and very easily could have bitten them in the arse. Luckily, it wasn't anyone they needed to worry about.

Well, that was partially true, because there was an incensed and horny Daphne standing in the doorway, "You told me all I need to do is ask... and I'm not just asking... I'm telling." Her wand was in her hand, and unlike them, she had the sense to lock them in. And then a second later, she was standing there with nothing but a little frown on her face. He certainly appreciated the lovely view as she strutted over to the desk and laid herself down beside them. Reaching down to her puffy sex, she pried open her pretty pussy lips and started thrumming her clit as she watched them fuck.

Padma came back from her orgasm-induced haze long enough to appreciate what was going on. After her nervousness with Orina and Anya their first time, he half-expected her to shy away from the blonde, but she didn't. No, she surprised him by clenching just a little bit harder around him as she reached out and groped one of Daphne's tits.

The Slytherin certainly seemed to enjoy it as she closed her eyes and started frigging herself that much harder. That earlier frustration bled away into carnal bliss as she drove herself closer to a peak.

Kissing against Padma's ear, he whispered, "Do you mind?"

This had been their moment, one that she wanted for helping him, so if she said no, and that she wanted his cock to remain firmly lodged in her snug snatch, that's what he would do. *Turns out I wasn't quite right when I said, any time.* But Padma could see how desperately Daphne needed it, and she wasn't that cruel. Though, she had learned a thing or two about teasing, "I don't know... I'm not... not sure how bad she really wants it."

Daphne whimpered as a pearlescent line of girlcum leaked from her slit. While the Slytherin liked to play at being dominant, he knew full-well that she could switch just as easily, "Please... please... Padma... let him fuck me! I need it!"

Padma looked back at Harry, a little surprised, though he wasn't. Considering she'd already finished on his cock twice, she was feeling magnanimous, "Alright."

The blonde bit her bottom lip and whimpered as Harry slipped free of Padma, "Thank you... thank you..." Her striking blue eyes never left his swinging member as he took a sideways step to situate himself between her legs. She pulled her legs back obscenely far to offer her needy hole up to him, "Please..."

Still slick with Padma cream, he glided into Daphne's snug hole easily. When he bottomed out in her pussy, her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she twitched through her first peak. Padma giggled as she tweaked the blonde's nipple, "Damn... she **really** needed it."

Harry couldn't help but agree. He didn't know why she was so incredibly desperate for it, but he wasn't complaining either. Over the next few minutes, he reduced his Slytherin lover to a mewling mess of blissed out beauty. The only words she uttered as she rode that euphoria were, "More..." and "Yes!"

Clearly enjoying the show, Padma didn't want to be left out just because there was a new arrival either. So, she made sure to grab hold of his hand and guide it to her hot honeypot. Though as he drew closer to his own climax, he saw a naughty glint in her lovely eyes.

Moving herself so her back was pressed against Daphne's front, she then slid down so that she was standing on the ground between him and the blonde... with her thighs wrapped around his pistoning cock, and her juicy pussy kissing the top. He was thigh-fucking the Ravenclaw and still sliding a portion of his cock into Daphne's snug sheath.

He came undone as Padma kissed the bottom of his chin, "Come on, Harry... I can see you're close... I know you want to cum... You can fill her pussy and cover mine all in one go..."

Growing just that little extra bit, his cock throbbed as the cum raced up his cock. He took a bruising hold of Padma's hips as his muscles went tight. Padma grinned wickedly as she felt his cock recoil between her thighs. He did exactly what she said, filling Daphne with the first, second, and third rope of his thick seed before pulling out and covering her thigh gap with the rest. Her brown thighs were a lewd, sticky, white mess when he was finished... and she couldn't have been happier about it.

Then she gave him a naughty little wink, turned on the spot, dropped to her knees, and started sucking on Daphne's enflamed pussy lips. Since he wasn't able to get himself balls-deep, she was able to dig most of his cum out of her sex, much to the blonde's protest.

Padma reminded her, "Hey, Harry was thanking me... the least you can do is let me have all his cum." Daphne only laughed at that and let her finish up without any further protest.

By the time they were all recovered and dressed, none of them really knew just how much time they'd spent in there.

When they left, one thing was obvious. *It was long enough for the game to be over.* Not at all coincidentally, Ginny walked up to them about thirty seconds after they walked out, and looked between them all, "Missed you at the match."

"Padma was helping me with something on the second task," he explained, "Thought we could do that and make it down to the pitch."

Obviously, she knew full-well that was only a half-truth, "Oh, I know. You weren't counting on Slytherin interference I'm guessing," she glanced at an entirely unrepentant Daphne.

"No, I suppose we didn't."

Ginny just smiled, "You had more fun than anyone down at the game anyway. Krum finished it after twenty-five minutes." As he felt a pinch on his bum, from Daphne or Padma he didn't know, he had to agree. *Yep, we definitely had more fun.*

Though, there was one caveat, "He's probably going to wonder why you weren't there though... because Sigrid definitely noticed." *Sounds like a problem for another time.*