

Chapter 2

“Did you see or feel anything strange the first night? Any bright lights or powerful magic?”
Dumbledore asked calmly from behind his desk.

“No, nothing.” Harry said, pacing back and forth over the worn rug in agitation.

“I’m sorry, Harry, but that’s not much to go on.”

“I know, you said that last time.” he said, running a hand through his hair.

“I assume I also told you I would look into it?” Dumbledore asked.

“Yeah, you did, but I don’t know if you found anything. I didn’t expect this to happen again, so I planned on asking you tomorrow, er, today?” Harry asked in slight confusion.

“Well, if I were me, and I usually am,” Dumbledore said, his lips twitching under his beard. “It’s unlikely I expected this to happen again either. In all likelihood, I would have looked at your dorm for any residual temporal magic. Had I not found anything unusual, I would have allowed you to enjoy the ball before speaking to you again.”

“So, you don’t think you found anything last time?” Harry asked, his mind already a befuddled mess from dealing with time travel, again.

“I think not.” he responded. “Which means, I’m going to have to take a closer now, rather than later. I should warn you Harry, temporal magic can be quite tricky. It may take several attempts for me to discern what has happened. I’ll need you to pay close attention to everything I do. Otherwise, we risk repeating the same tests and making little headway.”

“Yes, sir.” Harry said with a nod.

Dumbledore stood from his chair and walked around the desk to stand in front of Harry. Drawing his wand, he waved it in a wide arc. No light came out, but he felt a strange tingling sensation all along his skin, like when your foot falls asleep. He did his best to stand still and not move too much. Eventually, the discomfort became too much, and he raised his hand to rub his arm. When he did, he noticed a faint, light blue aura around his exposed skin. A second later, Dumbledore stopped his spell and the glow faded.

“There’s a faint trace of temporal magic around you, most likely from your use of the Time Turner at the end of last school year, but I sense nothing recent.” the headmaster explained.

“Is that good?” he asked.

“I’m not sure.” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard as he stared off in thought. “You said you simply went to bed and woke up to a repeat of the same day, correct?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then perhaps we should look at your dorm next.” he said, turning to leave the office.

Harry followed him, walking quickly to keep up with his long strides. When they reached the Gryffindor Common Room, everyone stopped and stared. It was quite unusual for the headmaster to visit them.

“Good morning, everyone. Don’t mind us, we’ll only be a few moments.” Dumbledore said as he strode over to the stairs and up to the fourth-year dorm.

As Harry followed him, he could hear the few students left in the common Room whispering to each other. When he caught up to the Professor, he was already waving his wand and muttering a chant quietly. He watched closely, but there really wasn’t much to see. There was no glowing or pulses of magic to give him any idea about what was actually happening. After a

couple of minutes of casting his spell, or perhaps several spells, he stopped chanting and lowered his wand.

“Curious.” Dumbledore said softly. “No signs of any powerful magic, temporal or otherwise. Most curious, indeed.”

“What does that mean, Professor?” Harry asked.

“Quite honestly, I’m unsure.” he admitted. “Time travel takes a tremendous amount of very specific magic. It should be easily detectable, but there is nothing here to suggest any kind of abnormal magic. I suppose it’s possible whatever magic is causing this happened someplace else. The question is, where do we look, and why don’t you show any signs of recent time travel?”

Harry sighed dejectedly and sat down on his bed as Dumbledore turned and looked out the window.

“Or, perhaps it’s something else altogether.”

“Professor?” Harry asked when he didn’t elaborate.

Dumbledore turned away from the window and began pacing back and forth across the room slowly, head bowed in thought, and hands clasped behind his back.

“In my many, many years on this earth, I have seen magic do things that seem possible. Take this very school for example.” he said, waving his arm in a wide arc, encompassing the room. “Moving staircases, trick steps, doors pretending to be walls and walls pretending to be door, rearranging itself when the need arises. None of that was part of the castle when it was first built.”

“The castle did all of that by itself?” Harry asked, brow knitted in confusion.

“Precisely!” Dumbledore crowed and walked over to the wall, running his hand along the stones. “Just imagine it, Harry. For a thousand years, this school has been home to tens of thousands of teenagers. All of that magic, all of those emotions, slowly soaking into the very stones that surrounds us over hundreds of years. As those children grew, so too, did this school, until it has become what it is today. It would certainly explain why it has a tendency to be, mischievous, shall we say.”

“You're saying the castle is alive?” he asked incredulously.

“Yes, although, while not quite in the same way as you and I are, it is alive, nonetheless.” Dumbledore said, turning back to him.

“So, the school did this to me?” he asked, struggling to understand just what the headmaster was getting at.

“Oh, no, not at all. While the school does have its playful side, it has always been protective of its students. What I'm trying to say, is that there are many things we do not yet understand about magic. It would be foolish of us to ignore the possibility of the impossible.”

Harry nodded slowly, thinking he was finally beginning to grasp what the Professor was trying to tell him.

“Come, let's return to my office. There's a few other things we should discuss.”

Rising from his bed, he followed the headmaster back out of Gryffindor tower and back to his office in silence, still trying to wrap his head around what was happening. Was he going to be stuck like this forever? Forced to repeat the same day over and over for all eternity? Fortunately, before he had time to work himself up into a full panic, they arrived back at the headmaster's office. The moment they entered, Fawkes let out his soothing song and flew over to land on Harry shoulder. Reaching up, he stroked his feathers, a small smile stretching his lips as he sat down across the desk from Dumbledore.

“Now, while there is much we don’t know about what’s happening to you, there is one thing we can be certain of.”

“What’s that?” Harry asked, turning his attention away from Fawkes and back to Dumbledore.

“Whatever form of time travel you’re experiencing, it not the kind wizards are familiar with. We know this because of two things. Firstly, there is only one of you, and second, there are no recent traces of temporal magic on you. I’ll teach you the spell I used so you can check yourself. I want you to keep an eye on the glow surrounding you and let me know if it gets more faint.” Dumbledore said.

“What will that tell us?” he asked curiously.

“I’m not sure if it will tell us anything, but it may be another piece to the puzzle.” the headmaster answered. “Now, as there isn’t a second Harry Potter running around when you go back, I believe it is your soul, rather than your entire being that is sent back in time. If that’s the case, I may have a way for you to take something back with you.”

Opening a drawer, he pulled out a small, black leather-bound book and set it on the desk.

“Soul magic is very obscure and, while relatively useless most of the time, it can easily become extremely dangerous. What I would like to do, with your permission, is to link this journal with your soul. Theoretically, this will allow it to follow you wherever you go. Or, in this case, whenever.” he explained.

“Is it dangerous?” Harry asked, eyeing the journal.

“No. This spell is perfectly safe.” Dumbledore assured him. “Under normal circumstances, this spell is relatively useless. However, with your unique situation, I think you’ll find it very helpful. Keeping a journal will allow you to remember things more easily, especially things that you may

not have thought important at the time. It may also help you emotionally. Do I have your permission?"

"Uh, sure, go ahead." Harry said with a shrug.

"Thank you, Harry. Just sit still for a moment." he instructed.

Standing, Dumbledore took his wand out of his pocket and walked around to the side of the desk. Tapping Harry on the head, a thin, gold strand of glowing magic attached his head to the tip of his wand. Moving his wand over, he tapped the journal, where the gold strand stayed, connecting him to the small black book. A moment later, the strand faded and disappeared.

"That's it?" Harry asked.

"That's it."

Dumbledore picked up the book and handed it to Harry, who took it from him and glanced at the cover. As he watched, gold letters wrote themselves in intricate, flowing script spelling out his name.

Harry James Potter

"Thanks, Professor." he said as he pocketed the journal.

"You're welcome, Harry. Just promise me you will use it. I think you'll find it most helpful in the coming days."

"Or day, in my case." Harry said with a grin.

“Indeed.” Dumbledore said, returning his smile. “I’m afraid there’s not much more I can do for you at the moment. I’ll do what research I can tonight and sent a copy of my notes to you. It’ll be up to you to fill me in next time. Until then, a word of advice, if I may?”

“Of course.”

“Try to stay positive and make the most out of this opportunity. Use this time to get to know new people, experience new things. Perhaps get ahead on some of your schoolwork, on occasion. I dare say, with enough time, you may even surpass your friend Ms. Granger.” He said with smile.

Harry snorted lightly and smiled. “I really hope this doesn’t go on *that* long, Professor.”

“I suppose not.” he agreed with a chuckle. “Do try to at least enjoy the Ball.”

Harry smiled as he remembered his date with Katie the last time.

“That, I can do.” Harry said as he stood from his seat. “Have a good night, Professor.”

“You too, Harry.”

Stroking Fawkes’ feathers on last time, he turned and left the office. He headed to his dorm to get his winter jacket. He a snowball fight to go to.

Harry ducked down and sat with his back against the trench dug into the snow just as multiple snowballs flew over his head. To his left, Katie yelped and ducked down next to him, a wide grin on her face and her cheeks flushed from the cold.

“Having fun?” he asked.

“This is the most fun I’ve had all year.” she answered brightly.

“So, uh, you have a date for the Ball yet?”

“No, not yet.” she said, brushing a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “Why?”

“Well, do you want to go to the Ball with me?” he asked with a lopsided grin.

“Yeah, I’d love to.” she said, smiling happily.

Harry smiled back and raised his wand to shoulder height with the tip pointed up.

“Protego.”

A wide, blue transparent shield sprouted from his wand just as a large pile of snow was dropped on top of them. Katie yelped again and scooted closer to him as Fred and George were buried under a small mountain of powdery white snow. While the Weasley twins dug themselves out, Katie looked up at him with a wide, surprised stare. Harry gave her a roguish smile and shrugged his shoulders.

A few hours later, he was once again in his dorm room, getting dressed for the Ball while Ron grumbled about his robes.

“Hey, Ron?” he called out.

“What?” Ron grunted, severing another lace cuff from his robes.

“You might want to make sure you show Parvati a good time tonight.” he said gently.

“Why?” he asked in a bewildered tone. “Who cares? It’s just a stupid ball.”

“You know Parvati is one of the biggest gossips in this school, right?” Harry asked.

“So?”

“So, if she doesn’t have a good time tonight, every girl in the school will know about it by tomorrow. You’ll be lucky to get another date with *any* girl before we graduate.” he told Ron.

“Oh, Merlin. I didn’t think about that.” He said with a nervous look.

“Relax, Ron. All you have to do is tell her she looks pretty and dance with her, It’s not that difficult.”

“But I’m rubbish at dancing.” Ron whined.

“You’ll be fine.” Harry said. “Look, I’ve got to go meet Katie. I’ll see you later at the Ball.”

Heading down to the Common Room, he felt much less nervous this time around as he waited for Katie. A few minutes later, as she walked down the stairs in her tight crimson dress, he thought that maybe this whole stuck in time thing might not be so bad after all. Standing up, he walked over to greet her with a smile on his face.

“Wow, Katie. You look great!” he said, offering her his arm.

“You, too.” she said happily, her hands coming up to straighten his lapel with a playful smile. “Didn’t think I ever see you in a tux.”

“I didn’t think I’d ever see you in a dress.” he told her with a smile. “You really do look beautiful.”

“Thank you.” she said with a beaming smile, tilting her head up to kiss him on the cheek.

“Ready to go?” he asked.

“All set.”

Things went much the same as last time, and Harry soon found himself once again opening the Ball with Katie. As they danced across the floor, he was happy to note that Ron had taken his advice and was dancing with Parvati. She looked incredibly happy as she twirled about, while Ron’s was white, his freckles standing out prominently as he concentrated on not stepping on her feet.

After what felt like hours of dancing, Harry and Katie finally decided to take a break. Soon after, they were joined at their table by Fred, George, Angelina, and Alicia.

“Hey Katie!” Angelina called out. “How’s your night going?”

“Brilliant!” she replied enthusiastically.

“If you think you’re having fun now, wait until you’ve had the punch.” George said with a mischievous grin just as Katie raised her glass to her lips.

“What did you do?” she asked suspiciously.

“It’s fine.” Harry assured her, taking a sip of his own punch. “They’re just messing with you.”

“Must you ruin our fun, Harrykins?” Fred asked as both twins pouted exaggeratedly.

Harry simply smiled at him and shrugged. They spent quite a while sitting and talking with their friends, laughing and joking with each other. Eventually, the twins decided to take their dates back out onto the dance floor, leaving Harry and Katie alone at the table.

“You want to go dance some more?” he asked her.

“Actually, do you mind if we go for a walk?” she asked.

“Sure.” Harry said, trying not to look too excited.

Remembering what had happened last time, he pulled her to a stop as she turned towards the front courtyard.

“Hang on, I saw Snape heading that way a little while ago. You want to go to the middle courtyard instead?” he asked.

“Good idea.” Katie said smiling.

Hand in hand, they walked through the silent halls, echos of the music from the Great Hall getting quieter as they got further away. When they finally reached the courtyard, they were relieved to find it had been charmed in the same way as the front courtyard, keeping them warm. Glowing Faeries flew around above their heads, leaving everything dimly lit. There wasn't anyone else there at the moment, and Harry wondered if Snape was going for one courtyard to the other, harassing students, and handing out detentions. It certainly seemed like something he would do.

Katie tugged on his arm and pulled him into a small alcove. Pushing him back against the wall, she giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck. Harry smiled at her and dipped his head,

pressing his lips gently against hers. Threading her fingers through the hair at the back of his head, she pulled his head down firmly, mashing their lips together. Harry slid his hands down her back and over her pert bottom, pulling her waist against his. Slipping her tongue between his lips, Katie moaned into his mouth when she felt his growing erection press against her thigh. As they continued to kiss, he slid one of his hands up her side, his thumb brushing over the side of her breast.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang from a door being thrown open. Harry pulled back and cursed quietly as he turned around. A group of older students, likely sixth or seventh years, were loudly making their way to the courtyard. One of the boys took a swig from a bottle that he guessed was Firewhiskey and passed it around the group. Grabbing Katie by the hand, he pulled her back into the castle. He was getting really tired of being interrupted. Surprisingly, rather than wanting to go back to the Ball, she pulled him over to an empty classroom and pulled him inside. Closing and locking the door, she turned to him with an impish smile and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a passionate kiss.

Grabbing her bum, he lifted her up and carried her over to the teacher's desk before sitting her down on the edge and stepping between her spread legs. The slit going up the right side of her dress to mid-thigh left most of her leg bare to his touch. Starting at her knee, he ran his hand lightly up her smooth, muscular leg to the edge of her dress. Katie ran her hands up his chest and pushed his cloak off his shoulders, and Harry let go of her for a moment to let it slide down his arms to the floor. When he wrapped his arm around her again, he rested his palm at the small of her back and ground his erection into her panty clad mound, drawing a wanton moan from her lips. Pulling her lips back from his to breathe heavily, Katie rested her hands on his belt and looked up at him with sparkling brown eyes.

"I really like you, Harry." she said breathlessly.

"I like you too, Katie." he told her, bringing one hand up to brush a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

Smiling at him brightly, Katie fiddled with his belt and opened the buckle as she tilted her head up and kissed him again. Harry slid both of his hands under her dress and traced his fingers lightly up her warm, soft thighs all the way up to her hips. While he drew his fingers in random patterns with a feather light touch along her panty line, getting closer and closer to her hot mound, Katie reached into his pants and palmed his shaft through his boxers, gently rubbing his

straining erection. Harry groaned into her mouth and ran his thumb over her slit through her thin, silky panties. Gasping, she pulled back, staring at him with a wide, hungry stare.

Harry looked down, his eyes landing on her smooth legs and black panties as he rubbed her through her panties again. Katie slipped her hand into his boxers and wrapped her long, thin fingers around his girth, and pulled him out into the open air. His rigid erection jutted out towards her, the head a swollen, angry red as he throbbed in her loose grip. Taking that as his cue, Harry grabbed the waistband of her panties and gave them a light tug. Biting her lip, she let go of him for a moment and placed her hands on the desk, lifting herself up. Pulling her black, silky panties down her legs, she stared in fascination as her tight, bald slit came into view. His eyes stayed locked there even as he pulled them off of her feet and tossed them carelessly on the desk next to her.

Realizing he was staring, he looked up at to find her looking at his face nervously. Harry gave her a reassuring smile and a brief kiss on the lips.

“You’re gorgeous, Katie.” he told her softly.

She smiled at him and wrapped her fingers around his erection, stroking his length lightly. Pulling him forward, she placed his head at her entrance, his engorged head prying open her taunt lips as he rested there. Letting go of his shaft, she put her hands on his hips and slowly pulled him forward. Katie gasped as he eased into her, slowly sinking into her grasping core. Her smooth, damp walls stretched around his girth, and a gasp left her lips as her eyes closed. Inch by inch, Harry fed his length into her until his hips pressed against her open thighs. Panting slightly, she wrapped her arms around him tightly, holding him in place while her head rested on his shoulder. Holding still, he stroked her back lightly, savoring the feeling of being inside of a girl for the first time as he gave her a moment to adjust to his size.

Running his hands up her sides, his hands brushed over the side of her breasts, his thumbs rubbing the bumps her stiff nipples made in the material on her dress. Wanting to see her breasts, Harry slipped his fingers under her shoulder straps and pulled them down her arms. Lifting her head off of his shoulder, Katie gave him a playful look as she sat up straight and pulled the straps down her arms and pulled down the top of her dress, exposing her thin black bra. His eyes were riveted to her chest as she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Slowly, she allowed it to fall forward, exposing her perfectly shaped breasts and hard, crinkled nipples.

Harry swallowed thickly, prompting her to giggle at the entranced look on his face. Grabbing his wrists, she brought his hands up to her breasts and placed them over her warm mounds lightly. Cupping them in his hands, he rubbed his thumb over the soft, smooth skin while squeezing them experimentally. Katie closed her eyes and moaned lightly when his thumbs brushed over her swollen pink nipples, her hips bucking slightly. Feeling the incredible pleasure surrounding his length, Harry began moving his hips slowly, gently sawing back and forth. Pulling back only a couple of inches, he pushed back in, grinding his pelvis against hers before easing back again.

Letting out a moan, Katie grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a fierce kiss, her tongue slipping into his mouth. His confidence building, Harry started moving his hips faster and his hands groped her breasts more firmly. Katie let go of the back of his head and grabbed a hold of his ass, pulling him against her more firmly when he bottomed out and bucking her hips to grind her clit against him. Harry felt his climax building far too quickly and fought to stave it off for as long as he could. Pulling his lips away from her to catch his breath, he closed his eyes and tried his best to distract himself for the overwhelming pleasure he was feeling.

“Oh, Harry. You feel so good in me.” Katie whispered in his ear, nearly causing him to come undone.

“I’m getting close.” he warned her, unable to hold back much longer.

“Me too.” she panted softly. “Just a little more.”

Harry bit his lip painfully, hoping it would distract him as he thrust into her desperately. The room was filled with the sounds of heavy breathing, the light slapping of skin on skin, and the occasional moan or groan from the two of them. Suddenly, Katie tensed in his arms and her walls grew tighter around him, fluttering along his length.

“Yes!” she hissed, clutching at him tightly as she trembled in his arms.

With a loud groan, Harry let himself go, his throbbing length lurching inside of her as he came. Jet after jet of hot cum splashed forcefully against her walls, as he buried himself as deep as

possible in her core. When their orgasms finished, they stayed connected, leaning against each other as they panted for air. Harry had never felt so satisfied or relaxed in his life. It was unbelievable how good sex actually felt. Nothing he had heard from the older students came close to actually describing what it felt like.

Standing up straight, he cupped Katie's cheek and kissed her softly, his hand coming up to squeeze her breast again. When they broke apart several long seconds later, she smiled up at him, her face lightly flushed.

"As much as I'd like to stay in here for the rest of the night, we should probably get back to the Ball." she told him.

"Yeah, you're right." he said.

Harry pulled out of her, watching in fascination as a small amount of cum leaked out of her. Stepping back to tuck himself back into his pants, Katie hopped off of the desk, her perky breasts bouncing as her legs wobbled under her. He rushed forward to hold her up, worried she might fall. She giggled lightly as she got her legs under her and pecked him on the lips.

"Thanks." she said.

"You're welcome." he told her.

Instead of letting go of her, he moved his hands up and cupped her breasts again. Katie laughed and playfully slapped his hands away after a moment.

"We're supposed to be getting dressed." she reprimanded him with a smile still on her face.

Harry smiled at her unapologetically as he finished straightening his robes and picking up his robes. Once Katie had finished redressing and fixing her dress, they left the classroom arm in arm and headed back to the Ball.

“I wish we could do this every night.” Katie said as they slowly strolled through the halls.

“Me too.” Harry said with a smile.

They got back just in time for the last dance, a slow song where they held each other closely and spun in slow circles. When the song ended, he walked her back to the Common Room and kissed her good night.

Back in his dorm, after changing into his pajamas, he found a roll of parchment sitting on his bed. Unrolling it, he found a list of notes from Dumbledore. Harry copied them into his new journal, but it didn't have anything they hadn't talked about earlier. After the night he just had, he wasn't too upset about it. Things could certainly be worse, he thought. Making a few more notes of his own in the journal, he tucked it under his pillow.

Climbing into bed, he started thinking about who else he could take to the Ball next time. There were some many beautiful girls in the school he had always wanted to date, and now he had the chance to ask them. He was really starting to see the advantages of being stuck like this. Even if he made a complete fool of himself, no one would remember any of it, and he could try again and again to get things right. Slowly, Harry drifted off to sleep, the images of several girls dancing in his mind.