

Rock Star

It was the decided opinion of the students of Hogwarts that the Boy Who Lived was a bit of a disappointment. It wasn't that he was stupid, far from it, his grades were consistently in the top twenty of his year; he just didn't excel at anything. He didn't play Quidditch, or even fly; he didn't participate in any of the Hogwarts activities. He didn't even have any close friends, just friendly acquaintances.

He'd been sorted into Ravenclaw, and had pretty much vanished after that. When a troll had entered the school in the first year, he'd been in the Great Hall with everyone else, and had then walked with the prefects to safety, while the teachers had rescued Granger.

In their second year, there had been a slight scare about a monster, but that had ended as soon as it started, as the youngest Weasley had been taken out of school for a week by her parents, and when she had returned, she'd been a lot happier, and the rumours had stopped.

Even in the third year, when Sirius Black had escaped Azkaban, people had expected that Harry Potter do something; and yet nothing happened.

A few months later, the Dementors had been removed from Hogwarts, a trial was announced for the captured Sirius Black, and then he'd been pronounced an innocent man, and that was it.

The start of the fourth year, there was a spark of something interesting as his name came out of the Goblet of Fire. Only, he'd walked up to the Headmaster, and whispered in his ear for a few moments. The Headmaster had looked at him, and chuckled.

"Fortunately," the Headmaster had said, "I've been assured that this is nothing more than a prank, and as the Goblet needs informed consent, this paper is useless."

Then Harry vanished from interest again, melting back into the crowd.

So all in all, he was a bit of a dull boy, slim, green eyes, and dark hair that was much longer than it really should be.

"Why," Daphne said to her best friend, "is Tremlett staring so hard at Potter."

"You think he fancies him?" Tracey asked, as she swayed to the music.

"Huh?"

“Quiet, intelligent people are talking,” Daphne snapped to the boy she’d allowed to accompany her for the evening. His name was Trevor, or Travis, or something equally banal; a boy from a lower family. She turned her attention back to Tracey. “Not judging by his engagement ring.”

“Yeah, we’re gonna take five,” Wagtail, the lead singer drawled into the microphone.

“Please fetch us a drink,” Daphne said, giving Trayvon a smile. He nodded and trotted off obediently.

“Now that’s curious,” Tracey said. Daphne looked, to see Tremlett and Wagtail talking to Potter. And then Dumbledore was there as well.

Whatever they were saying had Potter shaking his head negatively.

“Here’s your drink,” Trapper said.

“Thank you,” as much as she wanted to tell him where to go, it did not do any good to alienate people, not when they might be useful in the future.

“There’s Black,” Tracey pointed out, sipping her drink. The long haired Lord Black had joined the group, and was practically pleading with Harry.

“What reputation?” Tracey asked, a few moments later.

“I’m sorry?”

“I was reading his lips; he just said it would ruin his reputation.”

Black was gesticulating wildly, as Tremlett dropped dramatically to his knees, begging playfully.

Harry threw his hands up in the air in a gesture of pure disgust. Sirius turned and high-fived Tremlett who had jumped back up.

Dumbledore was beaming happily, and turned. An elf appeared, and then vanished again before returning with a long case.

Potter took the case and followed the other two band members back to the stage with the other members of the Weird Sisters.

None of them seemed surprised to see him, and they started a conversation. Potter was still looking peeved, despite being in a position that all of the students would have loved; talking with members of a world famous band.

The lights on the stage slowly dimmed, hiding what was going on.

“Curious,” Daphne stated. She didn’t know what to think, but it had her attention. Less than a minute later, a tight spot light appeared, focused about waist height. All they could see was the

light bouncing off a deep red guitar. Stencilled on the bottom were silhouettes of four animals, a deer and a stag, a large dog and a wolf.

Elegant and long fingers slid into view, as the spotlight slowly expanded. Everyone was now focused on the stage, and there was a slight tension in the air.

The spotlight expanded, revealed that the person holding the guitar, standing at the front of the band, was Potter. He had taken his robes off, and was wearing a white shirt and black trousers. He looked strangely innocent, next to the delightfully rough and ready band members.

Wagtail had picked up a guitar of his own.

Almost predictably, Malfoy tried to ruin the moment for everyone. “Is it amateur hour already?”

Potter handled it like he had every other time the younger Malfoy had tried something – he ignored him completely.

And then, with no warning, Potter’s hands seemed to catch fire, as an energetic sound exploded out of his guitar. The drummer started a few seconds later.

Some of the Muggleborns screamed, and rushed forward, abandoning partners left, right and centre.

And then Potter’s voice kicked in, lyrics spilling from his voice, a voice surprising in its clarity, and as he launched into a chorus less than twenty seconds later, its power as well.

Daphne was pretty sure her jaw had just dropped open, but she couldn’t seem to care or make her brain send it the signals required for it to return to its normal position. She tried to match the boy who was now strutting across the front of the stage, engaging in a musical battle with the keyboard player, with the Potter she had been thinking of two minutes ago.

The Muggleborns were standing incredibly close, and some were even singing along, and she picked out the parts about how people would come from miles around to hear him play.

And in the quickest three minutes of her life, it was over, and there was a small silence, before the people at the front cheered as loud as she could remember hearing in Hogwarts.

And Potter looked out, and grinned.

His fingers started to dance again, first a few soft notes, ranging up and down, before he sped up slowly, picking some notes clearly, repeating them, each time gaining intensity and power.

The drummer came in, then other guitarists. The Muggleborn were now all at the front, screaming loud enough to be heard, but still drowned out by the exciting music coming from the stage.

Potter started to sing, about wanting to run and hide, to go away, only, it wasn’t about running away, it was a song about living in a place where people didn’t care if you were a Pure Blood or

not.

It was a radical idea, but one, as she listened, that seemed to resonate. Technically, the song blew away anything they'd heard before. This was no song about hippogriffs, Daphne had learned a bit of piano, as every good pureblood girl did, growing up, but this? She could hear the chord changes, and could see some of the Weird Sisters struggle to keep up, but Potter didn't even look at his hands.

The sound dropped off, just leaving Potter playing the same six notes, quieter each time.

The group at the front was bigger now, as the Half-bloods had thrown propriety to the wind, and were crushing up as well.

"This next song," Potter said, his voice now smooth and intimate, reaching parts of her that she didn't know existed, "is about that moment we all know, when a glance becomes something more."

Unlike the other songs, this one was quieter, not about his hands caressing the gorgeous guitar, and he appeared to be singing to her directly. It was like he was talking to her soul, as he sung about his own inadequacies when faced with her.

It was beautiful and dark, the contrast between how he described her, and how he described himself.

And he so definitely did belong there.

And the song drifted off. "I need a drink, we'll be back in five," he whispered, and stepped back. The lights faded. And everything was silent.

Daphne shook herself, and looked around. "Trace," she whispered, "why do I want to grab that boy and do nasty things with him?"

"Because you are imaging those fingers controlling you, like they control that guitar. Strong, gentle, knowing just how to play you."

Daphne felt herself shiver. She nodded in agreement.

"I could do that," Malfoy said loudly. Too loudly, as everyone turned to him.

"Well, I must be fair," Professor Dumbledore mused. "Mr Malfoy, you are welcome on the stage. Do you have your own guitar?"

Malfoy froze, and then paled.

"Because I can send an elf to fetch it from your house, if you would like?"

Everyone was staring at Malfoy now, he had nowhere to hide. His father was not there, and with

just a few words from the Headmaster, Malfoy was destroyed. It was unlikely he would ever recover.

Malfoy looked down, his face now bright red. Parkinson, showing more intelligence than expected, walked away from him. Malfoy shook his head.

“Ahh,” the Headmaster said. “Please, do not let me interrupt your party.”

The noise level rose instantly, as everyone turned to their neighbour and said the same thing with many variations, “Did you hear that!”

Some of the girls rushed out, and when they returned, their fancy frocks had been replaced with skirts or tight trousers, and shiny tops.

McGonagall intercepted them, and forced those wearing only what looked like variations of underwear to go out again and put something else on.

“Tramps,” Daphne murmured.

“Pfft,” Tracey replied. She took off her robes, showing that she was wearing a pretty white dress underneath.

“Daph, Daph!”

Daphne looked up as Astoria moved in front of her. “That was incredible,” she gushed. “Why didn’t you tell me he could do that?”

“I didn’t know,” Daphne confessed. “Where’s your date?”

Astoria looked at her, “No idea, I dumped him as soon as we got in, he was only a patsy to get me here. Some stupid rule about fourth years only.”

“Runs in the family,” Tracey said with a grin.

Astoria gave her an innocent look. “I have no idea what you mean.” She heaved off her robes, showing that she was wearing a black petticoat that was barely decent as it was calf length, black heels, and a black blouse. “Look after this,” she said, shoving it at Daphne, before she dashed back toward the stage, leaving Daphne holding the robes.

Daphne sighed and folded them neatly, putting them on top of the nearby table.

“Let’s get some energy in here,” Potter’s voice was loud and enthusiastic, and it grabbed her full attention immediately. “One, two, three, four,” he yelled, and all the members started to play at the same time.

The lights exploded on to them, Potter had changed guitars, now playing an acoustic guitar with the same stencil. His long hair was brushed back with his hand, and his sleeves rolled up.

The lyrics he sang made no sense, fuel injected? Highways, hemi-powered drones, nonsense, but what couldn't be denied was the feeling inside her, and she found herself on the edge of the crowd, her hands in the air, as the heavy beats soaked through her body, and her mind relaxed.

She was aware of Tracy next to her, others near her, but she didn't care.

The music faded, and the cheering was from everyone even her. She met Tracey's eyes, to see the same energy. It felt good, great, even. It was addictive, and she just knew that her parents would hate it; it felt good to rebel, even in such a small way.

Harry acknowledged them, pushing his hair back again, it was sweaty now, like the energy had been drawn from him, a source that he wouldn't let end. This was magic, different magic.

"This next song," he drawled, "is dedicated to the blond cutie in the front row."

The squeal that followed was definitely from Astoria. A heavy riff started, and then repeated itself. The audience screamed after just three notes, some clearly recognising it.

And then Harry's voice, low and gravelly now, screamed in, as he compared the girl in the song's face to a summer sky.

Only, it clearly wasn't about her bratty younger sister, it was about her. Daphne had long blonde hair, and deep blue eyes. And she had many times reduced boys to tears.

She looked around, her body still dancing, until she spotted the blonde haired Veela, who had dumped her date as well, and was now looking at the stage with hunger. Her dancing was more energetic, and she was near the front row. She understood now, Harry had chosen Astoria so that the creature didn't get any ideas.

The song ended, and a stool appeared behind Harry. "I'm gonna slow it down now," he said, as he sat, one foot on the floor, the other on the bar of the stool. Perched, he looked out, and started to strum the guitar, almost casually.

The other band members took seats as well, lounging on the stage. Harry clapped against the rim of his guitar, setting a beat, in between his fingers stroking the chords out.

His voice joined in, effortlessly sliding up and down scales, as he sang about watching her. The words told the story of how he had seen her in the hallways, how he wanted to approach her, but had never managed to do so.

Daphne was entranced, unable to look away, until he released her as his voice faded.

"You know those nasty things?"

"Yeah?" Tracey replied.

"They've become depraved and disgusting things, and I'm thinking of dragging you along for

assistance.”

Tracey’s mouth opened, and she went bright red, and spluttered.

Daphne chuckled to herself; that paid her friend back for her earlier comments. Of course she wouldn’t drag anyone else; she was more than capable of handling any boy. It was good to tease her, though.

“Well, Professor Dumbledore is looking at his watch, and holding up two fingers, so I guess we’ve got two songs left.”

There was a series of loud boos.

“Hey,” Potter called, cutting them instantly, “If it wasn’t for him, I wouldn’t be up here on the stage. So how about some appreciation?”

The boos turned to loud cheers, as Harry bowed in a dramatic fashion.

The brightly dressed Headmaster bowed deeply back to Harry.

“This penultimate song was written in Seventy-one,” he called, dragging attention back to him. It started slowly, almost like a folk song, with just the guitar, and Potter’s voice sliding around the notes. The guitar playing was intricate once more, finger plucking the chords out of the air, while he hummed an old sounding theme.

Starting from the front, people began to sway, holding their wands up with tips illuminated. The lights in the hall dimmed, until all that was visible was the hundreds of wands, and the boy on the stage.

Daphne was almost surprised when she realised her own hand was up, her wand glowing, as she hadn’t consciously allowed herself to do so.

And then the drums kicked in, and then tempo increased slightly. Harry was still singing in a mid range, keeping just above the music.

He reached another pause, and the other members of the band jumped in, more guitars, and Potter started to play an intricate solo, the guitar almost jarring, discordant, as Harry rocked around the stage, holding the guitar at a right angle to his body, his fingers dancing up and down. He ended up on his knees at the edge of the stage, his body rocking back and forth, as he looked up with his eyes closed, his right hand jumping up and down the strings, while his left keep frantically shifting from finger work to sliding up and down the neck in a blur.

A wall of sound erupted, in a perfectly timed tempo, Harry’s voice went higher, almost into a falsetto, as he roared the lyrics over the music, his fingers still flying, before he slowed down, almost back to how it was at the start.

His eyes opened, as he stared into her soul, and almost whispered the last line one more time.

There was a pause, before Hogwarts erupted. The cheers were deafening, the energy like nothing else she had ever experienced.

“I’m gonna need some help for this one,” Harry said, as he walked across. “You up for it, Merton?”

“Damn right, Harry,” the Cellist replied.

“Merton Graves,” Harry introduced him, to a roar. “What about you, Kirley Duke.”

Kirley played a quick few chords. “I’m ready, boss.”

“Gideon Crumb, your pipes ready?”

“Locked and loaded!”

“Orsino Thruston, ready for one more bang?”

“With your guitar wailing, I can bang ‘em all night.”

And Harry kept going, introducing all the band members, until he got to the last one. “And Myron, I gotta thank you for letting me up here.”

“No problem, it’s always an honour to play with a true musician. And I’m ready, let’s hit this!”

Harry span dramatically, and started a slow ballad, singing about his life, and how he was powerless, and even about death, it was beautiful, and once again, the students were swaying. The other band members were harmonising with him, and it was soft and brilliant.

But, as the song faded, Harry didn’t stop, he changed style, his voice somehow becoming more operatic, as he headed in and out of a falsetto, going through a call and response with the other singers in the band.

And then he was bouncing in the front of the stage, his guitar wailing as he sang straight at them, his voice so incredible powerful over the heavy and exciting music.

And then it all slowed down, so it was just his voice, singing a capella for the last lines.

“Thank you, Hogwarts,” he whispered, his voice now sounding tired and drained. “It’s been a blast.”

He turned, and walked off, the other band members following him, and Daphne found herself screaming at the top of her voice, joining in with giving her appreciation for the amazing end to the Yule Ball.

The lights came on fully, and the cheers slowly started to fade. Daphne felt the electricity still running through her.

“That was totally, unbelievably, awesome,” Tracey stated.

“Agreed.”

Astoria appeared in front of her. She was practically vibrating. “Oh, Merlin,” she exclaimed. “You should have been at the front, the energy was intense!” She shuddered and spun in a graceful pirouette, “And those gorgeous green eyes and those amazing fingers up close!”

“Astoria, where is your bra?”

Astoria blinked at her, “I don’t know, maybe on the floor somewhere,” she said with an uncaring shrug. “Harry sang a song to me!”

Daphne let her little sister keep her delusions, as she knew the song had been for her. Astoria spotted her robes, and dashed over to get them, donning them quickly.

“This night will go down in Hogwarts, never to be beaten,” Astoria declared. “The night when we discovered we had a god of music in our midst.” She shook her head. “Now, I’ve just got to work out how to date him.”

“You and every other witch here,” Tracey said dryly.

“He sang to *me*, the blond cutie,” Astoria pointed out.

“He is a half-blood,” Daphne pointed out, hoping that would distract her sister, allowing Daphne herself to make the first move.

“Didn’t you hear his song? He wants to live in a place where that doesn’t matter!” Astoria swooned dramatically, before she dashed off.

“He was right,” Tracey said, as they headed to their dorms.

“Oh?”

“It has ruined his reputation as a slightly dull Ravenclaw.”

“You think he just doesn’t care about anything but music?”

“Pretty much. Think about it, what would you choose between transfiguring a box into a beetle, and standing on a stage, rocking out like a god?”

“The latter.”

“Exactly.”

In bed, Daphne couldn’t sleep; the green eyes were haunting her.

Breakfast the next day was strangely quiet, as Harry wasn't there. In fact, he didn't appear at all the next day. Also missing were the Headmaster, and Sirius Black, who had vanished from whence he came.

There was only one topic of conversation, and then the rumours started to fly.

In fact, it wasn't until the day before school was due to start, with all the students back, that she next bumped in to him, leading credence to the rumours that he'd simply gone home for Christmas.

Daphne, with Tracey and Astoria, were wandering around the Entrance Hall, when the Headmaster descended from his office, accompanied by the man of the week. He was dressed strangely, big black boots with white socks, a red and black kilt, and a leather jacket – and nothing else.

Daphne stepped back into the shadows, pulling the other two back.

“Do you know what time you'll be back?” Dumbledore asked Harry.

“Early tomorrow. This one's the big one.”

The main doors opened, and Sirius bounded in. “Ready, kiddo?”

“Yes.”

“I want the memory, Sirius,” Dumbledore said firmly.

“Why not come?” Harry asked.

Dumbledore beamed. He whipped out his wand, and sent off a silvery flash. Less than twenty seconds later, Professor McGonagall appeared.

She looked at Harry, and then at the Headmaster. “Do not tell me you're sneaking out for the evening.”

“I am not!” the Professor looked horrified and insulted at the suggestion.

“I'm sorry,” McGonagall said contritely.

“I'm not sneaking, I'm walking out with my head held high,” the Headmaster finished.

Harry and Sirius both laughed, as McGonagall glared.

“I'll share the memory,” he promised.

McGonagall sighed. She looked at Harry, and shook her head. “Curious outfit. Potter; I do approve of the tartan, though”

Harry shrugged. "People expect a certain standard of behaviour with musicians; as I don't do drugs or alcohol, clothing is all I have left."

"Keep it that way, and we won't have a problem."

"Notice she didn't say anything about sex," Sirius pointed out eagerly.

"Do feel free to curse him," Harry said to the teacher.

Her wand was already out, stinging hexes flying.

"I swear, we let you out for a concert, and I feel like we're asking you to supervise the adults accompanying you."

Harry grinned, and gave McGonagall a quick hug. "This one is gonna be big."

"I'd wish you luck, but over the years I've noticed that the truly lucky people are those that practice their talent no end, like you. Knock 'em dead."

"Yes ma'am. Come on, mutt, Professor."

"Oh, yes," the headmaster changed his robes, so that they looked blue, with strange multi-coloured circular shapes, and his glasses turned pink.

"Did you do Woodstock?"

"I might have been there."

"I want that memory, of the last morning!"

"Ahh, yes, that is a morning I remember well." The three vanished with a Portkey.

"A Headmaster, a Lord and a musician, and the most reliable is the rock and roll star," McGonagall grumbled. "Right, carry on, you three."

"Professor," Astoria called. "Where did they go?"

"Harry has a concert tonight. The Yule Ball was just a warm up for him. Now, hurry along, don't dawdle."

They moved as directed.

"Oh, did you see his chest?" Astoria demanded. "Smooth, good muscles, oh my!"

"Astoria," Daphne protested for form's sake. They headed back to the Common Room, where they spread the gossip.

During breakfast the next morning, everyone was again disappointed that Harry wasn't there.

Until the doors opened and he walked in with two floating adults behind him.

“If I hear the story, are Ravenclaw going to win the House Cup on the points I’m going to have to give you?”

Harry grinned and nodded.

She pointed to Albus.

“He proved he was at Woodstock, and got a little reacquainted with his old friend Mary Jane.”

McGonagall groaned. She pointed to Sirius.

“The after party was heavy, Sirius tried to keep up with a Swedish hair band who opened for me. They won.”

She cast a charm at Harry and then gave an actual smile. “What did you do?”

“I was talking with a few people, seeing about a collaboration.”

“And the concert; was it as good as you thought it would be?”

The smile on Harry’s face was the most relaxed and happy Daphne had ever seen. “Oh, yes; I got an invitation to headline Rock in Rio next year.”

Some of the Muggleborn’s gasped in amazement.

“Anyway, I need some food, and then to hit the sack. I’ve been buzzing all night, but I’m starting to crash.”

“I’m not surprised. Sit down, eat.”

Harry floated the two men toward the deputy Headmistress, who, with a wave of her wand, placed them in chairs.

Harry ran his fingers threw his hair and grimaced. “Also, a shower.” He sat, and started to eat, ignoring everyone else. As soon as he finished, he gave McGonagall a half wave, winked at Flitwick, and headed out.

With a start, Professor Dumbledore awoke. “Ahhh,” he said, stretching. “I see Air Potter got me home safely.”

“Albus Dumbledore!”

The Headmaster was well known for his intelligence, and he cast a spell at the ceiling. Daphne, along with everyone, looked up. It was a moving picture, and it showed Harry, moving out of a wood and steel corridor, and onto a stage. A flash of light then illuminated the crowd, and people

gasped.

Albus sent another spell out, this one didn't move. It just showed a veritable ocean of Muggles.

"H-How many people?" Flitwick asked.

"Around one hundred and ten thousand people. Not quite the record for Knebworth, but a few people I talked to reckoned that after his performance last night, he'll double it next time."

The images started to change, showing Harry, and that his clothing might have looked a little strange before, were perfectly suited to his performance. He looked older, taller, like a full adult, on the stage.

Albus paused the show on one image. Harry was standing on the edge of the stage, his arms raised, pointing a microphone into the crowd. The expression on his face was one of fierce pride.

"Hearing every single member of the crowd singing one of his songs to him was just the most amazing feeling. He would sing a line; they would sing the next five or ten. Of course, he then laughed, and said that it was his job, and sang the song again to them, and they went nuts." The next picture appeared, showing the crowd, many with people on their shoulders, hands in the air, all with expressions of ecstasy on their faces.

The final picture, another moving one, was one of Harry, stepping off the stage, looking utterly exhausted, but his eyes were electric.

He embraced Sirius, and then walked off, his guitar in one hand, down the corridor, so all that you could see was a silhouette.

"So yes, a good night, now, I need some sleep as well." Somehow, the Headmaster had moved to the doors while everyone was distracted, and he hopped out before McGonagall could say anything.

The doors slammed. "Ouch," Sirius Black called, as he stood, and glanced at the ceiling. "Awesome."

"Sirius Tiberius Black," McGonagall yelled.

"Crap," Sirius muttered, before turning into a dog and legging it. McGonagall had the doors sealed before he could take more than four steps. "Bugger," he said, turning back in to a human. "My office," McGonagall demanded. "Where you will explain why a student was carting you and Albus back here!"

Sirius slumped and walked out, pausing only for the doors to be unsealed.

"While I have your attention," McGonagall continued, "I will politely ask you not to bother Mr Potter about his escapades. As we are back in school now, I will expect the excitement of the holidays to die, and everything to return to normal." She sat down.

The chances of that happening were non-existent.

The doors opened once more, as the daily paper delivery owl's arrived, and to her surprise, similar photos from the ceiling were on the front page.

She read the article in silence, her eyes fixated on one thing. Tickets had cost ten galleons each, which meant that over a million galleons were spent in one night, and that Prophet thought that Potter got a lot of that.

Even if he only got fifty percent, he made over half a million galleons in one night. Well, that just settled it; her father would not care if Potter was a complete Muggleborn, not if he could make that much money in just one night.

She looked up, to see Malfoy choking on his breakfast, the paper in front of him.

"Surely Daddy will give you that much money, Malfoy," she said, keeping her voice nice and cold.

"Because little Draco sure as hell can't earn it," Tracey added. Their cohorts in earshot laughed. Malfoy flushed and glared.

"All this time," she continued, quite happy to stick the knife in now that he had fallen, "you've compared yourself to the Boy Who Lived, and how superior you are, and yet, there he is, earning more in a night than your Father does in ten years. And all that influence you like to talk about, I wonder how long that would last, if someone who could earn that in a night, and was a better entertainer than Celestina Warbeck, asked for something different?"

Malfoy spluttered.

"Ahh, he's gone all speechless," Astoria called, "Must be that stunning intellect he likes to talk about."

"Shut up," Malfoy yelled, the volume loud enough to be heard throughout the hall.

"Mr Malfoy that is ten points from Slytherin!"

"And such control as well, emotions on show, why, that's more a Hufflepuff state." Daphne kept her face emotionless.

"He was probably sorted into Slytherin because he's too dumb for the Ravenclaws, too cowardly for the Gryffs, and doesn't care about anyone but himself, so the Puffs were out too. Means he even had to rely on Daddy to be sorted."

Astoria's catty remark made Daphne incredibly proud of her sister. That was a wonderful shot, aimed directly at the boy.

The laughter reinforced the fact that Malfoy would never be able to call on his father in his

defence, without proving Astoria right.

The impotent glare was more than amusing.

Harry was absent from classes during the day, no doubt sleeping off the concert the night before. He reappeared at the evening meal, dressed entirely in the school uniform; the only real difference was that he had tied his hair back.

He clearly knew that everyone was watching, as he ate quickly, before escaping with Professor Flitwick. It struck her that Harry was much more comfortable with the teachers than he was with the students.

In the Slytherin Common Room, quite a few girls had their personal gramophones playing; all charmed to only allow a metre radius of sound.

She ignored them, as she took her robes off, and put on a flattering shirt and a jacket. She changed her skirt, and put on some heels. She checked herself in the mirror. The tailored shirt and jacket emphasised the smooth curves of her hips and waist, and showed that she was generously endowed up top.

Her hair was brushed straight, and her eyes wide and clear. She picked up her brush, and added some foundation, using her wand in her other hand to zap any impurities in her skin. She combed her eyebrows up, and applied some light eye shadow, she liked the iridescent effect; it helped her eyes sparkle.

She added some blush to her cheeks, making sure to follow her cheekbones; she then used her eye lash curler, before adding some mascara. She blinked at herself, and nodded, her eyes looked suitably bigger.

Moving to her lips, she added some moisturiser, and then added some lip gloss. It gave her natural pouty look a dash of colour, to encourage what she hoped would be some kissing later.

“Elf,” she called. One of the Slytherin elves appeared instantly. “Where is Harry Potter?”

“Hims is with Professor McGonagall, Miss, hims finishing soon.”

“Thank you.” With her target set, Daphne donned some old and ratty robes, and cast a charm to ensure she was ignored. She headed out, and quickly dashed toward the classroom.

She was lucky, the door opened when she was still a bit away, so it was natural for her to dump her robes, and drop her charm.

“Hi, Harry,” she said, favouring him with a smile.

He raised an eyebrow. “Greengrass, Daphne, right?”

She was thrilled, he did know her name! He had been watching her! “You were incredible at the

ball.”

His smile did funny things to her insides. “Thank you.”

She parted her lips, breathlessly, “So, do you want to go out sometime?” she asked.

His eyes were warm as he looked at her, and he moved closer, “Thanks for the offer, you’re a great girl, Daphne, and it’s certainly nothing to do with you, I just promised my professors that I wouldn’t date for a few more years. But I really do appreciate the offer.” He reached forward, and kissed her on her forehead.

“Here,” he added, he pulled out a record, and added a quick message, ‘To Daphne, thanks for being a great girl, love, Harry James Potter.’ The name was signed dramatically, and she took the record and hugged it to herself.

“I’ll see you around,” He promised, and walked off.

Daphne allowed herself a squeal, and she bounced on her toes, before she rushed back to her room. She got out her personal gramophone, put her record on, losing herself in the music