

## Dorm Party

A/N: All characters have been aged up to be 18 or older. Takes place in an AU where Ron and Lavender and Harry and Ginny never dated.

Hermione sighed in annoyance as she watched Lavender and Parvati run around, getting ready for the slumber party they had planned. She was glad they were celebrating Katie's return to Hogwarts after her stay in St. Mungo's, but she just wished they'd do it more quietly.

As she thought that, Ginny, Demelza, and Romilda came into the room, laughing and chattering loudly. Hermione rolled her eyes and turned back to her book, only to wince a moment later when they tried to move the beds to make room and scraped the legs across the floor.

"Don't scratch the floor!" Parvati yelled. "McGonagall will kill us."

"Sorry," Demelza said.

With a swish and flick, she levitated the bed out of the way, clearing a large spot on the floor where they made a nest of pillows and blankets. Hermione was distracted from her reading – again - when Ginny jumped onto her bed.

"Come on, Hermione," she said. "Put the books away for one night and come have some fun."

"This is fun," Hermione said. "Besides, I have a test next week."

Rolling her eyes, Ginny plucked the book out of her hands and closed it with a snap.

"Ginny!" Hermione exclaimed.

“You can take one night off from studying to have some fun with your friends,” Ginny said.

Sighing, Hermione ran a hand through her hair.

“Fine,” she sighed, knowing they’d keep bothering her until she gave in anyways.

“Good,” Ginny beamed. “Now go put on your pajamas, grab a pillow, and come join us on the floor.”

“Can we at least push the beds together so we can sit on the mattresses?” Hermione asked. “The floor gets really cold at night.”

“That’s a good idea,” Ginny smiled.

Hopping off Hermione’s bed, she shared a quick word with Lavender and Katie. Excitedly, they whipped out their wands and moved all of the beds together in two rows of three. Hermione was jostled as her bed moved, her squawk of surprise causing the other girls to laugh. Shaking her head, she climbed off her bed, grabbed a pair of flannel pants and a tank top from her wardrobe, and went to the bathroom to get changed.

As she walked back into the dorm, there was a tap at the window. Katie rushed over with a grin and threw open the window, allowing a large, brown barn owl to swoop in. Untying the brown paper-wrapped package from its leg, the owl took off into the night while she enlarged the package and opened it.

“Look what I got,” Katie sang, holding up bottles of Butterbeer and Firewhiskey.

Hermione had to stamp down on the desire to confiscate the bottles and turn them into McGonagall. As a Prefect, it was her job to stop this sort of thing, but looking over at Katie and remembering that horrific incident with the cursed necklace, she just couldn’t bring herself to do it.

"I better not lose my badge over this," she muttered to herself.

A moment later, she forced a smile on her face when Katie handed her a Butterbeer.

"Where did you get this?" Parvati asked, popping the cork and taking a sip.

"Fred and George," Katie smiled. "I asked them to send it to me."

"Oh, sure, they do that for you," Ginny muttered. "If I asked, they'd just laugh."

"That's because I have blackmail," Katie smirked.

"What blackmail?" Ginny asked eagerly.

"Fred and George used to switch who was dating Angelina and who was dating Alicia," Katie said.

"That's horrible," Demelza said, wrinkling her nose.

"What the twins don't realize is that Angelina and Alicia already know," Katie smirked.

Even Hermione had to giggle at the thought of innocent Katie Bell getting one over on the twins. They talked for a few more minutes before Parvati broke out a deck of Exploding Snaps. The conversation quickly turned to a subject Hermione hated. Boys.

"Ron's been looking quite fit lately," Lavender said.

“Neville’s grew up nicely over the Summer, too,” Parvati added.

“I can’t believe Ginny broke up with Dean,” Romilda frowned.

“He’s a good guy,” Ginny shrugged. “He’s just not the guy for me.”

“What about you, Hermione?” Demelza asked. “Do you have your eye on anyone?”

“Not really,” Hermione replied. “I just want to concentrate on my studies.”

“Come on, Hermione,” Lavender whined. “There has to be someone you’re interested in.”

“Sorry,” Hermione shrugged. “I’m not.”

Rolling her eyes, she sat back and listened quietly as the discussion moved on around her. It didn’t take long for them to get around to talking about Harry. Romilda got especially excited about the subject, while Ginny was suspiciously quiet. Katie got quite talkative about him, and Hermione suspected that the alcohol was starting to go to her head.

“Harry’s a lot more fit than you’d think,” Katie said, giggling as her cheeks flushed. “I’ve seen him shirtless a lot, and his abs are ripped.”

Hermione squirmed, feeling a little uncomfortable hearing them talk about her best friend like that.

“I wanna know how big his wand is,” Romilda said suggestively.

Hermione rolled her eyes while the others laughed loudly. As they calmed, a sly look came over Katie’s face.

“You’d have to ask Demelza about that,” she smirked.

Demelza blushed heavily as everyone turned to her in shock.

“You’ve seen Harry’s broom?” Lavender asked.

“Did you get to ride it?” Parvati asked, causing more laughter.

“It was an accident!” Demelza yelled embarrassedly. “I forgot my soap, and I’m allergic to the one Katie uses, so I went to borrow some from the boy’s shower. I thought they’d left already. I wouldn’t have gone in there if I knew Harry was still in the shower.”

“Just to give you a better picture, Demelza was naked when she went in there, too,” Katie explained. “All Ginny and I heard was a loud squeak, and then Demelza came rushing back into the shower, blushing all the way down to her belly button. She refused to tell us what happened, but we figured it out when we went back to the locker room, and Harry was blushing just as much as she was.”

“How big was he?” Romilda asked eagerly.

“I don’t know if I should say,” Demelza hesitated. “Harry wasn’t... you know... at his best.”

“Please,” Lavender pleaded, fluttering her eyelashes and clasping her hands in front of her chest.

Hermione rolled her eyes while Demelza gave in and held her fingers a few inches apart. The other girls squealed loudly and giggled, grating her nerves.

“Do we really have to talk about this?” she asked.

“That’s bigger than Seamus when he’s hard,” Lavender snickered, completely ignoring Hermione.

“When did you see Seamus?” Katie asked.

“I gave him a handjob after the Ball,” Lavender admitted with a shrug.

“What’s the farthest you’ve gone with a guy?” Romilda asked.

“Ever?” Lavender asked, to which Romilda nodded. “I’ve given a few blowjobs.”

The girls giggle around Hermione before turning to Parvati expectantly.

“I’ve only snogged,” she replied.

“I gave Dean a handjob before we broke up,” Ginny admitted.

Demelza blushed as everyone turned to her.

“I haven’t done anything,” she muttered, hunching in on herself self-consciously.

“Neither have I,” Hermione said, offering some support to the younger witch.

“You didn’t do anything with Krum after the Ball?” Parvati asked incredulously.

Hermione rolled her eyes. Even two years after the Ball, rumors were still running wild.

“Viktor gave me a kiss on the cheek and wished me goodnight,” she told them. “That’s all that happened. I don’t know where some people get these wild theories from.”

“We need to get you two some experience,” Parvati giggled. “I can’t believe neither of you have even kissed a guy yet.”

“I’ll be right back,” Lavender said, jumping to her feet.

Curiously, she didn’t go to the bathroom like Hermione expected. She left the dorm entirely. With a furrowed brow, she turned back to the others and looked at them questioningly. The other girls shrugged their shoulders.

“Well, while we wait for Lavender to get back, how about we have a shot of Firewhiskey?” Katie asked.

Pulling the bottle out of the package sitting on the floor, she popped the cork and took a big swig. A grimace passed over her face as she swallowed, and a moment later, she tilted her head back and let out a breath full of bright orange flames with a *woosh*. Handing the bottle to Ginny, the redhead took an equally big swig before passing it on to Parvati. The girls passed it around in a circle until it got to Hermione.

Throwing her head back, she took more of a mouthful than she intended. Hermione grimaced from the sharp burn of the high alcohol content and swallowed in two big gulps. A large gout of orange and red flames escaped her lips before she started coughing hard, her eyes watering. Laughing, Ginny leaned over and patted her upper back roughly.

“Was that your first time drinking Firewhiskey?” Katie asked.

“No,” Hermione replied hoarsely. “I had some in third year when you won the Quidditch Cup. I just didn’t remember it being so strong. Is that a different brand?”

“No,” Katie giggled. “Fred and George watered that stuff down to make it last longer. That and they didn’t want to get in too much trouble with McGonagall for getting third years pissed. Want some more?”

“No, thank you,” Hermione said, pushing the bottle away.

Katie laughed as Hermione tried to soothe her throat with a sip of Butterbeer. The door to the dorm opened, and Lavender returned with an excited grin on her face.

“Where did you go?” Parvati asked.

“To find a boy,” Lavender grinned as Hermione glared at her suspiciously.

“What do you mean ‘find a boy?’” she asked.

“Well, truth or dare is a lot more fun with a boy,” Lavender said, swinging her long, curly blonde hair over her shoulder. “Besides, we need to get you two your first kiss.”

Demelza blushed while Hermione glared angrily. Did Lavender really think she was just going to kiss some boy she picked at random so she could check it off some sort of list?

“Who did you find?” Parvati asked before Hermione could respond.

“You’ll see,” Lavender smirked.

“Boys can’t get into the girls’ dorm,” Hermione reminded Lavender and herself. “It’ll set off the alarm.”



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Flying around the side of Gryffindor Tower, Harry peeked in the window of the sixth year girls' dorm. He furrowed his brow when he noticed the beds pushed together and the girls sitting on the mattresses in a circle. Even more oddly, it wasn't just Lavender, Hermione, and Parvati. Ginny, Romilda, Demelza and Katie were there as well. Shrugging to himself, he tapped on the window.

Lavender shot Hermione a smug smirk before making her way over to the window and pushing it open. Flying in, he landed lightly on the floor and sighed in relief when the alarm didn't go off. It had only been a small worry, but a worry nonetheless.

"Harry?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Hey," Harry waved and smiled. "So, what's the problem? Lavender said you needed some help."

"And we're so glad you're here," Lavender beamed, hugging his arm between her breasts while Hermione glared at her for some reason. "We really need your help. You see, we're having a bit of a slumber party to welcome Katie back to Hogwarts, and we wanted to play a game of truth or dare."

"O-kay," Harry said, allowing himself to be led over to the bed.

Kicking off his shoes, he climbed onto the bed. With a smile, Katie handed him a Butterbeer, and he couldn't help but notice her distinct lack of a bra under her thin t-shirt. In fact, none of the girls was wearing a bra, he realized. That was especially clear with Ginny, Demelza, and Hermione, whose nipples were poking against the fabric of their tops. While Demelza probably had the smallest breasts compared to the other girls, she certainly had the longest, hardest nipples. Lavender climbed onto the bed after him, her large, perky breasts swaying and bouncing alluringly under her shirt. Taking a sip from his Butterbeer, he watched Parvati take an empty bottle and tap it with her wand, causing it to float a few inches above the mattress.

"I'm not going to get caught in here, am I?" Harry asked, only half joking. "I'd rather not have detention for the rest of the year."

The girls giggled, with the rather predictable exception of Hermione, and Katie bumped his shoulder.

"When has the threat of detention ever stopped you before?" she asked, smiling prettily.

Harry tilted his head back and forth in thought and then smiled with a shrug.

"Good point," he said, taking a sip of Butterbeer as the girls laughed again.

Taking out her wand, Katie shot a basic Locking Charm at the door.

"There," she said. "That should give you a few seconds to get out if McGonagall shows up for some reason."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Hermione huffed.

Taking out her wand, she sent a series of complex and powerful charms at the door, none of which Harry recognized. Setting her wand back down on the bed, she turned back and blushed to find the girls staring at her in surprise while he smiled at her knowingly.

"What?" she asked.

"You're helping us?" Parvati asked in surprise. "I half expected you to go running to Professor McGonagall."

"Well, it's not like I *want* to see Harry get into trouble... again," Hermione said, giving him a look.

“Don’t look at me. This wasn’t my idea,” Harry said, raising his hands placatingly.

Clucking her tongue, Hermione rolled her eyes while Katie handed him a bottle of Firewhiskey. Taking a gulp, he blew out flames and handed it back. Before she could take it, however, Romilda reached out and snatched it from her hand. Keeping her eyes on Harry, she ran her tongue around the rim before taking a sip. Feeling slightly uncomfortable, he turned back to look at Parvati.

“So, who wants to go first?” she asked.

“I will,” Lavender said excitedly.

“Wait, what are the rules?” Harry asked.

Lavender and Parvati froze, staring at him in shock.

“You’ve never heard of truth or dare?” Lavender asked incredulously.

Blushing lightly and cursing the Dursleys in his mind, Harry shook his head.

“It’s simple,” Katie said. “Someone spins the bottle, and whoever it lands on has to pick truth or dare. Truth means you have to answer any question honestly. A dare is... well, a dare. Once you’re done, you get to spin the bottle, and it starts all over again. If you don’t answer or refuse the dare, you have to take a shot of Firewhiskey.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

Smiling, Lavender grabbed the floating bottle and gave it a spin. They all watched as it gradually slowed more and more before coming to rest with the neck pointing at Parvati.

“Truth or dare?” Lavender asked, grinning.

“Dare,” Parvati said without hesitation.

“I dare you to flash your tits,” Lavender told her.

Harry’s eyebrows shot up while Parvati blushed and laughed. He was nearly convinced it was some kind of joke before she grabbed the bottom of her shirt and drew it up to her chin. He only got a glimpse of her grapefruit-sized, pointed breasts and dark nipples before they were covered up again to the sound of girlish laughter.

“I’m so getting you back for that,” Parvati promised, grabbing the bottle.

Lavender gave her a smirk while Parvati spun the bottle. This time, it landed on Ginny, who threw the Indian witch a challenging look.

“Dare,” she declared.

Parvati hummed in thought, tapping her finger on her chin. Leaning over, Lavender whispered in her ear.

“I dare you to sit in Harry’s lap and let him play with your boobs until your turn is over,” Parvati said.

“Really?” Hermione asked while Harry blinked in surprise. “Isn’t this going a bit too far?”

“It’s fine, Hermione,” Ginny said, crawling over to Harry and sitting between his legs. “No one’s being forced to do anything they don’t want to do. It’s just a bit of fun. Relax. Stop acting like a Prefect and just enjoy yourself for once.”

Grabbing Harry's hand, Ginny looked over her shoulder and quirked her lips in a smile as she moved them under her loose t-shirt and up to her chest. He swallowed nervously as he cupped her breasts, his excitement swelling in his pajamas. Her breasts felt larger than he expected them to. While still small, the soft globes more than filled his palms, stiff nipples rubbing against his palms. Ginny moved her hands away from his, leaving him to gently and tentatively grope her breasts while she spun the bottle. A giggle rippled through the room when it landed on Hermione.

"Truth," she said.

Ginny thought for a long moment. She wiggled in Harry's lap, her bum rubbing against his erection. At first, he thought it was unintentional, but when she did it a second time, he knew it wasn't. Fighting down a blush, he got back at her by lightly squeezing one of her nipples. In response, Ginny leaned back against his chest and ground her bum hard against his straining length.

"What guy at Hogwarts do you fantasize about most?" she asked suddenly.

Hermione's cheeks flushed, and she licked her lips. Twice, she opened her mouth to speak, only to close it with a snap before she could utter a word. Eventually, she gave up and reached for the bottle of Firewhiskey.

"Oh, come on, Hermione," Lavender whined.

Taking a swig, she grimaced from the taste and blew out a breath of flames. Her neck and cheeks remained flushed as she passed the bottle back to Katie, and it made Harry wonder how much she'd had to drink.

Turning in his lap, Ginny gave him a smile and a wink before moving back to her seat. Harry had to sit with one knee raised to conceal his erection. Meanwhile, Hermione spun the bottle, and it landed on Demelza.

“Um, dare?” the tiny brunette said nervously.

Before Hermione could speak, Lavender leaned over and whispered furiously in her ear.

“Oh, fine,” Hermione huffed. “I dare you to kiss Harry for five seconds.”

Blushing heavily, Demelza crawled over to him and sat on her knees nervously, her bottom lip caught between her teeth cutely. Harry gave her a reassuring smile as he cupped her cheek and leaned forward. Their lips touched lightly at first, and surprisingly, it was Demelza who deepened it, mashing her lips against his. As the girls counted to five around them, he ran his tongue along her lips and pulled back. Harry smiled at the flushed, dazed look on her face while the girls clapped and cheered around them.

Moving back to her spot, Demelza spun the bottle. This time, it landed on Katie.

“I dare you to kiss Harry,” Demelza said, not even bothering to ask what she wanted.

Smiling, Katie turned to Harry and gave him a shrug. Scooting a little closer, he wrapped his arm around her waist and leaned close. Katie met him much more confidently than Demelza had. Threading her fingers through his hair, they started snogging heavily, tongues exploring each other’s mouths. It was a long moment before they finally parted breathlessly. They smiled brightly at each other before Harry pulled her in for a tight hug.

“It’s good to have you back,” he whispered.

Smiling, Katie squeezed him hard, then pecked him on the lips when she pulled back. Grabbing the bottle, she gave it a spin. Romilda got excited when it began to slow, then frowned when it passed her and landed on Lavender.

“Dare,” she said, giggling.

"I dare you to... take off your shirt for the rest of your turn," Katie said.

Parvati laughed loudly as Lavender blushed. Ginny, Demelza, and Romilda egged her on.

"Take it off! Take it off!" they chanted.

Though she was blushing heavily, Lavender grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head in one swift motion. Her large, perky breasts bounced and jiggled with the movements of her body. Harry was amazed that they could be so big yet sag so little. Her areolas were about the size of Galleons and pink, with small red nipples in the center. He was snapped out of his awestruck staring when the girls cheered and laughed. Sharing a glance with Hermione, and even she was giggling, though from the redness of her cheeks, he was certain the alcohol was starting to get to her.

When Harry looked back at Lavender, she smiled at him and deliberately shook her breasts before breaking into giggles. After she calmed down, she spun the bottle, which landed on Hermione.

"Do a dare, Hermione," Katie called.

"Dare! Dare! Dare!" the girls chanted.

"Alright!" Hermione yelled, a smile tugging at her lips. "Dare. But nothing bad."

"I dare you to kiss Harry for ten seconds," Lavender said.

Harry forced himself to look away from Lavender's amazing breasts and turn to Hermione. She bit her lip as she looked at him nervously. He gave her a reassuring smile and tried to hide the slight hurt he felt when she reached for the bottle of Firewhiskey.

“Oh no,” Katie said, pulling the bottle away. “You’re not getting out of this one.”

“I can’t kiss him in front of everyone,” Hermione said blushing.

Grinning, Lavender jumped off of the beds, her large breasts bouncing all over the place as she rushed over to the closet wardrobe and threw open the doors. Pushing the clothes to the sides, she pulled her wand out of her waistband and gave it a wave and a wiggle. Using a surprisingly complicated spell, she enlarged the inside until it was about the size of a small broom cupboard.

“Where did you learn to do that?” Hermione asked.

“I use Expansion charms all the time when I go shopping,” Lavender said. “Now, come on, get in.”

“You want us to go in there?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Well, you didn’t want to kiss him in front of us, so here you go,” Lavender said.

Harry looked at Hermione, waiting to see how she would react. With a sigh, she climbed off of the bed and walked over to the wardrobe. He followed her over when they were suddenly pushed inside by Lavender and Parvati, and the doors were slammed shut with a laugh. Neither Harry nor Hermione could see a thing, and in the tight space, they bumped into each other a few times until they got situated. He had to keep his hips back to keep his straining erection from pressing against her thigh.

“Are you okay with this?” Harry asked softly.

“I’m fine,” Hermione said, her breathing oddly heavy. “Let’s just get this over with.”



Nodding, even though she couldn't see him, he leaned forward. Unfortunately, in the darkness, they both tilted their heads in the same direction, causing their noses to bump together. Laughing quietly, they both tilted their heads to the other side and laughed again.

"Here," Harry said, cupping her cheeks.

Leaning forward, he held her head still and tilted his head to the side. He kissed her softly at first, but Hermione, surprisingly, pressed herself against him and kissed him harder. Her thigh ground against his erection, causing him to groan into her mouth. Harry left one hand on her back while the other trailed down to her bum without any conscious thought. Hermione moaned, clutching at his shoulders as their tongues met.

Neither of them noticed when the wardrobe doors were opened. It wasn't until they heard clapping and cheers that they finally broke apart. Flushed and breathless, Hermione took one look at her dormmates standing around the wardrobe and hid her face in his chest. Chuckling, Harry rubbed her back and kissed the top of her head.

"Way to go, Hermione!" Katie cheered.

"See, I told you she wasn't gay," Parvati said to Romilda.

Hermione looked up in surprise.

"You thought I was gay?" she asked.

Romilda shrugged unapologetically, "Well, it's not like you've ever shown an interest in boys before. You had Krum as your date to the Yule Ball, and you're best friends with the most eligible bachelor in England, but you've never tried to do anything with either of them. It would've made sense."

Rolling her eyes, Hermione leaned up and gave Harry a deep but brief kiss before stepping out of the wardrobe. As she did, Demelza gasped, her eyes going wide at the sight of his erection tenting the front of his flannel pajama pants.

“Well, I guess Harry liked that kiss,” Katie smirked, causing Hermione to blush fiercely.

“I think part of that is because Lav’s tits are flopping all over the place,” Parvati added.

“My tits don’t flop,” Lavender yelled. “Do they, Harry?”

She stood in front of him and bounced on the balls of her feet, the motion carrying to her large, impossibly perky breasts.

“Definitely not floppy,” Harry said, his eyes following her pale, perfect globes.

The girls laughed as they climbed back onto the beds. After grabbing fresh Butterbeers, Hermione spun the bottle.

“Oh, come on!” Romilda yelled when it stopped just short of her and landed on Ginny.

“Dare,” Ginny said.

“Um,” Hermione hummed thoughtfully. “I don’t know... flash Harry.”

The girls cheered, both at the dare and the fact Hermione was finally relaxing and getting into the spirit of the game. Smiling, Ginny caught Harry’s eye and pulled up her shirt. Rather than stopping at her chin, she pulled it completely over her head and tossed it on the bed, displaying her small breasts. They were roughly the same size as Parvati’s, though more rounded than pointed. Her nipples were also different. They were thicker than Parvati’s and dark red instead of brown.

"I didn't say you had to take your shirt off," Hermione said.

Ginny shrugged, her perky breasts jiggling slightly, "It's more fun this way. Besides, I don't hear Harry complaining."

"And you never will," Harry said, raising his Butterbeer with a wink. "Feel free to go topless anytime you want."

"I'm sure Ron would love that," she smirked.

Quickly, she gave the bottle a spin. Romilda huffed when it landed on the other side of her, pointing at Lavender.

"I don't think that bottle likes us very much," Harry said, smiling at Romilda. "It hasn't landed on me either."

"Dare," Lavender said.

"I dare you to take Harry into the wardrobe and let him do anything he wants to you for one minute," Ginny said, smirking challengingly.

Lavender's mouth fell open as the other girls laughed at her. Teasingly, Katie held up the half-empty bottle of Firewhiskey and shook it. Turning her nose up at it, she climbed off the bed and walked over to the wardrobe, looking over her shoulder at Harry expectantly. Sharing a look with the other girls, he shrugged and followed her.

"Time starts when the door closes," Ginny said, holding her wand.

Harry and Lavender stepped inside. The doors weren't even fully closed when she grabbed the back of his head and kissed him heatedly. His hands immediately sought out her full, plump breasts, kneading them gently. They felt amazing in his hands, her soft, smooth flesh spilling out between his fingers. Moaning into his mouth, Lavender pushed her chest into his hands and reached for his waistband. Suddenly, her hand plunged into his boxers, and she wrapped her small hand around his length.

They snogged passionately while he groped her breasts, and she stroked his erection. Lavender alternated between stroking his shaft and trailing her fingernails up and down his length. Her nipples hardened against his palms, small, delicate nubs rubbing against his skin. When she ground her heel against his base, Harry bucked his hips forward with a desperate groan. That was the moment the door opened, loud cheers and whistles coming from the girls.

Pulling back with a saucy smile, Lavender trailed her nails along his shaft as she pulled her hands out of his pants. Giving him a quick, searing kiss, she left the wardrobe, his hands slowly falling from her breasts.

"How big is it?" Romilda asked eagerly.

Harry blushed as Lavender held her fingers a good distance apart, and the girls, even Hermione, giggled girlishly and glanced back at the tent in his pants.

"Is he bigger than Dean?" Parvati asked Ginny as they crawled back onto the bed.

"Much," Ginny said definitively.

Harry, though a little embarrassed, felt his pride swell. The girls chattered for a little while longer before Lavender spun the bottle. Finally, it landed on Romilda, who bounced on the mattress excitedly.

"Dare," she said, swinging her dark hair over her shoulder.

“I dare you to take off your shirt and give Harry a blowjob for one minute,” Lavender said.

The girls laughed and cheered. Meanwhile, Romilda didn't hesitate in the slightest to take off her shirt, revealing her full, round breasts – only slightly smaller than Lavender's – and crawled over to Harry with a smirk. He swallowed nervously when she grabbed his waistband and pulled it down, freeing his rigid length. His erection leapt free, bobbing eagerly in front of her face. The girls cheered and shifted around for a better view.

Romilda looked up at Harry with a smoky gaze and kissed the head softly. Laying down on her stomach between his legs, she propped her upper body up on her elbows, one hand wrapping around his shaft. Stroking him twice, she held him vertically and licked him from base to tip. As she reached the head, she opened her mouth and wrapped them around him before descending a couple of inches. Harry tilted his head back and groaned from the feeling of her tongue swirling around his sensitive glans.

Moaning, she kept her eyes on his as she bobbed up and down. Running his fingers through her hair, Harry leaned back on his elbows and luxuriated in the amazing sensation.

“How far down can you go?” Lavender asked.

Romilda shrugged her shoulders and hummed around him, drawing a groan from his lips. Scooting forward so her face was directly over his pelvis, she plunged her mouth onto his length. She made it nearly two-thirds of the way down his shaft before she gagged harshly and was forced to pull back, eyes watering. Coughing, she cleared her throat and tried again. This time, she made it just a little further and held him there, his tip pressed against the entrance of her throat. Harry couldn't help but buck his hips at the feeling.

“Time's up,” Ginny called.

Harry groaned disappointedly as Romilda pulled off of him, leaving his length soaked in her saliva.

“I bet I could do better than that,” Lavender said, reaching out to stroke his shaft. “You don’t mind if I try, do you, Harry?”

“Er, no, not at all,” Harry said, prompting giggles from the girls.

Smiling, Lavender bent down and wrapped her full, pink lips around him. He throbbed in her mouth as she sucked hard and bobbed up and down, dragging her lips along her skin. Suddenly, she plunged downwards, swallowing inch after inch with ease. It wasn’t until she got to within an inch of the base that she stopped and gagged loudly. Despite the tears gathering in her eyes and her choking, she held herself in place, keeping him buried in her tight, convulsing throat.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted, barely stopping himself from bucking his hips.

Lavender held herself down for an impressively long time before pulling back sharply and sucking in a deep breath, a smug smile on her lips.

“Slut,” Parvati said, nudging her shoulder.

“How do you do that?” Romilda asked.

“You have to relax your throat,” Lavender said. “I practice with a Muggle dildo.”

Harry throbbed excitedly at the thought, causing the girls to laugh.

“Can we get back to the game?” Hermione asked, looking a little uncomfortable.

“It’s kind of mean leaving Harry like this, isn’t it?” Katie asked, reaching out to wrap her hand around him, stroking him lightly.

“You can get him off if you want to,” Lavender shrugged.

Smiling, Katie took a big swig from the Firewhiskey bottle before pulling her shirt over her head. Her breasts, maybe a cup size smaller than Lavender’s, stood straight out from her chest. They jutted out like two cone-shaped mounds of flesh capped with light pink, puffy areolas and small nipples hidden in the middle. They bounced alluringly as she shifted to her bum and pulled off her pants and panties, completely revealing her athletic body.

Instead of crawling between his legs, she straddled them and pressed her hairless mound against his throbbing length. Surprised, Harry grabbed her hips and held her in place.

“Katie, are you sure about this?” he asked, worried she might’ve had too much to drink.

She smiled softly and leaned down to kiss him on the lips.

“I’ve wanted to do this for years,” she whispered.

Kissing him hard, she ground her damp folds along his length, drawing a groan from his lips. Suddenly, she sat up and, before Harry could react, lined him up with her entrance and speared herself on his length. He gasped at the feeling of her tight, silky smooth depths wrapping around his shaft. Bottoming out, Katie stiffened and sat still as a statue, eyes closed and mouth open.

“Om my god, are you okay?” Hermione asked worriedly.

Katie held up a finger and let out a trembling breath. Harry stayed perfectly still, caressing her thighs soothing as she slowly relaxed.

“Probably should’ve done that a bit slower,” she joked.

“Are you hurt?” Demelza asked.

“No,” Katie said, rolling her hips tentatively. “I just went too fast. It hurt for a minute, but I’m fine now.”

Lifting herself up a couple of inches, she eased herself down and moaned softly.

“Oh, that feels so good,” she moaned.

Leaning over Harry, she kissed him while his hands moved to her breasts. Katie rolled her hips rhythmically, riding him at a slow, steady pace.

“I should’ve done this two years ago,” she whispered.

“How does it feel?” Lavender asked curiously.

“Amazing,” Katie said, pushing herself back up with her hands braced on his chest.

Closing her eyes, she really started bouncing up and down on him. The mattress squeaked under him as she drove herself down onto his length. Remembering Sirius’s advice, Harry cupped one bouncing breast with one hand while moving the other down to her mound. Pressing his thumb down just above her clit, he wiggled it back and forth, drawing a harsh groan from Katie’s lips.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped.

Katie began bouncing even harder, lifting herself up to the tip of his length before plunging back down. Harry used the rebound from the mattress to thrust, sending her back up his length, where the whole process started again. It was an amazing sensation, and given everything Harry had already experienced, it didn’t take him long to feel his climax approaching. Moving his



thumb down, he pressed his thumb directly against her clit. Katie threw her head back and cried out, her depths tightening and fluttering around his length. Knowing that she'd reached her peak, Harry didn't bother trying to hold back any longer. With a grunt, he thrust up and erupted in her depths.

Katie gasped and fell forward, collapsing on his chest. He wrapped his arms around her as they rode out their climaxes.

"Merlin!" Demelza gasped. "I can't believe you actually did that."

"I can't believe they had sex on Hermione's bed," Lavender said.

"What!?" Hermione gasped. "Wait, that is my bed! Harry!"

Harry couldn't help it. He laughed with the others while Katie giggled on his chest. Lifting her head, she kissed him passionately and climbed off of him.

"That's a lot of cum," Parvati said, watching it leak from Katie's folds.

"Can I get a towel?" Katie asked.

Demelza climbed off the bed and trotted into the bathroom, returning a moment later with a towel and handing it to Katie. While she wiped herself clean, Romilda crawled between his legs and started licking his softened shaft.

"Romilda!" Parvati gasped laughingly. "You're worse than Lav!"

Romilda shrugged and took him completely in her mouth, sucking him clean and bathing him with her tongue. Harry groaned, the thought of her tasting Katie on him causing him to harden

rapidly. In moments he grew so big that she had to pull back or risk choking again. When she sucked on his sensitive head, Harry hissed and moved his hips back.

“Sorry,” Harry said when she pouted at him. “It’s sensitive.”

“Let’s go back to the game while poor Harry recovers a bit,” Lavender suggested.

As they moved to sit in a circle, Katie pulled Harry’s shirt over his head and leaned against his side. Smiling, he wrapped an arm around her and kissed the top of her head. Romilda spun the bottle, and it landed on Hermione.

“Um, dare,” she said hesitantly.

“I dare you to take off your shirt,” Romilda smirked.

Biting her lip, Hermione glanced over at the bottle of Firewhiskey. Before she could reach for it, Harry pulled it out of her reach.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to,” he told her. “But I think you’ve had enough to drink for tonight.”

The girls egged her on until she sighed and looked at Harry pleading.

“Just promise me you won’t tell anyone about this,” she said. “Especially Ron.”

“Of course not,” Harry assured her.

Taking a deep breath, she gripped the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Surprisingly, her breasts were even larger than Ginny’s. Harry guessed that her tight shirt made them look

smaller than they actually were. They were full and round, capped with bright red areolas and hard, crinkled nipples. As the other girls clapped and cheered, she blushed hard and covered her face. It took a long moment before she dropped her arms and spun the bottle. It landed on Harry.

“Finally,” he smiled. “Dare.”

Hermione frowned thoughtfully before smiling slyly.

“I dare you to tell me who you fantasize about most,” Hermione said.

“Hermione, don’t make me answer that,” Harry begged.

In response, she gestured to the bottle in his hand unsympathetically. Sighing, he just decided to answer. He didn’t want to get too drunk to have more fun.

“Fine,” he sighed. “It’s probably a tie between you and Katie.”

“Me?” Hermione gasped in surprise while Katie beamed and kissed his cheek.

“Of course, he would fantasize about you,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes. “You’re together all the time.”

“Well, yes. But I never thought that he would...,” Hermione trailed off with a thoughtful look.

Hoping he hadn’t upset her, Harry spun the bottle. It landed on Parvati, who smiled expectantly.

“Dare,” she said.

"I dare you to get naked," Harry said.

The girls laughed and cheered while Parvati started stripping out of her clothes. She had a thin figure, beautiful bronze-colored skin, and a modest bust. Sitting back down, she spun the bottle, which landed on Demelza.

"Um, dare," she said nervously.

Parvati pursed her lips and thought for a moment before responding.

"I dare you to make out with Harry for thirty seconds and let him take off any clothing he wants to," she said.

Katie giggled and kissed Harry on the cheek before scooting out of the way. Demelza crawled over to him and waited shyly. Since she was shorter and lighter than any of the other girls, it was easy for him to lift her up and pull her into his lap. Smiling, he kissed her on the lips. Knowing that she was nervous and not wanting to push her too far, he continued kissing her for a while and let her relax before grabbing the hem of her shirt. Slowly, he pulled it up and over her head, breaking the kiss.

Demelza shyly covered her chest, a vulnerable look on her face. Rather than ask her to move her arm, he laid her on her back and hovered over her. Harry started kissing her neck, gradually making his way down over her collarbone to her chest. Moaning softly, she tentatively moved her arms out of the way.

He could understand her nervousness. Demelza, by far, had the smallest breasts in the room. They were just small, round bumps on her chest with very long, prominent nipples. Taking one between his lips, he lavished her breasts with attention. Demelza threaded her fingers through his hair and moaned, pulling him into her chest. Taking one of her long, stiff nipples between his teeth, Harry bit down lightly and gave it a tug. She gasped and squirmed under him, making him wonder just how sensitive her nipples were.

"Time's up," Parvati called.

Moving back up to Demelza's lips, he kissed her passionately and pulled back with a smile. The tiny brunette beamed as she moved back to her spot in the circle, no longer shy about revealing her breasts. Spinning the bottle, it landed on Harry.

"Dare," he said with a smile.

"I dare you to..." she trailed off thoughtfully before finishing her sentence, "give Hermione an orgasm."

Harry stared at her in surprise, Hermione's mouth fell open, and the other girls broke into a fit of laughter and cheers. Recovering, he looked over at Hermione and realized he really wanted to do this dare. Before she could refuse, he crawled over to her.

"Harry?" she asked nervously.

Instead of answering, he kissed her on the lips while pushing her onto her back. It took several seconds before she started kissing him back. He continued kissing her until they both became breathless. Catching his breath quickly, Harry kissed his way down her chest. As he reached her breasts, he paused to cup them, kissing and sucking at her swollen nipples. Hermione moaned softly, her fingers threading in his hair and her nails scraping his scalp lightly.

Leaving her breasts, he kissed his way down to her waist. He glanced up at her as he grabbed the waistband of her pants and panties. Biting her lip, Hermione raised her hips, allowing him to pull them down her legs. It was a surprise to find her mound completely bald. For some reason, he expected her to not take the time to do something like that. Shaking himself mentally, he kissed the inside of her thigh, slowly making his way up to her taut folds.

Harry could already smell her excitement and see it beading on her lips. Again, he was surprised. He hadn't expected her to be so excited. Realizing she wanted this as much as he did, all of his hesitation fell away. Hermione gasped when he dove forward, running his tongue

between her folds. The taste of her arousal filled his mouth as he teased her slit. He moved up and over her clit, deliberately ignoring it despite her bucking hips, and moved back down on the other side. He did that twice more before finally running his tongue over her excited nub.

With a loud gasp, Hermione bucked her hips and moaned unrestrained. Panting, she rolled and bucked her hips against his face while he focused on her clit. Harry lashed it with his tongue, took it between his lips, and sucked lightly. Her hands fisted tightly in his hair as her back arched. His erection throbbed with every wanton moan and gasp that left her lips. It was amazing to see her lose herself.

Suddenly, she arched her back and went stiff before a shiver ran from her head to her toes, a trembling moan escaping her lips. A gush of arousal against his chin told him she'd reached her peak. Harry continued lavishing her clit, his tongue flicking over it frantically, keeping her on the crest of her climax for several long seconds.

Finally, it became too much for her, and she went from tugging his hair to pushing him away. Rolling onto her side, Hermione curled into a ball, shaking and twitching as she came down from her climax. Harry barely had time to feel smug before he was pushed onto his back. Lavender gave him a steamy, lustful look as she pulled down his pants, freeing his throbbing length. At some point, she'd already lost her own, leaving her completely naked. Gripping his shaft, she straddled his waist and sank down on his length slowly.

"Fuck!" Harry groaned, closing his eyes as her tight walls slid down over his shaft.

"It's so big," Lavender moaned. "You're so much bigger than any of my toys."

"Does it feel good?" Parvati asked.

"Yes!" Lavender hissed as she reached the base. "So good."

She began riding him, her large breasts bouncing wildly. When she leaned over him, Harry placed one hand on her hip and the other cupped her breast. Lavender kissed him hard, but she

had trouble finding a rhythm. It felt awkward, and the way she rolled her hips bent his shaft in an uncomfortable way. Planting his arm on the bed, he rolled her over onto her back. She arched her back and moaned as he slid even deeper, his pelvis mashed against her clit.

Harry began thrusting in and out of her, supporting his weight on his arms. With every moan that left her lips, he moved faster and thrust harder. Lavender arched her back and moaned, her breasts bouncing in rhythm with their movements. Arousal leaked from her folds, causing a loud slap every time their bodies collided.

“Oh, Morgana,” Lavender gasped.

Arching her back, she came hard, her depths clamping around his shaft. Harry nearly peaked on the spot but managed to hold back. As she trembled and shook under him, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Sitting up to look back, Ginny smirked at him and kissed him on the lips before crawling over to and on top of Lavender, her full, pale bum sticking out at him. Looking over her shoulder, she shook it back and forth temptingly.

Smiling, Harry eased out of Lavender, causing her to groan. As he lined himself up with Ginny, she surprised him by bending down to snog Lavender. The blonde grunted in shock but quickly gave in and kissed back enthusiastically. Shaking his head, he pushed forward, easing himself into the thin redhead.

“Fu-uck!” she cried. “It’s like a Beater’s bat.”

“Do you want me to stop?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Don’t you dare,” Ginny glared, moaning when Lavender sucked on her nipples. “Don’t you dare stop until you cum in me.”

Throbbing excitedly, Harry sank into her depths. After giving her a moment to adjust, he started thrusting gently.

“Harder,” Ginny said, throwing herself back onto his length.

Tightening his grip on her hips, Harry pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in. Ginny threw her head back and moaned while Lavender pinched and pulled at her swollen nipples.

“Somebody likes it rough,” she joked.

“Yes!” Ginny hissed, her pale cheeks rippling against Harry’s thighs. “Pull my hair and fuck the shit out of me!”

Laughing incredulously, Harry did as she asked. He gathered her hair in a ponytail and used it like a handle to thrust hard and fast. Ginny’s tight depths fluttered around his length as she moaned wantonly. Watching her bum jiggle, Harry brought his hand down, spanking it lightly. She showed no reaction, so he did it again, harder.

“More,” Ginny groaned. “Make me your bitch.”

“Merlin, that’s hot,” Parvati said, kneeling behind Harry and hugging his back.

Smacking her ass hard, he raised one leg and thrust as hard and fast as he could. Ginny howled as she tipped over the edge, but Harry didn’t slow down. He was determined to reach his climax, just like she asked. Ginny beat her hand on the mattress and clawed at the sheets as she cried again. A tremble ran through her body right before a stream of arousal gushed around his length. The sight was so exciting that Harry buried himself as deep as possible and erupted inside of her.

As soon as his hand let go of her hair, her upper body collapsed on top of Lavender with a groan. Giggling, Lavender stroked her back while Harry finished emptying himself in her spasming depths. When he slipped out of her and collapsed on his bum, Katie handed him a Butterbeer with a smile. He took it gratefully.



That ended the game to truth or dare for the night. They spent some more time talking and ended up falling asleep in a pile of mostly naked bodies. Thankfully, Hermione was smart enough to set an alarm so he could get back to his dorm before anyone else woke up. When he did wake, it was to the feel of Romilda giving him a blow job. After he climaxed and enjoyed the sight of the girls gathering their clothes, he dressed and grabbed his room.

“Can we do this again next weekend?” Demelza asked.

“Sounds good to me,” Lavender smiled.

Everyone else agreed and turned to Hermione questioningly.

“Fine,” she sighed.

Smiling, Harry gave her a hug and opened the window.

“See you next week.”

## Chapter 2

Harry sighed as he watched Hermione rush out of Charms class before he could even try to talk to her. Ever since the dorm party the girls threw the night before, she'd been avoiding him at all costs. He hoped she just needed a little time to come to terms with what had happened, but in the back of his mind, he worried she was upset. The problem was that he had no idea what she might actually be upset about, and so he had no idea how to fix it.

Lost in thought as he made his way to the Great Hall, he didn't realize someone was following him until they grabbed him roughly by the arm and yanked him into a broom cupboard. In a panic, he stumbled to get his feet under him and drew his wand.

“Lumos,” whispered a familiar voice.

Squinting his eyes at the sudden bright light, Harry relaxed when he looked at the smiling face of Ginny Weasley.

“Bloody hell,” he said, letting out a breath. “You scared the crap out of me.”

“You know, when I pulled you in here, that wasn’t the wand I was hoping to have pressed against me,” Ginny smirked.

Glancing down, Harry realized he still had the tip of his wand pressed directly between her breasts. Muttering an apology, he pocketed his wand.

“So, I take it Hermione isn’t taking things well?” Ginny asked.

“No,” Harry sighed. “And to make things worse, I don’t even know what she’s really upset about. She didn’t seem to have a problem with it last night, but today...”

“I think she’s just struggling with the fact she was basically involved in a reverse gangbang, and she liked it,” Ginny said.

Harry blinked and shook his head. The words ‘Hermione and ‘gangbang’ were not something he thought he’d ever hear together like that.

“So, what should I do?” he asked.

“We’ll, you’ve really got two choices,” Ginny replied. “You can give her space and let her come around in her own time, which could take days or even weeks.”

Groaning in frustration, Harry slid his hands under his glasses and rubbed his face. He really didn't want to go weeks with his best friend avoiding him constantly.

"And the other option," he asked, expecting it to be something he wouldn't like either.

"Look, I'll be honest with you," Ginny said. "I talked to Lavender and Parvati this morning, and we want to have another party with you this weekend, but Hermione's a problem. If she isn't involved, she's a lot more likely to try and stop us, or she might even go to McGonagall. So, we think the best solution is for you to seduce her."

"What?" Harry exclaimed. "Ginny, I don't know how to seduce someone."

"Really? Because you did a pretty good job last night," she pointed out. "None of us expected her to let things go as far as they did. And there's no way she would have if it was anyone other than you. She might not want to admit it, but Hermione's in love with you. She'll do anything for you. All you have to do is ask."

"So, what, you want me to just ask her to come to another party?" Harry asked incredulously. "She won't even talk to me right now."

"No. Like I said, you need to seduce her," Ginny said. "Right, here's what you need to do. Lavender will leave the window unlocked when she goes to bed tonight. When everyone's asleep, you fly into the dorm and sneak into her bed. Confront her, ask her why she's avoiding you. When she tells you, comfort her and tell her how much you enjoyed everything you did together. She's probably worried you think she's a slut now or something ridiculous. Once she's calm, kiss her. Go as far as she's willing to let you."

"And what if she just goes back to avoiding me the next day?" Harry asked.

"Then you go back the next night," Ginny shrugged. "And you tell her you're going to keep coming back until she stops."

“You really think that will work?” he asked nervously.

“Trust me,” Ginny smirked. “Hermione’s good at hiding it, but she’s gagging for your cock. And she’s not the only one.”

Trailing her fingers down his chest, she dropped to her knees and unbuckled his belt. Harry swallowed thickly, his length hardening as she pulled him out into the open. Ginny gave him a salacious grin before stuffing his entire semi-hard shaft into her mouth. He rapidly hardened as she sucked, her tongue bathing every inch of him. Grabbing his hips, she gagged when his size grew to be too much for her but steadfastly remained in place. Harry throbbed excitedly as she stared up at him, her eyes becoming teary and bloodshot. Thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips and down onto her white blouse as she continued choking herself on his rigid length.

“Fuck, Ginny,” Harry hissed, his hands reaching out to rest on her head.

Moaning around him, she pulled back to the tip and sucked in a deep breath before jamming him back into her mouth. Again, she gagged loudly when his head hit the back of her throat. A thick glob of saliva fell from her lips onto her blouse. The white fabric turned transparent as it soaked in, revealing her hard, pink nipple underneath. Ginny’s chest heaved as she choked loudly before pulling back quickly. Her hand stroked him lightly but quickly as she smirked.

“As much as I like sucking your cock, I really need you to fuck me,” Ginny said.

Giving his shaft a long lick, she climbed to her feet and spun around. Setting her wand down on a shelf stacked with cleaning supplies, she reached and lifted the bottom of her skirt, tucking it securely into the waistband. Harry could resist reaching out and cupping her small, bubbly cheeks, groping the firm globes roughly. Ginny moaned, pressing her hands against the wall as she wiggled her hips impatiently.

Knowing they were short on time, Harry grabbed her black panties and pulled them down to her feet, where she stepped out of them quickly. Bending at the waist, Ginny looked over her shoulder with a sparkle in her eyes and shook her bum back and forth. He throbbed at the sight of her pink, glistening lips peeking out from between her pale white thighs.

“Fuck me. Hard,” Ginny panted lightly.

Resting one hand on her shoulder, Harry lined himself up with the other and sank into her tight, hot depths. They moaned in unison as his hips rested against her bum, his full length buried in her steaming, slippery core. After taking a moment to savor the feeling, Harry began sawing his hips back and forth in long, powerful strokes.

“Ooh, fuck, yes!” Ginny hissed, throwing her hips back into his thrusts. “Harder! Pound me! Make me Harry Potter’s bitch!”

Harry growled at her words, his shaft pulsing inside of her. As he started thrusting harder and faster, he watched her long ponytail swishing back and forth in front of his face. Knowing Ginny liked it a bit rough, he caught it, gripping it like a handle, and tugged her head back just as he slammed his hips forward.

“Fuck!” Ginny cried, her depths fluttering wildly around him.

Her face and neck turned bright red as her mouth hung open, eyes staring unseeingly at the wall in front of her. A gush of arousal drenched his length while a trembling moan left her lips. The reaction spurred Harry on to raise his hand and bring it down with a loud clap on her bare cheek.

“Is this what you want?” Harry asked, spanking her again when she only moaned. “You like this, you little slut?”

“Your... slut,” Ginny panted as she came down from her climax.

Harry smiled, touched and excited by her response. He knew that she’d fancied him for years, and the thought of her leaving herself open to him whenever and however he wanted made his pulse race with excitement. It also showed how much she trusted him... or how kinky she was, depending on how you looked at it. Harry preferred to think it was the former.

“My slut,” Harry said, pressing her flat against the rough stone wall and tugging her head back to kiss her neck. “I like the sound of that.”

“Oh, Merlin, Harry,” Ginny whimpered. “Your cock... it feels so good. Shit... I’m cumming again!”

Harry continued his hard, steady pace as she shook and trembled, droplets of excitement dripping from his shaft to the floor.

“Damn, you cum easy,” he groaned, pummeling her clutching depths.

“You’re hitting my... G-spot,” Ginny panted.

Harry didn’t know if that was a good thing or not, so he slowed his thrust to a crawl and looked at her cautiously. Her eyes darted to the side and narrowed as she glared at him.

“Don’t you dare fucking stop,” Ginny growled.

Chuckling, Harry slammed into her, forcing a pleased groan from her lips.

“Don’t stop!” Ginny gasped. “Merlin, don’t ever stop. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll help you fuck any girl you want. Just don’t stop fucking me!”

Harry growled, slamming into her furiously as he felt his climax nearing. Ginny screamed, a spray of hot arousal drenching his shaft as she came again from his savage thrusts. Burying himself as deeply as possible, he erupted in her depths. Letting go of her hair, he wrapped his arms around Ginny and held her tightly, his hips bucking instinctively as he emptied himself inside of her. The redhead hummed contentedly, turning her head to kiss him on the cheek.

“So good,” Ginny mumbled.

Harry pulled out of her with a chuckle and took a step back. Ginny stumbled on weak legs, prompting him to wrap his arms around her and hold her up until she could stand on her own. After getting dressed and cleaning themselves up, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him deeply.

“Are you going to see Hermione tonight?” she asked as they stepped out into the hall.

“I’m not sure yet,” Harry replied. “Do you really think it will work? I really don’t want to make things worse between us.”

“You won’t,” Ginny said. “I can’t guarantee how she’ll react, but I know she wants you. She just doesn’t want to admit it.”

“I’ll think about it,” Harry said.

~

Harry did think about it. It was all that was on his mind for the rest of the day. Hermione still avoided him, but he caught her looking at him during classes. When he caught her eye, she looked away quickly and went back to ignoring him. When she ran straight up to her dorm after dinner, Harry made his decision.

A little after midnight, when he was certain his dormmates were asleep, he crept out of bed and grabbed his broom. As silently as he could, he slipped out of the window and closed it behind him. Flying around to the other side of the tower, shivering in the cold December air, he found the window to Hermione’s dorm and swooped over.

“Alohamora,” Harry whispered.

The window unlatched itself and swung inwards, allowing him inside. Landing lightly, Harry propped his broom in the corner and closed the window behind him. He wasn't actually sure which bed was Hermione's – the beds had all been moved around the last time he was here – but, fortunately, the trunks at the ends of their beds had their names on them. Her bed was closest to the door on the right-hand side of the room.

Taking a deep breath, Harry slipped off his shoes and quietly opened her curtains. Hermione lay curled up on her side, facing away from him, her chest rising and falling evenly in her sleep. Carefully climbing onto the bed so as to not wake her quite yet, he closed the curtains and rolled over to look at her. Taking out his wand, he cast a quick Privacy Charm before setting it down on the nightstand next to hers and then shook her shoulder.

"Hermione," Harry whispered.

Hermione rolled over onto her back, blinking her eyes and scrunching her brow cutely as she looked at him.

"Harry!" she gasped softly. "What are you doing here? Did something happen?"

"You tell me," Harry said. "You're the one that's been avoiding me all day."

Biting her lip, Hermione looked down.

"Can't this wait until morning?" she asked in a barely audible whisper.

"No, it can't," Harry said. "What's wrong, Hermione?"

"You know what I did last night," she whined.

"So?" Harry asked. "Everyone was involved. I thought you enjoyed it."



"I did. It's just..." Hermione paused and glanced up at him before looking down again and started picking at the sheets. "You're not... disappointed, are you?"

"What?" Harry asked, surprised. "Why on earth would I be disappointed?"

"I'm not as... curvy as Lavender or as adventurous as Ginny or as pretty as Romilda," Hermione listed off with a sigh. "And – and I don't want you to think I'm some kind of slut that would do that with anyone."

"Of course, I don't," Harry said, rubbing her arm soothingly and leaning to the side so their faces were closer together. "Hermione, whether you want to believe it or not, you're beautiful. I loved everything we did, and I'd love to do it again if you're willing to."

"Are you sure this isn't just about the others?" Hermione asked, lifting her face and studying him intently. "I won't get in the way if you want to play more games with them. Merlin knows you deserve it after everything you've been through."

"I'd prefer it if you were there too," Harry said, stroking her cheek.

"Are you sure?" Hermione asked again, this time more nervously.

"Who am I in bed with, Hermione?" Harry asked. "Who did I spend all day trying to talk to? Who did I break fifty school rules to come and see?"

Hermione bit her lip, her eyes tearing up before she suddenly threw herself at him. Harry grunted as she squeezed him tightly. With a chuckle, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

"What does this mean... for us?" Hermione whispered, her face buried in his chest.

“I don’t know,” Harry admitted. “I like it, though. I felt like we were closer than ever last night, and I really, *really* want to kiss you again.”

Pulling back slightly, Hermione chewed her bottom lip as she looked at him nervously. Brushing her hair behind her ear, Harry slowly leaned forward and softly pressed his lips to hers. Gradually, the kiss deepened until they were snogging heavily. Harry’s hand caressed her hip and bum while Hermione’s moved slowly over his chest.

Sitting up, he took off his shirt before reaching for the bottom of hers. Hermione sat up and let him pull it off of her, exposing her beautiful breasts and toned stomach. A thoughtful look crossed her face before she suddenly took off her pants as well, leaving her completely naked. Harry couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow in surprise.

“I – I don’t want my first time to be in front of everyone,” she said softly.

Harry blinked in surprise. For the first time, he was really starting to believe what Ginny had told him earlier. Maybe Hermione really did want him as badly as she thought. Holding her gaze, he took off his pants and tossed them to the side. Staring at his erection and biting her lip, she reached out for him as soon as he laid back down on his side, facing her. Her fingers wrapped around him, holding him lightly while her thumb caressed his skin.

“Wow,” Hermione breathed.

Smiling, Harry cupped her cheek and leaned in for a kiss. As their lips moved and their tongues entwined, her hand continued to explore his length. Sliding his hand down her arm, he cupped her breast and teased her nipple. With a moan, Hermione stroked him a bit quicker before pulling back breathlessly.

“How do you, um, want me?” she asked nervously.

Harry slid his hand down her thigh and pulled it up so it was resting on his hip. Pulling her close and reaching around, he grabbed his length and placed it at her entrance before pausing.

“Ready?” he asked, throbbing in anticipation.

Biting her lip nervously, Hermione nodded, her hands gripping his shoulders. As he pushed forward, his thick shaft stretching open her taut folds, her eyes widened, and she gasped sharply.

“Oh! It’s... big,” she panted.

Pausing with his head trapped in her snug folds, Harry caressed her cheek and gave her a moment to adjust. She looked nervous, but he could feel her excitement dripping down his shaft.

“Tell me if you want me to slow down or stop, okay?” he asked.

Nodding, Hermione licked her lips and looked down between their bodies, her cheeks flushing prettily as she stared at the point where they were connected.

“There’s so much left,” she mumbled.

Harry didn’t think he was supposed to hear that, so he ignored it with a smile and eased his hips forward. At an agonizingly slow pace, inch after inch of his length sank into her impossibly tight depths. Hermione felt much tighter than Katie, Lavender, or even Ginny. He could feel his shaft stretching her open, touching places that nothing had ever touched before. After several painfully slow moments, he finally bottomed out in her vice-like depths. Hermione’s face remained pressed against his chest as she panted, but Harry wanted to see the look on her face. When he curled his fingers under her chin and lifted it, he was surprised and worried to see tears in her eyes.

“Hermione?” Harry asked in concern.

She shook her head and took a deep, shuddering breath.

“I’m fine,” she said with a teary smile. “I’m happy. This is exactly like I always dreamed it would be. It’s... perfect.”

Smiling, Harry wiped away a tear with his thumb and kissed her softly. As they parted, Hermione beamed and hugged him tightly, her head resting just below his nose.

“I love you, Harry,” she whispered softly.

“I love you, too,” Harry said, holding her tight and savoring the moment.

When she looked up again, he kissed her briefly before resting his forehead against hers. Staring into her eyes, he pulled his hips back just an inch before pushing forward in a slow, deliberate thrust. Eyes widening, she gasped, her hands gripping his shoulders tightly. On his second thrust, her eyes fluttered closed with a pleased moan.

“Oh, Harry,” she sighed breathily.

Harry stared at the rapturous look on her face in wonder as he shifted his hips slowly, more grinding into her than actually thrusting. That was alright, though; her tightness more than made up for it. Sliding his hand down her thigh, he cupped her small, firm bum and pulled her onto him, grinding his pelvis against her clit. Hermione responded with a long, sensuous moan, her warm, chocolate-brown eyes staring soulfully into his. Biting her lip, she whimpered, and Harry could feel every twitch, flutter, and spasm of her inner walls.

Just by feeling her reactions on his length, he was able to figure out exactly how hard to thrust and at what angle. Harry loved watching the way her breath hitched and her eyes widened before rolling into the back of her head. Hermione’s body suddenly stiffened, her walls

clenching down on him so tightly he was unable to move. Mouth hanging open, she made no sound at first, then a deep guttural wail worked its way out of her throat.

The sight of Hermione completely losing herself was so erotic Harry exploded instantly. Hermione let out a trembling moan as he filled her, her legs shaking uncontrollably. Holding her tight, he kissed and sucked at her neck as they each rode out their climaxes. By the time they were done, both of them were panting breathlessly, the sweat slowly cooling their bodies. After catching his breath, Harry slowly eased out of Hermione, her tight folds snapping closed behind him.

“Was that as good as your dreams?” Harry asked teasingly.

“Better,” Hermione said, snuggling into his chest tiredly. “Will you stay?”

“As long as you want me to,” Harry said, kissing the top of her head.

Rolling over, Hermione set an alarm with her wand. Before she could turn back to face him, Harry wrapped an arm around her, his hand clutching her breast, and pulled her back against his chest. Sighing contentedly, she laced her fingers through his and closed her eyes. Her orgasm must have taken a lot out of her because she fell asleep almost instantly. Smiling, Harry pulled the blankets over them and closed his eyes. He enjoyed the feel of her body against his for a long time before finally drifting off to sleep.

~

Hermione woke slowly the next morning when her wand began buzzing and almost screamed when she felt someone’s arms wrapped around her chest and a hard, throbbing erection against her bum. Just as she sucked in a breath, her memories of the night before came back to her, stifling her scream, but her heart kept racing. Slowly, a smile stretched across her face, and she rolled over to face Harry. He looked so calm and peaceful when he was asleep it actually made her heart ache.

Every morning, he was up and dressed before she was. And though he never mentioned it, she knew it was because of his nightmares. With everything that had happened in his life, she could only imagine how his mind tortured him while he slept.

Watching his face, she bit her lip and tried to sear the memory into her mind. Despite what he had told her and how much love and passion she'd felt from him last night, a small voice in the back of her mind worried this might not happen again. It was the insecure part of her that worried he'd find someone with bigger tits, a better ass, and a prettier face and forget all about her. Intellectually, she knew he wouldn't. Hermione knew Harry had meant everything he said. But that didn't stop her mind from raising lifelong fears of abandonment.

Since it was a Tuesday, and they didn't have any classes until after lunch, she decided to let him sleep a while longer. Kissing him softly on the lips, she slipped out of his arms and threw on a robe before making her way to the bathroom. When she returned, Lavender was sitting up, waiting for her with a smile on her face.

"So, how was it?" she asked brightly.

Hermione froze and glanced over to her bed, trying to remember if she'd put up a Silencing Charm.

"I heard him come in," Lavender grinned. "Now, come on. How was it?"

"It was amazing," Hermione said, trying and failing to suppress a smile.

Lavender giggled and bounced on her mattress, her perky breasts following the movement.

"It sounded like it," she smirked. "I've never heard you scream like that before."

"You heard?" Hermione asked with a blush, glancing at Parvati's bed.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Lavender told her. “Harry put up a Silencing Charm. I just extended it a bit to include my bed, too.”

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, closed it with a snap, and shook her head. Leave it to Lavender to perform a complicated piece of magic just for a bit of gossip.

“So, do you mind if we still play with him on the weekends?” Lavender asked hopefully.

Hermione shrugged, surprised by the lack of jealousy she felt. She’d have to examine that thought later.

“That’s not really up to me,” she said.

Lavender scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“Of course it is,” she said. “Hermione, that boy loves you. He might like playing with the rest of us, and I’m pretty sure he cares about Katie a lot – probably Ginny, too – but if you asked him to stop, he would.”

Hermione bit her lip as she looked back over at her bed.

He really does deserve to have some fun, she thought before turning back to her roommate with a shrug.

“I don’t mind,” she said.

Grinning brightly, Lavender jumped up from her bed and hugged Hermione tightly. She blushed as she felt the other girl’s breasts press against her chest.

“Thank you,” Lavender said gratefully.

Kissing Hermione on the cheek, she pranced into the bathroom and started the shower. Shaking her head and filled with confusing emotions, Hermione made her way back over to her bed. Taking off her robe, she climbed back on the mattress, smiling when Harry’s arms wrapped around her. Burying her face in his chest, she sighed contentedly, all of her worries washed away by his gentle breathing. In moments, she fell back into a peaceful sleep.

### Chapter 3

Hermione acted normally around Harry for the rest of the week, though she did blush when she caught him checking her out. He was tempted to sneak in for another late night visit, but she seemed to know exactly what he was thinking.

“No, Harry,” she whispered as they studied together in the common room. “As much as I... enjoyed what we did, I need my sleep on weeknights. You’ll just have to wait until this weekend.”

Of course, that didn’t mean Harry didn’t get to have any fun. Ginny was insatiable, pulling him broom cupboards at least once a day. Then, there was the shower he got to share with her, Katie, and Demelza after Quidditch practice. They convinced Demelza to let them teach her how to give a blowjob before he’d taken turns having sex with the other two. The sight of Katie being pinned against Ginny, kissing while he took Katie from behind, was not something he’d ever forget.

Finally, Friday rolled around, and Harry raced back to the common room. Lavender and Parvati giggled when he raced up to his dorm with a cheery wave and a wink. They were already gone by the time he came back down, so he settled down next to Hermione to do some homework. He took great pleasure in causing her to blush every time he touched her thigh under the table. Even though she squirmed a bit and sent him the occasional glare, she never tried to move away.



"It's getting late," Hermione said eventually, pushing his hand away from her leg. "I'm going to bed."

"See you soon," Harry whispered.

Blushing, she gave him a small smile before she left. Packing up his books, Harry headed for his dorm and showered. By the time he finished, Neville was already in bed, and Seamus, Dean, and Ron were talking quietly. Thankfully, they didn't stay up for very long. As soon as they were all snoring in their beds, Harry grabbed his broom, spelled his curtains shut, and headed for the window. Flying out into the cool night air, he circled around to the girl's side of the tower. Lavender grinned when she spotted him and jumped up to unlock the window. Her big, braless breasts jiggled under her loose top, causing his excitement to grow. Throwing the window open, she smirked knowingly when his eyes finally rose from her impressive bust.

"Finally," Lavender smiled. "We were starting to think you weren't coming."

"Sorry, I had to wait for my roommates to fall asleep," Harry smiled. "Trust me, I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Lavender giggled as he landed lightly in front of her and dismounted his broom.

"Good, because we have a surprise for you," she grinned.

Turning to the side, she waved her arm to the room. Smiling widely, Luna waved while across from her, sitting next to her sister, Padma waved shyly.

"Parvati wanted to invite her sister, and Luna overheard, so we invited her, too," Lavender explained. "I was worried there might be too many of us, but it worked out great. Ginny and Katie are having their time of the month."

"Don't remind me," Katie pouted. "I've been looking forward to this all week."

“Hey, at least you got to shag him a couple of days ago,” Lavender said, hooking her arm through Harry’s and leading him over to the beds. “Harry hasn’t spent any time with me this week.”

“I wasn’t sure if you wanted me to,” Harry told her.

“Oh,” she said. “Well, in that case, you can feel free to pull me into a broom cupboard any time you want.”

Climbing onto all fours, Lavender crawled across the bed, her fit bum swaying alluringly. Parvati grinned and smacked her bum as she crawled past. With a yelp, the blonde plopped down in her seat as they both giggled loudly. Taking the spot between Katie and Demelza, Harry wrapped his arm around his oldest teammate and kissed her temple. With a smile, Katie sighed and rested her head on his shoulder.

“It sucks I can’t play much tonight,” she said.

“There’s always next week,” Harry reminded her. “Or after practice. Or anytime you want, really.”

Giggling, Katie lifted her head and kissed him on the lips. With a teasing grin, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head, baring her entire upper to his wandering gaze. Grabbing the hand that was wrapped around her waist, she moved it up to her full, perky breast and gave him a wink.

“You have very nice breasts,” Luna said.

Blushing lightly, Katie laughed, “Thank you, Luna.”

Glancing over at Padma, the girl blushed while Parvati whispered to her softly. When she noticed him looking at her, she quickly dropped her gaze, only for her eyes to widen a moment later. Harry glanced down and realized that he was already hard, his erection tenting the front of his flannel pants.

“Parvati and I designed a new game for tonight,” Lavender announced as she brought out an empty bottle and a book from the side of the bed. “Instead of just playing truth or dare, we’ll spin the bottle and pick a random page from this book. If you don’t want to do what you picked, someone else can take your place. If no one wants to, you take a shot. If the bottle lands on Harry, he gets to pick a page and then pick any girl he wants.”

“What’s in the book?” Hermione asked curiously.

Grinning, Lavender held the book open and flipped through the pages. Hermione’s blush grew steadily darker, showing seemingly every sex act imaginable with detailed, animated drawings. Most of the girls giggled and cheered, but Demelza and Padma looked more than a little nervous.

“Don’t worry,” Harry said, wrapping his free arm around Demelza while glancing at Padma. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.”

“Ready?” Lavender asked with an eager smile as she levitated the bottle.

Without waiting for a reply, she spun the bottle. It circled around three times before landing on Romilda, who cheered.

“Pick a page,” Lavender said, pointing to the book.

Harry aimed his wand, “Open.”

As if caught in a gale, the book flipped open, the pages fluttering by rapidly until they abruptly stopped a moment later. The image that greeted them was one of a woman riding a man enthusiastically.

“Yes,” Romilda hissed.

Crawling over to Harry, she quickly stripped him out of his clothes before doing the same to herself.

“Are penises supposed to be that big?” Luna asked curiously, her head tilted cutely to the side as she stared at his erection.

“That’s not a penis, Luna. That’s a big fat cock,” Ginny said to much laughter.

Smiling, Harry laid back as Romilda crawled over top of him. He kissed her on the lips and cupped her full, hanging breasts while she reached for his straining length. She stroked him a handful of times before lining him up with her surprisingly drenched folds. Pulling her lips away from his, Romilda wedged the head between her taut lips and sank down slowly, a low, passionate moan leaving her lips.

“Merlin, look at that,” Katie gasped, her voice laced with arousal. “You can see him stretching her out.”

“Does it hurt?” Luna asked, leaning forward for a better look.

“No,” Romilda groaned. “It feels amazing.”

A moment later, her thick thighs and wide bum landed in Harry’s lap. They both moaned, and he couldn’t help but flex his hips, driving his throbbing length deep into her hot, tight depths. Running his hands up her sides, he grabbed her breasts, the soft, pale globes giving way under his firm grip.

“Oh, Merlin, Harry,” Romilda panted. “You feel so good in me.”

Leaning down, she kissed him heatedly as she began rocking her hips. Rapidly, her movements went from soft and gentle to fast and hard. Her thick bum clapped against his thighs each time she dropped her weight, spearing herself on his rigid shaft.

“Look at that slut go,” Ginny laughed.

“Harry’s going to ruin her,” Lavender giggled.

The girls had all shifted around to sit in a semi-circle around his feet. Though Harry couldn’t see it, he knew they were watching his length plunge into Romilda’s depths over and over again. Ginny and Lavender had, at some point, taken off their clothes and started playing with themselves. Parvati and Padma whispered to each other softly, the Ravenclaw sister blushing heavily even as her eyes remained fixed on the scene in front of her. Hermione rubbed her thighs together as she watched, her bottom lip caught cutely between her teeth. Shuffling behind Demelza, Katie kissed her neck and whispered in her ear, all while one hand slipped under her shirt and the other under the waistband of her pajamas.

The sight stoked Harry’s excitement to new heights. Letting go of Romilda’s breasts, he gripped her hips tightly while planting his feet on the mattress and thrusting up sharply. Romilda gasped, bracing her hands on his chest. He met her wide, excited gaze before he started slamming in and out of her at a feverish pace. The dorm was filled with the staccato sound of flesh meeting flesh. Throwing her head back, Romilda cried out, her nails digging into his skin while her breasts bounced wildly on her chest.

“Holy shit,” Lavender gasped, fingering herself furiously. “He’s going to fucking break her!”

“That looks fun,” Luna said as if she was observing a game of Exploding Snaps. “Can Harry do that to me later?”

"I'm sure you'll get a turn, Luna," Katie smiled as she made Demelza moan.

Suddenly, Romilda went silent, her mouth hanging open as her body stiffened. Her face went bright red, the tendons in her neck standing out in sharp relief. Harry groaned, continuing to plow into her depths as they spasmed around his straining length. He knew he had more girls to keep happy tonight, but he needed to cum, and he needed to do it now.

A scream built up in Romilda's throat, starting with a low whine that quickly built to a shrill scream. Her arousal drenched the base of his shaft while her soft, silky walls clenched tightly around him. Feeling his pleasure built to a peak, Harry drove into her to the hilt and roared as he exploded inside of her.

"Oh!" Romilda gasped, eyes going wide.

She collapsed onto his chest, shivering and shaking while his shaft pulsed inside of her. Each pulse sent another stream rocketing into her depths until he filled her to the point of leaking. Harry could feel it start to drip down onto his shaft, even as he continued to pump more into her. When his orgasm finally started to trail off, he felt someone run their finger along his balls. Jumping in surprise, he looked over Romilda's shoulder and watched as Luna brought a cum coated finger up to her face. She sniffed it before sticking it in her mouth and sucking it clean.

"Mhh, yummy," she said.

"Luna!" Hermione exclaimed while the other girls laughed.

Rolling off of Harry, Romilda curled up into a ball, one hand cupped over her mound. She continued to tremble and moan, her eyes staring blankly into the distance as she panted for breath.

"Shit," Harry cursed, caressing her shoulder soothingly. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be that-"

“Don’t. Apologize,” Romilda interrupted between gasping breaths. “Best. Sex. Ever. Think My... clit exploded.”

Harry blinked in surprise as the girls burst into laughter around him. Smiling, he leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. Romilda turned her head to capture his lips briefly before rolling over and sitting up. The moment she moved her hand away from her mound, a fresh gush of cum leaked onto the sheets.

“Bloody hell,” Katie gasped. “That’s enough cum to get half of Hogwarts pregnant.”

“I guess it’s a good thing they put Contraceptive Potion in the Pumpkin Juice,” Hermione said.

“They do!?” Demelza asked, her face flushing red. “But I just went to Madam Pomfrey today to ask for one. It was so embarrassing.”

“Well, a double dose won’t hurt,” Ginny smirked. “Especially if Harry’s going to cum that much.”

As the girls laughed, Hermione eyed Harry critically. He looked away, trying to act nonchalant, but he’d never been good at hiding things from her.

“Harry,” she said, eye narrowing suspiciously. “Did you take a potion?”

All of the girls looked at him curiously, and he flushed under the scrutiny.

“Er, I took a Stamina Potion before I came over,” he admitted. “I just wanted to make sure I was... you know.”

“Able to fuck all of us,” Katie said with a smile. “Aw, that’s sweet.”

“Actually, it tastes a little salty,” Luna said, earning a burst of laughter.

“I didn’t think it’d make me cum like that,” Harry muttered.

“You probably added too much Fluxseed oil,” Hermione said. “A Stamina Potion isn’t a bad idea, though. Especially if there’s going to be so many of us. I’ll make it for you next time so that doesn’t happen again.”

“I kind of like it,” Romilda said, rubbing her leaking folds. “I’m so full it feels like he’s still in me.”

“You ready for the next one, Harry?” Lavender asked, holding up the empty bottle with a grin.

Katie popped the cork on a full Butterbeer and pushed it in his hand. Raising his bottle, he grinned.

“Go for it,” he said, taking a drink.

Lavender gave it a hard spin. While they waited to see where it would land, Katie started undressing Demelza. Luna looked over, glanced around the room, and then shed her own clothes. Lithe and pale, her breasts looked surprisingly large on her frame with bright pink, upturned nipples.

Hearing a gasp of surprise, he tore his eyes away from her and looked at Demelza. Following her wide-eyed stare, he finally noticed that the bottle had stopped spinning and was pointing directly at her.

“Pick a page,” Lavender grinned.

“Open,” Harry muttered.



They all watched excitedly as the pages fluttered rapidly before settling somewhere around the middle of the book. A drawing of a man stood with a woman in his arms. She was pinned to a wall, her legs draped over his arms, writhing sensually as he thrust into her.

“That looks hot,” Lavender said. “I’m so jealous.”

Demelza stared at the picture, her mouth hanging open and a flush running all the way down to her breasts.

“We can do something else if you’re not ready for this,” Harry told her softly.

Jerking her eyes from the book, Demelza bit her lip and stared down at her hands. Before he could say anything else, Katie hugged her from behind and whispered into her ear. He didn’t know what she was saying, but Demelza nodded before glancing up at him.

“I-I’m ready,” she stammered.

Harry hesitated, but Katie gave him an encouraging nod, and he trusted her to know better in these situations. Climbing off the beds, he smiled and held out his hand to Demelza. Nervously, she took it and let him pull her to her feet. Hoping to settle her nerves, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her soundly. She moaned in surprise but returned the kiss quickly. Sliding his hands down to her tight little bum, Harry easily lifted her off of her feet.

Moaning into his mouth, Demelza clung to him as he carried her over to the wall and pressed her back against it. She was so tiny and light that he had no issue holding her there. Lifting her up higher, Harry dipped his head down to her chest. Her breasts might’ve been small, but her nipples were hard and wonderfully sensitive. Demelza gasped the moment his lips wrapped around one, her fingers threading through his hair as she moaned.

Hooking his arms under her thighs, Harry pinned his hands to the wall, holding her weight and spreading her open. Demelza stared up at him, looking small and vulnerable under his larger

frame. His length throbbed at the sight, slapping against her taut, glistening folds. Merlin, he wanted to ruin her.

“Tell me if you want me to stop,” Harry whispered.

Demelza nodded, her chest rising and falling with each excited breath as she looked down at the towering shaft poised at her entrance. They both gasped as her lips parted and stretched around his bulbous head. Harry closed his eyes, fighting the desire to plow into her. He wasn't sure if it was just her or the position he had her in, but she felt tighter than any of the girls he'd been with so far.

“Oh! It's in!” Demelza gasped, her eyes wide.

“Sweetie, that's just the tip,” Katie chuckled. “Just wait until he's got all of it buried in you.”

Pausing for a moment, Harry started to rock his hips slowly back and forth. With each thrust, he sank just a little deeper, plumbing her untouched depths for the first time. It took a few minutes, but amazingly, she was able to take every inch of his hard, throbbing length. Demelza whimpered as their hips met, her arms and legs trembling as she hugged him tightly.

“So... full,” she murmured dazedly.

The girls cheered from the bed, yelling out encouragement.

“Look at her take that cock!” “Way to go, Demi!”

Chuckling, Harry kissed Demelza tenderly and gave her a few moments to adjust.

“You feel amazing, Demelza,” he told her. “You're so fucking tight.”

“Not anymore,” she said breathlessly.

Harry and the girls laughed, and she looked up at him with a small smile.

“You ready?” he asked.

Biting her lip, Demelza tightened her grip around his neck and nodded. Harry started rocking his hips slowly, gradually pulling out a little further each time. She stared down between their bodies, watching his long, thick shaft slit in and out of her stretched folds. As he picked up speed, she clamped down on her lip until it turned white as cute, soft grunts and moans escaped with each thrust.

Harry growled in the back of his throat when she started fluttering around him. Gasping, Demelza hugged herself to his chest, burying her face in the crook of his neck. His body completely enveloped hers as he pounded her against the hard stone wall, arousal dripping from her tight folds.

“Harry, I’m - I’m —”

Demelza broke off with a scream, her depths clutching him so tightly he could move. Her walls spasmed wildly around him, but he was still a ways away from his climax. As she calmed, he started thrusting again. Demelza whimpered and whined, her hips rolling with his movements.

“You like this, don’t you?” Harry realized, staring into her lust-filled gaze. “You like feeling helpless while I use you however I want.”

She didn’t answer verbally, but the look in her eyes told him everything. Smiling, he kissed her on the lips and lifted her away from the wall. Demelza gasped as he effortlessly carried her over to the bed, still buried deep inside of her. The girls shuffled out of the way, making space for him to lay her down on the mattress. With his hands free, he grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her head.

“Tell me what you want, Demelza. Do you want it slow and gentle?” he asked, giving a slow, easy thrust that caused her to moan. “Or hard and fast.”

Harry pulled back and paused, poised to slam into her if that’s what she wanted. Demelza hesitated, staring up at him as she wiggled impatiently. Finally, she opened her mouth to reply, but Harry silenced her with a grin.

“It doesn’t matter what you want,” he said. “I’m going to fuck you how I want to, and you’re going to love it, aren’t you?”

Demelza shivered and bucked her hips, trying to take more of him.

“Wow, Harry,” Katie said, staring at him in awe. “I never knew you could be so... forceful.”

Harry shrugged and looked up at her right before he slammed his length into Demelza’s depths. From the first thrust, he continued to pummel her into the mattress. Demelza tried to arch her back, moaning and groaning passionately.

“Only if it’s what the girl wants,” Harry said to Katie.

Licking her lips, she crawled over to them, her perky breasts jiggling alluring.

“Oh, she definitely wants it,” Katie said, lying down next to Demelza.

Reaching out, she ran a hand over the younger girl’s small breasts, teasing her hard nipples.

“Look at the way you’re taking his big cock,” Katie said, tugging her nipples teasingly. “I bet it feels so good, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” Demelza gasped.

Chuckling, Katie tugged at her nipple hard. Demelza gasped, her depths rippling around Harry’s length. He groaned from the incredible feeling and thrust a little faster, jolting the tiny brunette under him with every impact of his hips.

“I think she’s close,” Katie giggled.

“So am I,” Harry panted.

“You know what, I think you should cum on her,” Katie said, causing Demelza to gasp softly.

Harry pulsed at the idea, and Demelza seemed to like it too. Whining and bucking her hips, she tipped over the edge and came hard around him. This time, Harry was able to keep thrusting through her climax. Jabbing his hips forward, he let the first eruption off inside of her, a primitive part of his brain demanding that he mark his territory. Wrapping his hand around his base to hold off the rest, he pulled out, rested his wet, throbbing shaft on her mons, and stroked.

The first shot left a long streak from Demelza’s belly button to her forehead. The tiny brunette was too far gone to care as more and more of Harry’s climax rained down on her. Belatedly, he heard the girls giggling and cheering as he decorated her tanned skin.

“Morgana,” someone gasped.

“Definitely too much Fluxseed oil,” Hermione murmured.

Harry opened his eyes, not realizing he’d closed them, and collapsed to the side. Demelza was covered, streaks and pools of pearl white all over her torso, face, and even in her hair. Giggling, Katie reached over and swirled her finger through it.

“Merlin, it looks like she just got gangbanged,” Romilda laughed.

Opening her eyes, Demelza took one look at herself and blushed heavily, making the cum stand out even more against her reddening skin.

“Relax, Demelza,” Ginny told her. “We’re not making fun of you.”

“No.” “Of course not.” “I think you look lovely.” the girls added quickly.

“Why don’t we help clean you up?” Katie asked with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Rather than reaching for her wand, she leaned over and licked Demelza. Luna was quick to join, followed a moment later by Lavender and the others. The only ones who didn’t join in were Hermione and Padma. Seeing Hermione staring at the scene, biting her lip, and rubbing her thighs together, Harry pulled her into his lap.

“I might need a few minutes,” he told her. “Cuddle with me?”

Hermione nodded and relaxed against him, never taking her eyes off the debauched scene unfolding a couple of feet away. Smiling, Harry pulled her shirt over her head and played with her breasts, wondering what would happen next.

## Chapter 4

Hermione moaned, closing her eyes as her head fell back to rest on Harry’s shoulder. Smiling, he kissed her neck, one hand caressing her full, soft breast while he teased two fingers on either side of her damp folds. In the middle of the beds, the girls were still crowded around Demelza, cleaning her up with their tongues. The sight of them licking his cum from her pale skin already had him throbbing against his best friend’s firm bum, but he still felt incredibly sensitive.

There was one girl that hadn't joined in, however. Padma bit her lip as she watched the erotic scene in front of her, her cheeks flushed. By now, she was also the only one still fully clothed.

"Alright, Padma?" Harry asked, dipping two fingers between Hermione's lips and causing her to gasp.

Padma swallowed as she watched his fingers move under Hermione's shorts.

"Fine," she muttered softly.

"She's just nervous," Parvati said before turning to her twin. "And you can at least take your clothes off. It's not like Harry hasn't seen it already."

She gestured to her naked body, identical to her sister's. As he stared at her curvy figure, Harry grazed Hermione's clit with his thumb. She bucked her hips, unintentionally grinding her bum against his shaft as she moaned. Smiling, he kissed her temple and hugged her to his chest. He absolutely loved seeing Hermione lose herself in moments like this. When he looked back up, he was surprised to see Padma stripping out of her clothes. He hadn't actually expected her to go through with it.

She looked beautiful, exactly like her sister. If it wasn't for the clear difference in their personalities, he didn't think he could tell them apart. Tossing her panties to the side, Padma clamped her thighs together and covered her chest shyly.

"You're beautiful, Padma," Harry told her.

Smiling, she slowly dropped her arms, revealing her perky breasts. He gazed at her appreciatively, even as he continued to draw more moans from Hermione's lips. Looking between Padma and Parvati, he felt guilty for the way he and Ron had treated them during the Yule Ball. They were smart, kind, beautiful young women who deserved better than they'd treated them. As his eyes wandered around, Harry spotted the book they'd been using all night. A smile lit up his face as an idea came to mind. Letting go of Hermione's breast, he picked it up.

“Harry, Parvati,” he called.

Turning away from her conversation with Lavender, she looked at him curiously.

“Here,” he said, handing her the book. “You and Padma can pick anything you want. Consider it an apology for being such a bad date at the Yule Ball.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Parvati smiled.

“But Ron was my date,” Padma argued.

“It was my idea,” Harry shrugged. “So, it’s still partly my fault you had such a bad night.”

Padma opened her mouth to argue some more, but Parvati plopped down next to her and whispered in her ear. She blushed as her sister opened the book in their laps and started flipping through the pages. Both of them crossed their legs without thought, inadvertently giving him an unobstructed view of their pink, glistening folds.

“Do I get to have sex with Harry now?” Luna asked.

Harry chuckled at just how casually she asked the question.

“Sure, Luna,” he smiled. “Just let me finish taking care of Hermione first.”

Hermione moaned loudly as his thumb circled her clit and his fingers tips sought out that sensitive bundle of nerves hidden in her tight depths. After Ginny had gone wild when he hit her G-spot, Harry snuck into the Restricted Section to try and learn more about it. There, he found a number of books on sex. Most were more dedicated to the magic and rituals based on the act,



but a couple were helpful guides for young wizards. Now, he knew exactly what it was and how to find it.

Hermione's hips bucked, a deep, sensual whine leaving her lips as he stimulated the slightly rougher patch of skin. Losing her inhibitions, she squirmed out her shorts and panties, kicking them carelessly across the bed. Harry smiled, groping her breast roughly and kissing her neck softly. The other girls, having finished cleaning Demelza, chatted quietly as they watched them.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione moaned breathily. "What are you doing to me?"

Smirking, he wrapped his arm tightly around her chest to hold her in place. Suddenly, he started slamming his fingers in and out of her, firmly rubbing against the full length of her G-spot. Hermione's eyes sprang open wide, her mouth hanging open in a silent scream. In moments, she was squirming and trembling, trying to escape his embrace.

"Trust me," Harry whispered.

Her arousal flowed out of her, soaking his hand and causing his knuckles to slap wetly against her mound. She tensed in his arms, her hips bucking as she tried to escape the overwhelming sensations he was causing. Eyes rolling into the back of her head, Hermione screamed as a shower of arousal escaped past his fingers and landed on the bed. Shivering, shaking, and panting for breath, she erupted twice more before he finally slowed down, rubbing her gently and kissing her neck.

Hermione groaned as she collapsed back against him, her body twitching uncontrollably as she cupped her leaking mound and curled into a ball. Harry showered her with kisses and gentle caresses as she slowly settled, her beautiful brown eyes slowly blinking open.

"Merlin, Harry," Katie gasped, her eyes glittering with excitement. "You nearly broke her!"

"I think he did break her," Ginny smirked.

“M’okay,” Hermione mumbled tiredly. “That was... intense.”

Sitting up, she turned and gave Harry a soft, lingering kiss before climbing off of his lap. She was barely out of the way before Luna jumped on him excitedly. The lithe, grinning blonde plopped herself down on his thighs and wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. Without any hesitation, she gripped his throbbing shaft, lined it up with her entrance, and dropped.

“Luna!” Harry yelled, gripping her bum to stop her momentum.

Luna stopped with nearly half his length buried in her tight depths, eyes wide and mouth open in a shocked ‘O.’

“Luna, you should try and take it slow your first time,” Lavender said, crawling over to rub the other blonde’s back.

“Sorry,” Luna said, letting out a slow, shuddering breath. “I just got excited. I feel fine now. You can let go, Harry.”

Harry loosened his grip on her bum, and Luna moaned as he sank just a bit further into her. As she started rising and lowering herself on his length, gradually taking him deeper into her clutching core, he let his hands wander over her body. He caressed her back, hips, ribs, and up to her breasts, delighting in just how soft and smooth her skin felt.

“You feel incredible, Luna,” Harry said, kissing her lips.

“Thank you,” Luna panted. “You’re really big, but it still feels good. I’m sorry my breasts aren’t that big, but I’m sure Lavender would let you play with hers.”

“Your breasts are beautiful,” Harry said, giving them a firm squeeze.

Smiling, Luna wrapped her arms around him tightly and started rocking her hips. When she sat back a moment later, she started bouncing in his lap. Harry used his hands on her bum to help her along, feeding his throbbing shaft into her impossibly tight depths over and over again. Her small breasts trembled on her chest as she panted, smiling widely.

“This is so much fun!” she cheered, bouncing even harder. “I hope we can do this again!”

Harry smiled, and the girls giggled at the little blonde’s exuberance. While she was certainly having fun, the angle was a bit awkward. Hugging Luna, he rolled them over so her lithe body was pinned under his.

“Oh! This is new,” Luna chirped, eyes widening.

Giving her soft, pink lips a kiss, Harry settled into a slow but steady rhythm. Luna moaned and writhed under him so constantly he couldn’t tell if she’d reached her climax or if she’d never come down from the first one. Eventually, her incredibly tight, clutching depths brought him over the edge, spilling into her with just as much force as he had the others.

When Harry rolled off of her, Luna looked down at her leaking folds, giggled, and covered it with her hand.

“Hermione, is there a spell to keep Harry’s cum in me?” she asked. “I quite like the idea of keeping a piece of him in me.”

Hermione stammered and blushed while Harry broke out laughing.

“Don’t ever change, Luna,” he said, kissing her cheek.

Sitting up, he glanced over at the twins with a grin.

“So, any ideas what you want to try from that book?” he asked, hardening in anticipation.

## Chapter 5

Padma and Parvati looked at each other and whispered furiously. It looked to Harry like Parvati was trying to convince her sister of something, but it was hard to tell. Grinning and sitting up on her knees suddenly, she grabbed the waistband of Padma’s bottoms and tugged. Padma blushed and bit her lip cutely but let Parvati strip her completely naked.

Despite his recent climax, Harry throbbed excitedly at the sight of their caramel-colored skin, perky breasts, and wide hips. The only visual difference between them was that Parvati was shaved clean while Padma had a small strip of neatly trimmed hair above her mound.

Swinging her leg over her Padma, Parvati presented her full, round bum. She swayed it back and forth teasingly, looking over her shoulder with a smirk.

“Take your pick,” Parvati said with a giggle.

Harry smiled and crawled over to them. Placing his hands on Padma’s knees, he gently pushed them open, revealing their glistening slits. Taking his time, he caressed the inside of her thighs, stopping with his thumbs on either side of her slit. Teasing her taut folds with one hand, he moved the other to Parvati’s bum, kneading it firmly. As Parvati looked over her shoulder, biting her lip, he leaned forward, kissing her cheek and biting it playfully.

Sitting up on his knees, Harry shuffled forward, his throbbing erection bobbing in front of him. It didn’t take much thought to realize it would be best to go with Parvati first. She looked much more comfortable with the situation and was even looking at him hopefully while Padma glanced up at him nervously.

Lining himself up with her entrance, he ran his hand up her spine and gripped her shoulder. As he pushed forward, he pulled her back, slowly easing into her virgin depths. Parvati gasped, her

mouth hanging open and eyes wide as Harry gently worked inch after inch of his impressive shaft into her clutching depths.

“Does it hurt?” Padma asked.

“N-no,” Parvati stammered. “Not really. He’s stretching me but it feels really good.”

“I told you,” Lavender said smugly.

Moaning, Parvati trembled as he bottomed out, her slick walls fluttering around his length. Reaching up, Padma brushed her sister’s hanging hair behind her ear and caressed her arms softly. When her eyes caught Harry’s, he smiled reassuringly. She smiled back shyly and looked away quickly.

After holding still for a moment to give Parvati time to adjust to his girth, he slowly began rocking his hips.

“Oh!” Parvati gasped, her arms trembling.

“Is that what I looked like my first time?” Hermione asked curiously.

Harry glanced at Parvati’s face. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open as she panted, her face set in an expression of bliss. Remembering how Hermione had looked, he smiled and looked over at her.

“Pretty much,” he said, grinning crookedly.

“I remember a bit more talking,” Lavender said teasingly. “Oh, Harry. It’s so big!”

“Well, it is,” Hermione said blushing.

“Didn’t stop you from screaming like a banshee when he got going,” Lavender smirked.

“Like you were any better when he fucked you,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes.

Their teasing argument was interrupted when Harry pulled back further than he had before and plunged swiftly back into Parvati. Arching her back, she moaned long and low, a climax visibly rippling through her body.

“You okay, Parv?” Padma asked.

“Feels so good,” Parvati mumbled. “Pad, you need to try this.”

Padma glanced at Harry quickly before looking away and blushing.

“You don’t have to if you’re not ready,” he told her.

Parvati giggled, looking at him over her shoulder as she bounced herself back on his thrusting length.

“Don’t let her fool you,” she said, pausing to moan softly. “Padma loves reading books about girls being captured and made part of a harem.”

“Oh?” Harry asked, arching his brow.

“Parv!” Padma hissed embarrassedly.

“And what exactly is a harem?” he asked.

“It’s – Oh! – It’s when a powerful man takes multiple women as his wives, concubines, and servants,” Parvati said between pants and gasps as she threw her wide hips back faster and harder.

“Oh, is Harry building a harem?” Luna asked excitedly. “Can I be a part of it?”

“Harry’s not building a harem,” Hermione sighed.

“You sure about that?” Ginny asked, smirking.

Harry snorted and shook his head at the idea even as he thrust hard and fast into Parvati. Using her shoulder for leverage, his hips collided with her round bum, causing her cheeks to ripple. Parvati was no longer capable of coherent speech. Her words had devolved into moans, groans, and whines as his thick length speared in and out of her tight folds. He completely missed the meaningful look she gave her sister.

Padma watched, mesmerized, as Parvati’s lithe frame was jolted back and forth above her. Harry could see a desire in her eyes, and he slowly smirked as an idea came to mind. He may not have known exactly what a harem was, but he’d seen a few of the romance novels Hermione liked to charm to look like library books. He may not be the most studious person, but he’d always been too curious for his own good.

“Harry! I-” Parvati began, only to break off with a loud gasp.

Her legs trembled uncontrollably, her arms giving out and causing her to collapse on top of Padma. Parvati hugged her as Harry followed her down, continuing to thrust hard and fast. A long, quivering moan left her lips as she came hard, her delicate folds clamping down around his thrusting length. Padma rubbed her back as Parvati shivered through her powerful climax, her eyes fixed on the spot where her bum met Harry’s gradually slowing thrusts.

Suddenly, Parvati went limp and Harry stopped, wiping sweat from his brow as he caught his breath. Easing out of her, his length bobbed in the air, the head red and pulsating with need. Grabbing Parvati by the hips, he lifted her up and rolled her to the side. Before Padma had a chance to react, he grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the mattress above her head, his throbbing shaft dragging along her drooling slit.

“Is this what you want?” Harry asked, bucking his hips and grinding his length against her clit.

Padma gasped, her hips lurching involuntarily. Her mouth worked silently for a moment, her pink tongue peeking out to lick her lips.

“When you’re reading those books, what do you see yourself as?” Harry asked. “A wife, a concubine, or a servant?”

“A servant,” Parvati answered for her with a smirk. “She likes the ones where a girl from a poor village is captured and becomes the favorite sex slave.”

“Oh, really?” Harry asked, staring down at Padma’s blushing face. “And how about I make you my favorite sex slave?”

Padma gasped, staring at him wide-eyed as he dragged his throbbing erection down to her dripping entrance. Her lips parted around his tip and Harry paused, watching her face closely. When she showed no signs of wanting to stop, he pushed deeper. Padma inhaled sharply, her back arching. He’d intended to go slow, but her heels dug into his bum, driving him in until he was buried to the hilt.

“Wow, who knew your sister was such a slut,” Lavender giggled.

“It’s always the quiet ones,” Katie said, glancing at Hermione, who rolled her eyes.

“I doubt she’ll be quiet for much longer,” Ginny smirked.



Harry gave Padma a moment to adjust before he began rocking his hips. Like Luna and Demelza, she relaxed easily, quickly urging him to go faster with her heels. Keeping her wrists pinned to the bed with one hand, he trailed the other down and roughly groped her breasts, pinching and rolling her thick brown nipples.

“Oh, Morgana,” Padma gasped, arching her back and rolling her hips.

“I knew you’d like it,” Parvati grinned.

“You know, I kind of like the idea of having her as a sex slave,” Harry said casually as he pistoned in and out of Padma’s clutching depths.

“What are you going to do with her?” Parvati asked, playing along.

“Fuck her,” Harry said simply. “I’ll take her into broom cupboards between classes. She can blow me while I’m studying. Maybe I’ll even take her in the middle of the Ravenclaw common room. Show everyone who she belongs to.”

Padma gasped, her face scrunching up in overwhelming pleasure as she climaxed hard. Harry never broke pace, continuing to plow into her spasming folds.

“That sounds fun,” Luna said. “You can do that to me, too, if you’d like.”

“We’ll see,” Harry said, unsure if Luna realized he was just roleplaying.

Focusing on Padma, he felt his own climax approaching. She’d barely come down from her first climax when his desperate thrusts pushed her to a second. The fluttering of her walls was too much this time and Harry tipped over the edge. With a hard, savage thrust, he erupted once in her depths before yanking himself free. Stroking himself furiously, he drenched Padma’s shaking, trembling body with the rest of his load. Giggling, Parvati laid her head on her sister’s

stomach, getting streaks of cum all along the side of her face and into her hair. Seeing his bright white seed on their beautifully dark skin caused him to twitch excitedly, but his erection finally went limp.

Collapsing on his bum, panting, he watched as the girls surrounded the twins, talking, laughing, and licking them clean. Harry shook his head, wondering if they actually enjoyed that, or if they were doing it just for his benefit.

They stayed up for a little longer, talking and cuddling before Harry exhaustedly fell asleep in a pile of female bodies.

~

"I kind of like the idea of being in a harem," Luna said softly as she watched Harry sleep. "It would be like having a big family. We could all be sisters."

"You know they were just roleplaying, right?" Hermione asked.

"I know," Luna said. "I still like the idea. Ooh, you know what would be fun? What if Harry had girls from every house in his harem? That would unite the houses, wouldn't it?"

Katie snorted, "The girls, maybe. The boys would be angry, though."

"More like jealous," Ginny smirked.

"We are not building a harem," Hermione said through gritted teeth.

"We could," Parvati said slyly. "I mean, there's no law against it."

"And when Voldemort comes after Harry and finds out he has a harem of girls he cares about?" Hermione asked archly.

“Ah, right,” Lavender said. “I forgot about that.”

“What if we were a secret harem?” Luna asked.

“No harem!” Hermione growled.

Shaking her head, she settled down to sleep and the other girls followed suit. With a wave of her wand, she snuffed out the candles and set, an alarm.

“What about after Harry beats Voldemort?” Luna asked.

Hermione sighed, “We’ll see, Luna.”

“Okay.”

## Chapter 6

Sunday morning, Harry woke to the familiar feeling of a petite figure in his arms. Smiling, he gave the breast cupped in his hand a gentle squeeze and hugged Hermione’s back to his chest. Saturday nights had become their night over the last few weeks. On Friday nights, he spent time with all the girls, but on Saturday night, Hermione got him all to herself. It was remarkable how much she’d opened up since this whole thing had started. She’d been nervous and shy in the beginning, but now that it had become a regular thing, Hermione wasn’t afraid to ask for what she wanted anymore. Just thinking about what they’d done the night before had him hardening against her smooth, muscular bum.

“Harry,” Hermione groaned sleepily. “Merlin, how can you still be hard? We had sex four times last night. Did you take that Stamina Potion again?”

“No,” Harry chuckled. “I just really like fucking you. Do you have any idea how hot you look when you really let go and enjoy yourself?”

“Can’t say I do,” Hermione said, trailing off into a moan as Harry ground against her bum and teased her stiff, pea-sized nipple.

Rolling over to face him, she pecked him on the lips.

“Sorry, Harry, I really don’t have time for another round,” she told him. “It’s a Hogsmeade weekend and I need to get a couple of books from the library before we leave.”

“Alright,” Harry smiled.

Leaning in, he kissed her passionately, leaving her slightly breathless and flushed by the time he finally pulled back. Shaking her head, Hermione smacked his bum. Harry reached for her playfully, but she darted away to the other side of the bed, trotting into the bathroom with a giggle. Smiling, he stretched and yawned, his erection standing out proudly.

When he stepped out from behind the curtains surrounding Hermione’s bed, Harry squinted from the sunlight streaming in through the window and made his way over to Lavender’s bed. Slipping inside her curtains, he smiled at the sight of the pretty, busty blonde lying on her side, a light snore issuing from her slightly open mouth. Slowly, he pulled back her blankets, hardening further at the sight of the nightie she was wearing. It barely contained her impressive bust, the edge of her pink areola peeking out over the neck.

“Lav,” Harry called, shaking her shoulder.

Blinking open her hazel eyes, Lavender blinked at the erection staring at her and broke into a giggle. Her hand reached out, and her fingers wrapped around his shaft, gently caressing his smooth skin.

“Did you wear Hermione out last night?” she asked, smiling sleepily.

“A little,” Harry admitted with a shrug. “She went to take a shower and told me to come bother you.”

“Oh, you’re definitely not a bother,” Lavender smirked, squeezing his shaft. “She’s still in the shower?”

When Harry nodded, she smirked mischievously and sat up, throwing off her blanket.

“I could use a shower, too,” she said, pulling off her nightie.

Sliding off her knickers, she stood up. Harry let his eyes rake over her incredible body and let himself be pulled along towards the bathroom.

~

After showering, sneaking back into his dorm, and getting dressed, Harry met the girls downstairs so they could make their way to Hogsmeade. He shared a carriage with Hermione, Katie, Luna and Ginny.

“Is Ron not coming?” Katie asked curiously.

Harry and Ginny snorted while Hermione rolled her eyes and crossed her arms.

“He’s in the Hospital Wing,” Hermione told her.

“Really?” Katie asked. “What happened?”

“Fred and George sent him a bunch of Playwitch magazines,” Ginny smirked. “You know those potion recipes you get in the back of Witch Weekly to get rid of acne or make your tits bigger? Well, Ron found one to make his dick bigger and tried to make it. I’m not sure if the twins messed with it, Ron brewed it wrong, or the potion was a scam, but it made him break out in these gross purple and yellow splotches.”

“Knowing Ron and the twins, it was probably a combination of all three,” Katie giggled. “Leanne tried to brew that Bra Buster Elixir last year. It worked, but only on the right one for some reason. She had to go to Madam Pomfrey to get it fixed. I still don’t know how she convinced her to make the other one bigger.”

“Really?” Ginny asked, looking down at her own breasts. “I’ve always wished I was a bit bigger.”

“Hermione could probably find the right potion,” Katie said, smirking when Hermione rolled her eyes. “What do you think Harry? Ginny would look good with a set of D’s, don’t you think?”

“Honestly? I think you’re great just the way you are,” Harry told her. “Bigger doesn’t necessarily mean better.”

“Smart answer,” Katie giggled. “Besides, they get in the way with Quidditch. Angie used to bitch about her big tits getting in the way all the time.”

The carriage lurched to a stop, and Harry hopped out before offering the girls a hand. He got a few jealous looks from the other boys when Katie wrapped her arm around his waist. As they wandered the village, Ginny got called away by her friends. A few minutes later, Hermione mumbled something about forgetting to get a book before leaving the two of them standing outside the Three Broomsticks while she made her way in the opposite direction.

“That girl,” Katie said, shaking her head with a smile.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Nothing,” she smiled, shaking her head. “Want to get a Butterbeer?”

“Sure,” he shrugged.

Slipping inside the crowded pub, they made their way to one of the booths and took a seat. Because of how busy it was, it took a few minutes for Rosmerta to get around to taking their order.

“Hullo, dears, what can I get for yeh?” she asked, bending over to hear them over the din.

That had the effect of presenting her large, pushed-up breasts right in Harry’s eyeline. He couldn’t help but wonder if they were as firm as they looked or if it was because of the corsets she always wore.

“Two Butterbeers, please,” he said, looking up from her chest to meet her eyes.

“Coming right up,” Rosmerta said, smiling knowingly.

“Bigger doesn’t mean better, eh?” Katie teased once she was out of earshot.

“They were right there,” Harry protested helplessly. “And I stare tits big and small equally, thank you very much.”

Laughing, Katie bumped into his shoulder and laced her fingers through his. When Rosmerta returned a moment later, she placed the bottles on the table, leaning towards Harry more than necessary and giving him a wink. Lifting his bottle in thanks, he popped the cork and took a sip.

“Do you think she just does that for the tips, or do you think she’s hoping some older student will take the hint and give her a good shagging?” Katie asked.

Harry had to cover his mouth to keep from spitting out his Butterbeer. Laughing, he grabbed a napkin to wipe up a bit of dribble on his chin.

“I doubt Rosmerta’s interested in shagging students,” he chuckled.

“Why not?” Katie asked. “Think about it. She could get all the young, handsome men she wants. As soon as they graduate, a new batch comes in the next year. There have been rumors for years, but no one really believes them.”

“Because if any bloke was shagging Rosmerta, they’d be shouting about from the top of the Astronomy Tower,” Harry pointed out. “No way that wouldn’t get out.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Katie admitted, sipping her Butterbeer. “Oh! Look, there’s Angelina. Ang!”

Looking up, Harry spotted the tall, dark figure of Angelina Johnson as she pushed her way over to them. He and Katie stood to greet her, both of them receiving a tight hug.

“It’s good to see you again,” Harry smiled. “How’s training going?”

“Gwenog is even worse than Wood, but I’ve never played better,” Angelina smiled, taking a seat across from them while Harry yelled to Rosmerta for another Butterbeer.

“Is Alicia coming?” Katie asked curiously.

Angelina shook her head, “She’s home, nursing some bruises from our last practice. Took a Bludger in the lower back. She’ll be fine in a few days.”

“Do you think you’ll be playing in the next game?” Katie asked.



"Maybe," Angelina shrugged. "If we get a good lead, I might. Professional Quidditch is on a whole nother level compared to what we did at Hogwarts. Gwenog sends scouts to all the games, and she said only one person has looked ready to go pro as soon as they leave Hogwarts in the five years she's been captain."

"Really? Who?" Katie asked.

Smiling and taking a Butterbeer delivered by Rosmerta, Angelina popped the cork and pointed at Harry before taking a sip.

"Me?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Yep," Angelina grinned. "Gwen's even thinking about breaking the girl's only rule to get you on the team after you graduate. I told her you probably won't go pro; I know you want to be an Auror. Though, I did tell her it might help to convince you if she hired Katie and maybe a few cheerleaders. I bet Lavender would look good shaking her pom poms."

Raising an eyebrow, Harry glanced over at Katie, who hid behind her Butterbeer.

"Oh, come on," Angelina grinned. "You really didn't think Katie wasn't going to tell her old friends about your late-night visits, did you? And I was just joking about telling Gwenog. I'm sure between me and Katie, we can keep you occupied."

"I wouldn't bet on that," Katie scoffed. "There was six of us the Friday night, and he still had enough in him to leave Hermione limping this morning. He's a machine, even without potions."

"Really?" Angelina asked, smirking as she eyed him up and down.

"Aren't you dating Fred?" Harry asked.

Although he was proud of being able to please multiple girls in a single night, he still didn't like to brag, even if it was coming from someone else. He wasn't too worried about Katie telling anyone about what happened in the dorm. Lavender would've already told half the girls in the school, but he wasn't there to listen to it.

"We broke up," Angelina shrugged. "We hardly go to see each other with our schedules. I heard he's dating that Verity girl that works at their shop now. Alicia and George are taking a break, too."

"Oh," Harry said. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Angelina waved him off. "If anyone should be apologizing, it's me."

Harry tilted his head, looking at her in askance.

"I was a bitch," she told him. "I was so obsessed with winning the Cup my last year that I didn't even bother to realize how hard you had it last year. Merlin, you had the Ministry working against you, and all I cared about was you catching the Snitch."

"It's fine," Harry said.

"No, it's not," Angelina said firmly. "But I can make up for it. How about the three of us get a room so I can apologize?"

Harry inhaled sharply when Angelina slipped her foot out of her shoe and rubbed it along the inside of his thigh. Blinking, he looked over at Katie.

"You set this up?" he asked.

"Maybe," Katie smiled.

“Alicia really did want to come, but she was just too sore,” Angelina said, pushing her toes against the growing tent in his trousers. “You know, we used to joke about pulling you into the showers with us all the time. You always had it so hard and looked so innocent. Knowing what I do now, I wish we had.”

Harry snorted, “I’d’ve had a heart attack if you had. I grew up a lot over the Summer. Hey, Rosie!”

The barmaid busted over with a smile.

“What can I get for you? Another refill?” Rosmerta asked.

“Actually, can we get a room?” Harry asked, blushing lightly.

“For the day?” Rosmerta asked, smirking as she looked between him and the two girls.

“Better make it for the night,” Harry said. “I expect Angelina to be pretty tired by the time we finish catching up.”

Angelina burst out laughing, her mouth hanging open.

“Room three is all yours,” Rosmerta grinned, pulling a key out of her apron and handing it to him. “Enjoy your stay.”

“If he’s got a wand to match those massive balls of his, I expect I will,” Angelina smirked.

Rosmerta chuckled and shook her head as she watched Harry being dragged away by the two pretty witches.

“Are my eyes deceiving me, or did I just watch Harry Potter disappear upstairs with Ms. Bell and Ms. Johnson?”

“Your eyes are as good as ever, Filius,” Rosmerta smiled, looking down at the tiny professor.

“My, that brings back memories,” Flitwick chuckled. “Like father, like son.”

“James was never as successful as he liked to pretend,” Rosmerta told him. “The only time he tried to rent a room, he ended up covered in Butterbeer and without a date. Then again, it might’ve helped if he told the girls he had asked both of them to Hogsmeade.”

“He truly is the best of both of his parents,” Flitwick said proudly.

“James’ ability to talk his way out of trouble and Lily’s ability to make anyone with a heart fall for her,” Rosmerta smirked. “Witches of Hogwarts, beware.”

“Indeed,” Flitwick nodded. “You should hear some of the rumors going around the castle.”

“Really?” Rosmerta asked. “I’ll get you a drink on the house, and you can tell me about it.”

~

Angelina jumped on Harry, kissing him passionately. As they stumbled over to the bed, clothes flying in all directions, Katie took the time to close the door and silence the room. Laying Angelina on the bed, her blouse hanging open, Harry buried his face in the impressive cleavage created by her lacy black bra and sucked hard. Running her hands through his hair, she moaned and pulled his t-shirt up until it hit his armpits. Harry straightened up and ripped it over his head before returning his lips to hers.

Angelina scooted back, Harry crawling after her to keep their lips attached. Once they were fully on the mattress, she flipped them over with surprising strength and sat down on the tent straining against the front of his trousers.

“Mmh, that feels promising,” she smirked.

“It’ll feel more than that in a minute,” Katie joked, stripping out of her clothes and climbing on the bed.

Leaning down, she kissed Angelina sensually while her hand reached down to unclasp the front of her bra. Harry was a little surprised to find they were even bigger than Lavender’s, though not quite as perky. Cupping one and teasing the dark nipple, he smiled as he watched the girls snog.

“Pants,” Angelina muttered between kisses.

Obligingly, Harry removed her pants and panties before staring and laughing. Angelina had shaved her trimmed bush into the shape of his scar.

“Cute,” Harry smiled, caressing her mound with his thumb. “Does this mean you’re mine?”

Angelina broke her kiss with Katie and looked up with a smirk.

“That depends on how good you are,” she said. “Now, get out of those pants. I want to see that cock Katie’s been bragging about.”

Smiling, Harry opened his trousers and pushed them down his legs.

“Merlin, you weren’t kidding,” Angelina gasped, wrapping her hand around his shaft when he maneuvered back over the top of her. “This thing put Fred and George to shame.”

“That thing put most guys to shame,” Katie told her with a grin. “I still don’t know how Demelza fit that whole thing inside of her.”

“Come on, Harry,” Angelina said, using her fingers to hold open her lips, revealing her delicate pink insides in a delightfully lewd display. “Get that cock in me. I’ve been thinking about this all week.”

“Wait!” Katie yelled, earning a curious look from Harry and a glare from Angelina. “Harry, do you remember the first time you fucked Demelza? I think you should do that with Angie.”

“Are you sure?” Harry asked.

His first time with Demelza, he pinned her to a wall, folded her almost in half, and practically dominated her. Angelina was larger than Demelza, but he was sure he could hold her up, at least for a time. He just didn’t think Angelina was the kind of girl to enjoy being dominated. She always seemed more like the take-charge type.

“Trust me,” Katie grinned. “She’ll love it.”

Glancing down at Angelina, Harry shrugged and rolled off the bed. Katie knew Angelina better than he did, so he’d take her advice. Holding out his hand, Angelina glanced over at Katie curiously before reaching out and letting him pull her to her feet. She gasped when Harry grabbed two handfuls of her wide, muscular cheeks and lifted her off the floor. Her eyes widened further when he tossed her up and slipped his arms under her thighs before catching her again, all without breaking his stride towards the nearest wall.

“Ooh, little Harry has muscles now,” Angelina teased.

“Little?” Harry smirked, pressing her back against the wall and his head at her entrance.

“Maybe,” Angelina shrugged. “It’s hard to tell with cock all the way out there.”

“Harry, treat her like you treat Demelza or Padma,” Katie told him. “Trust me, she’ll love it.”

“If you say so,” Harry said, keeping his eyes on Angelina’s. “Do you want it slow and soft or hard and fast?”

She opened her mouth to reply but was interrupted by the sound of Harry’s hips colliding with the inside of her thighs. Angelina’s eyes went wide, and a vibrating scream left her lips as she came instantly. Harry blinked and looked down as her arousal showered his groin and dripped down to the floor.

“Damn, you cum easier than Ginny does,” he told her, rocking his hips lightly.

“And she squirts,” Katie grinned.

“Fuck!” Angelina shouted, panting as she came down from her climax. “You lost your virginity to that!?”

“Actually, I rode him instead of getting pinned to the wall like a cheap whore,” Katie smirked.

To his surprise, Angelina groaned, her hips jerking at the derogatory name. It was at that moment Harry realized he would never understand women. Shaking his head, he started thrusting back and forth, a slick, wet sound filling the room.

“Every time you acted like a bitch last year, Harry should’ve just bent you over and fucked you like one,” Katie said, reaching out and twisting one of Angelina’s nipples. “Just imagine it. Every time you yelled at us on the pitch, he’d mount your broom mid-air and then mount you. Hell, Fred would’ve probably thanked him for shutting you up.”

“Oh, Morgana,” Angelina gasped, fluttering around him.

Harry panted as he hammered her against the wall. She was by far the wettest girl he’d ever been in, and it made for an incredible sensation. The wet, sloppy sounds coming from her depths only added to the thrill.

“Oh, and Harry,” Katie said, twisting the nipple between her fingers as she smiled at him, ignoring Angelina’s pitiful whine. “She does anal, too.”

Harry lifted an eyebrow, his length throbbing in his moaning teammate.

“He’ll. Ruin. Me,” Angelina panted, her legs trembling.

“Sweetie, he already has,” Katie smirked.

“Not quite,” Harry smiled.

Lifting Angelina away from the wall, Harry carried her over to the bed and laid her down on her back. Pulling out of her completely, he flipped her over and smacked her firm, round bum before spearing back into her depths. Angelina cried out, her body rocking back and forth. Harry was able to thrust much harder in this position. The girl under him mewled and moaned, a steady stream of arousal dripping on the sheets as her dark globes rippled with every impact of his thighs.

“Such a slut,” Katie giggled, hugging Harry from behind. “Poor Fred, she won’t even be able to feel him after you’re through with her. He’ll feel like he’s fucking a wet paper bag.”

“Fuck!” Angelina shouted, climaxing in a shower of arousal, her arms giving out under her.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned. “You girls are crazy.”



“Yeah, but you still love us,” Katie smiled, kissing his neck. “Grab her ass and spread her open for me.”

Harry followed the instructions without thought, staring at his drenched shaft as it plunged in and out of Angelina’s dripping depths. Reaching over his shoulder, Katie tapped her wand against her anus. With a splat, a glob of thick, clear fluid sprayed from the tip. Harry slowed his thrusts as Katie moved around to the side and knelt on the bed. He watched, transfixed, as she swirled her finger through the fluid and then pressed it against Angelina’s starfish. A groan left her lips when the brunette pressed, sinking her finger up to the second knuckle.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” Harry asked.

“Most girls aren’t into it,” Katie shrugged. “Alicia and I tried with our fingers and didn’t like it. Angie loves it, though.”

As if to prove her point, she added a second finger, pushing both in all the way to the third knuckle. Angelina moaned, her walls spasming around his gently moving length. From how tight she looked around Katie’s fingers, he had no idea how he was supposed to fit in there. Over the next few minutes, he pumped his hips just enough to stay hard while he watched Katie finger Angelina’s bum. Eventually, she made it up to an impressive three fingers before pulling them out.

“She’s ready,” Katie said, cleaning her fingers with her wand.

“You okay with this, Ang?” Harry asked, rubbing her back.

“I want to try,” she said, taking a deep breath. “Just go slow.”

Nodding, Harry pulled his shinning, dripping length from her folds.

Katie snorted, "At least you don't have to worry about lube. Fuck, Ange, you weren't this wet when we used to fool around in the showers, and the fucking water was on."

Harry chuckled, feeling a bit of pride as he lined himself up with her tiny, wrinkled entrance. Gently, he pushed, but it was too tight for him to slip in.

"Push harder," Angelina told him.

Nervous about hurting her, Harry gradually increased the pressure he put on her bum. Just when he was about to pull back, her entrance gave way and swallowed his head, sealing around his shaft. He gasped, surprised by the sudden give and the heat wrapped around his sensitive glans.

"Holy shit!" Angelina yelled. "I did it!"

"That's just the tip," Katie laughed, patting her bum.

"I was more worried about the girth," Angelina said, taking deep breaths. "Bloody hell, he's stretching me out, but it feels so fucking good."

"I still don't get why you like that, but whatever," Katie shrugged.

Slowly, Harry started rocking his hips back and forth. Over the next several minutes, inch after inch of his shaft sank into her depths. The feeling was amazing but different. She was incredibly tight and hot, though Katie continued to add lube. Eventually, she took all of him, his hips pressed against her bum.

"Yes!" Angelina hissed triumphantly.

"Okay, I'm honestly impressed," Katie admitted. "Now, bugger the bitch."

Raising her hand, Katie smacked Angelina's ass hard, causing her to yelp and tighten around him. With a groan, Harry started rocking back and forth. After applying lube one last time, Katie crawled over to Angelina's head. Lifting her head roughly by the hair, she slid down until her mound was directly under Angelina's mouth. Harry throbbed as he watched her pink tongue poke out and lick Katie's damp folds.

After a couple of minutes easing his way back and forth, Harry's confidence grew, and he really started bugging Angelina. She seemed to enjoy it, based on her muffled moans. Remembering Katie's words from earlier, he decided to push her limits. Drawing his hips back, he plunged back into her depths. A squeal was her response, followed by a spray of arousal on the mattress. Pulling back until just the tip was inside, Harry drove back into her depths rapidly, forcing out another gush of arousal.

"You fucking slut!" Katie shouted, tugging Angelina's hair and bucking her hips. "You're taking his massive cock in your bum! He just gave you every inch, and you came like a whore! Fuck!"

As Katie shook through her climax, Harry began chasing his own. His slow movements to get into Angelina had basically been a fifteen-minute tease, and now he wanted to cum. Knowing that she could handle him, he started moving faster and harder. Using her wide hips as handles, he rapidly pulled halfway open before slamming back in. A steady stream of arousal rained from Angelina's folds, ruining the mattress.

Harry realized Katie had moved when he started hearing Angelina's mewls and cries loud and clear. The brunette shuffled over, her hair mused and face flushed as they both watched him ruin their friend's beautiful bum.

"Need more lube?" Katie offered, holding up her wand.

Nodding, Harry pulled out, leaving Angelina's back door gaping wide open.

"Merlin, if you go any deeper, I'll be able to see her liver," Katie quipped.

Harry chuckled as she lubed both him and Angelina's stretched entrance. Using her hand, she guided him back, caressing his shaft. Angelina groaned tiredly when he re-entered her depths with a squelch. Setting a quick pace, he focused on reaching his climax.

"Merlin, the sheets are soaked," Katie said. "How many times have you cum?"

"Haven't... stopped," Angelina said, her words coming out in time with Harry's thrusts.

"Slut," Katie laughed, spanking her friend roughly.

Harry grunted as Angelina tightened around him.

"Where do you want me to cum?" he asked, voice strained.

"Don't... care," Angelina replied.

"Outside," Katie told him. "She'll bitch for days if you cum in her."

Nodding once, Harry gave a rapid flurry of thrusts before yanking himself free. Before he could reach for his throbbing length, Katie's hand wrapped around him and stroked him furiously, thanks to all of the lube. Leaning his head back, Harry groaned as he reached his peak. Several thick, white streaks decorated Angelina's round bum, the color contrasting sharply with her dark skin.

Panting, Harry collapsed on the bed next to Angelina and gave her shoulder an affectionate kiss. As he caught his breath, Katie cleaned him with her wand.

"Thanks, Katie," Harry smiled. "You okay, Angelina?"

“Mmh,” she mumbled.

“I think you actually broke her,” Katie smirked. “Her asshole’s so wide she might actually whistle when she flies tomorrow.”

Harry laughed at the mental picture and pulled the smiling brunette into his arms, kissing her softly. Reaching down, she stroked his length, bringing him back to hardness.

~

Rosmerta watched as Harry and Katie left just before curfew. Both of them were smiling, arms wrapped around each other. They made a cute couple, she thought, but she didn’t see any sign of their friend. Pausing at the bar, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of Galleons.

“Thanks for the room, Rosie,” he said, smiling bashfully. “Sorry about the mess.”

“No worries,” Rosmerta smiled, giving the handsome, generous young man a flirtatious smile. “Nothing I haven’t seen before.”

With a shy wave, the pair made their way out of the pub and back to the castle. Rosmerta kept an eye out for their friend, but by closing time, she still hadn’t seen her. Out of concern, she decided to peek in on her to make sure she was alright. Or, at least, that’s what she told herself.

Making her way to her private room in the back, she activate the enchanted mirror connected to mirrors in each of the rooms. While she didn’t make a habit of spying on patrons, mixing horny teenagers with alcohol and cheap rooms had resulted in enough problems that she was forced to do it to protect them from themselves. Since she’d installed them, she’d seen more than her share of young men trying to take advantage of young women and young women trying to ruin a young man’s life after a regretful experience.

Fortunately, the mirrors would alert her if a young man got too out of hand and recorded everything if a young woman tried to make false accusations. She was just glad Dumbledore handled those matters and not the Ministry. Together, they were able to set those kids straight without the press ever getting involved. If they did, her secret would be out, damaging her business and preventing them from protecting anyone. Merlin knew that Aberforth did look after the patrons at his pub.

Walking up to the mirror, Rosmerta tapped it and said, "Room three."

Her eyes widened when she looked at the mess of a girl lying on the mattress. She was completely naked, the sheets soaked in numerous places, and white streaks covered her face and breasts. Only the small, unconscious smile on the young woman's lips eased her worries. Out of curiosity-concern, she decided to check the recording.

"Oh my!" Rosmerta gasped.

~

Rosmerta was cleaning up the bar when Angelina finally made her way down the stairs.

"Morning, dear," she smiled. "Have a seat."

"Morning," Angelina smiled tiredly.

"Breakfast?" Rosmerta asked. "Harry paid for it before he left yesterday."

"Really?" Angelina smiled. "That was sweet of him. Sure. I'll take whatever you have ready. I've got practice in half an hour."

“You’re a Quidditch player?” Rosmerta asked, setting a plate in front of her.

“Just reserve for now,” Angelina replied. “I’m hoping to be a starter next year.”

“Well, either you need to work on your stamina, or Harry put you through the wringer yesterday,” Rosmerta said, smiling teasingly.

Angelina snorted and shook her head before looking around. Thankfully, mornings were always so, and they were the only ones there.

“My stamina is just fine,” she smiled, spearing her sausage with her fork.

“Surely you can give me more than that,” Rosmerta said. “I don’t get all Hogwarts rumors down here. It’s been a long time since something this interesting’s happened at my little pub.”

That wasn’t exactly true. The professors kept her up to date on the latest gossip whenever they stopped in. Still, it would be easier to return the favor if she didn’t have to lie about how she knew things.

“Four times,” Angelina said. “And he’s big. Like really big. It was... amazing.”

“Four?” Rosmerta asked, feigning surprise.

“Four with me and twice with Katie,” Angelina said, shaking her head. “If I’d known he was that good, I’d’ve jumped him years ago.”

Rosmerta smiled and gossiped with the young women for a bit longer. All the time, she wondered if she should make an exception to her no sleeping with students policy. After all, she wasn’t getting any younger, and two years was a long time to wait. Maybe it was time for her to clear up those rumors about the Potters once and for all.

Out of concern, of course.

## Chapter 7

As a light sleeper, Harry woke quickly when he felt his mattress dip. One hand reached for his wand, tucked under his pillow, while the other reached for his glasses but came up empty. He heard a feminine giggle before someone thrust his glasses onto his face. Blinking the sleep from his eyes, the face of Ginny Weasley swam into view.

“Ginny?” Harry hissed. “What are you doing here?”

Smirking, Ginny threw off her robe, revealing her naked body underneath.

“Do I need to spell it out?” she asked, rubbing her palm against the rapidly growing bulge in the front of his flannel pants. “And you don’t need to keep your voice down; I put a Silencing Charm around your bed.”

Grabbing the waistband of his pajama bottoms, Ginny pulled them down to expose his rising erection. Harry groaned, his fingers lacing through her orange locks as her hot, wet mouth enveloped his shaft. For a moment, she was able to fit all of him in her mouth, but he rapidly grew too large, causing her to cough and pull back slightly.

Out of curiosity, Harry waved his wand to check the time. He blinked at the floating, golden numbers telling him it was just after five thirty in the morning. Looking down at Ginny, he smiled amusedly.

“What would your brother think if he knew you woke up an hour and a half early just to get laid?” he asked.



Ginny looked up at him, her brown eyes sparkling as her lips sealed tightly around his shaft. Pulling back slowly, Harry hissed, her suction so intense that her lips popped as she came off of his engorged tip.

“I wonder if he’d be more upset about that or the fact that I was up late thinking about how to help you sneak into the other girls’ dorms,” she said, smirking at his shocked expression before taking him back in her mouth.

“I know you girls like it when I talk dirty, but I’m really starting to think I’m the whore in all of this,” Harry deadpanned.

Ginny snorted violently, saliva drenching his shaft while she pulled back sharply. She cleared her throat, barely able to suppress a laugh.

“Is that a complaint?” she asked, arching her brow while lapping at his swollen glans.

“No,” Harry snorted. “I am curious, though. Why are you all okay with this?”

“You really don’t see it, do you?” Ginny asked, smiling softly. “You’ve been a lot more relaxed since you started shagging us rotten. Harry, we all know you’ve been through hell every year you’ve been here. We just want to help you enjoy your life while you can. And, well, a few of us do enjoy knowing you’re going to ruin some poor girl for every other guy in the school. It’s kind of like bragging rights. They only get you once in a while, but we can see you anytime we want.”

Harry stared at her for a long moment before shaking his head with a chuckle.

“I’ll never understand girls,” he smiled.

“Probably not,” Ginny smirked, patting his thigh. “I guess it’s a good thing you’re good in bed.”

Bending her head down, she took as much of his length into her mouth as she could. She stopped with just a couple of inches to go, her shoulders hitching as she gagged while thick, messy strings of saliva fell from between her lips. Harry groaned, gathering her hair into a ponytail and holding it in his fist as he watched. A few seconds later, she pulled back swiftly and coughed.

“I might need your help with this,” Ginny said, glaring down at his shaft. “There’s no way I’m getting beat by Lavender.”

“You sure?” Harry asked.

Taking him between her lips, she looked up at him and nodded. He bucked his hips lightly a few times, but each time he pressed against her throat, it closed itself off to him. Pulling back an inch, she stroked her cheek softly.

“Ginny,” Harry said. “Remember what Lav said? You need to relax.”

Taking a deep breath through her nose, Ginny closed her eyes, her muscles going slack. Without warning, Harry quickly pushed her head down and his hips up. Before her body could react, his shaft was buried in her spasming throat. Eyes shooting wide open, Ginny clenched and loosened her hands, fighting her body’s natural reaction to pull back.

“Merlin, that feels good,” Harry groaned.

Holding her still for just a few seconds, she pulled her up by the hair. Ginny sucked in a breath, spit flying from her lips as she coughed.

“I did it!” she beamed, looking up from his slick, shiny length. “Do that again.”

Smiling, Harry shoved her back down on his shaft. It took a few more tries, but Ginny quickly learned how to relax her throat on demand. Soon, she was deep throating him consistently, no

longer even coughing when she came up for air. Slipping a hand between her legs, she began playing with herself, moaning loudly while Harry fucked her face to his heart's content.

After burying his length down her throat for a slightly longer period than normal, he watched in surprise as Ginny began to shake and tremble. Worried, he pulled her off of him, only to watch incredulously when he realized she was having an orgasm.

"You little slut," Harry grinned, pulling her up so that she lay on top of him. "Did you really just get off sucking my cock?"

"Mh hmm," Ginny mumbled, catching her breath. "I like it when you use me."

"Oh, really?" Harry asked as if he hadn't heard her say that before. "Maybe I should use that tight little pussy of yours."

Without waiting for a reply, Harry rolled her over onto her back and plunged roughly into her sodden core. Ginny arched her back and screamed, that single thrust sending her from the tail end of one climax into another. If she hadn't silenced his bed, it was likely that scream would've woken up the entire house.

"So, what's this plan of yours to get me in the other girls' dorms?" Harry asked casually as she writhed under him.

"Fuck... Hufflepuffs," Ginny panted distractedly. "Wanna... watch you... ruin them. Susan's big tits."

"If you keep talking like that, the other girls are going to think I actually fucked your brains out," Harry grinned.

In truth, he loved watching how Ginny lost herself when they were together. The girl came easier than anyone else he'd slept with, and he took great pride in every climax he was able to

wring out of her body. Even at a moderate, steady pace, it looked like she was constantly riding from one crest to another.

“Don’t... need ‘em,” Ginny groaned. “Love your cock.”

Chuckling, Harry played with her stiff, red nipples, rolling and tugging at them playfully as he continued to thrust. He drove Ginny to at least two more climaxes, though it was possibly more than that, before he finally reached his peak and flooded her depths. Once they’d caught their breath, they cuddled in bed.

“Harry?” Ginny asked. “Can I borrow your cloak and map?”

Lifting his head, he looked at her curiously.

“Why?” Harry asked.

Ginny smirked.

~

Harry really wasn’t sure how this plan was supposed to work, but Ginny had yet to lead him wrong. Her advice with Hermione had certainly worked.

While the rest of the students started heading back to their dorms after dinner to start on their nightly homework, Harry raced up to Ravenclaw Tower and waited around the corner. As soon as he spotted Padma, he stepped out and waved to her.

“Hey, Padma,” he called, smiling. “Your sister is looking for you.”

Padma sighed, "Does she need help with her homework again?"

Harry shrugged.

"I'm not sure, but I was just about to head back to Gryffindor," he said. "Do you want to walk with me?"

"Sure," Padma said.

Handing her bag to one of her friends, she followed Harry towards the stairs. They talked about classes and other innocuous things as they made their way toward Gryffindor Tower. When they reached the fifth-floor corridor, little used this time of day, Harry felt a light tap on his shoulder and grinned as he pulled Padma to the side. She looked at him curiously, and then her eyes widened when he pinned her back to the wall and kissed her hard. A surprised, muffled moan escaped her lips before she relaxed and kissed him back, fingers threading through his hair. It was several long seconds before Harry pulled back, leaving the Indian girl flushed and breathless.

"Want to have some fun?" Harry asked, smiling as he slipped his hands inside her robe to rest on her hips.

"Here?" Padma squeaked.

"What, are you ashamed of being caught with me?" Harry smirked. "Parvati told me some more about those books you like so much. I thought you might like to play one of those scenes out for real."

"But—" Padma stammered, looking torn between excitement and nervousness. "What if someone sees us?"

"Trust me," Harry said, kissing her softly. "I have everything planned out."

Not wanting to explain further, he reached for the handle of the broom cupboard next to him and pulled it open. Padma hesitated for a moment a took a trembling breath before she stepped inside. Harry followed after her, smiling as he pulled the door closed behind him.

“Lumos,” he called, lighting his wand.

Placing it on one of the higher shelves to give them some light, he pulled Padma close and kissed her again. As their lips danced, he pushed her robe from her shoulder, letting it pool on the floor. Pushing Padma’s back against the door as she moaned into his mouth, he took both of her wrists in one hand and pinned them above her head. Harry smiled against her lips while reaching into his pocket and pulling out a pair of manacles.

*Click!*

“Harry – What?” Padma asked, confused.

Pulling her hands down in front of her, she gasped and stared at her bound hands.

“It appears I’ve caught you, Ms. Patil,” Harry grinned. “I know it’s been a couple of weeks, but did you really forget who owns you now?”

Padma looked up at him, a series of emotions playing across her face before she looked down submissively.

“No, sir,” she said, shaking excitedly.

“Good,” Harry said, brushing a loose lock of hair behind her ear. “But from your reaction, I think I need to remind you who’s in charge here. Get on your knees.”

Padma sank to her knees, hands resting lightly in her lap. Smiling, Harry ran his fingers through her silky hair while his free hand loosened his trousers. Taking himself in hand, he draped his hardening length across her beautiful face. Padma lifted her lips and kissed his shaft lovingly, her tongue peeking out to trace along the underside.

Once he was completely hard, Harry pulled back, dragging his length along her face, leaving a small, glistening trail of arousal on her nose. She opened her mouth invitingly, accepting his member eagerly. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her lips and tongue danced across his sensitive skin. While she couldn't take him as deeply as Lavender or Ginny, she really didn't need to. They might've enjoyed giving oral, but Padma seemed to truly love it. Every movement was slow and deliberate, designed to be as pleasurable as possible.

His eyes snapped open when he heard the sound of chains rattling.

"No hands," Harry said.

Padma stopped with her fingers just an inch short of wrapping around his shaft. Staring up at him, she slowly lowered her hands back to her lap.

"Good girl," he said, massaging her scalp.

Closing her eyes and moaning, Padma sucked hard, her tongue focusing on his swollen head.

"Merlin, you're so good at this," Harry groaned. "I think you might be my favorite cocksucker. Maybe I should make you wake me up like this every morning."

Padma increased her pace, encouraged by the compliment. Harry let her dictate the pace, allowing her to bring him to his peak at her own speed. He didn't bother to warn her when he was getting close. Instead, he pulled out of her mouth at the last moment and erupted all over her face. She flinched when the first shot hit her skin, surprised, before closing her eyes and tilting her head back submissively to take the rest. Harry grinned down at her as he finished decorating her brown skin with streaks and globs of his white cum.

“You look hot like that,” Harry told her.

Padma smiled shyly, licking her lips clean before cautiously cracking her eyes open. Fortunately, he’d managed to avoid getting it anywhere painful. Taking her hands, Harry helped her to her feet and opened the door.

“Harry!” Padma hissed. “I can’t go out there like this!”

“Trust me,” Harry said, looking at her meaningfully.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, he led her back out into the hall. Padma looked around wildly, but the hall was empty. Harry strode down the hall confidently, listening for footsteps behind him. As he reached the end of the hall, he felt a light tap on his left shoulder. Turning in that direction, he continued on his way to the upper floors. Padma relaxed when she realized they weren’t heading for Gryffindor Tower. Instead, they took a lesser-used path that would take them up to the seventh floor. She glanced at him curiously but remained silent, her eyes constantly on the lookout for someone coming across their path.

No one did; Ginny’s small taps on his shoulder directed them away from anyone else. Unfortunately, Harry had no way of knowing for sure if Susan was following them like Ginny had planned. She was set to patrol the area they’d been in, and Ginny’s signal let him know she’d been close, but he didn’t know any more than that. According to Lavender, Susan was quite skilled with the Disillusionment and One-Way Viewing Charms. Apparently, the shy, busty redhead had some voyeuristic tendencies. Still, Harry wouldn’t know if she’d followed them until they made it to the Room of Requirement.

As Harry and Padma neared the seventh-floor corridor, she started to look relieved. Smirking, Harry pulled her to a stop and pressed her back against the wall. Her eyes widened as he took her hands, still bound in manacles, and raised them above her head. With a flick of his wand, he stuck them to the wall.

“Harry?” Padma asked nervously.



“You didn’t think I was done with you, did you?” Harry asked.

“I – I thought we were going to the Room of Requirement,” she said, squirming as he ran his hands over her breasts.

“Where’s the fun in that?” he asked.

Before she could reply, Harry gripped the front of her blouse and ripped it open, buttons clattering as they hit the floor. Shoving her bra up over her breasts, he dipped his head down and sucked one of her nipples.

“Oh,” Padma moaned, shifting restlessly on her feet.

Pulling back, he watched as the brown nub crinkled and hardened before switching to the other. Meanwhile, his hands slid up her thighs, slowly making their way under her skirt and up to the waistband of her panties. With a sharp tug, he yanked them down her legs, where they pooled around her ankles. The smell of her arousal reached his nose, causing him to smirk against her breast.

Harry opened his pants, the eroticism and danger of what they were doing in the middle of an open hallway making him hard in seconds. When he stepped back, Padma’s eyes widened as he lifted her legs, opening her up to him as she hung helplessly from the wall. As she opened her mouth to say something, Harry pressed against her soaked folds and drove forward into her hot, tight depths.

“Oh, Morgana,” Padma gasped, arching her back. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“You love it,” Harry smiled. “I’ve never felt you this wet before.”

"If we're caught, my reputation will be ruined," Padma whispered, bucking her hips in time with Harry's thrusts. "The whole school will know I'm your slut."

"And you'd love that, wouldn't you?" Harry asked, gripping her bum in one hand and mauling her breast roughly with the other. "You want the whole school to know I own you. Maybe I should just bend you over the Ravenclaw table tomorrow morning and fuck you in front of everyone."

"Oh, shit!" Padma cried, her folds convulsing around his thrusting length as she climaxed suddenly.

"Look at you!" Harry growled, pounding her roughly against the wall. "Willingly chained up with my cum covering your face, getting fucked where anyone can see. You're mine, Padma. I'm going to use you whenever, wherever, and however I want. Maybe I should write your parents and see if I can buy you. Then you'll officially be my whore."

"Yes!" Padma gasped, bucking her hips frantically.

As Harry huffed, driving in and out of her squelching depths, he caught a shimmer out of the corner of his eye. It seemed like Susan had followed them after all. Deciding to give her a show, he grabbed Padma's legs behind the knee and folded her in half against the wall. Pulling back as far as he could, he gave their voyeur a good look at his impressive length as it plunged in and out of Padma.

Suddenly, Harry heard footsteps approaching. Cursing internally, he was about to pull back when Ginny rested a hand on his shoulder and gave him a reassuring pat.

"Luna," she whispered just loud enough for him to hear.

Smiling, he slammed back into Padma to distract her from the sound. By the time she heard anything, Luna had already come skipping around the corner. Gasping loudly, she opened and closed her mouth several times while Harry didn't even slow his pace.

“Oh, hello, Harry, Padma,” Luna said, pausing next to them. “Do you know you’re in the middle of the hallway?”

“I thought it was a bit drafty,” Harry smiled.

“I imagine it is. Padma’s nipples are looking quite hard,” Luna observed.

“Luna,” Padma muttered, biting her lip to hold in her moans.

“You look very sexy in chains,” she continued, unabashed. “Can we try that later, Harry? It looks fun being so helpless.”

“Sure, Luna,” Harry grinned.

Seeing more movement out of the corner of his eye, he watched Lavender and Parvati stroll around the corner. Padma groaned, her face flushing as they paused and giggled.

“Merlin, Pad, I didn’t know you had it in you to do something like this,” Parvati said, staring incredulously.

“Come on, girls,” Lavender said, smiling brightly. “Why don’t we go get the room ready while these two finish up?”

“We’ll be there in a minute,” Harry grunted. “I’m getting close.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Padma groaned, trembling in his arms.

“Save some for us, big boy,” Lavender smiled.

Patting his bum, she kissed Padma on the cheek, licking away the cum that stuck to her lips. With a smirk, she looped her arms through Luna and Parvati's, dragging them to the corridor. As they paced back and forth, summoning the room, Harry buried himself deep in Padma and came, flooding her depths.

"Oh, Harry!" she squealed, reaching another climax and prompting giggles from Lavender and Parvati before they disappeared into the Room of Requirement.

Catching his breath, Harry released her hands and helped her to her feet. Padma was a bit wobbly at first, prompting him to guide her the short distance to the ornate door summoned by Lavender. Stepping into the Room of Requirement, he was hit by a wave of humidity and flowery scents. Lavender had summoned an exact replica of the prefects' bath. She, Luna, and Parvati were already naked and lounging in the soapy water.

"I can't believe we did that," Padma mumbled, looking a little shocked. "What if a professor had seen us?"

Before Harry could reply, Ginny giggled and took off his invisibility cloak.

"I made sure you were safe," she said, setting the cloak aside and stripping out of her clothes. "You didn't really think Harry would take that kind of risk, did you?"

"You told them to show up, didn't you," Harry asked while Padma gaped at the redhead, nodding towards the girls in the bath.

"It was exciting, wasn't it?" Ginny asked, unclasping her bra and dropping it to the floor.

Chuckling and shaking his head, Harry helped Padma out of her clothes and led her to the bath. On the bench behind them, forgotten for the moment, a crinkled, aged piece of parchment stuck out from the invisibility cloak. On it, the name Susan Bones hovered outside the room they were in for a long moment before her footsteps showed her walking back down the hall.

## Chapter 8

Harry was just leaving the Great Hall after dinner with Ron and Hermione when Lavender bounced up to his side with a beaming smile.

“Hey guys,” she said, hugging his arm snugly between her breasts. “Mind if I borrow Harry for a bit?”

“Well, we were supposed to go to the library to study,” Hermione replied.

Ron looked at Harry in askance, and he just shrugged his shoulders in response. He still hadn't told Ron about his nighttime visits to the girls' dorms. The redhead was known for his jealous streak, and neither he nor Hermione could think of a way to tell him that wouldn't set him off.

“I only need him for about an hour,” Lavender smirked, then looked up at Harry and winked. “Maybe a little longer.”

“Fine,” Hermione sighed. “Just don't keep him too long. We still have our midterms coming up soon, you know.”

“I know,” Lavender smiled brightly. “Thanks, Hermione, we'll see you in a bit.”

Letting Harry's arm out from between her breasts, Lavender pulled him by the arm and led him out of the Great Hall. They passed by Katie and Leanne on their way out, both of whom gave them knowing smiles and giggled.

“You're not going to believe what I heard earlier,” Lavender said once they were out in the hall.

“What's that?” Harry asked.

“Parvati and I were on our way back from Potions when we heard someone talking in an old classroom,” she told him excitedly. “There were two girls talking about meeting up in the Hufflepuff cuddle room after dinner. We didn’t know who it was at first, and you’ll never guess who we saw leaving that classroom. It was Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis.”

“Wait, what’s the Hufflepuff cuddle room?” Harry asked.

“You’ve never heard of it?” Lavender asked, surprised. “It’s pretty much an open secret in the school. There’s a password-protected room near the Hufflepuff common room where the older students can go to spend some alone time together. A lot of witches like to go there. That sort of thing tends to be looked down upon by the older families. Especially the ones in Ravenclaw and Slytherin.”

Grinning, she wrapped her arm around his waist and gave his bum a squeeze. Harry smiled back and returned the favor, causing her to giggle as her cheeks flushed.

“I got the password from Sara Fawcett during dinner, though I did have to make a bit of a deal with her,” Lavender admitted. “We can’t give the password to anyone else without her permission first or about who we see there, and Sophie wants to watch. If you’re lucky, maybe you’ll get to do more than that.”

“Aren’t girls supposed to get jealous about this sort of thing?” Harry asked with a smile.

Lavender giggled, “We usually do, but this is just so much fun. It feels so naughty to get together with the others and talk about what we do with you. I swear, this is the most fun I’ve had gossiping since I came to this school. No worries, no dark creatures or wizards prowling the halls, just us girls talking about the great time we had with a really cute boy.”

Smiling and shaking his head, Harry pulled Lavender close and kissed the top of her head as they continued down the hall. Heading down the stairs, they turned and made their way towards the kitchens. He vaguely remembered seeing a hidden room in the area on the map, but being so close to the Hufflepuff common room entrance, he’d never had a chance to really explore the area.

Lavender led him past the giant barrels that concealed the entrance to the Hufflepuff common room entrance and to the end of the room. It looked like a dead-end, with nothing in front of them but a blank grey wall. Tugging Harry to a darkened corner, they stopped in front of a hidden portrait of a gilded door.

“Togetherness,” Lavender said.

A soft, audible click came from the door, and the entire portrait swung inwards, revealing a sound, softly lit room inside. The entire floor was covered in a hodgepodge of mismatched pillows and cushions of all sizes and shapes. Above their heads floated magically suspended candles and oval-shaped rods from which hung white, gauzy curtains. There were a number of girls already in the room, and they looked up in surprise when the two Gryffindors entered.

The first two he recognized were Daphne and Tracey, who were cuddled together, ties loosened, and shirts unbuttoned as they looked at them nervously. The next person he spotted was Sara Roper, who gave them a smile and a nod. A short distance from her, Susan Bones and a topless Megan Jones, though she covered her chest with her arms and blushed. The last couple was a bit of a surprise. Hannah Abbot had her face buried between Sue Li’s thighs. The only way he recognized her was because of her ever-present pigtails. Harry wasn’t sure if she knew they were there, but Sue certainly did and made no effort to cover her naked body.

Sue was a short, thin Asian witch. Her breasts were impressively perky and surprisingly large for her frame. With eyes clouded with arousal and a flushed face, she tugged demandingly on Hannah’s pigtails as if they were reins as she let out a moan.

“You got here sooner than I expected,” Sara said, leaning back against a pile of cushions. “I was just about to warn the girls you were coming.”

“Sorry,” Harry smiled. “Lavender got a bit impatient.”

“That’s alright,” Sara smiled, her bright blue eyes sparkling as she pushed a lock of curly brown hair behind her ear. “I’ve given Harry and Lavender the password to this room. I know we

usually only give that out to witches, but I think we all trust Harry not to talk about us outside of this room.”

“It’s not Potter I’m worried about,” Tracey muttered, eyeing Lavender suspiciously.

“Lavender’s been coming to this room for the last two years, and she’s never said a word to anyone,” Sara told her.

“I know I have a bit of a reputation, but I do know when to keep my mouth shut,” Lavender smiled.

“Look, I didn’t know anything about this place until just before we got here,” Harry said. “I don’t want to make anyone uncomfortable.”

“I suppose we could put it to a vote,” Sara sighed. “How many of you want Harry to leave?”

The girls looked at each other, and Daphne and Tracey seemed to have a silent conversation, but after a full minute, no one raised their hand or spoke up.

“It’s settled then,” Sara smiled. “Besides, we have curtains for a reason. If girls don’t want to watch or be watched, they can just close them.”

“I hope they don’t,” Lavender grinned. “I like an audience.”

Grabbing Harry’s hand, she pulled him to the middle of the room. They were between Tracey and Daphne, and Susan and Megan Jones when she laid down. A tug brought him with her as Sara scooted closer, tossing away her tie as she did.

“Oh, fuck yes!” Sue Li screamed.



Everyone paused to look over at her. Gasping for breath, a flush running all the way down to her chest, she mashed her mound against Hannah's face while pulling harshly on her pigtails. Mouth open in a silent scream, she lifted her hips from the bed and shuddered violently before collapsing bonelessly on the cushions.

Suddenly, Lavender giggled, "She shakes as hard as Ginny does when she cums."

Harry chuckled and turned onto his side, his hand resting on her stomach.

"So does this mean those rumors about Potter are true?" Tracey asked curiously.

"What rumors?" Harry asked, playfully glaring accusingly at Lavender, who smiled impishly.

"That you're fucking every of age girl in Gryffindor," Tracey said.

"What?" Harry asked, surprised, as he glanced back down at a giggling Lavender. "I am not."

"Just most of them," Lavender giggled.

"No, it's-" Harry broke off mid-sentence, doing the math in his head.

"It's most," Lavender assured him. "There're twelve of age girls in Gryffindor, and you're sleeping with seven of us."

"Huh," Harry said, realizing she was right.

"Plus a couple of Ravenclaws," she giggled.

“Wow, Potter,” Tracey grinned. “I had no idea you were such a whore.”

“Neither did I,” Harry said, smiling.

“And you all know about each other?” Susan asked, looking confused.

“Hard not to when we’re all in the same room,” Lavender smirked, causing Susan to blush prettily.

“Wait, you have orgies with Harry, and Ravenclaws are invited?” Sue Li asked, sitting cross-legged and completely nude next to a blushing Hannah. “Can I come?”

“It might be hard to sneak you into Gryffindor Tower,” Lavender said thoughtfully before glancing over at Harry. “I suppose we could use the Room of Requirement.”

“That could work,” Harry shrugged, the whole situation feeling a bit surreal.

“I think we’re going to have to ask Hermione to make that potion again,” Lavender whispered with a giggle.

Reaching into his lap, she cupped his groin and massaged his hardened length. Harry smiled and leaned down to kiss her while his hand moved from her stomach to cup her breast. As Lavender moaned into his mouth, he trailed his fingers over to the buttons of her shirt and began undoing them deftly. A few seconds later, Harry felt someone kneel behind him and start unbuttoning his own shirt, pulling it off of him when they were done.

“And Harry said I was impatient,” Lavender giggled as they broke from their kiss.

Glancing over his shoulder, Sara smiled at him innocently while running her hands over his muscles.

“Can you blame me?” she asked.

“Wait until you see the best bit,” Lavender grinned.

Sitting up, she pushed Harry onto his back between the two girls and sat up on her knees. Tossing her shirts aside, she quickly unclasped her bra, smirking as he watched them bounce free. Lavender ran her nails over his abs, the muscles twitching under her touch, and came to a stop at his belt. With quick, practiced movements, she unblocked it, opened his pants, and reached inside.

Harry became acutely aware that everyone was staring in anticipation of the reveal as Lavender reached inside his trousers and stroked his length. After making sure he was completely hard, she pulled him into the open.

“Whoa,” Tracey said while Sara licked her lips.

“Merlin, that’s big,” Sue said. “Look at that thing. Just imagine Harry pulling on your hair with that thing buried in your throat.”

Harry looked over and arched a brow. Sue had moved behind Hannah, who blushed and panted, her eyes riveted to his shaft as the Asian witch teased her thighs. Glancing around the larger girl, Sue smiled and gripped Hannah’s shirt before giving it a sharp tug. Hannah blushed bright red as her large, braless breasts tumbled free. While she wasn’t quite as busty as Lavender, her areolas were the biggest he’d ever seen, with small, inverted nipples tucked in the center.

“Hannah likes to play shy, but she’s really a massive slut,” Sue grinned.

Raising one hand, she slapped Hannah’s left breast hard enough to leave the skin pink. Suddenly, she grasped both of them harshly, pale white flesh spilling out around her tiny hands.

“Don’t mind them,” Sara said, staring at his length as Lavender stroked him slowly. “They get like that.”

“Hannah loves it, look,” Sue said.

Grabbing the gusset of Hannah’s knickers, she yanked them to the side, revealing her taut, drooling folds. Hannah moaned, her body shuddering as her face expressed a mixture of arousal and mortification.

Hearing a moan to his right, Harry looked over and blinked in surprise. While he’d been distracted, Tracey and Daphne had stripped out of their clothes and were snogging heatedly. Tracey was a tall, dark-skinned, thin witch with medium-sized breasts, while Daphne had a porcelain complexion, a more rounded, hourglass figure, and large breasts. As his eyes moved up to her face, their eyes met. Daphne bit her lip as she stared at him, her eyes drifting down to his erection.

Harry was distracted again when he suddenly felt another set of hands on his shaft. Sara and Lavender now each had a hand stroking him gently up and down.

“That’s so hot,” Megan said.

Harry glanced over to see that the thin brunette was no longer covering her small breasts, and Susan was down to her bra and teasing her folds from behind. Susan had, by far, the largest breasts in the room. She was easily two cup sizes bigger than Lavender, Hannah, or Daphne.

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” Lavender smirked.

Getting rid of her skirt and knickers, she pushed Sara’s hands out of the way and knelt over him. She placed him at her entrance and paused, rocking her hips teasingly for a couple of seconds before slowly lowering herself onto his towering erection with a moan. Settling at his base, she rolled her hips while Harry reached up to grasp her breasts.

“Does it hurt?” Daphne asked softly.

“No,” Lavender panted even as she started riding him. “It feels so fucking good.”

“I should’ve brought my dildo,” Tracey said, lifting her glistening face with a smirk. “Then I could resize it to match Harry, and you could feel what it’s like for yourself. Merlin knows you’ve fantasized about it enough.”

“Tracey,” Daphne whined, turning her face away.

“This is your best chance to tell him,” Tracey said before turning to Harry. “She fancies you.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Daphne said, covering her face with her hands. “Tracey, I hate you.”

“No, you don’t,” Tracey said, pausing to flick her clit with her tongue.

“Looks like we have another member of our harem,” Lavender giggled.

“Harem?” several voices echoed at once.

“It’s a joke Luna started,” Lavender said, pausing to moan and shudder as she rode Harry harder. “She thinks we’re starting a harem. The arguments she gets in with Hermione about it are hilarious.”

“Ha!” Tracey said, eyes lighting up. “I knew Granger would be involved. I’m a bit surprised about Lovegood, though.”

“So much for keeping her mouth shut,” Daphne muttered.

“Um, whoops?” Lavender said, blushing lightly. “Sorry, it’s hard to think when Harry’s fucking me.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry hugged her to his chest and then rolled them over so he was on top. The move also brought them right next to Daphne and Tracey. They were so close his knee brushed Daphne’s thigh.

“If you can’t keep that pretty mouth of yours closed, maybe Sara should put it to use,” Harry said, spearing into her depths.

“Yes!” Lavender shouted, arching her back.

Harry wasn’t sure if her exclamation was because of his thrust or her agreement, but Sara took it as the latter. Stripping out of her clothes, she rapidly revealed her thin, fit figure. Her breasts, while not large, jutted from her body as if gravity didn’t affect them. They bounced with every little movement she made, her round, pale areolas and nipples dancing in front of him as she situated herself face him over Lavender’s face.

Lowering herself with a moan, Sara wrapped her arms around Harry and kissed him passionately. The round descended into nothing but the sounds of grunts, groans, and wet smacks as the girls pleased each other and Harry thrust into Lavender. One hand kneaded Lavender’s large, firm mound while the other cupped Sara’s incredibly soft breast, his fingers teasing and toying with her nipple.

With a shudder, Sara pulled her lips away with a gasp and rested her head on his shoulder. A moment later, she tensed as she came hard, drenching Lavender’s face. While she rode out her climax, he glanced around the room curiously. Susan and Megan were both naked, giving him his first glimpse of the redhead’s amazing bust. Despite their size, they were perfectly shaped and far more perky than they had any right to be. Lavender let out a soft moan below him as he swelled at the sight.

Meanwhile, Hannah was still dressed but completely exposed. Her large breasts bounced wildly, and her folds let out loud, wet slaps as Sue drilled three fingers in and out of her depths. The pigtailed blonde practically drooled as Sue tugged on her hair and whispered filth in her ear.

“You want that fat cock, don’t you, bitch,” Sue hissed, her hand nearly vibrating she moved it so fast. “He’d make you scream so loud the whole castle would hear you.”

As Sara gasped for breath and fell to the side, Harry turned his full attention back to Lavender. Leaning over her, he hammered his length in and out of her depths. Moaning, she kissed him on the lips, still tasting of Sara’s explosive climax. A moment later, she yanked her lips away with a gasp and clung to him tightly as she shuddered.

“Fuck,” she breathed. “This is so hot. I want to watch you fuck them all.”

Harry groaned at the thought and slammed his hips down even harder. Lavender cried out, and her body hunched in, her face crumpling as she reached her climax. He made it a few more thrusts before exploding in her depths. Growling, he lifted his head and made eye contact with Daphne. Her bright blue eyes met his just as she came with a shudder. Off to his left, he heard matching sounds come from Susan while Hannah howled like a banshee.

After a moment, they all collapsed, the room filled with the sound of heavy breathing and the occasional groan.

“What time is it?” Lavender asked after a moment.

“Almost seven, why?” Sara asked in return.

“Bugger,” Harry said, sitting up and pulling out of Lavender. “I need to meet Hermione in the library.”

“Aw,” Sara groaned disappointedly.

“Sorry,” Harry said apologetically as he gathered his clothes.

“Don’t worry, I have an idea,” Lavender grinned.

Harry left before he could hear just what that plan was, but he smiled as he raced down the hall. Without a doubt, the weekend would be one to remember.

## Chapter 9

“I really should be studying,” Hermione said, pacing back and forth as she worried her hands.

Harry sighed and looked at her over the top of his Quidditch magazine as he lounged back on a pile of cushions. Hermione paused as the Room of Requirement provided her with what she wanted. The wall in front of her extended before morphing into a packed bookshelf. As she bit her lip and began trailing her finger along the spines curiously, Harry set his magazine down and stood.

“You need to relax,” he said, hugging her from behind. “You can take a few hours off. You’re going to burn yourself out, and it’s not even our NEWT year.”

“But-”

“No buts,” Harry said, spinning her around in his arms. “Turn that big, beautiful brain of yours off for a little while and come spend some time with your friends.”

“Beautiful brain?” Hermione repeated amusedly. “How is a brain beautiful, exactly?”

Harry shrugged, “Well, it’s saved my life more than a few times. It’s not quite as attractive as the rest of you, but I’d say it’s a close second.”



Grinning, he slid his hands down her back and squeezed her bum.

“Harry,” Hermione gasped as he pinned her back against the bookshelf.

Leaning down, he claimed her lips in a demanding kiss. Despite her token protests, her fingers threaded through his hair and pulled him closer. Harry slipped his hands under her skirt and trailed his fingers along her smooth, bare skin. She moaned into his mouth when he teased along the edge of her knickers before pulling her lips away from his breathlessly.

“The other girls will be here soon,” Hermione reminded him.

“So?” Harry asked, fingers nimbly opening the buttons of her blouse.

Hermione bit her bottom lip cutely, propriety and desire warring visibly in her wide, chocolate eyes.

“I don’t want them to see me like this,” she whispered.

“Like what?” Harry asked.

Sliding his hands up to her shoulders, he pushed her blouse down her arms. It fluttered soundlessly down to the floor, leaving her flushed chest exposed, covered only by her white bra.

“Like I’m some kind of... slut,” Hermione said.

As he pulled her close, she wrapped her arms around his neck, eyes locked with his.

“You’re not a slut,” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “Sluts sleep with a more than one guy. You’re only sleeping with me. Unless you haven’t told me something.”

“Of course not,” she huffed indignantly. “And you know what I mean.”

“Can’t say that I do,” Harry smiled, unzipping her skirt and letting it pool around her feet.

Hermione glared at him as she kicked her skirt to the side and started unbuttoning his shirt. A moment later, she looked up at him and smiled playfully.

“You know, by your definition, in this situation, that would make you the slut,” she said.

“I prefer the term man whore,” Harry grinned.

She giggled at him as she helped him out of his shirt. Unbuckling his belt, he opened his trousers and pushed them, along with his boxers, down to the ground. Hermione bit her lips as she stared openly at his body while he stripped naked in front of her. With a grin, he pulled her close, his erection slipping between her legs. His fingers immediately sought out the clasp of her bra, popping the catch with practiced ease.

As it fell to the floor, he cupped one of her breasts and pressed her back firmly against the bookshelf as he kissed her passionately. He swallowed the moan she let loose when he pressed his shaft hard against her mound. One hand threaded through the hair at the back of his neck while she scraped the nails of the other down his back. The sensation made him even harder.

Pulling back, he swiftly spun her around and pressed her front against the bookshelf. She panted excitedly as Harry roughly gripped a handful of her knickers and shoved them down her legs. Hermione threw her hair to the side, hitting him softly in the face with her bushy mane as she looked back over her shoulder.

Harry placed one hand on her shoulder to pin it in place and pulled her hips back with the other, arching her back. Both of them gasped when his engorged, throbbing head pressed against her damp folds. Hermione quickly reached between her legs and guided him into position. Flexing his hips, he plunged into her sweltering depths.

“Oh God,” she gasped, head falling forward.

As inch after inch sank into her core, her hands scrabbled for something to hold onto. Harry grinned as her body trembled when he finally bottomed out. Leaning against her back, he pressed her chest into the books, his lips seeking out the crook of her neck. Slowly, he began to thrust at a steadily increasing pace. Giving her pale neck a playful bite, he leaned back and watched as his thighs beat a staccato rhythm against her spectacular bum. The sight alone drove him to start pounding her thin frame with long, powerful thrusts.

Hermione gasped, eyes wide as every jolt of her body caused her swollen nipples to rub against the ribbed spines. Books began tumbling carelessly to the floor as she searched for a more secure hold.

“Good thing we’re not in the library,” Harry smiled. “Madam Pince would ban you for life for knocking her books to the floor.”

“Harry,” Hermione whined, gripping the wood of the bookshelf to steady herself.

“I’m starting to think the books turn you on more than me,” he smirked.

“Shut up and fuck me,” she barked before letting out a gasp as he thrust deep.

“Gladly,” Harry said.

Grabbing a book with lightly ribbed spine, he slipped it between her legs. With his weight pressing her face against the books, Hermione couldn't see what he was doing, but she certainly sensed he was up to something.

"Harry?" she asked, worry and excitement mixed in her tone.

Pressing the spine against her mound, he pushed down, running the ribbed leather directly over her clit. Hermione bucked her hips and screamed as she reached a sudden, thunderous peak. Knocking the book out of his hand, she slapped his thigh angrily even as her body trembled and spasmed. Chuckling, Harry held her close and kissed the side of her neck.

"Aw, you started without us?"

Harry and Hermione turned to see Luna entering the Room of Requirement. Behind her, Lavender, Katie, Susan, Megan, Sue, Hannah, Tracey, and Daphne followed, smiling and giggling.

"A bookshelf," Tracey snorted. "Really, Granger?"

With a groan, Hermione moved her hips forward, causing him to slip out of her, and then turned around and buried her face in his chest.

"Nothing leaves this room," she said, turning her head to glare at the Slytherin.

Tracey grinned and shrugged, "We'll see."

"Harry," Hermione whispered. "If she starts spreading rumors, I'm going to hex her."

"I'm sure she won't," Harry said, patting her bum.

Kissing the top of her head, he took her hand and led her over to the pile of cushions covering the floor. Luna skipped after them, shedding her clothes shamelessly along the way. Jumping face first between his legs with a giggle, she gripped his length and fed it between her lips.

“Bloody hell, Luna,” Harry groaned, running a hand through her hair.

“Luna, wait,” Hermione sighed. “He hasn’t taken his Stamina Potion yet.”

“That didn’t stop you,” Lavender teased as she finished stripping out of her clothes and climbed onto the cushions.

“It wasn’t my fault,” Hermione said, digging through her bag. “You know how he is.”

“And I’m sure you hated every minute of it,” Lavender said. “You certainly didn’t see to be cumming your brains out when we came in.”

The other girls giggled while getting undressed and spreading out on the cushions. Sucking hard, Luna pulled off of him with a loud *pop*.

“Can you give him the one that makes him cum a lot?” she asked, staring at Hermione with her wide, innocent blue eyes.

“I don’t know if the other girls would like that, Luna,” Hermione replied.

“It has been a while since he’s used it,” Katie smiled, turning to the others to explain. “It makes him cum buckets. I think it’s fun. He flooded poor Demelza the last time he used it.”

“Can we? Please?” Luna begged, sitting up and holding her hands together pleadingly.

The Lavender shrugged, the Hufflepuffs quickly agreed, Sue smirked, a gleam in her eyes as she looked at Hannah, and the two Slytherin girls glanced at each other.

“Just don’t get it in my hair,” Daphne sighed, seeing they were outnumbered. “I’ve heard that’s horrible to get out.”

“It’s alright, I know a spell for that,” Katie told her.

“There’s a spell specifically designed for getting cum out of your hair?” Hermione asked incredulously while digging through her bag for the other potion.

“There are spells for a lot of things that would surprise you, Granger,” Daphne told her. “Most of them just don’t end up in our schoolbooks.”

Hermione scowled and thrust the potion into Harry’s hand, causing the blonde to smirk. Popping the cork, he downed the red, sparkling potion with a grimace.

“I wish there was a way to make potions not taste the Troll sweat,” he muttered.

The girls chuckled before Luna looked around curiously.

“Is anyone else coming?” she asked.

“We didn’t want it to get too crowded,” Lavender told her. “We’re going to have our normal dorm party tomorrow night anyway. I can ask Professor Flitwick if you and Padma can come again, if you want.”

“Oh, that’d be nice,” Luna smiled.

“So, what, you all just have one big Gryffindor orgy on Saturdays?” Tracey asked, arching her brow.

“No,” Hermione said firmly. “Harry and a few girls just come to the dorm. It only started a few weeks ago. And it’s not an orgy, it’s...”

“Well, I suppose, technically, you could call it a reverse gangbang,” Lavender said thoughtfully.

“That sounds so much worse,” Katie laughed as Hermione covered her face.

“We’re not called it that again,” she mumbled. “Ever.”

“Agreed,” Daphne nodded. “I don’t want to be associated with anything labeled as a gangbang.”

“It kind of reminds me of Ravenclaw’s coven,” Luna said.

“What?” Hermione asked, her face a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

“Isn’t that just a myth?” Sue asked, her hands roughly groping Hannah’s large breasts.

Luna shrugged, “I think it’s real. Rowena Ravenclaw used to have a club where she only invited the most promising students. According to legend, it was just an excuse for them to have sex. Some people think she did it to try and produce more powerful witches and wizards, but I think they just got horny from all that studying.”

“Maybe we should ask Granger about that,” Tracey smirked.

“Wait,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “You think Rowena Ravenclaw encouraged her students to have sex to... what, blow off steam?”

“Oh, no,” Luna said, causing Hermione to sigh in relief. “She would have sex with them, too. Ravenclaw was well known to have sexual relationships with her students. I wonder if we could convince one of the professors to join us. Professor Sinistra is pretty, and Harry likes looking at her bum.”

“We are *not* inviting a professor,” Hermione said unequivocally. “And I doubt Rowena Ravenclaw was holding orgies with her students. I mean, surely there would be some kind of record of that sort of thing.”

*Fwump!*

Everyone jolted when a thick, black leather-bound book landed next to Harry. In shining gold letters on the cover were the words; *Ravenclaw’s Coven*.

“No way,” he laughed.

“I’m sure it’s not what you think,” Hermione said, picking it up.

Flipping open the cover, they all gasped when, on the very first page, they found an animated drawing of Rowena Ravenclaw lounging naked with over a dozen students laid out around her. They were just as naked as she was. One of the girls in the drawing was feeding the Founder grapes while a boy lay between her legs, lapping at her folds.

Quickly turning to the next page, they found the charter, written by Rowena Ravenclaw. It spelled out in explicit detail that Luna had been correct. Only the top twenty students in the school could be invited, and only if Rowena thought they were mature enough. There was some validity to the notion of producing more powerful witches and wizards, but it was meant as more of a club to form bonds and connections among the academically elite. Luna was again at least partially correct in that it was meant as a reward and a place to relax after all their hard work.



"I can't believe it," Hermione breathed.

"Are there any more drawings?" Tracey asked.

Reaching over, she flipped a few pages until she came to another one.

"Oh my!" Hermione gasped.

In the drawing, Ravenclaw was smiling as she lounged back on top of a wizard who was clearly buried in her bum. Another knelt between her legs, filling her folds. Around her head were an array of shafts, two of which filled her hands while her lips tended to another.

"Wow," Daphne said, raising a brow. "Who knew she was such a slut."

Turning the page, the next drawing showed half a dozen witches kissing and licking Rowena while the boys took them in various positions. Harry's shaft twitched excitedly at the sight of such a respected Founder being depicted in scenes of utter debauchery.

"Didn't your mum tell you there used to be something like this just a couple hundred years ago?" Tracey asked Daphne.

"It was nothing like this," the blonde replied, shaking her head. "My great-great-grandmother was part of a group of witches called the Halford's coven. That was a lot more like what we're doing. A group of witches with only one or two boys involved at most. It was easier to keep quiet that way."

"Well, Rowena was a Founder," Lavender pointed out. "I suppose she didn't need to worry about hiding it much. Who would she get in trouble with?"

"You're probably right," Daphne admitted. "I bet Halford's coven came out of Rowena's. Maybe she even found this same book, and that's what gave her the idea."

"I overheard my aunt talking about covens at Hogwarts once," Susan said, scooting closer. "I wonder why they stopped."

"Maybe they got caught?" Megan asked.

"Maybe," Hermione said.

Taking the book from her hands, Luna sat next to Hermione, spread it open on their laps, and started to hum as she read.

"Well, while those two read that, can we get to the fun part?" Sue asked with a grin. "I want to watch Hannah choke on that fat cock."

"She's always like that," Susan said, smiling at Harry's surprised expression. "Hannah likes being treated roughly, and I just don't have it in me to be like that."

"Susie's not a fan of the rough stuff," Megan said, smiling at the redhead.

Susan blushed and shrugged her shoulders, her massive breasts bouncing enticingly from the movement.

"Wait, how come she gets to go first?" Tracye asked as Sue dragged Hannah over to Harry by the hair.

"Because neither of us has been with a guy yet," Sue told her.

“Neither have we,” Tracey argued, gesturing between her and Daphne.

“Or us,” Megan added, leaning against Susan.

“Don’t worry,” Katie told them with a smile. “You’ll all get a turn. Harry can go for hours with a Stamina Potion.”

“He can go for hours without one,” Lavender scoffed. “I could barely get out of bed Monday.”

“Sorry,” Harry shrugged with a smile.

“Oh, I wasn’t complaining,” Lavender grinned.

Shaking his head, Harry turned his attention to Hannah and Sue.