

Walking around the room, the flash of spells shot to and from students as they did their best to master different spells. Harry walked between them, paying close attention to see if there was anywhere he could help. When Hermione made the suggestion, he really didn't know if he'd be any good as a teacher, but things had gone swimmingly. There was something incredibly satisfying about watching people succeed thanks to his tutelage. Just that day Colin Creevey managed to perfect the Impedimenta Jinx after three solid weeks of working on it.

"It's no good to cast the spell if you're about to fall over after it leaves your wand." Harry commented to Anthony Goldstein. The boy nodded his head and went again.

"Parvati, give it a firmer flick at the end."

"Annunciate, garbling your words won't get you an effective spell." On and on it went. Harry found his way over to the pair of Hannah Abbott and Susan Bones. Honestly, he'd never had much of a problem with Susan. While she'd supported Cedric the year before, she hadn't gone as far as some of her housemates in denigrating Harry in the process.

Hannah was an entirely different story. She seemed to take his selection as champion personally, as though he was actively trying to insult the House of Badgers. And it wasn't the first time that she'd had a problem with him either, she hadn't exactly thought highly of him during the whole second year debacle either.

Honestly, I can't believe she's even here even if she has been having a damn near nervous breakdown over the OWLs coming up. The blonde looked frustrated as she tried... and failed, to fire the spell she was working on at her best friend. Whatever his issues with the girl, he wasn't just going to let her fail. So, he moved over to help her.

Unfortunately, before he even got close, she turned to scowl at him, "What even is the point of all of this?" Her voice was shrill and frantic, her frustration, as much at herself as him, evident, "You're the only one who knows what they're doing," she said it sarcastically, "who's really supposed to be able to help us. And all you do the whole time is walk around. You're barely any help at all! I'm still going to fail my OWLs and all I'm doing here is risking expulsion!"

Harry felt his ire flare at the accusation, but he managed to stay calm, "In case you didn't notice," he looked around the room to see that all eyes were on them, "there are quite a few people in here. I do my best to get to everyone, but it's not always the easiest thing in the world. And everybody does their best to help each other because of it. I can't be everywhere at once."

"Bullshit!" she snarled and Susan moved over to her to try to get her to shut up, but she just pushed her off, "You want to know what I think?"

"You're gonna tell me either way, so go ahead." He could feel a headache forming at his temple. *This... this is the sort of thing that I was thinking of when I told Hermione I **didn't** want to get involved.* The other DA members were just lucky that they made up for it.

"I think you're a fraud." She accused, pointing her finger at him.

"Nothing new there." He muttered as she really got going.

"I think half the people in here could do a better job at this than you. But you're just too arrogant to admit it and we're all suffering for it." Her face was red and her ponytail bobbed behind her, "Merlin, it wouldn't surprise me if even I can beat you!"

"Prove it." The words came out of his mouth cold and clear, echoing in the silence that hung in the room after her little tirade. While her face had been going red, he was seeing red.

That caught the Hufflepuff off guard, her dark cyan eyes going wide as she paled slightly, "What?"

"I said. Prove. It." Harry pulled his wand from his sleeve and moved to one side of the room. People naturally backed away and gave him the space, "If you beat me, I promise I'll give the leadership of this group up tonight." He gestured for her to stand across from him.

Hannah swallowed but her frustration seemed to override her good sense as she stepped across from him. He honestly wasn't sure if she actually thought that she could beat him or if she was just too proud to admit that she'd run her mouth when she knew she was wrong, but he really didn't care. *If she's going to talk a load of nonsense, she might as well learn a lesson from it.*

"Hermione, if you wouldn't mind starting us?" His bushy haired friend stood between them and looked at Harry none too pleased. He knew that he'd be hearing about this when they had a moment alone later.

But she listened to him anyway, "Begin."

To call it a duel would be generous. An utter trouncing would be far more accurate. It didn't require any particularly difficult magic, just precision, speed, and power... which he had in spades over the Hufflepuff girl. She barely got her shield up fast enough to catch his Impedimenta Jinx. It shattered and sent her stumbling backwards without anything to defend her. She was clearly panicking, just trying to avoid his spells.

"*Tarantallegra.*" The spell was purple and sent Hannah into a jig on the spot. People in the room laughed at her expense. She pointed down at herself and muttered a quick *Finite*.

The Dancing-Legs Spell was the one bit of fun he allowed himself to have at her expense as he aimed again and threw his last spell, "*Incarcerous.*" The ropes that emerged from the tip of his wand were thick and wrapped around the blonde and sent her tumbling to the ground, entirely immobile. They tightened, painfully and her fingers couldn't keep their hold on her wand.

"Winner, Harry." Hermione said in the silence that followed.

"Just three spells," Harry taunted, "I think some of there are some third years who could've done better. Anybody else?" He asked the room and found no one willing to take him up on the offer, "Great, That's enough for tonight." People stepped past Hannah as she struggled against the ropes on the floor. Susan went to help her friend, but he stopped her, "No, I think her and I need to have a little chat."

The redhead looked like she was going to protest but she eventually nodded her head, "She... well, I don't think she really meant any of it." Harry snorted disbelievingly but she just gave him a little smile, "She's just been really stressed lately..."

“Join the club.” He told her flatly. Considering he had an insane megalomaniac out for his head and filling his head with dreams, he knew a thing or two about stress.

“I get it, but...” Susan didn’t seem to know what else to say, and she just pleaded with her eyes.

Harry took a heavy breath through his nose and gave a little shake of his head, “It’ll be fine, Susan. We just need to come to some kind of an understanding, and it’ll be easier if it’s just the two of us.”

“Alright.” She moved over to her friend and said something soft enough that he couldn’t hear, but Hannah nodded her head at her. With that Susan headed toward the door and it was just the two of them alone in the Room of Requirement.

Harry walked over to the girl on the floor. She was no longer struggling to get free, though she did seem to be wiggling her hips ever so slightly. Looking up at him, her eyes were dark, and her face was slightly flushed around the cheeks. The ropes were wrapped around her midsection, pinning her arms to her side. It had the added side effect of pushing her breasts up and making them look even bigger in her blouse. Her heavy breathing only made it harder to keep from looking at her lovely curves. *Not the time Potter.*

Standing over her, he caught her eye and just stared for a long moment before sighing, “Alright, Hannah. What in Merlin’s Saggy Bottoms is your bloody problem with me?”

Her blush only intensified, “I don’t have a problem with you... not really.” She muttered the last to herself more than him.

“Really? Because you could’ve fooled me!” He wasn’t yelling but his voice was louder and... stronger than normal, almost as though it was tinged with a bit of his magic, “I get it, right? You clearly don’t like me all that much.”

“Why would you think I don’t like you?” Hannah’s brow was furrowed in confusion.

He looked at her like she’d lost her mind, “Were you here tonight?” She looked away, embarrassed, “And I mean then there was second year... and fourth year.”

“That’s not fair...” She cut him off, “I didn’t believe that you were the Heir of Slytherin second year. Ernie was just so adamant, and it was... frightening with people getting petrified. So, forgive me if I didn’t know what to believe when you were able to speak to snakes.” Her nostrils were flared in frustration, “Once Hermione was petrified, I knew for sure it wasn’t you and I told Ernie the same. You wouldn’t do that to one of your best friends.”

That brought Harry up short because... he didn’t know that. And he could certainly see where she was coming from. *People were frightened, and people don’t always think straight when they’re frightened.* “Yes, well you certainly weren’t a fan of me last year.”

Hannah blushed, “I... I shouldn’t have worn the stupid pin, alright? Cedric... he told us that he believed you and I should’ve listened but, I was just angry. It was the first time Hufflepuff wasn’t the school joke and then famous Harry Potter finds a way into the tournament. I resented you for it.” She laid her head against the stone, “I’m sorry.”

Bending down low so that they were closer, Harry gave her a little smile, "Thanks... so, now that we understand each other a bit better, mind telling me how I can get that stick out of your arse? Because you're not helping yourself or anybody else in the DA by behaving like that."

"It's just... so damn stressful!" She yelled the word in a huff, "It's bad enough that there's OWLs this year, but then we have Umbridge breathing down our neck... and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named." He didn't correct her given the circumstances, "I shouldn't be taking it out on you. But nothing seems to help get rid of the pressure of it all!"

"Tell me about it. Definitely been my worst year at Hogwarts and that really is saying something." He gave her a little smile, and she had the good grace to blush, though it wasn't for the reason he imagined.

No, the truth behind her blush was she had an idea of just how he could help her deal with her little stress problem. Unbeknownst to him, the entire time he'd loomed above her, with her vulnerable to anything and everything he might want to do to her, she'd been getting progressively more turned on. Her little pussy was dripping enough that you could just about smell it on the air. His casual display of just how much better he really was than her had certainly helped, and even being embarrassed in front of the rest of the DA had done it for her just a little bit.

So, her blush was entirely because of what she decided to suggest to him, "I know a way we could... help each other out... with the stress, I mean." She wiggled her hips together again, and he thought he could hear the wet press of her thighs as she stimulated her sex.

"Yeah?" He said dumbly. Harry knew he could be oblivious at times, and this was certainly one of them.

"Yes..." she told him meaningfully, looking at his crotch with captivating cyan eyes, "Take out a bit of our... aggression toward each other and work out some stress at the same time."

It was his turn to blush at the implication, "Oh... um... I've never..."

"Me neither, but... apparently I have a bit of a thing for being tied up and I've tried just about everything else... including masturbating myself to exhaustion... so..." Hannah left the offer hanging.

How did we go from throwing spells at each other to this? Despite all his adventures, and near-death experiences, he was still a teenager with the same desires as nearly everybody else his age. So, even though there was a part of him that said it was a bad idea, that he should just untie her and send her on her way, he couldn't deny that the offer had him hot and made him throb in his trousers. He licked his lips as he came to a decision, "Alright."

Hannah beamed up at him, "Brilliant."

"How do you..."

"We'll need a safe word. I hear that's important when you use ropes." He would've asked where she heard that to begin with but figured it was better to keep his mouth shut, "Uh... butterbeer. If I say butterbeer... I need you to stop."

"Right." Considering he was a virgin, Harry felt like he was diving in at the deep end here, but he didn't think his excited manhood would ever forgive him if he turned back now. A bit timidly, he pulled his shirt over his head and then went to push down his trousers and pants.

In just a few short seconds he was standing there completely naked, his half hard cock swinging between his legs. Hannah was staring at it wide-eyed, and he saw her bite her bottom lip as he grabbed the top of the ropes and pulled her up onto her knees. She squeaked slightly as his spongy tip brushed against her cheek, "That's... where the hell do you hide it all?"

"One advantage of having baggy trousers I suppose." He said as he grabbed the base of his cock and rested it on her lower lip, "You're sure about this?"

Kissing the tip of his cock, she nodded her head, "Absolutely."

It wasn't going to take anymore prompting than that, so he slid his cock into her warm mouth. It felt... fucking exquisite, infinitely better than his own hand ever had. Her lips were soft and squeezed tight to every vein of his cock as he pushed more and more of his meat into her.

Glumph. Glumph. She coughed and gagged around his cock when it was about halfway in and he poked the entrance to her throat. Her teeth scraped ever so slightly against the sensitive skin of his shaft. Blessedly it wasn't enough to hurt, "Teeth." He warned her, and she looked up at him and nodded with his cock still lodged in her gob.

As he started fucking in and out of her hot, slick oral cavity with almost no regard for her well-being, spittle dripped down her front and stained the top of her blouse. He reached down and ripped open the top buttons, making her yell around his dome. It sent wonderful vibrations down his shaft, and the faint scent of her sex that had been permeating became thicker, like a fragrant perfume.

Hannah wore a simple black bra that held her incredible mammaries. They were some of the best in their entire year, maybe not the biggest but the perfect size for her body and beautifully shaped. He pulled the cups down to reveal her hard nipples, cherry red against her pale skin, and galleon-sized areola. The top of her chest was flushed from effort and arousal, "Fuck... you're such a beautiful little slut." He didn't mean to say it, but she seemed to enjoy it from the way she hummed around his cock.

Putting his hand on the top of her head, Harry sawed his hips back and forth just beyond the limit of what she could really take. He used her mouth for his pleasure, and she didn't have a single complaint. In that moment, Harry had no thoughts of Umbridge or Voldemort for the first time in months. No, the only thing that mattered to him was filling the gorgeous girl's mouth with his cum.

He was still a virgin, so his stamina wasn't exactly the greatest. So, it didn't take long before he felt that pressure in his balls explode in pure, unbridled pleasure. His muscles went taut as he took her head in both of his hands and held her in place. He knew it would be the polite thing to warn her, but Hannah didn't seem interested in polite, she seemed interested in being used. Her eyes opened in slight panic as he started filling her mouth with the biggest load of his young life. It was absolutely divine.

Five and then ten ropes of his cum filled her mouth to overflowing and it leaked from both corners of her lips and dripped down to the tops of her breasts. Trying to be at least a little considerate since she couldn't actually push him away, he let her free the moment he was finished. She swallowed what she could of his cum before she gasped for air and her tongue lolled out of her mouth. She looked like a fantastic, whorish mess. It was quite the sight, and it kept his length hard as steel.

"That... that..." Hannah took a deep breath to steady herself, "was... fucking amazing."

Harry could only smile at her enthusiasm, even as he grabbed the ropes and pulled her to her feet, "Lucky for you we're not done yet." He didn't know if it was the Room responding to his wants or hers, but there was a bed that appeared a few steps away from them. Turning, he threw her onto the bed and stood between her stretched out legs.

Flipping up her skirt he was treated to the sight of her soaked knickers as they clung desperately to her sex. He reached for the flimsy material to reveal her bare, dark pink pussy and her twitching little arsehole. Her bum was fantastic. Wide and jutting, from her womanly hips, it was just the right combination of fat and firm as it hung over the side of the bed.

Hannah groaned as he dipped a finger inside before bringing it to his lips to have a taste. He savored her unique flavor, almost like coconut, "Delicious."

"You... um... you can't have my pussy." She told him nervously.

"What?" He felt his heart sink slightly.

"I'm from one of the Sacred Twenty-Eight... certain things are expected of me... but that doesn't mean our fun has to end." Hannah flexed her butt and wiggled her eyebrows.

"You're serious?" He couldn't believe what she was suggesting. *One hell of a way to lose your virginity.*

"Absolutely. You wanted to get rid of the stick in my arse, what better way then by using your stick." They both chuckled at her horrid joke, "You're just going to have to go slow... you're a lot bigger than my wand."

The idea of her lying in bed with her wand shoved in her bum had him throbbing eagerly, as she told him, "Just a couple simple spells first." He went and grabbed his wand and waited for her instructions, "*Tergeo* on my bum and then *Lubrico* on both my bum and your cock." She smiled up at him, "There's no way you'll fit without it."

"You really are a little slut aren't you?" Harry asked after he performed the spells. His cock was pressing right against her little pucker. It looked obscenely big against the tiny hole and even with the lube he wondered if he'd actually fit.

"I can be... and I want to be for you." She gave him a naughty wink.

"You want to be my naughty butt slut, don't you?" He grabbed her at the knees and made sure she was stretched out as widely as was possible.

"Fuck, yes I do, Harry. Please, don't make me wait anymore." Her butt resisted at first, his glands squishing against the impossibly small entrance, until... *Pop...* he found himself embraced snugly by the most wonderful, stretchy, cock-hugging hole he could possibly imagine.

Both teens groaned in unison at the feeling, "Fuck... that's really big." Hannah told him through slightly gritted teeth, "I want to feel you in my stomach... so get to it."

The lube did its job. Despite being a heavenly, skintight furnace inside of her bum, he managed to burrow his way inch after inch until his balls bounced against her meaty bum. Her pussy gave a little squirt and her tunnel squeezed him even tighter as he bottomed out, "Did you just cum?" Hannah nodded, a bit embarrassed, "I said, did you cum?"

“Yes, I came. It just feels sooooo... good.” Her eyes rolled toward the back of her head as he flexed his shaft inside of her.

Harry chuckled, “You really are a butt slut. You like having my big, fat cock lodged balls deep in your tight little arse.”

“I... I... love it.” Her eyes were wide and her mouth was open in bliss, “You can you use my bum anytime you want if you just start fucking it you, big-dicked jerk.”

Harry pulled his cock out until just his crown remained, her greedy bum did a good job of trying to stop him even with the lube, but he just powered through. There was an obscene sucking sound as he hammered back in and made her beautiful body jiggle. Her eyes fluttered shut and her pussy gave another little squirt of girl-cum. *Merlin, she's on a hair trigger.*

Not wanting to disappoint he started railing her tight ass with everything he could muster. It was buttery soft, and so perfectly tight, but yielding to his assault as he absolutely wrecked her, “Oh, Harry! Yes!” The room was filled with her delighted squeals and sinful moans as he abused her bodacious butt. It was a marvel to watch her fantastic body ripple with every titanic thrust. After his last orgasm, he found that he was able to hold off the next more easily.

Her pussy was a constant stream of sticky juices as she came again and again, “Is this why you're always such a pain in the ass?” he asked her as she covered his crotch yet again with her juices, “Because you're trying to provoke somebody to take it out on your ass?”

Hannah found it hard to find any words as she only shook her head in denial. She could only shiver as Harry skimmed one hand down from her hard, long nipple to across the ropes that still held her arms in place and down to her slippery, girl-cum covered clit.

“Do you still think I'm arrogant? That anybody else in the room could do a better job than me?” He gave her a particularly brutal thrust that took the breath from her lungs with that question.

“No...no... you're definitely the right man for the job... Harry... Fuck... the only man for the job.” Her legs were like jelly as her whole body was flushed red with pleasure.

He gave her a wicked smile as he pinched her slippery clit between two fingers, “That's what I thought.”

“Oh! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck...” Harry watched in fascination as her pussy attempted to squeeze something that just wasn't there as she shuddered to a truly epic climax.

A spray of her juices escaped her pussy and managed to hit him in the chest as her impossibly tight arse started flexing around his cock in a way that was pure sin. It proved too much for him as she pulled his cum from his cock. Pulse after pulse was buried deep in her ass as he did his best not to pass out from the pleasure.

Both of them were sweating from the intensity of their depravity. When Harry's cock popped out of her bum, she was left gaping slightly, but a few flexes had her closing back up even as a strand of his seed leaked from her abused hole.

Undoing the ropes on her, he pulled her up the bed. She gave him a tired smile, “Bloody hell, I haven't felt this relaxed in... ever, I think.”

“Glad we had this little chat.” He told her with a chuckle. No more words were spoken as they cuddled up and fell asleep together there in the Room of Requirement.

In the next days, no one questioned what had them both in such good spirits. Hannah’s frustration had all but evaporated and Harry didn’t even rise to Umbridge’s provocations. If anybody noticed that they both stayed later after the next DA meeting, they didn’t mention that either. They were just happy that there’d be no more bickering between them.