

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

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Chapter 3: Home Sick

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*Hey hot stuff...*

*Sooo, I don't really know where to begin with this. Honestly can't even remember the last time I had to write a letter. You just couldn't have gone to a normal bloody school eh?*

*Still a bit miffed about the whole you being a student thing. Just my luck that I finally find a good bloke and he has to leave me behind all sad, lonely, and fucking horny. (Like seriously, I really miss that big fucking cock of yours. My toys are just not cutting it.)*

*Hope you're just as miserable as I am you lug, though I doubt it. After all, I'm all alone and you have a whole castle full of hotties you can fuck senseless anytime you want. Honestly, I'm a bit jealous.*

*Suppose I could find a hottie of my own, but where's the fun in that? Plus that just doesn't feel right... I'd much rather curl up in bed with you watching old cheesy movies on the telly—fall asleep listening to your heartbeat with your arms wrapped snug around me...*

*God, I sound pathetic.*

*Here I am, miss 'This is just a casual fling—no catching feelings for one another. Let's keep our options open. Blah blah blah...' and yet ever since you left it's felt like a part of me left with you. You made me actually sorta like you as more than a friend. Prat.*

*I wanted to ignore it, you know? Even tried to go out to the bar a few nights ago, determined to get incredibly drunk and snog the first halfway decent-looking bloke I saw. Surprise surprise! I didn't even make it out the bloody door. Drinking, dancing, and shagging just don't seem all that fun anymore, at least...without you here.*

*Look at me, being all mopey and sad! Aren't you supposed to be the doom and gloom one between us? I think you infected me with your brooding. Not cool Potter!*

*Either way, I guess what I wanted to say was... I miss you.*

*Crazy right?*

*But I can't lie about how I feel. I fucking miss you Harry Potter. I miss you, and I hope you miss me too. I hope you miss me so much that you curse yourself every day for not staying here with me. I hope you miss me so much that every time you're shagging some snobby boarding school girl rotten, all you can think about is me.*

*I hope you miss me so much that you're counting down the days till we see each other again.*

*So don't go and keep me waiting mister XOXO*

*-Gabby*

Harry smiled as he read over Gabby's letter once, twice, three times before he memorised every word. He did indeed miss the mischievous vixen, far more than he thought he would. Gabby wasn't just some cheap lay. In their weeks together, she became a confidant, a friend. While he couldn't tell her everything, Gabby was one of the few who knew about his true feelings towards Dumbledore and many of the other adults in his life. She was the one who he bore everything, his fears, wants, and secret desires in life that not even Ron or Hermione were privy to.

They were friends, lovers, and something more. Perhaps he didn't know what to call their relationship. Perhaps it didn't need a title at all. Harry knew that he cared for her though, more than he should in truth.

Was it wrong for him to allow himself to feel for her? Or to allow her to do the same? After all, he knew he would more than likely not live to see his final year at Hogwarts. Was it wrong of him to lead Gabby on then, knowing he'd die before their relationship could truly amount to anything? He sighed and leaned back against the windowsill. The moon's rays shone over the castle, casting a bright glow inside Gryffindor Tower. At this time of night, no one besides the odd ghost or two would reside inside the common room. The quiet was nice, it allowed him room to think, to contemplate thoughts like this that hung heavy on his mind.

Harry took another drag from his cigarette, flicking the ashes out of the open window, the embers cooling quickly as they glided down onto the grounds far below.

Right or wrong, Harry knew that he and Gabby made each other happy. Perhaps that was all that mattered after all? In his life, happiness was rather fleeting, burning away quicker than the embers he cast out the window. His whole new attitude towards life was embracing what little he could with the time he had left. Gabby would understand, wouldn't she?

He hoped so. He couldn't exactly explain it after all. What could he say? 'Sorry babe. We can't be together because a mass-murdering psycho wizard is going to kill me soon. A drunk lady in a crystal ball told me so.'

Harry snorted quietly to himself. Yeah, that would go over well.

Taking one last drag, he tossed the remainder of his cigarette out and softly closed the window.

He could figure out this dilemma later. He had a feeling tomorrow would be a long day.

Picking up Gabby's letter once more, intent on stowing it away somewhere safe, he paused.

There was a small weight nestled inside the envelope still. Harry furrowed his brow and opened the stamped package over the nearest coffee table. A small stack of polaroid photos fell out, splaying out over the wooden table for him to see.

Harry chuckled as he took in the pictures. Each one was of Gabby in a series of some very scandalous poses. Her curvy tattooed body was on full display in each one. The one in the centre particularly caught his eye.

The raven haired beauty held the camera out with her legs spread wide. Her hairless pussy lips were spread apart by her fingers and a bejeweled butt-plug was hilted deep inside her arsehole. Below the picture was a small note written along the border.

*P.S. Just in case you needed to be reminded what's waiting for you come Christmas. See you soon hot stuff ;)*

Harry smiled and collected the pictures. Perhaps Gabby would be the death of him instead.

Wouldn't that be a way to go?

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The door to the sixth-year boys' dormitory creaked open. Soft snores echoed from the room as a figure crept inside. Their eyes darted around to each bed, searching for any sort of disturbance or alarm from their occupants. When none came the figure let out a quiet sigh and began to tip-toe forward.

Her destination lay just on the other side of the room. The last four-poster bed with a snowy-white owl perched upon the nightstand.

Said owl opened its eyes as she approached, hooting softly at her presence.

"Shh Hedwig." The figure whispered. "It's okay, just go back to sleep."

The bird regarded her for a moment, eyes boring into her soul before they flicked closed with a huff. Hedwig was certainly an odd owl.

Once the coast was once more deemed clear, the figure crept forward the remaining few feet.

She paused briefly, removing a small post-it note from her robe and pressing it against the bed's curtains. There was a dim flash of light as the sigil written on the paper activated, silencing any sound within a small bubble around the bed.

With a smile, the figure opened the curtains slowly, Harry's name already poised upon her lip.

Yet she never spoke it.

Instead, Hermione stood there shocked, her eyes glued to the small photo clutched in Harry's sleeping hand. The photo of an unknown woman showing off her naked body. Hermione felt

tears prick the corner of her eyes as she read the small note at the bottom of the picture. Hurt and betrayal blossomed in her chest, as did embarrassment.

She was a fool to think Harry really wanted her. A fool to believe her best friend felt as she did and saw her as more than the silly girl he befriended all those years ago. Of course, he'd choose someone else over her.

The brunette looked down at her own lingerie-clad body. Her small breasts barely poked out from the lacey material. Compared to the woman in the photo, whose own chest far outweighed hers in size and shape, Hermione was nought but a flat board.

Why would Harry want her when he had a real woman waiting for him back home?

The tears fell in heavy rivets and the bookworm dashed from the room, uncaring of the noise she made as the door slammed closed behind her. The only sound she could even hear at that moment was her own strained sobs.

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"Hey Gin' have you seen Hermione around?" He asked the red-haired chaser.

Ginny shook her head with a look of confusion. "Can't say I have, maybe she went down to breakfast already? Lavender might know."

Harry hummed and glanced around the common room, searching for said girl. He spotted her on the other side of the room gossiping excitedly with Parvati and Fay Dunbar. The blonde's eyes flicked over to him as he walked over, her bright smile morphing into a wolfish smirk.

"Hello Harry! Come to steal my girl away for another 'private lesson'?" Lavender said pointedly.

Beside her, Parvati blushed and nudged her friend in the side before waving a quick wave in his direction.

Harry chuckled but shook his head. "As lovely as that would be, I'm actually looking for Hermione. Either of you see her this morning?"

Lavender frowned while Parvati and Fay both shook their heads. "Sorry, haven't seen her since last night. She came back to the dorm quite the mess but wouldn't say what was the matter. You

know anything about that?" Lavender's tone turned a bit icy towards the end, her polite smile slipping around the edges as a challenging glint twinkled in her eye. Never let it be said the blonde was protective of her friends.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out. I woke up last night to her storming out of our dorm crying. I just want to see if she's okay."

It was a partial lie. In truth, he knew what likely set the bookworm off. He had kept one of Gabby's photos out last night, hoping if he fell asleep looking at it he'd have a pleasant dream featuring the vixen instead of his normal ones via his connection with Voldemort.

...He'd been unsuccessful.

Thankfully, Lavender seemed to accept his response and forwent any further questions. "Maybe she went to the library? That's where she usually goes when she wants to be alone."

Harry nodded at the blonde's suggestion and left with a quick farewell to each of the girls.

The trip to the library was a quick one. With his knowledge of the castle's secret passages and shortcuts, Harry was soon searching between the tall shelves of old books for a familiar head of bushy hair.

With every row of shelves, Harry's hope grew more and more stale. Hermione was nowhere to be seen, not at a single one of her usual tables or hidden cloves within the library. Just as he was about to give up, a flash of light brown hair caught in his peripheral. There, sitting upon the floor with her knees to her chest was Hermione. She was sat in one of the darkest corners, her face obscured by her heavy locks of hair. A book lay half opened in front of her, as if she attempted to read it but threw it away in frustration.

"Mione?" He called, approaching slowly.

The girl stiffened immediately at the sound of his voice. She turned away from him slightly, her face refusing to rise to meet his gaze.

“Mione talk to me.” Harry pressed. He crouched down next to her, reaching forward slowly in an attempt to lay a comforting hand on her knee. Yet the brunette pulled away from him stiffly, the sudden movement allowing him a brief glimpse of her tear-stained cheeks.

“Go away.” She finally said, her voice shaky and weak.

Harry sighed and dropped down to sit next to her. “You know I can’t do that. C’mon, let’s talk. You left so fast last night that I had no time to explain.”

“Explain?!” Hermione screeched loudly before glancing around with a wince. “Explain what Harry?” She said much quieter. “How you apparently have some...slut back home! One who’s not ashamed to flaunt her body like some cheap prostitute.” She was staring him down fully now, her red-rimmed eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Annoyance flared in Harry’s chest and he leveled his friend with a glare. “I know you’re angry, but I’m not going to sit by and listen to you insult Gabby. You don’t know her and it’s entirely unfair for you to judge her like that.”

Hermione scoffed and turned away. “Whatever. Just leave me alone Harry. Go and write *Gabby* back already. You’ve made it quite clear that you prefer her anyway.” She bit out.

“Is that what this is about? You think that I- what? Like her more than you?”

Hermione muttered something under her breath, but Harry couldn’t catch it.

“What?”

Hermione rounded on him once more, her face a mix of anger and despair. “I said why wouldn’t you?!” She exclaimed. Hermione huffed and took out her wand, swishing it in a wide arc with a muttered ‘Silencio’. “We slept together Harry. I don’t regret it! God knows I hoped for something like that to happen for years!” The brunette laughed humourlessly. “But days after what I thought was a special evening between us, I find you asleep, clutching a nude picture of another woman! A woman that you’re more than willing to defend from a few biting insults! So yes, I’m upset because the stupid boy I’ve liked for years is smitten with another woman!” The tears in her eyes broke free, streaming down her cheeks in heavy rivers. “I know I’m not that pretty, or

what anyone would consider 'sexy'. I just thought- I hoped I'd be enough..."

Her words trailed off as sobs wracked her body. The brunette buried her head into her hands, weeping with heartache.

Harry immediately wrapped his arms around his friend's thin frame. She half-heartedly tried to push him away, but in the end, she fell limply against his chest as she cried.

"Hermione-" He murmured into her ear. "You're one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. I'm dumbfounded you'd even give a prat like me the time of day." Harry rubbed small circles into his back as he spoke. "You're my best friend 'Mione. The one person I've always been able to count on no matter what." He placed a small kiss on the crown of her head and hooked a finger under her chin so that their eyes would meet.

Hermione sniffled, her red-rimmed brown eyes peering into his hopefully.

"There's no one in this world who could compare to you in my mind." He said softly.

Slowly he leaned in, Hermione tilting her head up almost unconsciously to meet his lips head-on. The kiss was gentle, chaste and lingering all at the same time. Together they pulled away, Harry's emerald eyes staring deep into Hermione's mocha ones.

"And... Gabby?" Hermione asked hesitantly.

Harry bit the inside of his cheek in thought, mentally gathering his words. "Gabby and I... it's complicated. You need to understand 'Mione, I'm just not ready for a relationship right now. Gabby is my friend, as are you, and I care for you both." He sighed and wrapped his hands around hers. "With everything that's happened recently. Voldemort, Sirius, the prophecy, I just want to grab what happiness I can. I don't want to be afraid of living my life to the fullest and showing those I care for just how much they mean to me."

"Oh Harry..." Hermione whispered, leaning in to wrap him in a tight hug.

Harry hugged her back, breathing in the scent of her vanilla shampoo and letting it soothe the weariness that seeped into his bones every time he mentioned the prophecy.



“I don’t know what to call this thing between us Hermione, but I do know I’d like to keep exploring it with you.”

Hermione pulled back and gave him a small smile. “I’d like that too.” She whispered.

They kissed once more, this one lasting longer and deeper than the last. It was not frantic or driven by lust, but calm and comforting. As if they were both trying to express how much they cared for each other through their lips alone.

They broke apart to take a much-needed breath. Harry rested his forehead against hers as they enjoyed the closeness with one another. Finally, Hermione cleared her throat and pulled away, wiping her eyes quickly before sighing in relief. “Just promise me you’ll give me some form of warning before seducing another girl.” The brunette laughed.

Harry winced and chuckled nervously, his hand coming up to rub the back of his neck sheepishly.

“Well about that...”

Hermione narrowed her eyes, a malicious glint shining dangerously within.

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“Heya Hermione!” Lavender chirped.

Hermione glanced up from where she sat at one of the secluded tables towards the back of the library. Lavender’s honey-brown eyes flicked over the girl quickly, taking in her slightly tousled hair and swollen lips gleefully. The flush of the girl’s cheeks simply tied the whole story together perfectly and the blonde couldn’t contain her smirk.

“Sooo I take it you and a certain someone made up?”

“I d-don’t know what you mean.” Hermione stammered.

Lavender rolled her eyes and plopped down into a seat across from the brunette. “Riiiiight. Well then I’m sure you wouldn’t mind if I went and told Harry that I’d like him to take his fat cock and ram it-”

“Lavender!” Hermione exclaimed.

Lavender smirked and leaned in. Hermione's face flushed even redder and her chest fluttered with a panicked breath. Oh yes, she had her now.

"So there is something going on between you and Harry! Ha! Parvati owes me five sickles!" The blonde laughed. "Don't worry love, I'm not actually going to try and shag your boyfriend."

Her words did little to calm Hermione if the girl's twitching was any indication. "He's- hng- Harry's not my b-boyfriend."

Lavender narrowed her eyes in confusion before the bookworm's real meaning dawned on her. Eyes widening, Lavender made an 'oh!' face that slowly morphed into a lecherous smirk. Excitement rushed through her veins at the thought of hearing new gossip. Oh this was too good!

"Hermione Granger you dirty slut!" Lavender whispered. "I never took you for the 'fuck-buddies' type!"

Hermione blushed even deeper and looked away. "Y-you're not going to tell anyone r-right?"

Part of Lavender wanted to scream no and run away to spread the newfound gossip as fast as possible. She was, after all, the queen of the Hogwarts Rumour Mill. But then again... Hermione was her friend. Sure, she wasn't as close to the girl as Parvati, but they'd been dormmates for six years now! Lavender couldn't betray the girl's confidence like that!

Sighing, the blonde shook her head, all remnants of her playful personality disappearing quickly.

"No worries love. Secret is safe with me." She said with a reassuring smile. "Though you sure I can't take Harry for a ride or two?" Okay so maybe she could only be serious for so long.

To her surprise, Hermione made a small squeaking sound in the back of her throat and looked away. "I-I'd say that would be up to H-Harry." She stammered.

That was...surprising. Lavender was taken aback for a second, not expecting Hermione's answer. The blonde felt her eyes narrow as her mind swam through possibility after possibility. Something was off but she just couldn't put her finger on it.

First, Hermione usually didn't entertain her teasing for very long. Usually, the girl would simply roll her eyes and let Lavender spout off a few lewd remarks before picking up whatever book she had and walking away. Yet now Hermione just sat and listened to Lavender attentively. Almost like she couldn't walk away...

Then there was the way she was acting. Lavender had been quick to assume it was due to a combination of embarrassment from being caught and Hermione's generally shy nature. Yet it was more than that. Her face was flushed, not from embarrassment, but almost as if she was...aroused...

That couldn't be right, could it?

But the bookworm's stuttering as well... and the way she twitched and let out near-silent squeaks every now and again...

Now that Lavender thought about it, she didn't remember bumping into Harry on her way here either...

Her eyes flicked to the table for barely a moment, but it was enough for Hermione to see, the brunette's own eyes widening in realization as she reached forward to grasp at Lavender's robes.

"Lavender wait!"

But it was too late, Lavender dove under the table and slammed right into the back of Harry Potter.

Harry pushed away from his place between Hermione's legs. She caught only a flash of the girl's glistening wet pussy before Hermione clamped her legs closed with a small 'eep!'

"Uh- Hey Lav'." Harry greeted hesitantly. "Funny seeing you here?"

Lavender giggled and gave the boy a smirk. "'Here' as in under the table or 'here' as in Hermione's cunt?"

"Both?"

Above them Hermione just groaned before they heard a small bang against the hard tabletop.

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“So you two are shagging, but he’s also allowed to shag other people?”

Harry watched as Hermione’s nose crinkled in distaste yet she nodded regardless.

“I wouldn’t put it in such a... crass manner, but yes that sums it up for the most part.”

Lavender nodded and turned to him with a raised brow. “And you’ve already been involved with other girls. Parvati I know for sure, but who else?”

“That’s between me and them Lav’.” He sighed. “I haven’t slept with half the castle if that’s what you’re asking.”

Lavender snorted and gave him a shrug. “Fair enough I suppose.” The blonde eyed them both for a few moments, her lips pursed in thought. “So if I understand all this, I could snog Harry senseless right here and now, and you wouldn’t bat an eye?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “I’d prefer if you didn’t do something so inappropriate in the library-”

“You were letting him eat your pussy in here not two minutes ago Granger.”

“Well I- That’s not- I got carried away...” She muttered. “But yes, as long as Harry’s okay with it, kiss away.”

He watched as Lavender’s face lit up and she suddenly jumped to her feet. “Great!”

Before Harry could question what the buxom blonde was up to, she suddenly lunged under the table. He jumped as a hand brushed against his inner thigh. Looking down, he was met with Lavender’s honey-brown eyes peering back up at him with a mischievous glint.

“What uh- what are you doing Lav’?”

Lavender hummed and began to work on the latch of his belt. “I’m going to suck your cock, what else silly?” She paused to glance back up at him with an innocent smile.

“That’s- You said you were going to kiss him!” Hermione exclaimed in exasperation.

The blonde giggled and slowly began to peel his trousers down. “I asked if I could, not that I was *going* to. ‘Sides, Parvati kept going on and on about his cock that I just needed to have a peek

myself!" As the words left her mouth, Harry's erect length finally sprang free from its prison and slapped the blonde gently against the chin.

Lavender jumped in surprise, staring down at his cock in awe. "I see she wasn't exaggerating either." The blonde breathed. Her mouth twisted into a wide smirk as she reached up to wrap a single hand around Harry's shaft. "My my, you are one lucky girl Hermione~" Lavender cooed.

Beside him, Hermione blushed and muttered something incomprehensible under her breath.

Harry wasn't paying her any mind, however. All of his attention was focused solely on the blonde between his legs as she wrapped her pouty full lips around his girth.

Lavender moaned lewdly as the taste of his cock hit her tongue. She bobbed her head in small strokes, lathering the tip of his member with her tongue. Harry cursed as she whirled her tongue around his engorged glans, taking him deeper inside her mouth with each pass. The curvy witch's lipgloss smeared around her lips, leaving faint streaks of hot pink behind on his shaft.

Without warning, his cockhead bumped against the back of her throat. He watched as Lavender jerked slightly, the blonde trying in vain to keep her gag reflex under control, Tears prickled at the corner of her eyes, and in the end, she was forced to pull off his cock with a strangled gasp.

"Fuck!" Lavender coughed. "That's a lot of dick to take at once!"

"Can I try?" Hermione's voice piped up from his left.

Lavender looked at her with a raise of a manicured brow. "You're telling me you two have fucked but you haven't sucked his cock yet?" At Hermione's nod, Lavender clicked her tongue in disappointment. "Well c'mon then. No time like the present!" She said, motioning for the brunette to join her.

Hermione glanced at him seeking permission. At his nod, the bookworm slowly knelt below the table right next to her blonde roommate. Harry glanced around quickly, ensuring the coast was still clear before he leaned back, intent on enjoying this as much as possible.

"Now what you want to do is start slow at first. Take the tip into your mouth first- yep that's a good girl!" Lavender chirped. Hermione blushed even deeper red next to her where the

brunette's mouth was wrapped gently around his cock head. "Now slowly move your head back and forth, careful not to use your teeth. That tends to be a bit unpleasant for blokes." Lavender said with a wink sent his way.

Bit by bit, the blonde instructed his friend on how to work his cock. Harry couldn't help but enjoy the girl's enthusiasm. What Hermione lacked in skill, she made up for with her usual fiery determination to learn. It wasn't long before the bushy-haired witch had Harry groaning in pleasure from her cocksucking. Her hot wet mouth passing almost torturously slow over his shaft, gripping his cock in a tight vacuum between her lips. Her tongue writhed against the underside of his shaft, exploring every inch of his hard pole of meat with every suck.

To add fuel to the fire, Lavender joined in whenever the mood struck her. It started out as the blonde taking over for Hermione whenever the latter girl tired or took too much of him at once. In those moments, the blonde bimbo would greedily latch onto his length, sucking him with frantic movements that had her tits jiggling and throat squelching from the intensity.

That soon morphed into her joining in with Hermione, lapping at the exposed part of his shaft with her devilish tongue, or even dipping down to worship his balls. All the while Lavender moaned loudly in euphoria. Perhaps Parvati wasn't the only one with an oral fixation then? From the sounds coming from the blonde, Lavender was practically about to cum in her knickers right then and there.

Harry watched as both girls massaged either side of his cock with their tongues. Hermione and Lavender stared intently into each other's eyes the entire time, both moving in sync up and down his member before suddenly their tongues met at his tip. The two girls paused momentarily, unsure what to do next.

Lavender moved first, wrapping her lips around her side of his cock head before pulling Hermione in to do the same. Harry groaned as the two joined around his sensitive tip for a sort of perverse kiss. The two moaned against each other's lips, their tongues alternating between exploring Harry's cock and each other's mouths. Through the haze of pleasure, Harry didn't

miss the way Lavender's hand snaked between Hermione's thighs. Nor Hermione's muffled gasp as the blonde fingers pushed their way into her damp folds.

He couldn't take it anymore, the sight far too sexy and their tongues far too pleasurable for him to hold back any longer. Harry grunted, releasing jet after jet of white cum on the two beauties' faces. Hermione and Lavender both gasped in surprise, with one particular big jet of cum landing directly across Hermione's forehead, nose, and lips. Lavender received her own string of jizz against her cheek, but the blonde wanted more than that.

Harry groaned as the blonde swallowed his entire length in one go. His cock pulsed inside Lavender's throat, spilling the remaining of his load deep inside her gullet. The last drops were barely gone before Hermione surprised them both. The bookish girl pushed Lavender off his cock and out from under the table, growling low under her breath before she smashed her lips against the blonde's in a searing kiss.

Harry felt himself rearden almost instantly. The sight of the two snogging and pawing at each other's tits while swapping his cum between their mouths filled his veins with a fiery lust he'd never felt before.

Lavender cooed from atop Hermione as he pushed her panties aside and entered her dripping core. The tightness of her walls was something to marvel at, at least if Harry were a more patient man. Instead, he grabbed two healthy handfuls of the blonde's ass and slammed into her, letting her squeak in pleasure against Hermione's lips.

This year was going far better than he expected if he were being honest.

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#### Author's Note

Does this count as a cliffhanger lol? Either way, next chapter will pick up pretty much right after this scene and feature the full Hermione/Lavender threesome! Plus a look into what Gabby's been up to as well!

Thanks for reading!