

Stress Relief

Chapter 1

(Harry and his year mates have been aged up to be 17.)

Lavender Brown tossed and turned in bed, her head throbbing from the beginnings of a head cold. With a groan, she threw off the covers and sat up. Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed, she put on her slippers and grabbed her robe.

“Where are you going?” Parvati asked.

“To see Madam Pomfrey,” Lavender said with a sniff. “I can’t sleep with this cold.”

“Do you want me to go with you,” Parvati asked.

“No, I’ll be fine,” Lavender replied, waving her off.

On her way out of the room, she noticed Hermione’s bed was empty. It was quite curious, considering her studious dorm mate liked to wake up early. With another sniff, Lavender made her way down to the common room. As she neared the bottom of the stairs, she heard at least two people talking in low voices. She couldn’t make out what they were saying, but she could tell it was a boy and a girl.

Lavender’s ears perked up excitedly. The last time she’d come down to the common room this late, she found Julie Bradford snogging Peter Worths. Sticking to the shadows, she crept further into the common room. Spotting heads silhouetted over the back of the couch, the fireplace crackling behind them. As the voices became clearer, Lavender hid partially behind a chair and glanced around to make sure no one else was around.

“You need to tell someone, Harry,” Hermione said.

“No,” Harry said firmly, then hissed. “I can handle it.”

“She’s torturing you!” Hermione hissed quietly but harshly.

“What do you want me to do, Hermione?” Harry asked angrily. “Dumbledore won’t even look at me; telling McGonagall will only get her sacked, and I can’t exactly go to the Aurors with Fudge in charge. What good will it do?”

“There has to be something,” Hermione said, her voice thick with emotion.

“There isn’t,” Harry said flatly.

Lavender bit her lip at the tinge of hopelessness in his voice. She knew they must’ve been talking about Umbridge. That tacky woman had made it clear she had it out for Harry since day one.

But surely she wouldn’t use the Cruciatus Curse on a student, she thought.

“How many more detentions do you have?” Hermione asked.

“Six,” Harry said.

Hermione sighed, “I’ll order some more Essence of Murtlap, and I’ll see if I can find some kind of Numbing Charm.”

“I already tried it,” he told her. “It wears off after an hour.”

“Then I’ll see if I can find a better one,” Hermione replied determinedly. “You can take your hand out now.”

Sighing, Harry shifted, and Lavender heard the sound of dripping water. Hermione set something hard down on the table and turned back to Harry.

“That’s the best I can do,” she said, biting her lip. “If this keeps up, your going to have a scar.”

Lavender straightened up and stood on her toes, trying to look over the couch. She caught a glimpse of them both looking at the back of Harry’s hand before it was lowered out of view.

“Thanks, Hermione,” Harry said. “I’m going to head to bed.”

Hermione raised her hand as he stood, reaching out as if to stop him, but hesitated and dropped her hand. She watched him climb the stairs while her teeth worried her bottom lip.

“The awful, horrid bitch,” Hermione cursed softly.

Lavender arched an eyebrow at her language. Wiping her eyes, Hermione stood, and Lavender ducked behind the chair as she dashed up the stairs. Toying with a lock of her hair thoughtfully, she made her way toward the exit.

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“Let’s go sit next to Harry,” Lavender said to Parvati as they made their way to breakfast.

Parvati nodded, just as eager as her to find out the truth. They chose seats close enough to watch Harry but far enough away that the Golden Trio wouldn’t be suspicious. While Lavender and Parvati talked about Divinations, they took turns glancing at Harry surreptitiously. As he

reached for a slice of toast, the sleeve of his robe rode up, and Lavender caught a glimpse of the faded pink lines across the back of his hand.

I must not tell lies

Eyes widening, she wrote it down on a piece of parchment. Leaning close to Parvati, she showed it to her.

“She’s carving words into his hand,” she whispered.

“Oh, Merlin,” Parvati gasped softly. “No wonder he always looks so angry.”

“But it’s more than just that,” Lavender said. “Everyone is calling him a nutter for saying You-Know-Who is back; half the students think he killed Cedric to get Cho, and Dumbledore isn’t doing anything. I’m shocked he hasn’t lost it and cursed half the school by now.”

“You believe him?” Parvati asked.

“Harry’s never lied to us before,” Lavender whispered. “Besides, who else could’ve broken so many Death Eaters out of Azkaban without getting caught. There’s no way this is all a coincidence.”

“Lav, think about what you’re saying,” Parvati hissed. “If he’s really back-”

“I don’t want him to be back,” Lavender said, glancing around to make sure she wasn’t being too loud. “But hiding our heads in the sand isn’t going to help. Why would Harry, someone we know hates attention, enter himself into the Triwizard Tournament, say You-Know-Who is back, let himself be tortured for not taking it back, and then risk expulsion to start a Defense club?”

Parvati dropped her eyes to the table and bit her lip. Lavender sighed. She didn't like You-Know-Who being back any more than any other rational person, but hiding from the fact would only make things worse. Looking over at Harry, she felt a wave of sympathy. He was only seventeen, but he looked and acted so much older than that.

She couldn't help but wonder what he would've been like without all the craziness in his life. He was handsome, powerful, from a good family, and was amazing at Quidditch. She imagined he could have his pick of the witches if he wasn't so busy trying to save everyone. Certainly, she wouldn't turn him down if he pulled her into a broom cupboard. Like many witches in and out of Hogwarts, Lavender fancied the quiet, enigmatic wizard.

Maybe that's exactly what he needs, she thought.

"What are you smiling about?" Parvati asked.

"I think I know a way to help Harry," Lavender said.

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"Open your minds. Gaze into the future," Professor Trelawney said, her voice warbling mysteriously.

Lavender stared into her crystal ball, focusing on the swirling mist inside. A few moments later, she heard the familiar sound of jingling bangles.

"What do you see, my dear?" Trelawney asked, stopping just over her shoulder.

"I see a tall, dark figure," Lavender replied.

"Malevolent?" the professor asked, gazing at the orb through her thick glasses.

“No,” Lavender said, shaking her head. “He feels dangerous, but not to me, if that makes sense.”

“Mhh, a chance encounter, the results unknown,” Trelawney said. “A protector, perhaps. What else?”

“A rose,” Lavender told her, “half open.”

“Ah, a chance at love,” Trelawney nodded. “But it’s still unclear. Try to look deeper.”

Taking a deep breath, Lavender leaned forward and stared into the mist. She was distracted for a moment by the upside-down reflection of Harry staring moodily into his crystal ball before regaining her focus. The mist swirled, and she made out a long, thin shape. At first, she thought it was a snake, but on closer inspection, she realized it was...

“A rope,” she said. “With a knot in the middle.”

“Yes, a bond,” Trelawney said, staring into the ball over her shoulder.

“Don’t the open ends mean it’s freely given?” Lavender asked.

“Precisely,” Trelawney smiled, straightening up and laying a hand on her shoulder. “You truly have The Eye, my dear.”

Lavender smiled proudly and moved out of the way so Parvati could try. As Professor Trelawney moved around the room, she glanced over at Harry. He had his chin resting on his folded arm, staring morosely into his crystal ball.

I wonder if the dark figure I saw could be him, she wondered. Harry’s life can certainly be dangerous.

Seeing the brooding look on his face, she felt a desire to cheer him up. Fortunately, he was facing their table, and it gave her an idea. With a smirk, Lavender loosened her tie and opened the top three buttons of her blouse. When he didn't look up right away, she started fanning herself with her shirt. The movement caught his attention, his pupils widening at the sight of her deep, glistening cleavage.

Watching him out of the corner of her eye, Lavender fought back a smile. She knew she had a great body and enjoyed the attention she got.

Well, most of the time, she corrected herself, watching the way Seamus gawped at her.

Glancing back at Harry, she nearly gasped at the dark, lustful look in his eyes. It looked like he was a predator, ready to throw her down on a table and ravish her. The thought sent a shiver of excitement down her spine.

"Mr. Potter," Trelawney said, causing him to blink and look away. "Tell me, what do you see?"

"Er," Harry stammered, looking back at the crystal ball. "Um, a pillow."

Lavender barely held back a giggle as she covered her mouth.

I bet he wants to use them as a pillow, she thought.

Professor Trelawney didn't look impressed.

"Let me have a look," she said.

Sighing, Harry moved to the side. Trelawney gazed into the crystal ball for just a moment before she gasped.

“Oh, you dear boy,” she said. “I see much pain in your future. Pain and death.”

Harry frowned angrily, and Lavender felt bad for him. Every time Professor Trelawney looked into his future, she saw something dark and terrible. Even if it was true, she wondered if it was really helpful to keep telling him the same thing every class.

There must be something good in his future, Lavender thought.

As Professor Trelawney moved over to Dean and Seamus’ table, she bit her lip thoughtfully, watching Harry slump down in his chair.

“I’ll be right back,” she told Parvati.

Before she could reply, Lavender darted over to Harry and Ron. Both of them stared at her chest as it bounced from her quick movements.

“Hi, Harry,” she smiled.

“Hey, Lavender,” Harry said, quickly moving his eyes up to her face.

Ron continued to stare gormlessly.

“Do you mind helping me?” Lavender asked. “I want to practice reading for other people. You don’t mind, do you Ron?”

“Huh?” Ron asked, blushing as he finally stopped staring at her chest. “Uh, no?”

Lavender smiled sweetly.

“Thanks,” she said. “So, you mind helping me, Harry?”

“Er, sure,” he shrugged.

“You’re the best!” Lavender beamed.

Taking Harry’s hands, she rested her elbows on the table. Pressing her arms against the side of her breasts, her cleavage bulged.

“Ron, could you help me?” Parvati called.

“Uh... sure,” Ron said.

He had such trouble taking his eyes off her breasts that he bumped into the table and smacked it with his leg. Hissing, he rubbed his thigh and hobbled away. Glancing over her shoulder, Lavender smile gratefully at Parvati. When she turned back to Harry, she smiled at him brightly before looking down at the crystal ball. Lavender stared at it for several seconds, but she wasn’t really paying much attention. She glanced up at Harry’s face discretely and found him staring hungrily at her breasts.

Merlin, he looks like he’s going to shag me right here and now, she thought excitedly.

Rubbing her thighs together, she looked back down at the crystal ball. This time, she focused more on the shapes. There really were a lot of dark omens swirling in the mist. Symbols of death, destruction, and pain. Just as she was about to give up, she spotted something different. Out of the mist can a partially blossomed rose with a chain wrapped around the stem, the links on the end open instead of closed. She wasn’t sure what the open chain meant, having never seen it before, but it couldn’t be too bad when it was connected to a rose.

Chains usually referred to bonds of some kind, but the open ends meant whoever was bound was free to leave. It could've meant something slightly different together, but Lavender thought she was close enough that it really didn't matter.

"Oh, that's good," Lavender smiled.

"What's good?" Harry asked.

"I saw a rose," she replied, looking up and flushing under his intense gaze. "That means a chance at love."

Harry cracked a small smile.

"That's better than what Trelawney usually sees," he said.

"Glad I could help," Lavender grinned.

Letting go of his hands, she straightened up and moved back to the table she shared with Parvati.

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Three days later, Lavender sat at the back of DADA, staring blankly at her book. Impossibly, Umbridge made the subject even more boring than History of Magic. Glancing over at Harry, she frowned. He'd acted like his normal self for all of half a day before it seemed like the weight of the world was dropped on his shoulders. Even from a few feet away, she could make out the red scratches on the back of his hand. She couldn't imagine how bad the cuts had been to look that bad after applying Essence of Murtlap.

To make matters worse, Umbridge had been taking shots at him all day with some disgusting comments. Lavender knew today was his last detention, and she wondered if Umbridge was poking him to try and get an excuse to extend it. Harry had done a good job of holding his temper, but it was clear his temper was frayed.

Mercifully, there were only a few minutes left in the class.

As if hearing her thoughts, Malfoy's hand shot into the air.

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy?" Umbridge asked.

"Professor, I was wondering if I could get a pass to practice defensive spells outside of class," Malfoy smirked.

Umbridge frowned as she looked at him.

"And why do you feel that is necessary? Surely you don't think Hogwarts is unsafe," she said.

"I trust *you* are doing your best to keep us safe," Malfoy said. "But I'm not sure about some of the other professors. I mean, Cedric Diggory was killed last year, and the culprit was never caught, even though there was only one other person there."

Lavender gasped as the whole class turned to look at Harry, awaiting his reaction. Hermione whispered to him furiously while he stiffened in his seat, his muscles coiled and trembling like he was ready to explode.

"Ms. Granger, no talking in class. Ten points from Gryffindor," Umbridge barked, a disgusting smile on her face.

“I’m just worried something bad might happen to another prominent Pureblood, such as myself,” Mafloy said, puffing up his chest.

“I see your point,” Umbridge said. “Very well. You have permission. After all, we wouldn’t want another *accident* to happen, now would we?”

Harry jumped from his seat just as the bell rang. His hands were clenched so tightly into fists that the words on his hand stood out stark white. Hermione and Ron tried to calm him, but it looked to be doing little good. Making a split second decision, Lavender rushed over, bumped Ron out of the way, and hugged Harry’s arm to her chest.

“Harry, do you mind helping me with my homework?” she asked, deliberately rubbing her breasts against his arm.

Without waiting for a reply, she pulled him from the room. Ron and Hermione made to follow, but they were called back by Umbridge. Lavender could feel just how taut Harry’s muscles were, like strands of steel under his skin. His breath came in heaving pants through his nostrils as he raged silently. Leading him away from the other students, she guided him up to the seventh floor.

When they reached the tapestry of Barnabus the Barmy, Harry tugged his arm free and paced back and forth furiously. The moment the door appeared, he ripped it open and stormed inside. Lavender hesitated for only a second before following him inside and closing the door. The inside looked exactly like the room they used for DA meetings

“That stupid bitch!” Harry shouted.

She didn’t even see him draw his wand as his arm snapped up. A bright red, sizzling spell leapt from his wand and zipped across the room. The dummy was thrown effortlessly across the room, a good thirty feet, where it slammed against the wall and shattered. Lavender watched in awe as he decimated the remaining five dummies in the room. The same spells he taught to the struggling DA members flew from his wand effortlessly, hitting with more power and force than

she thought possible. By the time he was done, the dummies lay broken and smoldering on the floor while Harry panted for breath.

“Harry?” Lavender asked nervously.

Spinning to face her, the fury quickly left his eyes. Blowing out a breath, he ran a hand through his hair.

“Sorry,” he muttered.

“Don’t be,” she told him. “You have every right to be cross.”

Harry smiled.

“Thanks for getting me out of there,” he said. “You probably saved me from a month’s detention.”

Unconsciously, Harry rubbed the back of his hand. Walking up to him, Lavender reached out and took his hand softly. He watched her nervously as she turned his hand over and looked at the red letters carved into his skin.

“Did she cut you?” Lavender asked.

“No,” Harry said. “She makes me write lines with a Blood Quill.”

Lavender gasped. Blood Quills used a tiny amount of blood and were used to sign only the most important legal documents. To get cuts that deep, Harry would’ve needed to write thousands and thousands of lines.

“That’s – that’s horrible,” Lavender said.

Blushing, Harry pulled his hand back.

“It’s not that bad,” he said, running a hand through his hair.

“Yes, it is,” she told him firmly. “You just need to find a way to stay calm to keep out of detention.”

“I know,” Harry sighed. “It’s just so hard. She keeps getting under my skin, and there’s nothing I can do about it. I just have to sit there and take it. And don’t get me started on Malfoy. He was bad enough with Snape letting him get away with stuff, but now he’s got more power than the other prefects...”

“I know it’s not easy, but like I said, we just need to find a way to keep you calm,” Lavender said.

Filled with determination to help him, she nervously reached up and pulled off her tie. Their eyes met, and she held his gaze while undoing the buttons of her blouse. She swallowed thickly from his heated stare. Those bright green orbs expressed more than words ever possibly could. As Lavender let her blouse fall open, revealing her bra encased breasts, she imagined she could tell exactly what he was thinking just from the look in his eyes. Right now, she was sure he wanted to rip off the rest of her clothes and ravage her on the cold, hard floor.

Lavender’s excitement dampened her knickers as she shucked off her blouse. Hesitating for a moment, she took a deep breath before reaching back and undoing the clasp of her bra. Her big breasts barely sagged as she dropped it to the floor. Their gazes finally broke. Harry looked down, his eyes devouring her large, perky breasts, round, pale areolas, and pink nipples. Lavender was very proud of her body, but showing it to a man for the first time filled her with excited nervousness.

Despite her nerves, or perhaps because of them, her nipples quickly hardened under his gaze. After drinking her in for a long moment, Harry lifted his eyes to meet hers. The amount of lustful

hunger in his stare nearly took her breath away. Lavender felt like she was staring at a predator, ready to pounce on his frightened prey. Rather than feeling scared, she'd never felt more excited in her life.

Taking a step forward, Harry rested his hands on her hips. He pulled her forward until their bodies were flush, her breasts squashed against his surprisingly muscular chest. Lavender licked her lips in anticipation as he leaned down slowly. Her eyes closed as his lips claimed hers. His tongue delved between her lips, slithering and dancing along hers. She moaned into his mouth while Harry's hands caressed the bare skin of her back.

Lavender gasped suddenly when Harry fell backward, taking her with him. Clenching her eyes shut, she braced herself. They landed much faster and softer than she expected. Opening her eyes, she was surprised to find herself Harry sitting on a couch that hadn't been there a moment ago, with her in his lap. As she blinked, trying to understand what had happened, he grabbed both of her breasts and buried his face between them.

Harry was much rougher than Lavender was expecting, though she didn't think that was a bad thing. She'd always imagined him as being gentle, a typical nice guy. But that wasn't what she was experiencing at the moment. His fingers sank into her soft breasts, his teeth nipping at the inside of her pale globes in between hard sucks that were sure to leave marks.

Lavender loved every second of it. The light pain only enhanced the pleasure she was feeling. She'd always assumed her breasts would be used more for a boy's pleasure than hers, but Harry was proving that wrong. He trapped her nipples between his fingers, pinching them firmly and giving them a light twist. The feeling shot straight to her core, further enflaming her arousal.

Threading her fingers through his hair, she guided his lips to the tip of her breast. Harry didn't hesitate to take her rigid nipple between his lips. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked harshly, drawing a gasp from Lavender's lips. She rolled her hips unconsciously, grinding herself against his erection.

If there had still been breath in her lungs, she would've gasped again. His erection was long and impossibly hard as it pulsed against her mound. With a moan, Lavender shuddered as his teeth nipped at her swollen nipple, his length grinding against her folds through the rough texture of

his trousers. A moment later, she hissed and arched her back when he pulled back, his teeth scraping her throbbing nub before it slipped free. His hands continued kneading and groping her large breasts roughly while his mouth switched to the other nipple, leaving the other hot and pulsing with the beat of her heart.

Lavender's curiosity got the better of her, and she reached down, eager to feel his cock. It was longer and thicker than the toys she and Parvati had bought two Summers ago. Any intimidation she felt vanished when he swelled and jerked excitedly against her palm. She was so distracted with running her fingers along his rigid length that she didn't notice one of Harry's hands leaving her breast. She certainly noticed a moment later when his hand cupped her mound. A gasp left her lips, her cheeks flushing when he rubbed her obviously damp knickers.

Looking up from his lap, Lavender met his burning gaze.

"Take it out," Harry told her.

Without thought, her hands began unbuckling his belt. Leaning down, Lavender kissed him passionately as she opened his pants and stuck her hand inside. Wrapping her fingers around his hot, hard shaft, she pulled his cock into the open. Breaking their kiss breathlessly, she looked down and gazed at his length. Suddenly, Harry ground the heel of his palm against her clit, sending a shock of pleasure up her spine. Gasping, Lavender stroked his shaft in return.

Despite her reputation as a tease, this was the first time she'd ever held a man in her hands. She'd seen some before, but only when catching couples from a distance. Thinking back to the articles she'd read in the back of Witch Weekly over the years, Lavender used every trick she could remember to make this handjob as pleasurable as possible. Reaching around Harry's arm, she cupped his testicles while stroking his length. On the way up, she twisted her wrist, occasionally rubbing her palm over his purple, swollen tip. His excitement slickened her hand, making her movements easier and causing him to groan in the back of his throat.

Lavender's eyes widened when Harry thrust his hand inside her knickers and rubbed his palm against her bare folds. Looking up, he stared at her with a heated gaze, his look daring her to tell him to stop.

Even if she'd wanted to, she didn't think she could force the words out.

She panted when his fingers teased along her slit. His fingers paused each time he neared her entrance as if threatening to penetrate her before moving away teasingly. Lavender rolled her hips, begging with her eyes, but he refused to give in. Groaning in frustration, she stroked him faster while burying her face in the crook of his neck.

"Harry," Lavender whined.

As if that was what he was waiting for, Harry plunged two fingers roughly into her depths. Lavender gasped, arching her back as her hands stilled on his length. With his thumb pressing into her clit, he slid his fingers in and out roughly. She squealed as she reached her peak suddenly, her arousal drenching his hand. An embarrassingly loud, wet slap came from between her legs. As she rode out a powerful climax. Panting harshly, Lavender started moving her hands again while Harry caressed her folds gently.

Without the distraction of his teasing, she was able to concentrate on stroking his cock. Hearing Harry groan, she looked up and smiled. Moving her hand from his balls, she gripped his shaft with both hands and pumped his shaft quickly. His eyes dropped to her wildly jiggling breasts while his hips bucked up toward her hands. Lavender felt his length swell a moment before a large streak of cum launched from the tip. Her eyes followed it as it flew up in front of her eyes before falling back down to land on her breasts. The next several shots coated her stomach, hands, and both of their thighs.

When his climax ended, Harry slumped against the couch, looking more relaxed than he had all year. Lavender grinned, happy and proud that she could help him. She waited for him to open his eyes before bringing the back of her hand to her mouth and licking it clean. While she wouldn't say it tasted good, it wasn't bad, and the look on his face was more than worth it.

"From now on, any time you feel like you're going to lose your temper, come find me, and I'll help you relax," Lavender said.

Harry smiled and waved his wand, cleaning both of them.

“Any time,” he asked, wrapping his arms around her.

Lavender smiled and nodded.

Harry kissed her on the lips before pulling her close and resting his head on her breasts.

“Can we stay like this for a bit?” he asked, his voice muffled by her large globes.

Giggling, Lavender wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her cheek on top of his head.

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Lavender was still smiling as she made her way back to Gryffindor Tower and showered. Wrapping in a fluffy white towel, she walked out of the bathroom and over to her bed.

“Oh my god, Lav!” Parvati exclaimed.

Hermione looked up from her book and blushed as she and Parvati stared at her chest. Looking down, Lavender flushed at the sight of three distinct love bites on the inside of her breasts.

“Who did that?” Parvati asked excitedly.

Hermione rolled her eyes and went back to her book. Lavender bit her lip thoughtfully, wondering if she should tell her. While they didn’t get along, she didn’t want to hurt her. Harry and Hermione had been best friends since first year, but neither had shown any inclination to date.

Best to get it over with. She’ll find out eventually, Lavender thought.

“Harry,” she smiled.

Hermione looked up sharply, her eyes wide while Parvati gasped.

“What do you mean, Harry?” she asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

“You saw him after class,” Lavender said. “He was one wrong look away from cursing someone. I just helped him relieve some stress.”

“By snogging him?” Parvati giggled.

Lavender grinned and shrugged.

“Really?” Parvati asked eagerly. “What was it like?”

“Brilliant,” Lavender beamed.

As she started telling her best friend what had happened, Hermione got up from her bed and left with a thoughtful look. She and Parvati talked for a couple of hours before deciding to turn in for the night. Just as she was about to close the curtains around her bed, Hermione came back. They stared at each other awkwardly before Hermione took a deep breath.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

Lavender arched an eyebrow in surprise.

“For helping Harry,” Hermione explained, biting her lip and looking down at her hands. “I haven’t seen him this calm and happy in... Merlin, I don’t know how long.”

Lavender smiled, a sense of pride and fulfillment swelling in her chest.

"I'm just glad I could help," she said. "I'm not brave or smart like you, but I do have a nice rack."

Hermione gaped at her for a second before they both broke down in a fit of giggles. Glancing over at Parvati's bed, she bit her lip before darting over to Lavender's bed and taking a seat next to her.

"I appreciate you helping Harry. Really, I do," Hermione said softly. "Just, please, don't hurt him. I honestly don't know if he can survive having his heart broken."

"I won't," Lavender promised. "It doesn't bother you, does it?"

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Why does everyone think there's something going on between us?" she asked. "Harry and I are just friends. He's free to snog anyone he likes."

Lavender smiled. As much as she liked talking about drama, she hated to be the cause of it. Turning to Hermione, she pulled her into a gentle hug. The brunette hugged her back, and they shared a smile before she moved back over to her bed. Lavender closed the curtains around hers and fell back onto her mattress with a grin.

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Over the next couple of days, Lavender watched Harry closely. Aside from the occasional looks and fleeting smiles, he stayed at a distance, and Hermione had explained why. In typical Harry fashion, he was doing it to protect her. Anyone close to him would be a target for Umbridge, and he didn't want to put her in that position. For that, she was grateful.

Umbridge and Malfoy continued to attack and insult Harry every chance they got. While he ignored them admirably, Lavender could see the stress starting to build up in the way his shoulders tensed and the dark, brooding look in his eyes.

Why do I find that look so bloody sexy, she wondered.

After three days, she could tell he was getting close to his breaking point. Just when she was about to give up and approach him herself, Harry grabbed her hand after Charms and led her away. Parvati smirked at her knowingly as she was dragged away. While everyone else was heading to the Great Hall for lunch, she was taken in the opposite direction. Lavender nibbled on her bottom lip as Harry pulled her into a broom cupboard and sealed the door.

His burning gaze bored into hers as he pressed her back against the wall. Despite only being a couple of inches taller than her, it felt like Harry towered over her in the cramped space. He stared at her expectantly but didn't make a move. Swallowing thickly, Lavender glanced down and found a large bulge in the front of his trousers. Looking back up at his face, she slowly dropped to her knees without a word.

With trembling hands, she reached up and unbuckled his belt.

"Take off your shirt," Harry said.

Lavender shivered excitedly at his deep, growling voice. Loosening her tie, she opened the top four buttons and pulled her blouse over her head. Setting it aside, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. A moment later, it joined her blouse on the floor. As she went back to opening his pants, Harry reached down and grasped one of her breasts, kneading it roughly.

The moment Lavender pulled down the front of Harry's trousers, his hard cock sprang up in front of her. Letting go of her breast, he straightened up and ran his fingers through her hair. Lavender licked her lips nervously as she stared at his sizable erection. Gazing up at him, she wrapped a hand around his shaft and her lips around his tip. Harry groaned, both of his hands threading through her hair.

Slowly, she started bobbing her head up and down, her tongue swirling around him. His legs trembled, and his hands tightened in her hair. His bright eyes darkened with lust as he watched her lips stretch around his girth, and it struck her that he was holding back. She could see it in his gaze. Harry wanted nothing more than to fuck her mouth, and her nipples hardened at the thought.

She realized that this wasn't just about getting him off. It was about giving him an outlet for his aggression. A steady stream of arousal soaked her knickers as Lavender grabbed his hips and tugged them forward. She gagged loudly as his tip crashed into the back of her throat. Harry pulled back, but Lavender pulled his hips again, staring up at him even as tears gathered in her eyes with his head trapped between her lips.

Harry hesitated for a moment, neither of them moving, before he bucked forward. His fat head crashed into the back of her throat again, making her gag. Pulling back, he paused, waiting for her reaction. When all she did was wait patiently, he began sawing his hips back and forth, his hands holding her in place.

Dropping her hands from his hips, Lavender gagged all over his cock while reaching under her skirt. Her cheeks burned from being stretched by his girth, tears gathered in the corners of her eyes, and thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips. As her hand slipped inside her knickers, she found her folds sopping wet.

I'm such a slut, she thought.

Harry grew rougher when she teased her clit and moaned. Occasionally, he'd take a break, giving her a moment to catch her breath before going back to fucking her face. Despite the discomfort, Lavender couldn't believe how turned on she was. Even the ache in her jaw and the burning of her lungs added to the excitement and pleasure she was feeling.

With a groan, Harry thrust his hips forward and held them there, pinning the tip of his cock to the back of her throat. Lavender pinched her nipple hard as she gagged, another half an inch of his considerable length slipping into her gullet. When he pulled back, she coughed, cold, stringy

strands of saliva falling onto her chest. After a couple deep breaths, she opened her mouth eagerly.

Smiling, Harry plunged forward and fucked her mouth even faster. His fists tightened, pulling her hair and causing her scalp to sting. Lavender moaned, her fingers dancing around her throbbing clit. His face scrunched up, and she felt his girth swell against her tongue. Rubbing her clit furiously, she mentally prepared herself.

Harry erupted in her mouth with a groan. Wrapping her lips around his pulsing shaft, Lavender sucked hard, his hot, thick seed pooling around her swirling tongue. His legs trembled as his climax gradually waned, leaving her mouth surprisingly full. She tilted her head up when he slowly pulled out, keeping her lips tight around his shaft and sucking it clean. As soon as he came free with a gasp, she opened her mouth to show him the pool inside.

Closing her mouth, Lavender closed her eyes and swallowed. The dirty act sent her over the edge into a trembling moaning climax. Once she'd swallowed it all, she gasped for breath and fell back, strumming her clit with a whine.

A few moments later, she sagged tiredly and panted heavily. A spell washed over her, leaving her clean and dry. As she looked up, Harry sat next to her on the floor and pulled her into his lap. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he kissed her temple as she leaned against his chest.

"Thank you," he murmured.

Smiling, Lavender snuggled into him and moved one of his hands to her breast.

"Any time," she said.