

Harry Potters Black Book

Story: Harry Potters Black Book

Storylink: <http://hp.adult-fanfiction.org/story.php?no=600098957>

Category:

Genre:

Author: BlackBook

Authorlink: <http://members.adult-fanfiction.org/profile.php?no=1296972906>

Last updated:

Words: 49508

Rating:

Status: Unknown

Content: Chapter 1 to 7 of 7 chapters

Source: Adult-FanFiction.org

Summary:

Chapter 1:

Hello all, thanks for reading my latest work. These first few chapters are a repost of a work I had up on here last year but I have been unable to retrieve that account with the help of tech so I am reposting the first few and then uploading the new content. Also these first chapters have been rewritten and edited to make them fresh and add some more action.

Please read and review and let me know what you think of Harry, the action and what you'd like to see. Reviews keep the muse flowing.

Chapter 1 Rumours

"Not as much as Potter." Harry heard as he was about to walk past the third floor charms classroom.

"Please, he's always pinning after Chang."

Harry stepped up next to the door; it was almost 9 at night, curfew for the 5th years and up. He had been wondering the halls after practice, too restless to go back to the common room.

"Maybe, but that doesn't stop him from getting some on the side from what I hear."

"You mean the Weasley tart? Bestiality doesn't count."

"Like you'd say no Blaise, I saw you eyeing her up during the last match." The female voice answered, Harry was leaning into the door frame now, he still couldn't work out the girl's voice but there was no mistaking Blaise Zabini.

"She may be easy on the eyes, but I wouldn't want to catch whatever is festering in her cunt."

There was the sound of a table being moved across the stone floor "Sure Blaise, anyway I overheard Abbot talking to the Puffs, she said she had Harry alone in the second floor broom closet and that he is packing some serious wood."

Harry was now pressed hard up against the door, he didn't know if the girl was lying or if Hannah Abbot had really said that, either way he wasn't mad that Blaise Zabini, one of the biggest players at Hogwarts let alone their year, was getting a lesson in his supposed endowment.

"Well if all she is comparing it to is those Puffs pricks she should come to me and see what she's missing out on." Zabini said moving what sounded like another table or chair.

The sound of female laughter came from the room as Harry suddenly realised he didn't really want to be caught here. He took a dozen long strides and slipped behind a tapestry which covered one of the more well-known shortcuts that lead to the upper levels and not down to the Dungeons.

He heard the door open and stepping up close to the back of the tapestry he looked through the small gap and saw Blaise Zabini and Sally-Anne Perks walking the other way down the corridor.

The shortcut he was in was very dim, a little light coming in from the edges of the tapestry and a grey light from where it came out by the History of magic classroom. Harry stood peering into the darkness for a while every so often a smile appearing as he imagined Hannah Abbott gossiping to the Huffelpuffs and apparently anyone near about him. Abit worried that rumours would get to either Ginny or Cho, he found he couldn't really care though, especially as if they heard, well, it wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing.

As he paced the hallway he found himself imagining what Hannah had said, while not as pretty as Cho or as fun as Ginny, Hannah was definitely cute, and as he and Ron has talked about over the summer, she had one of the biggest chests out of all the girls in their year, although she was pushing the chubby side a bit, she carried it well. Fooling around with her in a broom closet wouldn't be the worst thing to happen to him, he had even knocked one or two out in her honour back in 4th year when she had gone from an A to a C and he had seen her in a very low cut blouse in Hogsmeade.

A quick glance at his watch told him it was well past curfew now, and that he had been here thinking about Hannah and the broom closet for almost half an hour, also that he was even now, quite excited about it.

Calling up a faint light with his wand, he pulled out the Marauders map which he kept in one of his robes inside pockets and looked at the area between Harry Potter, the only name in his area, and the mess of names that signified that Gryffindor common room. Seeing that the castle looked like it did after curfew every night, everyone back in the common rooms and dorms apart from the odd teacher and prefect he stepped out into the corridor and went to place the map back in his pocket. Stopping mid step with the tapestry still hung over one of his shoulders, he quickly looked back at the map and saw the name Hannah Abbott by the stairs on the 5th floor. Not being able to stop the smile from appearing on his face he remembered she was the Huffelpuff prefect for their year and today was obviously her night for patrols.

A quick look at the map told him the way was clear so he quickly stepped back into the shortcut and took the long way up to the 5th floor avoiding the stairs she was standing by.

Finding himself at the other end of the corridor that lead to the stairs she was still standing by Harry suddenly realised he had no idea what he was doing. While he was sure she wouldn't get him into trouble for being out after curfew, he didn't know what he or she would do. While he was obviously somewhat excited by what she had apparently been telling people about him and her, did he want to talk to her about it, make it a reality, risk having it become a somewhat random bit of gossip people may or may not believe to be a fact (Although as unprovable as the original lie). More so, did he want Hannah to see what he was really endowed with, what if it wasn't big enough? What if she laughed? What if after he got her into the broom closet she went to grab him and said "Is that it Potter?" He could go from being better hung than Blaise to Pin dick Potter.

Maybe he could just have a go with her, get his hands under her robes and play with sweater puppies. He could stop her from getting her hands inside his robes, after all she had been making stories up about him, she would probably be happy if he wanted to fool around with her.

One quick look at the map to make sure no one else was near he slipped it back inside his robes, wiped his hands which had become very sweaty and took a few deep breaths. He felt the same as the moment just before he stepped from the changing rooms to the Quiddich pitch before a big game. Pacing the corridor twice quickly, his heart going several times faster than it should Harry did what he always did before a big game and just took several quick steps, seeming to run out.

Hannah was facing the other way and didn't see Harry's odd hoping run around the corner, she seemed to be steering off into space, one hip leaning on the banister. Her blond hair loose but messy, as if she had let it down from a bun while doing her rounds, while slightly on the chubby side she did carry it well and the addition to the chest was well worth it, although hard to see through the robes she wore.

Not wanting to sneak up on her or have her yell Harry deliberately scuffed his feet as he walked towards her, his hands in his pockets grabbing at his robes, still moist from sweat despite being run over his robes half a dozen times in the last minute.

She turned as she saw him walking towards her "Harry?" She questioned after a moment of looking down the dim corridor.

"Heya Hannah." Harry said as he stopped a few steps from her, out of sight of the staircase. He deliberately kept his voice low, not wanting it to carry down the empty corridors.

"What are you doing here?" She said glancing at her watch, Harry had the impression she had been standing here for some time, not really patrolling.

"We had practice today." He answered as he leaned against the stone wall "It always takes me awhile to wind down afterwards and I didn't feel like heading to the common room."

"Better hope you're not caught, a prefect could get you into a lot of trouble." She said cheekily, Harry noticed she had one dimple which gave her smile a genuine quality.

"Oh yes, I don't know what I would do if I were to get into trouble, I've never had detention before." He said rolling his eyes melodramatically. Internally he was desperately trying to think of something to say 'So Hannah, been telling people we have been fooling around after dark? Now's your chance to do it for real' he thought sarcastically.

"Ha, who knew the chosen one was such a rebel."

"That's me alright, breaking all sorts of rules." He said somewhat lamely trying to lead the conversation somewhere more erotic.

Hannah stepped away from the banister and walked down the corridor a bit to Harry's other side, obviously having the same thought as he did of not wanting their voices to travel.

"So how was practice?"

"Not bad, our beaters are still tragic, if it wasn't for the girls we would be bottom of the table." He answered naturally, for a brief moment forgetting his nerves as she asked a question he could field comfortably.

"How are the girls on your team?" She asked crossing her arms across her chest.

Harry desperately wondered what to say and could actually feel a bead of sweat run down his back.

"Pretty good, although Alicia is obviously stressed doing her NEWTs as well so isn't playing her best."

"Hmm."

'Shit I'm losing it, she's not happy' Harry desperately thought to himself, not able to think of anything witty or sly he just dove right in.

"She did mention something interesting she heard the other day though." Harry quickly made up as Hannah let her arms drop and looked down the corridor apparently ready to move on.

"Oh?"

"Yeah, she asked me about a rumour she heard from a puff in her Charms class about you and me and a broom closet." Harry said sure he heart wasn't so much beating now as it was having a one long continuous seizure.

One of Hannah's hands quickly shot into her hair winding a lock of it around her finger as the other started playing with the hem of her robe "Ahhhh..."

Seeing her reaction he relaxed a tiny amount sure that the story he heard by the charms classroom was at least true, he didn't even want to think about that he would have done if she had just dismissed it outright, probably call him a perv or a liar.

"Yeah..." He said letting it hang for a moment, enjoying her discomfort "Apparently her friend overheard you telling Bones about our little adventures." He said airquoting "adventure" with a smile.

Hannah was blushing furiously now and biting her bottom lip unable to look him in the eye.

"Well, I, uh..." She started "She obviously didn't hear..." She trailed off not sure what to say.

Harry again suddenly found himself not sure what to say, he had been enjoying her discomfort but not wasn't sure how to go on, hell he didn't even know what he had expected walking down here.

Feeling the silence drag on to the point of being uncomfortable he just blurted out the first thing that came to his mind, or maybe not his mind.

"I told her I wished it was true." He said bluntly looking her in the eye.

"Huh?" She said letting her hand drop from playing with her hair, the now curly lock falling across her cheek.

His hand was actually shaking in his pocket a bit as his mind raced with the most farfetched situations from her running away back to her dorm to him with his hands down her robes as she sucked his cock. The one thing he was sure of, was despite his nerves, he was once more visibly excited, although it was hard to tell through his robes.

"Wish it was true?" she queried with a small smile, her hand resting on her hip and her shoulders back, if she had been wearing anything but Hogwarts robes the effect would have been better, still Harry found it encouraging.

"Yeah." He said taking half a step forward "I couldn't believe it when she told me, since I had thought of doing that since last year." He quickly lied.

"Really?" She said full on grinning now.

"Really." He answered.

Hannah seemed to sway on the spot slightly, Harry would have given his Firebolt to hear what she was thinking at that moment. She looked Harry over once and took half a step towards him, now only a pace apart she brought her hand up to his shoulder and brushed away a nonexistent piece of dust.

'Its now or never.' Harry thought to himself, he took a small step forward, put one of his hand on her hip and leaned forward, feeling her warm breath on his chin for a split second before their lips meet.

Her arm moved around his neck and his slid from her hip to the small of her back, as much as Harry was enjoying the kiss, he was incredibly conscious of the fact that he had a full erection and wasn't sure how to stand without giving it away. He twisted slightly and pulled her around with his hand on her back so their hips meet on the side but he wasn't directly poking her, he was a slightly awkward position but he didn't know what else to do given his situation.

Her hand moved up to play with his hair as her other hand moved along his back, they had been making out for quite a while when he briefly moved to his lips along her jaw to her ear. While happy with how things had gone, he hadn't lost track of what brought this on, and what she had claimed they had done. He just wasn't sure how to move on.

Thinking that since she had been the one to spread rumours about them, she could hardly complain about it, he did the only thing he could think of and bringing his other hand to her hip he pulled her tight against him. He being slightly taller his erection pressed right into her slightly soft stomach.

He had been watching for her reaction, and as he pressed into her, her eyes which had been closed as they snogged, shot open and looked directly into his.

Not daring to blink or look away he just held her gaze and gave her a small smile, his hands moving from her hips to the small of her back and for the first time drifted down so that as he moved his hands down the dark cotton robes, he felt several of his finger pass over what had to be the hem of her panties and into noticeably softer flesh.

She didn't do anything for a moment, their lips still joined but eyes steering into each other's. Then as Harry moved his hands down she seemed to come to and tightened her grip on his back pressing herself into him, his cock pressed hard against her and for the first time Harry could feel her breasts against his chest.

Wanting to move on but not willing to let go of her just yet Harry thought he'd see how far she'd go, closing his eyes again he leaned back into the kiss as he moved both his hands down fully to her arse, feeling her through only her Hogwarts robes and panties Harry couldn't help but grind himself into her slightly as he squeezed her. Feeling her arse tense under his hand he wasn't sure she liked it until she moaned into his mouth, squeezing again he couldn't help but press into her as she leaned into him, this caused them both to fall, luckily though they fell so that Harry's back hit the wall he had been leaning on and that she was partly laying on top of him, arms around his back and leaning on his chest and cock. His hands that had moved on reflex to brace his fall came back onto her hips.

They broke apart for a moment and both laughed, Harry enjoying the feeling of her partly laying on top of him. Hannah leaned forward into the kiss her arms locked behind Harry's back.

Now leaning against the wall with her partly on top of him Harry moved his left hand down to her arse again, catching the elastic of her panties on his fingertips through her robe and pulling them down slightly on one side as he went back to grabbing her arse, he briefly wondered if there was some technique he should be doing, but all he could remember is Fred and George talking and fingering girls, not the finer art of feeling them up. Figuring the best solution was to rub and squeeze like a massage he continued to work on her as he moved on to what was his main motivation in coming to Hannah.

His other hand moved up from where it had come to rest on her hip and moved up, as it moved up her soft side she giggled slightly but when he stopped both his hands she wiggled in place against him as encouragement.

Passing over her side he moved his hand to the side of her chest under her arm, leaving it there for just a moment, he moved his thumb and rubbed it into the side of her breast that was pressed against his chest. Waiting to feel her reaction he couldn't help but smile into their snog as he felt her softly bite his lip and smile back at him. Encouraged he moved his thumb under her breast, moving it across the Hufflepuff logo embroidered onto it and with a few of his fingers explored her breast as his other continued to grab her arse. Her position leaning against him however prevented him from fully exploring her finest feature.

Continuing on for a few minutes in his exploration of her he wanted to get his hands inside her robe and onto cups.

Tilting his head slightly to break the kiss he looked her in the eye as he pressed between them with his thumb passing over what must be her nipple, he could feel the slightly hard material of her bra give way to her soft breast.

Acting a lot bolder than he felt he asked "So where was that broom closet?"

She smiled coyly at him for a moment her hands drifting down past his waist to grab his arse for the first time "The second floor, but I think there is one closer"

She leaned back from him and stood up on her own removing her arms from around him, but as her right arm came from around his hip she passed it over the front of his robes and briefly lingered over his still hard cock giving it the slightest squeeze. As she lead the way down the hallway back where Harry had come from.

Briefly fixing the front of his robes and again rubbing his damp hands on his robes he strolled after her and brazenly put his hand on her arse and gave it a squeeze. She turned to him with a smile and wink, putting her arm around him as she lead him to one of the storage cupboards down the end of the hall.

"No one comes down here at night, it's not near any of the dorms or hangouts, and the Bloody Baron is known to patrol here." She said opening the door to a decent sized closet filled with wooden boxes and a shelf of buckets and tins. On the back wall was either a wide shelf or small desk at waist height mostly bare but for a few rags at one end.

Closing the door behind him the closet got very dark, although there was a large gap under the door which let light in, the torch lit corridor and sudden change in light made the dimly lit room seem almost pitch black.

As he was about to bring up a light with his wand he felt Hannah step towards him and move an arm around his back.

"So Harry, exactly what rumours did you hear?" Harry could feel her warm breath on his chin as she leaned up at him. She took another step forward her chest once again pressing against him.

"Of you know." He whispered kissing along jaw "That you and I were fooling around in a broom closet." he said moving down to her neck as she dropped her head back, he could feel her hair on his hand around her back "That you said I was packing a heavy wand." he murmured pulling her tighter to him and pressing his cock into her again. Feeling encouraged by the success of it so far he decided for a little exaggeration "That you blew me every night last weekend." he squeezed her arse again as he moved his kissed up to her ear "That seekers really do have the best hand." he breathed as he once again had her arse and breast in hand.

She didn't say anything for a while as he continued to kiss along her ear and jaw line, leaving her mouth free, her arms were still draped around his neck "Sounds about right." She finally said moving her head so she could once again kiss him.

Feeling more confident than he had in his life he moved both of his hands down to her arse, her panties still pulled slightly down on one side. After a minute of enjoying her arse he brought both hands up at the same time along her sides and pulling back slightly while still kissing her he grabbed both of breasts. Even through the bulky winter Hogwarts robes, through the embroidery on the left breast and through what Harry was surprised to feel was a very thick bra with some kind of bar under it, her breasts were the greatest thing he had ever held, better than a Golden Snitch grabbed after a 200 foot dive, greater than opening his Hogwarts letter. For a long moment he was lost in the sensation, his arousal growing to an almost painful level. With his hands on her breasts taking them in he was no longer pressed hard against her and his cock was tenting his robes.

In the dark he couldn't see Hannah's reaction to his claim on her body, after a long moment in which their kiss became deeper, more frenzied she locked one arm around his neck, pulling him down to her mouth as her other hand moved down his back, and where before she had let her hand brush against his member, this time as she moved her hand across his hips she grasped him through his robes.

Harry had been worried when they were grinding against the wall in the hall way that if they carried on much long would mess his robes there and then, but the short break to get to the closet along with the cold autumn air had brought him down to a point where her touch didn't instantly finish him.

Taking a play from her book as she grabbed him he gently took her lower lip and gently bit it, slowly realising it from between his teeth as she fully grasped him through his robes,

Letting go of her breasts to let her have better access to him he remembered something Lee Jordan had been talking about with the twins and moved one of his hands to the back of her head, tangling his fingers into her hair and parted her lips with his tongue, not sure exactly what to do he tried gently pulling on her hair which caused Hannah to reach up and grab his hand pulling it away but boldly placing it back on her arse.

Content for the moment to let her play with him through his robes he went back to exploring her back and arse, feeling the bunched up panties on her left side from where he had caught them before he managed to get his fingers under them again through her robes and managed to work them down over the swell of her arse, still separated from her by the heavy Hogwarts robes this small victory over her underwear was enough of a confidence boost for him to go further. As Hannah was only slightly shorter than him he could still feel the seam of the panties resting just under the swell of her arse, running the tips of his fingers along this he traced it around her side going up slightly to her front, feeling her hip bone slightly through the fabric he was managing to shimmy the panties down further as he followed their line to between her legs.

His hand twisted at a somewhat awkward angle due to their position he followed the pantie line until he was over what he hoped was her pussy. Although he had seen a few naked women in the magazines that had been passed around the dorm along with what he had seen in a magazine he found under a bush in the local park back in Surrey, and he knew what to expect, he was still surprised that as he pressed in with his fingers between her legs, he couldn't feel anything through the heavy Hogwarts robes and her panties that still seemed to be half clinging to the front of her hips. But as he pressed his fingers in harder, feeling her thighs on either side, he heard her breathing shudder slightly and she press herself harder onto his hand, which given the angle it was in, was not the most comfortable thing for him, but having made her make that sound, Harry would have been happy to break his wrist to keep her making it.

Harry again broke from her to explore her neck one more time, his right hand still rubbing into her while she grasped him through his robes, Harry honestly wasn't enjoying her touch as much as she seemed to be enjoying his, while he would prefer her to be moving her hand along him she seemed to be winding it around like a crank. Not sure if this was what other guys liked or not he settled for moving his hips back and forward to at least get some movement along his shaft.

After rubbing her for several minutes as they continued to snog with only the occasional break for one of them to explore the others neck, Harry was thinking of how to best get inside her robe. He needn't have worried about how to move on as when he moved his lips from her neck up to her ear she pulled away from him half a step, and with a few quick gestures along the front of her robe, she undid the front of it and let it fall open. With his eyes adjusted to the low light coming under the bottom of the door he was able to make out the dark silhouette of the Hogwarts robe, open from neck to foot. She had on the standard black leather shoes and white socks that finished just under the knee, but above them was nothing until the hem of the long white blouse they wore during the winter term, the bottom of it slightly open and showing her white panties punched down around her thighs where Harry had managed to coax them. The blouse was long enough that Harry couldn't make out what the panties used to cover or her chest, the original reason for his detour tonight.

"Lumos" She whispered causing a soft white light to fill the room, making the previous dim silhouette much clearer. She placed her wand on the one of the shelves where it continued to glow as she ran a single finger down the front of her blouse seemingly popping the buttons with just a touch causing it to fall open like the robe. Harry knew he was staring, but somehow he doubted she cared. She was wearing a plain white bra, which to Harry, seemed a size too small as her breasts seemed to be swelling up and out of the top of it, not that Harry would change that fact. Harry's eyes were drawn lower though, suddenly very pleased with his effort to remove her panties through her robe, while the back side of them seemed to be sitting under the

swell of her arse, the front had just dropped low enough to show off her sex. In the dim light of the wand he could see a single triangle of very short blond hair, at the base of it he could see a line of pink flesh right where her legs joined, despite having seen it in magazines and once on TV back in Private drive late at night, seeing it for the first time in person was going to make one hell of a patronus.

Hannah seemed to bask in Harrys gaze for a moment, then with a smile, she pulled her legs together, and rather than pull them down, shimmied her panties down her legs until the fell to the floor, the effect of her shaking seemed to actually make Harry lean forward in desire while one of his hands drifted towards his cock.

With her robe and blouse open, and her panties dropped to the floor, she took a step back towards Harry bringing her face to within an inch of his again; he had been again taking in her mostly nude form so as she stepped closer he was looking right down at her again.

"Hogwarts gossip is legendary, but it never does get everything right." She murmured at him claiming his lips once more. But, whereas before they had pressed their bodies together through their robes, now, both seemed to have the same idea and as she kept some space between them, she brought her arms up around his neck again while he took advantage of her current state of undress.

Bringing his hands together he brushed his hands against the smooth flesh of the stomach, savouring the soft warm feeling of it on his hands, his left hand drifting around her, feeling the strap of her bra on her back before dropping down to cup her bare arse, soft and warm and somehow a hundred times more enticing without that thin layer wool and cotton between his hand and it, he let his hand work across her back and arse, taking it all in and enjoying every curve. Losing himself in the moment he let his fingers run down between her cheeks enjoying the warmth and feel, but as he worked his fingers over her she suddenly tensed up, her arse seeming to grab hold of his fingers and pull away slightly, realising what he had been doing he quickly went back to running his hand over her back and cheeks.

While his left hand seemed to be on auto pilot taking in Abbots lovely arse, all his mind and desire was on his right hand which had run from her smooth stomach, gently lingered over the little triangle of short neat hair and finally down onto her sex. Harry has instantly enticed by the heat he felt, by the slight wetness he could feel with his fingers, and most especially, with the small shudder that seemed to run through her body as first touched her.

Furiously trying to recall everything Fred and George had ever said, insinuated or joked about went running through his head at the speed of light, he recalled them saying Victoria Miro's a Ravenclaw in their year would need to have a full five fingers in her before she felt anything after fucking half their year. Not knowing if Hannah had been with anyone, or the right number of fingers to use, or what to use them for, Harry settled for keeping his fingers together as he ran them over the pink flesh he had seen in the light of Hannah's wand. Feeling Hannah move her hips slightly with the movement of his hand, Harry took that as encouragement to go a little harder, pressing his fingers slightly harder into her, earning a small moan and her pulling his face hard down onto hers, and feeling her tongue dive into his mouth.

After a little while of rubbing her and having her grind against his hand, Harry felt the hot, wet flesh under his fingers give way slightly, his middle two fingers seeming to slip into a extraordinarily wet and smooth area where his hand had been. He stopped for a moment not sure what to do next, Hannah however never stopped and when Harrys fingers finally found their way past her lips, she pulled herself up on tiptoes as she seemed to try and chew Harrys face off. Harry felt his middle fingers slide over her, partly covered by her warm flesh. Feeding off Hannahs energy he carried on with his exploration of her, his palm rubbing into the small mound of blond hair, as his fingers worked their way over her pussy. Wondering how exactly someone was supposed to get their dick all the way in this he pressed slightly harder as he rubbed his fingers in her, it was only he let his fingers slide all the way down that he finally felt the end of his fingers slide inside her a little bit. Her opening far lower than he had expected, having found the top of her wetness he now followed it down to its prize.

Not able to move his hand fully while reaching around to grab her arse, Harry brought his left hand up rest on her hip as with his right he proceeded to fully explore every part of Hannah Abbot he could get his hands on.

Having never seen a girl naked before, let alone get a seemingly all access pass to ones love rug Harry found himself almost panicking at what to do next. While beyond happy with the way his spur of the moment decision to confront Hannah had gone, he didn't want to make a fool of himself, and turn the rumours from Casanova, to Crabb.

Thinking that so long as Hannah didn't stop him he was on the right track he let his right hand slip from where it had been making small circles in the wet patch they had revealed, he pressed lower following her wetness until he felt his middle finger slip inside her again. Where before it had only gone in half a knuckle before he pulled out, not sure what to do, this time he continued to press, making small circles around her wetness he could feel his finger slip in up to the knuckle then almost half way up the next before he felt he thighs tighten on his hand, their warm and softness stopping his hand.

Her thighs held his hand there for a moment before slowly relaxing, during this whole time she never stopping in her furious snogging of him, her tongue taking a full tour of his mouth. While she seemed to be able to focus on more than one thing at a time, Harry was all but standing there with his mouth slightly open letting Hannah have her way with him as all his concentration was on his hands.

As her restraint on his hand relaxed he left his finger there for a moment longer before slowly withdrawing it, what he wanted to do was bring it up to his face to sniff it and maybe taste it, but he was sure Hannah wouldn't that that well.

He left the very tip of his finger resting at her opening, not wanting to give up his exploration, thinking to try something different, he worked his other finger in with his middle, rubbing a slow circle in her wetness. Then as he had done with his middle, this time he brought both finger down and pressing tried to press them both in her. Where one had slid in like it was made to, as he tried with two finger he found his middle finger sliding forward but the other couldn't work its way in. Pressing harder still he Hannah let out a small gasp that was not one of the pleasant sounds she had made before. Not willing to give up Harry brought both fingers up and down her slit for amazingly hot pussy before once more pressing down, this time though rather than sliding in right away he pressed lower, feeling the flesh come together a bit lower and the her soft thighs touching on either side he he managed to move his fingers on top of each other rather than side to side and again pushed, this time having the feeling of her soft, wet, hot flesh surround both fingers.

Yet again Harry found his arm and wrist bent in a awkward position, but considering he was two fingers deep in a girls pussy for the first time in his life, he hardly noticed apart from the limit on his range of movement.

Not able to move his hand as much, Harry settled for slowly pressing his fingers inside Hannah's pussy. Feeling a lot more resistance with both his fingers, he was hardly past the first knuckle when he felt her thighs press down on his hand again, putting a stop to his entry. This time when her thighs let go of him he felt her pull away from him slightly causing both his fingers to withdraw and his wand to hang loose, the tips of his fingers still wet from her.

"I think it's your turn Mr Chosen One." Hannah said gesturing to Harry.

Harry who like every boy on the planet, thought there would be nothing sexier than a fully naked girl, one that was letting you have your way with her, was finding the half-naked Hannah so extraordinarily erotic, that his mind actually felt slightly fussy, almost like he was dizzy.

In the soft white light of her wand, Hannah, her black Hogwarts robes open at the front, her a size to small white bra pushing her exceptional breasts up and together and oozing out of the top, and her panties discarded on the floor, leaving her (In Harry opinion) perfect pussy in full view with its little neat triangle of hair, gave the single most erotic sight Harry thought he'd ever see. Somehow the bra that he had been trying to think of a way to get rid of added to the effect not lessened it. That however, did not mean that Harry did not intend to see it gone.

While Harry knew she had been the one to make up the rumours about them, and that she undoubted had wished for it to be at least partly true, suddenly felt rather self-conscious. Did he just open the front of his robes like Hannah had, his cock almost painfully tenting his boxes, stand there in his dirty black shoes and dirty white top (He was at least thankful he had showered after the Quiddich practice), he thought himself a considerably less erotic sight than Hannah, even with her few extra pound sitting on her legs and sides.

Thinking that the least he could do is focus her attention on one thing at a time Harry with considerable false bravado gestured to himself "You were the one making up stories Abbott, I think it's time you did some first-hand research" The feeling of being simultaneously aroused and nervous was causing him to feel slightly off, and not at all how he would want to feel in this situation.

Hannah however seemed to enjoy the challenge "Oh is that right? Did I get some... personal details wrong." she teased.

"Only one way to find out." Harry said with a barrow full of false bravado.

Stepping forward once more Hannah seemed to have added a considerable sway to her walk, standing just half a step from Harry, he had to stop himself from reaching out towards her again, but this caused him to now be conscious of where he was putting his hands, he couldn't fold them or he would block her and dropping them to his side he felt like a bell end, he settled for putting them on his hips in what he hoped made him look confident.

The boys robes being a little different to the girls and naturally undressing someone made you do everything with the opposite hand you used on yourself, Hannah fiddled for a moment with the top clasp of Harry's robe, before managing the other four clasps much quicker, and with a final flick, threw Harry's robes open. Having just come from practice and intending to go to bed fairly soon after Harry had just slipped into his shoes without bothering with his socks, he was however thankful he happened to have on one of his tidier pair of black cotton boxes, he, like most muggle raised wizards had adopted the style of not wearing anything under his robes but undergarments after a few years at Hogwarts, his long sleeved white shirt though was more of a light grey color, even the house elves couldn't revive all of Dudley's old cloths to presentable state.

From the looks of it, Hannah hadn't really looked at much beyond his obviously tented boxes; he couldn't help but think to himself 'it's just like a magical tent, bigger on the inside.'

"Ohhhhh I was out of my panties already." Hannah said with a playful whine, still not looking up from Harry.

"Yeah but I was the one who got them off, it's not my fault if you don't plan ahead." Harry joked back relaxing a little now that Hannah hadn't so far laughed at his half undressed state or looked at disappointment at his size.

"And how far ahead did you plan?" She asked with a wicked smirk, looking up for the first time since she had undone his robe.

"As far as those girls." He said nodding at her chest "Then I somehow lost my train of thought." he added with a grin.

"Oh and here I am still with my bra on, seems your plan didn't go as planned."

"I got distracted." Harry replied, suddenly wanting to bring his finger up to his mouth, but not sure what Hannah would make of it.

"I know the feeling." Hannah said shamelessly staring at Harry's tented boxes.

She reached forward and rubbed the palm of her hand over the end of Harry's cock, covered by the black woollen boxes. Looking up at Harry and holding his gaze she reached for the elastic waist band and tried to pull them down. She however came across the problem that if she had had a bit more experience, she would have seen coming, as she pulled down one side, the waist got caught on Harry's cock. Looking down at the problem, she suddenly seemed a lot less sure, and bringing both hands to his waist, tugged them forward and down a bit, causing Harry's cock to wave slightly, freed of the boxes it had been restrained in since their adventure had started.

For the first time since he had tracked Hannah down, he wondered how experienced Hannah was, she seemed confident, but then again he had tracked her down and basically told her that he wished the stories of them fooling around in a broom closet were true, and she must have known as one of the first girls in their year to mature, more than a few boys had had their eyes on her, or parts of her. But then her handling of his member when they were making out hadn't been particularly great, but for all Harry knew that's what other guys liked.

But the way she was staring down at his cock, his boxes pulled down just below them, like her panties had been when she first disrobed, made him think that maybe this was the first time she was up close and personal with a boy.

Neglecting the boxes that still clung just below his cock, covering his balls, she grasped his cock in her hand, very gently at first, then when she felt just how hard it was her grip tightened, her thumb playing over the end of his knob that was just slightly wet from their pregame fondling.

At the feel of her hand on him he wanted nothing more than to grind his hips, making her hand move along his shaft, his right leg twitching with desire to have her pleasure him.

Harry couldn't see her face as she was looking down at her hand around his cock, he could feel her thumb caressing him while her grip remained tight on him.

Taking her distraction Harry brought his hand up to his face, the two fingers that he had used to explore Hannah's pussy under his nose and gently sniffed them, taking in her scent. Surprised by the scent and not at all like the giant squid he heard had heard some of the seniors saying in the past, he touched his fingers to his lips, his tongue tentatively touching the tip of his fingers before he moved his fingers past his lips, taking in the taste that clung to his fingers.

He had been so absorbed in the new olfactory sensation that he didn't immediately notice Hannah looking up at him, their eyes met over the top of his head, his middle two fingers still in his mouth.

Hannah raised an eyebrow at him, and desperately trying not to blush or act like a caught child, he just continued to lock eyes with her, refusing to remove the fingers carrying her taste.

After a long moment where neither looked away, Hannah placed one of her hands on his chest and lowered herself down to her knees. Harry could barely believe what was happening, and was desperately trying to stop his right leg from trembling, in a combination of nerves and excitement. But the half-naked Hannah Abbott, kneeling before him, his erect cock less than three inches from her face was almost too much for him. On his way from where he had overheard Blaise and Sally-Anne talking about Hannah's story of them fooling around, he had played with the idea of her blowing him, but he had never really thought it was going to happen, maybe they would snog and he could feel up her breasts a bit, but to go from there to her kneeling in front of her, sans panties and her robe wide open providing him a better view of her breasts than he had had all night, was about as perfect of a result as he could have wished for.

Looking up at Harry again, the tip of his cock hardly an inch from her chin she reached forward without looking and pulled his boxes down the rest of the way, Harry quickly kicking them to one side which caused his cock to sway slightly and actually hit Hannah lightly on the nose. Not able to help himself Harry grinned down at the sight.

Hannah, looking down from Harry, reached out and grasped his cock, holding it steady in front of her, she seemed to study it for a moment, her eyes running from the tip down its length to its base in Harry's dark hair. Tentatively leaning forward, in what was almost a mirror of Harry tasting her musk, she slightly parted her lips, and almost kissing it, took the end of his cock between her lips. Harry wasn't sure what was better, the feeling of Hannah's soft lips around his knob, and the gentle feeling of her tongue pressing forward between her lips. Of the sight of her, kneeling in front of him, cock in hand and mouth, breast slipping out of her bra, her pussy which he had now felt and tasted nestled between her legs as she sat on her heels.

Trying his best not to thrust forward at all and let Hannah take her time, Harry ran one of his hands through his hair pulling at it slightly as a release of the tension building in him. Without thinking his other hand went to her hair, playing with it and winding it around his fingers. Hannah seemed to find encouragement in this as she went from tentatively tasting the end of cock to taking it fully in her mouth, her lips dropping over the end of his knob and sliding down a little further, he could feel his hot wet tongue on the underside of his shaft, moving slightly from side to side, as if she wanted to taste every inch.

While the feeling of her lips and tongue on him was amazing, Harry couldn't help but move his hips forward slightly, desperate to feel her move along his shaft.

Even though she was grasping the base of his cock while her other hand rested on her leg, Harry's move forward did catch her by surprise. Her lips meeting her hand around the shaft of his cock, he felt the end of his cock touch what must have been the roof of her mouth. She sputtered slightly, suddenly pulling back and letting his cock, now wet, hang before her.

"Sorry," he said suddenly, letting go of her hair.

"T'ss ok." She said smiling. Nothing tentative this time she opened her mouth wide and took his cock into her mouth until her lips were about half an inch from her hand which had gone back to his shaft.

Holding himself back from moving, Harry closed his eyes and took in the feeling on Hannah working her tongue around his cock, her lips pressed firmly around his cock. She let go of his shaft with her hand and placed it and her other hand on his hips, her fingers gripping the sides of his arse. She seemed to take a breath, his cock still fully in her mouth before she moved her mouth lower down his shaft. He could feel her lips moving down his shaft, her tongue nestled under him, warm and wet, but after less than an inch he felt his knob touch the top of her mouth again, she seemed to cough once more but didn't pull back, instead pressing harder, his knob sliding a bit further along her mouth, this time causing her to shudder, she coughed her whole upper body shaking for a moment as if she had breathed in a glass of water rather than swallow.

"Sorry," they both said at the same time. Glancing up at Harry, Hannah laughed grasping Harry again by the shaft, this time not bothering with lips, her tongue ran from the base where her hand was right up the shaft and did a few twirls along the knob smiling "I guess the rumours were true."

Harry had never heard anything better in his life.

Turning back to his cock she took the end of it in her mouth again, this time working her tongue on it as her head bobbed slightly, her lips moving maybe half an inch up and down his shaft. Harry would have loved to have had her take more of him in her mouth but he didn't want to choke her again, and looking down at her bobbing on his cock, her breasts squeezing out of her bra, Harry quickly lost any form of disappointment and enjoyed the moment.

Hardly had Harry relaxed into the moment than he felt the beginning of the end. He didn't know if he should warn Hannah but he didn't want her to stop so he put one hand gently on the side of her head took a deep breath and felt himself cum, Hannah had been on a downwards slide as the first of Harry's cum shot into her mouth, it was the sensation of it hitting the back of the mouth more than anything that caught her off guard, she had had a taste of it as his precum had been on the end of his cock when she first tasted him, but the difference between a few drops of precum and a load of it shooting into her mouth caught her off guard despite knowing what was probably coming.

She drew back on reflex, but having actually fantasised about this, and even told stories about it, she managed to stop herself at the last moment, her lips barely around the tip of his cock and several more hot streams fired right onto her tongue, the taste magnified by its position and quantity. Not really wanting to savour it any more than she had to she tried to swallow the load in her mouth, but as her lips were still around the end of his knob this also caused her to suck out the last of the cum from his cock. Thinking that she had done enough and not sure how much more would come, she released his cock and sucking her lips in slightly proceeded to try and swallow the taste out of her mouth.

Harry looked down at Hannah, her head tilted down slightly and her lips pulled into her mouth slightly and took her demeanour for embarrassment "That was amazing." He said to her, his hand still on the side of her head slightly tangled in her hair.

Having swallowed the cum and run her tongue around her mouth a half dozen times she looked up at Harry Potter, the Chosen one, leader of the DA and thought it worth a lingering taste in her mouth.

"Not so bad yourself Harry, I bet there aren't many girls who could handle all that." She flirted, running the tip of her tongue along her lips.

"That would be telling." Harry replied, although he was exceptionally happy with how the night had gone he now felt just a little silly, his half flaccid cock drooping in front of Hannah as she was still kneeling in front of him. "But I can say, not many girls have your features." He said dropping his eyes for a moment to take in her still covered breasts.

Hannah grinned up at him, even after having Harry cum in her mouth and swallow his load, even after having him finger her and grind on each other in a storage closet, having Harry say he fancied her body still made her swell with pleasure.

Seeing Harry member was on its way down, she thought it best to stand back up, her legs slightly cramped from having been kneeling on the hard floor. She put a little extra bounce in as she stood to face Harry and smiled to herself when his eyes strayed down to her chest. Usually she wouldn't appreciate someone staring, but she thought them a little past that.

"And poor old you didn't even get to meet my best friends." She playfully teased, running her fingers over the material of her bra.

Still feeling slightly odd standing half naked, his cock now flaccid in front of a half-naked Hannah Abbott "Well It's never too late to make new friends." Harry said happy to finish off the night on another high.

"Brrr." Hannah shivered exaggeratedly, making her chest shake while at the same time beginning to draw her robe closed "But it's so cold in here." She teased.

"Well I'll have to make sure you stay nice and warm." Harry played along, stepping towards her and sweeping his arms around her inside her robe, pulling her tight up against him. She was soft and warm, his hands seemingly by themselves drifted down her back to cup her arse, her body pressed up against his, he briefly considered ripping his shirt open but Hannah seemed to have had the same idea a moment sooner as she hooked his fingers around his top button and pulled all the way down, popping buttons off and sending them raining to the floor. She seemed momentarily surprised that he was wearing a plain muggle shirt but quickly dismissed it as she pressed herself up against his bare chest.

Lips' meeting again it was several seconds before Harry remembered what she had been doing only a few minutes ago, he froze wondering if this was normal, if he was essentially tasting his own dick right now. Not really wanting to make out with her right now but betting that if he told her he didn't want to kiss her cum mouth he wouldn't get at here sweater puppies he kissed her back but tried to keep his lips together and not think about where her tongue had been.

Moving his right hand up from her arse he traced it up her spine until he came to her bra strap. Knowing that it was most likely a partial sticking charm like many witch made clothing items and knowing vaguely how they worked he worked his finger under it and pulled outward. The strap stayed taut despite his effort, running his finger along the length of the strap from one side to the other in the hopes of feeling some sign that the bra separated there, he hadn't noticed that he had essentially frozen in place while kissing her and that she was smirking at him.

Seeing that Harry was distracted she darted her tongue out and quickly licked across his lips before saving him "Never undone a Camille bra before?" She asked innocently.

"Not this make." Harry replied 'or any other' he thought.

Hannah turned on the spot; from behind with the Hogwarts robe opened only at the front you wouldn't even know she was mostly naked now. That soon changed as she rolled her shoulders back and the heavy black robe along with the lighter white blouse dropped to the floor. Once again Harry was struck by the odd, almost unbalance nudity, of having her lower, more intimate parts bare to the world, a very faint tan line, hardly a shade between her naturally pale skin and the slightly pinker skin of her legs and back, and the white bra clasp, around her back and over her shoulders, its pure white material standing out in the dim wand light filling the small room.

Reaching up behind her Hannah slid two fingers under the strap and pulled down slightly, and with no visible clasp or catch the strap separated in two and fell to either side, the bra still momentarily held in place by its shoulder straps.

Turning around to face Harry, Hannah stood still for a moment considering where she was and what she was doing, and if this is something she really wanted. Seeing Harry's gaze on her body, knowing the effect she had already had on him, and knowing what every witch and wizard in Great Britain and most of the world knew, that this was Harry Potter, the Chosen One, destined to save them all, who had already faced who knew what and was still standing before her, mostly naked. Hannah knew yes, this is exactly what she wanted, what she had thought about, what she had already told people she had already done.

Facing Harry, she dropped one shoulder causing the strap on it to slide off, as it slid off her shoulder, her breasts which did not seem to want to stop growing (Along with other parts of her unfortunately) finally fell free of their prison. Brushing the bra off her other shoulder where it still hung limply she fought her urge to cover her chest with her arms as she saw and felt Harry's gaze take in every inch of her now fully nude form.

Harry was surprised to see that when Hannah dropped her bra, her breasts that had been held high and together by the bra dropped and fell apart quite a bit, large pink nipple, slightly bigger than a sickle and quite a lot bigger than most that he had seen in pictures greeted him, rather than standing out firm and perky like they always seemed to whenever he saw girls around Hogsmead in more casual clothing in summer. Her breasts seemed to drop slightly, as if they couldn't support their own size. That was one thing he couldn't complain about, they were every bit as large as he had thought, bigger even than many of the pictures he had seen, and being a teenage boy, that was more than enough for him.

Remembering how the last year several of the then 6th and 7th year boys had been talking about the different girls and how they bet they tasted Harry was eager to see which of them had been right, if it was peaches or Butterbeer or even Chicken like Fred insisted all puffs tasted like.

Harry stepped towards her again, kissing her ear and slowly working down her neck, still conscious of avoiding her mouth if possible. But with both his free hands he cupped and caressed her breasts, savouring the sensation he was sure most guys in his year, and probably the years above and below had at least once imagined.

As he fondled her breasts, experimentally squeezing them and probably not giving them the most expert treatment possible, Hannah slipped her hands inside his robes and running her hands across his chest to his shoulders pulled his robe and shirt apart. Harry feeling her trying to disrobe him as he fondled her quickly dropped his arms and all but threw his robe and shirt aside, now both teenagers fully naked in each other's arms apart from their shoes. Harry was taking in the amazingly soft flesh of her breast, softer than any other part of her, and he had felt it all, but he was drawn back to her nipples, although much larger than he had expected, he couldn't stop rolling the hard centre nub between his fingers, once causing Hannah to squeak with discomfort but for the most part seemed to welcome his attention. Kissing the smooth skin of her neck Harry got lost in the feeling of her, while his left hand stayed on her breast, he allowed his right hand to drift around her, running down her back to grab her arse, feeling the soft but firm flesh of her backside and revelling in the contrast. After a while he slid his hand around to her sex once more, eager to feel its heat. As he first touched it he was surprised to feel it not as wet as he had left it, his fingers playing over it, from her neat tuft of blond hair down to where her thighs meet. Rubbing a bit harder he finally felt his finger once again slip past her pink flesh into the smoothness he had found before, still wet although not as much as before, Harry ran his middle finger along it, savouring the feeling and wondering how girls could have so many different parts, so different but each so amazing.

As Harry had been exploring her body once more Hannah had for the most part stood there with her head tilted back, eyes closed, enjoying the feeling of Harry's lips on her neck and hands on her body, her hands drifting up and down his back from his neck to his lower back, occasional going down to squeeze his bum but for the most part enjoying the feeling of his hands on her.

Thinking how many girls would want to be in her position right now, or at least want to, want to be here, she thought she should make the most of it, it wasn't every day you had the saviour of the wizarding world before you, and while this wasn't how she expected this to go, she wasn't going to complain.

Dropping her hand down Harry's back she gave his bum another squeeze, enjoying the dramatic difference between his rather taut body and her rather more... soft one, not that he seemed to mind. She ran her hand across his hip to grab his member. She had seen it up close, tasted it even, something she would never have thought possible (despite telling people it had in fact happened) a few hours ago, now she wanted her own fun with it. Having just made him cum little more than ten minutes ago she was a little surprised when she went to grasp him that his cock, which last she had seen was hanging limp under its brush of dark hair, was standing forward again, not quite as high as it had been when she was sucking him, but certainly on its way there.

She ran her hand along its length, feeling the difference between the softer head and the hard body; she could feel veins running along it and one thick one running along its underside. She let her hand run down its length, the knob running along the inside of her wrist as he reached its base, the top half disappearing into his dark curly brush while the underside seemed to go on for a little bit.

Harry, still grasping one of Hannah's breasts while the other hand stroked along her moistening pussy, was working down from her neck kissing and nibbling, intent to finally find the taste of her breast when he felt Hannah start stroking him again. Pleased that he was again hard, feeling odd being around a naked girl with a floppy he took encouragement from her touch and dropped his head down to her breast. In one move he rolled his tongue out, swirling it around her large nipple before taking its nub between his lips and sucking, like he had on his fingers after he had entered her for the first time. He was surprised to find they didn't taste like anything at all, just a faint hint of the soap the house elves used on their cloths. Surprised he quickly explored the whole breast almost comically licking at the whole thing as if it were an ice cream before moving on to the other, intent on finding a scent or flavour.

Somewhat surprised and a little disappointed he quickly recovered as he found himself with his face between Hannah Abbott's considerable sized breasts. Kissing them again he leant his face in a little, enjoying the soft flesh giving away for his nose and chin, soft and warm and impossibly smooth.

It was when Hannah reached down and grasped his balls that his came up for air, he rested his mouth in the nape of her neck as he felt Hannah play with him.

She had run her hand all the way down the underside of his shaft until she came to his balls. Although she had seen them as she sucked his cock, her attention has mostly been on the job she was doing and had not paid them a great deal of attention, thinking them not especially attractive. Now however, with Harry nibbling at the breast and fingering her pussy she was quite enjoying the feeling of having his balls in her hand, a small smile appearing on her face and the situation.

Hannah soon let them go and ran her hand back up his shaft, his thumb once again playing over the end of the cock, a small drop of pre-cum moistening the tip.

'May as well see if we can get all the way' Harry thought to himself, enjoying himself but not wanting Hannah to finish he again by hand as she seemed to be heading towards.

Sliding his finger slowly out of her pussy he trailed the moist finger around her hip and joined by his other hand down to her arse. He pulled her tight towards him, feeling her naked and still wet breasts pressed against his chest, his cock, now rock hard pressing against her belly, his hands squeezing her arse as he tilted his head down to claim her lips, forgetting all reservations.

"I want you." He said, the first and only thing on his mind.

Hannah looked him in the eyes for a moment before nodding. Looking around the small room she settled on the small desk or shelf that was at waist height. Not wide enough to lay on she walked over to it and sat on it facing Harry, and after only a moment's hesitation opened her legs towards him.

Needing no other form of encouragement Harry took two steps towards her, his cock momentarily resting against her belly, which now that she was leaning forward slightly with her legs up, looked a quite a bit larger than it had when she was standing.

Harry looking down at his cock bent his knees slightly so the end of his cock was just in front of her triangle of hair, then pressing forward a bit he felt his knob press hard into bone, trying again he bent his knees looking down at his cock now right over her pink slit, he pushed his hips forward, but his knob just slid up her slit and lay against her small bush.

Starting to panic slightly Harry lowered himself again wondering what he was doing wrong when Hannah grabbed him in her hand and held him still for a moment, then pressing down she pushed the tip of the cock right to the bottom of her slit, Harry could feel it wet and hot against him, hardly able to help himself he pressed forward, this time blessedly, the end of his cock disappearing between the folds of pink flesh which had parted for him.

Letting out a breath he didn't know he had been holding Harry leaned forward, eager to have his whole length in her. He was however hardly a third deep before Hannah pressed a hand against his chest and her thighs tight against his legs. She was biting her bottom lip with her eyes half closed, obviously in discomfort if not pain.

'That can't be all' Harry thought looking at his cock, the part that had disappeared inside Hannah was throbbing with pleasure, the sensation better than he could have hoped for. But he thought something must be wrong if he couldn't get even half of himself in her.

"Slower Harry." Hannah said softly, her thighs lessening their grip in him and her hand going up to rest on his shoulder.

Harry shifted in place, moving his standing position closer to her, as he did Hannah picked herself up off the table slightly with her free hand, as she did Harry felt himself slide out of her a small bit before going even deeper than he had been, and smoother. Thinking that might be how to do it, Harry bent his knees, feeling himself slide out and watching as this now wet cock slowly came out of her pussy, her pink lips hugging his shaft like her mouth had been before. Then he pressed back in, deeper than before until he felt her resist, and again sliding out of her, savouring the sensation of her hot wet flesh sliding across him. Harry had been watching himself enter her, but he felt Hannah's hand under his chin looked up at her, as he did she leaned forward to kiss him. Harry depended the kiss, but also continued in his mission, sliding almost all the way out, from where he had been almost half way in, he placed one of his hands on her thigh, his fingers resting on her arse while the other was on the wall behind her for support, he

slowly but firmly pressed in her. He heard her take several short quick breaths before letting it out slowly. She opened her eyes to look at him, feeling him inside of her, touching her and staring into her. While she would have held the moment for longer Harry had no such patience.

Placing his forehead against hers as he gently kissed her on the lips, he looked down to see most of his cock had gone inside her, he could see her pink lips around the base of his shaft, almost touching his black brush. The feeling of his cock surrounded by her flesh was amazing, and he was having to stop himself from thrusting harder into her although he did find his arse tensing moving his cock back and forward slightly adding to the sensation of her pussy around him.

Finally giving into his bodies desire he allowed himself to slide out of her briefly before thrusting back inside, never dropping out more than half way, every thrust caused his cock in her to throb and he knew he wasn't going to last long but he was completely unable to stop himself, his body almost on auto pilot as his hips thrust forward into her every time he slid out.

Hannah was still bracing herself, one hand on the bench the other on Harry's shoulder, she was not really able to move but could feel it as Harry's thrusts into got a bit faster and harder, she was about to put her hand on his chest to slow him again when she felt him thrust forward and stay there.

Harry had felt the same feeling when Hannah had sucked him off before this time though it somehow seemed more intense, with a final thrust he looked down again to see his cock deep in her again, the base of his cock glistening wet.

This time as he came he could actually move with it, every spot causing him to rock a little deeper in her, his head fell to the side of hers and resting on the wall and he felt the end of her orgasm, even after he had shot his second load, this time inside her pussy, he continued to grind into her, her cock still throbbing with each thrust.

Hannah felt as Harry came inside her, his whole body shaking slightly before resting against her, his breathing hard in her ear. She could feel his cock inside her throbbing, she wondered briefly if he was still cuming and how much was he unloading in her now. Harry stayed leaning against her, his head against the wall for a while, Hannah running her fingers up and down his back, occasionally causing him to twitch when she went over somewhere ticklish. She could feel his cock in her soften then slowly he stood up and back, slipping out of her. As he did she felt wetness drip out of her and down his arse. Squirming slightly at the sensation she ignored it as best she could as she looked at Harry Potter in front of her, his naked body damp with sweat, his cock still partly hard and glistening with a combination of their fluids. She wanted to touch her pussy which was feeling very tender but not with Harry looking at her, she'd wait till she could slip into a bathroom somewhere. She'd also need to liberate a leaf of Athena's bane from the potions locker in the next few days. While Hogwarts didn't have sex-ed like some of the muggleborns said they had had before coming here. It was common knowledge among the students what herb they could take. The potions supply cupboard always seemed to have a good supply of it despite only being used in very few rare potions, probably the school's way of dealing with an issue by not dealing with it.

"That was..." Harry started before becoming completely lost for words.

"Yeah." replied Hannah smiling at him. Still more than happy with how the night had gone, after all, how many girls had taken the Chosen one in a Supply Closet?

Please let me know what you think!

***Chapter 2*:**

Chapter 2

Defeat

Harry sat on the bench in the changing rooms, sounds of the crowd outside gone, the rest of the team either back in the common room or in the hospital wing. He supposed he should go pay Katie a visit, but after the game they just had, he was sure she would forgive him for not showing up.

Ravenclaw won 320-210 even with Harry grabbing the snitch. Within the first three minutes of the game, Peaks one of their Beaters, (more likely former beaters now) had beaten a bludger away from Ginny right into the side of Katie Bells head. The loss of their most experienced chaser, threw them into a spiral that Harry hadn't been able to pull them out of. Eventually grabbing the snitch to stop the humiliation.

Hardly a word was spoken in the changing rooms after; Peaks had disappeared from the pitch without bothering to return his broom or change, handing his gear off to the other beater before vanishing.

The team had departed, only Ginny commenting on Harry grabbing the snitch from under the Ravenclaw goal. Harry wasn't sure how long it had been since then, his watch was in his school robes hanging up, he didn't wear it during matches.

He knew it must be late in the afternoon, sunlight flooding in the small square windows high in the wall and through the L shaped entrance.

Harry wasn't sure if it was the change in light as a figure blocked some of the light coming from the entrance hall, or if he heard something, but he rolled his head slowly to the side, very much not in the mood to talk to anyone.

He saw someone standing in the entrance, but with the light shining in behind them he couldn't see anything beyond their silhouette. Wondering if Ron or Hermione had come to find him, or if Peaks had snuck back in thinking everyone had left Harry just stared at the figure.

"Hi Harry." A female voice greeted. Harry couldn't immediately place it, not Ginny or Hermione, nor Hannah who he had carefully watched since their encounter earlier that week.

"Hello." Harry responded, squinting slightly into the bright light.

"I didn't see you up in the common room." She rushed out, almost tripping over every word "So I thought I'd come see you after the game. No one had seen you since so I thought you might be in here, and you are." She quickly babbled out.

He was still not able to place the voice, but Harry had a pretty good idea of who it might be "Hmmm." He voice noncommittally, not really wanting to be drawn into any form of conversation with them.

"So, uh, good catch." She continued, either missing or ignoring his apparent bad mood.

He looked at the silhouette for a moment longer before letting his head rock back against the wall and staring at the locker he had been looking at for hours.

"I think it just amazing you managed to hold the team together after what happened, and then to catch the snitch on top of it, you'll be seeker for England for sure!" She gushed stepping further into the changing rooms and out of the light.

Not looking directly at her as to deprive her of any form of positive feedback he did see out of the corner of his eye, that his guess had been right, Romilda Vane.

"You could see Cho was so angry, not even shaking hands with you, how bitchy!"

She stepped almost directly in front of him so he had no choice but to look at her. While wearing the standard winter Hogwarts robes, hers seemed a little more tailor made than most, or she had modified them. The hem a good few inches higher than school rules, and the front opening, where a white blouse was usually visible under the collar, was cut considerably wider. They also somehow seemed to be actually holding some form of shape, something the notoriously unflattering robes never did.

"It's a shame the Weasley twins aren't still here, I just know you would have smashed them then! Not that you couldn't without them! Just that Peaks was so..." She trailed off seeing Harry was hardly paying her attention.

"So anyway... I thought I'd just come and see if there was anything I could do for you." She finished bouncing on her toes slightly, apparently somewhat nervous without her crowd of supporters following her around giggling.

"Do you have a time-tuner?" Harry finally responded wanting to get rid of her.

"Awhat?" She asked, obviously put off by such an odd question.

"A time traveling necklace." Harry snarked at her, just wanting her to go.

She seemed to ponder his question for a moment before bursting into a bright smile "It doesn't time travel, but I do have a lovely necklace."

Surprised she even answered Harry looked up at her standing a few yards in front of him. She reached both hands up to the neck line and deftly undid several of the top buttons of her blouse, her robe already hanging open almost to her midriff.

"Like it?" She asked leaning forward slightly, she had undone her blouse several buttons lower than necessary and was holding the blouse open. She had on a simple silver chain with some form of bird charm on it. Not especially nice, and certainly not on a chain long enough to require her to undo so many buttons, Harry realised she was probably wasn't showing him the necklace. Pulling her blouse open as she was, Harry could see more than a small amount of her cleavage and even the top of her peach coloured bra.

"Small." He responded bluntly. Although his mind had been filled with little apart his late night adventure with Hannah ever since it happened, Harry knew it wasn't going to happen again, and certainly not here and now. Romilda didn't know him at all and just wanted to be seen as the Chosen Ones girlfriend.

His blunt assessment of her seemed to take all the confidence out of her. Not buttoning up she did pull the edges of her blouse together and clasp them under her chin with one hand.

"Small?" She echoed quietly back at him, her voice trembling slightly.

"You thought it special?" Harry quipped; being in a vindictive mood after the day he had had, and thought maybe he could be done with her annoying infatuation with him for good with a little tough love.

"It's also how you use it though isn't it?" She replied, apparently she had more resolve than he gave her credit for. Then again, she did stalk him by herself down here. She let her hands drop and her top fell open a bit again, although not revealing as much as she had been.

In no mood to carry this on Harry stood up for the first time in hours.

"I'm having a shower." He said walking past her to the shower block pulling his crimson Quiddich robes over his head as he walked "Feel free to join me." He said mockingly.

He tossed his robes onto the top of the wicker hamper in the corner and strode into the shower block, cold grey stone walls with half a dozen shower heads spread around the room, gutters in the stone floor leading to a drain in the middle of the room. With only two small windows high on the wall

and being mid-autumn, the perpetually damp and chilly room caused his breath in front of him to frost as soon as he stepped into the room.

Kicking off his shoes and socks and slipping out of his underwear he tossed them on one of the wooden benches and stepped under of the shower heads, the water activating immediately at the perfect temperature, almost scalding hot to start with, but after a moment to get used to it, perfect for washing away grime and relaxing knotted muscles. The room filled with billowing clouds of steam within moments, Harry was content to stand under the hot water, his hair for once plastered down across his forehead, the water streaking down his back and legs filling the drains. He didn't bother reaching for some of the hard yellow soap that Hogwarts provided in all their bathrooms. He knew the girls quite often brought their own from home or Hogsmead, but Harry, like most of the boys just used the yellow bricks provided.

Enjoying the feeling of the heavy rain beating on him Harry was in no hurry to actually shower and head up to the castle, to the unwanted commiserations (and condemnation when it came to McClaggen) of his house mates. He had just turned around, allowing the water to beat into his front when he heard one of the other showers activate in the room.

Even with the thick clouds of steam in the air and without his glasses he could still make who had just stepped under the shower head not 3 meters across from him. She was facing the back of the room, presenting a profile to Harry; currently her head tilted back slicking back her now wet hair.

Where Hannah had been all soft lines, curves and plumpness, Romilda was lithe, with hardly an unnecessary curve on her. Her head dropped back to let her hair fall away from her face and her back arch slightly, Harry could see the profile of her breasts, like he had harshly criticised back in the changing room, they were small, but unlike Hannah's, they were standing out straight from her chest, a small mound ending with a dark nipples. Her stomach was flat and smooth, dipping in where her ribcage ended, running down flat and smooth to her legs. Unlike Hannah, Romilda had a dark tan everywhere but her breasts and arse, the small white patches of skin contrasting with the rich tan which gave her a Mediterranean look usually.

Her arse was small and pert, barely a bump between her back and shapely legs. And although he couldn't see from his view point, Harry was fairly sure Romilda had no patch of hair on her. Her legs were somehow her most enticing feature, long and lean and tan, tapering down to her feet which finished in bright blue coloured toe nails. Her contrast to Hannah couldn't have been greater had she known it, yet despite thinking of little else but Hannah and their broom cupboard tryst, his reaction to Romilda was almost instant.

Romilda raised her head back up from where she had been letting the water beat down onto her face. She had dark smudges around her eyes that Harry at first took for bruises before realising it was her makeup running. Reaching up she grabbed her long dark hair in both hand and pulling it over her shoulder, twisted it around a few times squeezing some of the water out of it and letting it sit across her chest, one of her nipple poking through the dark curtain of hair.

Opening her eyes she looked right at Harry, the water now running down his back as he had unconsciously taken half a step forward. His hair plastered over his forehead hiding his famous scar, his cock almost standing at full attention despite him having only been aware of Romilda for less than half a minute. She quickly gave him the once over, trying to look casual, but her eyes jumping to his erect cock half a dozen times in a few seconds.

She turned to face the far wall, turning her back on him, Harry noticing her back had no tan line at all and her bum had just a very small triangle of white skin 'must be one hell of a bikini she wears' he thought catching a sight of her pussy between the legs.

Romilda had grabbed one of the hard yellow bars of soap, apparently coming unprepared with her own when she had sought to find Harry. Harry could see her working it across her front, the water just barely raining down on her arse and legs as she had stepped out of the water to reach the soap.

Turning back to face Harry, both breasts and her flat tanned stomach now with swirls of soap suds covering them, she looked right at Harry, although her gaze continued to flick down to his cock "You said I could join you." She said trying to sound confident and seductive, although her hand holding the bar of soap dropping to cover her pussy when she noticed Harry looking at her lessened the effect.

Harry could hardly believe what was happening, he had thought his encounter with Hannah had been a random, fantastic fluke. While he didn't think he was going to date her, he had planned to have several repeat performances across all of Hogwarts with her. Now after one of the worst Quiddich defeats he had ever had, less than a week after he had lost his virginity, he was again facing a completely nude, exceedingly sexy girl who was apparently willing to track him down across all of the castle and its grounds, and follow him into the showers after he had been such a dick to her.

If he had been thinking clearer, he would have worried that Romilda was obviously slightly obsessed with him. But there was a soapy, naked girl in front of him, and he wasn't thinking with anything but his dick.

"Then what are you doing over there." Harry said looking her dead in the eye, willing his eyes not to stray across her body.

Romilda's expression changed from what she intended to be sultry (but had looked more than a little nervous) to a full face grin in a split second. She practically skipped the four steps over to his shower, but on the last step slipping a bit of the wet floor and falling into Harry.

He caught her around the waist, her hands flew up, one around her neck the other grasping his left arm, she could feel his erection pressing into her stomach and quickly jumped up and back a step mortified at her clumsiness. She looked as if she was about to cry, switching from nervous, too happy too devastated so fast that even in his current state Harry thought she was a bit unbalanced.

"Sorry," she said covering her face with her hands. She went to turn away from him, suddenly embarrassed; goose bumps had sprung up all along her arms as she was standing out of the hot water of the shower.

Harry grasped her around her hips, his hands easily grabbing right around her thin waist and pulled her into his shower. The water now cascading down her front she dropped her hands from her face and looked up at him.

When she told her friends back in the common room she was going to find Harry since he didn't show up after the game, they had giggled and imagined her consoling him after his loss, him resting his head on her shoulder, she would brush the hair away from his eyes and then they would kiss, the romantic fantasy of more than a few girls in the castle.

In her group they all talked about romantic encounters and picnics by the lake, while with her best friend Libby at night time in their dorm they often talked about much less PG13 rated encounters, Midnight encounter in the Astronomy tower with nothing between them but a blanket, skinny dipping in the great lake, making love in the floral greenhouses. The changing rooms after a Quiddich loss were not one of them, though it certainly could have been.

She smiled up at Harry, blinking a few drops of water out of her eyes as more sprayed onto her face as the water hitting Harry's shoulders was spraying her in the face. She looked down at Harry's hands on her waist still, his thumbs resting on her stomach as his long fingers wrapped around her, a few resting lightly on her bum. Not that she was looking at his hands so much as his erection that was pointing up at her, stopping merely an inch away from her stomach.

Seeing she was just staring down at him and seemed to be a bit frozen Harry gently pulled her towards him, his cock brushing against her stomach then sliding up her as she leaned forward, her face lifting up at the last moment. She was blushing slightly, although it was hard to tell with her complexion, but was now smiling, her face splitting grin she had had when Harry invited her over.

Leaning down to kiss her he pressed his lips into hers while at the same time sliding his hands from her waist down to her arse. Whereas Hannah had been softness and curves, Romilda's arse was firm; wet as it was, when Harry squeezed it his fingers just slid right off snapping closed. With the soap Romilda had already lathered herself with along with the hot water, their bodies slid across each other, her petite body and small breasts, his lightly muscled torso with just a line of dark hair running from his naval down to his dark bush.

She squeaked a bit in surprise as she felt Harry's hands explore her arse, one finger running down the line of her arse all the way between her legs where he could just feel the folded flesh of her pussy, water running down it onto her legs.

She was surprised by Harry's boldness, but taking confidence from it she reached down between them, her hand easily slipping between their wet bodies and grasped with cock as it pressed against her. Excited by Harry's touch, by their shared nudity and by the fact that her most desired fantasy was happening she eagerly tugged on Harry's cock, eager to please him. But after only two strokes she felt his hand on hers stopping her, opening her eyes she saw him look frustrated, her mood again rapidly swapping to mortified at the idea of her idol being upset with her.

He took her hand under his and slowly stroked it along his length the way he had wanted Hannah to do as she was cranking on it. Taking encouragement from him she continued the motion as she leaned back in to kiss him, but she couldn't stop grinning which made the kiss somewhat awkward. She couldn't help but focus on his hands on her, while she slowly stroked his cock, still unable to believe she was in the shower naked with "the" Harry Potter, she could feel his hands, one sliding across her arse, running over it and down her crack, feeling his finger pass over her arse then onto the underside of her vagina. Every time the end of his finger brushed against it she shivered slightly and stood up on tip toes, encouraging him to go further.

His other hand was working along her side, from her thigh, up her side and then working over one of her breasts, his thumb and finger working over one of her nipples. Despite his comment on them before being small he seemed to be enjoying them, he had probably just been angry about the game and that tart Cho.

Unable to reach around from the back, Harry swept his hand across her side and quickly ran his finger down into her pussy, he slid over the smooth skin above her sex and found the bare skin that ran flawlessly from her tone stomach down especially exciting. Remembering his time with Hannah he pressed firmly over the line of flesh he found there, feeling the flesh give way and his finger sliding down the hot wet flesh. Wasting no time he ran his middle finger down until he felt it dip inside her, he wasn't sure if it was the water and soap of the shower, or her, but with little effort on his part he slid his finger almost up to the second knuckle. As he did he felt Romilda's arm around his neck pull hard as she rose onto tip toes, obviously not expecting his rapid and deep entry.

Looking her in the eyes, his finger still inside her as the other grasped her side, its thumb playing over the side of her breast he asked "Ok?"

Romilda hesitated for a moment before nodding at him. Neither she nor her friends knew if there was, or had been anything between Harry or Hermione or Ginny, or even Cho for that matter, but even if there had been she hadn't expected for him to be forward.

Harry while enjoying Romilda's body and its contrast to Hannah's, he was ready to seal the deal. Sliding his finger out of her pussy he brought it up to his mouth and put it in all the way up to the knuckle tasting her musk. Romilda's eyes widened at the unexpected act before grinning when Harry smiled at her.

He put his hand on her hip and led her over to one of the wooden benches lining the room. Spinning her round and sitting her down on the bench she smiled up at him as his cock hovered just a few inches from her face. But before she could think of what to do next he dropped to one knee in front of her, parting her legs with his hands he dropped his face between her legs and tasted her sex. Licking along the line of pink flesh, Harry remembered what he'd done with his hands, and pressing in harder, managed to get his tongue between her lips and onto the soft pink flesh underneath.

Romilda was surprised by the sudden action, leaning back on the cold stone wall, her back freezing as Harry Potter licked her pussy after he had sucked her juices off his finger was about the last thing she had expected. Feeling his tongue explore her, she placed her hands on his head, running her finger into his usually messy hair. She would have given anything for a camera right now, her sitting with her legs spread wide as Harry Potter on his knees before her licked her pussy in a steamy shower room.

As quickly as he had dove down on her he stood up again, and leaning down he kissed her, one of his hands cupping the side of her face as he deepened the kiss, pressing his tongue into hers. Just as suddenly he stood up tall, his cock once again hovering inches from her face.

Taken by surprise by his sudden turns, first going down on her, then kissing her with her musk still on his lips (she wasn't sure what to make of that) and now standing in front of her, his cock, standing hard from its base in his dark bush right in front of her.

She didn't have to think twice though after looking up at his smile, grasping his shaft in her hand she kissed the end of his cock, then as she and Libby had spoken about many times, and read in the magazines her older sister had given her, she slid her lips down his shaft, her tongue slowly rolling from side to side. She was surprised to not notice any taste like the magazines said there usually was. While one of her hands grasped his shaft she brought the other one up to his waist, then sliding it across his front reached down and gently cupped his balls. Remembering everything the magazine had said, she lightly held his balls in her hand, finding the feeling of them odd, and slowly rolling them in her fingers. As she did this and slowly worked her hand on his shaft she slowly drew her lips and tongue over his cock, every so often stopping for air but disguising it by kissing the end.

After only a minute of this Harry put his hand on the side of her head and stood back slightly "Fucking hell Romilda." he said taking a deep breath, his cock bouncing slightly as he did "That was fucking amazing" He breathed.

Romilda looked as if someone had just told her the Weird Sisters were playing a private concert just for her.

Taking another deep breath, he stood next to where Romilda sat on the bench and put one knee up on it. Romilda knowing what was happening scooted along the bench slightly and brought her legs up. Placing one on the side of Harry's leg and while the other hung over the edge of the bench, her foot just brushing the cold stone floor.

Harry seeing Romilda position herself for him leaned over her, placing one hand by her right shoulder he leaned over her, one of his legs kneeling on the bench between her legs, the other on the stone floor. Looking down he slid himself a little further down until his cock was just above her parted legs, he reached down with his left hand, and positioning himself low on her and leaned his hips forward.

Taking it slowly this time he felt the end of his cock pass her lips, they parted for him as his knob slid slowly into her. Pausing there for a moment he looked up at Romilda, who had raised her head and was looking down at where their bodies were now joined. Seeing him stop she looked up at him only to see him looking her in the eye grinning, she bit her bottom lip lightly, seemingly embarrassed having been caught looking.

Harry, still looking her in the eye, pressed forward with his hips and slid further inside of her. Romilda took in a short ragged breath as he slid deeper into her, her eyes fluttering closed for a moment.

Harry let her have a moment, enjoying the feeling of her hotness around him, marvelling that within a week he had had his cock in two pussies. Not pressing any deeper he ground his hips around, feeling different textures and pressure of her pussy as he shift from side to side.

Seeing her open her eyes and look at him again, he raised an eyebrow at her before looking down at where he was entering her again. He could tell she had raised her head to look as well, so with a final slow push of his hips pressed all the way inside her, his dark brush pressing up against the pale white flesh of her untanned pussy.

They both looked up from their joining at the same time, eyes meet and smiled. Harry, eyes still locked on Romilda's, slid out almost to the tip before plunging back in again, the rapid movement causing her to gasp, but after hardly a second she slapped her hands down on Harrys arse.

Taking that as a go, Harry again slid out before again plunging balls deep. Now though, everytime he slid in, he slid back out less, eventually barely moving at all, instead as he was deep inside her he ground down on her, shifting his hips from side to side, and positioning her legs, he managed to change his angle a bit and come in from lower, almost slipping out fully in the process.

Within a minute of starting his grinding, their hips joined hard together, he felt his end coming.

Somehow in all of this he hadn't lost track of who it was he was fucking or that she had essentially stalked him down here. Not really willing to trust her with anything beyond a place to get his dick wet, right when he felt himself about to cum, he shifted himself down, slid out of her, his cock briefly slapping against the wood of the bench before bringing it up against her stomach. Still rocking into her he ground his cock hard into her, with her still wet from the shower, and his cock covered in their juices he cock slid easily along her stomach.

Romilda felt him pull out of her, the loss of the sensation of him inside her surprised her. She was going to ask if something was wrong when she felt his cock against her stomach, thinking he had just slid out she was about to slide up the bench to help him get back in when she felt something hot land on her front just under her breasts, then again and again as she felt Harrys cock push into her belly.

Looking up at him she saw his eyes were closed and he looked to be concentrating. Not able to see well from her position she moved a hand to her stomach and felt something there, moving her hand up to her face she saw a white liquid on it and realised what had happened. Not sure what she felt about that, she assumed Harry just didn't want her to have to worry about finding any Athenas Bane, if they wanted to get any at all that was.

She brought her thumb up to her finger covered in his cum and rubbed them together feeling its texture.

"Taste it." She heard Harry say. He was still leaning over her; she could feel his cock resting against her, its end still wet on her belly.

Remembering Harry tasting her, and thinking this must be what people did (despite not reading it in any of her magazines) she brought her finger to her lips and sticking out her tongue just a little bit tasted it. Pulling back slightly from the taste she could see Harry watching her, not wanting to disappoint him, she put her digit in her mouth and sucked, trying to get most of it to the back of her mouth and not on her tongue.

Harry looking down at his cock covered in a mix of fluids, and her belly smattered with the same Harry looked at Romilda who was still sucking the finger looking up at him.

"I think we need another shower."

Thank you for reading, please leave a review, what do you think of the action? To much build up? Not enough?

Ideas for future partners or situations?

More chapters coming!

***Chapter 3*:**

Back for another chapter, please drop a review if your enjoying the story or want to suggest partner or situation.

Chapter 3

Shindig

Harry was in one of the storage cupboards on the fifth floor. He was on his way from Gryffindor tower to one of Professor Slughorns dinner Parties. He had been relieved to not find Romilda in the common room on his way down. After their encounter in the changing rooms he had managed to convince her that they couldn't be seen together in public, it was just too dangerous for her and he didn't want her to get hurt. He was sure she had told her friends as their level of giggling had seemed to have reached new levels, but he hadn't noticed or heard rumours from anyone else, and he assumed Hermione would have mentioned if she heard Romilda gossiping about him.

But as he made his way down the hallway to the main stairs he ran across her coming up the stairs, a book tucked under her arm. Silently cursing himself for taking the main way and not one of the secret passages he had greeted her casually.

Somehow between her fawning over him and his insistence that he was already running late for the Slugclub party he had found himself in the nearest storage closet, with his dress robes open and Romilda on her knees in front on him making small moaning noises as she sucked his cock.

Not even trying to hold himself back, Harry, with one hand braced on the wall in front of him, was breathing deeply as he slowly moved his hips forward in time with Romilda's rhythm. The soft sound of wet sucking loud in the otherwise quiet room, Harry picked up his speed when he felt his end coming. After just a few minutes, including her playing with his balls and member to get him hard, Harry came. His fingers wound into her slightly wavy hair, he had pulled it out of its pony tail as soon as she went down on him. He felt her continue to suck on him even after he had spent his load, the sensation of her hot wet mouth on his softening member suddenly very intense.

After letting her go on for half a minute he stood back, his cock coming out of her mouth with a comically loud pop as she had still been sucking it, almost as if she had been trying to suck out every last drop of cum he had. Her hand still lightly grasping his balls she lightly rolled them in her hand one last time while looking up at him. Running her tongue over her lips she grinned up at him, seeing his eyes still closed and leaning into the wall slightly.

"Mmm." She moaned "Just as good as I thought." After racing back up to her dorm Saturday night and pulling her best friend Libby onto her bed and drawing the curtains, she excitedly told her what had happened between her and Harry. Hardly able to believe it they talked well into the morning about what happened and what she should do next, Libby went and got her pile of magazines supplied by her older sister and together they devoured every article on "How to please your wizard." So it was that Romilda confidently looked up at Harry, licking her lips again like they had said to. While prepared for it, and having a small taste of it from their adventure down in the changing rooms, the experience of having him cum in her mouth was still a surprise. The hotness and taste hard not to react to, if she and Libby hadn't of read all the articles on it, she doubt she would have been able to not pull back or spit, something they said you mustn't do.

Harry quickly pulled his boxes up and doing up the front of his dress robes he put his hand on the door handle to the small storage room they had occupied.

"Glad you liked it. It would probably be for the best if we weren't seen to close together for a bit, we don't want the Slytherins to try anything with you to get to me." Harry said just before stepping out into the corridor, leaving Romilda to head back up to Gryffindor tower.

So it was that he arrived at Professor Slughorns party fashionably late, all the rest of the students already there along with many of his special guests, most former members of the club themselves.

Grabbing a pastry off one the tray being offered around by white clad servers Harry quickly took a bite before making his way over to the Professor, hoping to seem as if he had been here for some time.

"Professor." he greeted coming up next to the rotund Potions Master "Lovely party, you obviously have a lot influential friends."

"Harry my boy, so good of you to make it! I see you have one of Frau Grobers lovely pastries. You know she has won Witches Weekly baker of the year 4 out of the last 7 years!" He exclaimed waving his own around.

"Let me introduce you around my lad, some very important people here, you could find your future employment here tonight!" He exclaimed, Harry assumed that if he did, he would become Slughorn's new favourite story.

Slughorn proceeded to drag Harry around to several of his most important guests, junior members of the Wizengamot, journalists, academics, ministry workers and sports stars, one of the latter being Gwenog Jones, Beater and Captain of the Hollyhead Harpies.

"A pleasure to meet you." She said shaking Harry's hand.

"You too." Harry replied "I read about your game against Puddlemore, twenty fouls in half an hour, impressive, I don't think even the Gryffindor vs Slytherin matches have managed that."

"Oh I think we got close once, you Gryffindor's were always so easy to provoke." She laughed sipping her drink.

"You played for Slytherin? I'm surprised you got enough experience winning to play pro." He quipped back at her.

"Ha, we were 5-2 against you little kitty cats during my time here. Although if you were playing then we might have had more of a challenge from what I hear."

"That would be great, I don't think anyone on your old team has what it takes to go pro." Harry said taking a flagon from a passing server, it was honeyed mead, and very strong by the taste of it.

"Yes I hear the current team is rather lacklustre, I hear their seeker has only caught the snitch 5 out of 12 games."

"Please let me get one of the journalists around here so they can quote you on that." Harry laughed.

"Oh a little vindictive, I thought you Gryffindor's were supposed to be gallant and noble." She chuckled.

"Oh we are." He replied offering her a small bow "May I refill your drink."

"Why Mr Potter, are you trying to bet me drunk." She teased.

Having just got a running blow job from one of the hottest girls in his house not twenty minutes ago Harry was feeling rather more cocky than he would have otherwise been "I hardly think I need to get you drunk." He replied looking down at her robe which was split up one side, showing a generous but tasteful amount of leg.

She laughed and handed him her cup without another word.

Harry ditched his half-drunk mead as he went over to the small bar set up on one side of the room "Another mead please and a Sirens call." He asked when the bartender finished serving an almost emaciated looking man a crystal goblet filled with something that looked very much like blood.

As he stood at the bar waiting he noticed Hermione deep in conversation with one of the academics Slughorn had introduced him too, something to do with making sure unplotable charms stayed up to date with muggle surveying technology. It looked like they were the only two people in the room to find it interesting. Slughorn had said he was a shoe in for the New Year's honours and probably an Order of Merlin Third Class.

Taking the drinks from the bartender he made his way back to Gwenog "Your drink." he said dipping his head "Is there anything else I can offer you this evening?"

She smirked at him while obviously checking him out "Not yet."

They slipped into a comfortable chatter, about Quiddich, her time at Hogwarts, Harry giving the public and abridged version of some of his adventures that had made it into the paper. Every so often Slughorn or another would come by, introducing some late comer, all very important and well connected, several offering their services to Harry. Gwen seemed to be impressed at the many famous and well connected people tripping over themselves to help Harry.

"My my my aren't you Mr Popular tonight." She commented after Avarice Compton, the owner and proprietor of the largest apothecary in Great Britain had just offered his services to Harry.

"You should have been here last year, I was a glory seeking show off with delusions of grandeur."

"And now?"

"Now they are too polite to say it out loud."

Gwen laughed finishing off another drink "The papers don't do you Justice Harry, with a wit like that you should have been a Ravenclaw, or better yet a Slytherin."

"The dark décor of your common room would just depress me." He said finishing his own drink off. Gwen took another two flagons of Mead from a passing waiter, passing one to Harry without even asking.

"Well isn't that interesting, a Gryffindor knowing the décor to the Slytherin common room. Have you been fraternising with the enemy." She questioned slyly.

"Now that would be telling." He replied taking a sip of his mead, he was already feeling a bit drunk after three meads. He had to give Slughorn credit; he went all out for his parties.

"Hmm be that way then, but I'm sure you don't know all of our secrets, there is more to Slytherin house than meets the eye." She said.

"I think I may know more than you expect." Harry rebutted.

"Well let's see." She said standing up straight, she adjusted her robe slightly showing a little more leg "How about a bet, I tell you one of the secrets I know about Slytherin House, you tell me yours, and the loser has to show the winner their secret." She offered.

"You sure you want to play this game with me." He offered her an out, knowing that someone as competitive as her could never drop a good challenge.

"Oh are you afraid you might lose?"

"Oh no, just being gallant as always."

"Ha very well then, I'll go first." She said stepping forward slightly and leaning towards him "For the last 140 years Slytherin have had their own private potions lab in the dungeon, one of the old heads of house set it up for them to insure his house was always top of the school, it's behind a hidden door past the common room." She whispered.

Harry was somewhat impressed; he hadn't really expected her to have much, with the Marauders map he thought he knew pretty much every secret Hogwarts had. The fact this room wasn't on it, meant his father or the Weasley twins hadn't even found it.

"Well that is impressive." He whispered back to her raising his glass in a toast "But I think I may just have you beat."

"Oh really, I somehow doubt you know anything as big as that, Slytherins aren't even told until third year to make sure the lower years don't blab to their friends about in."

"Oh it is impressive, I'm looking forward to you showing it to me, I might even be the first non Slytherin to ever see it." He answered confidently. Leaning forward so that his lips were hardly an inch from her ear he whispered to her "I know where the entrance to Salazar Slytherins Chamber of Secrets is and the corpse of his monster I slew in my second year."

Gwen turned to face him, their faces still inches apart. She looked at him incredulously, before remembering all those headlines in the daily prophet several years back.

Harry couldn't help but laugh out loud as he watched her expression go from smug, to incredulous to defeat.

"Now I believe you have a potions lab to show me."

Harry and Gwen slipped out of the party, it was still in full swing and people were coming and going as the nearest bathrooms were one floor up.

Slipping down one of the side passages down by the potions corridor Harry recognised the route he had taken years ago to the Slytherin Common room.

Passing by the entrance they hadn't run in to anyone, it being well past curfew for all students not invited to the party.

After another two turns past mostly storage rooms and empty vaults they came to a stretch of barren stone wall.

Stopping in front of a totally non-descript part of the wall Gwen spun to face Harry and gestured with her hand "Your prize, you may very well be the first non Slytherin to ever come here, I hope I can trust your future discretion."

Harry looked at the wall then back at Gwen, a cocked an eyebrow at her "Remarkable." He said dryly.

She just smiled at him before turning to face the wall "Wit beyond measure." she said, the stones of the wall shifted, suddenly a doorway appeared, almost identical to how the one separating the Leaky Cauldron from Diagon Alley formed.

Gwen entered followed by Harry, torches sprung to life as they stepped in and the door melted back into a featureless grey wall.

Inside were numerous wooden benches, cauldron cradles and chopping boards, the walls lined with supplies and blackboards.

"Wit Beyond Measure?" Harry asked.

"Who would suspect it to be the passphrase to a secret Slytherin lab?" She responded, jumping up to sit on one of the tables.

"Using other houses for their own self-interest? I think a few people may believe Slytherins capable of such things."

She tutted at him, taking another sip of her drink "This hostility towards Slytherins is very unbecoming of the Chosen One."

Harry jumped onto the bench across from her, his legs dangling above the floor "Yes well it's a flaw that's helped me quite a bit over the years." He

remarked thinking of all the times he had avoided being tripped or hexed by Slytherins.

"Well in the spirit of House unity, I feel as if I should change your opinion of my old Alma Mater."

"Well I am rather fond of your House losing to me every time at Quiddich, so that's a start."

"Well that's too bad" Gwen replied "Because I don't lose."

"Neither do I." Harry said slipping off his table and picking up his drink.

He walked over to stand in front of her, she was almost the same height as him, but sitting on the table she was a good four inches higher than he was.

Raising her flagon of mead she clinked it against his "To winning."

"To winning." He echoed and took a drink, seeing that she was watching him over the brim of her own flagon he continued to drink, both of them downing their flagons. Gwen managed to finish hers a moment before Harry and slammed it down on the table next to her.

"Never lose." She announced raising her fist in the air.

Harry placed his empty flagon next to hers "I believe you lost the bet to show me this place"

"I didn't lose." She replied.

"I think the mead is going to your head, I distinctly remember you losing to me."

"I let you win, a forfeit at the best." She said reaching out and wiping a drop of mead that had rolled down Harry's chin.

"Oh really, and why would you do a thing like that?"

Gwen didn't respond, she just brought her thumb with the mead she had wiped off Harry's chin to her mouth and licked it off, never breaking eye contact with him.

Running her finger along the inside of her flagon she offered it to Harry.

Already more than a little drunk Harry took half a step towards her, and not breaking eye contact with her, licked the mead off her finger, his tongue running up the length of her finger.

"Naughty." She remarked.

"Anything for House unity." he said, resting one of his hands on her leg which had slipped out of her robe up to her thigh.

"What admirable school spirit you have, I think it deserves another toast." She removed her wand from the inside of her robe and twirling it above her empty flagon made a stream of pale white wine pour into the flagon.

She dipped her finger in the wine before offering it to Harry again who took the offered digit in his mouth. Stretching out her leg that was showing through her dress robes she let the high heeled shoes she was wearing hang loosely from her foot for a moment. Bringing the flagon of wine to her thigh she slowly tipped out some of the wine on to her leg, the wine running down her leg onto the stone floor.

Raising an eyebrow at her as she just looked at him, the only sound in the room the wine dripping off her leg on the floor, Harry broke eye contact with her and bent over, placing his lips on her thigh he tasted the wine, dry and slightly bitter, mixed with her own taste, soap and maybe some kind of crème or oil. Following one of the rivulets of wine, he let his tongue glide down her leg his hand sliding down its other side. He ended on her ankle, his tongue on the bone that jutted out the side of her ankle.

Gwen smiled down at Harry, crouched down in front of her, his tongue still on her ankle, sucking at the last few drops of wine to trail down her leg.

Pouring some more wine she brought the flagon right up to where the split in her robes were, splashing some onto her dark blue robes before bringing the Flagon up to her lips. She mock saluted Harry with it before knocking back the rest of the wine, being conjured it wouldn't get her anymore drunk, but that wasn't really the point.

Rather than wait for the wine to dribble down to him Harry grabbed Gwens leg and placing it on his right shoulder, he quickly trailed his tongue up her leg as he stood up, Gwen being forced back onto the table she was sitting on due to her leg being raised up.

The trail of wine that had been rolling down her leg rapidly changed course to now run up her leg, her dark blue robe had fallen down slightly, its wet hem clinging to her where it had gotten soaked in wine. Placing his right hand on the outside of her leg, he ran it along her leg up to her hip pulling the robe back with it. Her skin was warm, smooth, and under it he could feel her muscles shift as he moved his hand along it. Years of playing Quiddich having toned her body to the point of athletic perfection.

Following the trail of wine down Harry didn't look up as he trailed his tongue up her leg now. Her robes bunched up near her waist Harry could see Black Panties with a slight lacy edge to them, where the wine had flowed all the way back it had darkened the edge of the panties, where thigh met pelvis. Not stopping Harry brushed his tongue along her panties, they were textured, rough, but with a pattern he couldn't see in the light, not that he cared. Locking his lips on where the panties had been soaked in wine, he sucked. The taste of the wine mingling with something more, richer, musky, he managed to catch them in his teeth, pulling them up for a moment, before having them snap back down, Harry getting a brief glimpse of the pale white skin underneath.

Gwen had fallen back when Harry had pulled her leg up over his shoulder, her head spinning from the sudden movement coupled with the wine and mead she'd had. She had enjoyed talking to Harry tonight, Merlin knew there were enough rumours about him to fill a book, but his easy going attitude mixed with their talk about Quiddich and Hogwarts had taken her back to her time here, a little over ten years ago. Harry's tails of sneaking around after curfew and secret passages was undeniably exciting, even to her. It reminded her of late night trips to the Slytherin lab with her boyfriend in their seventh year.

She didn't know if it was the wine or Harry's undeniable appeal, but when she challenged Harry to their little game, she was hoping he would win and she could relive her Hogwarts years one last time.

She had thought being over a decade older she assumed she would be taking the lead. But as he grabbed her leg, pulling up her robe and diving head first into her panties, sucking at them so hard she could feel her pussy pulse with excitement, she thought maybe she had underestimated him.

Harry had a heady rush of alcohol, and the subtle musk of Gwen as he sucked at her panties. Still sucking at them he reached down and grabbing her left leg, he pulled it up as well, throwing it up onto his other shoulder. Pulling his face back he ran both hands from her knees right down to her panties, letting them explore as much of her as possible, she legs were toned, smooth, and with a light tan from her time in the air.

Resting both hands on her hips he let his fingers squeeze into her arse a bit, hooking a single finger around the hem on either side. Looking up at Gwen he saw her looking at up at him from her prone position with a look he most associated with hunger. She was biting her lower lip and he could feel the muscle of her legs tensing against her neck.

"What are you waiting for, an written invitation?" She challenged, tightening her legs and his neck briefly, trying to pull him forward.

Harry pushed back, and without and preamble, pulled her panties down her legs in one motion, Gwen lifting her arse off the desk, when he got the panties to her knees he couldn't get them any further with his head between her legs. Grabbing one leg and lifting it higher, Harry managed to pull her panties off past her high heels and throwing them into the corner of the room.

Dropping her leg back onto this shoulder, Harry only had a brief moment to admire the view before him, a perfectly smooth pussy with a wide tan line stretching from hip to hip, before Gwen managed to shift her legs, and pulling down on Harry neck, forced him face first into her pussy.

There was a smacking noise as Harry literally had his face slapped into her pussy, his nose brushing against the smooth skin above and his mouth landing on her pink lips.

He could instantly feel the heat of her pussy against his face, its scent so like, but unlike Hannah or Romilda. He had just parted his lips, to let his tongue taste her when he felt her legs move behind him, her knees over his shoulder pulling him forward as the heels from her shoes pressed into his back between his shoulder blades urging him forward. His face was pushed hard into her, as he felt her hips grind up a bit, pushing her pussy into his mouth.

Pushing his tongue into her pussy as he felt her grind into his face he felt it slip between her lips instantly, her pink flesh already so wet he meet no resistance. He pressed his tongue in hard, letting it take in all of her sex, his nose pushed hard just above where her pink lips finished was full of her scent.

Gwen raised herself up by pressing down on his shoulders with her legs, picking herself up and causing Harry's face to slip down. His nose dropping into the wet flesh of her exposed pussy and his lips and tongue were forced lower. Pressing in with his tongue he could feel her opening, he ran his tongue around it eliciting a moan from her, she was still pushing hard on him, making it hard for him to actually move. He ran his hands down her legs again, his right hand slipping under her to cup her arse, while the other tried to push her robe up even higher or pull it apart, but it seemed to not open at the front like Hogwarts robes.

She briefly stopping grinding herself into his face when she felt his hand on her arse, dropping down she pressed herself down on it letting Harry feel her arse as he tasted her. She was like Romilda, firm and taut. His fingers working into her but unlike Hannah had very little flesh to really squeeze. His fingers caressing her, she moved her arse around on his hand, his fingers slipped into the line between her arse, as he did Gwen pressed down trapping his hand between the table and her arse, his finger working along her cress. She seemed to be grinding slow circles into his hand as her legs held his face in place. Harry wondered if he need do anything at all or if she'd just use him how she pleased, not that he minded.

As his hand worked her arse he continued eating her pussy, his nose had actually worked itself into her wet flesh, and he could feel it pressing against something hard at the top of her pussy as he licked around her entrance. Wanting to taste as much of her as he could Harry sucked hard, managing to grab one of her lips in his mouth and with his lips around it sucked on it. Gwen lifted off the table as he did her back arching and her legs pressing down on him so he was supporting most of both of them. Her arse which he had been fondling clenched up and trapped his fingers as she drove herself into his face.

After a long moment she relaxed slightly, but Harry not wanting to let go just yet, enjoying the feeling of her wet pussy pressed into his face, pressed up with his hand on her arse, his fingers slipping into her crack, not stopping he pressed harder and could feel his middle finger press on her arse, pausing for a moment Harry worked his tongue over her as best he could as he felt Gwen stiffed for a moment before pressing down on his hand. His hand on her arse squeezed into her as he felt his middle finger press onto arse. He could hear her panting, her hips moving so his mouth and nose were being ground into her pussy while his hand and finger were groping her arse. Not sure if she liked it Harry didn't press too hard on her hole, not sure if she wanted him playing with it. Fred and George had said all Slytherin girls had it up the arse since all the boys were benders, but he assumed they were joking, Gwen, however, didn't seem to mind too much.

Her legs had stopped pressing on him quite so hard, maybe tired in their position, but being a professional Quiddich player, he doubted a few minutes of grinding her pussy into his face would be enough to tire her out.

Taking advantage of his greater freedom, Harry worked his tongue along her, from right down where her pink lips joined just under her opening, to where his nose had been buried a moment before. Moving his more sensitive tongue across the area, he found what his nose must have been pressed against; right under where her lips meet at the top was a fold of flesh, as he moved his tongue along it he felt her tense up again, her legs pressing around him, her heels digging into his back.

He continued to run his tongue along the area, Gwen started breathing deeply, her hand reaching down to play with his hair but she could barely reach, as he was keeling in front of her table, face firmly buried in her pussy.

He dropped down again a bit to explore her opening, after a moment of licking his tongue around the opening and pushing it as far as it would go inside her, he noticed she wasn't grinding into him as hard as she had been. He rubbed his nose onto the fold of skin causing her to gasp softly, taking that this was what she liked, he pushed his tongue into her again before running it right up her smooth wet flesh and under the area he had found "Yes" he heard her whisper as he worked his tongue around the area, he sucked at it softly like he had to her lips, causing her to arch her back and drive her pussy into him hard, his hand still working her arse being left on the table. Letting go of her, she dropped her arse back onto his hand.

Remembering that what got him off when Romilda and Hannah had jerked him off was a steady rhythm, Harry went about working on the area, after a moment he felt her grinding into him softly, matching his pace.

As much as Harry was enjoying the experience and being able to work on a pussy up close for so long, he was thinking of standing up and having Gwen do him when he felt her rapidly pick up the pace. Her legs were pressing onto the side of his head in rhythm with her grinding into him and her breathing was coming in short sharp intervals.

Harry felt her legs lock hard onto him as she pressed her pussy hard onto his tongue. He couldn't see what she was doing but he heard her hold her breath for several seconds then gasping before dropping back onto the bench top. Her legs fully letting him go for the first time since he'd gone down on her.

"Fuck yes." he heard Gwen say. He stood up from where he had been crouched in front of her.

She was lying back on the table, her legs spread wide with her knees at the edge and her feet hanging off the edge, swaying slightly. Her robes were pushed right up exposing her pussy and most of her midriff, while her legs had a soft tan (Quiddich robes not providing great tanning opportunities, her pussy and middle where pale white, a faint tan line across her hips, as if she spent a bit of time in the sun wearing short shorts. Her pussy which he had been working on was glistening wet, in the torch light of the room, her lips and the area around it shinning. Her lips still pulled back and showing her delicate pink flesh underneath, one of the lips slightly swollen where Harry had sucked on it.

She was still breathing deeply, her eyes closed and head rolled to one side, Harry watched as one of her hands strayed down to her pussy and she ran a single digit over herself, from her entrance to the fold of skin Harry had found, she lingered on in for a moment before letting her hand fall to the side, leaving a wet trail behind.

Harry had been hard the whole time he had been working on her and now, seeing her laid back on the bench, legs spread wide with her glistening pussy staring him in the face and her musk literally dripping on his chin, Harry just wanted to rip off his robes and fuck her.

He placed a hand on her stomach and reached down with his thumb, he easily entered her, her wet pussy taking in his thumb almost greedily.

Gwen looked up from where she had been riding out the end of her orgasm, her little trip to the potions lab going amazingly so far. She felt Harrys thumb enter her, and saw him staring down at her, robes bunched up and legs spread wide, the prefect role model for young witches everywhere 'Fuck it' she though 'most of the young witches in Britain would probably love to be here now, I'll be sure to do them proud' she thought smugly.

Gwen sat up on the bench and with both hands pulled her robes up and over her head, throwing them onto the floor behind her.

Now in nothing but a black bra she stared at the Chosen One in front of her, his thumb still playing over her pussy 'well he seems to know his stuff, some of the witches around here have obviously got piece of him' she thought 'let's see if I can show him something new'

Harry however was in no mood for games, while over a decade older than him and both the girls he'd been with, Gwen was still exceptionally hot, lean and toned he could see the line of muscles in her arms and shoulders from her work as a beater. While Romilda had been young and lithe, smooth lines and rich tan. Gwen was somehow harder, the faint lines of muscles showing beneath her skin, her rich red lips full and sultry, she looked to have larger breasts than Romilda, although not Hannah, but being still trapped in her bra, he would wait to confirm.

At this point of time however, all Harry was concerned with was her pussy and getting his cock into it.

Gwen slipped off the bench and reaching down to her pussy rubbed two of her fingers into herself before bringing them up to Harrys mouth, he went to take them into his mouth but she pulled them away. Seeing Harry look at her questioningly she just smiled and pressed her fingers gently on his lips, she ran her hand down his chin and neck onto his chest and somehow managed to undo every clasp on the front of his robes in a single motion. Not stopping she brought her hand right down, and slipping into his boxes took a hold of him.

With her other hand she managed to brush his robes off his shoulders leaving him in nothing but a white under shirt and his boxes.

She had only stroked him a half dozen times before letting her hand slide even lower and cupping his balls. She rolled them in her hands, and with her

middle finger reached between him legs, rubbing the line between his balls and arse. Pressing harder on it she saw Harry go up onto his toes, sliding over his balls once more she slid the palm of her hand over him, pressing his cock into his own stomach, then grasping the elastic of his boxes, pulled them down him in one motion, letting them drop to his feet.

She looked down at his cock now freed of their garment and noticed that he was quite a nice size, and that he appeared to already have a smudge of lipstick on his cock already "naughty Harry, here I was thinking I was special" she thought with a wicked grin.

Harry quickly kicked off his shoes and socks and kicked them and his boxes aside, not wanting to fool around anymore he pulled his white undershirt off in one motion and tossed it aside.

He was about to step into Gwen, thinking to put her back onto the bench to fuck her when she put both her arms around his shoulders and jumped onto him, she got her legs around his middle so her pussy was pressed onto his naval, she had also managed to get over his cock which now pressed between her arse cheeks, the throbbing heat of it firm against her.

Harry stumble back a step grabbing the bench behind him before he could tip over, then, gaining his balance he steadied himself and letting go of the bench grabbed her arse.

He was a bit frustrated, having her pussy so close to him but still not fucking it, it could feel it hot and wet pressing against his middle almost like a brand.

Both his hands were on her arse holding her, she started to slowly grind her hips into him, making his cock move up and down her arse, its knob standing out behind her, almost pulsing with desire. Her pussy was rubbing slow wet circles into him, some of her wetness running down him to wet his dark brush.

He slid his right hand up her back, and feeling the back of her bra strap and no clasp like most magical bras, he hooked two of his fingers under it and like Hannah had done, pulled out and down, the strap instantly splitting in two and falling aside. He grabbed one end of it, and flicking it around her shoulder discarded their last piece of clothing, apart from her heels which he found rather sexy on her still.

Having stripped her of her bra, Harry bounced up onto his toes a few times making her breasts bounce almost directly in front of his face. He was right in thinking they were bigger than Romildas, with small pink nipples sticking out from her white flesh, apart from a light tan on her lower legs and arms, she was pale white, apparently covering up whenever in the sun, while Romildas stark tan line had been enticing, picturing her in a skimpy bikini, rubbing lotion into her. Gwen's pale nubile body without a trace of hair was then epitome of femininity.

He took one of her breasts in his mouth, and like previously with Hannah and Romilda, was a bit disappointed to not find another secret taste. Although with his cock pressing into her arse, her pussy still grinding into his stomach and sucking on one of her tits, his disappointment was somewhat mitigated.

Gwen reached back with one of her hands, and taking one of his in hers, moved it so his fingers were right above her arse his cock pressing against their hands, and with a finger over his, pushed his finger in her.

Harry felt her take his hand, and when she pushed his finger into her arse he was a bit surprised, feeling how different it was to her pussy. Tight with no give, he only worked the very tip of his finger into it, pressing against it as she ground on him. Every time she pressed hard against him he would press into her, sometimes making her gasp and arch her back, which given the position of her breasts in front of him, just added to the show.

Finally growing frustrated he stepped forward to the bench she had been on before, and grabbing her around her waist, body picked her up and dropped her on the bench, his cock catching under her briefly before snapping back against his stomach which was glistening wet from Gwens pussy.

Gwen sat at the end of the bench with her legs spread, breathing deeply, causing her chest to rise and fall with each breath. Harry took his cock in his hand, and placing himself right under her pussy, he pressed in and felt his cock slide in. Gwen leaned back, her arms propping her up she felt Harry enter her. She positioned her legs around his arse this time, and as she felt him enter her, she pulled him forward, causing him to slide deeper into her.

Harry managed to stand up on his toes as he felt Gwen pull him deeper into her, the bench was just a bit taller than his waist and he couldn't use get his whole length in her. Even with her pulling him in deeper with her legs he was only half in. But their position offered him the best view he had had in

the last few weeks. Him standing tall and naked, his cock inside an exceptionally fit and sexy woman more than a decade older than him, her leaning back, legs wrapped around him, her head dropped back and her chestnut hair cascading behind her, her breasts rising and falling with each breath she took, Harry timing his thrusts with them, making it look as if his cock was filling her to the point of her breasts rising.

He worked her like this, reaching a hand up to grab her breast as the other lay against her hip, his finger digging into her arse trying for some extra depth.

After a few minutes of having Harry work her pussy Gwen looked down at their bodies and saw Harry not able to fully enter her. Grinning knowing he still had more she let go of him with her legs and pushed him back with a hand on his chest.

Harry slid out of her and she took a step back, his cock, stomach and face covered in her musk.

Gwen slid off the table, making her breasts bounce for him on the way down, then winking at Harry; she turned around and leaned over the bench she had been sitting on, pressing her arse out to Harry, with her high heels still on it put in her in the perfect position.

Harry watched Gwen turn around and bend over, pushing her arse out a bit, from where he stood he could see her pussy still glistening wet and pink along with her arse. He was curious about if he could get his cock in there, he had heard some of the older guys talk about it but he had thought them joking, it would be a bit... messy. But then Gwen had made him play with her arse before, stepping forward Harry let his cock run along her arse, wet with her juice it slid from her pussy along her arse, sliding over it, then with his hand he brought it down, pressing it down over her arse feeling it press into her a bit, before he brought it down and slid it back into her pussy.

He was still enticed by the hot wetness of her pussy, as he slid inside her feeling her flesh envelope him; he thought he can try that another time. Now that Gwen was standing on the ground and Harry was just a bit taller than her, even with her in heels, he was able to slide his entire length into her, as he pressed in hard against her, grinding his cock deep into her until his dark brush was pressing into her, he felt the end of his cock press against something inside her and her gasp out "Ohhh Harry, not so deep" She said pulling forward a bit, as she did though her pussy seemed to tighten around him.

Harry slid back out half way and then placing one hand on her back and letting the other one rest on her arse, he fucked her from behind. After a few strokes Gwen started pushing back with each thrust, meeting him and making their thighs slap together in a fleshly slap, their whole mid-sections slick with their juices.

While slowly fucking her, enjoying the feeling of her pussy sliding down his cock as he slid out then wrapping around him again as he and Gwen pressed together, he worked his hand over her arse. Dropping his thumb to where his cock was in her, he felt himself enter her, his thumb becoming slick with their sex, then running it up her arse he waited until he slid out, coming out almost to the tip, then sliding back in and again pressing his cock deep inside her, he pressed into her arse with his thumb, the wetness of their sex allowing it to slip into her. Gwen gasped, feeling Harry's cock press deep inside her and one of his fingers press into her arse. Harry let his cock slide out partly, and with his hips moved from side to side, seeing how much he could move his cock while inside her.

Gwen turned her head to face Harry over her shoulder, flicking her hair over her shoulder as she did. She grinned back at him, he was staring down at her arse, which she now saw had the tip of his right thumb in it while he was shifting his hips from side to side, stretching her pussy more than it had been in months.

Seeing Harry was entirely focused on her arse and pussy she pushed up suddenly causing his thumb to push harder into her and his cock to slip out of her a bit more.

"You can fuck it if you want." She offered, shifting her hips along with him,

Harry looked up at the captain of the Hollyhead Harpies grinning back at him as she was bent over a potions bench while he fucked her from behind, his thumb playing with her arse and thought 'sometimes it's pretty fucking good to be me'

Looking down at his cock in her hot pussy he looked back up to her and grinned "I think I'll stay here for now, there's always next party." He laughed, and slowly taking his hand off her arse he slapped it lightly enjoying the smacking sounds.

"Sounds like a plan." She laughed and viciously ground her hips on him side to side.

Getting back into the motion, Harry slid his hand up her back and grabbing onto her shoulder started thrusting into her faster. The alcohol along with being blown by Romilda just before the party had let him last longer than he had with either of his other two girls. But now he could feel the end coming.

Gwen must have felt his change in pace or breathing because she seemed to push back on him harder, somehow avoiding having his cock knock against her inside, each time she slid forward her pussy seemed to grab his cock. Finally Harry pushed forward and grinding hard into her he felt his cock throb as he blew his load, his cock pulsing as Gwen continued to grind back on him. Finally feeling himself soften a bit he allowed himself to slip out, his cock already half down. As he pulled out he saw some of his cum mixed with her juice run down her leg and remember how they started.

"To interhouse unity." He said slapping her arse again.

Thanks for reading, remember to leave a review, they feed the muse!

***Chapter 4*:**

Back again, one of the last chapter that I have had to re post, Yes the old Story was posted under EroticS but I can't access that account anymore to remove the story, but this copy has been cleaned up and edited and has a few new chapters as well. Drop a review and thanks for reading!

Chapter 4

Locked in

Harry wondered down one of the aisles in the Library under his invisibility cloak. It was a few minutes until nine which was curfew for all students fifth year and up. He had come here looking for a text on the Confudus curse, its similarities to the Imperious, and the various laws surrounding it. It was considered one of the most heavily regulated yet still legal bits of magic recognised by the ministry. It was also the basis of Harry's first semester project for defence against the dark arts.

He had just finished thumbing through the titles in the section on befuddlement and baffling charms, the lesser cousin to the Confudus curse when he thought to check in the restricted section. While not technically illegal, some of the uses of the curse would certainly be, and thus texts on it could be in placed there. With his invisibility cloak he didn't even bother with a permission slip. Madam Prince had officially closed the Library half an hour ago and retired for the night.

Stepping over the rope separating the restricted area he looked up at the aisle markers 'Potions, Creatures, History, Rituals, Scrying, Divination, Dark Arts' Right at the back, Harry thought its placement odd, most likely put at the back to discourage people looking, it also hid anyone who did from any scrutiny. He strolled up the Charms section; his finger trailing over the spines of the books, seeing if anything caught his eye, the family of magic that affected the mind was probably one of the single most broad, ranging from potions, to charms, to the dark arts, its pinnacle the Imperius curse.

After making his way down one aisle then up the next briefly checking the area on dreams and illusions, Harry skipped the area on potions before stepping into the last row on Dark Arts.

He had just stepped around the corner when he saw he wasn't alone, half way down the aisle was Marrietta Edgecombe. She was leaning back on the stone wall, a rather thin book open in her hands, her curly brown hair was loose and had fallen forward as she leaned over the book, struggling to read it in the dim moonlight coming in the window.

Harry hadn't seen Marrietta more than three or four times since school started. From what little he had heard from Hermione, she had become something of a social pariah in her house, Cho, while still somewhat friendly with her, hadn't been as close to her after her betrayal of the DA. The rest of her classmates outright shunned her. The end of last year had been bad, being caught ratting on her fellow students was bad enough, but then having her face cursed to read "Sneak" had insured everyone knew it. Marrietta had been considered one of the prettiest girls in her year; it was just her friendship with Cho that stopped her from being most popular in her year. This year had apparently been much worse. Betraying her fellow students to Umbridge was bad, but most students would have moved on over the break if it wasn't for Harry Potter being anointed the saviour of their world again. Betraying him was unforgivable.

So Marrietta had thrown herself into her NEWTs, and, to finding a way to speed up the removal of her facial disfigurement. Madam Pomfrey had done what she could but said such magic couldn't be counter cursed away, only time would remove the full effects.

Harry, seeing she was absorbed in her book, carefully made his way down the aisle, making sure his invisibility cloak was covering his feet. Walking on the balls of his feet he made it to where Marrietta was leaning against the outer stone wall of the Library, a window just over her right shoulder letting in pale white moon light in. Facing her directly he could see her face now, faintly bathed in the dim light, the disfiguring spots across her face hardly noticeable beneath a layer of heavy make-up.

Seeing the book she was reading was on reversing dark magic Harry felt a pang of sympathy for her. While hurt by her betrayal, especially since he had been helping her and other against a threat few believed was out there, he hadn't really given her much though beyond that night. He could clearly see though, the devastation being associated with him was still causing her.

He made his way past her, being careful not to cause any noise in the dead quite of the library, the sound of her turning a page almost echoing down the empty aisles.

He had just reached the other end of the aisle when he heard the sound of a book being snapped closed loudly. Turning around he saw Marrietta, the book she was reading held tight against her front, he couldn't see her face from where he was but he heard her sniff.

Remembering how it was back in his second year, when everyone thought him the heir of Slytherin, and of ordering attacks on students, he felt overwhelming empathy with her.

Stepping back behind the corner briefly he slipped out of the cloak, folding it into its surprising small bundle he placed it inside his cloak and not really thinking much what he was going to say to her, stepped back around the corner.

Not wanting to startle her and cause her to scream, he deliberately scuffed his shoes as he rounded the corner causing her to look up suddenly.

She looked startled to see someone in the library at that hour, and scrunching up her eyes a bit as if she needed glasses, she let out a muffled gasp and her eyes flew wide open seeing who it was. Harry could see her eyes were red from crying, and the heavy layer of makeup plastered across her face was smudged where she had obviously wiped them dry. In the dim light, with the makeup, she was still a very attractive witch, she had had the lead in the New Year's pantomime every year until it was cancelled last year, while being second to Cho in most people's eyes, she was still the object of more than a few boys fantasies until recently.

"Hey Marrietta." Harry said stopping a few paces short of her.

"Harry." She replied, still slightly in shock at seeing him here.

"What are you doing out so late?" He asked pretending not to see the book she had or the section they were in.

"Oh just some last minute study, big Charms test tomorrow." She lied.

"Yeah same here, although defence for me, I'd hate to think how hard it is in your NEWT year."

"Yeah this year is a hundred times worse than last..." She suddenly stopped afraid to even bring up last year and Umbridge.

"Last year was a nightmare for everyone." Harry said, he noticed Marrietta suddenly looked terrified, almost as if she was afraid he was going to lash out at her.

"Look Marrietta," he said reaching a hand out to place on her shoulder, but she flinched back, bumping into the wall behind her "Look," he said again "Forget about what happened last year, it wasn't easy on anyone, and Umbridge was making all of our lives hell. I'm not happy about what went down, but we have to move on, there is so much more to be worried about now."

She didn't react for a long moment apart from taking a few breaths; he could hear her shuddering slightly on each inhale. Finally she took a final deep breath and seemed to pull herself up a bit and look him in the eyes "I am really sorry for what happened Harry." She all but whispered "My Mum was pushing me to help Umbridge since she worked for Fudge. She said she might get in trouble if I didn't. I held off for as long as I could, but she was writing me every day, she even got my little brother to write saying how upset Mummy is." She was almost in tears by the end of it.

Despite his new found confidence with woman, a natural side effect of having fucked three of them within two weeks, he still wasn't sure how to handle a crying girl.

He was reaching out his hand to put it on her shoulder again when they heard the sound of footsteps coming from deeper in the Library.

They both looked each other in the eyes briefly as if to confirm the other person heard it as well before looking down the aisle, expecting Filch to come around the corner any second.

Marrietta looked like she was about to run down the other end of the aisle, most likely making a racket as she did and getting caught. Harry usually didn't let anyone know about his cloak, the more people who knew the more would know to look for it if he ever really needed to disappear.

But remembering what Marrietta had just told him and thinking that she might just deserve a break after the shitty time she had had, he reached into his cloak, and flipping it out in a practiced motion, caused it to billow out, it flickering silver and grey as it blew in the still air of the library.

"Marrietta, in here." He whispered, grabbing her around the waist and pulling her against him. Not a first year anymore, the cloak was not really designed for more than a single adult; he had to pull Marrietta tight against him while he lowered his head down next to hers, to make sure the cloak reached the floor.

Pulling her with him he pressed against the wall, his back against the cold stone, his left arm around her middle pinning her left arm against her while her other had reached out to grab him by reflex. "It's an invisibility cloak, don't make any noise." he breathed into her ear, his lips actually brushing against her ear he was so close.

He could feel the tension in her as he held her tight against him, while the cloak would cover the two of them with out to much worry, he was more worried about her pulling away to try and run again, giving them both away.

He saw her nod her head very slightly under the cloak, her ear brushing against his lips as she moved. This close he could smell her shampoo, some type of flower, clean and fresh, along with the scent of her Hogwarts robes, sharing the familiar smell all their laundry did.

They could hear the footsteps draw closer; the shuffling gait couldn't be anyone but Filch. Harry had avoided him with his cloak more than once, but if he had Mrs Norris with him, it was always dicey.

After several minutes of hearing footsteps transverse the library they finally saw him appear down the end of the aisle Harry had come from, an oil lamp in hand and unfortunately Mrs Norris trailing him.

Harry heard Marrietta intake of breath to match his own and felt her push back into him flattening him against the stone wall. His arm around her waist tightened pulling her tighter against him; he dropped his head down onto her shoulder muffling the sound of his breathing into the fabric of her robe.

They watched Filch shuffle down the aisle and past them, they both relaxed slightly as he passed them, Mrs Norris on his heels, just as they thought they were clear he stopped and placed his lantern on the ground.

Hardly daring to move Harry rolled his head slightly, keeping his mouth muffled in Marrietta's robes, he could hear ragged breathing as loud as a Mandrake right in his ear coming from Marrietta. Filch had paused in front of one of the windows and was now peering out of it, his gnarled hands grasping the stone sill before him.

He could feel Marrietta trembling against him; he was surprised he couldn't hear her teeth chattering. He gently rubbed his hand that was around her waist on her, trying to offer what little comfort he could, from her breath on his ear he guessed she had turned as well to watch Filch peer out over the grounds.

Harry had no idea how long Filch stood there, it felt at least half an hour but was most likely little more than five minutes. But between watching Filch and checking to see if Mrs Norris would hear Marrietta's apocalyptically loud breathing Harry was feeling more and more anxious, sure that at any moment Mrs Norris would wonder over to them and paw at the hem of his robe.

But finally Filch, without warning, bent to pick up his lantern and shuffled off down the aisle and around the corner. They waited till they heard the footsteps fade into the distance before relaxing slightly but neither making a move to get out from under the invisibility cloak.

After several minutes of nothing Harry finally relaxed some, standing up fully and relaxing his grip around Marrietta. He leaned forward into her slightly making her take a tiny step forward, during the event, Harry had been too scared to even think about anything else, but once Filch was safely away his mind wondered to his hand on Marrietta's side, still rubbing small circles, and her bum pressed against him. He was feeling himself respond to her pressed against him and pushed her away before she noticed as well.

She turned toward him so she could look at him, twisting the cloak around her somewhat and pulling it open on the side, causing the cold air of the library to rush in where their combined body heat and built up.

"Thank you Harry, I don't know what I would have done if he caught me. Or what my house would do if I got into any more trouble." She said quietly, not quite looking him in the eye.

"No worries." Harry replied, adjusting his robes "I got caught once back in my first year, you'd think I had been planning to burn the school down by their reaction."

Marrietta smiled a little, it made her look much prettier, although the blemishes on her face were being put into relief by the light coming in the window, making them that much more noticeable.

She must have seen Harry looking at the marks, because she suddenly ducked her head and played with her hair, pulling it down across her face slightly.

Seeing her self-consciousness at his staring Harry felt a little guilty, but considering he could make out the word "Sneak" under the layer of make-up, he was reminded what caused the cursing.

"I think Filch is gone, let's get out of here." Harry said. He placed his arm loosely around her waist, she placed hers around his shoulders and they made their way down the aisle and towards the front of the library. Harry was considering whether he should walk her back to her common room under his cloak or let her risk it on her own when they came to the library doors, closed tight.

Considering Harry could not once remember the doors being closed in six years he had a sinking feeling in his stomach as he reached a hand towards one of the door knobs and twisted.

The door didn't budge "Bugger." he whispered, and using his free hand he removed his wand and pointing at the door whispered the unlocking charm. There wasn't even a sound, the door remained firmly locked.

He was about to try again when he felt Marrietta take her arm off his shoulders and dip into her robes for her wand, she performed a rather complicated wand movement and without whispering, cast a spell at the door. There was the sound of something rattling in the doorknob, but when Harry went to try it again, he found it tightly locked still.

"Shit." He muttered "Must be some of the new security measures they have put in place." He said turning to Marrietta.

"What now?" She said looking slightly panicked, Harry got the impression she had never really been in many tough situations before.

"Well we either try to break the door, or wait till morning when someone opens it and slip out under the cloak and hope no one notices we are missing." He said knowing for sure Ron would notice, hopefully he would just think he had been with Dumbledore again, that's what Harry had said after his time with Hannah.

"I can't break the charm on the door, that's the best spell I know." She said starting to panic.

"It'll be fine." He said trying to calm her "We can just stay here and sneak out first thing in the morning, no one's going to be checking in here now it's sealed."

Harry threw the cloak off the both of them and folded it up in his arms, the air in the library was chilly at night, and without the cloak it was more noticeable.

"So we just wait?" Marrietta asked folding her arms in front of her.

"Unless you have a better idea." He replied and started to walk back into the library towards the study area with tables and chairs. He went to a table right at the back, thinking to have extra warning if anyone did come back into the library, they would hear the doors opening and have time to get under

the cloak.

He sat at one of the tables against the back wall, an unlit candelabra hanging above it; a long thin window cast a ribbon of white moon light across the table next to him. After a moment Marrietta came to the study area, he thought she may have tried the door a few more times, she seemed to hesitate a moment before sitting at his table. She placed a book on the table and Harry realised she had been carrying the same book he had seen her reading this whole time, it was small and rather thin so he hadn't noticed before.

Flicking open the book she hunched over it and started reading, Harry wondered if she could even see in this light but figured she was just trying to avoid conversation.

They sat in silence for a while, Harry not even bothering to find a book to read, he was looking at Marrietta, she was still pretty, especially in the low light, and from what he felt when they were hiding from Filch, she had a good body. With his recent string of luck with woman he was thinking that bagging Marrietta would be a nice addition. And if her face was putting him off, he could always turn her around like Gwen.

He was thinking back to the girls he had had in the last few weeks and was trying to think of a way in with Marrietta. Hannah and Romilda had both wanted him, and in hindsight, been easy marks, Gwen had been keen, after he had chatted her up a bit, but he wasn't sure with Marrietta. She was Cho's friend, but apart from that he didn't know much about her.

He knew she had had a hard time since she was caught betraying the DA, he wondered if she thought she would get away with it if it wasn't for the curse. The reminder every morning in the mirror was probably getting her as down as her classmate's ostracising of her was.

"What are you reading?" He asked finally unable to think of anything else to say.

"Just some general reading for charms, we have an exam and I'm just trying to expand my base knowledge for now." She said not looking up.

"Want to talk about it? Hermione always quizzes me on our work, says it will make it stick." He offered.

Marrietta looked up at him; she really was rather pretty, full lips and dark eyes, although the large amount of make-up she wore probably helped there.

"How are you at charms?" She asked.

"Better than Transfiguration, not as good as defence." He said getting up to sit next to her seeing as she wasn't moving.

She looked at him for a moment longer before dropping her gaze back down to her book; she shifted it between them slightly so he could see as well.

"Counter curses and reversals." Harry read out loud the chapter header "Really more defence than charms" He commented.

"The project is more on disenchanting and undoing, but I figured this was related and would be good for a continuation if I want to get an O." She said quietly. Harry didn't voice his suspicion that she was still trying to reverse the damage Hermione's cursing had done to her. While technically related in some fundamental properties, charms and enchantments were almost exclusively used on inanimate objects, curses while possible to use on items, were much more potent and dangerous when used on living matter.

Harry leant into her slightly letting his arm press against hers lightly as he leaned closer. Marrietta, her hand still on the book pushed it towards him a little further but he didn't move. After a moment she flipped the page to show a chart on inherent instabilities in different materials and the effect they had on enchantments. Harry thinking to try his luck moved his right hand that was closest to her and placed it on her leg, ostensibly to lean in to get a better look at the graph, although he could see just fine even in the dim light. He felt her tense up under her robes and although she didn't turn to look at him, he could tell she was watching him out of the corner of her eye.

"You see here." Harry gestured with his other hand. "Charms and enchantments are much more stable when used on inorganic matter, if you are interested in going for top grades you would do better to focus on the various instabilities of inherent matter."

Marrietta didn't untense, but nor did she pull away, probably wondering what Harry was doing.

"True, but if I can show the underlying similarities between the degradation of charms and curses regardless of the receptacle, it should easily push me to O level." She brushed her hair behind her ear facing him, letting him see her clearer.

"Fair enough." Harry said. "So what curses are you going to use in your paper?" He rubbed a slow circle into her leg with his thumb, and gently shifted his index finger along one of the seams in her robes. Again she didn't respond, but he took encouragement from her not pulling away.

"Well I was going to use the skin lesion curse." She said very quietly, "it's the one I know the best."

Harry thinking to make a move brought his free hand up, and tucking a lock of hair that had come loose behind her ear he faced her "How long until the effects wear off fully?"

"Madam Pomfrey thinks another nine months with the current regime, but she says it may never fully fade." She said in barely a whisper, she didn't sound angry like Harry might have expected, she sounded... defeated.

At a loss for anything to say and sure he would say the wrong thing anyway, Harry leaned in towards her, the hand that had brushed away a lock of her hair gently held to the side of her head as he kissed her.

She didn't react at all to start with, probably out of shock, which made the kiss somewhat awkward as she was facing slightly away and down from Harry, he was essentially kissing the corner of her mouth with his nose actually pressed against the line of blemished skin.

After a moment he felt a warm hand touch his own where it was still resting on her leg. She turned into him slightly, still not fully facing him but enough for him to fully claim her lips.

Harry continued the kiss for several minutes; eventually pressing his tongue lightly against her lips and having them part after a moment. Unlike all the girls he had been with so far, who had been very forward and passionate, Marrietta was soft, shy, and very tentative.

As he deepened the kiss he allowed his hand that was on her leg to explore up her leg, even through the heavy Hogwarts robes he still got a thrill out of the feel of a girl's body under his hands.

As he moved along her leg to her hip he could feel the line of her panties and the robes, and remembering his first time with Hannah, managed to hook a finger under the elastic of them and pull at them slightly, although her sitting down limited him to pulling them out before having them snap back. It was enough though to cause her eyes to fly open and stare at him in surprise, Harry couldn't help the small grin that played across his face as his fingers traced along the panties again.

He leaned back into the kiss and immediately let his tongue press into her lips waiting to see if she'd go on, after a brief moment she opened her mouth slightly, and this time let her hand drift onto his lap.

Moving up from her waist he slid his hand up her side and along her back, feeling the heavy Hogwarts robes under his finger and the warmth of Marietta underneath. He felt the strap of her bra under her robes, he was quite enjoying the snog, it had a tenderness and sweetness to it that none of his previous partners had possessed. It was as if Marrietta was just grateful to have a connection to someone after almost half a year of being ostracised.

Feeling more than a little naughty and turned on being locked in the school library after hours with a girl; Harry figured he would try his luck in just being forward, He felt the strap of her bra under her robes, and managed to hook his fingers under it through her robes, hoping it was the same sort Hannah and Gwen had worn, he pulled down and out slightly, and even through her robes could feel the bra strap come apart.

Marrietta broke apart from their kiss as she felt the strap of her bra come apart. She looked at Harry in surprise, and then suddenly laughed, a deep rich laugh. It was the loudest sound he had heard her make since he saw her lost in her book in the restricted section. Harry wondered when the last time she had really laughed was, she hadn't had an easy year, added to the absurd situation they found themselves in, the tension she had carried

with her all the night, and probably for months, seemed to disappear in the snap of a bra strap.

"What happened to the little forth year boy who took over a month to ask out Cho?" She asked still chuckling.

"He got impatient waiting, and got himself locked in a room with one of the most beautiful girls he knows." He said looking into her eyes, making sure not to let them drift even for a moment, down to her blemishes.

She smiled widened at him, a soft chuckle coming from her throat as she looked at Harry fondly. Her confidence had been shattered since Hermione little curse had struck her, even with the mark fading and make-up, she couldn't talk to her friends let alone boys without their eyes drifting down to the brand.

Harry leaned back into the kiss, and this time it was Marietta who pressed her tongue into his mouth. He was just thinking what his next move should be, for now settling for rubbing circles into her leg, letting his fingers drift onto the soft flesh of her inner thigh, when he felt her hand slide up his leg where it had been resting. Harry wasn't hard yet, having gotten rather more experienced in the last few weeks, it took a little more than kissing a girl to get him excited now. So as she brushed against him she could feel his member, and very tentatively, she ran a few fingers across it through his robes until her hand was resting on his other leg.

While a bit more experienced, having Marietta's hand brush him was enough to get Harry going, and as she brought her hand back she felt him considerably more alert. Harry caught her hand in his as she passed over him again and gently but firmly, pressed her hand down onto his rapidly stiffening cock.

She grabbed him through his robes and awkwardly rubbed him, not able to move much through the robes and sitting. Harry winced slightly at the feeling of his bunched up robes being pulled along his cock and with his free hand reached down and undid the bottom few clasps of his robes and pulling one side away, freed himself, not wanting her to continue through his boxers, he pulled the elastic of them up and over his cock, letting the band of them rest just under his balls.

The Harry of a month ago would have been shocked at how forward he had become, from having had only a few bad kisses with Cho, to putting the moves on a girl he had only been chatting to for little under an hour.

Harry hadn't broken the kiss while freeing himself, and Marietta hadn't been able to see what he was doing, only that he was shifting his robes, so as she moved her hand back to him and this time grasped his warm bare cock where before she had only felt him through his robes, she initially pulled back in shock, her eyes opening to look at Harry but finding his eyes still closed as they kissed. She was surprised by how forward he was, but considering the year she had had so far, and that it was her betrayal of Harry that got her into this mess in the first place, she thought she might as well go with it while she could.

She grasped Harry in her hand gently letting her finger run gently from his knob down into his bush of short hair and under him, briefly feeling his balls before taking hold of him, letting her hand stroke up and down his length.

Feeling her begin to stoke him, much better than Hannah had, Harry thought he should return the favour. Figuring their cloaks worked in pretty much similar ways, he found the front parting in her robes, and working his fingers along it, found the same sort of clasp his own robes had. Flicking the one at her waist and the one above open he let his hand slip inside her robe, the warmth of her body in stark contrast to the chilly late autumn air in the library.

Not wanting to bother with the buttons of her blouse, he slipped his hand under it and slid his hand down to her hip where he felt the hem of her panties. He ran his index finger along the hem of it several times, enjoying the soft warm touch of her skin before letting his finger slide under them.

As his finger slid down her smooth skin he stopped suddenly, feeling coarse hair under his fingers almost the same as his own. While Hannah had had a little hair above her sex it had been very short and small. As he let his fingers run lower he could feel the hair curl up between his fingers, and spreading them out a bit, could tell it spread across her whole pantie area.

A little surprise he never the less wasn't going to let it stop him, he slid through the coarse hair until he felt his finger brush against her pussy, it seemed somehow small than the other girls. Hers was a tight line; Harry doubted he would even be able to see it through her thick hair if he was looking. He ran his fingers along it, surprised at how different it felt, the fleshy lips he had felt before replaced with a smooth mound and soft line. While just as hot, he couldn't feel the wetness he used to, rubbing his fingers along her line he pressed in, and feeling his middle finger slide in he immediately felt the same hot wetness he remembered. Running his finger all the way down, parting her line right down to her entrance, he let his finger play around it for a moment, briefly pushing his finger into the first knuckle before letting it slide up again.

As he was playing with her pussy Marrietta was beating a slow steady rhythm on his cock, her handling of his member almost perfect. He felt her grip on him tighten as his hand worked its way into her panties and then again inside her, every time her grip tightened on his cock it throbbed with passion in her hand.

They were both still seated in their chairs which made their angle a little awkward, Harry couldn't use his other hand for anything more than sliding along her back, so bringing his hand out of her panties, and ran his now moist fingers along her stomach, and sliding up under her light blouse, casually slid under her unclasped bra.

Her breasts were warm and firm, and just like he had come to expect, as he ran his thumb over them he felt her nipples hard, standing out against the softness beneath them.

He worked his whole hand under the cup of her bra and gently squeezed the soft flesh; he breasts the perfect size for his hand, the nipple pressing into his palm, almost tickling him.

Feeling his end coming and not wanting to finish just yet, he used his free hand to grab her hand on his cock and stop her stroking him.

Harry was torn between wanting to keep this going all night, seeing how many times he could cum with her or that if maybe after he came from her ministrations of his member, she would suddenly close off again deciding that was as far as she'd go. Deciding that he would rather feel her around him first then try his luck later, he broke their kiss and looked at her in the eye.

"I want you." He said; bring his free hand up and brushing away another lock of her hair.

Marrietta had had boyfriends before, none since the incident sure, but a few before then. But she had never fooled around with just some random guy before. The last year had been the worst of her life, her Mums position in the ministry at jeopardy, most of her friends turning on her, and every time she looked in the mirror she was reminded it was her own fault. But after so long alone, she wasn't sure if she could just fuck someone and hope it would make things right,

"I don't know Harry, maybe we should just leave it at this." She said and moved her thumb along his shaft.

"If that's what you want Marrietta." Harry said mentally chiding himself for stopping too soon. "I just want you to know I don't blame you for anything that happened, I thought maybe this would help us both move on, we have both had a pretty shitty time lately." He said still holding the side of her head and looking at her, he leaned in and gave her a gentle kiss.

She actually laughed again. "It's not been the best year has it?" She couldn't deny the thought of being with someone again was tempting, although she'd broken up with her last boyfriend before all this happened; she still missed the intimacy, now more than ever. But she just didn't know if she wanted to fuck all her problems away, but feeling Harry's hands on her, feeling his finger slip inside her, and her hand around his cock, she thought maybe she could be that girl for a night.

"Maybe we can make the year a little better then." Harry answered, he couldn't help but smile when he felt her grip on his cock tighten for a moment and she smiled at him. "Well I'm hoping it will be more than just a little better." She quipped.

Having decided to take the plunge, Marrietta quickly stood up from where she had been sitting, her robes falling back into places so you couldn't even tell Harry's handy work. Harry however was still seated, the lower part of his robes thrown open and his cock standing up with his boxers bunched under his balls. Marrietta slid one of her hands into her robes, shifting her hips slightly, and then kicking one of her legs Harry saw her panties laying on the floor by one of the legs of the table.

"If only it was still summer." She said shivering slightly at the chill air suddenly against her exposed pussy.

"We'll just have to see if we can keep each other warm then." Harry said looking up at Marrietta.

He was about to stand up and move them over to the table, when Marrietta picked up the front of her robe, and lifting it above her knees, showing off the

knee high white socks all the girls wore, stepped over Harry's lap. She stood standing over him for a moment, looking down at him and wondered for a moment if Cho had ever thought to be where she was now.

Shimming forward a little more she slowly lowered herself onto Harry, she could feel his cock, hot and firm brush against her bum as she sat, its shaft running between her legs. As she finally sat fully on Harry, his cock under her arse, her pussy pressed against the front of his robes, she slowly ground into him, feeling the warmth of him even through his robes. She lowered her head and this time pressed her mouth hard into his, her tongue following a brief moment later.

Harry was a little surprised at the difference in her, before her kiss had been soft and gentle, almost afraid, now she almost seemed hungry, as if months of tension and frustration were pouring out of her. He could feel her pressing into him, her pussy grinding into his middle, its heat noticeable even through his robes. He brought his hands under her robe, working them under the bunched fabric that had pooled around him when she sat down and grabbed her arse. He could feel the muscles in it working as she ground herself into him; he could feel his own cock, pressed between her cheeks, its end sticking out behind her. He brought one of his hands up to her front, his movement hampered by the layers of bunched robe caught in his elbow, and squeezed her breast, feeling its warmth, the bra he had unclasped had ridden up her chest and was now sitting on top of her breasts.

Marrietta dropped her head down when she felt Harry's hands on her, enjoying the feeling of being touched by someone again, to feel a boy's hardness between her legs. To think that even with her curse mark she could still make a boy hard, make one want her.

She bit down on Harry's neck, tasting the sweat of the day on his skin, smelling his hair as it brushed against her nose.

Feeling her own wetness as it had seeped into the front of Harry's robes, she stood up slightly, enjoying the feeling of his cock sliding between her legs. As she felt the end of it slid onto her pussy she lowered herself down again, but as she pressed down she felt him slide the other way, his cock again slipping along her arse. She tried again, only for his cock to again slip out. She felt Harry's hand under her leg as he grabbed his cock and feeling him hold it against her, she pressed down on it again, and this time, with Harry holding it firm, she felt it slip into her.

She stopped for a moment as she felt Harry slide into her, feeling the sensation of his cock parting her flesh, the head of him entering her. While she had played with herself, she had never used a toy, and nothing was like the sensation she was feeling now.

She leaned her forehead against Harry's, and looking him in the eye, very slowly lowered herself onto him. She could feel the tension inside herself, the feeling of her pussy being parted for the first time in almost a year, glad she had taken the time to warm herself up, she continued to lower herself onto him, the feeling of pressure inside her growing, she figured she should take it slower, or like she had learned in the past, take it bit by bit, she just wanted to feel him inside her fully.

So staring Harry Potter in the eye, her legs beginning to burn by having to hold herself up for so long, she slowly took him inside her. She finally felt her thighs come to rest on his legs and actually sighed in contentment, partly due to the relief of not having to stand awkwardly anymore, and mostly due to the feeling of him inside her.

Pausing to enjoy the feeling of having him inside her, Marrietta brought both her hands up to his face, and clasping either side of his face in her hands, kissed him, deeply and slowly, letting her tongue roll into his mouth, wanting as much of him as possible while it lasted.

While she was enjoying their kiss and the feeling of him inside her, she felt Harry shift underneath her, pressing himself into her. With her sitting on top of him he could do little more than grind his hips, causing the cock inside her to shift making her gasp as he work her pussy.

Not breaking the kiss she started sliding along his length, in their position, with her straddling him, she was pushing herself backwards and forwards along his legs, making his cock slide with in her, she never let him slide out more than half way, hungry for the feeling inside her.

Harry wasn't able to move much in his position, his hands firmly on her arse as she slid along him, his hands squeezing her as she slid deeper onto him. As she was pulling away from him and not up, his cock was being pulled down, the top of her pussy hard against him while underneath he could feel the warm soft flesh of her pussy slide along his shaft.

He was enjoying the feeling of her pussy on him, his cock being bent down almost painfully, but also having it grind hard into her. Everytime she slid towards him taking him inside her he pulled hard on her arse, trying to get as much of her as possible. Her motion was slow at first, almost painfully slow, her could feel every motion, every part of her as she slowly slid across him, when she had taken him fully in her she seemed to press into him, again grinding herself against him, he felt her hard against him, before pulling back.

Gradually she got faster, not pulling all the way forward, she was working back and forward faster every time. Finally breaking their kiss she shifted her legs under him, and this time she picked herself up off his legs for a moment, causing the blood to rush back into them.

Rather than sliding across his legs like she had been she was now raising up and down on him, the angle perfect for him, his cock easily sliding in and out of her, her hot flesh wrapped around him. His hands on her arse helping her as she rode him, feeling the muscles in her legs and arse work as she fucked him.

As she got faster she reached behind her and in a few seconds knotted her hair into a loose bun to stop it falling into their faces.

Harry could feel his end coming, without her weight on him he was able to thrust up to meet her every time. Their thighs making slapping noises as they meet, he could feel their wetness spreading across their legs.

Feeling himself about to cum he pulled his hands out from under her robe and reaching up behind her grabbing her shoulder with one while the other lay flat on her back and pulled her down hard against him.

As he felt himself cum he continued to work his hips into her, and hold her tight against him, she was grinding herself hard into him, her head buried in his neck, he could feel her teeth biting down on him.

Feeling his orgasm end he continued to hold her as she seemed to frantically be grinding herself on him still. He was just starting to soften, feeling his cock inside her start to pull back when she started breathing in short gasps before tensing in his arms. After a long moment he felt her relax on him, her legs on him and back seeming to just melt onto him as if so was no longer holding herself up.

They stayed like that for several minutes, Harry feeling his cock go soft inside her, her breathing soft and shallow in his ear. Finally she leaned back and looked at Harry "So you think we're going to have to spend the whole night in here?"

Thanks for reading! Leave a review with your thoughts or ideas!

***Chapter 5*:**

Chapter 5

Nooner

Harry watched from across the Great Hall, Draco Malfoy was chatting to Sally-Anne Perkins, and roundly ignoring Pansy Parkinson on his other side. For the last twenty minutes Pansy had been trying to talk to Draco only for him to ignore her in favour of Perkins, who, if rumours were to be believed (and Harry knew they from experience they shouldn't) was fucking her way through most of the senior year, and it seemed as if Draco wanted to go next.

Harry had never been sure if Pansy and Draco were a thing, or if he was just toying her, enjoying her sycophant nature.

After Draco literally brushed her off once more when she put her hand on his shoulder, Pansy suddenly grabbed her book bag from the floor and stormed away. Harry watched her leave the Great Hall before glancing back at Draco who didn't even seem to notice she was gone.

Looking around him he saw that no one else had been paying any attention to the teen drama going on, although it was undoubtedly only one of many happening in the Great Hall right now.

Suddenly getting inspiration Harry stood up, his lunch barely touched "Hey Ron, I gotta go see Professor Slughorn, I'll catch up to you in Charms later."

Ron muttered something through a mouthful of steak and kidney pie and nodded at Harry.

Reaching into his robes as he passed the doors of the Great Hall he pulled out the Marauders map, and stepping over to the hour glasses that showed Ravenclaw currently winning the House Cup, he tapped it with his wand and muttered "I solemnly swear I'm up to no good."

Quickly scanning the page his face split into a wide grin when he saw the name Pansy Parkinson by itself down one of the corridors in the dungeons.

Making his way down to the dungeons he was trying to think of how to play this out, if he got Pansy to drop her knickers he would still need to find somewhere to plough her, during school hours there weren't nearly as many empty places, even usually empty classrooms where quite often used by upperclassmen for practice or clubs during the lunch hour.

Getting to the corner of the corridor Pansy was down he stopped for a moment to place the map back in his pocket and think about how to play this. Just as he was about to step around the corner he remembered he was wearing one of his rattiest old pair of boxers, ones that actually had holes in them and the black had faded to a matt grey. Looking over his shoulder he reached into his robes, and tugging them down he quickly bundled them up and stuffed them behind one of the brackets holding the lighting torches up.

Fixing his robes he casually walked around the corner and saw Pansy leaning against a wall part way down the corridor, her arms folded in front of her and her head down.

"Hey Pansy, lunch not agree with you?" he said coming to a stop a few paces from her.

"Fuck off Potter." She snapped looking up at him with a mix of anger and embarrassment.

"Crying over Draco fawning over that little cum bucket?" Harry asked mockingly "At least wait to he actually gets his dick wet in her."

Harry wasn't sure if this was the best way to go about things, but he figured that if he couldn't goad her into fucking him to get back at Draco, he could at least pay her back for six years of trying to make his life hell.

"Go fuck yourself Potter; Draco wouldn't touch that little slut for all the gold in Gringotts." She all but snarled at him.

"Touch, lick, fuck, suck, all of the above, hell it looked like he might do it there and then and see if he can get Slytherin to start chanting his name as he nails her." He continued to mock her.

"What do you know? You jealous? You want a piece of the little tart yourself?" She spat back at him, her hands dropping to her side and balling into fists.

"Fuck no." Harry said confidently taking a step closer "Draco doesn't know what the fuck he's doing, I'd rather go for a real girl, a woman who knows what she wants." He said and deliberately looked her over. Pansy wasn't an attractive girl by any means, a decent rack her best feature, although her face distracted from it, from behind she was half doable.

"Like you'd know what to do even if you got the chance Potter." She mocked him back.

"At least I wouldn't turn my back on a real woman for a little cum gargling slut." He said throwing her a bone, in hopes of boning her latter. "You shouldn't fawn over Draco; it's what he lives for. Let the little cunt go after you for a change then make him work for it"

"I don't need your help Potter." She said with a lot less heat.

"Whatever." Harry shrugged "Just remember this the next time you see him chasing after some knob polishing bint." Thinking to lead her to the conclusion "Hell if he knew you were talking to me about this, he'd be so jealous he wouldn't leave you alone for a year, hell if he knew I'd thought about you the way he was thinking about Perkins, he's stick himself to you with a permanent sticking charm."

Pansy didn't say anything as she processed what Harry had said to her. It was true Draco hated Potter more than the rest of Gryffindor combined, and would hate to see her talking to him.

Harry watched her as she thought about what he'd said, he saw her stand slightly straighter and push out her chest slightly; unfortunately she also tilted her head back which just made her pug nose more noticeable.

"Please Potter." She said looking him over "Like I'd be seen with you." Trying to give him a taste of his own medicine.

Getting sick of this play by play and knowing he had to seal this now or never, he stepped right up to her "Then let's make sure no one sees us." He said and reaching behind her grabbed her arse.

Pansy was shocked at how forceful Harry was being, she had heard all the rumours about him, most of the girls at Hogwarts had, but there had been so many rumours about him for so long that no one really believed them. Fooling around with Abbott in a storage closet, fucking his chasers in the changing rooms after practice, slipping it to some Quiddich star at Slughorns last party, they were just too wild to be believed.

But feeling Harry's hand on her arse, and thinking how much it would piss Draco off to even think about what she was thinking about, let alone doing, and about what him and that little cumbag Perkins were doing, Pansy couldn't help but grin.

"You better know what you're doing Potter." She said to him reaching down between his legs and squeezing his goods. "I'm not going to do you here, you better have a place."

Harry smirked at her and turned around, he figured on the way down here the only way he could get her was for her to think it would piss Draco off. How she intended for him to find out he didn't know or care, he knew no one would believe he'd ever go with her.

"Naturally." He said "This way." He lead her down the corridor and just past the potions classroom to Professor Slughorns office, he smiled at the fact his lie to Ron was turning out to be true, but he figured Slughorn would help him out, he was always saying he could come to him for anything.

Seeing Pansy look at him like he was crazy Harry knocked on the Professors office door, knowing he usually took lunch in his office to grade papers.

The door opened and Professor Slughorn greeted them in his potions masters robes he wore during school hours "Harry my boy, what can I do for you, come in, come in." Gesturing for them to enter.

"Actually professor I am in a bit of hurry, lunch hour and all." He said not moving "I was wondering if I could borrow the keys to the storage locker, Pansy here needs some help with her potions assignment and I thought I would give her a hand." He said giving Slughorn a long look before flicking his eyes back to Pansy.

It only took Slughorn half a second before a deep, triple chin smile split his face "Of course my boy, anything for a young man of your natural talents." He said reaching into his robes and offering Harry the keys "You're a very lucky young lady." He said winking lecherously at Pansy.

Harry thanked Slughorn before walking back down the corridor to the potions locker and opened the door gesturing for Pansy to go first. He closed the door behind him, the twin torches in the room coming to life when Pansy had entered, and locked the door behind him.

"Draco would be pissed to see how easily you got Slughorn to help you, he's been moaning all year about Snape no longer taking potions class." Pansy said more than a little impressed at Harry's manipulation.

"We don't have all day." Harry said, and placing his wand on the shelf behind him, undid the front of his robes.

Pansy watched Harry undo the clasps of his robes, a little shocked at just how up front he was being, half an hour ago she wouldn't have even thought she would be having a conversation with the golden boy of Gryffindor, now he was in front of her in a locked storage closet stripping out of his robe. She watched as he undid the clasps, but as he got to the ones at his waist and lower her eyes shot wide open when she saw he wasn't wearing any underwear, she briefly wondered if those absurd rumours about him were maybe true.

Harry shrugged off his robe and tossed it onto one of the tables; he looked up at Pansy who was staring down at his cock. "This isn't a one way show Pansy, let's see what you got, I have charms in forty minutes. It doesn't look like you have anything to be shy about." He said looking at her chest trying to give her some confidence.

Pansy saw his gaze on her and smirked "Well Potter let's see if you can handle a real woman." She reached up to the top clasp of her robes and undid it; slowly working her way down, when she got to the bottom one her robes fell open, although with the white blouse he couldn't really see anything special.

Harry had already stripped out of his white shirt and was just kicking off his shoes and socks, now standing completely naked as Pansy just finished with her robe. His cock wasn't hard although he could feel it was on its way up, but as it was hanging down partly engorged he knew it must have looked a lot bigger than it usually did, and judging by Pansy's gaze, she thought so to.

Pansy let her robes fall to the floor behind her as she reached up to unbutton her blouse not taking her eyes off Harry's cock, despite what Potter may have thought, she had only ever fooled around with Draco, sometimes flirting with other guys to get his attention, but her infatuation with him too deep to allow her to do anymore. Now staring at a fully naked Harry Potter, taking in his size and build, she suddenly thought that maybe she should expand her horizons past Draco.

She got to the last button of her blouse and rolling back her shoulders, letting it drop on top her discarded robe. She was about to reach up for her bra when Harry closed the gap between them, and without preamble, reached behind her and unclasped her bra with one quick motion, and grabbing it by one of its straps, tossed it into the corner.

Without the slightest hesitation Harry dropped his face down and took one of her breasts in his mouth. They were warm and soft, with just a hint of the days sweat on them mixed with some flowery scent, probably her personal soap. Her nipples were flat and pink and very large, twice the size of Hannah's who had had the largest breasts out of all the girls he'd had. He grasped one of her breasts in one hand as his tongue roamed across the other, he concluded that although her nipples were larger, her breasts were not, apparently she wore a charmed or padded bra. As he took one of her nipples in his mouth he felt it harden as he pulled it between his lips. Moving over to the other he repeated the process, sucking on it until it hardened in his mouth.

Just as he had taken her second breast into his mouth he felt her hand on the back of his head and her moan. He continued to nuzzle at her breasts, enjoying the feel of his nose pressed into the soft flesh while he took her into his mouth, letting her nipples slowly pass through his lips.

Thinking how pushed they were for time he reached down with his other hand and grasping the hem of her panties, pulled them down past her hips and left them strung half way down her thighs.

Pansy fell back half a step, her arse bumping into the table that ran around the small room. She had been enjoying the feeling of Harry playing with her chest, gentle but warm, when she felt him almost savagely pull her panties down. Now leaning on the table edge she felt Harry's hand move up her thigh before stopping on her pussy, his fingers rubbing into her and quickly parting her lips. She gasped at the sudden feeling of his fingers on her.

His face still buried in Pansy's chest he couldn't look down so was pleased to feel unlike Marietta, Pansy apparently shaved, the smooth skin of her thigh flowing seamlessly into her pussy. It hardly took Harry a moment to work his fingers past her lips and into her pussy. Once again he marvelled at how similar yet different every girl's pussy seemed to be.

Putting his middle two fingers together he ran them down the soft wet flesh of her pussy until he came to her opening, then with only a moment for his fingers to play across her entrance, he pushed in with both of them.

He heard Pansy's gasp as he entered her, she went up onto her toes, her arse rising off the table as she felt Harry enter her. He pushed his fingers up past the first knuckle, before quickly pulling them out and running them along her pussy again, stopping to rub the fold of flesh that girls seemed to like him playing with.

Pansy's breath was ragged, the shock of feeling Harry enter her before quickly pulling out, only to run her now slick fingers over her clit quickly sending her libido through the roof. She could feel her heart beat in her ears as her heart raced.

Harry smiled to himself as he continued to nuzzle into her breasts, marvelling at the dramatic size difference in her nipples. Remembering who he was fingering, and despite his fondness for sampling the musk of all his girls so far, he wasn't about to taste Parkinson. But he thought she might like to try, so bringing his fingers, slick with her own juices, up to her face he pressed his fingers into her lips.

Pansy had had her eyes closed, when she felt Harry press his fingers into her lips, they were hot and wet and she could smell her own sent on them. She looked at him, his mouth still working on one of her breasts as he looked up at her, she couldn't be sure but it looked like he was smirking at her. Not about to back down to him, she parted her lips and took his fingers in her mouth, sucking her own musk off them.

Harry feeling her tongue on his fingers felt his own arousal rise, rising up from where he had been exploring her breasts he looked Pansy in the eyes, his fingers still in her mouth and stepped half a step closer pressing his now hard cock into her front.

"Suck me." He said not looking away from her.

Letting his fingers slide out of her mouth she cocked an eyebrow at him "I thought that's what I was doing?" She toyed with him.

Harry pressed himself into her, his cock sliding up her stomach, she wasn't in nearly as good a shape as Gwen or Romilda, she was soft and gave way for him "Suck. My. Cock." He said running his fingers, now damp with her saliva down her breasts until they rested on the end of his cock.

Once again a little shocked at just how forward he was, Pansy couldn't deny that this was probably the most erotic moment of her life, her pussy was throbbing from Harry's brief attention, her nipples hard and her heart was racing. She could feel his cock press into her, she reached down with her hand to grab it, and pushing him back slightly she dropped to her knees and looking up at him, took him in her mouth.

Unlike Hannah who had tried to take him all at once, or Romilda who seemed to have read "How to give the perfect blowjob" cover to cover, Pansy just took the end of his cock in her mouth, and very slightly moved her lips and tongue along his shaft, hardly taking much more than his knob in her mouth. The most arousing thing was not the feeling of having his cock sucked, or even the fact that he had essentially ordered her to blow him, the sexiest thing was that from the moment she took him in her mouth, she never broke eye contact with him. On her knees in front of him, her nipples sticking out hard from her breasts, her perfectly smooth pussy nestled between her legs; she never once looked away from him.

Her mouth was hot, her tongue, very slightly, rolling around under his cock, her hands resting lightly in her lap, as if she had just knelt down to rest and had suddenly found a cock in front of her to suck.

Harry wound his right hand into her hair, she wore it short, cropped about her shoulders, but usually placed in some elaborate style with a load of clips. Today she had left it mostly down, just clipping her fringe back slightly, so Harry could work his finger into her hair, and gently encourage her to take more of him in her.

While her technique wasn't the best, her continued eye contact, while his cock filled her mouth, was quickly pushing him to climax. Careful not to actually pull her hair too hard, he tried to encourage her to pick up her pace.

She seemed to get the hint, because as he closed his eyes in concentration, feeling his end rapidly approach, he felt her mouth slide lower on his cock, her tongue suddenly sucking hard on him. He heard wet slurping noises come from her as she abandoned her previous demure attention of his cock and seemed determined to suck the cum right out of him.

Not even trying to hold back, he started moving his hips in time with her, making his cock slide deeper into her mouth, it felt it hit the roof of her mouth, but unlike Hannah, Pansy managed not to gag, and continued to suck, her head bobbing up and down on him. As he felt himself cum he continued to fuck her mouth, sliding his cock between her lips, Pansy didn't slow down her rhythm for a moment. She continued to suck him until she felt him begin to go soft; pulling back she locked her lips tight about him as she came off making a loud smacking noise with her lips. If she was going to blow someone, she was going to do it fucking right, she thought to herself.

She looked at Harry's cock still in front of her, slowly going soft, she leaned forward once more and taking it once more in her mouth, managed to take the whole length of it in her mouth, her nose being tickled by his dark brush, and sucking hard, slowly pulled back, again looking Harry in the eye.

Seeing her take him fully in her mouth, the end of his semi hard cock just brushing the back of her mouth before she slowly pulled back, Harry let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding. Immensely happy he had followed her after her tiff with Malfoy, he couldn't help but smile at her.

"Well that was fucking amazing." He said still breathing deeply.

"What would you expect Potter, I'm not some little tramp like Perkins." Pansy stated getting up, her hand on her hip and chest thrust out.

"Obviously." Harry responded thinking the statement at odds with someone who had just blown him after he had been mocking her not ten minutes before.

Glancing down at his watch, the only thing he still had on, Harry saw they had just over twenty five minutes left. 'Better get to it.' He thought to himself.

Stepping into Pansy he dropped his head down to her neck and started trailing kisses from just below her ear down to her collar bone, more as an excuse not to kiss her on the mouth than finding her particularly attractive. As he trailed his mouth along her neck line he ran his hand from her chest down to her pussy, finding it surprising wet on his fingers. Not wasting anytime he quickly slid his fingers past her lips, and trailing down the smooth wet flesh, slid a single finger into her and working it around her pussy.

While one hand fingered her pussy his other reached behind her to grab her arse. Enjoying the soft but firm feeling in his hand, he remembered his time with Gwen, and thinking now was as good a time as any to try, slid his hand down the line of her arse. He felt as his hand slid over her hole, firm and tight under his finger as he pressed on it. Pansy pushed forward into him as he played with her arse, moaning softly into his ear as he continued to nuzzle into her neck. As she pushed forward his digit in her slid deeper as the palm of his hand rubbed into clit causing her to push harder into him again.

Dropping his finger lower he trailed it between her legs, and coming up from behind rubbed his fingers into the underside of her pussy. His fingers now wet and slick from her sex, he brought his middle finger back up to her arse, and waiting for her to press back slightly, pushed into it, his finger pressing into her just slightly. Pansy let out a short gasp, her arse tensing around his hand for a long moment before slowly relaxing.

Harry left his hand on her arse for a moment, and sliding his finger out of her pussy started to rub his fingers across her pussy, from her entrance up to her clit, the soft flesh readily parting for his fingers. Thinking to help him get hard again, Harry stopped fingering her for a moment, and grabbing her hand which had been holding onto the table behind her, placed it on his cock, still slightly wet from her sucking it.

As he went back to rubbing her, occasionally sliding a finger into her, and once more, pushing two in her causing her to gasp and rise onto her toes again, Pansy started playing with his balls, rolling them gently between her fingers before taking hold of his cock, feeling it semi hard and gently stroking it.

As Harry felt himself start to get hard again under her attention, he pulled both his hands away from her, and standing up in front of her, took her by the hips and spun her around so she was facing the wall. Placing the hand that had been on her arse on her shoulder he pushed her forward, causing her to bend over slightly at the waist but still mostly standing. With his other hand, he rubbed his fingers hard into her pussy, spreading her lips and getting her wetness across his fingers. Trailing his fingers up her arse, he let them trail over her hole before grabbing himself. Taking hold of his now hard cock he rubbed her wetness over his cock, being sure to cover his knob.

Bending his knees slightly he pressed his cock between her legs, and pressing the shaft of his cock against her pussy, slid it back across her, covering himself in her love juice. Then as he slid his knob across her pussy and back between her legs he pressed the end of it onto her arsehole, and with his other hand on her shoulder, pressed into her.

Harry heard her gasp, much louder this time, her arse tightening on him cock. He had only got the end in before she leaning forward slightly had seemed to tighten on him, stopping him from pulling in or out.

"What's up Pansy? Can't handle it?" Harry said dropping his other hand onto her arse slapping it gently.

"Fuck you Potter." She breathed, seemingly short of breath.

"I think I'm the one fucking you." He said and again lightly slapped her arse. "I thought you were a real woman?" He mocked, his cock still partly in her arse.

Pansy seemed to take a breath, and bracing her hands on the table in front of her, looked over her shoulder at Harry, her short dark hair falling into her eyes a bit, and pushed back onto him, his cock sliding deeper into her.

Harry smirked at her, his hand squeezing her arse as he looked down from her gaze and saw his cock almost half way inside her. He was surprised at just how different it felt on him, while all the girls he had fucked in the last few weeks had been different, once inside them it had felt similar, some slightly tighter or wetter, but mostly the same. Fucking Pansy's arse was as different as wanking was to a blow job. Unbelievably tight around his cock where it was entering her, inside it didn't have the same softness he'd felt around his cock while fucking the other girls. Deciding that it was probably for the best not to think on it too much, he looked up at Pansy still looking back at him over her shoulder, and pushed into her a bit deeper.

Pansy pulled in a ragged breath and bit her bottom lip as Harry pushed deeper into her, when she felt him stop she took a breath and briefly closed her eyes hoping that was all of him, although the fact she couldn't feel his brush on her yet suggested it wasn't. While she could see Harry as she looked back at him, she couldn't see where he was fucking her from that angle, although she could certainly feel it.

Feeling her tighten around him and finding it harder to push in, Harry pulled back slightly, and bringing his hand that had slapped her arse under his cock, he again rubbed it into her pussy, and bringing it back to his cock, rubbed her pussy juice around her hole and on his cock. He briefly considered spitting on her arse, but with her looking back at him, he thought she might get pissed at him, not something he wanted while his cock was in her.

With more of her wetness on him he again pushed into her, and again sliding out, the feeling of her tight around his cock, while she continued to look back at him over her shoulder, was quickly exciting him.

Finding his rhythm, Harry continued his slow fuck of Pansy's arse, pushing into her and slowly pulling out, all the time Pansy looking back at him, the occasional gasp as he pushed into her. While he was enjoying the different sensation of fucking her, he saw the dial of his watch as his hand was still holding her shoulder and saw he had just under ten minutes left.

Harry rapidly picked up the pace, thrusting in and out of her, but not going as deep. He saw her hands which had been grasping the edge of the table ball into fists as he started working her faster, her head dropping forward so he could no longer look at her as he fucked her. Pansy was taking rapid short breaths, moving forward with every thrust he made into her. It was hardly a minute later that he felt his second orgasm hit, his cock throbbing inside her. He rode out the end of his orgasm inside her before sliding out of her, he got down to his knob, and then slowly pulled it out, watching her close around the tip of it.

Looking down at himself he thought he better clean up a bit before dressing. Seeing that Pansy was still bent over the table, breathing shallowly, her fists now unclenched, he dropped down, and grabbing her discarded robes, wiped himself off. Then quickly tossing on his cloths again he looked at Pansy who had just turned around and was looking at him.

"You were right Pansy, all woman." He said reaching for the door. "I'll tell Slughorn to come lock the door after his next class." He said before stepping out into the corridor.

He swung by the wall sconces where he had ditched his boxers and put them in his pocket before heading back to Slughorn's office.

"Your keys sir." He said handing over the keys.

"Ah thank you my boy," Slughorn said with another triple chin smile "I trust you and Mrs Parkinson found everything?"

"Indeed sir, although she is still... tidying up. You might want to go lock up after class" Harry said unable to stop the smile from spreading across his face "Oh and thank you for your help sir."

"Anytime my boy, anytime."

***Chapter 6*:**

Sorry for the long delay, 1 more chapter coming after this one then I need to find my muse again.

Harry slipped out the door of the Three Broomsticks behind a trio of surly looking wizards, undoubtedly annoyed by the influx of students caused by the Hogsmead weekend. He had initially come with Ron to pick up some supplies from Honeydukes and then grab a butterbeer with Bill who was in town for the day.

However the moment Harry and Ron had claimed a table to wait for Bill at, Romilda Vane had occupied one of the empty seats next to Harry and, just as Ron was going to tell her he was saving it for his brother, Hannah Abbott and Susan Bones had pulled up two seats of their own.

Feeling slightly trapped, Harry was already planning his escape when he felt Romilda's hand under the table slide up his leg and squeeze his package. He had been about to make a break for it and go talk to Professor Slughorn who had just entered with Professor Flitwick and another wizard when Ron called out across the bar "Bill" waving his hand.

Seeing Bill Weasley pushing his way across the crowded bar to them Harry stood up pushing his chair back and knocking away Romilda's hand, which had been starting to get a rise out of him. "I'll go grab a round shall I?" Harry said not waiting for a response, he shook hands with Bill, gesturing that he should take his seat while he slipped up to the bar, feeling the girls eyes on him the whole way.

"Heya Harry."

Harry spun to face Cho Chang standing at the bar next to him, and with her was Marietta Edgecombe.

"Hey Cho, how's it going?" He asked wondering who else could possibly be in here today.

"NEWT year." Cho said with a sigh.

Harry glanced back at Marietta, wondering if she had told anyone about their late night study session. "Yeah I hear it can be... hard"

"Makes me wish for the good old days of Umbridge." Cho joked.

"Yeah those were the days; maybe we can get her as a substitute." He retorted, looking for yet another out.

Kismet seemed to be on his side today, as when the barkeep handed over Cho and Marietta's order, he dropped one of the mugs and spilled butterbeer down the front of the bar causing everyone to jump back and letting Harry slip into the crowd by the door.

So Harry found himself standing by himself on the front porch of the Three Broomsticks wondering what to do next. He and Ron and done their shopping before coming to see Bill, his bag still sitting by his chair at the table of bygone pussy.

Deciding that he may as well get a drink rather than head back into the castle, he walked past the centre of town, and turning off at the Owl Office, headed down one of the dead end streets.

Looking through a grubby window and seeing the place wasn't very busy, Harry walked into the Hogshead, He hadn't been here since last year, when he had organised the DA with Hermione's help. The place looked the same as ever, he even recognised some of the guests from his last time here, and wondered how many bad decisions he's have to make in his life before this place became his regular drinking establishment.

Taking a seat at the bar he signalled to the barman who was chatting to one of the locals down the other end of the bar "Firewhiskey" Harry said.

The old man looked at him for a long moment before snorting to himself. He pulled down a bottle of amber liquid from the bar behind him, and poured a half shot into a semi clean glass. "Not holding another meeting here are ya?" he asked gruffly, putting the bottle back on the rack with a dozen other bottles.

"Not this time." Harry said and running his thumb along the rim of the shot glass, trying to at least partly clean it, knocked back the shot. The liquid burned the whole way down, his urge was to cough it back up and shake his head but he managed to settle for closing his eyes and gritting his teeth. After a moment the painful burning stopped and he could feel a blazing warmth drop from his stomach down to his feet then slowly rise.

Just as he was about to motion for another the barkeep dropped a bottle of butterbeer down in front of him before walking back down to the customer he had been serving.

Another customer came in and took the seat next to him, the barkeep slid down a bottle of what Harry recognised as mead without being asked.

"Not the usual hang out for Hogwarts students." The new customer said in lieu of an introduction.

"Regular bar is a bit crowded for my tastes today." He said turning on his stool, the new comer was a woman in early middle age, dark brown hair done up into an elaborate hairdo, with very well done makeup. Her robes didn't look especially new, although they were well cut.

"Yes I saw walking past." She said offering her hand "Andromeda Tonks"

Harry managed to smother his surprise, he had heard about the black sheep of the Black family, or the other Black sheep he supposed, from Sirius and Tonks. She had supposedly cut most of her ties with the wizarding world after her family disowned her for marrying a muggle born wizard.

"Harry Potter." He said shaking her hand.

"Yes I know, I have heard quite a bit about you from my daughter." She replied with a smile, she was really a very attractive woman, a more wholesome look than either of her sisters. She leaned towards Harry slightly "Why just the other day she was telling me how you fac-
BANG Andromeda jumped back at the sudden noise, almost slipping off her stool.

Harry had slammed his empty shot glass down on the bar upside down and was leaning down, looking between his fingers.

Seeing that everyone in the bar was looking at him and he had startled Andromeda he ducked his head "Sorry, bug" he said looking down at his upturned glass again.

"Excuse me." He said to Andromeda, and slipping a coaster under the lip of his glass, he picked it up and walked down the bar to the door marked bathroom. Shouldering it open, he flipped the lock on it. The bathroom of the Hogshead was as dirty as the bar was itself, a single flush toilet, looking to have last been cleaned when Dumbledore was still a student, and a wash basin with brown and yellow lime stains running down from the perpetually dribbling tap. A small window high on the wall cast a sorry beam of light into the room.

Stepping into the centre of the dark wooden floor Harry swept the coaster away from under his glass and flicked it down at the floor. A small dark beetle tumbled out of the glass and hit the floor with a surprisingly loud clack, before it had time to bounce a second time it shifted in less than a second into the crouched form of a Blond, bespectacled woman in dark blue robes in her mid-thirties.

"Hello Rita." Harry said his wand in his hand.

"You don't have to be so rough Harry; it's no way to treat a lady." Rita said standing up and adjusting her robes. They had twisted around her as she transformed while still in motion, the neckline pulling open and twisting around her a bit, Harry could see the top edge of a lacy black bra.

Rita saw him looking at her as she adjusted her robes, straightening them out she left the top open and with a predatory smile took a step closer to him "Oh Harry that hurts, after all I did for you last year."

"I believe I was the one helping you out Rita, you hadn't written anything for a year until we threw you a bone." Harry mocked, Rita wasn't nearly so intimidating now he wasn't a fourth year trying to convince the world he wasn't a cheat, also being the Chosen One helped his public perception.

"And a very nice bone it was to Harry." She said with a wink, she sauntered over to him, putting almost an obscene amount of sway into her hips as she did. "You wouldn't have any more stories for me would you Harry?"

"I might have been more inclined to answer if I hadn't just caught you stalking and eavesdropping on me." He said looking her in the eye, not giving her the satisfaction of glancing down her robe.

"Just a girl trying to make a living Harry."

"I'd hate to think what you do to make a living Rita, how long had you been following me?" Harry asked.

"Well you see Harry, there I was, just hanging about in the Three Broomsticks, when I see the boy hero himself walk in. Thinking of just how much I missed out times together I thought I'd stop by and see how you were going, but seeing those lovely you ladies sit with you." Rita said placing a finger on his cheek and sliding it down "I thought I'd hang about and see what the latest Hogwarts gossip was. I do miss it from my time there."

"And what exactly did you see and hear Rita?" Harry asked through gritted teeth, suddenly worried about what trouble she may cause.

"Oh I couldn't hear much, that's why I followed you when you left that lovely little Brunet who seemed to be very... close with you." She said with a grin.

"Look Rita, this isn't like two years ago, you go printing stuff like that and people get hurt, people get hurt and next time I don't drop you on the floor, I drop you in a toilet and flush." He said stepping into her space.

"Oh Harry, so protective, no wonder the girls seem to be falling over themselves to get at you. I heard the most interesting rumour about you the other day as well, disappearing from a party with a certain Quiddich player... makes me think I should have paid closer attention to you during the tournament and not Krum."

"Like you need the facts or the truth to start printing anything." He scoffed.

"Oh come now Harry, you'll hurt my feelings."

"You need to have heart to have feelings Rita." He said his eyes glancing down her top by their own accord.

Rita couldn't help but smirk, men were always so easy "Come on Harry help a girl earn an honest living will you? I haven't said anything about you and all these rumours I have been hearing, why you should of heard what I heard while waiting in the bathroom of the Three Broomsticks, the things those broom closet's must have seen huh? Why it makes a girl get all hot just thinking about it." She said grasping the low collar of her robe and waving it as if to get some air.

"It would be best if you didn't listen to rumours Rita, we wouldn't want anyone finding out about any of your secrets." Harry said unable to stop himself from looking at Rita fanning herself.

"How about we make a deal Harry, you give me some juicy gossip about what happened between you and our new Minister at the start of the year, and I help you out." She said stopping her fanning but leaving her collar open.

"Why would I do that Rita, you know what I can do to you if you try to print anything on me or my friends, there isn't anything I need from you." He said staring her down, he was in fact interested to see where she would take this, she was about as old as Gwen, although while not as fit, she was far more made up, with makeup and hairdo, along with what looked like a decent tan.

"Come on Harry, surely you can spare a comment for an old friend? Wouldn't you like me writing about the Ministry rather than you?" She pleaded. While not as run down as she had looked last year after a year of forced silence, Rita was still obviously hurting from their censor of her. "Surely you want the people to know if they should trust their new minister, or maybe you'd like to tell me what happened between you and Fudge at the end of last year. I'm sure we could come to some... arrangement" She practically purred at Harry, thrusting her chest forward and licking her lips.

While the idea of shagging the woman who had smeared himself and others during their fourth year was vile, the idea of having her on her knees in front of him, actually having to work for a story, was enough to offset it.

Harry smirked at the woman in front of him, practically begging to service him for a lead on a story; he let his eyes stay down her robe which was still open wide. "Well why don't you show me some investigative journalism then."

Rita grinned up at Harry, and with an exaggerated motion pulled out her wand, and whipping it across Harry's body she caused every clasp in his robe to come undone and the front to fly open. Not being a school day he was only wearing a plain black t-shirt underneath along with black cotton boxers.

Rita stepped forward, managing to put an almost unnatural amount of sway into her hips as she did, stopping just in front of Harry she placed both her hands flat on his chest, and with a final smile that showed absolutely no innocence, lowered herself down, letting her hands slide down his front before coming to rest on his hips.

Licking her lips, she leaned towards the waist band of his boxers, and managing to grab them in her teeth, pulled them down with her mouth, once past his thighs, she let them go, dropping them down to his feet where he kicked them off under the sink.

Rita kissed Harry's leg just above his right knee where she had let go of his boxers, and then proceeded to draw her tongue along his inner leg until she came to his cock. Harry was still soft, while enjoying the look down Rita's top and her kneeling in front of him; it took a bit more than that to get him hard now.

Rita tilted her head looking at his flaccid member before coming to her decision and again not using her hands which had slid around him to grab his arse, leaned forward and rather than taking his cock in her mouth, she took his balls. His cock beginning to harden was draped across her face, resting on the cool lense of her glasses, while she gently played with his balls, her lips gently holding them in her mouth as her tongue rolled them in her mouth. As she tilted her head to the other side, causing his cock to flop across her nose and gently slap her on the cheek he could briefly feel teeth on his sack and grunted. Rita looked up at him, his cock now hard enough to be bouncing between her face and his, smiled and gently pressed her teeth into him again only to pull back.

"If that's the best you got Rita, you won't be writing anything for a long time." Harry said looking down at the blond bespectacled reporter.

"Oh what's the matter Harry, don't like it rough? I guess not all the rumours I hear are true after all." She teased, and pulling him forward with her hands still on his arse, opened her mouth wide and passing her lips over his mostly hard cock, and in one smooth motion, took his entire length in her mouth. Harry could feel the end of his cock hit the roof of her mouth before sliding back deeper, when Rita had the entire length in her mouth she moved from side to side while pulling him forward and pressing her nose into his dark brush of hair, seemingly trying to take even more of him in.

She slowly pulled back, her lips and tongue tight and hot against his cock, as she got back up to his knob he felt her tongue work around it before she again plunged down on him, not hesitating the slightest when his cock hit the back of her mouth.

Harry could feel his cock now fully hard in her mouth, as she went from playing with his knob to seemingly trying to swallow his whole cock he could feel her tongue working along his shaft. Dropping one of her hands from his arse where she had been holding him in

place she reached down, and just like Romilda had, gently held his balls, rolling them gently in her fingers.

Having had more than a few blow jobs in the last few weeks Harry found himself comparing Rita, while she certainly gained points for technique, he hesitated to think how much practice she had had at it. Hannah had been his first and he had barely been able to last long enough to enjoy it, Romilda had had fantastic technique, bringing him to his end faster than anyone, but Pansy had sucked his cock with a passion and gusto that the other girls just hadn't, like the one thing she truly wanted in the world at that moment was to be sucking his cock, and it was intensely erotic. Rita seemed to be a rather more experienced Romilda, all technique but no passion.

Harry stepped back as Rita was again sucking his knob causing his cock to slip out of her mouth, although she managed to keep to loose grip on his balls.

"Rita, I expected something a little more inspired, do you need to get that quill of yours to give you some ideas." He mocked her. He felt the hand grasping his balls tighten a little as Rita arched an eyebrow up at him.

"Well aren't you the cocky one." She said again tightening her grip on his balls. "Seems as if Dumbledore's little golden boy has a bit more experience than I thought."

"Or maybe you're just not as good as you think." Harry said vindictively, enjoying paying her back for what she said in his fourth year.

Rita stood from her place on the floor and resting one of her hands on her hip as the other played with her neck line she looked at Harry, standing half naked in front of her and laughed. "I think you'll regret saying that."

She snapped her finger and the front of her robe fell open and Harry's eyebrows shot up, partly from the impressive charm (Which he again was curious just how much she used) and partly due to what it revealed.

Harry thought Rita was somewhere in her mid or late thirties, he was never great at guessing ages, but similar to Romilda, she had a firm tight body without being overly muscular like Gwen had been. A nice tan that ran across her body hidden only by her lingerie, Black lace straps and trim supported leopard print silk bra and panties. Her bra supported a very good sized chest, in her robes it had been hard to tell, but she seemed to give even Hannah's legendary D's a run for their money. Harry also noticed that her nipples were showing hard even through the leopard print of her bra.

Rita slipped off the robe that had still been hanging on her shoulders, and taking another step closer to Harry licked one of her fingers, and trailing it down her front, made her bra come apart at the front, the black lace and leopard print snapping away as if only magic had been able to help them hold back for massive chest. Standing a pace away from Harry, Rita raised her hands above her head, causing her breasts to bounce slightly as she stood on her toes, and slowly spun around on the spot in front of him.

Her panties which only covered a small triangle of skin on her front, barely big enough to cover her, tapered down to a thin strap of black lace around the sides, and as she spun so he could check out her arse, saw that it didn't cover her at all like the panties his other girls had had, her little black lace strap seemed to dip down into her bum, all but disappearing before tucking around between her legs. Harry also noticed that unlike Romilda who had been as tanned as Rita was, Rita had absolutely no tan line, on her breasts of bum, again leading Harry to wonder exactly what the story with Rita was.

Coming around full circle Rita dropped back down to her feet causing her breasts to again bounce. Then grabbing Harry by the hand, lead him over to the toilet, and knocking the lid down with her foot, pushed him down so he was sitting on it, staring directly into her chest. Reaching up with one of his hands, he grabbed one of her breasts and gave her a squeeze, while all the girls he'd had, had vastly different sized chests, he found they all felt similar, just the size and nipples varying. Rita's however seemed to be to be much firmer than anyone else, his fingers finding a resistance he had never felt before and bouncing back from his touch. And unlike Hannah's, who had been almost as large but had drooped significantly when out of her bra, Rita's were still up and together. Harry wondered if she had actually charmed her own breasts, or like he had heard Dudley and Piers talking about last summer, gotten fake breasts.

Rita smiled down at Harry playing with her chest, her smile conveying none of the usual emotions that go with a smile. Bending over at the waist she pressed her chest into Harry's face, and gripping the cistern behind him, shook her shoulders causing her breasts to slap him repeatedly in the face, knocking his glasses off and causing them to fall to the floor. She then pressed herself into him, his face almost disappearing in her chest, the hot flesh soothing after being slapped by them.

Dropping down in front of him she brushed his hands off her chest, and again taking him in her mouth gave him a few slow strokes with her mouth, working her tongue slowly over him, before pulling back. Leaning forward into him as he sat astride the dirty toilet, she placed her hands on his thighs, and shaking her shoulders to make her breasts shake, pressed into him.

Harry looked down to see his cock press in between her breasts as she leaned into him, his knob sliding up her chest. Rita adjusted her position, scooting forward on her knees and letting go of Harry's legs, grabbed her breasts in her hands, and pressing them together squeezed them around Harry's cock.

Harry looking down at her saw her breasts engulf his cock, only his knob showing between them pointing up at her face. Shimmying once more, Rita, her hands still pressing her breasts around his cock, started rubbing them along his cock, his knob briefly disappearing between the soft firm flesh of her breasts before being squeezed out again as she dropped them down. Every so often she would stop to change her grip and give her breasts a shake around his cock.

Harry leaned back on the toilet, thinking the disgusting environment they were in oddly fitting for a place to fuck Rita Skeeter in. He started to thrusting into her, as much as he could from his sitting position as she continued to titty fuck him, either she noticed his action or picked up the pace herself, because Harry could feel her grip on him tighten as she picked up the pace. Looking down he saw her working her breasts along his shaft, her face pointed down watching his cock in her breasts. Harry could feel his end coming but tried to hold back for as long as he could, tensing up and holding his position as she continued to squeeze his cock between her bronzed mounds of hot perfection.

Not able to stop himself any longer Harry untensed and came, Looking down he saw his load shoot out the end of his cock just as it appeared from between her breasts and hit her in the face, causing her to freeze, although still holding his cock in her breasts, the second stream of cum followed the first and hit her face again before she pulled back, the rest of his load landing on her breasts and chest as his orgasm ran out. Harry looked up from his cock where the last of his load dribbled out of his cock onto her breasts, to where Rita was looking at him, a streamer of white cum across one of the lenses of her glasses and across her forehead into her hair, the other had hit her across the nose and down to her chin, probably getting her as she pulled back.

Looking up at Harry Rita didn't look too pleased, although as she stared up at him, her tongue appeared between her lips and ran around her mouth, licking off the cum that had landed there not breaking eye contact or changing her less than please expression.

Harry couldn't help but grin at Rita, his cum plastered across her face and in her hair, a drop of it hanging off her chin. He gestured down to his cock still held between her breasts "There's more if you want." He said with a smile.

Rita gave no reaction at all as she looked up at Harry, his cum still covering one of the lenses of her glasses. Then without looking away from him, lowered her head and took the end of his cock in his mouth and sucked the cum off it.

Harry actually laughed out loud, the image of Rita sucking his cock clean, while still looking slightly pissed at him for cumming on her face was just too much.

"Well I think that's got me a story hasn't it?" Rita asked, his cock barely an inch from her mouth.

"Oh I think I could Russel up a quote or two for you." He said reaching down and giving her breasts another squeeze, trying to avoid his own cum covering them. "But how about an exclusive?" He said squeezing her hard in his hand, feeling her nipple between his fingers.

Rita flinched at his rough handling "An exclusive interview with the Chosen One... that's front page stuff Harry." She said with a wicked grin. Its effect both heightened and lessened by his cum on her.

"Front page? Well that's a pretty big deal; we'll have to come up with something very special for it." He offered teasingly.

Rita again had her chilling smile, and running her finger down her chin, wiped off Harry's cum before sucking her finger, looking up at Harry speculatively. Glancing down at his cock, now soft and resting on top of his legs, she stood up from where she had been crouching in front of him and stood up, still only dressed in her all but non-existent panties, the tiny triangle of leopard skin material barely held in place by the thin straps of black lace.

Stepping back into the centre of the small room, Rita, topless and lightly covered with Harry's cum, spread her arms wide and again spun on the spot, giving Harry a view of her arse again. Facing Harry, Rita bounced up onto her toes a few times, causing her breasts to bounce in place very enticingly before hooking one of her fingers under the lace of her panties. Pulling it down slightly on one side she let it slide out her fingers and snap back into place on her hip. Running a finger down her front she again hooked it under her panties, this time pulling the front portion forward and looked down at herself before looking up at Harry and winking.

Sauntering forward until she was again standing over Harry, she beckoned him forward, and pulling her thong forward slightly. Just as Harry was leaning forward to look she again let it snap back into place before stepping back, turning her back on him and slapping her arse with her hand. She continued her teasing, bouncing her breasts or running her hands over herself watching to see when Harry got hard again.

When she saw his cock begin to rise out of his lap like a hungry cobra, she stood in front of him, still sitting on the lid of the toilet, and facing away from him, bent over at the waist, Taking the lace of her thong on both sides and slowly pulling down, exposing herself in the most graphic way possible.

Harry watched as Rita pulled down her thong, between her spread legs he could see her bent over, her breasts hanging down under her, her face watching him through her own legs, her glasses almost falling off. Her pussy was now right in front of his face, a pink line of flesh nestled between her legs, her pussy and her arse perfectly tanned without a trace of tan line.

Standing up and spinning around to face him, now fully naked, Rita stood with one hand on her hip, the other between her legs, unashamedly rubbing her own pussy. Like Hannah, Rita kept a patch of hair above her pussy, a small line of short brown hair, proving once and for all she wasn't a natural blond.

"So Harry, think you can take me, or shall I go tops?" She challenged, one of her fingers slipping between her lips and inside her.

Harry, his cock now hard and throbbing after Rita's show, had no intention of having her use him, if she wanted a story she was going to earn it.

Standing up he was just a bit taller than Rita, stripping off his black t-shirt he took Rita by the shoulder and spun her round, then pushing down on her shoulder he forced her to her knees, and with a final push, down onto her hands and knees.

Looking down at her pussy, already noticeably wet from her self-pleasure, and her arse, he briefly debated which he was going to go for before settling on her pussy. Reaching between her legs he rubbed his fingers into her, spreading her lips and wetting his fingers. From this angle, with his fingers spreading her, he could see her entrance, pink and glistening wet, shifting forward on his knees he rubbed his cock along her arse, briefly pushing it into her arse before dropping down to her pussy, then without waiting, slid into her.

As he entered her he heard her moan, not in discomfort as some of the girls had done when he went to fast, but pleasure. He grinned to himself, looking down at his cock sliding into her; he worked himself deeper into her, watching as her pussy took him in, then slowly released him, her lips grasping the shaft of his cock as it slid in and out of her. Pleased to find that she felt just as hot and wet as all the girls he'd fucked, he had been worried that Rita's obvious experience might have worn out her pussy. Her moaning at his fucking of her grew so loud that for the first time he wondered what the people left in the bar though he was doing in here, since he had come in by himself and there was no other door.

Having worked his whole length in her he was now taking long thrusts, taking his cock out so his knob, now wet with her juices hung before her pussy before diving back in. Rita started to force herself back into his thrusts, their bodies making loud smacking noises when they did which only made her moan louder. Seeing her arse shake every time their bodies came together Harry slapped his palm onto her causing her to gasp and moan louder. Grinning Harry slapped her arse again, harder, causing her to moan and start pushing back on him harder, making their bodies slap together.

While Harry was enjoying the position, and the view of his cock entering her as he spanked her, the floor of the bathroom was rough wood and not very comfortable on his knees. Pulling back out of her Harry went to stand up, but Rita had thrust back onto him, expecting his cock to enter her, instead to slide up her arse almost entering her.

"Oh give a girl some warning Harry." She said looking back at him.

Not bothering to answer Harry stood up and reaching down picked her up by the shoulder. Looking around the room he didn't really want

to fuck her on anything in the filthy room. Looking over at the basin he pushed her over to it, and making her face the basin and the mirror above it grabbed his cock, and pressing between her legs pushed into her again.

Although he couldn't see as well as he could from the floor, he was able to thrust into her much harder, although she didn't seem to be able to push back on him as hard, instead she ground her hips into him as he entered her, rubbing her arse into him and stretching her pussy.

Harry looked up from where he was fucking her to the mirror and saw Rita looking back at him through the mirror. Everytime he thrust into her he could see her breasts bounce, watching her reflection in the mirror, Rita staring back at him, her breasts bouncing with each thrust he started to force himself into her harder, causing her breasts to bounce more each time and her to moan each time he slid into her. Slapping her arse again he caused her to moan and bite her lower lip, once more feeling his end coming he started pounding his cock into her harder, not looking away from Rita's reflection in the mirror, her moaning doing as much for his arousal as the feeling of her pussy around him.

Once more feeling himself about to cum he pulled out at the last moment, and grabbing his cock in his hand kept the motion going, shooting his second load onto her arse and lower back, the first streams of white cum landing on her back while the next landed on her arse. Rubbing the last of his cum off his cock onto her arse he gave her another slap where his cum hadn't landed and stepped back.

Rita stood up from where she had been bent over the wash basin and reached a hand down to her pussy and rubbed in gingerly. "A little rough there Harry, you're not a small boy, you gotta be careful with that thing."

Harry just smiled taking in his cum still covering her glasses, breasts and now arse.

Rita either didn't notice or care, walking over to her discarded robes, she bent over to remove something from the pocket, giving Harry another great view, before sitting down on the toilet seat he had been sitting on, and crossing her legs, still fully naked, looked up at him with quill and parchment in hand. "So that story."

Thanks for reading, please leave a review or email me (check profile) for ideas and suggestions.

***Chapter 7*:**

Hello again, last chapter for awhile until I get some more ideas, all of the girls so far have either been the original ones or challenges by readers such as Rita, Daphne and Pansy. Let me know what you think or ideas. Review or email!

Harry was in Honeydukes with Ron, both of them having slipped out with Harry's invisibility cloak to enjoy an unofficial Hogsmead weekend. Hermione had passed on joining them, refusing to break rules for frivolous reasons and reminding Ron that as a Prefect, he shouldn't either. Ignoring her glare they had left the common room and taking the long way around had come to the humpback witch statue.

Emerging at the other end covered in Harry's cloak and making their way out from behind the counter they slipped out behind an old warlock clutching a brightly coloured bag in his liver spotted hands. After looking around they ducked around the corner, whipped off the cloak and returned to the sweet shop.

Back inside they proceeded to load up on sweets for themselves and presents for a few upcoming birthdays, if they lasted that long. Looking through a display of sugar quills and flavoured ink sets Harry saw a group of three girls walking out of Magical Maladies the apothecary across the street. Leaning forward and brushing one of the quills out of the way he could clearly see Tracey Davis, Daphne Greengrass and Laura MacLeay walking down the street towards the post office, clearly he and Ron were not the only ones to sneak out this weekend.

"Phew." Ron said over Harry's shoulder as he followed Harry's gaze down the street "Why don't they make them like that in our house?" He asked looking at the two Slytherins and Ravenclaw step into the post office.

"Don't let any of the girls hear you say that." Harry said turning around now the girls had gone from view.

"True enough." Ron replied picking up a set of false teeth made of peppermint candy. "Still, shame they are Slytherins, Fred and George would never let me live it down!" He added wistfully dropping the teeth back onto the pile they came from.

"I'm sure even they would make an exception for one of them." Harry said his eyes straying to a small display of shelf Crystallised Pineapple.

It was double potions the following Tuesday and they were working on an anti-sensory cream, to make the user undetectable and untraceable by scent, a notoriously tricky cream as it had to be perfectly balanced or it would actually enhance the scent of the wearer.

Putting his cream on a low simmer Harry walked over to the equipment rack on the wall and grabbed four pipets for their table. Coming back he passed behind the table the Slytherins were working at and seemed catch his foot on the edge of the table causing him to stumble into Draco Malfoy. Malfoy pitched forward and knocked his cauldron off its cradle, spilling it's still very watery cream over the table causing the fires under the other three cauldrons on the table to hiss and flicker as they were swamped by the spill.

"Watch where you're going scar head." Malfoy spat jumping back from the table as his now ruined cream started dripping over the edge.

Harry was about to respond when Professor Slughorn waddled over "What's going on here, what's this!" He exclaimed looking at the ruinous mess spreading over the table.

"Potter pushed me sir!" Malfoy exclaimed waving at the tipped cauldron.

"I tripped." Harry defended looking at Professor Slughorn, knowing he wouldn't be able to help smiling if he glanced at the mess.

"Harry my boy, you must be more careful, this is a potions lab not a dance floor. I'm afraid you're going to have to serve detention with me tonight." He said "Now, now, don't give that look my boy, it might help you remember to take special care next time." With a wave of his wand the spilled potion cleared and the other fires returned to their normal settings.

At 8pm that night Harry made his way out of the common room, Ron giving him a sympathetic pat on the arm but saying it was worth it to see Draco's work ruined.

Arriving at Professor Slughorn's office he knocked on the door and heard the old professor's voice welcome him in. Slughorn was sitting at his desk, a pile of parchments on the table in front of him next to a red box.

"Harry, hope I haven't ruined your evening." He said with a wink as he reached into the box and pulled out a cube of crystallised pineapple. He was about to say something more when another knock on the door sounded.

At Slughorn's prompting the door opened again and Daphne Greengrass entered.

"Ahh Miss Greengrass, glad you could join us, Mr Potter will be assisting us this evening as well, he had a bit of an accident in Potions class today." Turning back to Harry "Miss Greengrass here took a weekend stroll with a few of her friends last weekend but was unlucky enough to be seen coming back my Filch, her friends are helping Professor Sprout in the greenhouse while you two will be assisting me in preparing for my OWL students lesson tomorrow." He explained packing away his papers and rising from behind his desk.

He led them out of his office and down the hall into the potions classroom. When he opened the door and ushered them in both Harry and Daphne rocked back on their heels as a wave of heat rushed out of the room and into the cool hallway. Stepping into the room Harry reflexively reached up to undo the top button on his shirt as the hot humid air made him almost instantly start to sweat. Behind him Daphne pulled her long blond hair behind her and slipped a band over it placing it in a loose ponytail.

"We are starting mind altering potions so I am preparing several samples for the class, The Draught of Relaxation, Elixir of Euphoria and of course Amortentia a powerful love potion." He said passing over the final Cauldron inhaling deeply and smiling.

"The brewing process is just about complete on the lot, the Euphoria needs to be kept at temperature for another two hours, the Draught of Relaxation needs to reduce by half stirring alternatively every half ounce of reduction and the Amortentia needs essence of male and female and then be left to cool to room temperature no faster than two degrees every fifteen minutes." He said waving his wand and causing the instructions to appear on the board. "There are four cauldrons of each and I will need all of them, the simmering and cooling process for each is vital, when you are finished around midnight please seal the door behind you, I'll be in my chambers if you need me but do let an old man have his rest." He said with a chuckle opening the classroom door once more and waddled out closing them in.

The room was swelteringly hot; the heat of a dozen fires mixed with the humid air made the room a veritable sauna. Looking over at Daphne who still was yet to say a word, he could see her usually smooth wavy blond hair was starting to frizz and her face going red in the heat. The room was saturated with the scent of the potions, the subtle freshness of the Euphoria, the heady musk of the Relaxation, and below it all, subtle but unmistakable, the Amortentia, Harry could smell treacle tart, the scent of his firebolt and now the heady rich musk that took him back to broom cupboards and potions labs.

"You want to keep an eye on the Amortentia and I'll cover the Draught of Relaxation, the Euphoria should take care of itself?" Harry asked unbuttoning another button on his shirt leaving his collar gaping.

Daphne looked up at him from where she had been looking into the rich golden coloured Euphoria "Sure" She said tossing her pony tail over her shoulder and unbuttoning the top button of her blouse as well "But you'll still need to add to the Amortentia." She gestured at the four cauldrons.

Stepping over to the four cauldrons in the middle of the classroom Harry pointed his wand at his eye and twisted it slowly in the air. Instantly he could feel his eyes water and several tears run down his cheek and splashed into the potion.

"If only I had a camera, the Chosen One crying." Daphne mocked from behind him.

"It will just add to my image, crying for all the innocents I couldn't save, the press will love it." Harry replied leaning over the second cauldron and cried into it.

Daphne was over the first cauldron and a few tears dripped into it, as they hit the surface the potion almost instantly turned into a light periwinkle.

Bent over the potions as they were the heady aroma of the world's strongest love potion was all encompassing. Harry looked over at Daphne who had paused over the second cauldron, her long blond hair hanging down almost dipping into the potion as she breathed deeply, her eyes closed and a look of pure contented bliss appeared on her face. She had an almost flawless pale complexion, not a freckle to be seen and only a small mole next to her right eye, even with the wet trails left by the tears her skin looked smooth, unblemished by the typical signs of puberty. Her eyes slowly opened, long dark lashes rising to show deep blue eyes, her pupils dilated but focused on nothing as the scent of the potion sent her mind wondering.

Finishing up his part Harry walked over to the other potions and checking their volume with the measuring spell reduced the fire under them by a fraction, realising that this would likely take quite a while at the rate it was reducing.

Looking over at Daphne he saw she was leaning against the stone wall of the classroom in an effort to cool down in the sweltering hot room.

Turning his back to her on the pretext of checking another one of the potions Harry undid all the clasps on his robe. Shrugging it off his shoulders he caught it in his hands before it hit the ground and flung it over the back of chair, being winter he like most of the males wore the standard heavy white cotton shirt and simple black cotton trousers.

"Please Potter, make yourself at home." Daphne said from her position by the wall.

"Thanks I will." He replied rolling up the sleeves of his shirt, the white material was already so soaked in his sweat in some places that it was mildly transparent.

After a few more minutes in which Harry considered how to play this, Daphne spoke up as she was checking the temperature of the Euphoria "So what exactly did you do to earn detention, I thought you were one of Slughorn's pets?"

"Draco didn't complain about it in the common room?" Harry asked curiously.

"How would I know?" Daphne asked undoing one of the clasps on her robe seemingly without noticing.

"Well you are in his year; I figured you all gossiped about how much you can't stand us Gryffindor's."

"I got sick of Draco's bitching after our second year when his Daddy was thrown out of the board of governors, and honestly Potter, you're not that interesting." She smiled.

"Ah but you hardly know me, only Charms class twice a week." He said trying not to stare as she undid the last few clasps of her own robe, she slid it off her shoulders and carefully folding it over in her arms she placed it on the side table. Like all the girls, she wore the standard high collared blouse that was standard uniform, unlike the males though, the girls had no standard lowers, she had on a pair of very short cotton shorts, the kind Harry sometimes saw joggers wear back on private drive. Her legs were the same pale complexion as the rest of her, smooth and flawless without a mark or blemish on them, the knee high white socks blending smoothly into her natural complexion.

"Well as you said, you are a Gryffindor, I can hardly be seen associating with the likes of you."

"Well considering the lack of options in your own house, maybe you need to broaden your horizons."

"Oh I do, but I would rather a Ravenclaw than Gryffindor, at least with them you don't need to keep reminding them of their own name."

Harry laughed out loud having read something similar scrawled onto the walls of the fourth floor boys restroom.

"I think you might be getting us confused with the Hufflepuffs." He said

"Hufflepuff, Gryffindor, whats the difference?" Daphne taunted, the white cotton of her blouse now damp with sweat was just beginning to show the dark material of her bra under it.

The combination of the heat and the heady aroma of the potions was making Harry feel more than a little groggy, a kind of pleasant drunkenness "Gryffindors don't lose." He replied his gaze still well below what was appropriate.

Daphne saw Harrys gaze and looking down at herself saw her blouse damp with sweat and her bra showing through, the heat of the room causing a line of sweat to run down from her head down her back and soak into the band of her shorts.

Looking up at Harry she had no noticeable expression on her face, she didn't mind his eyes on her, Harry wasn't a troll like so many of the boys in her house, or tools like the rest, so self-assured. It was mainly due to the disdain she held her housemates in that lead her to have exclusively female friends, only hanging out with the occasional Ravenclaw boy if they were brought along by someone else.

Her hand strayed up to the collar of her blouse and feeling the little silver pin she wore there she smiled, remembering last summer when she had spent a week at Tracey's holiday home in the Pyrenes. Tracey gave her the pin after there last day there when they had snuck out and skinny dipped in the lake outback before laying down on the cool grass together to dry. Tracey's gaze had strayed down her body as she had lain naked on the grass with the same look Harry had now. Remembering that afternoon by the Mountain Lake Daphne looked up at Harry, her hand unconsciously undoing another button of her blouse.

Seeing her hand undo another button, causing her blouse to gape open at the neck, he looked up and saw her looking him right in the eyes. Knowing she had caught him steering and with no readable expression on her face Harry let his gaze slide down her one last time, her dark bra showing through her top clearly now, the light material of her shorts darkening with sweat and pale legs glistening with sweat. Meeting her gaze again he glanced down at her open blouse before looking up at her again "Please make yourself at home." He said with a small smile.

Not looking away from his eyes for a moment, or letting any expression show on her face she brought her hand down the front of her blouse and let it fall open, the damp material sticking to her damp skin. Still not looking away from him she pulled the blouse off herself, and carefully folding it across her arm she finally looked away from him as she laid it neatly on top of her robe.

As much as he tried to play it cool Harry couldn't help the smile that was tugging at the corners of his mouth. As Daphne held his gaze he could see her pale flawless figure revealed to him, in stark contrast to the mat black bra she had on, plain and unadorned it was simple, dark, the perfect complement to her figure.

As she turned to store the top he let his eyes roam across her, the black bra in stark contrast to her milky white skin, not a hint of a tan line of freckle anywhere on her. Her bra while simple, was cupping her breasts, smooth flawless skin, pressed together slightly and glistening with sweat, while not close to the size of Hannah's or even Rita's, Daphne's breasts, with their light gleam of sweat seemed to almost pulse of sensuality, their black support seemed to almost enhance their sensuality, as if they didn't need lace or silk to detract from their femininity.

Pleased that his plan seemed to be working perfectly so far he was thinking what to do next when Daphne, her back turned, as she placed her folded blouse on top of her robe reached back with a hand and without any hesitation unclasped her bra. Rolling it off her shoulders she again folded it into itself and placed it next to her blouse then reaching down to her waste she seemed to pull at something bellow her naval before hooking the fingers of both hands on the hem of her shorts, and with a small jiggle pulled her shorts and panties down in one smooth motion.

Leaning down to pick them up off the floor Daphne picked them up, removing the panties she folds both and added them to her neatly folded pile.

Harry watched in shock as Daphne unclasped her bra, wondering briefly if she was just teasing him before doing it back up and telling him he was delusional, before she placed it on the table and proceeded to strip out of her shorts, her bum jiggling slightly as she rocked her hips free of them. As she bent down to pick them up off the floor, one of her long legs, still half covered in her knee high socks stretched out behind her for balance. Her arse, the same pale white as the rest of her, a perfectly formed curve at the top of her glistening wet legs, tensed as she stood up and folded the shorts and panties.

As she turned around she meet Harrys eyes as it had travelled up from her legs, to her sex, a small neatly trimmed triangle of pale blond hair seemingly pointing down to her pussy, its lips just visible between her thighs. Her breasts now free of their restraint seemed to hardly of shifted at all, two pale mounds of flesh, pick nipples hardly any darker than the skin they rested on were pointing at him as she turned around, the breasts hardly moving at all with her movement. Taking a deep breath of the humid air, the scent of the Amortentia, and the unmistakable musk that took him back to

broom closets and changing rooms filled his senses.

"I wa-" Harry started.

"Don't" Daphne cut across him.

Looking at her, his eyes for once staying locked onto hers he raised an eyebrow at her "Alr-"

"I said "Don't" Daphne said with emphases stepping towards him, each step causing the orange and red light from the numerous fires to shift across her body, making her damp flesh glisten in the warm light. Her breasts hardly quivering with each step were starting to glisten themselves now free of their confinement.

Reaching Harry she pushed him back until he bumped into the table behind him, not letting up the pressure of her hand on his chest she forced him back until he was laying back on the bench his back arched painfully. Slapping his hands down on the bench he pulled himself up slightly so that only his lower legs were hanging off the edge while he sat up, a cauldron of Euphoria behind him, the heat of it radiating against his back and the rich scent of it overpowering the rest of the fumes in the sweltering lab.

Not stopping Daphne placed a single hand on the bench beside Harry's leg and hopped onto it, kneeling, straddling him, her legs either side of Harry's. The large jump onto the table causing her breasts to jump in place before settling after a small aftershock, the largest movement Harry had seen out of them yet.

Grabbing Harry's wand from where he had placed it on the table, she slashed it in front of her momentarily making Harry's eyes widen before he heard the cauldron behind him crash to the floor. Turning his head he saw it lying on its side, the rich golden potion spreading across the stone floor, ribbons of steam rising off it overpowering any other scent in the room and making his head spin. The sound of it and its cradle cashing to the floor reverberated around the lab.

Harry felt her hand on his chest again as she forced him down, his back slapping against the bench and his head and shoulders hitting the hot table top where the cauldron's cradle had been sitting moments before.

Harry looked up at Daphne straddling him, his wand still in her hand, her pale skin glistening with the sweat and vapour of the lab, she crawled forward over him. The small blond triangle of hair above her pussy, hardly visible against the smooth white skin of her torso, pointed towards her sex, its pink lips clearly visible from his position underneath her.

As her legs passed over his arms laying by his sides he let them slide up the outside of her legs and cradle her arse, smooth and firm and flawless, his fingers slid across it smoothly his sweat mixing with hers.

She stopped when her knees were either side of his head and not hesitating lowered herself onto his face. With barely a moment's hesitation she felt his hands tighten on her arse and pull her down harder as she felt his tongue run across her.

She let Harry work her pussy, at first he seemed content to just taste her lips, every so often she would feel his tongue press into her clit before diving lower. Eventually she felt him part her flesh with his tongue, and with one slow powerful motion, starting from below her opening, he brought his tongue along her, briefly pausing to do a circuit of her opening, he continued up under she felt the hot soft flesh of his tongue press onto her clit.

Daphne dropped one of her hands onto the top of his head, digging her fingers into his messy hair while the other rested on the back of her own neck. Her back arching back slightly as she felt Harry's tongue once more dive into her, his nose seeming to rest on her clit.

After a while of letting him taste her she started to slowly rock herself on him, hardly enough to notice, his nose rubbing small circles around her clit and his tongue ran along her, exploring inside and circling her. Softly at first, hardly to be noticed but eventually getting faster and harder she ground her pussy into his face, feeling his lips press into her, his nose against her wet flesh. Her back aching back further to the point when Harry looked up from between her legs all he could see was her breasts standing out hard and firm from her chest as her head and shoulders had fallen back, her arm seemingly stopping her from collapsing back against him completely.

Harry felt her press herself hard onto his face, her taste and musk mixing unmistakably with the amoretia over powering the other potions. He could hear her breath which had been coming in shorter and shorter gasps stop for a moment before being let out in a long sigh, the pressure of her on his face lessened a bit. His hands still on her arse tried to lift her off but it seemed as if she was quite happy to stay there. Running his hands up from her arse, along her side until they cupped her sweat drenched breasts, the small pink nipples standing out hard against the firm soft flesh. He could fit his hands fully around each breast, as he tried to grasp them his fingers slick with sweat slid across them until his fingers slid across her nipples. Taking his time to explore her body as she rode out the end of her orgasm he felt her shifting her pussy across his mouth again in almost imperceptibly small motions. Running his tongue along her one last time, tasting her musk, he dropped his hands to her side and half lifted her off his face until she sat on his torso. The wetness of her pussy pressed firmly into him.

Looking up at her he could see her rising and falling slightly as he breathed in and out, the vapours of the potion lab now more noticeable over Daphne's musk. She slowly opened her eyes, her hand still grasping the back of her neck, the muted red and orange light of the room playing across her body, as she looked down at him he met her eyes as he licked the last of her wetness of his lips.

Still not saying a word Daphne shuffled back across him, her pussy soaking into his white shirt he still had on, mixing with his own sweat.

Harry could feel her shift down him, the weight of her shifting off his chest onto his stomach. His cock which had been hard from the moment she had straddled him was poking up through his trousers. He felt his cock press into her arse as she pressed back, sliding over it she reached down and with one hard pull popped the button above his fly and pulled his trousers open. Reaching in she slid her hand under the band of his boxer shorts and pulled him free. His cock was hot and hard and slapped against his stomach, the sweat soaked white shirt muting the sound of flesh on flesh.

Without a moment's hesitation, Daphne took Harry's cock in hand, positioning it before her pussy and lowered herself onto it.

Harry could feel her hand, hot and wet grasp him and with hardly a second to think, felt her pussy lips against his knob, then his cock had parted them and was slipping into her. His cock was almost a third in her before he felt resistance, she paused briefly, rising slightly, the fleeing of her pussy, hot and tight around him grasping him as she pulled up caused Harry to lift his hips off the table, instinctively not wanting to slide out of her even for a moment, before he felt her press onto him again, slipping further down him. With one final try she had taken him fully inside her, her short blond brush pressed into his dark.

As she had been taking him inside her, her hand had been pressed against his chest and her eyes closed, her loose pony tail falling forward and hanging a few inches above him as her head dropped forward.

Both of them seemed to stop for a moment, savouring the experience in their own way, Harry's hand resting on her thighs, hers on his chest. Without warning Harry felt her hands press down on him and her pussy slide across his cock until hardly the tip of his cock was held by her lips before she dropped back down on him. Her pussy so hot and tight around him he could feel every part of her slide along his cock inside her. The sound of her thighs slapping against him was loud in the room, echoing off the walls.

Without any hesitation this time she picked herself up, again letting him slide almost all the way out before dropping back down on him even harder than before. Each time she slid out she seemed to drop down harder and faster than before, their bodies beating out a rhythm that echoed around the sweltering room, adding their scent to the aroma of the room.

After maybe two dozen motions Harry thought he wasn't going to last much longer, the feeling of her riding him, her tight pussy sliding along him and her nude glistening body writhing above him was quickly bringing him to climax. On the next motion however right when his cock was almost all the way out of her she rose off him, letting his cock slide free and slapping into his stomach.

Raising one leg up she somehow managed to swing around so both legs were on one side before raising the other one and straddling him the other way so he was steering at her arse as she faced away from him.

She planted her knees either side of his shoulder, and taking his cock in hand brought her mouth down to it.

Harry looked down, between her thighs and saw Daphne, her blond ponytail resting on his side as she licked first down one side of his cock, then the other. Licking her own juice off him, before in one smooth motion taking his cock in her mouth and letting her lips and tongue play across its length.

Harry dropped his head back to savour the experience, grateful for the moments respite as she switched position so he would last at least a little longer. With his eyes closed he didn't see her drop her pussy onto his face, only felt the hot wet flesh of her as it slapped into his mouth once more.

Not needing another hint, he once more grabbed her arse, and this time feeling her sucking his cock he pushed his tongue past her lips and into her pussy.

His motions got harder and faster, matching her pace as he felt his end coming, he lifted his hips off the table and was meeting her motions down his cock with small thrusts.

When he felt himself cum Daphne seemed to drop her head low onto him, her lips half way down his cock and he spilled his load into her mouth, his cock pulsing as it throbbed out his cum.

As he was cumming in her mouth, her pussy was grinding harder into his mouth. She kept a firm grip on his cock until he felt himself start to go soft and she let his cock slide out of her mouth. Her lips and lounge tight against him until his knob slipped between her lips.

As she let his cock free she repositioned herself slightly, sitting up a bit with her hands on his stomach she continued to grind herself into his mouth.

It wasn't long before Harry, his hands on her arse and his mouth full of her pussy felt her press down on him again, his jaw actually hurting a bit before after a long moment he felt her let up slightly.

Rocking back slightly she knelt just above his head, his hair messed in with her pussy and his gaze looking up past her breasts and into her face which was looking down at him with absolutely no expression.

Without a word she swung her leg up and over him, the knee high white socks still the only thing she had on, and jumped off the table.

Walking over to her pile of cloths she dressed herself without a word and walking over to the door looked over at Harry who was still lying on the table where she had left him, fully clothed, with his cock hanging out of his trousers and laying on his stomach.

"Finish the rest of this up will you Potter." She said with a dismissive wave of her hand at the eleven remaining cauldrons and one ruined one before closing the door behind her.

Thanks for reading, let me know what you think!