The Power of Seven
by VelvetInferno

Summary

Harry realizes that he's a horcrux a year early. Desperate to help her best friend, Hermione discovers a ritual that can save him. The problem? Harry needs to have sex with and bond with seven witches.

Notes

A quick note- there is one major change from cannon that isn't explicitly mentioned in the story- Dumbledore isn't dying. He was able to avoid the curse from the ring horcrux. There are a few other minor changes from cannon, but those'll be revealed in the story.
Chapter 1: Born to Die

Cold dread pooled in the pit of Harry’s stomach at the realization. It was enough to make him want to vomit, as if doing so could somehow cleanse himself.

But it was futile, nothing could cleanse him. He was a horcrux. It had occurred to him as a passing thought as he and Dumbledore were discussing the identities of Voldemort’s remaining horcruxes, yet Harry immediately knew, deep down, that it was true.

What was it that the headmaster had said in his second year? That Voldemort had left some of his powers in him? It made Harry want to laugh bitterly, did Dumbledore know, even then?

The wizened headmaster’s countenance grew weary as he no doubt saw Harry's inner turmoil.

“I have to die, don’t I?” Harry said simply.

“I’m sorry, Harry. I wanted to spare you the burden of this knowledge for as long as possible.”

He didn’t want to die. Especially not now when he’d found something worth living for. For the first time, he’d dared imagine what a future after defeating Voldemort would look like. A small house just for Ginny and him. Them lying in bed together, talking, kissing, and more. Going to dinner with Ron and Hermione. Massive family get-togethers at the Burrow. A child with Weasley red hair and emerald green eyes.

Harry’s eyes stung and his throat burned. Tears began sliding down Harry’s cheeks despite his best attempt to hold them back.

“Harry…” The headmaster trailed off, for once at a loss of words.

Without another word, Harry bolted.

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Ginny found him first, holed up in the Room of Requirement, sitting on a sofa hunched over himself. She seemed to have a second sense about him. When he had once asked her about it, she told him, somewhat embarrassed, that years of ‘Harry watching’ were paying her dividends now.

She took one look at his tear soaked face and rushed to him, kneeling in front of him.

“How’s wrong?” She asked tenderly, taking his hands in hers.

She was so alive. And beautiful. And passionate. If he looked in her eyes, he knew he’d see love that could drive him to his knees. Tears returned. This is what you’re going to lose.

Ginny’s hand cupped his cheek, brushing his tears away. “Love. Please. You’re scaring me.”

“I’m going to die.” He finally managed to croak out.

She gave him that blazing look that he loved. “Harry, you can’t think like that. I believe in you.
And you’re not going to be alone. You have people who love you who’ll be by your side the entire way."

Harry’s smile was bittersweet as Ginny gave her impassioned speech, even as tears continued unabated. *God he loved her.*

And so he told her. He told her about how Tom Riddle split his soul into pieces in order to cheat death. He told her about the diary. He told her about what they thought the others might be. Then he told her about the final horcrux.

Him.

Watching her expression turn from determined to shocked to heartbroken would have been enough to drive him to tears, had he not already been at that state.

“*No!*” She gasped as tears appeared; her voice was as raw as he felt.

She choked back sobs, her face marred by grief the likes of which he’d never seen before. “I’m sorry.” He told her, but it felt hollow.

Suddenly, Ginny gripped his shirt, pulling her face level with his. “*No! You’re not going to die!*”

“Ginny…”

“*NO! I’m not going to lose you! I CAN’T!*” Her grip was painful as she shouted desperately

“There’s another way. There has to be.”

“Dumbledore said there isn’t.”

“I don’t care! I’m not giving up on you Harry Potter.”

Even through the tears, the fire was back in her eyes, and it kindled the faintest spark of hope in Harry. Somehow, Ginny still believed.

And then she kissed him like her life depended on it. Ginny plundered his mouth desperately as she crawled onto his lap. Later, Harry would reflect how much better this was than the last teary kiss he had in the Room of Requirement, but at the moment he could hardly think of anything but the feel of her lips and tongue, the way her hands cupped his face, and the frantic little noises Ginny was making.

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Telling Ron and Hermione was almost as hard as telling Ginny. Hermione had been inconsolable, bursting into tears and clinging to Harry. Ron hadn’t handled it much better. While Harry’s vision was obscured by bushy brown hair, Harry heard what had to be Ron’s fist connecting with the wall.

But amazingly, after the shock wore off, they followed Ginny’s lead. They vowed not to give up on him, and promised to try to find another way.

Hermione spent hours every day in the room of requirement. Ron and Ginny tried to help at first, but after a few days Hermione’s research had gotten far too advanced for them to follow. Harry had looked in once and saw that the walls (converted to chalkboards) were filled with scribbled arithmetic equations and runes that he couldn’t even begin to decipher. The tables were cluttered with thick tomes that would have taken him days to read, let alone understand.
The brunette witch now seemed constantly drawn and haggard. It reminded Harry of their third year, when she had overworked herself using a time turner. Harry couldn’t quite wrap his mind around the fact that Hermione was working herself into the ground for him.

Part of him felt like he wasn’t worth the trouble, though he’d never share that fact with his friends, knowing he’d get a supreme chewing out—especially from Ginny. Still, he couldn’t help the little voice in his head, the one that sounded suspiciously like Uncle Vernon, that told him that his friends would probably have better lives without him anyway.

Ron seemed to be trying to pretend everything was normal. There were times when Harry could tell it was getting to him, but his best mate was good at putting on a brave face, and using humor to mask dark feelings.

And Ginny… her reaction boggled him most of all. A small part of him had feared that Ginny would put distance between them once she realized he was a dead man (even if, ironically, Harry had considered doing exactly that after his realization), but she did the exact opposite. Their kiss in the Room of Requirement wasn’t a fluke.

Harry had spent a lot of time cataloguing the facial expressions of one Ginny Weasley, particularly the ways that she looked at him.

There was the blazing look she got whenever she was passionate about something. It wasn’t something strictly reserved for him, he’s seen it plenty of times at quidditch practice, or when she was up to mischief, and last year at the DA. It was perhaps his favorite look on her. She was such a passionate person, it was one of his favorite things about her, and to know that her passion was directed at him… it was indescribable.

Sometimes she would look at him so tenderly he thought his heart would melt. The sheer affection in her eyes was almost suffocating and he sometimes had to fight the urge to look away.

Then there were times when she looked with this hungry, predatory look, almost as if she wanted to devour him whole. This was often followed by Ginny pinning him to the nearest wall, or dragging him to the closest broom cupboard and snogging him senseless. Harry often caught flashes of this look from her in public— from across the table at lunch, during quidditch practice, or in the common room. While the thought of Ginny lusting after him throughout the day did make Harry slightly uncomfortable it was also the hottest thing he’d ever experienced.

She’d been directing all three of those looks at him much more often since he told her about the bit of Voldemort’s soul in his head. She’d also, when she thought he wasn’t looking, gazed at him with a tender expression tinged with sadness and pain.

And in truth, he knew he looked at her in the same way. ‘This is what you’re going to lose’ seemed to be an inescapable mantra. Even dreams offered no respite. The only time he seemed to truly forget about his fate was when Ginny had snogged all thought from him.

Dumbledore had made it more or less clear that he doubted Hermione would be able to find a way around it, and had advised him to try to accept that death was just the next great adventure. While Harry would lay down his life for his friends in a heartbeat, he didn’t think he’d ever be okay with leaving everyone he loved behind, and losing the future he might have had with them.

Some days, it was all Harry could do to crawl out of bed, or not hit the wall and scream at the unfairness of it all. He’d never had a chance. Since before he was born he’d been marked by prophecy, and since he’d been a year old, he’d been doomed to die. It just wasn’t fair! He’d finally found something—someone worth living for and now he found it out he’d been born to die.
Welcome to my story! Just a little overview- I have big plans for this fic. I've been writing this for my own amusement (hehe) for a while now, and I figured I might as well post it somewhere. I have like 70,000 words on this baby at the time of this posting.

Anyway, my schedule will be a chapter every other week. I've started out with three chapters at once, so that we can get to the good part ;). The first two chapters are smut free, and significantly shorter than the average.

Anyway, I'd love to hear some feedback! Thanks for reading!
Chapter 2: Breath of Life

Hermione had undertaken many complex projects in her time at Hogwarts, but this was by far the most difficult. Horcruxes were incredibly obscure magic in the first place, it was almost impossible to find books on their creation. The Room of Requirement had provided her with a book describing the process, one she suspected that Voldemort had used 50 years ago, but it gave nothing on how it worked. Herpo the Foul, an ancient Greek dark wizard, had been the one to work out how to make a Horcrux, and his notes were lost to time.

That meant she had to reverse engineer the arithmetic underpinning for making a horcrux. Very few wizards cared about how something worked, just that it worked. While Arithmacy was perhaps the least popular class at Hogwarts, to someone who’d taken grade school algebra it wasn’t terribly difficult. Only archmages like Dumbledore and enterprising muggleborns really bothered to work with the language of magic.

It had taken her a week to actually work out that formula, and that was the easy half. Getting the equation was one thing, but what she really needed to do was figure out how to reverse it.

A great many variables can have an impact on an arithmetic equation. The time of month, a magical herb, wards, spells, potions, emotions. Horcruxes were fueled by hate, so the inverse equation had to be fueled by love.

This was gratifying, because she knew what ‘the power the Dark Lord knows not’ was supposed to be. It gave her hope that she was on the right track. It also significantly narrowed her hopelessly broad search to a few topics.

The Room of Requirment was a godsend, as was Harry’s invisibility cloak, which allowed her to sneak into the restricted section of the library. With those two resources, she had practically limitless access to obscure tomes. Of course, she often had to reconstruct arithmetic formulas from any promising spell or ritual within.

After about a week of this, Hermione had found quite a few rituals that had some common elements with the horcrux negation formula. She couldn’t quite keep her blush down when she realized all of these were either sex magic, or bonding magic.

It looks like Ginny may be a busy witch when I figure this out.

After another week of frustratingly trying to combine different rituals and spells together and getting nowhere, Hermione hit the jackpot. She found it in a book called Sex and the Soul, written by an American muggleborn witch in the 1970s. It was a purely theoretical ritual whose formula needed to be multiplied by seven to nullify a Horcrux.

She could scarcely believe it. After her initial breakdown when Harry had haltingly told her and Ron about the final Horcrux, Hermione had refused to even think about Harry… dying. She dove headfirst into her research, barely leaving time to ponder the consequences of failure. Failure wasn’t an option.

So when she finally found the solution, the damn broke. Hermione burst into tears of relief. In fact, she hadn’t even considered the implications of it until after triple checking her math. When she did, her face turned scarlet and she buried her head in her hands.
After spending about ten minutes freaking out to herself, going on a long walk around the lake, and then collapsing in exhaustion in her bed for the night, Hermione was finally able to face the consequences of what she had discovered.

There were many types of bonds in the wizarding world; protector bonds, life-debt bonds, apprentice bonds, master-slave bonds, marriage bonds and more. The bond described in the book was the most intimate of all she’d read about, something the author called a ‘soul bond’.

The book wasn’t precise on the mechanics of the bond, because such a ritual had never been successful, but claimed that it must involve each of the partners sharing a portion of the other’s soul within their body. This was illustrated by a yin-yang symbol.

The actual ritual involved arraying rune engraved stones in a circle around the couple on the night of a new moon and then having the couple make love- specifically, orgasming within a minute of each other. If the love between the couple was strong enough, the bond would form.

That in itself wasn’t so bad, Hermione was certain that Ginny would go through with this to save Harry. Hell, Ginny would probably leap at the chance of doing this with Harry even if his life wasn’t at stake. The bad part was that in order to negate the Horcrux, it needed to be done with seven different people.

Hermione tried to imagine telling Harry that. She couldn’t. She tried to imagine telling Ginny that. She couldn’t. This is why Hermione was making her way to Professor Dumbledore’s office, for a second, unbiased opinion.

She laid out her reference materials and showed him her work; he nodded along in understanding as she did so. She couldn’t help but notice, however, that his eyes had lost their characteristic twinkle.

“Ms. Granger, I am quite impressed by your work here, and I can certainly understand why you’ve gone through such an effort to help your friend, however” Dumbledore’s tone dropped, and Hermione waited with baited breath for what he was going to say. Had she miscalculated? Had Dumbledore found an easier way?

“I believe this ritual you’ve proposed would lead Harry down a very dangerous path.” The Headmaster continued seriously “The rituals involved would severely mutilate Harry’s soul, perhaps leaving him completely unrecognizable to the young man we love.”

“Professor, I believe the ritual leaves to soul intact. Only hate can break the soul. The part of the soul in the partner is still linked to the one in the main body.” True there was some speculation there, but an act of love couldn’t be used to split the soul. In addition, it didn’t make sense that the ritual used to negate a Horcrux resulted in something identical to a Horcrux.

Of course, if it were the case that the soul was split in the ritual, it would make things much easier. All Harry would have to do was bond to Ginny and let his body die. Then they could find some sort of resurrection ritual to bring him back to his body. Unfortunately, Hermione was almost certain this wasn’t the case. If the souls were linked and one partner was killed, it was far more likely that they both would die.

Dumbledore shook his head subtly “The soul is not something to be tampered with lightly. Soul
magics are all but unknown, and one mistake could mean dire consequences in the afterlife.”

“Surely an act of love couldn’t have negative repercussions in the afterlife?” Hermione countered, her ire was rising at the Headmaster’s rejection of her idea. It was almost as if he wanted Harry to die.

“Furthermore” Dumbledore continued “There are further complications you need to consider. How many witches would be willing to bond to Harry in such a way, even to save his life?”

“I would!” Hermione snapped, and as she said it she realized without a doubt that it was true. She’d do it. For Harry she would do it.

“Be that as it may, even if you could find enough people to partake in this bond, the consequences of such an intimate arrangement are completely unknown. You may all end up hating each other, and yourselves.”

With each word he said, Hermione was growing more frustrated. Part of it was working tirelessly for a month and having all of it tossed aside on what she felt were flimsy grounds, but most of it was the fact that the Headmaster seemed so set on letting Harry die.

“But Professor” Hermione beseeched again “You told Harry that the power Voldemort knows not is love. This is a ritual powered by love! It all fits!”

Despite the passion behind her words, the Headmaster was unmoved. “I believe that particular line of the prophesy refers to Harry’s ability to love compelling him to sacrifice himself for the good of those he loves. Such an action would be something that Tom could scarcely comprehend, and would ultimately lead to his downfall.”

Hermione shook her head, willing the tears of frustration back, but they showed in her voice “I can’t believe this. You actually want him to die.”

“Ms. Granger, I don’t want Harry to die. I wish there was a viable way-”

“There is a way! You just refuse to accept it!” She snapped, storming bitterly out of his office.

She was actually surprised at how sure she was of her course of action now, but when she thought of Harry, selfless, loyal, noble, clueless Harry, she realized that there had never been a choice. He was her best friend in the world, and when she thought about letting him die while there was something she could do to save him… she knew she couldn’t do it.

She loved him. It wasn’t quite the same way the Ginny did; it wasn’t in the way that made her pulse race or eyes wander. Hermione had always had eyes more for Ron, if only he’d ever gotten his head out of his arse. No, Hermione’s love for Harry was steady flame in her chest, not flashy but certainly undying.

Ironically, Hermione had entered Dumbledore’s office unsure of what she should do. The Headmaster’s refusal had only galvanized her. Dumbledore would later come to wish he had used a more nuanced approach to discourage the brightest witch of her age.

When Harry had presented him with Tom Riddle’s diary all those years ago, Dumbledore realized what must have happened. Young Harry had been dangerously close to the mark when he asked about his parselmouth abilities, and Dumbledore had had to mislead him a bit.

He hadn’t wanted Harry to find out so soon. In fact, he’d been hoping to put it off as long as possible, but Harry certainly had a way of discovering things he wasn’t supposed to. He should
have seen it coming. This wasn’t a burden he wanted Harry to bear yet, he wanted Harry to enjoy life as much as possible before… the end.

It had never occurred to him that Miss Granger would actually find an alternative.

This was very bad. Dumbledore had been hoping that after Harry sacrificed himself and completed the prophecy, he’d be able to finish off Voldemort himself. After all, the prophecy only stated that one must kill the other, if Voldemort killed Harry, it was perfectly within the bounds of the prophecy for someone else to kill him afterwards.

Harry wasn’t anywhere close to ready to take on an archmage with decades of experience on him. It would take years for him to be ready, years of war and hardship and death. Having Harry sacrifice himself was sadly the best option. It would cut down the time of the war by years and save countless lives.

It was all for the greater good, of course.
“Merlin.” Ginny gaped at her friend “You're actually serious about this, aren’t you?”

Hermione, who hadn’t stopped blushing through her entire explanation, nodded, and then added a soft “I’m sorry, Ginny.”

Ginny collapsed backward, falling into a chair as the Room of Requirement summoned it for her, and buried her face in her hands.

“I thought that it should be up to you what we tell Harry.” The brunette continued “If you don’t want to do this, I’ll never speak of it again. I mean, I’d doubt Harry would ever go along with this unless you were okay with it in the first place…” She trailed off, realizing she was rambling.

“I don’t know what to say, Hermione. I’ve been hoping with everything I had that you’d find a way to save Harry, I just... imagined having a future with him that…”

“That didn’t involve him being with six other witches?” Hermione finished, a touch teasingly.

“Yeah.” Ginny said simply. “Are you willing to? Do this, I mean.”

Hermione let out a soft sigh “Yeah.”

“That’s what I thought. I’m sorry, I think I just need to take some time, to digest this.”

“I needed to do the same thing.”

Ginny headed off to the grounds. Spring was in full bloom and the weather was nice, but Ginny barely noticed it she was so preoccupied with her thoughts.

She hadn’t lied to Hermione. She’d been hoping with all of her heart that they’d find a way to save Harry’s life. She’d even briefly entertained the idea of running away with him to somewhere far away, like America or Australia. Of course, Harry would never do that, and when it came down to it she wasn’t willing to leave her family to their fates either.

It wasn’t a secret that she’d had a crush on Harry since before she met him. It was a secret that the crush not only didn’t go away, but grew into something far greater. When Harry had kissed her in the common room just a few short months ago, it had been the fulfillment of 5 years’ worth of fantasizing.

God, she loved him. She had thought she loved him before, but actually having him acted as a catalyst for her long suppressed feelings. Sometimes it was almost painful, how much she loved him. Sometimes it scared her how deep her feelings ran.

She found that she had an incredibly hard time controlling herself around Harry, and not in the sticking her elbow in a butter dish way. She found herself surprisingly comfortable with Harry, to the point where she lacked much of a filter when it came to him. Anything that was on her mind, no matter how silly or stupid, sort of just made it to her mouth when it was just the two of them. Harry never reacted badly, even after telling him the lamest joke she’d ever heard, he just smiled fondly at her, affection gleaming in his eyes like she was the most precious thing in the world, and kissed her. Of course, he teased her mercilessly for the joke later, but his immediate reaction was
more than worth it.

Sometimes, he’d do something like running his hands through his hair or adjusting his glasses, something innocuous but just so Harry, and it would provoke such a rush of warmth in her that she just had to go to him and shower him with soft affection.

Then there was the physical aspect of their relationship. Ginny’s first ever sexual experience was a sex dream (about Harry, of course) when she was 12. The next day, she asked her mum about it and had the most embarrassing conversation of her life (her incidents with Harry didn’t count because squeaking and running off didn’t count as a conversation). Her mum had told her very firmly that women who acted on their desires before they found the man they would marry were ‘scarlet women’. It was shameful to fall victim to your desires and that she would do well to remember that.

That strong sense of shame, along with a half formed idea of saving herself for Harry, caused Ginny to shackle her growing desires like some howling beast when it came to Michael and Dean.

Oh, she’d been tempted. They’d done some heavy snogging, and it was impossible not to notice the boys’ erections poking enticingly against her body. It was impossible to ignore her own body’s reactions to what they were doing. She’d restrained herself like the proper woman her mum wanted her to be, but at night she couldn’t help but give in to her desires and pleasure herself. Silencing charms ensured that no one knew that she masturbated virtually every night, with fantasies of Michael, Dean, other boys, and especially Harry in her mind’s eye.

Slowly, with the help of Demelza, Ginny realized that her mum’s thinking was backwards. In hindsight she was actually glad that she saved herself, but didn’t like the degrading way her mum went about convincing her to do so.

Now that she was with Harry, the beast inside of her was even needier than before. It was an almost constant awareness with her now. Whenever he entered the room, her eyes were drawn to him, her train of thought derailed as a small flame of lust flickered back to life. When he wrapped his arms around her, she was intoxicated by his scent- distinctly Harry. Her body always reacted to his- his body heat, the feel of lean muscles underneath his clothes, the faint comforting hum of his magic.

Her feet unconsciously took her to their spot, a spot by the lake sitting in the shade of a tree. Harry was already there, staring pensively into the lake.

She took him in, and she knew. She could never let him die, not while she could save him. The thought of abandoning him to his fate made her want to vomit, she just… couldn’t, it was unthinkable.

She sat down beside him, and he turned his head slightly to acknowledge her “Hey.” He greeted softly.

Silence fell between them as Ginny contemplated how to break the news to him.

“Harry, how do you keep going, knowing that you have to sacrifice yourself?” That wasn’t what she’d been planning to say, but she’d been wondering how he did it for a while and maybe his answer would help her come to terms with her decision.

He was silent for a long time, before eventually saying “Sometimes, it helps thinking about what I’m doing it for. So that you guys will have happy lives.” He spoke haltingly, as if each word exacted a toll on him “I think about Ron and Hermione getting together and having kids. And
Luna, maybe she’ll go searching for new magical creatures. Maybe Neville will become a herbologist after the war. I think about your family, Bill and Fleur getting married, Percy comes back into the fold, little Weasleys wreaking havoc in Hogwarts. And I think about you.” His eyes glistened “Living your life. Eventually finding some lucky, lucky bloke who makes you happy.” His voice was choked as he said this. He was holding back tears, even as he smiled bittersweetly.

“I don’t think that could ever happen.” Harry’s head snapped up to look at her as she said that. “Harry, you’re it for me. I don’t think I could ever find another after you.”

Harry was shaking his head “Ginny, don’t do this. Don’t waste the rest your life out of some loyalty to me.”

She just shrugged “It’s not loyalty. That’s how I feel. You were always the one for me. You always will be.”

Harry sighed deeply, but said nothing.

“It’s a moot point anyway.” She added.

“What do you mean?”

“Hermione found another way.”

Harry did a double take “Really?”

“Yeah.” Ginny confirmed, trying but failing to inject proper enthusiasm into her voice.

“You don’t look very happy about it.” Harry noted.

Ginny sighed “There’s a price we have to pay to save you. It’s not something I like, but I’m willing to do it.”

“You’re not switching places with me.” Harry told her adamantly.

“That’s not it.” Ginny said sadly “Look, let’s go to the Room of Requirement. We need somewhere private for this.”

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“Are you serious? I have to- have to.”

“Yes.” Ginny said simply.

“You’d really be alright with me having sex with six other witches?”

“I’ll be honest, I’m not happy about it. But to save you, yes. I would. I can’t just let you die.” She choked on her words, struggling to not cry. “Not while I could do something about it. Even if it means that you won’t be mine.”

Harry was struck by her words, and the depth of emotion they conveyed. He didn’t deserve this. That he was sure of. He didn’t deserve her love or this sacrifice.

“You could have a life, with anyone you want.”

“I want you.”
“But—” Harry tried to protest, but Ginny cut him off with an angry “No.”

“Do you really not get it, you prat? Don’t you understand? I love you. I love you so god damn much. So don’t you dare do this to me. Don’t you dare try to sacrifice yourself so that I can live a normal life or some bullshit. That would ruin me. It would be kinder just to kill me! Please. Just once, let me save you. Please.”

She was starting to cry, and Harry felt like a prat. “I’m sorry, Gin. I’m just trying to do the right thing, but I don’t even know what that is anymore.” He held his arms out for her, and she complied, rushing into a hug.

He felt as much as heard her contented sigh as she settled into his arms. He felt himself relaxing as well, the tension from their argument erased by her comforting warmth and the scent of her hair.

He pulled back slightly, the smooth his hand through her hair and to kiss her forehead. “I love you too. More than anything.”

And suddenly her eyes were burning into his, and then her mouth was devouring his. A bed appeared behind him as she toppled him over, catching them. Ginny moaned deeply as she deepened the kiss leaving Harry dazed and struggling to keep up.

Ginny perched herself on his lap. She placed her hands on his chest to use as leverage to align their pelvises. Even under his bulky robes she could feel him, his erection. She rubbed herself firmly, deliberately, against him. It felt glorious, so much so she couldn’t help the soft whimper of pleasure.

“Gin.” Harry moaned, and his voice, full of lust and pleasure, seemed to resonate right in her core. “What are we doing?”

“I don’t want our first time to be for some ritual. I’m ready Harry. I’ve been ready for a long time but I didn’t know if you were. If you want to wait…”

“No!” Harry said quickly “I mean. I want this too.”

“I can tell.” Ginny smirked, rubbing herself against his erection again. Merlin, that felt so good. How could just rubbing against each other be that damn pleasing?

“What about… protection?” Harry asked. It took Ginny a moment to realize what he meant. “I know the charm.” She blushed as she grabbed her wand and pointed it at her crotch “Fertilis praesiduum.” A cool feeling pulsed though vagina and faded, letting her know the charm had worked.

Hesitantly, Harry brought his hands to her clothed breasts “Is this all right?” He asked.

“Fuck yes.” She moaned, and then she brought her lips to his again. They struggled to take each other’s clothes off. Their robes slipped off with barely a thought, but Ginny’s fingers fumbled with the buttons of his button down shirt. Soon, she lost her patience with his shirt and ripped it open, dislodging buttons and flinging them onto the floor.

Ginny paused to admire her handiwork. Harry was a sight with his glasses skewed, dress shirt ripped open to reveal his toned chest and torso, his tie hung loosely around his neck and was draped over his chest. His black uniform pants were tented conspicuously with his erection. It was enough to make Ginny delirious. She’d been imagining this for years. “Fuck.”

Harry met her gaze, and shuddered. He’d never seen such desire before, he had never even
imagined the partners in his fantasies looking at him like that- it had felt too unrealistic. But it was undeniable, the way Ginny was looking at him, how her chest heaved, the tremble of her hands as they roamed over his exposed skin- she wanted him.

It was like a switch flipped inside of Harry. He’d been controlling himself, holding himself back their entire relationship, but the realization that Ginny Weasley wanted him set him on fire. Harry lunged forward into another passionate kiss, even as he ripped her own shirt off, leaving her in just a bra and her uniform skirt.

He tipped her over so that she was lying on the bed. God she was sexy. He marveled at the swell of her breasts and her toned stomach. Subconsciously, he palmed himself through his pants.

Ginny’s eyes went wide and a strangled moan left her lips. Harry was touching himself- his bulging erection, while watching her. She wondered how many times he had done that before, did he get himself off every night thinking about her, like she did with him? Almost involuntarily, she spread her legs for him.

Harry’s hands went to her hips and slid her skirt down her legs, revealing her lithe thighs and white cotton panties- already soaked through with her arousal. “Oh my god, Ginny.” He murmured, before descending for another kiss. “You’re so sexy.” He groaned between kisses.

Ginny whined as he trailed kisses down her neck. She arched herself against him, pressing their chests together and needily rubbing her core against his own arousal. He was intoxicating, the need in his voice, his smell, she needed to feel his skin against hers but most pressing of all was the ache in her core for him.

She was so wet and inflamed. She was certain that in their humping, she’d left a wet spot on his trousers. She felt so exposed with her thighs open, presenting her most sensitive and private area to him. But it was somehow such a turn on, feeling his raging hardness pressed up against her quivering pussy, knowing that he was going to- aching to- thrust himself deep into her.

After a few attempts to unlatch her bra, Harry wordless summoned his wand and undid the clasp. Ginny couldn’t even bring herself to be self-conscious. She’d been keenly aware that her breasts weren’t as large as Hermione’s or Cho’s, or even Luna’s, but she was too far gone in her desire to care.

All she knew was that Harry was looking at her like she was the hottest thing he’d ever seen, and then he brought his mouth to her nipple and she knew nothing at all. He sucked firmly at her, and brought a hand to cup her other breast. Ginny, back arched, threw her head back and cried “Oh please, Harry. Please -fuck- don’t stop.”

Harry eventually did withdraw, but when he did Ginny was taken by the look in his eyes. Harry’s eyes were like molten steel- desire, determination, focus. She had seen it before, in the first task of the triwizard tournament. She was suddenly brought back to being thirteen, unfathomably turned on and staggering back to her dorm after the first task and relieving herself.

She met his eyes, and understanding wordlessly flashed between them. This was happening. Harry stood up and forcefully unbuckled his belt, slung it off to the side and unzipped his trousers. Each decisive movement he made sent a small shockwave of desire through her. Harry didn’t even hesitate to shuck off his boxers, letting his penis spring free.

He kneeled in front of her on the bed and pulled off her long since soaked through panties. He let out a soft growl as he did so, which provoked another shudder from Ginny. “Please. Take me.” She moaned.
If Harry had less willpower, he might have just cum then and there. Ginny lay in front of him, desperate and desirous. Her body was perfect—her breasts, her stomach, her thighs. Her eyes were clouded with lust, and she was begging him to take her. Her pussy was completely open to him, just inches from his cock.

But Harry had been able to throw off the imperious at fourteen, he was one of the few men who could avoid making a fool of himself around Veela, and he would be damned if he let Ginny’s first time be anything less than spectacular.

“Is that what you want, Gin?” Harry growled, positioning himself just outside of her entrance. “For me to take you? Claim you?”

“Yes.” She whined. Merlin, was he teasing her? His cock was right there. Did he know just how badly her body was literally aching to have him inside of her? How empty her pussy felt, yearning for him to fill her?

“Yes.” She whined. Merlin, was he teasing her? His cock was right there. Did he know just how badly her body was literally aching to have him inside of her? How empty her pussy felt, yearning for him to fill her?

“Are you sure?” He was smiling now as he toyed with himself on her pussy, rubbing his head against her clit. The bastard.

“Fucking hell Harry! I said yes! Bloody well fuck m-Ooooooh!” Her tirade died on her lips as Harry entered her. Instead, all she could let out was a long, incoherent moan. This was bliss. Harry filling her, satiating some long held desire that Ginny had never been able to fill with her fingers or wand. His cock was inside of her like nothing had ever been before, and every centimeter he penetrated into her was even greater fulfilment than the last.

Harry too couldn’t help but moan as the sensitive head of his shaft was enveloped in her wet heat. The caress of inner walls as they molded around him lit every nerve in his shaft on fire. His base instincts were telling him to ram into her and release himself deep within her, it took a feat of supreme willpower to control himself.

He bottomed out. He was entirely inside of her, his head was pressing into spots so deep within her she never even knew they existed. She tried to say something, but when she opened her mouth she could only whimper. And then he began to pull back, the feelings of loss were coupled with the anticipation for more.

Harry built up a powerful rhythm, each thrust sent shockwaves through her, spinning her to heights she’d never reached with masturbation. For his part, Harry was barely keeping it together; he knew he couldn’t last much longer. Every push inward was rewarded with another noise of pleasure from Ginny and sent a shockwave through her body. Every withdrawal was met with resistance from her inner muscles—her body was literally fighting to keep him within her. Pleasure like molten fire built up within his cock with each movement, threatening to boil over at any moment.

“Gin. I’m so close. You’re so amazing and I- oh god.” Harry managed. He wanted desperately to wait for her, but the pleasure was too much.

The knowledge that Harry’s restraint was about to break brought such a thrill to Ginny that she knew that she wouldn’t last long either. “Cum in me, Harry!” She cried “Fucking cum!”

Her words were what pushed him over the edge. With an unrestrained moan, Harry thrust deep inside of her and released himself. “Gin!” Searing pleasure pulsed through his length like an eruption, and it was as if his entire world became that point where they were joined.

His cock was twitching and throbbing within her, and Ginny felt a subtle rush of heat. Harry was
cuming inside of her and it was the hottest damn thing she’d ever felt. As he came, Harry’s thrusting kicked into overdrive. His abs tensed as he rammed his cock into her with speed and power that Ginny could never hope to match. His hands gripped her hips and forcefully drew them upwards in time with his thrusts. Ginny, incapacitated, could only watch as Harry lost control-possessed by an animalistic masculine urge to take, to fuck.

It was enough to push her over the edge. She was cuming too, an explosion from deep within her that echoed through her entire body. “FuckfuckingfuckfuckFUUUUUUCK!” She cursed uncontrollably. It’d never felt like this before, so all consuming. Her entire body was quaking from the power of it, contracting in time with the pulses of pleasure. Her cunt squeezed and clenched at Harry’s cock ravenously as if trying to draw cum from him.

Ginny continued feeling tremors of pleasure long after Harry’s orgasm had finished and he had laid down next to her, cradling her tenderly. Even minutes later, she wasn’t entirely there. It was as if the orgasm had shaken her mind, setting everything askew, and she needed to reset.

“Harry” Ginny finally managed “That was- it was-” Amazing, wonderful, mind blowing, fucking fantastic- nothing she could think of could do it justice. It blew every hormone induced teenage fantasy she’d had out of the water. Even now, she felt absolutely euphoric. “When can we do it again?”

That made her wince internally. She hadn’t meant to say that. She’d meant to say something along the lines of ‘Wow, that was so wonderful. I can’t wait until we do it again.’, not what amounted to ‘Please fuck me now.’.

Thankfully, Harry smiled. Not only did he smile, but there was a wicked glint in his eyes that suddenly relit Ginny’s fire. “Well, I may not be quite ready yet.” His hand moved to cradle his now deflated cock “But it shouldn’t take too long.”

“What if I were to help you recuperate?” Ginny asked neatly “Give you a little... encouragement.” Harry’s gulped, and his pupils instantly dilated at her words. Moreover, his cock twitched against his stomach. Ginny gave him a wicked smile, as she reached for his mostly soft cock. As her hand closed around his shaft, it twitched again, now half hard. She slid her hand up his shaft- which was still slick with her juices, and Harry gave the barest moan in response. The noise struck Ginny like a bolt of lightning- it was ridiculously, unfairly erotic. Because she knew that Harry was trying his hardest to not make any noise, but even just one touch from her broke through his (considerable) resolve.

She wanted to shatter his willpower. She wanted to make him come over and over. She wanted to him to come so hard that whenever he saw her or even thought of her he’d get instantly hard. She wanted him to want her so badly that he would always be desperate to fuck her like he just had.

She wanted him to want her as much as she wanted him.

Blowjobs had been a frequent fantasy of Ginny’s. Ever since she heard Demelza say in third year that no guy would ever turn down a free blowjob, she would fantasize about dragging Harry to a broom cupboard, kneeling in front of him, undoing his pants and sucking his cock until he came.

She realized that her fantasies had skimped on a lot of details, but now as she stroked him with her hand she had the chance to get a good look. Purple veins ran down the shaft alluringly, and his swollen head that begged for attention. She also realized that his cock wasn’t ‘rock hard’, but rather both hard and soft- like a metal rod encased in velvet. She couldn’t suppress a low, lustful moan- she was finally looking at, and touching, Harry’s manhood, and it was perfect.
At this point, their original plan was the furthest thing from her mind. She was going to give him a blowjob and he was going to fucking like it. She lowered her lips to the head of his cock and then locked eyes with his, silently communicating her intentions. Harry tried to hold her gaze, but couldn’t help but moan and throw his head back when Ginny took the tip of his cock into her mouth. She could taste her own arousal on him, and underneath that—she could taste him.

“Gin” He breathed “Oh.” Ginny’s mouth felt every bit as good around his cock as her vagina just had.

Those delicious sounds spurred Ginny on, and she took more of his shaft into her mouth. One of her hands went to her own sex, and began rubbing her clit furiously. The sensory barrage was overwhelming, the feel of his throbbing cock in her mouth, their combined taste on his cock, the wonderful noises he was making, and the sight of him above her—gasping, flushed, with muscles clenched—affected her in a way she never could have predicted. She was careening towards the edge of another orgasm, much more quickly than she’d been able to on her own.

“Oh my god Gin! I’m close.” Harry rasped. He was out of control, or rather he was in Ginny’s control. Her mouth, wrapped around his sensitive shaft, was sending him over the edge and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Ginny locked eyes with him, holding his attention with her heated gaze. And when she was sure he was paying attention, she sucked down on his cock as hard as she could. Harry gave a strangled moan as his body quaked. His cock swelled impossibly more, and then he was twitching in her mouth. *Fuck.*

Again, her fantasies had skimmed on the details. How could she have known having his cock swelling and throbbing in her mouth would drive her out of her mind?

He was shooting into her mouth now; the taste of his semen was overwhelming—like sex. He was cumming, but so was she. Her body shorted out again—her cunt clenched around nothing, as if yearning for his cock to fill her again. Ginny collapsed into Harry’s lap, letting his cock slip out of her mouth. Harry took hold of his shaft, stroking it as the last few globs of cum dripped onto her lips. All the while, Ginny could do nothing but whimper, and moan and shake.

With effort, she looked up at Harry. She could see the desire, the passion, and the love in his eyes. Wantonly, Ginny licked the cum off of her lips and opened her mouth, showing him the strings of cum she had taken, and then she swallowed.

Harry groaned, and dragged her up to him, so he could crash his lips into hers. Ginny responded fervently, pressing the length of her body—crotch to chest, against his.

Ginny couldn’t help but wonder—does this mean there’s going to be a round three?
Hermione discretely scanned the entrances to the great hall, her worry increasing every minute. Harry and Ginny were late to dinner. They’d been locked in that room for two hours now. Hermione had tried enter right before dinner started, but the door was sealed.

There was a lot to be worried about. Maybe Harry wouldn’t go through with it. Maybe Ginny had changed her mind- though Hermione doubted that. Both of them were struggling through a lot, and Hermione wished she could help two of her closest friends.

About fifteen minutes into dinner, Harry and Ginny finally arrived. Hermione’s eyes widened as she took in their appearance. Both of their clothes were horribly disheveled, like they had just gotten out of bed. Their hair… well Harry’s hair was always a mess but Ginny hair was as messy as her clothes were.

And then there were their expressions. Both of them were acting like the cat that caught the canary. Particularly Ginny, who sported a cocky grin that grew brighter whenever her gaze shifted to her companion. They were touchier than normal. They were always pretty attentive to each other, but now they seemed completely wrapped up in each other.

There was only one explanation. They’d just… they’d just had sex.

“Have a nice evening?” Hermione pried as the pair sat down opposite of her. Harry blushed, but Ginny was completely unashamed. “Just fantastic!” She proclaimed with a grin.

The byplay went over Ron’s head, but Neville’s forked clattered to the table when he realized what had just happened. “Err, good for you?” He congratulated after a moment.

Hermione spent most of the rest of dinner eyeing her two friends up, trying to figure out exactly what happened. Had they really spent the entirety of their time in the room of requirement… doing it? Was that even possible? Did this mean that Harry was on board with the plan? Was Harry really as good in bed as Ginny was making it out to be?

Okay, that last one was a little out of left field. But didn’t she need to consider that with where their relationship was going now? Granted, it wouldn’t be the first time that she’d considered Harry in that way. After he saved her from that troll, when he outflew the Hungarian horntail- yes, she had the passing thought, nothing she lingered on or seriously considered.

Hermione surveyed Ginny again. Looking for what, she didn’t know. Her and redhead’s eyes locked. Ginny seemed to instantly pick up on Hermione’s thoughts, because her grin quickly turned cheshire, and she winked.

Hermione blushed a deep red and stared down at her plate. Neville looked on, amused. Harry knew something was up, but was confused. Ron’s focus was on desert.

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Back at the common room, Hermione pulled the lovebirds into a secluded corner of the room. Neville had helpfully challenged Ron to a game of exploding snap with Dean and Lavender. Harry cast muffiato around them.
“So… you know? And you’ll do it?” She asked him.

“Err… yeah.” Harry’s answer hung in the air, as he tried to choose his next words. “And you’re willing to… help me?” His tone was disbelieving.

“Of course I am! You’re my best friend!” Hermione affirmed, but Harry still seemed astonished.

“But… you’re giving up so much.” Harry said regretfully. “I’m not going to try and talk you out of this, because I’m pretty sure Ginny would hex me.” The redhead smirked in response “But… you could have a husband. A family of your own.” Harry paused, then much more sadly “Ron.”

“I know what I’m giving up, Harry. Lord knows I’ve thought about this a lot. First of all, I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but Ron seems to have eyes for someone else.” Her eyes darted briefly to their friends’ exploding snap game, where Ron and Lavender were flirting shamelessly. “And, yes, I know I could find a husband and have children like a proper witch. But would you and me… really be so bad?” Her voice wavered, but she plowed on recklessly “I mean, we’re best friends and I’m sure I could still have children if I wanted, one way or another. I’d still have friends, and a family, and my career. That’s not a bad life. And then I think about what would happen to you if I decided to be selfish. You would die.” That word burned in her throat. “I don’t know how Ginny would get through that. And all the people who love you, they’d never be the same. Including me. So yes Harry, it’s absolutely worth it. Do you understand?”

Harry was stunned, and his cheeks were wet. Ginny’s hand came up to cup his face tenderly, wiping away his tears. His eyes bored into hers earnestly. “Thank you.” He said hoarsely. Harry stood up suddenly, and walked up to her. She stood uncertainly to meet him, and was engulfed in a tender hug. “Thank you.” Hermione sank into his arms, not caring if people were watching. Her own eyes stung with tears, she was sad for what she was losing, happy for who she was saving, and something else, something hopeful.

Eventually, they settled down, and Hermione insisted they talk about the plan. She fished a roll of parchment from her bag, where she had neatly written a set of names.

- Luna
- Cho
- Pavarti
- Padme
- Susan
- Hannah
- Demelza
- Katie

Harry and Ginny looked at the page. “Luna definitely.” Harry agreed. “The others…” As he trailed off, Ginny took her quill and began vigorously marking through Cho’s name. “Er, yeah. Let’s not go with Cho.”

“Guys, we really can’t afford to be picky right now.” Hermione entreated “She obviously still likes you. Just because there’s a history there doesn’t mean she’s not an option.”
“She does?” Harry asked, genuinely surprised.

Ginny rolled her eyes “Of course she does.” Ginny was all too aware of the nasty glances the Ravenclaw sent her way after she and Harry became an item.

“Oh. Err, well this… thing is supposed to be based on compatibility, right?”

Hermione nodded “Not necessarily romantic, but an emotional connection is definitely needed. A strong one too.” She didn’t want to admit she had no idea how strong was strong enough. Apparently, none of the early attempts with the ritual had worked, which made Hermione think that it took a pretty special bond to establish the connection. But Harry was Harry, and love was supposed to be the power that would let him defeat Voldemort.

It had to work.

“Well I don’t think it would work with her. The one time we dated, we could barely hold a conversation, and then she started playing games with me.” Harry grimaced “She also bullies Luna.”

Ginny grinned smugly, while Hermione gave him a look of pride “That’s very mature of you Harry, but that still leaves us with a problem.”

“Hermione, I don’t think we’re going to have that much of a problem finding willing witches.” Ginny said flatly.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“You’re famous, rich, ridiculously attractive, talented, a hero, and most of all you’re a great bloke and never let any of that get to your head. I know for a fact that most of the girls on this list would jump at the chance to date you, if you’d ever shown any interest in them.”

Harry was blushing, but Hermione wasn’t convinced. “That doesn’t mean they’d be willing to do this.”

“To save Harry, and help save the world. They would, especially if he took the time to get to know them. Like you said, it’s not that much of a sacrifice, comparatively speaking.” Ginny argued “I’m just saying, we shouldn’t try to settle for someone we don’t get along with, or don’t completely trust. If we could even get this to work with them, we would all just end up miserable.”

Harry frowned as he looked down the list, and thought of the other girls he knew. “I don’t know how we’re going to do this. Most of these girls are nice enough and I do care about them, but we’re not particularly close. If this bond requires an emotional connection…”

“Well that’s why you need to get to know them, Harry.” Hermione told them “Go study with someone other than our little friend group. Nearly anyone in our year would study defense with you.”

“You can fly with Demelza.” Ginny added “Call it ‘supplementary quidditch practice’. I can go with you two at first so it’s not weird.”

Harry was nodding along, though he still seemed intimidated. Hermione remembered how hapless he had been in the run up to the Yule Ball, and now he’d have to get four other girls (assuming Luna was willing) to do this ritual.

“Don’t think about it as finding people to… complete the ritual with.” Hermione said delicately
“Think of it as making friends. And if any of those friends are willing to bind themselves to you to save your life… than all the better.”

“There’s one more thing.” Harry’s eyes drifted back to his best mate “How do we tell Ron?”

Ginny and Hermione’s eyes met briefly.

“He’s going to be jealous.” Hermione said, exasperated. “You know he is. He’s going to throw the same little fit he always throws.”

“Especially since you’ll be ‘taking’ Hermione.” Ginny added.

“But I can’t just let him think that I’m doomed to die. That isn’t fair.” Harry protested “We should give him a chance.”

“How about we just hold off.” Hermione countered “The next new moon is in a little more than a week. Once we know it works, we can tell him.”

Harry sighed. He didn’t like it, but he also didn’t want to provoke Ron’s jealousy. And he had to admit, knowing that Harry was going to be having sex with seven witches, including Hermione, would make Ron jealous as hell.

“Okay.”

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After making herself come the third time in bed that night, Ginny realized that masturbation was an exercise in futility. The orgasms came quite easily- she was still high from their time together earlier, and her mind could conjure up every memory so vividly. Her pussy and clit seemed to be hyper-sensitive, so that every touch sent her reeling. She gave herself orgasm after fantastic orgasm with her fingers on her sensitive, needy little clit, but it wasn’t enough. Because she was looking for more than release. She wanted him. His body, his scent, his cock, his love, his lust.

She couldn’t take it anymore. Ginny put on a bathrobe (and nothing else) and casted disillusionment and birth control charms on herself (so she wouldn’t forget later in the heat of the moment). Even disillusioned, sneaking into the boy’s dormitory was very risky. There was something about the danger of being found out that keyed her up even more. Her heart was pounding as she crept up the boy’s staircase, past the dorm rooms, and she was all too aware of her arousal dripping down her thighs.

She eased her way into Harry’s dorm, noting the gentle breathing or snoring from all of the beds… except Harry’s. A wild thought entered Ginny’s mind… could he be? I bet he is! He had silenced his curtains, just like Ginny would do when she was pleasuring herself.

She parted the curtains and found Harry illuminated by pale wand light. He was completely undressed, and was vigorously stroking his cock. Ginny felt her entire body throb at the sight. Holy fuck. His look of focus and the flushing of his face, the tensing of his muscles, the soft, involuntary noises he made- it didn’t matter that she had seen it all earlier that day, Ginny didn’t think she’d ever get used to it.

Harry startled, grabbing his wand and thrusting it towards her with surprising speed. Ginny realized she was still disillusioned and quickly dispelled the charm. Harry, with one hand on his cock and the other pointing his wand straight at her froze. “Gin.” He whispered.

Without a word, Ginny climbed into bed, and Harry closed the curtains behind her. She was
crouched above him and Ginny was acutely aware of how easily it would be to take him inside of her from this position. With shaking hands, she loosed the ties to her robe and shrugged, letting it slide off of her body. Harry moaned audibly, eyes wide as he took her in. “Have I ever told you how sexy you are?” Harry asked, as one hand went to caress her breasts.

Ginny had been thinking exactly the same thing. Harry’s hands moved lower, tracing her curves and muscles, but Ginny stopped him. She was not in the mood for foreplay. She’d been ready when she’d parted his curtains, but the show she’d walked in on had pushed her beyond ready. Kissing and rubbing against each other for ten minutes like they had before round three would be torture, she wanted to fuck him now.

So she did. She wrapped one hand at the base of his cock, and lowered herself down. It took a few tries to position herself perfectly, but when she was finally able to sink down on him…

“Harry. Fuck. Your cock is perfect.”

“You’re perfect.” He answered, almost automatically, and Ginny had to giggle.

Slowly, because she didn’t want either of them to cum quite yet, Ginny began rocking up and down on him. “Were you thinking about me, when you were masturbating?”

“God yes.” Harry moaned. “I was thinking about earlier. Your-fuck- body. God damn it you’re so sexy Ginny” Her moaned, his eyes were still raking over her body.

It was torturous, everything was pushing her to the edge- the lust in his voice, his vulgarity, his utter desire for her, and of course the feel of him in her, but she needed to know more.

“How often do you think about me while jerking off?” Please say every night.

“Every night, and every morning.” Ginny couldn’t help it, she slammed herself down on him, provoking cursing from both of them.

With great effort, Ginny withdrew, her abs clenched with the struggle to control herself. “When was the first time you thought of me like that?” Her voice was barely recognizable, distorted by lust and the tension of keeping herself from coming.

“The summer before fourth year. You walked past me after getting out of the shower in just a bath towel.”

“I did that on purpose.” Ginny interjected. Even yesterday she wouldn’t have imagined telling Harry that. “I wanted to get your attention.

“Well you did! I thought of you that night.”

“Did you cum, thinking about me?”

“God yes.”

“If I had walked in and offered to suck you off, would you have let me?” Her movements were speeding up, she just couldn’t help it. She could tell that she was building up to something utterly spectacular.

“Merlin, probably! Would you have?”

“Fuck! I would’ve! I touched myself thinking about you that night. Imagining that you were doing the same thing I was!” Ginny cried. Harry growled and gripped her hips with both hands,
helping her piston on him with even more force.

Wild fantasies spun through her head, what could have happened if she had ever built up the courage. She was delirious with lust and pleasure. They locked eyes, and Harry moaned “Cum for me Ginny.”

So she did. She didn’t know how she had denied herself for so long (even though it had probably only been a few minutes), but what resulted was… intense. She was cursing profanely, and she was damn glad that Harry had strong silencing charms. Her core clenched around Harry’s cock powerfully, rhythmically massaging him in a vice-like grip that drew an orgasm from him.

One thing was for certain, she had a lot more material for her fantasies now.

Chapter End Notes

Well, here's chapter 4. Enjoy!

Next up... bringing Luna into the fold. As always I would love to hear feedback.
After classes the next day, Ginny managed to snag Luna and the four of them gathered in the room of requirement.

“Is this about why Harry and Ginny decided to hide in the closet for 5 minutes this morning?” Luna asked.

The couple in question blushed. “Sort of?” Harry answered. When neither of the girls offered anything, he realized they were both looking to him to explain the situation to Luna, who was looking on expectantly. Great.

“So a few weeks ago, I got some bad news, Luna.” Harry had long known that it was best to be direct with the girl “I found out that I have a piece of Voldemort’s soul inside me. Voldemort split his soul and put the pieces into objects to become immortal, and one of those objects… was me.”

“How do we get it out?” Luna asked with uncharacteristic urgency. She was worried, and Harry was suddenly very glad that he was telling her this after they’d found another way.

“Well, at first we thought that the only way to make sure Voldemort died was for me… to die too.” Luna was shaking her head silently in denial. “But we- and by ‘we’ I mean Hermione- found another way.” Harry let out a breath. This was the hard part. “In order to get the piece of his soul out, I need to perform a ritual seven times. In that ritual, I have to have sex with someone and magically bind ourselves together.” Harry was looking downward as he said this; he couldn’t bear to see her reaction.

“You want to do this ritual with me?” Luna asked, but instead of skeptical, or conflicted, she sounded… happy?

Harry looked up, to see that the blonde girl was actually smiling. “Err, yeah. The ritual requires an emotional connection, and well, you’re one of my closest friends Luna.” The girl’s smile was now dazzling. Harry had been mentally bracing for a number of reactions, but joy was not one of them.

Hermione was just as confused as Harry was, but hadn’t learned, as Harry and Ginny knew, that sometimes it was best to just roll with it when it came to their friend. “Sorry, but are you actually happy about this?” Hermione asked.

“Of course I am!” Luna insisted “I’ve wanted a boyfriend for a long time, and Harry was my first choice! And we’re-” she motioned to Hermione and Ginny “going to be sisters! I’ve always wanted a sister, since I was a little girl.”

Her gaze turned back to Harry “Do you actually want to have sex with me and be my boyfriend, or is this something you’d only be doing to save your life?”

Ginny caught Harry’s eye and gave a subtle nod, and Harry relaxed a bit. “Well, I won’t lie. I do find you attractive. You’re very beautiful, Luna.”

“Really? Even though my boobs are tiny? And my eyes look weird? And my hair is stringy?” Luna asked.
“What? Why would you think any of that, Luna? Believe me, you’re gorgeous. And yes… I do want to have sex with you. I can’t say I’m in love with you, but I do care for you a lot.”

“That was what Cho told Marietta after we went to the Slug Club party together. I’ve heard stuff like that from the other girls too.” Luna said “But I’m really happy that you disagree.”

“Bitch.” Ginny quietly hissed. “Luna, she was just jealous of you. She was gagging to go with Harry to that party.”

“Oh.” Luna said “That’s good to hear. I’m glad I’m not hideous.” Luna paused, and scrutinized Harry “Would it be alright if I kiss you? I’ve wondered what it would be like for a while.”

Harry’s eyes once again went to Ginny, who shrugged and nodded, what did he do to deserve her? Instead of answering, Harry leaned down, placed a hand on Luna’s cheek, and gently pressed his lips to hers. Luna let out a soft whimper, and Harry could feel her tremble at the contact.

Harry probed with his tongue, gently swiped at her lips and teeth. That seemed to trigger something in Luna. Her hands suddenly gripped his shoulders almost painfully, and she surged forward. Her teeth clacked against his as their mouth’s collided, and her momentum as she essentially leapt at him toppled them both over. The room produced a bed to cushion their fall- and Luna continued uninterrupted.

Harry could honestly say he’d never been snogged quite like this. Teeth clacked again and she shoved her tongue into his mouth. Her hands wound through his hair, pulling him towards her as if trying to meld their faces together. She was clearly inexperienced, but also incredibly enthusiastic.

Luna soon pulled away, panting heavily. Her chest heaved and trembled, but Harry didn’t have time to appreciate it, as Luna descended on him again. Her mouth latched onto his neck, and she sucked down, hard. “Ah!” Harry gasped, in surprise and a small amount of pain.

At this point, Hermione grabbed Luna by the collar of her uniform and yanked her up. “I think that’s enough.” She scolded.

Harry looked between the three girls, dazed. Luna was flushed, and her mouth was hanging slightly open, her chest still heaving enticingly. Despite being addressed by Hermione her eyes were locked at the spot that she had left a hickey. Hermione was shaking her head slightly, clearly disapproving, and Ginny…

At first, he thought she might be upset. Harry got out of bed and walked up to her. “Are you alright Gin?” He asked. It was then that he noticed that her cheeks were flushed, her breathing was heavy, her eyes had narrowed, and she had a hand subtly stroking her upper thigh. She was turned on. Watching him and Luna kiss had turned her on.

After what felt like an eternity Ginny pulled back, only to descend down on his neck to leave a hickey of her own and delighting at the moan she elicited from him. She withdrew, a self-satisfied smirk on her face.

“He’s a good kisser, isn’t he?” She asked Luna, as her smile turned warm.

“Mmm.” Luna hummed “I can see why you spend so much time alone with Harry now. I’d always
thought it must be nargles, but it just turns out that kissing him is amazing. You should try it Hermione!

The brunette blushed brilliantly “Maybe later.” She hedged.

Ginny sat next to Luna on the bed, the two were grinning giddily. “Harry, you and Hermione should go off and do your own thing. I think Luna and I need some girl time.”

As Harry left the room, he overheard Ginny tell Luna “If you think kissing is incredible, just wait until you have sex. That’s going to blow your mind.”

The two friends walked down the hall in contemplative silence.

Harry was trying to puzzle out Ginny’s behavior. She wasn’t jealous. Maybe a little possessive, but she seemed to be encouraging Luna, and was she really turned on by watching them kiss?

Hermione’s thoughts (and eyes) kept straying back to Harry. She could admit, she was looking forward to kissing Harry. Sure, she kissed Victor Krum- but she hadn’t snogged him, the way that Ginny and Luna had just done with Harry. She was… curious.

For most of their friendship- it was easy to avoid seeing Harry as a sexual being. Even when he was crushing on Cho last year, he’d been pretty clueless and never got particularly far. Now she couldn’t avoid it. He and Ginny were obviously having copious amounts of sex, and both she and Luna had snogged Harry right in front of her.

She looked over at Harry again, and her eyes roamed over his body briefly before returning to more respectable places. She’d long been able to admit to herself that Harry was fanciable. She would insist that she didn’t mean it personally, but in an objective kind of way- like Everest is the world’s tallest mountain, magic is underpinned by math, and Harry is fanciable.

She was lying to herself, she now realized. She looked at him again. His hair was adorably messy, his eyes were gorgeous, when he smiled, his entire face lit up. She wondered what was under those robes. She found herself wishing she was back with Ginny and Luna, listening to Ginny share her knowledge and experience with Harry’s body. Harry was fanciable. She found him fanciable.

She fancied him.

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“Oh. I hadn’t considered that!” Luna gasped “Sex must be incredible.”

“It is.” Ginny agreed “At least, with Harry it is. If you have an inconsiderate prat as a partner then it might not be as good.”

“So Harry’s considerate, then?” Luna asked “Does he do things like- what does he do?”

Ginny chuckled, that was such an open-ended question. Ginny was tempted to quip ‘me’, but figured being straight-forward was better for this topic. “Where do I begin?” Ginny wondered aloud.

Luna blushed. “During sex does he like, kiss other parts of your body. Like I did with his neck?”

Oh boy, Luna was more than a little inexperienced.

Before Luna and Harry kissed, Ginny hadn’t known what to expect. She thought she might be
jealous or hurt, but she wasn’t. In fact, it almost instantly registered with her how hot the situation was.

The way that Harry affected Luna was hot. The way his kiss made her tremble and whine reminded Ginny of what his kiss did to her. It was as if she was experiencing what Luna did vicariously. She also found that somehow, watching Luna lose control with Harry like that made him even more attractive to her. It reinforced how she felt about him, knowing that other girls felt the same way. Damn right Luna lost control when he kissed her, Harry was fucking irresistible.

And then there was Harry. Ginny had quickly learned that one of the most enticing parts of sex was watching Harry come undone. She loved to make him want her, make him moan, make him cum. It was just as hot watching someone else do that to Harry.

She found herself disappointed when Hermione pulled Luna off of him, because watching Harry be ravaged by their friend was one of- no- the hottest thing she’d ever seen. Which was really saying something after last night.

“Well that’s a lot of what happens during foreplay.” Ginny told Luna.

“Foreplay?”

“Yeah, like kissing, touching, and stroking each other while getting undressed. It’s basically the leadup to sex.” Ginny was a little sad that Luna had yet to learn this stuff, but it made a certain amount of sense. She didn’t have any other female friends, no romantic experiences, and her mum…

“So he’ll, kiss your breasts?” Luna asked “And other parts of your body? Your stomach, elbow? Toes?”

“Well he hasn’t kissed my elbow or toes yet. But if that’s your thing, you should ask him to. But yeah, he likes to kiss all over my body. My boobs, my stomach, my shoulders, my thighs… my pussy.”

Luna’s eyes went wide “That feels good, doesn’t it?” Her voice was breathy.

“It feels perfect. Especially when he sucks on my clit.”

“Clit?”

“You know, your clitoris?” Ginny probed, but Luna’s expression remained confused “It’s a little nub near the top of your vagina. It’s very sensitive.”

“Oh.” Luna nodded “I never knew. Where is it exactly?” Ginny tried to figure out exactly how to explain it but was coming up blank.

“Maybe if you just showed me?” Luna suggested. Ginny hesitated. This was crossing some boundaries for sure… But Harry probably wouldn’t mind, not without being a hypocrite. After all, he had literally just kissed Luna and would be soon doing much more with her and many other girls. And Ginny wasn’t even actually going to touch Luna like that, she would just show her what she did with her own body.

Her cunt had been needy and inflamed ever since Harry and Luna had kissed, and it was telling her to rub one out, right now, right in front of Luna. Luna was asking for her to, and she was horny, and she could tell Harry about it later.
“You’ve never masturbated before, have you?” Ginny asked, and Luna shook her head. Poor girl. “Alright, I’ll show you what I do.”

Pillows appeared, Ginny arranged them and propped herself up, Luna followed her lead, so that they were facing each other.

“So first we need to take our clothes off.” Ginny said as she began undressing.

“Is taking our shirts off needed?”

“Well, it’s not necessary. Harry and I had sex this morning with me just taking my panties off, he just pushed his pants and boxers down. But it helps to have more skin to… stimulate.”

Luna again followed her lead, and Ginny watched closely as her body was revealed. She noted her curves and how much bigger her boobs were than hers’ (it wasn’t that they were large by any means, Ginny was about as flat chested as they came). She knew that Harry loved her breasts, but Ginny had no illusions that she was lacking in that department. Ginny remembered how Harry’s gaze had locked onto Luna’s boobs after their snogging session. Ginny found herself anticipating Harry’s reaction to seeing Luna naked for the first time. He probably wouldn’t be able to keep his eyes off her chest. He’d look at them the way he looked at her when she first undressed for him. He’d probably suck on them and-

“Ginny, I can’t really see what you’re doing.” Luna’s voice brought Ginny back to the present, and she realized she’d started masturbating before explaining to Luna what she was doing.

“Sorry. Er, I was thinking about how Harry’d react to seeing you like this. So I like to uh, rub my nipples with one hand, and rub my clit with the other.” She pointed out her clit to Luna.

Luna looked down at her own pussy with a look of focus and she probed it with her fingers, until finally she gasped, and flushed deep red. “I found it!” She squeaked. “Is this what it feels like when Harry kissed you there?”

To be honest, Ginny didn’t get that much out of oral. It felt nice, but somehow the pressure of fingers against her clit felt better (and the feeling of Harry’s penis inside of her felt best of all). “That feels different. Its hard to describe.”

Both girls were now rubbing at their clits. Luna’s eyes her hooded and her head thrown back. “What about his penis. Inside of you?” She gasped.

Ginny struggled for a metaphor “If you rubbing your clit is like eating a cupcake, then his cock entering you is like eating the opening feast.”

“Oooh” Luna moaned “Do you really think he wants to have sex with me? I want to have sex with him!”

“Oh I guarantee he does, Luna. Once he sees you like this, he won’t be able to stop himself.”

“How do you know?” Luna was looking at her again, and she was serious, even as she rubbed herself. Ginny felt bad for the girl, who’d been bullied by the girls and ignored by the boys in her house.

“He was hard. After you kissed him.” Luna’s eyes inflated. “I could see it in his pants. They were tented.”

Luna’s body shook. “He- OH! UH! OOOOH! OH! Oh, oooh.” Luna moaned, each spasm that
wracked her body accompanied by another strangled syllable.

Ginny’s rubbing kicked into overdrive, making a soft swishing noise over Luna’s labored breathing. “Talk to me.” She moaned “Tell me about what you want to do with Harry.”

“I want to take his clothes off” Luna breathed, still lightly fingering herself. “I want to see his penis. I want to kiss him all over his body- not just his mouth and neck. I want to kiss his penis.” As she spoke her words became firmer, more impassioned.

“I want to take my clothes off in front of him. I want him to look at me and like it. I want him to be hard or me.” Her fingers were speeding up. “I want him to kiss me, and we’ll press our bodies together, and I’ll feel his hard penis against me. And he’ll put it in me.” Her voice was rising in pitch. “And he’ll pick me up and thrust into me. He’ll whisper in my ear that I’m so sexy. That I make him feel so good.”

“Oh!” She gasped. “I think I’m going to cum again! I want to make him cum. In my mouth, or in my pussy, or just all over me. What is he like when he comes?”

Ginny struggled to speak. “Sooo hot. He just… loses control. His face twists up and it’s so sexy. His hips thrust into me even if he wants to be gentle, he just can’t help it. Sometimes his hands go to my hips and he pulls me onto him even faster.” The words her tumbling out of her mouth on their own accord “His cock twitches. I can feel it, if he’s in my mouth or in my pussy, and then he shoots out his cum. His entire bod-OH FUCK!”

Ginny descended into cursing, which was her go-to when it came to orgasms. “OH FUCKFUCKFUUUUUUUUCK!” She screamed as her body jerked almost violently.

After Ginny came down, she realized Luna was still going, building up to her second orgasm. “Oh Ginny! I want it so bad! I didn’t realize how much I wanted him until now, but I have since I met him!”

Ginny crawled up to her friend, brushed her hair back and kissed her forehead “He wants you too, Luna. I promise. Now cum.” She borrowed that little trick from Harry, and it was just as effective now as it had been last night.

“Ohpleaseohpleaseohplease!” She whimpered as she tipped over the edge “OH! HAR-RY! OH! Ooooooh!” Ginny gently stroked Luna’s hair as she convulsed.

She couldn’t wait to tell Harry about this.

Chapter End Notes

And Luna has been brought into the fold. Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter!
At Hermione’s insistence, the pair of them went to the library. She had heard that it had picked up a few new books last week and as she put it “While I was studying to save your life, I neglected my coursework a bit.”

Harry decided now was as good a time as ever to work on revisions. Yeah, he was still a bit on edge from being snogged by two witches, but he figured that that ‘problem’ wasn’t going to go away in the near or distant future.

Hermione nudged him sharply, silently pointing out a table with Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, and Neville. Well, that was as good a set up as he was ever going to get.

“Mind if we sit with you guys?” Hermione asked the table, to large agreement.

Neville and Hannah seemed to be in their own world, and Hermione chose a seat so that Harry was next to Susan.

“So what are you working on?” Harry asked as he unpacked his supplies.

“Snape.” Susan told him, the single word and tone told him everything he needed to know.

“Want help?” Harry offered sympathetically. “You may not know this, but I have a bit of experience in tutoring defense against the dark arts.”

Susan giggled. “Well that’s great, because I could use ‘a bit’ of help right now.”

And that was it. It was actually very easy for Harry to settle into the role of tutor. Just helping a friend out, there wasn’t anything bad about that, right? Together, the two of them wrote out an essay to Snape’s unforgiving expectations. Hannah and Neville went off to do their own thing, and Hermione told them to not wait up for her, she had a project she was reading up on, so Harry walked Susan back, at least until they needed to part ways.

“Well, I can’t thank you enough, Harry. If you ever need help with Charms homework, I’m your girl.” Susan told him.

“I might just take you up on that offer.” Harry grinned “Say, is there anything going on between Hannah and Neville?”

“You noticed too!” Susan laughed “They’re like, all over each other. I think it’s sweet.”

“Well I’m not completely dense. I did have to sit through Ron and Hermione’s routine for six years.”

“Oh Merlin. There’s a ton of gossip around them. Any insight from their closest friend in the world?”

“Ron’s a prat.” Harry said bluntly.

“I hadn’t noticed.” Susan responded, deadpan, but she giggled, giving herself away.
“How are the three of you so close? Like, Hannah and I are best friends, but nothing like the golden trio.”

“Maybe you should go take Hannah and find a mountain troll to fight.” Harry suggested “We constantly seem to get into mortal peril together, so that probably has something to do with it.”

Talking with Susan was surprisingly easy. She was smart. Curious too, maybe a little nosy, but also nice about it. “And Neville and Luna? How did they get into your circle of friendship?”

“Why? You want in?” Harry teased, and to his surprise, he noticed her blush a tad.

“Just curious.”

“Well, Neville got there through sheer persistence. Even when he’s outclassed, he never backs down. And well, by fifth year I started realizing that there was more to life than Ron and Hermione. Luna… well she believed in me when a lot of people didn’t”

“I believed you too.” Susan reminded “A lot of people did.”

“Thank you for that” Harry said sincerely “But with Luna, well I guess I could see myself in her a bit.” Susan arched an eyebrow in response “Uh, I mean when I was little, I grew up with muggles. I was different. My aunt and uncle would only let me wear my cousin’s hand-me down’s, and I was bullied a lot. Ron and Hermione were the first friends I ever had.”

Susan’s eyes grew sad “I didn’t mean to hit a sensitive topic, I’m sorry Harry.”

“It’s okay” Harry told her “Anyway, I saw the same thing happening with Luna. She doesn’t deserve to be treated the way she is, just because she’s different. And, like I said, she believed me. She’s kind and loyal. She had my back in the department of mysteries. I trust her.”

“You know, that’s what makes you special, Harry.” Susan told him warmly “Hannah and I noticed that Luna was getting bullied, but we didn’t do anything. She wasn’t in our year, or in our House, what could we do?” She shrugged “But that didn’t stop you. Most people see something bad happen and most of the time they feel bad but they don’t take action. But you do.”

It was Harry turn to blush. “Err, thanks.”

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have gotten so deep with you there. I guess I just realized that maybe that’s something I could change in my own life.”

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They had quidditch practice that evening, and in the middle of practice Harry slipped Ginny his invisibility cloak with a wink. A thrill of excitement raced through her. Breaking the rules was fun. Having sex with Harry was fantastic. Breaking the rules to have sex with Harry? She’d been anticipating their next nighttime ‘encounter’ all day.

Unfortunately, she had to wait for her roommates to get to sleep before she could leave. Demelza was up reading one of her titillating romance novels in bed, and as much as she liked her friend, she was getting frustrated. She tried to pass time by studying, but she didn’t have the mindset for it. Instead she began silently fingering herself. She slid two fingers inside of herself, moving in and out, slowly and methodically. Occasionally she would crook them to hit her G-spot, but mostly she was content with let herself drift in the pleasure. Ever since she and Harry had fucked, penetrating herself didn’t hold the same appeal to her. Her fingers, and even her wand, just didn’t compare to the warmth and fullness of having his cock in her. It just made her wish she was with Harry, which
was fine because presumably she soon would be.

Her eyes flew open when she heard a whimper from the next bed over, and the unmistakable *shlick-shlick* that vigorous masturbation produced. She knew Demelza masturbated, but this was the first time she’d caught her in the act—perhaps because Ginny silenced her curtains most nights.

Ginny took the opportunity to leave. She draped Harry’s invisibility cloak over her otherwise naked body, and crept out of the room. Ginny had to flatten herself against the stairwell when a first-year boy passed her, going down to the common room. She wondered what would have happened if the kid had caught her. The sight of the visibly aroused and dripping older witch probably would have blown his mind.

Ginny’s excitement rose as she approached Harry bed. She applied a silencing charm, just in case, and parted the curtains. Harry was sprawled out naked, but was also asleep.

It *had* taken her a while.

Ginny silently Kneeled on his bed, closing the curtains tightly, and observed her boyfriend. She’d never really gotten to see him asleep before. Dozing during the day, perhaps, but not fully asleep. He was so relaxed, so peaceful. The tension he seemed to always carry with him was gone.

Ginny resumed fingering herself as she ogled him. She also hadn’t a chance to look—like really look—at Harry’s body. It had always been in the heat of the moment, but now… now she could take her time. She could *memorize* him.

She could probably spend hours drinking him in. And it didn’t hurt that she was surrounded by his scent.

She held her body over his cock as she pleasured herself. She was wet. Her arousal coated her thighs, and it dripped off her fingers. Right onto his cock. Ginny let out a whimper. Harry stirred.

“Gin?” He murmured. “You’re late.”

“Sorry.” She whined “I can make it up to you.”

“Oh?” His cock had sprung up to full attention almost instantly, and he was gently stroking it. “How?”

“I can tell you a story.” Ginny whimpered. “The story of how desperate Luna is to fuck you.”

“Is that what you guys talked about? Having sex with me?”

“Among other things. I also taught her how to masturbate.” She continued to finger herself, and drops of her arousal fell onto Harry’s cock and hand.

“How’d you do that?”

“Well. I showed her.” She grinned.

Harry’s jaw dropped and his cock twitched. “You masturbated in front of Luna.” He moaned. His stroking had sped up, and her juices were making a soft swishing sound as he did so.

“She was doing it to. We were talking about having sex with you.” Ginny gasped “She really wants to.”

Harry lost his patience with their game. He grabbed her hips and pushed her down onto his cock.
“Oh FUCK.” Ginny screamed. She hadn’t been expecting that. It had been rough, and sudden, and fantastic. “Fuck me.” She murmured to herself, she wasn’t going to last long at all.

“As you wish.” Harry said, and then he flipped them over so that she was the one splayed out on the bed.

“I want it hard. Fuck me as hard as you can.” She moaned.

Harry growled as he gripped her hips tightly, and began rutting into her. Harry entered a sort of trance, as primal instincts took over. “Fuckfuckfuckfuck” Ginny cursed quickly, her voice gaining pitch as she approached her peak. She’d been teasing herself for so long, she really had been close to the edge.

But even as she came, Harry didn’t relent. He fucked her right through her orgasm, giving her no time to recover or regroup. Ginny’s hands went to his ass, gripping hard enough to leave marks, and she muttered a string of profanity.

“Fuck my pussy! I’ve been dreaming of being fucked like this since I was twelve. I’m such a slut. All you have to do is look my way and I want to fuck you. Of fucking fuck! Luna wants your cock so bad! You have her in the palm of your hand. You could fuck her tomorrow if you wanted. I’d watch. That was the hottest thing I’d ever seen. If it weren’t for Hermione I’d have fucked you right there. Do you have any idea how sexy you are you bastard? How many girls would do anything you wanted if you just asked? Fucking hell. I’m going to cum again. You’re going to make me cUUUUH! AAAH OOOO-FUCK HARRY!”

A second orgasm tore through her and on the other side of it she noticed that Harry was close. The expression on his face, the urgency that he plowed into her. He was almost there. “Cum in me baby! I want you to cum inside me!” She begged.

And she’d be damned. That trick worked again. “GINNY!” Harry moaned as he drove himself home into her. She could feel his cock pulsing, and the rush of heat from his cum. She moaned at the delicious sensation. “You’re so fucking sexy Gin. I can’t even- fuck.” Harry gasped as he collapsed into her.

She couldn't resist. "I don't know, you seem pretty spectacular at it to be honest." Harry snickered, and cradled her to him.

"Love you.” He said simply, and Ginny sighed in contentment as she snuggled closer to him. She was floating on a cloud. She felt so loved, protected, and straight up high from pleasure. This was satisfaction that even a week ago she wouldn’t have fully understood.

Harry was drifting off, which was okay. As much as she wished she could fall asleep with him and stay like this until morning, she knew they couldn’t. Not yet.

Someday.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, Susan has been introduced. Hope you guys enjoy the new chapter. Let me know what you think!
Their next ‘club meeting’ as Harry had mentally began calling it, happened several days later, that Saturday. Once again, it was instigated by Hermione, who claimed she had a plan.

Once in the room of requirement, she handed each of them a blank sheet of parchment. “Do we need to take notes?” Harry quipped dryly. Hermione batted at his head with her own sheet.

“These act a lot like the galleons for the DA.” Hermione explained “Except only you can see what’s written on the paper.”

“So to anybody else, it does just look like a blank piece of parchment.” Ginny marveled “But to us… we can communicate secretly.”

“Exactly. You can send a message to someone specifically by writing their name first. And you can erase messages after you’ve seen them by running your wand over them.”

“You’re brilliant ‘Mione” Harry breathed “The professors are lucky that you like to follow the rules, most of the time.”

Hermione blushed “Thank you. Err, also we need to talk about our schedule.”

“So, when each of us is going to have sex with Harry?” Luna asked. Harry didn’t even blush, he was getting used to casual references to having sex with him.

“Yes. The next new moon is in six days. I need to prepare the runes, but that shouldn’t take more than a day or two. Harry, Ginny, do you think you guys can orgasm within a minute of each other?”

The couple in question grinned slyly at each other “That’s not going to be an issue.” Ginny told them.

“Right, so this’ll tell us a lot. The nature of the bond- which we don’t know. Any side effects- which we don’t know. If this is even possible- which we don’t know.” Hermione trailed off. They’d been avoiding talking about that, the possibility that the ritual wouldn’t work. It had to work.

They’d briefly speculated about the effects of the bond, but that’s all it was, speculation. All they had to go on was what other forms of bonding magic provided. Magic sharing was a common one, as was some telepathic and empathic abilities. The fact was, they simply didn’t know. It bothered Harry, a lot more than he let on.

“So I understand that most couples don’t have Harry and I’s sexual chemistry. I’m thinking that Luna and Hermione should have practice runs. Where you guys get used to each other’s bodies.”

Hermione nodded “That was what I was thinking. We should go slow. Start with kissing and… continue on from there. So Harry, erm, when would you be available for our first kiss?”

That was such a Hermione move, schedule everything out, every aspect controlled. Harry wanted
to throw a spanner into her works. He caught Ginny’s eye and grinned mischievously, as if to say ‘check this out’.

“Harry what are you doi-mmm…” Harry’s lips closed on hers in a tender kiss. His hand lightly brushed against her cheek, not even cupping it, as he ever so gently probed her lips with his tongue.

After a few moments, Hermione responded. Unlike Luna, who’d acted like some sort of wild cat, Hermione was very methodical. Her lips parted just so, allow his tongue to enter. She responded in kind, cataloging the responses each movement brought. Her hand gently rested against his chest, and another took to his waist, as they slowly escalated.

Eventually, Harry pulled away. As he did so, he bit on her lip just so, letting it pop out of his mouth. Hermione whimpered ever so softly, but Harry heard it, and judging by the way Ginny’s eye’s dilated, she sure as hell heard it too. It was incredible how such a small noise could affect him so.

“Oh. Wow.” Hermione managed “That was… very nice Harry.” Her voice was wavering. Her cheeks were flushed and she was breathing heavily. Harry smirked a bit, proud.

“What does your schedule say we do next?” He asked her teasingly. Hermione wanted to kiss that cocky grin off of his face.

So she did.

Harry was not expecting that. He thought she might scold him, or maybe whack him again with that piece of parchment. Instead, she was snogging him.

It struck him that he was snogging his best friend. Academically, he knew he’d be doing this for several days now. But now he was actually kissing her. Hermione, straight laced and bossy. Hermione, who he thought would never, ever, ever want him like this.

Hermione, who’d always been there for him.

Involuntarily, he moaned, and deepened the kiss. Hermione had more finesse than Luna had, but she was still inexperienced. After a moment, Harry withdrew and peppered kisses down her neck. With her mouth free, Hermione couldn’t stop the series of sighs from leaving her mouth.

Wow indeed. Ginny thought silently.

“I don’t think this is fair.” Luna pouted “She’s kissed him for a lot longer than I did, and she interrupted us.”

“Well maybe if you actually bothered with technique instead of mauling him you could have kissed him for longer.” Hermione snapped.

Luna’s face flooded with shame. “I didn’t realize I was so bad.”

“That wasn’t very fair ‘Mione.” Harry told her gently “Everyone has trouble kissing their first time. I don’t even want to talk about how I did with Cho.”

Hermione bowed her head and turned to younger girl. “I’m sorry Luna. That was out of line”

“You know, I’m here letting six other girls have sex with Harry.” Ginny reminded “So the very least you two could do is to share kissing time. Or else this entire idea is going to be a disaster.”

Harry swallowed thickly as he took sight of Ginny. She had reclined herself in a chair and looked
thoroughly debauched. Her blouse was halfway unbuttoned and her tie partially undone. If he wasn’t mistaken, she’d been fondling her breasts while watching them. Holy fuck she was sexy.

Both girls nodded silently, both feeling a bit guilty. “Anyway, I do think it’s fair that you take turns. Otherwise, we may stray a bit past kissing.” Ginny directed “Go ahead Luna!”

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Suffice it to say that Ginny Weasley was phenomenally turned on. First, that little look Harry shot her before kissing Hermione. It was the cocksure grin that could make her knees weak any time, any place. Then there was that noise Hermione made, that soft whimper, part pleasure and part loss. *You magnificent bastard, Harry.* Ginny had thought.

When they parted, Harry was looking at Hermione with blazing eyes- filled with lust, desire, and passion. Ginny *loved* that look on him. Then he turned to *her* and those blazing eyes roamed up and down her body. It was like he’d shown a spotlight on her, she was pinned down by his gaze, overheated, *wanting.*

She met his gaze with her own, not challenging, but mirroring his desire. They were alike in that way. Hermione was all about books and order, Luna was a free spirit, but Harry and Ginny were like fire. Sometimes she felt like the two of them could burn this entire castle down.

“Go ahead Luna” She said. The last time they had kissed, Harry was gentle, controlled, and yet it still drove Luna wild. The poor girl had been deprived of affection for too long. How would she handle him now?

Harry turned is gaze toward the younger girl. His eyes wandered from her face, to her breasts, to her hips and legs, and then back up again, and when he got back to her face she was flushed red. Ginny figured Luna still wasn’t quite convinced that Harry truly desired her, but she bet that display went a long way towards erasing those insecurities.

Harry strode towards her. “A-apparently I’m no good at kissing.” Luna apologized. Harry’s expression turned warm- almost tender.

“Don’t worry, Luna” He assured, his voice a rumble in his chest “Just follow my lead” And then he kissed her.

Ginny decided then that she particularly loved watching Harry and Luna kiss. She was *so* responsive to everything Harry did- always whimpering and whining while Hermione was more restrained. And Harry was so protective and tender with her. It warmed her heart to see him like this, committed to making Luna feel loved and making her feel good. She deserved it.

Harry moved on to kissing Luna’s ear, and then down her jawline and neck. Luna threw her head back, sighing and whining breathily at his ministrations.

Suddenly, Luna’s hand came down and firmly palmed Harry’s erection. *Jesus Luna!*” Harry gasped at the sudden and unexpected move. Luna didn’t move her hand, instead feeling around experimentally. *Luna.*” Harry moaned “This is a little fast.”

Luna’s hand shot away from Harry, moving to cover her mouth in shame. “Oh! I’m sorry Harry! I get carried away too easily.”

Harry cradled Luna’s cheek his fingers, tilting her head up to meet his gaze. “I’m not mad. That felt good, really good. But it was fast. We need to give ourselves time to get comfortable with each other before going that far.”
“You were hard.” Luna noted, looking blatantly at where his erection tented his pants.

“Err, yes.” There wasn’t a point in denying it.

Luna turned to Ginny, who had one hand fondling herself through her bra, and the other rubbing at her inner thigh, right at her panty line. “I think you have something to take care of.”

“Yeah” Ginny agreed huskily “I think it’s time for Harry and I to have some alone time.”

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When Harry and Ginny returned to the common room much later, Hermione was sitting in an armchair, nose buried in a book. Somehow, she knew that they had just walked in. Hermione’s eyes met his, trailing deliberately down his body- taking in the ‘freshly fucked’ look that Ginny had given him. Just for a moment, her tongue wetted her lips.

“C’mon” Ginny murmured “I bet Demelza’s up for some flying.”

“Ah.” Harry responded “That sounds fun.”

It did sound fun, but his words were mostly to the benefit of their housemates.

Harry knew Demelza well enough. He was, after all, team captain, so he’d better know everyone on the team. They exchanged pleasantries, and talked quidditch occasionally. He’d also coached her quite a bit, on exactly how to position yourself to gain speed, how to handle sharp turns and other players, pep talks before games. However, he wouldn’t exactly call them close friends.

Apparently, Ginny saw the potential for something more. The brunette happily agreed to accompany Harry and Ginny on a fly. One thing Harry had noticed about Demelza was that she loved flying in the same way he did. He’d catch her after practice, circling the pitch, just for the joy of flying, being free. He’d considered joining her a few times, but there was always something else. Ron wanted to play chess, Hermione wanted to study, Ginny wanted to snog.

The three of them took to the grounds, brooms in hand. Ginny had retrieved an old quaffle from the broom shed, and was now grinning mischievously with Demelza. “What do you say we put our dear captain through his paces?” She asked, tossing the quaffle to her friend. Demelza giggled as she caught it easily.

“Hmm. He puts us through our paces enough. I’d say turnabout is fair play.” Demelza replied “What does our esteemed captain say?”

Harry was never one to back down from a challenge “You’re on.”

They took to the sky over grounds and began a game of ‘pass the quaffle’. They started slow, gentle lops and throws at moderate speeds. Harry was actually holding his own, he was a fair flyer (as he preferred to put it) on an excellent broom, and it wouldn’t be his first time passing a quaffle around for fun.

“Not bad, seeker.” Ginny taunted. “Wanna try some more advanced plays?” Of course he did.

Ginny and Demelza began running through their plays. Harry recognized almost all of them, hell, he’d helped make many of them with Ron, Ginny, and Katie. Unfortunately, recognizing a play and being able to execute said play were very different things. Harry missed as many shots as he’d caught, and kept have to veer and dive to retrieve the falling quaffle.
They were indeed putting him through his paces.

“Demelza” Ginny shouted “Volleyball!” Harry’s eyes went wide. He’d been particularly proud of this play. It was a way to quickly bypass intercepting chasers, to get the ball to a friendly chaser in an open position.

Ginny ‘set’ the ball for Demelza, who ‘spiked’ it powerfully towards Harry. They’d even been working on ways to use the momentum of their brooms to drive the ball faster.

A red streak flew right over Harry’s shoulder, and he dutifully twisted backwards to fall into pursuit. He was a bit peeved at this point, and when he returned to them, he used his wand to propel the ball past them.

Neither even attempted to get it, not expecting Harry to ‘break the rules’. Ginny shrugged, giving him a teasing smile. Demelza stuck her tongue out at him. *Alright, she is cute.*

Rolling his eyes, Harry took off after the quaffle once again. By now it was plummeting downward, *a bit like chasing a snitch*, Harry thought.

Except, Harry realized as he began to dive, the quaffle wouldn’t pull up when it reached the ground, as a snitch would. He pulled into an even sharper dive. He’d cut under the ball and intercept it as it fell. The timing had to be just right…

Harry pulled up at the last moment, the grass waved and rippled in the wake of his passing. He spotted the quaffle, and slowed down just a tad, that way he’d be… perfect. The quaffle gave a solid *thump* when he caught it, and Harry turned back to the girls triumphant.

When he returned to them he overheard Demelza saying “well there’s a reason he’s our captain.”

“Damn straight.” Harry declared, tossing the quaffle back to Ginny.

“Impressive.” Ginny remarked “With a bit of training you’d make fair chaser.”

“Hilarious, I never see you girls making catches like that.” Harry countered.

“Well, the normal strategy is to leave the quaffle to another player who’s in a better position.” Demelza noted, contemplative.

Harry frowned, thinking back to practice earlier that week. A quaffle had gone wide, and no one had been in a good position to catch it. He Ron and Katie had talked about it, but hadn’t gotten a solid solution other than ‘never miss’.

Demelza was thinking similarly “That shot I missed at practice the other day.”

“If that were a real game, it would have been an interception.” Harry nodded. Ginny was following along, but decided to let the two of them reason it out together.

“So do you think one of us should be like, a recovery specialist?” Demelza mused. “I bet Ginny would be best, since she’s played seeker before.”

“The thing is, that wouldn’t work with your team dynamic.” Harry reasoned. Being less experienced, Demelza was the player who tended stay at the edge of the action, so that one of her teammates could pass off the quaffle to her when they got into a tough spot. “It really should be you. Plus, you have a seeker’s build.” A seeker’s build was basically synonymous with ‘tiny’.
“Harry, I’m not sure- I don’t know if I could do what you just did.” Demelza told him plainly. “My broom.”

“Your broom has nothing to do with it.” Harry told her “It’s all in here.” He tapped his head. “You have to trust yourself, and go all in. If you don’t put everything into the dive, it’s not going to work.”

Demelza nodded, but looked far from confident. “I have an idea” Ginny chimed in, Harry noted immediately that she looked mischievous. He loved that look on her, even if it sometimes resulted in inconvenience for him. “You can show her what you do.”

“I’ve already seen him dive.” Demelza responded.

“No.” Ginny shook her head “I mean, get on his broom with him. The two of you can go through some dives together. That way you get a sense of how Harry does it.”

It was a good idea, but the double agenda was quite obvious to Harry. “Are you sure?” Demelza asked, making it clear she knew just how intimate their position could end up being.

“Of course I’m sure.” Ginny affirmed “This is for the good of the team!” Okay, she was laying it on a little thick there, but it got Demelza to agree. The small girl elegantly made the transfer from her broom to his. Ginny picked up Demelza’s broom and slung it over her shoulder while Demelza got seated in front of Harry on his Firebolt.

Demelza was tiny, small even compared to Luna. She was practically cocooned in his arms, and despite the respectable distance between their bodies it was still fairly intimate.

“You two go fly around for a bit, get used to the broom.” Ginny told them “Then we’ll play.”

Harry took off, causing Demelza to whoop and laugh, but it also slid her body into his. The girl scooted back up, but it was a hopeless battle. Even as Harry took them through a relatively gentle set of dives and turns, their bodies were getting repeatedly pressed together. After a few minutes, Demelza gave up, blushing as she did so, though Harry thought that might be from the wind.

“Can you feel how I’m handling the broom?” He asked her. He had to lean down over her shoulder and speak directly into her ear to talk to her. At the speed they were going, that was the only way they’d be able to hear each other through the wind.

“No.” Demelza answered loudly, turning slightly to talk to him “Not precisely anyway.”

Harry moved his hands so that they enclosed hers. “How about now?” He asked her, again speaking into her ear. Demelza shivered, was she cold? “Oh. I can feel it.”

“Good. Now we dive.” With no further warning, Harry plummeted to the ground in one of his trademark dives. Demelza was cheering and laughing in exhilaration as they dove. When Harry pulled up, their bodies were pressed together even more firmly than before. He was embarrassed to realize that he was erect. Well, not entirely, he was half-hard, but it really was only a matter of time. If Demelza felt it, she didn’t comment.

They flew back to Ginny who was holding the quaffle in one hand and her wand in the other. “You guys ready?” She challenged.

“Hell yeah.” Demelza answered for them.

“What she said.” Harry echoed, eliciting a giggle from Demelza.
With a grin, Ginny shot to quaffle away with her wand. Harry took off in pursuit, quickly catching up to it. Demelza easily plucked the ball out of the air.

“Is that the best you’ve got Gin?” Harry called as Demelza tossed the quaffle back to her. Ginny rose to the challenging, propelling the quaffle at ever greater speeds in erratic directions.

The constant acceleration, deceleration, and turning forced their bodies together repeatedly. Demelza’s bum was being pressed against his erection, and it was driving Harry mad. He now had a raging hard on. It was uncomfortable, straining against the fabric of his pants, and there was no way that Demelza couldn’t feel it. Yet she didn’t comment on it, or even pull away.

There was one moment, when they hit a bout of turbulence, that Harry had to force back a moan. The way her body had moved against his erection was **sinful**.

After a few dozen throws, they decided to throw in the towel. “I’ll put away the quaffle guys!” Ginny called, flying off (conveniently) carrying Demelza’s broom with her. “Take your time!”

They sat motionless in the air, essentially alone. “Demelza, I know you enjoy flying around after practice. Would you like to fly my broom for a bit?”

She gave him a dazzling smile. “I’d love to.” Her hands gripped the broom firmly, and they sped off. Demelza’s style of flying was a bit different than Harry’s. There were more sharp turns and corkscrews, and fewer big dives. Harry wasn’t sure if it was a coincidence that Demelza’s flying seemed to press them together more often and more firmly.

After a spiraling ascent, Demelza leveled out into a gentle glide. They were both panting from exertion, but both also smiling. “This is why I love flying.” Demelza told him. “I don’t have to worry about anything. There’s no homework, no drama… no war. Just you, your broom, and sky.”

“I feel exactly the same way.” Harry echoed.

Demelza sighed, and leaned back against him. Her head was now resting against his shoulder, and she looked up at Harry. Harry peered down at her in turn, and his eyes were drawn to her lips. Mentally, he shook himself, it was far too soon for that. It would completely freak her out. Instead, she looked into her eyes and smiled gently.

“It’s beautiful up here.” He noted, looking around them, and it was. They were just above the castle, and had a view of the entire grounds.

Demelza kept her eyes focused on him as she replied “Absolutely gorgeous.”

Chapter End Notes

And now we see a bit of Demezla. I honestly adore the entire sequence between her and Harry.
“You did that on purpose!” Demelza called as she walked into their dorm.

“Huh?” Ginny played dumb.

Demelza stared Ginny down “You set Harry and I up. Don’t even try to deny it. You knew what riding together on a broom feels like, and you liked putting us in that position.”

“You seemed to enjoy it.”

“That’s- that’s beside the point!” Demelza sputtered “I just don’t understand what you’re doing. I know you well enough to know you’d never play games or test him, and the fact that you enjoy it- it doesn’t make sense. Unless… oh my god.” Demelza rushed to the side of her bed, where she pulled out a trunk that had been wedged underneath. Ginny knew from past experience that it was filled to the brim with her trashy romance novels. Demezla tossed a few aside, including titles like Professor’s Pet, In His Service, and The Sorcerer’s Command.

“Aha!” Demelza crowed “You’re like Lady Anabelle!” She pointed a finger accusingly at Ginny, while her other hand was cradling a well-worn book titled The Lady’s Lord.

Ginny took a look at the back “When Lady Anabelle catches a handmaiden flirting with her husband, she is shocked. But after a titillating misunderstanding, she realizes that she enjoys watching her husband seduce women.” Ginny stopped there.

Demelza was spot on. Granted, there was the confounding factor of saving Harry’s life, but Ginny had found herself very much enjoying watching Harry with other girls.

“Okay, you’re right.” She admitted.

“Oh. My. God.” Demelza was smiling wickedly.

“Please don’t spread this around.”

“Ginny! I’d never! We’re besties! Besides I shudder to think how many witches Harry would have to fend off if the castle at large knew.” Demelza assured.

Ginny chuckled. She was probably right. “So what happened up there?”

“Wait. This is part of your thing, isn’t it? You like hearing about Harry’s encounters with other witches.” Demelza still seemed to be over the moon and rubbing it in her face.

“Don’t judge me. I don’t have an entire trunk full of erotica under my bed.” Ginny shot back.

Demelza raised her hands in surrender “Okay. Truce. I’ll tell you what happened. It was amazing. So I’m not sure if you know, but riding a broom together at high speeds tends press your bodies together.”

“That’s what I was counting on.” Ginny interrupted.
“So I could feel him! His length was pressed up against me.”

“Length?” Ginny teased “You sound like you’ve been reading too many romance novels. Ever thought of getting a boyfriend?”

“Don’t judge me!” The brunette defended “And for your information, I’ve tried. It’s just the boys I’ve had weren’t up to snuff. At least until, you know, today.”

“You’ve mentioned something about Collin before, but boys?”

“Well. Collin was sweet, but he just treated me like glass. Just because I’m… you know.” She gestured over her head in a way that suggested her short height “Doesn’t mean I’m fragile. And then he came almost instantly when I grabbed his shaft.”

“So that’s why he stopped hanging out with us.”

“Yeah, I felt bad. But I also didn’t feel like it was going to work with him. I want a guy who’s confident, who isn’t afraid to take charge.”

“What about bloke number two? Why haven’t I heard about him?” Ginny wondered.

“Because he’s Dean.” Demelza admitted, before hurrying to add “He wanted some rebound sex after you broke up.”

Ginny wasn’t bothered, she was so over Dean. “How was it? Don’t tell me I was missing out!”

Demelza laughed “You weren’t! In a way he was actually worse than Collin. At least I knew Collin cared about me and wanted me to have a good time, even if his execution was terrible. Dean didn’t even try to make it good for me. He just got us undressed and fucked me. It was so mechanical! Once he came, it was over.”

“You know, I was kind of hoping these would be sexy stories. But instead they’re just a little depressing.” Ginny noted “So, we were talking about Harry?”

“Right! Well I could feel his shaft pressed right against my bum and then he started speaking in my ear. His voice was a rumble in his chest and I could feel the vibrations from it. His breath was in my ear.” She let off a soft blissful sigh. “After you left, I took us up high to get a view of the grounds, and it was just so… wonderful. He looked at my lips, and then he looked into my eyes. I swear I could just fall into those eyes.”

“So could I…” Ginny sighed. “Maybe I should have him take a broom ride with me.”

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Harry wasn’t sure what to expect from his weekly meeting with Dumbledore. The man had tried, during that time where Harry was mentally preparing to sacrifice himself to take down Voldemort, to help him come to terms with it. However, this would be their first meeting since Hermione discovered the ritual that could save him.

Hermione had warned him that Dumbledore wasn’t very open to the ritual. She had actually suggested he lie to the headmaster, and tell him they weren’t actively pursuing it.

That didn’t sit well with Harry. Part of him still held out hope that he could reason with Dumbledore, and he also realized that the headmaster would probably be able to recognize any
deception on Harry’s part.

So it was with some trepidation that he stepped into Dumbledore’s office. He took a few moments to stroke Fawkes’ feathers, who cooed reassuringly.

“Good evening, professor.” Harry greeted, taking a seat.

“Harry.” Dumbledore smiled, eyes twinkling “It is good to see you as always. You seem to be in much better spirits than when we last met.”

He was testing the waters, Harry realized. He figured Harry was up to something, but either didn’t know or was giving Harry the chance to come clean. Harry made a snap decision. Dumbledore never had any qualms with hiding important information from Harry, why shouldn’t Harry deal with him in the same way?

“Well, to be honest Sir” Harry’s face was genuinely blushing red “It’s a little personal. Ginny and I’ve been making the most of our relationship, you see.”

“Ah, to be young and in love.” Dumbledore chuckled “I’m glad that you’re making the most of your time. I have to ask you, Miss. Granger came into my office with an interesting discovery she’d made. I presume that she shared it with you?”

“Err, yeah. Ginny and I know about the ritual, professor. We’ve talked a lot about it and we’re just having a hard time figuring some things out.” Nothing he’d said was technically a lie. Harry made sure to project doubt and insecurity (of which he still had plenty) in case Dumbledore was reading his surface thoughts. “I was curious, why don’t you think it’s a good idea?”

“The soul magics are very dangerous. I’ve spoken to you before about finding a fate worse than death. Deforming your very soul is one such way to achieve that. I urge you to not go down this path.”

“Look, to be honest, it’s probably not even possible. I mean, getting 7 compatible girls to bind themselves to me? That seems impossible. Hermione’s really set on it, and Ginny’s… well Ginny.” He smiled fondly. “I understand your concerns, professor. I’ll keep it in mind.”

“Harry.” Dumbledore told him firmly “Please tell me that you won’t attempt this ritual.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that professor.” Harry answered “I want to keep my options open. I understand your argument, I really do. But ultimately this is my life, my decision. I hope you can respect that, if I were to make a decision you disagree with.”

“Lives are at stake, Harry.”

“Believe me professor, I’m well aware.” Harry retorted, his voice on edge “I’m doing everything I can, or at least everything you’ll allow me to do, to contribute to the war effort.”

A tense silence fell between them, neither of them will to back down from their position.

“Was there anything else you’d like to talk about professor?”

“No, that will be all for today, Harry. But do keep my words in mind.”

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So what did Dumbledore say?
The words appeared on Harry’s sheet of parchment, he immediately recognized it as Hermione’s handwriting.

Essentially what he said to you. I kinda lied to him.

Good. Hermione wrote back.

What’s this, Hermione approving of someone lying to a professor? Ginny’s handwriting appeared. She gave a cheeky grin as she wrote it, and Harry couldn’t resist kissing it. While Hermione was in the library, the two of them were cuddled up in a corner of the common room.

Harry could picture the brunette rolling her eyes.

Do you think he bought it? Ginny wrote, Harry found it a bit silly, considering she was right next to him.

Did he tell you anything new?

Do you think he might have been affected by a Humperdink?

I don’t know, no, and I didn’t see one. Harry answered in rapid succession. Anything else?

Cho Chang is telling people that you want to split up with Ginny. Luna added.

Pray tell why? Hermione asked.

She seems to think you have a thing for Demelza Robbins.

Ginny stifled a laugh. Well she is probably our best candidate for additions to our club so far.

What did Harry do with her?

Took her for a broom ride. A literal one. She was swooning.

What other kind is there?

We’ll tell you later. Hermione interrupted Do you think she’d be okay with sharing him?

She kinda already knows about that. At least the ‘sharing him’ part, not the ritual.

WHAT

Ginny had let Harry know Demelza’s reaction that same night, in his bed. But she hadn’t gotten around to telling Hermione and Luna about it.

How could she know about that but not the ritual? Hermione’s writing had gotten much messier. Harry imagined she was scribbling frantically on her parchment.

Ginny was blushing heavily. She wasn’t quite comfortable speaking so plainly about her newly discovered kink. Harry smiled reassuringly and squeezed her shoulder.

She probably realized that Ginny enjoys watching Harry kiss other witches. Luna answered.

Oh.
How’re the runes coming? Harry asked, trying to redirect the conversation.

Finished. I have them in my bag.

Good thing too, we only have, what. Three days?

Ginny’s words struck Harry heavily. Three days until the ritual- a ritual that would either change his life forever or doom it entirely. Harry looked over at Ginny, who seemed to be perfectly happy with the thought.

He wished he could have her confidence.

Chapter End Notes

Another chapter up! The ritual is approaching, and I'm honestly looking forward to the response that gets. As always, I appreciate your thoughts!
Harry and Susan were in the library together, a pile of books claimed by each of them.

Their arrangement was working out well for them. As brilliant as Hermione was, she wasn’t a very good teacher- probably because she understood the material so easily that she didn’t know how to simplify it. However, Susan had an ability to make difficult parts of the text much easier to understand.

And, of course, Harry had a bit of experience teaching defense against the dark arts, so he didn’t have any trouble helping her out with Snape’s unfair assignments.

“So, you and Ginny seem to be getting a lot of alone time.” Susan remarked.

“A gentleman never kisses and tells.” That wasn’t exactly true, Harry had Ginny’s explicit permission to tell Susan about their ‘activities’ if he thought it would help get Susan on board.

“That’s not true. There have been rumors, but I’m sure they’re not true.” Susan assured.

“What sort of rumors?” Harry, obviously, wasn’t particularly attuned to Hogwarts’ rumor mill. Neither were Hermione and Luna for that matter, and Ginny was incredibly adept at tuning that kind of thing out.

“Oh, I’m sure they’re all nonsense. You wouldn’t want to hear them.” Susan evaded, smiling,

“Nonsense can be funny. And maybe I could help you figure out what bits have an element of truth to them.” Harry offered.

He was curious, if only to see if anyone had picked up on his goal to gather, well, whatever it was he was gathering.

“Deal.” Susan instantly agreed.

“This doesn’t go to anyone else, Susan. Not even Hannah.” Harry told her, and Susan paused.

“Of course, Harry. I’m not-I’d never betray your trust like that.” She said softly, sincerely.

“Alright, so what are they saying about us?” Harry asked.

“Well, rumor has it that you guys are having sex.” Susan began.

Harry gave her a crooked grin. “Oh my god!” Susan whispered “I mean, congratulations, I guess?”

“Much appreciated.” Harry responded.

“They’re also saying that you’re cheating on Ginny with Demelza Robbins.” Susan immediately held her hands up defensively “I know it’s not true! I’m just letting you know.”

“Okay, thanks. And or the record, no. I’m not cheating on Ginny, with anyone.” It wasn’t cheating if you had permission.
“Some people think that Demelza tried to seduce you.”

Harry sighed. “She may have a crush on me. But Ginny’s her friend. She’s not going to do anything to hurt her.”

“Noted. Did you and Ginny really shag in a broom cupboard?”

“Merlin. We aren’t subtle at all, are we?” Harry grinned. “So, what about you. Any lucky blokes on your radar? Turnabout is fair play.”

Susan blushed and looked down. “Not particularly no. Er, I haven’t gone very far with a boy. Technically I have ‘responsibilities’” Her tone of voice made clear what she thought of those responsibilities “Since I’m heir of the Bones Family, society would be outraged if I did something improper like having sex before marriage.”

“That’s not a very good reason to not have sex.” Harry commented.

“It’s not. I honestly don’t care, but I guess I just haven’t found the right guy yet.” If Harry had been a bit more observant, he might have noticed Susan’s expression turned somewhat wistful as she watched him. “I always admired that about you, Harry.” Susan added “You never cared what society expects of you, even though you’re the heir to the House of Potter.”

Harry shrugged, not even quite sure what being heir to the House of Potter entailed. “I’ve got more important things to worry about than what people think of me. Particularly since that can change on a dime at any given moment. Speaking of, you got anything else for me?”

“Alright, last one, and this one’s a doozy.”

“Alright, shoot.”

“There’s tell that Ginny and Demelza are planning on having a threesome with you.” Susan giggled a bit “Pretty crazy, right?”

“Yeah. That’s a pretty crazy rumor.” Harry agreed, grinning. “I wonder where it came from?”

Susan’s expression shifted instantly from amusement to shock, and then to… was she impressed? “You didn’t actually deny it, Harry.” Nothing got passed her.

“Hm, I didn’t, did I? Funny that.”

Harry and Ginny made their way to ‘their spot’- a grove of trees along the far side of lake that obscured them from direct sight. Couples didn’t usually make the trek this far out, so the two of them could be reasonably certain that they’d have the spot to themselves. They had used this spot to talk and snog over the course of their relationship, but slowly, as they’d gone longer without being discovered, they’d been getting bolder. They’d already shed the outer layers of the school uniform, it was a pleasant day and neither of them had another class.

Harry sat on the ground, leaning against a tree a short distance from the lake, and Ginny took a seat right in his lap. She wriggled around a bit after she did so, almost as if trying to get comfortable, but Harry knew better. He’d wanted to talk to her about something important, but those thoughts were fading away. The breath left his lungs at her brazen act, even as blood flowed into his cock. In just seconds, he was fully hard and aching.
Ginny looked back at him with a smirk and a glint in her eyes, delighting in the way she affected him. Shamelessly, she continued grinding against the prominent tent wedged against her ass.

“Is this what it was like when you were riding with Demelza?” she asked breathily.

“Oh Gin, this is much better.” And it was true. All the contact between him and Demelza had been incidental, and Ginny was doing purposefully to stimulate him. Not to mention, his hands were completely free to do what they liked.

He brought a hand up to caress her chest, and she wasn’t wearing a bra. He could feel her erect nipples through her shirt. “Gin.” He moaned.

“I guess having small boobs does have some advantages.” Ginny quipped.

“Your boobs aren’t small.” Harry protested, massaging breasts through the material of her shirt “They’re perfect.”

“Harry.” Ginny said fondly “Luna’s boobs are on the small side. Mine are even smaller than hers. I get that you like them, but you don’t have to lie to me about how big they are.”

“You’re not insecure?” He asked.

“No.” She insisted. “Well, maybe a little bit. But its fine.”

Harry had gotten good at reading her, and he knew she was more insecure than she let on. Just because she could deal with it, didn’t mean he couldn’t help. “Turn around.”

Ginny complied, now straddling his lap while facing him. She had her skirt hiked up, so she that his erection was pressed right against her panties. Harry’s hands went to her button down uniform shirt, popping open the buttons and sliding it over her shoulders.

Harry’s gaze wandered over her exposed upper body, focusing on her breasts. Her nipples were hardened peaks to the gentle swell of her breast. Harry had only recently learned that that was not their default state- that women’s nipples only perked up when they were aroused. Harry licked his lips.

Ginny knew what Harry was trying to do. She was well aware that she was lacking when it came to her boobs. She had once been very insecure about it, having to watch her roommates grow out, leaving Ginny behind. She’d been teased about it enough by the other girls in her year. After dating Micheal and Dean, she’d been able to come to terms with it. Everyone had parts of their body they didn’t like.

There were still times when it got to her. After she and Dean had broken up, she overheard him telling Seamus that Demelza and Hermione were much hotter anyway, because they actually had boobs. Yeah, that stung.

However, her knowledge of Harry’s goal didn’t make her immune to his efforts. He was looking at her boobs with not just lust, but absolute adoration, and when he licked his lips it was enough to make her forget anything that might have otherwise been on her mind.

Harry’s hands closed around the base of her breasts, kneading them gently. While that wasn’t particularly pleasurable in itself, though it did feel pleasant, the look in Harry’s eyes promised that it was just the beginning. Ginny had begun slowly gyrating her hips, rubbing their crotches together. Ginny knew this wasn’t an effective way to get off, or even a way to get off at all, as far as she knew, but how could she not? His cock was right there. Okay, they were still separated by
three pieces of clothing, but still. Her hands had gone to Harry’s waist, stabilizing her as she ground against him.

Harry’s hands continued to massage around her breasts, becoming increasingly firm with his movements. Ginny’s head tilted back and her eyes drifted shut. As much as she wanted to observe Harry, what he was doing to her was just heavenly. It was soothing… relaxing even as it was pleasurable- not intense, but simply lovely nonetheless. Meanwhile, Ginny’s hips continued to gyrate against Harry, subconsciously searching for the most pleasurable movements.

Harry’s thumbs finally brushed against her nipples, even as the rest of each hand was able to cup the entirety of her breasts. The calloused pads gave an exquisite friction against the sensitive nubs that made Ginny gasp softly. They circled and rubbed at her nipples with a feather light touch, teasing her maddeningly. Ginny’s fingers dug into Harry’s hips as she began rocking against him more insistently, trying to find that perfect motion that would rub just the right spot.

Since her eyes had drifted shut, the feel of Harry’s mouth around her nipple was a complete shock. Her eyes flew open as she whimpered “O-o-oooh.” He sucked firmly on the nub, rubbing it with his tongue. Then he moved to give its twin the same treatment. Then Harry’s thumbs returned, more firmly this time, as he kissed around the sides of her boobs.

And then Ginny found the perfect rhythm. She found that if she thrust her hips forward just so, the short jerking motion would rub her clit. Her panties were wet with her juices, which were now rubbing off onto Harry’s pants. Her movements intensified, and she realized that she was building up towards an orgasm.

Harry seemed to sense this as well, as he became more aggressive with his movements. His mouth closed around her nipple again, and he sucked hard. “O-oh Harry” She whimpered “Your cock feels so good against my c-clit. Oh fuck.”

Harry pulled back, gently nipping at her nipple with his teeth as he did so. “Fuck!” Ginny squeaked. Harry’s fingers replaced his mouth, rolling the nub between them firmly. “You- You’re going to make me cum. Your just sucking on my tits and I’m humping you through our clothes, but you’re still going to make me c-UUUUH! Ooooh FUCK! Fuck Harry! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!”

When she came to, Ginny rested her forehead against Harry’s. “I’m such a lucky witch.” She breathed.

“I think most people would say that I’m the lucky one in this situation.” Harry remarked. “But thank you.”

Ginny rolled her eyes and kissed him gently “Thank you. Most guys would-” she paused “Wait, you didn’t cum?”

“Err, no. You weren’t really rubbing near the tip so…”

“No. Unacceptable. I’ll have failed in my duties as a girlfriend if I don’t rectify this situation.” Ginny asserted. Her hands went to work, unlatching his belt and unzipping his pants. Harry distantly remembered that he still needed to talk to Ginny about something, but the issue seemed so distant right now. Because Ginny was holding his cock in her hand, and when she caught sight of it she licked her lips.

It can wait till later.
Later, Harry and Ginny cuddled together, enjoying the evening sun and the breeze coming off the lake.

“I’m worried, Gin.”

The redhead shifted in his arms so that she could look up at him, showing him that he had her attention.

“It’s just. I guess the thing we’re worried about is the ritual not working. But what if it does work?”

“We’ll figure it out.” Ginny responded.

“What if we end up inside of each other’s heads and don’t have any privacy?” That had been hounding him for a while. Having Ginny inside of his head… it was scary. If she could see everything, would she even want to be with him anymore. He wasn’t daft enough to think his wandering dirty thoughts would turn Ginny away, but there were other things… things that Harry never, ever, wanted anyone to know about him.

“Harry, we’ll get through it.”

“We might not have any secrets from each other. Maybe we won’t have a filter and end up accidentally hurting each other. What if.”

Ginny interrupted him with a firm kiss. When she pulled away, she looked him in the eye and told him, calmly but firmly “We’ll figure it out. Together. I know it’s scary, but we’ve just got to listen to each other and try to understand where the other is coming from. I believe in us, love.”

Her eyes held his, and Harry found he couldn’t look away. Her affection and sincerity was overwhelming, almost suffocating. The problem was, he hadn’t told her the real reason why he was nervous. Why the thought of bearing his very soul to her secretly terrified him. “I hope you’re right.” He said hoarsely.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I know, everyone wants to see the ritual. Next time, I promise!

So yeah, not the most eventful chapter- we see more of Susan, and get a look into how Harry’s feeling about this whole ‘binding your souls for eternity’ thing. The next few chapters will more than make up for the slowness of the past few.

Let me know what you guys think!
The knot of anticipation had been growing in Hermione’s chest all day. She had double and triple checked every calculation. She’d read every book she could find on magical bonds. She had created a mental list of every conceivable side effect of the bonding process.

But now there was nothing more she could do. It was a Friday night, so everyone was slow to go to bed. It wasn’t until after midnight that Hermione was finally alone in the common room, and another half hour before Harry and Ginny were able to sneak out of their dorms.

Harry came down first, invisibility cloak in hand. “We’ve got a problem.” He said seriously.

“What?”

“I was checking the Marauder’s map when I was in bed… Dumbledore spent some time outside the Room of Requirement.”

Hermione’s brow furrowed “He might have set a ward.”

“I don’t know what to do. I can’t think of anywhere else where we wouldn’t be found, but has the right atmosphere.”

Ginny followed about ten minutes later, and greeted Harry with a kiss. “Honestly, you guys can’t keep your hands off each other for ten minutes?” Hermione groused.

The two of them shared a look, grinning widely. “No.” Ginny said simply. As if to prove their point, the two linked arms, drawing them closer together.

Hermione shook her head, but was smiling. They really were perfect for each other.

“Well, I’m down for doing it in a broom cupboard if we have to.” Ginny suggested, after they had explained the situation to her.

“Not enough room.” Hermione shook her head.

“Abandoned classroom?” Harry tried.

“Luv, we’d get caught for sure.”

“The shrieking shack?”

“Seriously?” Ginny raised an eyebrow.

“Well I’m not about to suggest the chamber.” Harry groused “We don’t have many options.”

“Err, I have an idea.” Hermione said, somewhat sheepishly.

“What?” Harry and Ginny asked simultaneously.
“Well, you see, I stumbled across it in my third year. I used to sleep there when everything became too much, but I couldn’t go back to the common room because of time travel. Hermione rambled. “I’m sorry I never told you! But I couldn’t at first because I couldn’t talk about the time turner.” And she felt bad about lying to them about that as well “And afterwards, it just sort of slipped my mind in the chaos and it just-”

Harry put his hands on Hermione’s shoulders, rubbing them soothingly. “It’s alright ‘Mione, I don’t tell you every detail of my life either. So, what is this room?”

“It’s a little study area off from the library. It’s got chairs, a desk… a bed.”

“So, it’s perfect, basically.” Ginny summarized.

Maybe not perfect, Hermione mused. The original plan hadn’t been for Hermione to go with them. It was Ginny that had brought up that if something went wrong with the ritual, or maybe even if something went right, they would need someone to help them, if only to get them to the hospital wing. When they were planning to be in the room of requirement, Hermione could have just been separated from them- giving the couple some privacy. That wouldn’t work now, but it was the only way that Hermione could see them doing this ritual while they were still at Hogwarts.

“Well, it’s the best we’re going to get.” Hermione temporized.

Harry only needed a moment’s thought. “Alright, let’s do it.”

Hermione remembered how she, Harry, and Ron would be able to drape the cloak over themselves when they were first years. They’d grown quite a bit since then, so it was a tight fit. Hermione blushed, feeling Harry’s body press against her from behind.

Hermione hadn’t been able to act the same around Harry since their first kiss. She noticed him now. She could tell every time he and Ginny went off to fuck and how disheveled they both looked when they returned. Her eyes began searching for him when she wasn’t otherwise focusing on anything, taking him in. Her mind would wander at the most inopportune times, imagining what it would be like when she and Harry explored each other- when they would become intimate.

The room was just as she’d remembered it. Small, but not cramped. Comfortable, but not overly so. As best she could figure, it was some sort of study lounge that had been long forgotten.

“Alright, I need to set things up.” She announced. The bed had to be moved to the center of the room, so she could place the runes around it. Those runes where engraved on small polished stones that Hermione kept in her bag. While Harry helped her with the bed, neither of them could really help with placing the runes. She was the only one who knew precisely where they needed to be, there was a margin of error with these sorts of things, but this was not the time for taking chances like that.

She used a measurement charm to determine where to place each stone. She’d move her wand between two points, tracing out a glowing white line on the floor, and the exact distance would be displayed floating just above and between the two points in glowing white text.

Soon the floor was a mess of lines and numbers, but each stone was in its place. Hermione dispelled the charms. “What should I do now?” She asked “I could leave, but…”

“Don’t leave.” Ginny answered. “We could pass out after the ritual, or really, anything could happen.” While she made a good point, the glint in her eyes told Hermione that her intentions
weren’t entirely pure. Ginny, Hermione realized, liked the idea of her watching them.

“I just don’t want to intrude.” If Harry and Ginny really were about to form some sort of soul bond, it seemed almost sacrilegious to just… be in the room with them while it happened. It should be between the two of them.

“Look.” Ginny said “I know this isn’t optimal. Nothing about this situation is ideal. But we’re about to perform a ritual that has never actually been done. It’s not a matter of what we want. It’s what we need.” She looked to Harry to confirmation, who shrugged and nodded.

Hermione sighed in acceptance and nodded. “So, are you two ready then?”

“Yeah.” Harry nodded, a look of determination flashing through his eyes. Hermione had seen that look before, before the first task, before going into the Department of Mysteries, before he left her to go after the philosopher’s stone.

“Yeah…” Ginny echoed. She was staring up at Harry, seemingly captivated. Hermione couldn’t blame her, Harry was quite captivating.

Hermione took the invisibility cloak and hid herself. At the very least she could give them the illusion that they were alone. She couldn’t even properly sit at the desk- it was half within the runic circle. Instead, she had to sit in the armchair in the corner of the room. She turned it to the side, so at least she wasn’t directly facing the bed, but she could still see them. She pulled a book on magical forms of telepathy out of her bag, but she admitted to herself that the distraction probably wouldn’t work.

At first the two of them just held each other, whispering soft words to each other that Hermione didn’t try to listen in on. It seemed as if Ginny were comforting or reassuring Harry. But then their words were replaced by the sound of mouths meeting. Hermione’s gaze was drawn from her book. They were kissing, and Hermione was surprised at how quickly they had escalated. They’d gone from hugging to perhaps the most passionate snog Hermione had ever witnessed in a matter of seconds.

Hermione quickly realized just how much she had to learn. The way Harry and Ginny were kissing… they were in perfect synch. Even as they snogged passionately they seemed to sense exactly what the other was doing, what the other wanted. Their lips separated, only for Ginny to bare her throat to Harry. Harry took advantage, pressing kisses down from her jawline her collarbone. “Oh fuck luv. Just like that.” Ginny moaned.

She felt herself growing hot. Her book was forgotten as Hermione was drawn in by the scene. God, she wanted that. She wanted Harry to kiss her like that.

Harry’s hand palmed one of her boobs. “Gin, do you just not wear bras anymore?”

“Only if you ask nicely.” She teased “What are you going to do about it?”

Harry’s grin turned feral. “Take off your shirt and I’ll show you.”

Ginny did as he suggested, and lifted off the shirt in one fluid motion. Harry was looking at her like she was a goddess. “Perfect.” He moaned, going back for another kiss. His hand began fondling her breasts, eliciting soft sighs from Ginny whenever their lips parted.

Harry backed Ginny into the bed, and the two of them toppled over. Hermione shifted over so she could see properly. They hadn’t even interrupted their kiss. Harry was resting between her legs, which were parted for him. He was propping himself up with one arm, while the other continued
to fondle her breasts.

Ginny broke their kiss “Shirt.” She muttered, her hands grabbing at his loose-fitting T-shirt. Harry rose up so that he was resting on his knees and pulled his shirt off. Hermione’s jaw dropped just a tad as she took Harry in. He wasn’t a scrawny boy anymore. He was still thin, but really, he was fit. Without even realizing it, Hermione’s had had gone to her breast, slowly caressing it.

Ginny bit her lip as she smiled. “Hermione’s getting an eyeful right now.”

Harry eyes briefly looked at the (to him) empty chair that Hermione was sitting him, and she froze. “I guess she is.” He agreed.

Hermione had never masturbated before, but watching Harry and Ginny had awoken something in her. It was like trying and failing at a spell all class period, only to have someone show her the correct wand movement, making her realize she had the wrong idea the entire time. What Hermione had imagined, believed, sex to be like was a pale imitation.

The two continued to undress each other, all the while stroking and kissing every piece of skin they could find. How Hermione wished she was in Ginny place, but at the same time she wondered if she ever even could be in Ginny’s place. What they had was uncatchable, untamable, but oh did Hermione want a taste. She’d now partially unbuttoned her uniform shirt, and wormed her hand underneath her bra. The movements of her fingers were inelegant, but nonetheless sparked tingles of pleasure.

The instant that Harry had kicked his pants off, Ginny’s hand went to the erection that was obviously tenting his boxers. “Ooooh yes. Do you want me to let your cock out, luv? It’s so hard… aching, I bet Hermione’s absolutely gagging to see it.” Ginny moaned, rubbing her hand up and down the bulge. Hermione’s stared, enthralled at the display. Harry’s body was magnificent, his chest has flushed and heaving, and his entire body was tense with defined muscles. The only part hidden was the cock that was straining against the fabric of his boxers. Hermione had thought she knew what attraction was. She thought that what she felt when she saw Victor or Ron was what it meant to be attracted to someone.

But it wasn’t. Well it was, but it was only the tip of an iceberg Hermione had never seen coming. She now knew that attraction was being literally incapable of looking away, it was wanting to kiss every bit of skin she could see, it was the desperation to get closer, as close as possible to him, and it was feeling, in that moment, that nothing else mattered. It was clear that Harry had long felt that for Ginny, and Ginny had felt that way about Harry for years. But it was only now, staring at Harry’s nearly naked body, that Hermione realized it was possible to feel like that at all.

Her other hand was underneath her skirt, rubbing herself through her panties. She knew that she shouldn’t, but she couldn’t not. Any bit of restrain had been obliterated and there was a desperate, hungry heat in her core that demanded satiation.

Ginny pulled down Harry’s boxers, and when Harry’s cock sprung free Hermione let out a long whimper. Oh, was all Hermione’s mind could manage. She’d seen a picture of a penis, an erect penis, in a sex ed book her parents had bought her before she left for Hogwarts. Hermione hadn’t thought much of it- it was just a penis. It didn’t seem so special. She’d overheard Lavender and Parvati gossiping about sex- most embarrassingly when they’d gotten into an in depth discussion of what Harry ‘must be packing’ based on what they’d seen from his rather tight quidditch pants, and most painfully when she Lavender talked about giving Ron a blowjob. Through giggles they’d speculate on how big a particular guy was and Hermione just never got it.
But now she did. Because a penis wasn’t just a penis, or at least not always. When she saw
Harry’s erection she saw lust, passion, sex, power, and virility all wrapped up in one package- and
it was quivering as if the power behind those concepts were trying to break free.

The couple froze at the noise Hermione made, and Hermione wished she could sink into
the floor and disappear. Ginny turned around with a feral smile and crowed “What did a tell you
Harry? Gagging for it.” She wrapped her hand around his cock, and the instant she made contact,
his expression turned, if only for a moment, to unadulterated bliss. “C’mon luv, I want to show her
something.”

Ginny lifted herself off the bed, still holding Harry’s shaft. Harry followed her, and
Hermione was amazed at the sudden shift in their dynamic. One moment Harry seemed to be in
control and the next Ginny was leading him around by his cock. Hermione was forced to pay
attention to the redhead who was now aggressively approaching her. Her face was flushed, her
nipples were diamond hard, her panties were soaked through, and her arousal had wetted the top of
her thighs. She was a combination of feminine curves and sinuous muscle. It seemed like her
entire body was filled with potent energy, just as Harry’s was.

Ginny ripped the cloak off of Hermione’s body. The brunette had moved her bra
downwards in her ministrations, and one of her breasts had spilled over and out of her partially
unbuttoned shirt. She’d hiked her skirt up, and both of them could clearly see how her fingers were
rubbing at her stained panties.

Harry’s eyes roamed up Hermione’s body with burning lust. Hermione began stuttering
“I’m sorry I’m so so-” Ginny silenced her with a finger to her lips and a shake of her head.

“Harry.” Ginny stepped back, taking in her boyfriend “Kiss her.”

In one stride Harry was upon her. His kiss sparked fireworks within her. Her body arched
upwards almost painfully, trying to but just failing find his. She didn’t even know what noise she
made, but it was whatever happened when one lost control of their vocal chords, but was muffled.

Her hand, the one that was slick from rubbing her panties, went to grab his cock. However,
before she could, Ginny intercepted her, grabbing her wrist. Hermione briefly fought her, but the
redhead easily overpowered her, pinning her hand the arm of the chair. While Hermione spent all
day studying, Ginny played quidditch, explored the castle, and got into trouble, and it showed-
Hermione hadn’t realized there was any disparity in physical strength between them until now.

Harry pulled back, and Hermione whimpered. Panting from the kiss she’d just received but
also trying and failing to wrench her hand from Ginny’s grip. “Hermione. I let Harry kiss you, but
this is our night. Harry and I are going to fuck. We are going to give each other orgasms more
powerful than you’ve ever experienced. And you are going to watch.”

Ginny took a hold of Harry’s cock again, and let her panties slide down her legs. Harry’s
attention completely switched back to her, and Hermione felt almost like she was back under the
invisibility cloak.

Ginny sat on top of the desk, which was the perfect height to align their pelvises. It also put
them right in front of Hermione. “Fuck me luv.”

“Oh, I will.” Harry growled, and with that he gripped her hips and thrusted himself insider
of her. He sheathed himself completely within her with one stroke, and Hermione would never
forget the look of pure ecstasy on Ginny’s face, or the way she moaned “Oh H-harry. Ooooh.”
Harry began thrusting into her in earnest, and Ginny wrapped her legs around his hips, using them to push them together even more powerfully. Hermione gave up all pretense and pushed her panties down. Harry and Ginny were fucking just feet from her. They were right in her face.

If Harry was a god (and Hermione was ready to get on her knees and worship him) then Ginny was his goddess. They’d seemed to transcend the world around them. His entire body seemed to be working to fuck her, and hers for him. Muscles flexed, flesh slapped against flesh, breathing turned harsh and was interrupted by moans and dirty talk.

She could feel the magic rising in the air, like electricity. Hermione had always had something of a sixth sense when it came to magic. If she concentrated, she could sense the gentle hum of the Hogwarts wards. She could sometimes feel the magic radiating off of powerful magical displays, and people. She remembered shuddering from the magic Harry had radiated after casting that patronus in their third year, or how she could feel him before the first task, and occasionally during the DA.

She could feel his magic, both his and Ginny’s magics, now. Pulsing off of them in increasing intensity.

Hermione noticed that the rune carvings on the stones she’d placed so carefully were beginning to glow. Each one of the five runes glowed a different color- blue, red, yellow, green, and purple. The colors began to grow into the air from the runes, like branches from a tree. They also sprouted from various points along Harry and Ginny’s bodies. If the couple noticed, they didn’t care.

It was… beautiful.

Ginny’s speaking, and Harry’s moaning and occasional ‘God, Gin’ became higher pitched and desperate. Harry’s thrusting, somehow intensified, and the desk was now hitting the wall with each stroke. The colors grew brighter, and the vines of light grew so thick that Hermione could barely see them.

All she had was the sound of them. Their moans, the slap of flesh on flesh, the squelch of Ginny’s juices as he fucked her. And suddenly, Ginny was crying. “Fuck! Please! More! More! More! I want it! I want it! I want it all!” Then, Harry cried out like Hermione had never heard him before, with joyous tears, and there was a beat of silence.

Then they screamed in unison, and Hermione’s world exploded in light. A wave of magic rippled out from the room. When it passed Dumbledore’s office, it spun an instrument that looked somewhat like an anemometer, though the Headmaster was not in the room to notice it. As it passed beyond Hogwarts’ wards, it began to dissipate. The electronics in the few rural muggle houses in the area close to Hogwarts flickered as it passed.

Elsewhere, the self-proclaimed Lord Voldemort woke from sleep, screaming.

Chapter End Notes

*Now* we're getting somewhere. Let me know what you think!
Something had been welling up inside of Ginny as Harry drove his cock into her. It was more than just physical pleasure. It was a force far beyond what she’d experienced. It was magic itself. It was love.

It was Harry.

When she came, she didn’t just feel herself come. She could feel him. She could feel how wonderful his cock felt as he released himself inside of her. She could feel how much he wanted her, how desperately he loved her, how he’d do anything to make her happy. She could feel his magic surging within her, and she could feel something deeper, like his very essence entering her.

As long as she lived, she would never have a more intense experience. Her mind shorted out.

When she came to, she was on the floor, and a very worried (and mostly naked) Hermione was standing over her. “Ginny! Oh, thank god you’re awake!” Hermione cried, but Ginny only heard her distantly, as if through water.

As she got her bearings, she became aware of another presence, intimately coiled up in her mind, or maybe even deeper. The last time she’d felt anything remotely like this, she’d been under the influence of Tom Riddle, but this couldn’t be more different.

As if answering her thought, she felt a surge of protectiveness surge through her. I’ll never let that happen again. It was Harry.

Harry!

Gin. He answered, and alone with his words, a rush of emotion hit her. Adoration, respect, love, lust. That was what he associated with her name.

Lust.

Ginny’s mind leapt on that. She felt his desire for her, even now, after experiencing what might have been the strongest orgasm someone could experience. She could feel how he felt about her. How he thought about her body throughout the day. How he loved her breasts. Her strong thighs. Her flat stomach. Fuck.

She could feel his cock. Right now. It was hanging limp, but as she turned her attention to it already began to come to life. With growing awe and lust, Ginny felt what Harry felt as he became aroused.

She realized that Harry was exploring her as well. Right now, he was caught in a memory, well, a fantasy, she’d had in class that day. She’d imagined tying up Hermione, Luna, and Demelza and letting them service Harry’s cock while she watched and fingered herself.

She hadn’t really wanted Harry to know that fantasy, but she couldn’t be bothered by it right now. She was feeling how his penis swelled, how intense the need to just reach down and stroke it was. She shuddered as he became fully erect, proudly jutting into the air.
How do boys get anything done? Ginny wondered, because the way it felt now was about to drive her mad. But then she realized it wasn’t fully erect, not quite, because it pulsed again (so that’s what it feels like when he twitches) and got harder. It truly was indescribable. His shaft pulsed with… with everything. Magic, so much raw need, and… and power.

Ginny cried out, and struggled to get to Harry, who was laying on the floor not even a foot away from her. She was still weak from the ritual, but she managed to drag herself towards him.

“Ginny! Are you even paying attention to anything I’m saying? Are you okay?” Hermione chided, but it didn’t even register.

Oh god Ginny. Harry thought. You… you… you. She could feel what he was trying to tell her. She was intoxicating. How he couldn’t even fathom how much she lusted for him. He was just as affected by this as she was.

Need… need… need. Ginny managed, and Harry understood exactly what she needed. His cock, his pleasure, his orgasm. She never needed anything more in her life. Her arms shook and gave out. She could barely control her body, because all she was focused on was his.

Harry, with supreme effort, staggered to his feet. Hermione tried to talk to him, but he sort of just pushed her aside. He stumbled to Ginny, and she tilted her hips and spread her legs slightly, presenting herself to him. She realized that she’d never been this turned on in her life, and they hadn’t so much as touched each other or themselves.

All they’d done was feel each other.

Harry lowered himself down on her, and Ginny realized she was sobbing with need. Please. Need. Need. Need.

Harry entered her. She felt the way his muscles tensed as he thrusted. She felt his need to penetrate, just as she felt her own deep need to be filled. His cock erupted in pure burning pleasure as her walls embraced his shaft. Just as he felt her pleasure- how she felt as he entered her- her pure ecstasy of being filled- hit him like a freight train.

His pleasure fed into hers. Hers fed into his. They both came after that one thrust. Harry was coming inside of her, and she was coming to. They descended into one magnificent, shared orgasm together.

Neither of them had any idea how long it had lasted, certainly longer than any orgasm they’d had before (aside from the one they just experienced during the ritual). Ginny hadn’t even realized she was moaning until Harry had mentally noted how hot it was.

Harry had rolled over beside her, blissful satisfaction rolling over him as his cock softened. It felt absolutely wonderful, but while Harry might be in the grips of his refractory period, Ginny wasn’t in quite the same place. As she came down from her orgasm, she wanted him even more desperately than before. Because she’d just felt him cum! She felt how he felt and it was bloody fantastic! She wanted to make him feel that again and again and again.

With a supreme focus she didn’t even know she was capable of, Ginny rolled herself over and straddled Harry. Luv. She said I need you to get hard. With that statement, Ginny unlocked a part of her mind she instinctively kept hidden. The part of her that couldn’t stop undressing Harry with her eyes, the part of her that thought about fucking him every time she saw him, the part of her that constantly fantasized about him, had considered begging him to fuck her, or even let her suck his cock throughout her third year. The part of her that was ravenous, the part of her that
wanted to *devour* him, that wanted the devour his *cock* with her *cunt*.

She kept so many barriers up, so that she could act at least somewhat composed around him in public. But with them joined, the barriers were gone. Just as her desire for him flooded him, she too surrendered to it.

Harry spasmed beneath her, completely overwhelmed by the force of her desire for him. His cock instantly became hard. It was just as glorious as before, and Ginny wondered if she could just keep him constantly erect. And then, it felt even better, because he was coming.

Even as Harry moaned and his body quaked, only a small sting of cum dribbled out of his cock. The realization that Harry had cum from her thoughts alone was heady and empowering. Ginny tried her hardest to focus on exactly how Harry felt- how it felt as his cock contracted, pumping even when there was nothing left to pump, but she couldn’t quite because she was coming too.

The sheer force of her lust was actually an asset, because despite being in the throes of orgasm, the power of her desire helped her focus on her body enough to drive herself onto Harry’s cock.

They both screamed as another orgasm washed over the first one, but Ginny wasn’t finished yet. She wanted *more*. Even as her focus faltered, her body picked up where her conscious mind left off. It was deep rooted, it was primal, she was rutting him.

At first, she was completely lost in her pleasure, but slowly she found a sort of detached awareness through it. She felt like she was in heat, like an animal that had been completely dominated by its urges and whose sole purpose was one thing, *to fuck*. She found that she couldn’t stop her body’s movements, and that even wanting to stop felt completely alien to her. She was looking down at Harry’s body. She realized she was drooling, and that her cunt’s juices were so copious that they had drenched Harry’s midsection and were dripping onto the floor.

She looked up, staring at her tits. But wait, that wasn’t her. That was Harry. But then they realized that there wasn’t a difference anymore. At least in that moment, they couldn’t really be described as two separate people anymore.

They were one body. Connected by a rod of pure pleasure that stretched from the base of their cock to deep within their cunt. They were one mind, equally enthralled in the way their breasts bounced and the way their sweat created a sheen on their muscled chest. They were one heart, filled with desire and love.

They weren’t quite sure why they stopped, or what broke the connection, but then suddenly Ginny was Ginny and Harry was Harry again- albeit with intimate awareness of each other’s minds and body.

Ginny had collapsed onto Harry’s chest, and soon after realizing that, she realized that she was in pain. Her abs and legs were sore and cramped from exertion, she could feel bruises on her thighs, where their bodies were colliding. She felt bruises from where Harry’s hands had dug into her hip. And then there was the chafing. *OW! FUCK!*

An instant later, she realized Harry was going through exactly the same set of pains. Chafing, soreness, bruising. *Merlin, how long had they been fucking?*

“Are you quite done?” Hermione asked irately as the two groaned in pain.
“Err” Harry spoke, wincing at how raw his voice was “I think so?” The question was internally lobbed to Ginny who agreed that yes, she was physically incapable of continuing further.

“It’s been two hours since we got here, so it’s just short of three o’clock.” Hermione informed them without prompting. So that was where that wantonness had gone Ginny mused, two hours of them fucking had probably gotten old for Hermione. Not for us, apparently. Harry added.

“I asked Dobby to get water and food- set out in the library of course. “I take it you two aren’t in any shape to move quite yet?” She asked dryly.

Harry shook his head. “Sore.” To say the least.

Hermione’s agitation broke. “I bet.” She smirked. “I can prepare some restoratives for you tomorrow, but we do need to get you two up to bed before morning.”

They eventually, after several hours of recuperation and liberal applications of numbing charms, managed to stumble back to their dorms. It was a painful process, but they couldn’t get caught out of bed. Dumbledore would immediately know what had happened, if he didn’t already know.

You know, this is the first time I’ve been around you without wanting to have sex with you since… the chamber.

Don’t even start. Harry grumbled. I don’t trust ourselves to not somehow get worked up again.

Trust me, we’re both in extreme pain. I don’t see us having sex again until at least lunchtime.

“You guys really need to tell me what the hell happened back there.” Hermione told them, once they got back to a deserted common room. “Later of course. Go sleep. I’ll cover for you.”

When they got to bed, they both fell into a dreamless sleep almost instantly.

Chapter End Notes

So we see some of what the bond does, but upon reflection, this chapter is fairly light on substance. A challenge of writing this story is keeping a good balance of plot and smut (and where possible- doing both at the same time).

Let me know what you guys think, thanks!
Harry awoke, feeling like hell. Simultaneously, he felt a rising awareness coming from Ginny. Together, they groaned.

_We might have gotten a bit carried away._ Ginny admitted.

Despite himself, Harry laughed. _Yeah, a bit._

Last night had been a haze of magic and lust, and Harry hadn’t really come to grips with what it meant to have Ginny Weasley in his mind. The possibility had been daunting, even a little terrifying, just a few days ago. Already though, Harry was realizing that this didn’t have to be bad. That this could be very, very good.

Ginny had already had the ability to make him feel better with just a few words. A joke. A funny story. Or just her presence. But now it was so much more. It was like before, he’d only been seeing her wit, mischievousness, and affection from afar, but now he was experiencing it, immersed in it.

_This is wonderful._ Ginny thought. And Harry was now witness to her train of thought, just as she’d been to his. While Harry had been nervous about the prospect of sharing thoughts, feelings, and sensations with her, she’d been anticipating it. Sure, there were some things that might be embarrassing for him to know, but if they were that close, he’d be able to understand exactly why she had felt that way, or acted that way. What she’d been afraid of was that it wouldn’t work, that she wouldn’t be enough to bond to him.

_But it had!_ She could feel him, all of him. If he was ever hurt, he could never again be an idiot like last year and try to hide it, she’d know. She would be there for him whenever he needed it, and he for her. They were inseparable, bound permanently in a way no two people had been before.

_Oh, Harry._ She sighed, basking in his affection for her. For both of them, their pain was forgotten, if for the moment. Harry’s love for her was overwhelming, in the best possible way. Quietly, she’d worried that Harry wouldn’t feel quite as strongly for her as she did for him—Ginny could scarcely grasp how deep her own feeling for him ran, after all. But her concerns were unfounded. If anything, the pure love shining in Harry’s heart was even stronger than hers.

Ginny wanted to weep. How was it possible for someone to feel so much? She found herself wanting to reciprocate, wanting to give Harry the same devotion he was giving her. _You feel that Harry?_ She asked, summoning a tide of adoration, affection, and more— all for him. _That’s how I feel for you._

Harry was crying. It was almost too much. How could someone feel that much, _for him_? He wasn’t— he didn’t deserve—

_Don’t even finish that thought, luv._ Ginny interrupted. _Where do you even get that from?_
On cue, Harry’s mind summoned the voice of his Uncle Vernon, telling him on his sixth birthday words that he’d never forget *No one could ever love you, you little freak.*

Ginny’s joy was shattered, replaced abruptly by raging fury and gnawing terror. She didn’t even need to voice her thoughts for Harry to get the message.

Harry hung his head in shame, there was no way to hide it from her. The cupboard. *It was not a mistake, it had my cupboard on it!* The bullying. Days, being fed nothing but scraps, but still being forced to cook breakfast, clean the house, and weed. The complete isolation, having no one, no friends, not one sympathetic person in his life. Completely alone. Worthless.

That voice of doubt, taking the form of his Uncle’s voice, haunted him to this day. *You don’t deserve these people, you don’t deserve any of this. Your friends would be better off you if just d-*

The voice cut off suddenly, sounding as if his Uncle had been choked. Ginny’s arm was outstretched and her hand was clenched as if she was physically choking Vernon Dursley, but it seemed to just be the physical manifestation of whatever she was mentally doing. Harry was bowled over by the protective rage emanating from her and he was shocked as several violent fantasies of dishing vengeance on his relatives flashed through her mind.

Harry tensed in fear. *Ginny, I’m not sure that’s a good idea.* It felt like she was trying to rip out part of his mind, but wasn’t that dangerous? What if he ended up like Lockhart or Neville’s parents?

Ginny’s anger collapsed, turning to sadness. She sobbed audibly. *Oh, Harry.*

She’d known it had been bad with the Durselys, but she never realized just how bad. It was different, seeing everything how he saw it. She realized, this was the real reason that he’d been nervous about the bonding, he’d been afraid she might discover this. He’d been afraid that she would be disgusted with him for it. Despite them being within each other’s minds, Ginny wished she could go to him and hug him. *I love you Harry, so very much.*

The voice piped up again- *You don’t deserve to be loved like this.* But Ginny silenced it again, this time with a tidal wave of her affection. She poured her heart out to him. Letting him know that if anything, she thought more of him now. Knowing that he had lived his whole life without love and but was still so caring, loyal, loving, and wonderful.

*I will always love you, and I’ll always be there to remind you of it.*

Harry wept.

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The pair eventually discovered the pepper up and restorative potions left on their bedside tables, along with- Harry breathed a sigh of relief- essence of murtlap. *Hermione is wonderful.*

After the potions and generous rubbing of the murtlap essence onto certain places, the discomfort had become tolerable. There was still aches and soreness, but more along the lines of what you’d expect from a particularly grueling quidditch practice than having sex for hours straight.

*It was worth it though.* Ginny thought. *Also, apparently we don’t have a filter inside of our heads, so get ready Harry.*
Harry had to agree though. It had been worth it. Really worth it. That moment of bonding had been transcendental. And what had happened after that…

It’s probably not a good idea to think about this if we ever want to go downstairs. Harry chastised himself, even as he felt his cock stir. It was so difficult to keep his mind from going down that path, especially with Ginny’s mind and body right there. Awareness of her body came to him instantly. Her breasts, her hardening nipples, her cunt— which was… swelling not unlike his cock was.

Okay Gin, we really need to stop this. Harry groaned, but neither of them made an effort to. In fact, Ginny was again marveling at his hardening cock.

Mmmnh, luv. Your cock feels incredible. So hard, and swollen, and sensitive. Oh, why don’t you stroke it?

Harry could feel her insatiable lust rising. It was a bad idea. They could end up there all day and end up hurting themselves again. But…

Ginny had gone ahead without him, her fingers were rubbing at her nipples, and her- Jesus! Here she was talking about how sensitive his cock was but her clit! Her clit!

Fuck. It was like stroking the head of his cock, except somehow concentrated into one bead of pleasure. His cock jumped to full hardness. That’s right luv. We both know you want to stroke that delicious cock. Please?

With great restraint, Harry’s fingers went to stroke around the head of his shaft. He was still sore despite the essence of murtlap, and didn’t want to overdo it. That simple touch sparked a sharp flare of pleasure that provoked an audible whimper from Ginny.

Yessss She hissed. Stroke that hot dick. Up and down, just like that. Nonononono, don’t close your eyes luv! Keep them open, let me look at that sexy cock.

Harry obliged, letting Ginny ogle him, but his focus was on her body. Her head had craned instinctively as she eyed his shaft, giving him a perfect view of the valley of her breasts. Ginny was also going slowly, only occasionally rubbing her clit (which always made Harry sharply gasp). Instead she mostly just used her middle and forefinger to slowly pump in and out of herself. Ginny’s body was responding. She was wet. Her juices coated her fingers and were dribbling out onto her sheets with each withdrawal.

But that was just the beginning of what arousal felt like for Ginny Weasley. Her nipples were taught, sensitive peaks. Her cunt was engorged and inflamed, it was swollen and it seemed to be opening up, somehow.

It’s getting itself ready for you, love. It’s hungry for that hard, throbbing cock in your hand. Oh, how its aching! How do you stand it? I just want you to take that thing and shove it into the nearest wet hole you can find until you relieve yourself. Mmmnh, I bet Hermione wouldn’t mind. Or Luna.

Together, their minds flashed to a conjured fantasy as she mentioned each name. In the first, Harry had Hermione bent over a table in the library. The brunette was stammering and moaning as he plowed into her repeatedly. The second was highly informed by Ginny and Luna’s masturbation session in the room of requirement. Harry was thrusting into the blonde girl, who was shuddering as she came again… and again, and again.
Harry felt a ripple of lust pulse through his body, seemingly originating from the head of his cock. *Is that what Luna looks like?*

*Mmmmh, and she was so eager. Oh, she’d let you do it. She’d love for you to shove that cock up her cunt hole. She’d cum so easily, and would let you pump your hot seed right up into her cunny.*

She was so vulgar, even more so than in her verbal dirty talk. *Your ‘hole’ seems perfectly willing.* He noted, as hot as Luna was, right now he wanted to focus on Ginny.

*Mmmmh Ginny moaned. It’s so hungry for that cock.* She focused, letting them both feel that ravenous, pulsing, *insatiable* hunger right in her core- to take something hard, warm, and throbbing within herself. It was a hunger, Ginny revealed, that was nearly always there, sleeping just under the surface, but awoke whenever Harry drew near and was clawing to get out whenever they were intimate. *Oh luv, this cunt is always willing. One word and I’ll be bent over for you so you can relieve that needy cock right into my hot cunt.*

She began flashing him with memories. How at thirteen she stole one of his shirts and tried to sleep in it- but couldn’t because his scent drove her out of her mind with lust. She tormented herself for hours masturbating until she passed out in exhaustion. Or how at fourteen she caught sight of him shirtless after taking a shower. She’d had to stifle an un-ladylike noise of pure lust and had tried to retreat to her shared bedroom with Hermione to relieve herself, but Hermione was already there. Desperate, Ginny rushed back to the bathroom Harry had just vacated and rubbed one out right on the toilet.

Even with his slow, even stroking, Harry was reaching his limit. Each movement was like a hot fire a pleasure erupting along his shaft. He was tempted to stop and wait for her, but Ginny egged him on. *Nonono don’t stop! Keep stroking that hot cock. Mmmmh, you wanna cum luv?*

*Oh yes…* Harry moaned, but instinctively he was holding back.

*You don’t need to wait for me. Remember last night?*

She was right, Harry resolved. He gave into his urges and gave his cock a series and firm strokes. As he came, Ginny awed at the way his entire shaft pulsed, hot and violent as if it were a volcano. The powerful contraction pumped a string of cum, which arced out of his cock and onto his chest. It was a feeling that affected her profoundly, that stirred something within her on a primal level.

After that first pulse, Ginny came. Harry was bowled over by Ginny’s orgasm. Her first contraction hit him like a freight train, right as he had finished ejecting his first load. They were out of synch. His pelvic muscles were clenched, yet they wanted to clench again along with hers, but they couldn’t.

Harry cried out as the most delicious agony he’d ever experienced overtook him. His cock twitched desperately as it tried to ejaculate again, his hips arched upwards in vain. The closest Harry had ever felt to this was after the second task. Fleur had kissed him, and the wet uniform had clung to *every curve* of her body, and he was pretty sure she’d shot a bit of her allure at him too. She had smiled at him *just so*, as if she knew what she was doing to him. That night, he had stroked his cock to orgasm after orgasm, not even bothering to wipe the cum off of himself, until he could only manage to cum dry.

But that was nothing compared to this. He was literally paused in the midst of orgasm, his shaft was just as hot and sensitive as it normally was when he came, but there was none of the
release, none of the satisfaction. His hand flew up and down his length, but it only inflamed it further. His penis was completely at the mercy of Ginny’s pussy, which was still going through its first contraction.

Ginny, for her part, could feel everything just as Harry had, and gave a sobbing cry. She shared in Harry’s agonizing pleasure- the stalled twitching of his cock as it was held captive by her greedy cunt. As if compensating for Harry’s situation, her body’s orgasm became supercharged. This trigged another attempt by Harry’s body to join hers, which coincided with the conclusion of the first wave of Ginny’s orgasm.

Only then did her cunt reset. Her pelvic muscles relaxed, and they seemed to drag Harry’s with her. The couple were powerless as their bodies reloaded. Harry’s body seemed to pull into itself as it reloaded for the next pulse.

When it finally came, Harry erupted with such force that his load landed right on his chin, sending droplets onto his mouth. This seemed to propel Ginny’s orgasm even further, as Ginny’s sheets had become soaked with her arousal.

Their orgasms barreled on in synchronous for an indefinable amount of time, until it was just a dull pulse that rang through both their genitalia. And then, when even that ceased, their bodies collapsed into the bed, as if puppets whose strings had been cut.

Fleur? Really?

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The self-proclaimed Dark Lord Voldemort was once again forced to mask pain. Ever since the previous night, he’d been harassed by twinges of pain- biting deep within him.

It was bad enough that so many of his followers hear his screaming- humiliating almost. He had spent most of the morning torturing those who had witnessed the… the attack. Thankfully, nothing that had followed came close to the searing torment that had first awoken him. It was more of an annoyance than anything, yet it was unsettling nonetheless.

Because it was an attack, that he was certain. He’d only ever felt pain like that once before, when he had tried to possess Potter a year before. He was certain of it, the mental link that he’d used to infiltrate young Harry’s mind had been reversed, used against him.

What recourse did he have? Occlumency was ineffective against the link they shared- frankly he didn’t fully understand the link. It was almost certainly related to the prophecy, if only he had been able to get it. He grit his teeth. If only his servants weren’t so pathetic to be bested by a group of schoolchildren.

He briefly considered calling Lucius in once more, but reconsidered. What would likely happen to his son would do far more to him than the cruciatus, and he had more consequential matters to consider.

Namely, Harry Potter.

The boy had defied him a few to many times for it to be luck. No, he’d chosen correctly when he went to Godric’s Hollow that Halloween night. The Longbottom boy, for all of his vaunted blood purity, was by all accounts completely devoid of talent.

No, Potter’s elusiveness couldn’t be completely attributed to luck. The boy certainly benefitted from luck- but fortune alone shouldn’t allow a child to look eye to eye with the Dark
Lord and live. No, this was fate.

*If only he’d gotten the prophecy!*

The answer was in there, he was certain. But as far as he knew, the only two people who knew of the full contents of the prophecy were Dumbledore and Potter himself.

Dumbledore was another matter. As long as he lived, he could shield Potter. As long as he lived, the ministry was secure. The archmage’s age was showing, but he genuinely wasn’t certain if he could best the man in a fair fight. Fortunately, he didn’t intend to play fair. He certainly didn’t expect the Malfoy boy to succeed. If he did, so much the better, if not- well there wasn’t much loss- another pureblood scion with more money and ego than aptitude.

If Malfoy failed, there would be others. As long as Dumbledore maintained his public positions, he was vulnerable to assassination.

Still, the failure of his followers rankled at him. Only a few had any real talent. One did not achieve greatness by growing up with a silver spoon. No, it was those who struggled, suffered, and survived who had true potential. Those like himself, or Severus… or Potter.

Ironically, the wealth and power of the British pureblood community was the very thing that prevented it from producing talent. Their lives were too easy, their children too coddled, they were *soft*. Even his attempts at hardening them were not enough. Only Bellatrix seemed to be able to take the pain and use it to become stronger- the rest folded, *pathetic*.

Perhaps it was time he looked beyond Britain. His was far from the only insurgent movement out there. While wizard supremacy fell out of favor in Europe after the fall of Grindewald (in favor of *Pureblood* supremacy), the ideology was still very much alive in much of the rest of the world.

He considered it.

The only one he felt he could send was Severus. There were plenty amongst his ranks who were capable of diplomacy, but for most of them their arrogance would get in the way. He knew Snape was not so attached to Pureblood supremacy- after all he was a halfblood himself, and did he not desire Lily Potter? An accomplished Occlumens and Legimens, he’d be able to discern the intentions of those he recruited.

He’d have to wait until the school year was over, of course, but he had time.

All that left Voldemort to ponder was the connection that he and Potter shared. It troubled him- that he still could not explain it, even moreso now that it was being used against him.

In his zeal to use the link between them to manipulate Potter and obtain the prophecy, he’d neglected to thoroughly explore it, and he had to admit it deserved a much closer examination than he’d originally given it. Perhaps this link held the key to prophecy after all.

**Chapter End Notes**

Sorry for the lateness of this chapter- I had a very hectic weekend.

Honestly loved writing Voldemort in this chapter. I took a few liberties with him- and
made him savvier than he was in canon, but he'll need to be for what Harry and company are going to throw at him.

As always, I appreciate your feedback!
They were able to make it down in time to eat lunch, with Ginny following Harry by about ten minutes as she applied cosmetic charms and dressed herself up to ‘make herself look presentable’.

Harry approached the table, noting that his usual spot had been saved- Ron and Hermione sitting across, Demelza to his side with a spot to his left for Ginny. Katie and the other seventh years were congregated near them, and Katie ribbed him about sleeping in with a smile on her face that told him she had an idea of why he and Ginny had slept in.

“Blimey, let a bloke have a lie in.” Ron complained. “It’s a Saturday after all!”

Hermione was analyzing Harry intently. No doubt she was trying to figure out exactly what had happened to he and Ginny last night and the nature of their bond. Demelza casually brushed her leg against his, smiling innocently up at him. After that masturbation session, Harry wasn’t particularly affected by this display, he was satisfied for the time being.

I can fix that. Ginny chimed, summoning a memory from last week, when she had caught him masturbating in bed. Mmmmmm, she moaned mentally that was so hot. And yeah, Harry was hard again.

It was ridiculous that she had this effect on him. He couldn’t send her from zero to sixty like that because, well…

That’s my secret, Harry. I’m always horny.

Demelza had glanced downward into Harry’s lap and gave a smile of satisfaction, leaving her leg resting against his. Hermione was pinning him with a calculated gaze. Harry felt the need to break the tension.

“So what are you guys planning on doing today?” He asked the table at large.

“I’m hanging out with Hannah.” Neville said with a blush. Ron chuckled “Good on you mate!” and offered a fist bump.

“I was hoping that you’d be up for going through our play again.” Demelza said softly.

“Err…”

“I think we need to get some studying done together, Harry.” Hermione added.

“Errr…” Ginny?

Whaa? Ginny fumbled. Her mind had been on the sensations coming from his cock and not the conversation around him, and he had to briefly catch her up.

She could see why he was hesitant. They were still getting used to their connection, and it would be nice to take time as a couple and really explore each other. We can still do that today, luv.

And to be honest, given their track record a meeting with Hermione was likely to end up with the two of them snogging- which Ginny was eager to experience from Harry’s perspective. And Demelza- well Ginny wasn’t sure what she had planned, but she was certainly going to find a
way to take it further than last time- since she now had Ginny’s blessing.

Do it.

“Sure.” Harry agreed. “Sounds like a plan.”

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Ginny was, of course, right about Demelza’s intentions. The girl had pressed her ass right into Harry’s crotch when she mounted the broom, and had taken every opportunity to grind up against him since then. They had decided to just fly around the deserted quidditch pitch for now, so they weren’t at risk of being discovered. Even if someone did walk in, they’d have a hard time telling that something untoward was happening.

Ginny had holed herself into a dark corner of the common room with Hermione, ostensibly to study. Her friend observed Ginny’s cheeks and neck flush red, and her breathing become ragged. Hermione discreetly cast a notice-me-not charm and muffiato “Are you alright?” She asked.

“Yes!” Ginny squeaked, trying to focus, even though Harry’s penis felt so good and was so demanding of her attention.

“Alright, spill!” She pressed “What’s going on? You’re going to have to tell me everything sooner or later. Are you guys talking to each other right now?”

“Later.” Ginny said flatly. Hermione frowned thoughtfully, continuing to observe the redhead.

Harry, a tad boldly, cupped one of Demelza’s breasts. He firmly rubbed the tender orb through her T-shirt and bra for a few moments, enjoying its supple softness and the way it made Demelza shudder. His hand moved to return to a politer position at Demelza’s hip, but at Ginny’s suggestion it took a slight detour- trailing down her stomach, past her waist, and onto her inner thigh. Her breath hitched and she stiffened suddenly at the intimate contact, the movement jerked the broom downward, sending the two of them into a collision course with the ground.

Harry acted reflexively, braking while pulling back up. Instead of crashing into the ground, they skidded slightly as they landed.

Okay, that wasn’t the best idea. Harry thought, eliciting a mental giggle from Ginny. Smooth moves Potter. She teased.

“You alright?” He asked Demelza, who blushed and looked downwards.

“Yes, I am. I’m sorry.” Harry was about to protest that he was at as much fault as she was, but she continued with a mischievous glint in her eyes “Is there something I can do to make it up to you, Captain?”

Ginny’s mind was racing, what should Harry’s next move be? Demelza’s books. She realized. She had a huge variety of erotica stored under her bed, but by far the bulk of it fell into a few categories- the schoolgirl seduced by her handsome teacher, the mysterious and powerful wizard that overturned a young witch’s life and demanded submission, the handmaiden seduced by a lord or prince. I think you need to let her know who’s in charge, Captain.

“You better be.” Harry chastised, following Ginny’s instructions. Shifting into ‘quidditch captain’ mode was surprisingly easy- he was with a teammate on the quidditch pitch with a broom,
so perhaps that helped him out. “What would have happened if you pulled that stunt during a game? I’m not always going to be there to catch you.”

“I’m sorry captain.” Demelza apologized meekly “I’ll do anything to make it up to you.” Yet, there was a glint in her eyes that told him she was very much enjoying this.

"Anything?" Harry pressed "Are you sure about that? Anything I want?"

Their eyes captured each other’s. "Of course, Captain." She practically purred. "How may I be of service to you?" Her tongue went to wet her lips, and Harry had to suppress a groan.

She was playing along, which meant Ginny was right. *Of course I am, now ask her for a blowjob!* Harry rebuffed the idea, it was more fun to drag this out- and he guessed that Demelza would be game for what he had in mind.

“Follow me.” He told her firmly, and walked towards the changing rooms without checking to see if she followed him. She had, of course.

They entered the boy’s changing rooms- two sets of wooden benches were flanked by lockers, off on the far end were shower stalls. “You want to tell me what happened out there?”

“I lost focus, Sir.”

“Lost focus?” Harry pried, and Demelza nodded, a red tint on her cheeks. He hesitated for a moment, before Ginny enthusiastically approved the idea that had sprung in his head. “Spread your legs.” He said calmly.

Demelza stared at him with wide eyes, she was surprised, and a little confused, but underneath that there was eagerness. “You heard me.”

Silently, she shifted from her casual pose, placing her feet so that they were slightly further apart than her shoulders. She looked up at him expectantly, unsure of where he was going with this but very much anticipating it.

"You can still back out." He told her, but she shook her head minutely. That was all he needed to let go completely. Without further prompting, Harry firmly palmed her crotch- his hand massaging her slit through her panties and shorts. Demelza gasped sharply and her eyes looked as if they would pop out of her head as he did this, but Harry didn’t stop there. After that initial grab, his hand dipped beneath her shorts and panties. Demelza whimpered pitifully as Harry entered her with two fingers, sinking them to the hilt within her.

Then he withdrew, displaying the two fingers that were now coated in her juices. “You lost focus.” He repeated. He then placed them in his mouth, sucking her juices off of them. Demelza’s body was shaking and her breathing was harsh and heavy, and when Harry sucked her arousal off of his fingers she couldn’t help another whimper.

“It seems more like your focus was on your pussy, and not on your broom.”

“Yes, captain.”

“How often does this happen during practice?”

“It happens during every practice.”

“And what are you thinking of when this happens?”
“You, captain.”

“I see.” Harry spoke in a calm and controlled manner, never raising his voice. “Do you masturbate?” He asked, even though he knew the answer already.

“Y-yes.”

“What sort of schedule do you have?”

“S-schedule?”

Harry put his hands on her shoulders, giving her a forgiving smile “Yes. Seeing as how you are too horny to focus during practice, I need to know when and how often you masturbate in order to diagnose the problem.”

“A couple of times a week.” She admitted, ashamed “And after every quidditch practice.”

Harry rubbed her shoulders. “Hey, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It’s good that you understand what your body needs. That being said, it’s pretty clear that you aren’t masturbating nearly enough.”

“Oh.”

“I need you to masturbate each night before you go to sleep, and on the morning before each practice and before games. And since I’m the focus of your frustration, you should think of me during these sessions.” Harry told her gently but firmly, kneeling down so that he was at eye level with her. “Hopefully that will be enough to keep your mind off of your pussy when we play. Do you think you can do that?”

“Yes, Captain.” Demelza affirmed.

“After practice each Monday, you’ll update me on your progress, and we’ll figure out if we need any additional measures.” He added. “Understood?”

Demelza nodded ardently “Understood!”

“Good. Now off you go, I think Ginny might want to see me.”

Demelza turned to leave, but Harry’s voice stopped her. “Oh, and your safe word is treacle tart.”

Demelza nearly squeaked at the sudden thrill that ran through her. *Oh Godric, a safe word?* The possibilities unfurled before her- the naughty, decadent possibilities. She was surprised when as she left the quidditch pitch, a very flushed Ginny passed her, in an awful hurry, it appeared, towards the changing rooms.

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Ginny wasn’t sure what she told Hermione when she left the common room, but she no doubt so right through it. The instant the two of them started walking to the changing rooms, Ginny knew she wouldn’t be able to stay in the common room.

It was hard enough constantly being able to feel Harry’s cock. When it was soft, it wasn’t too difficult to ignore, but once it began to engorge it was nearly all she could focus on. She was amazed at how Harry functioned so easily with that thing between his legs, because she found it
damn near impossible. It wasn’t just that it was sensitive, her clit was actually more sensitive. The
turn on of knowing that Harry, the object of her desires, was aroused had something to do with it,
but wasn’t the full story. It wasn’t until she witnessed how Harry interacted with Demelza that she
realized exactly why.

Harry almost seamlessly shifted into a separate frame of mind as they entered the changing
rooms. It was staggering to see the shift in him, and titillating realizing that under Harry’s humble
exterior there had always been this commanding persona.

His cock was ragingly hard, animated by intense arousal, but also something more-power,
dominance. It was like holding a wand, how it granted her confidence and a sense of power from
the way the magic flowed through the wooden shaft, into her hands and through her body. His
cock was a rod of pure masculine energy, aching desperately, demanding to penetrate, to take, and
to fuck Demelza until she was a gibbering mess.

But even more staggering was the way that Harry not only withstood those urges, but used
them as fuel. When Harry had stuck two fingers into her cunt, Ginny had thought (and hoped) that
his cock was going to follow. But instead he had calmly, carefully wound Demelza up, commanded
her, wrapped her around his finger as completely as her pussy just had been.

Harry may not have fucked her, but her certainly did dominate her.

Ginny barely acknowledged Demelza as they passed each other. When Demelza left, he
had sat down and begun rubbing himself through his pants, and as Ginny made it onto the pitch, he
had gotten his cock out and began stroking it slowly.

It was maddening, he wasn’t seeking orgasm, just stroking leisurely. Occasionally he
rubbed his thumb at spot near the tip of his shaft, setting off sparks of pleasure. You god damn
Tease. She seethed.

You love it. He challenged, and he was right. He wouldn’t be doing this if she didn’t enjoy
it, but fuck it was frustrating. When she finally made it to him, she didn’t even bother to fully
disrobe. Instead, she just pushed down her shorts and painties, letting them fall to her ankles, and
leaned over the bench.

In an instant Harry’s cock was at her wet and needy entrance, she looked back at him
sensually. Fuck me.

From the first thrust, he was unrelenting. Ginny could feel how his muscles strained to
drive himself into her repeatedly, how his cock speared into her forcefully with each thrust, how
good and dominant it felt.

She came in just a few thrusts, and was dumbfounded when Harry didn’t, and continued to
fuck her. The way they were linked, it should have been impossible for him to not cum! Wha-
what? H-h-how?

Harry chuckled, but didn’t answer. Instead, her brought a hand around and began rubbing
at her clit. The combined sensation of his cock, her pussy, and her clit sent her over the edge again.

It’s okay Gin. Just let go and enjoy it. He told her. So she did.

A third orgasm rapidly followed the second, and then a fourth followed on top of that, until
they seemed to blend into one prolonged orgasm. But it was more overwhelming than a merely
constant orgasm, because it was a constant orgasm without release. Harry was still building up, so
each time she came, she came down even more desperate than before. Her body was doing everything it could to try to sate this lust, but it couldn’t. In its desperation to finish her body pummeled itself, following each orgasm up with an even more powerful one.

It felt like her mind was melting, like her body was going to tear itself apart for his cock. Her cunt was clutching erratically at him, as if it knew that he was the key to her release. The rest of her body had gone limp, jerking like a puppet on a string with each new wave of pleasure, but was otherwise unresponsive. Her head was resting against the bench and her mouth was slack, letting drool and a stream of ragged, breathy moans out.

Harry was getting close. The heat was rising, from the base to the tip of his shaft, his arousal was blooming into something raw and explosive. This only made Ginny’s situation even more desperate. He was at the edge, but he held it back, letting it build up further, and Ginny was crying.

Please. She begged. Please cum. Please cum. She wasn’t saying this to be naughty, or sexy, or to rile Harry up. This was desperation, pure and primal like nothing Ginny had never felt before. She needed him to cum more than she’d ever needed anything before- and he probably could have asked anything of her and she’d have agreed to it unhesitantly. Everything that she was, quidditch matches, mischief, schoolwork, fighting death eaters- her entire being- had been reduced to a quivering hole wrapped around Harry’s raging, demanding, irresistible cock.

When Harry finally came, Ginny’s world exploded. Her body tensed suddenly, her hands clenched around the wooden slats of the bench, her back arched almost painfully, thrusting her chest forward. She screamed until the breath had left her lungs, let in a wheezing breath, and then screamed again.

When the first wave of his orgasm passed, it was like the world was pulled out from under her. Her body was put on pause, waiting for that next hit. It all came rushing back with the next pulse from Harry, like a battering ram was trying to break down what was left of her psyche.

She wasn’t sure how long his orgasm lasted, but when it finally ended, Ginny was left in a sea of bliss. Awash in pleasure, but none of the hunger, she let herself drift. Her body was trembling and her cunt was still twitching feebly around his cock. With each twitch another soft wave of satisfied pleasure washed over her.

Harry was holding her, she knew, stroking her hair, cuddling up to her, whispering loving words in her ear. He was sinking down too, joining her in her bliss. Harry. She daydreamed. Wonderful loving Harry. Kind Harry. Beautiful Harry.

Harry adjusted himself in her arms, and the motion jabbed his shaft into a sensitive spot deep within her. Her inner walls clenched around him more firmly, and the resulting wave of pleasure briefly submerged her. The next pulses were only somewhat weaker, and it took a while for things to settle back to where they were.

Harry, picking up on this, began to circle his fingers around her nipples. The stimulation seemed to keep her at that plateau, in that wonderful place she had discovered. And suddenly Harry was there too, she could feel his mental presence with her.

Hey Gin.

Harry. Luv. Love you.

Ginny didn’t think she’d ever be over how he reacted to something as simple as ‘I love
you’. His awe, pure joy, and of course love in response to that honest statement was something she’d always treasure.

*Oh Gin. I love you too. So much.*

It was sometimes hard for her to handle just how strongly Harry loved. She quickly discovered that his selfless affection was not just reserved for her. It was incredible just experiencing the love her felt for Hermione. And Ron. Luna, Neville, her parents, her brothers. He cared deeply for nearly everyone who showed him kindness or loyalty- like the members of the D.A. and the quidditch team.

Eventually, Ginny found the presence of mind to ask. *How did you do that?* He immediately knew what she meant.

*I noticed, we instinctively sometimes drew away from each other mentally. So I drew back from the physical part of our bond.*

*Why? Why not just let us cum together?*

*I wanted to give you as much pleasure as I possibly could. I wanted to fuck you like I knew you wanted to be. Did I go too far?*

Instantly, Ginny knew the answer was no. As maddening as it had been, as powerless as she had been, it was also one of the most mind blowing experiences of her life (second only to her bonding with Harry not even a day ago).

She hadn’t been dominated like this since Tom Riddle. But not even then, really. Tom Riddle may have had control of her body- but he hadn’t been able to make Ginny give it over to him willingly, he hadn’t been able to make her love it. Harry had had her mind, body, and soul in the palm of his hand. And, and it was freeing. Riddle had loomed over her for years in her mind, but not anymore. He had no power over her anymore, because she and Harry had taken what he had done to her- the loss of control, the domination- and turned it into something wonderful.
You Belong With Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hermione appraised the couple sitting before her in the room of requirement. That afternoon, Luna had tried entering the room, and noticed nothing unusual. Of course, Hermione had to see for herself, but it did appear that whatever Dumbledore had done, if anything, was only meant to last that night.

She’d been waiting for this all day, itching to know what had happened. She’d gleaned several things, of course. Harry and Ginny certainly seemed to be connected in certain ways. They seemed to react to things that weren’t readily apparent, which must be a mental conversation. Hermione would also bet money on them sharing physical sensations as well.

It was readily apparent that something had happened when Ginny had rushed off after lunch. They had returned together hours later, Ginny with an almost vacant smile, and Harry unwilling to leave her side. They sat next to Hermione, remaining cuddled together. Ginny had only given her monosyllabic answers to any questions Hermione had posed her, but slowly seemed to awaken from whatever fugue state she was in.

Now, she looked mostly normal. Ridiculously happy, but seemingly of her sound mind.

“How was it?” Luna asked. Perhaps not the question Hermione would lead with, but still quite relevant.

Ginny and Harry broke into identical smiles. “Incredible.” Ginny told her.

“Oh. Good. I’m very happy that it worked.”

“So, what is the extent of your connection?” Hermione followed. “Can you share thoughts? Emotions? Sensations?”

“All of the above.” Harry replied. “We can feel everything to other feels, and hear each other’s thoughts.”

“That sounds lovely.” Luna chimed.

“It is.” Ginny sighed, resting her head across Harry’s chest. “Though apparently, we can also control the connection, make it weaker temporarily.”

Hermione hummed in thought. The ritual required five rune stones, each representing a different aspect of a relationship- physical, emotional, intellectual, spiritual, and magical. Hermione had developed a hypothesis that a bond would develop with characteristics of these five aspects. The runes had glowed brightly during the ritual, which seemed significant, but was hardly conclusive. Hermione wondered if there were some other aspects of the bond that they hadn’t fully realized yet, possibly being the missing ‘spiritual’ and ‘magical’ aspects.

“Have either of you felt a difference in you magic?” She asked.

“Not particularly.” Harry shook his head.

“Well, we haven’t really used magic since we bonded.” Ginny equivocated “We could try
“That sounds great! Ask the room for an object that would be at the edge of your ability to levitate, and try it out.” Hermione suggested.

The room produced a dresser, which Ginny seemed to easily able to levitate. Harry received a solid block of stone, which he struggled a bit more with.

“That was a lot easier than it used to be.” She marveled. “So does that mean…” She trailed off, and Hermione realized she must be in a silent conversation with Harry.

“Er, so it seems like Ginny pulled some magic from me just now. I think it might have been easier for me, but it might have just been my imagination. I’m going to see if I can push some of my magic to her.” Harry explained after a moment, and then placed a hand to Ginny’s cheek.

“Oh.” She gasped, and Harry pulled away as she raised a hand to her cheek. “That feels… good!”

“Like what?” Hermione probed.

“It sort of tingles? But it also just makes me feel so alive.” Ginny gushed “And it seems to be spreading out, settling within me somewhere- it feels warm.” She paused, bringing a hand to Harry’s cheek. Then she frowned, and furrowed her brow in concentration.

“What is it?”

“It’s a lot harder for me to do the same thing to Harry.” Ginny replied in consternation.

“Harry has a larger magical core than you.” Luna suggested “Zimbeels tend to follow around people with large magical cores, and Harry has a massive swarm stalking him.”

“Fascinating.” Hermione replied dryly. “Any other revelations from these Zimbeels?”

“You have the most out of the three of us, though Ginny has more than me. I’m not too sensitive about it though, there’s a lot more to being a good witch or wizard than raw power.”

“That’s very wise, Luna.” Harry told her “A brilliant witch once told me something very similar to that.” Hermione blushed.

“Since the ritual worked, does that mean we can have sex with Harry now?” Luna asked. “I’ve been thinking about it quite a bit.”

Hermione was about to protest that they couldn’t just jump into having sex with Harry because she had a schedule, but she held back. Her original schedule had her waiting another two weeks before becoming fully intimate with him.

However, watching Harry and Ginny perform the ritual had changed her perspective. The couple had seemed to wield their sexuality effortlessly. It wasn’t just that it made Hermione feel inadequate (though it had) it was that it was possible that that level of connection was necessary to make the bond work. The glowing had reacted to their rising passion, and if Hermione couldn’t illicit the same result, the bonding might not happen.

Basically, she needed a lot more practice than she’d thought. The fact that the image of Harry’s naked body and the way Harry fucked Ginny against the desk kept popping into her head all day had nothing to do with it.
“I think we should. Soon, I mean.” Hermione blushed brilliantly “I think we’re going to need a lot of practice in order to be certain that the ritual will work.” Ginny grinned devilishly, while Harry himself smiled bashfully. Hermione was having a hard time looking at him.

“I guess it’s only proper that Hermione goes first.” Luna admitted. “I suppose you would like to do it tomorrow then?”

“Tomorrow?” Hermione chirped “I mean, that would be lovely. If Harry and Ginny are okay with it, that is.”

Harry and Ginny exchanged the briefest looks. “That sounds wonderful.” Harry agreed, looking at her warmly. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Yes!” Hermione affirmed enthusiastically. “I mean, I do. Thanks. I mean for making sure. I’m not going to thank you for having sex with me. N-not that I don’t think-”

Harry kissed her, mercifully silencing whatever butchered explanation she was about to give. Harry deepened the kiss, and Hermione immediately melted, clutching his shoulders for support as she moaned deeply.

Hermione’s mind, which normally constantly analyzed, questioned, and worried over every little thing, went blank as she sank into him, completely immersed in his kiss, the way his arms held her, his smell and the press of his body.

When he pulled away, she subconsciously tried to follow him, but was stopped by the gentle press of his hands on her shoulders. Regaining her bearings, she noticed that Ginny was flushed and staring lustfully at Harry.

Hermione tried to ignore how Harry and Ginny immediately tackled each other after their ‘meeting’. She especially ignored how apparently whatever they’d done only taken seconds, as the two of them caught up with them before they’d even turned the corner to the next corridor.

They both looked supremely satisfied.

Before Ginny, Harry and Hermione had made it back to the common room, Harry froze and suddenly said. “Ron.”

He’d been so caught up with what was happening with Ginny that he’d forgotten their plan to tell Ron after they knew the ritual worked.

Harry felt Ginny’s internal sigh. He quickly surmised that she just wished her older brother would go stuff it. Reading into her thoughts, it was clear that she resented him or ‘dumping her’ as soon as he got to Hogwarts, with new, cooler friends. She also wasn’t happy with the way he’d handled the ‘thing’ he and Hermione had had, or how he’d treated Harry at times over the course of their friendship.

“Harry.” Hermione sighed. “I know, we have to tell him. But can we just wait.”

“We’ve already waited.” Harry noted.

“Yes. But.” She shook her head in frustration. “I just know he’s going to ruin everything if we tell him tomorrow. We’re going to be miserable and we have plans.”

“Oh.”
“I know, it’s selfish, but I just want this to go right. I don’t want to have to deal with Ron tomorrow. We can tell him Monday, I promise.” Hermione bargained.

Harry caved under Hermione’s pleading look and Ginny’s silent agreement. “Alright. Monday.”

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Hermione never considered herself one to care about her looks. She had her intellect, what use were looks? Of course, when she nabbed quidditch superstar Victor Krum as her date to the Yule ball, she went all out. She hadn’t really gotten why other girls cared so much about that stuff until she felt everyone’s eyes on her (though she’d really only cared about Victor, Ron, and Harry’s). It had been incredibly validating.

Hermione found herself in the same predicament Sunday evening that she had been the evening of the Yule ball. She really did want to impress Harry. However, this time she didn’t really have anyone to help her or commiserate with other than Luna, who would probably not be that helpful, and Ginny- but Hermione didn’t want Harry watching in.

So she had to make a lot of judgement calls herself. Which pair of undergarments would Harry like the best? Or maybe she shouldn’t wear any at all… no that was stupid. She had a few dresses to choose from, but which one would Harry like the most? She tried to cast her mind back to how Harry had reacted to various dresses from other girls, but was coming up blank. It just wasn’t something she had paid that much attention to. She could see how Ginny’s years of Harry watching must have come in handy for her.

She evaluated a slim black dress that she’d gotten last summer. It had a deep neck that cut through her cleavage, and was partially bare on the back. *Boys love boobs, don’t they?*

Of course, Hermione knew that most men loved boobs. But did Harry? After all, he was dating Ginny, who was a bit lacking that department, maybe this dress wouldn’t do anything for him? She felt lost.

But then she remembered. The way Harry’s eyes had roamed up her body on Friday night, lustfully taking in her exposed chest. Her body flushed hot. Yeah, he liked her breasts.

She wished she had been more prepared. She should have read up on sexual technique, but Parvati and Lavender had made it almost seem like that was solely the guy’s job. Of course that was wrong, but finding out more had never been a priority for her, and by the time it had become a priority (very recently) other things had taken even greater importance.

Ginny had blown the idea that sex was ‘the guy’s job’ out of the water, and she knew Harry would be expecting something from Hermione- but she honestly had no idea what to do. The only comfort was that Harry really did seem to know what he was doing, and would help her figure things out. Which was the point Hermione reminded herself. She couldn’t expect to be perfect on the first try, you had to learn- unless you had Harry and Ginny’s ridiculous chemistry.

She went with the black dress, along with the most revealing set of lingerie that she had, and was trying fruitlessly to tame her hair when she heard someone knock on her window. She startled, but realized it could only be one person. She threw open the window, letting the cool night air in, along with…

“Harry!” Hermione whispered “What are you doing here? Anybody could have been in here!” Harry stepped through the window, leaving his broom hovering outside. He had cleaned
up as well, going with a button-down shirt and muggle dress pants.

“Picking you up. Us leaving together dressed up like this would raise eyebrows.” He answered “And I have the marauders’ map.”

His eyes swept across her body, pausing at the cleavage her dress revealed. She had a feeling that he was remembering how she had looked the other night. After a long moment, he startled and looked back up to her face, flushed. Hermione had never thought she’d be so satisfied to have a guy ogle her breasts.

She had no illusions, she had one of the larger bra sizes of the girls at Hogwarts, but she normally hid it with conservative and bulky clothing. She sure as hell wasn’t hiding it now.

“Oh.” He’d had a good point. “Well.” She didn’t really have anything else to do to get ready, either. And damn he looked dashing, he was still flushed, his hair was windswept, his eyes seemed to twinkle mischievously, he radiated confidence. Hermione was positively charmed.

“Shall we?” He asked, holding out his hand formally.

“Lead on good sir.” She joked as she took his hand. Harry laughed.

As they settled on the broom, Hermione immediately understood why Harry and Demelza’s broom rides had been such a big deal. She could feel his erection pressed against her bum, and her partially exposed back was pressed right against his solid chest. His arms encircled her in order to grip the broom, and her body soaked up his warmth in the cool night air.

Harry took the gently around the castle, coasting to scenic views overlooking the lake and near the astronomy tower. All the while they talked as they always had, about classes and friends, occasionally interrupted by Harry gently teasing her. It was comfortable and lovely, even as Harry’s body never fully left her awareness.

They eventually came to a stop at a landing near the room of requirement, and Harry produced the invisibility cloak. The two of them pressed together under the cloak, more than they probably needed to, and Hermione felt, of all things, comfortable. Everything was just perfect. She wasn’t nervous, not anymore, because this was Harry, just Harry. Kind, noble, loving, self-sacrificing to a fault- her best friend.

Her body was buzzing. Her heartbeat was picking up and her breathing was as well. He looked good, he felt good pressing in from behind her- strong and comforting. He even smelled good. He was her best friend, yes, but he was also a man. Very obviously a man. She added, thinking back to the feel of his erection against her.

Harry paced in front of the entrance to the room of requirement, wondering what he was preparing. They entered a nice, comfortable room. A bed was in the corner, as well as a loveseat in from of a small fireplace. In the center was a small glass table with a tray full of deserts on it.

The room couldn’t provide food, which meant… he set this up, she realized with a thrill he planned all of this. She turned to him, her eyes glistening. “This is lovely, Harry.” She said softly “Thank you.”

“No. Thank you ‘Mione. For being my best friend for all these years. For putting up with me when I was being a prat. For sticking with me when I was in danger. For saving me.”

He was looking down at her, his eyes impossibly warm and loving. “I don’t think there’s a better way, or a better time to say it, so I’m just going to do it.” What was he getting at? “I love
you, ‘Mione.”

It was then that Hermione realized that she was an idiot. She wanted to take a time turner, find her eleven-year-old self, and throttle her. Because she loved him too. God damn it she loved him too. Harry, who could always make her smile. Harry, who’d stand by her through anything. Harry, who she couldn’t imagine her life without.

For the brightest witch of her age, she had been so bleeding stupid for so long. She’d been pining for Ron for years when Harry had been right under her nose the entire time. What had possessed her in first year to go after the boy who had made her go cry in the bathroom over the boy who had thrown himself on top of a mountain troll to try to save her?

She should have realized. She should have tried to win his affection. But she hadn’t.

Maybe this was fate giving her a second chance? Sure, Harry wouldn’t be hers but they’d be together, they’d be there for each other.

“I love you too.” Hermione choked out. “And I’m sorry for being so stupid about it for so long.”

“I was stupid about it too.” He assured her, provoking a wet chuckle.

“I was worse.” She insisted tearily “I went after Ron.”

“And I went after Cho Chang. I’d say we’re at least even.”

There was so much she wanted to say. I wasted so much time. I could have had you for years. I should have realized after you saved me from the troll. I should have asked you to the Yule ball.

But she couldn’t, because Harry was kissing her. Their previous kisses had been hot, and undeniably sexy, but this kiss… fireworks were going off in her head. This was ecstasy, completion, love.

She melted into his arms as the molded into each other, body to body. The kiss had acted like a bolt of lightning, sensitizing every part of her. She pressed herself as close as possible to him, sending tingles of warm pleasure across her body. She wanted more.

Her hands went to his shirt, popping the buttons open one by one while they both caught their breath. She realized she was licking her lips as his chest and torso were being exposed. He really was magnificent. Harry shrugged, letting the shirt fall to the floor. She knew she was staring, but could anyone blame her?

“Like what you see?” He asked, a tad self-conscious.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded, her gaze tracked down and she noticed the tenting in his trousers. “Err… yeah.” She finally managed, blushing. “You’re…” Attractive. Hot. Sexy. “…nice.”

His eyes met hers knowingly, before he moved in for another kiss. This time, Harry’s hands weren’t nearly as cautious. They ran down her back, stroking the exposed skin and sending tingles down her spine. They rubbed her thigh, teasing as they skirted inwards and upwards briefly before heading towards more respectable territory. And finally, he fondled her breasts. He looked down at them as he did so, a mixture of lust and yearning, and Hermione needed this dress to come off now.
Within seconds, the dress was pooled at her feet, leaving her just in her lacy black bra and panties. Harry’s eyes travelled across her body, her legs, her thighs, her crotch, her torso, her chest (where he paused for a moment, and bit his lip), her shoulders, and finally her face.

Her breath caught. His eyes were like fire. She was suddenly trembling as Harry advanced on her again. Despite being more exposed than ever, she felt impossibly hot. She was sure she was flushed all over.

“Oh my god.” He breathed. “’Mione. You’re so sexy.” Hermione shuddered at the lust and awe in his voice.

As Harry’s lips met hers in another passionate kiss, his hand went to her chest again. He rubbed firmly, massaging her through the material of her bra. She whined, and her own hands explored his body, feeling how his muscles knit together under his skin, memorizing him. Her mouth left his, and she began kissing his body- his ridiculously sexy body.

But she froze when Harry’s hands, very deliberately, went to the latch of her bra. His eyes locked with hers, silently requesting her permission. Instead of granting it, her hands swiftly went to the latch herself, and unhooked it, letting the strip of fabric fall free.

Harry’s eyes went wide as he took her in, and he let out a quiet groan. His hand tentatively went to her chest, but once he made contact all hesitation left him. He took her breasts in his hands, and he breathed his nickname for her softly. Hermione whined at the attention he was giving her. He cupped them, caressed them, squeezed and massaged them; he rubbed and pinched gently at her nipple, eliciting soft whimpers from her.

I guess I do have something that Ginny doesn’t. She thought cockily, before that train of thought was completely derailed, because Harry had just kissed one of her nipples, and was now sucking at it.

Mouths are wonderful things. Hermione thought, dazed. Really bloody spectacular things. Because yes, Harry’s fingers caressing her felt nice, but his mouth, his mouth felt like something sent strait from heaven. “Oh.” She whimpered. “H-h-harry. That’s just- uhnnnnng.” His mouth switched to her other nipple, and sucked on it even more firmly, drawing it in with the force of his suction, and nipping lightly at her nipple. She let out a small cry, trailing off in a sharp whimper.

Her knees wobbled embarrassingly, and she had to clutch at Harry shoulders to stay balanced. With no further prompting, Harry picked her up bridal style and carried her to the bed. Hermione squeaked as he did so, but then found herself marveling at how he could so effortlessly carry her.

He laid her out on the bed, and began undoing his belt. Hermione sat up eagerly, watching intently as he pushed down his pants. She could see the outline of his penis, proudly erect, pressing against the fabric of his boxers. It was so tempting to just grab it, it practically demanded her attention.

Almost of its own accord, one of her hands palmed his erection. She delighted in the soft gasp Harry made, but she wanted more, she wanted to feel him. Her hand slid under his boxers and grasped his cock. Her hand wrapped around the shaft, memorizing the way it felt- the way his skin rippled as she stroked it, the way it seemed to radiate heat, the way it twitched and throbbed at stimulation, the way her touch triggered delicious little moans from Harry. There was something else too, not unlike holding a wand- she could feel the soft buzz of magic.

She nudged his boxers down, setting Harry’s penis free. She took in the sight of him. It was hard, thick, and firm, flushed red and throbbing with blood. Hermione was a clever witch.
More than just a clever witch, she had an intellect that was beyond potentially everyone else at Hogwarts. But right now every corner of that brilliant mind was focused on Harry’s body. Observing his cock, noting the way he reacted to her every movement, where his eyes wandered on her body, how he moaned in response to her stroking. She wasn’t just ogling his body, she was analyzing him like a puzzle, trying to crack him, trying to figure out how to make him come undone.

Curious, she cupped his testicles with one of her hands, cradling the delicate orbs as she observed them, taking in their texture and consistency. They felt almost like hot coals, burning with magic. As she fondled them, they seemed to curl back into his body. She wondered what that meant.

She bet he’d like it if she kissed his cock, or maybe licked it, sucked on it? She found that, now that she had his cock in her hand, she really wanted to do that. She wanted to suck on this gorgeous thing that seemed to be the center of Harry’s sexuality. She wanted to take this shaft that seemed to be bursting with Harry’s sexual energy and make him give himself to her.

She didn’t have any idea of the specifics of giving a blowjob, but at that moment she didn’t care. She’d figure it out. On an impulse leaned over and licked his shaft, right from the base to the tip. She was immersed in his taste and scent- strong, musky, and masculine. It acted like a drug, clouding her mind.

Spurred on by the moan she had elicited from Harry, but unsure of exactly how to proceed, Hermione began licking and kissing around the tip of his shaft. As she licked his head, she tasted the strong tang of what could only be semen, with the sharp tingle of magic accompanying it. She moaned, and driven by pure instinct, sank down on his shaft, taking his tip into her mouth.

“Oh ’Moine” Harry moaned “Just like that.” His hand went to cup her cheek gently, and Hermione felt her heart melt a little at the pure tenderness of the action. He wasn’t forcing her down further, just stroking the side of her face affectionately.

Hermione met his gaze, and began bobbing her head up and down, never taking in much more than top of his shaft. She struggled with trying to go down further, she knew she was supposed to, but he just seemed so long and thick. She’d choke, surely.

But there was something urging her on, even more than Harry’s approving whines and moans. She could feel his magic even more acutely with her lips and tongue. How it surged and flowed through his cock, building up. It was addictive, like tasting mana from heaven, and she wanted more.

Despite her insecurities, she took him deeper. His magic surged within his shaft as she pushed herself further. She moaned, he was just so powerful. She had no idea how so much magical potency could be held in one place without blowing. But then, she realized he probably was about to blow.

As if on cue Harry groaned “Mione! I’m getting close.” His voice was raw, laced with unabashed desire and eyes were shining with equal measures of lust and love. As much as he wanted her to stay down, he’d understand if she wanted to pull away.

She held his gaze brazenly, and defiantly took him all the way into her mouth for the first time, so that her nose was buried against his crotch. Harry cried out, and Hermione instantly knew he was coming. His cock somehow hardened even further in her mouth, as his magic exploded. The first burst of his cum shot directly into the back of her throat, triggering her coughing reflex. As this was happening, a torrent of magic was released, laced in his cum. It stung her throat,
burning with an almost but not quite sexual pleasure.

Hermione pulled back reflexively, mouth open wide as she rasped for breath, and the next volley of cum landed on her lips and tongue. The next shot was significantly less powerful than the first two, but still coated her chin and neck with his essence.

After his orgasm was finished and his cock hung limp between his legs, Hermione sat up, her mouth hanging half open in ecstasy, revealing to Harry that his cum was painted along the inside of her mouth and pooled on her tongue. Her eyes slid shut, and she let out a low moan as she savored the feel of his magic in her mouth. Then she tipped her head back and swallowed, allowing his cum to slide down her throat.

Like warm soup, it pooled in her stomach, and like a wave it spread through her body. As it spread, it sensitized her. His magic reached her nipples- they stood up diamond hard, and every gentle waft of air sparked stinging tingles. When it reached her clit, it pulsed, becoming more sensitive and engorged than Hermione had ever remembered it being. She became acutely aware that she was still wearing panties, as their rubbing against her clitoris was suddenly unbearable. His semen seared her skin with pleasure where it remained on her chin, neck, and where it ran down to her cleavage. Beyond that, every patch of her skin was affected. She could feel his magic now, like an intense heat radiating off his body. She was acutely aware of his presence and her body was ready.

“Harry.” Hermione whimpered. “Please. Need you.” She threw her head back and arched her hips forward. She trembled as she sensed him approaching her, goosebumps appearing where he hovered closely. Her hips twitched forward, but for nothing, as Harry instead wrapped his arms around her, supporting her upper body and easing her to the bed. Then he kissed her.

Of course, since he’d just painted her mouth with his cum, it was by far the most sensitized part of her. Her lips were swollen red, and as he parted them, Hermione’s world exploded in near-orgasmic bliss. Through the haze of pleasure, she was wracked by confusion, how was it possible for kissing to feel this good? Harry’s hand went to cup her breast and rub at her nipple, driving her even further out of her mind.

Arching electricity ran through her body, concentrating in her core, where the pleasure soared higher and higher but without a mechanism for release. Hermione whimpered frantically into his mouth, her hips arched desperately in search of some sort of friction- and they found it. She ground against Harry’s thigh, and though her clitoris wasn’t directly stimulated, the friction rubbed her panties against the sensitive nub. It was enough to push her over the edge.

Her orgasm was like nothing she’d ever felt before. Her entire body pulsed with pleasure, and each pulse seemed to expel some of Harry’s magic. This was particularly intense in her cunt, which seemed to erupt in fire with each contraction.

Harry had pulled back in confusion, and the noises that had been muffled by his mouth were free to escape. She cried out ferally. Her hips bucked, grinding herself against his thigh roughly, thoughtlessly seeking stimulation. Her body contorted itself, almost grotesquely as it was wracked by her orgasm and Harry’s magic.

The orgasm lasted inordinately long, and she he was delirious when it finally burned out. She could feel his expelled magic wafting around her like steam, she could smell it, mixed with the scent of sex. It left her drunk.

“You alright ‘Mione?” He asked her softly, leaning over carefully to kiss her again.
Words Hermione! Use words! “Uh-huh.” She managed.

“You ready for more?” He grinned mischievously.

Hermione had experienced the most powerful, satisfying, all-encompassing pleasure of her life, yet that was all it took. One look from him and she swore she felt a pulse of something ring through her body with a thump. Her labored breathing hitched, her eyes went wide, and her core throbbed. She wanted his body, she wanted his magic, she wanted his cock, she wanted Harry.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...

Yes, the moment you've all been waiting for- Hermione and Harry. I hope it was worth the wait (even though the rest of their first time will be in the next chapter sorrynotsorry).

Hermione's ability to 'sense' magic is both unique to her and a big deal story-wise. I did hint at it earlier, an I have plans to take it in some interesting directions.

Let me know what you think!
The Other Side

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ginny was ‘with’ Harry through his entire evening with Hermione.

She nearly cried when they kissed. Harry’s love for Hermione was beautiful, he cared or her so much. He admired her, worried about her, and respected her beyond measure. And he loved her. Harry’s love for Hermione was beautiful, and even if she wanted to, Ginny wasn’t sure she’d have the heart to stop it.

It would have bothered Ginny before, but now Ginny was secure in her relationship with Harry in a way possibly no one had been before. She had complete assurance at any given moment of just how much Harry loved her, desired her, and needed her. Having an inside view of Harry’s heart, she knew that what Harry felt for Hermione didn’t take anything away from what she and Harry had.

Ginny began to play with herself as they started snogging properly, but it wasn’t until Hermione let her dress fall to the ground that she began in earnest. She was completely immersed in Harry’s experience at this point. The way Harry looked at Hermione’s body, admired and lusted after her curves and exposed skin. She was vicariously experiencing what it was like for a man to desire a woman.

Hermione’s bra came off, and Ginny moaned aloud at the rush of desire that swept through Harry. He caressed them, and they were so soft in his hands, and while Ginny’s boobs were so small that Harry could essentially encircle them with his hands, Hermione’s spilled out of his grip.

You like that Harry/ Ginny moaned. You like those big tits?

You know I do. Harry responded gamely. He had been worried that Ginny would be insecure about Hermione having larger breasts than her, but she wasn’t. In fact, she seemed to get a thrill out of it.

I bet you’ve snuck looks at them before. When she leans over, exposing her cleavage. Ginny continued, and they both knew she was right. Have you jerked off, thinking about Hermione and her tits?

Unbidden, Harry recalled several times when he had done exactly that. Satisfaction emanated from Ginny Hah. You should kiss them, suck on them, I know you want to.

Ginny continued to egg him on, reveling in each new development. When Hermione wrapped her hand around his cock, however, they both froze, Ginny’s thoughts stuttering at the sudden stimulation.

Yesssss. Ginny hissed. Look at her stroke your sexy cock, and -OHHH! Ginny bucked sharply when Hermione first licked along his shaft, and again when she took him into her mouth, as if she could drive his cock forward.

Ginny crowed when it occurred to Harry that Ginny was much better at this than Hermione was, even on her first try. Don’t worry Harry. We’ll get her trained up in no time, she is a clever witch.
Ginny’s filthy commentary continued, noting everything Harry’s lust addled mind noticed, the way her boobs swayed with the motion of her head and the way the vibration from her moans ran down his shaft. Occasionally, she conjured something from her fantasies— invariably something very kinky, involving Harry dominating or taking advantage of Hermione. In one fantasy, which stuck in Harry’s mind particularly, Hermione was on her hands and knees between him and Ginny, Harry was fucking her from behind while Ginny ground her pussy into the girl’s face, forcing her to eat her out.

*You'd like to team up, Gin?* Harry teased.

*You know it luv.*

As Harry’s pleasure rose, Ginny’s hips began thrusting her hips regularly, as if fucking the air with a phantom cock. Her fingers rubbed mercilessly and audibly at her clit. *Harder! Fuck her face!* She urged, before spewing a string of profanity.

His orgasm, of course, had triggered her own. Her hips jerked violently as her cunt spasmed in time with Harry’s cock, squirting her arousal across her bedsheets, as if emulating his cock. Ginny watched in erotic fascination as he spewed his cum across her mouth, and when Hermione seemed to *savor* his cum, moaning and swallowing it greedily.

Harry had barely touched Hermione when the girl came, shaking and wailing. *Any insights Gin?*

*I have no idea what’s happening, but it’s hot as fuck.* She responded, as they both watched the brunette buck and cry out in pleasure. When she finally settled down, Ginny realized what she wanted Harry to do. *Make her cum again.*

Harry was on the same page as Ginny, grinning confidently, he asked “You ready for more?”

Hermione stared at him with wide eyes filled with unfathomable lust. “Ooooh *please.*”

Harry pulled down her soaked panties, and began to caress her pussy lips. Hermione gasped, which became a series of pitiful whimpers when his fingers found her clit.

“You like that ‘Mione?” He asked, as he began rubbing at the sensitive bundle of nerves.

Between whimpers, Hermione managed “Y-yesss.”

“Talk to me. What are you feeling?”

“M-my c-clit! It *feels so good.* So good. So bloody good.”

*Not the most eloquent, is she?* Ginny joked.

“You want me to keep doing this?”

“Please don’t stop.” She begged “*OOHH! I’m so close.* So close. So close. Please just keep—”

“Keep what, ‘Mione?”

“Rubbing my cLIT!” She choked “OhohohohohohohpleaseohpleaseohpleaseohpleaseI’m *OOOOOOOH!*”
She was coming again. *To be fair. She lasted longer than last time.* Ginny noted. When she came down, Hermione looked debauched. She was panting, and her eyes were unfocused. Her upper body was flushed, including her heaving chest. Her legs were splayed out, presenting her wet and inflamed pussy to Harry.

*Make her cum again.*

Harry set to work, almost instantly erasing any sense of composure from Hermione. *Look at her, luv. The brightest witch of her age, your mindless slut. All that studying and reading, yet it only takes your fingers to reduce her to a moaning wreck.*

She was, if anything, less coherent this time. Even when Harry talked to her directly, she’d only response monosyllabically, or extremely repetitively, or unintelligibly.

*Use your mouth.* Ginny urged, and Harry complied, pressing his lips against her clit and sucking. Harry hadn’t gotten much of an opportunity to try out his oral skills with Ginny, who really just preferred him to fuck her, even before their bonding, but Hermione didn’t seem to mind.

She convulsed, letting out a raw cry. Her hands gripped the back of his head to pull him down and she humped his face. She fell apart again, gripped by another orgasm. Her thighs clenched around his head and her fingers dug almost painfully into his scalp, but Harry didn’t relent. After she came back to earth, he doubled down, manipulating her clit expertly with his mouth and tongue, stroking and sucking at her. Simultaneously, he started using his fingers to penetrate her, setting a steady rhythm.

Hermione hadn’t even regained her bearings when Harry’s attentions swept her away again. He bore down on her, pressing her into the bed with his free hand. Hermione’s fingers went slack and instead of insistent bucking, her hips were now absently gyrating within the range of movement Harry was allowing.

*Words, rationality, and all thought had deserted her. She was a slave to her clit- that sensitive, needy little nub that Harry had figured out how to manipulate. And now he was using it to overthrow her faculties and leave her at his mercy.*

She came again, and Harry didn’t stop. His fingers found her G-spot, and he angled them so that they would hit it with every stroke. He brought Hermione to the edge again, but just as she was about to tip over, he stopped.

Hermione cried out in loss. *Words came to her again “No. Please. Please. Please.”* She tried to buck her hips upwards, but was stopped by Harry’s hands firmly holding her back. He had positioned himself at her entrance, and he was meeting her eyes. She didn’t look away, instead looking into his eyes as she repeated “*Please.*”

His cock felt so *powerful* as he sheathed himself within her. Her folds parted for him and her body seemed to ripple at the intrusion. Her eyes rolled back into her head as yet another delirious moan was wrenched from her throat, and Harry realized both girls were coming.

Ginny was gone the instant Harry sheathed his shaft within the girl. She was taken by the masculine lust, the sense of dominance and power pulsing from his cock. It was like a drug, a high that no other woman had ever experienced. While her orgasm may not have touched some of the peaks she’d reached in the past few days, it easily trumped anything she’d felt before bonding with Harry.

Hermione was undone just as much by the feeling Harry’s magical power penetrating her
core as she was by the physical sensation of being filled for the first time. Yet even as her core contracted around him, urging him to release himself within her, Harry began to thrust.

Harry knew he wasn’t going to last long, with Ginny’s intense pleasure on one end and Hermione’s inner muscles massaging him on the other, but he wanted to go out with a bang. He plunged himself into her, and Ginny’s hips mirrored his movements. And when he finally found release, both of his girls fell over the edge with him again. Ginny, still in the midst of her orgasm, became supercharged by Harry’s, the primal urge to pump his seed deep into her and the release of emptying himself.

Hermione’s body stiffened with Harry’s first load, hungrily soaking up his magic like an addict needing its next hit. Not just her cunt, but every muscle in her body contracted in pleasurable release, and each volley that Harry shot into her pushed her higher. Long after Harry had spent himself, he rode along with the waves of pleasure coming from Ginny, and appreciated Hermione’s continued contractions and spasms.

Hermione was a quivering, drooling mess. Harry was blissfully satisfied and ready to doze off. But Ginny wasn’t finished yet.

*Harry, you’re going to fuck her again.*

*I might need a bit of recuperation time Gin.*

Ginny rolled her eyes. *Come here.* She told him, her meaning was obvious to him. She didn’t mean physically, she wanted him to join her in her mind, after putting some amount of distance between them for the night.

Harry did as she asked him to, and was immediately bowled over. Ginny was still *ravenous.* She was insatiable, and she wanted *more.* She wanted him to fuck Hermione again and again and again until her appetite was sated.

Harry’s cock, which had been soft, immediately stood at attention. *Good. I’m glad I can still give you all the incentive you need. Now fuck her again!*

*I want you to ruin her.*

-----

Hermione awoke the next morning disoriented. What… what had happened?

She cast back for memories. She’d gotten ready for her date with Harry, he’d swept her off her feet, taken her to the room of requirement. He told her he loved her, and they kissed. *Oh Merlin.*

Hermione staggered into the bathroom, taking stock of herself in the mirror. She’d made him cum, she swallowed it all, along with a hefty dose of his magic. It had affected her… profoundly. Harry seemed to be able to play her like a harp, coaxing orgasm after orgasm out of her.

Even thinking about it, she felt heat pool in her core. She pressed her thighs together uncomfortably, willing herself to quell the arousal. *Come on Hermione, just because you had sex with Harry doesn’t mean you have to start acting like Ginny.*

But she couldn’t deny that it had been a little more than ‘just’ sex with Harry. Through the
haze of pleasure, magic, and hormones, she honestly couldn’t remember how the night had ended, or how she’d gotten back to her room.

It scared her.

No. She didn’t need to masturbate. She was just fine. No problem. Besides, it might make her late to class. Yes, classes were today. She needed to focus.

When she sat down at breakfast, she should have realized this wouldn’t work. Harry looked just… ravishing. Her body seemed to react to his presence instinctively, as if it remembered what had happened last night and knew what Harry could do.

Ginny for her part, was looking extremely cocky. The redhead kept flashing her knowing grins with raised eyebrows.

_Not thinking about it._ Hermione insisted to herself. _There’s time for that later, we’ve got classes to worry about._

Maybe if the class had been something even remotely engaging, it would have been fine. As it was, their first class of the day was History of Magic. While Hermione had taken pains to maintain notes on the class, even she could admit that Professor Binns was a bit… dry.

She and Harry (conveniently!) had ended up sitting at a desk together. Ron had paired up with Lavender, and they seemed to be using the class as an opportunity to low-key make out. Neville and Hannah were sitting together doing… huh, exactly the same thing, if much more subtly. Many of the others were sound asleep, Monday morning History of Magic was a bad idea.

Professor Binns didn’t seem to notice, and kept lecturing as usual. Hermione had to fight her eyes, as they kept attempting to look over at Harry. _Please just focus._ She willed herself, as she began scribbling notes. She wasn’t going to let anything get in the way of academic success, not even the ridiculously hot bloke who’d shagged the hell out of her last night.

_Not thinking about that._

She nearly jumped in her seat when Harry put his hand on her thigh, right above her knee. Her breath hitched, but she refused to acknowledge him. Their lower bodies were hidden from open view by the desk but she didn’t want to draw undue attention to them, or at least that’s what she told herself.

Harry kept his head forward, pretending to pay attention to the lecture even as he steady traced circles along her thigh. Each motion stoked the heat in her core just a touch hotter, and with each circle he traced on her skin his hand moved up her thigh.

Hermione wasn’t taking notes, she could barely even focus on Binns’s words. Her hands gripped the desk so hard that her knuckles turned white. She forced herself to stare forwards, gritting her teeth to avoid reacting to him.

Harry’s hand continued to travel up her thigh, under her uniform skirt, and Hermione realized that she had parted her legs slightly for him. Boldly, Harry moved his hand up to her panty line, along her inner thigh.

As hard as she was trying, she couldn’t suppress her gasp, or the way her hips twitched forward, or how her head tilted back. Harry’s hand was _so close_ to her aching core, she didn’t care about class, or the other students, or getting caught, she just wanted him to _touch her._
Then Harry withdrew. He was taking notes again, acting like *nothing had happened*. Hermione was furious. *He couldn’t just do that!* Work her up like that and leave her hanging, hot, wanting, unable to focus.

-----

“I can’t believe you, Harry.” Hermione snapped “In the middle of class! We could have gotten caught.”

After class, Hermione had grabbed his forearm and dragged him away to the room of requirement, where she began to vent her frustration with her friend.

“If it was bothering you that much, you could have stopped me.” Harry said softly “Move my hand away. Told me not to. But you seemed to be enjoying it.” Harry voice gained and edge as he continued.

“Yes. Well.” Hermione fumbled. He was right, she had enjoyed it. It hadn’t even occurred to her to try to stop him, because she hadn’t wanted to. She didn’t want to admit the real reason she was upset, that he had stopped. “It wasn’t fair. You completely distracted me, and I couldn’t focus on the class.”

Harry smiled. “What? The brightest witch of her age couldn’t focus because a bloke touched her thigh?”

Hermione blushed. What could she say? He was right. “Okay. Fine. I couldn’t focus. I admit it. That doesn’t give you free license to *tease me.*”

Harry held his hands up in surrender. “Alright. I’m sorry I got you worked up in class, how about I make it up to you?” He conceded apologetically. She tried to mask her eagerness at what ‘making it up to her’ would entail, but it seemed she failed miserable. Harry took it as an invitation and kissed her, placing his hand back on her thigh, stroking it once again and casting another furl of heat in her core.

“Ooooh.” Of course that’s what she really wanted, but had been too proud to admit.

“Just say the word ‘Mione.” He murmured in her ear. “Anything you want.”

Anything she wanted? The possibilities exploded into her mind. “Take off your clothes!” She blurted out eagerly. Harry grinned, and began to undress. Hogwarts uniforms consisted of many items of clothing, so it wasn’t exactly a quick process, and it seemed at times that Harry was dragging it out. He took his time unlacing his shoes, undoing his tie, and unbuttoning each button of his shirt.

Hermione was embarrassed to say that she lapped Harry’s little strip tease up. She’d pushed her panties down her legs (they’d only get in the way) and had begun to rub herself unabashedly. Once again, the rational part of her brain was taking a back seat to the driving need between her legs.

She drank in his body, licking and biting at her lips with every piece of skin he revealed. “Ooooh Harry, you’re so…” She trailed off, embarrassed.

“So what?” Harry challenged as he unbuckled his belt and pulled down his pants, revealing the erections straining against his boxers.

“So sexy.” She groaned, eying his bulging crotch. “Take them off.” She insisted “I want to
see it.”

“As you wish.” Harry answered, tugging down his boxers and letting his erection spring free.

She whined. Her rubbing sped up as the heat in her core ratcheted up a notch. He really was a sight, lean and muscular all over and humming with magic, accentuated by his swollen penis.

“If all you want to do is masturbate to me, I’m sure I can provide you with pictures.” Harry teased. Hermione paused, because he was right of course, she’d gotten so caught up with herself that she’d forgotten she could do whatever she wanted with Harry’s gloriously sexy body.

“Lay down.” She instructed. Harry settled into the bed the room had provided, idly waiting for her to continue. “Oooh, touch yourself.” Yes, that was perfect. His hand was methodically pumping up and down his shaft, up and down, putting on a show just for her. *Although I bet Ginny’s going mad, she has class right now.* “But don’t cum!” She remembered. “You can’t cum unless you’re inside me.”

She watched him stroke himself for a short while, until she climbed on top of him and lowered herself onto him. She was almost fully clothed, aside from her panties, and she found she quite liked the imbalance. It made her feel in control- to have Harry completely exposed to her eyes while she was still clothed. Her folds parted for him, enveloping his shaft within her. She moaned luxuriously “Ooooh, feels so good.” She bottomed out, pressing her crotch directly to his.

“What does it feel like?”

She moaned again as she brought herself back down on him again. Each of her thrusts were short and powerful, but she lingered him sheathed within her after each thrust, enjoying the feel of his cock and magic throbbing in her core. “Uhh, I can feel your magic.”

“Hnnngg.” She thrusted sharply again. “It's flowing through your penis, ready to boil over. And every time I -UHNG- I thrust it gets even stronger, until it erupts inside of me.”

Hermione’s hands, placed on Harry’s solid chest to brace herself were shaking. She was so close, and she knew the only thing keeping her from cuming was how slow she was thrusting. “Harry, I-” She was interrupted, however.

“Guys, what…” Ron paused, eyes wide and jaw open. “…WHAT?”

Chapter End Notes

So this sets up one of the main dynamics between Harry and Hermione- basically they're switches (i.e. they take turns being dominant and submissive).

Yeah, I’m sure the conversation between Ron, Harry, and Hermione is going to go just swimmingly. /s It only makes sense that a bunch of teens having sex all the time would eventually get caught by someone, no matter how careful they are.

Let me know what you think!
Ginny took off in a run, Luna following behind without asking. The two of them had just gotten out of Charms when Ron walked in on Harry and Hermione.

Harry was in panic mode. Ron looked like he’d been hit in the stomach with a bludger, but that was rapidly turning into rage.

“Ron-” Harry began, but before he could get another word off, the redhead punched him. His fist connected with Harry’s cheek, sending him sprawling back onto the bed. Hermione reacted instinctively, shooting an *incarcerous* at Ron. Ropes bound him, tripping him up so that he fell to the floor.

“Ron, there’s a lot more to this than you know!” Hermione rushed “Please just-”

“Bugger that! You’re cheating on my sister!” Ron shouted as he struggled to untangle the ropes binding him.

“She knows!” Harry shouted, pulling his pants up.

“Bullocks!” Ron cursed.

“Look, she’s on her way right now, so if you just wait a few minutes you’ll see for yourself.” Harry tried to explain. As he was speaking, Ginny had taken a secret passage up to the seventh floor and was now running full pelt towards them.

“I can’t believe this.” Ron glared at them, finally managing to stand up.

“Please just let us explain first.” Hermione entreated. “I know this looks horrible, but-”

Hermione was interrupted by Ginny bursting in the room. “Ron.” She said darkly, her face flushed with exertion. “Just. Shut up.”

Ron’s expression turned to confusion. “Alright, what in the *bloody hell* is going on here?”

Hermione lifted the *incarcerous*, and the three of them worked together to explain what had happened over the past few weeks to Ron. They’d just gotten to explaining the ritual when they were interrupted by Luna’s entrance.

The blond was even more flushed and out of breath than Ginny had been. She nearly did a double take when she caught sight of Harry, who was still shirtless. “Oh.” Her jaw dropped open “Hi Harry.”

“Err, hi Luna.” Harry replied “Why don’t you- Oh!” Luna plopped herself onto Harry’s lap, resting her head on his chest.

“Wait, you and Luna *too*?” Ron asked.

“That’s the thing. In order to survive, I don’t just have to do this ritual with one person. I have to do it with seven.”
“Seven.” Ron repeated numbly.

“Yeah.” Harry said shortly.

“So you’re going to have harem of seven witches, is that right?” Ron asked, his voice rising.

“Ron…” Ginny warned “If you’re going to start being a jealous prat again…”

“I’m not jealous!” Ron insisted defensively “I just… What about you!” He gestured to Ginny. “You’re throwing your life away!”

Ron’s words stung Harry, but they infuriated Ginny, who drew her wand sharply and pointed it strait at Ron’s face. “Don’t you dare dictate what’s best for me. This is my life, my decision, and if you’re thinking that Harry ever would, let alone could guilt trip me into this, then you don’t know either of us.” She told him venomously. “I love him. And I know for a fact that he loves me too!”

“So what about Hermione, then?” Ron pivoted “If he loves you so much, then she’s just going end up as Harry’s side girl! How is that fair to her!”

“Ronald Weasley!” Hermione shrieked in outrage.

“I love her too, Ron. I love them both.” Harry said simply, in a surprisingly calm voice given the situation.

“I can feel what he feels for Hermione, Ron. And she’ll never be a side girl.” Ginny was eager to follow up. “And no, that doesn’t take away from what he feels for me. But I guess you wouldn’t understand that you jealous arse!”

“So I just stumble in on Harry and Hermione shagging and you get pissed off at me for being just a little upset about it?” Ron demanded “Why didn’t any of you tell me earlier!”

Harry nearly flinched, his guilt resurfacing.

“We knew that you’d react like this.” Hermione explained “We just, wanted to wait until we were sure this was going to work.”

“Yeah. I bet you would have just kept waiting if I hadn’t stumbled in on you two.” Ron scoffed, turning around. “I can’t bloody believe this.”

“Ron!” Harry called, and the redhead paused for just a moment. “I’m sorry.”

There was a moment of silence, before Ron seethed “Bugger off Harry.”

-----

Ron sat with Lavender at lunch, far away from them, and he seemed determined to ignore Harry as much as possible.

Harry felt terrible.

Yes, Ron was being a jealous prat (just like Hermione had told him he would), but Harry had lied to him, and it was a big lie.

*Are you planning on moping around all day?* Ginny asked. *Because I’m thinking about*
trying to shag some sense into you.

Ginny wasn’t feeling particularly guilty. She was furious with her brother and Harry’s needling guilt just made her even more angry. Harry shrugged his shoulders moodily. *I can’t help how I feel, Ginny.*

It was the first time she’d experienced one of his ‘moods’ since they’d bonded, and frankly, she’d had enough. After a moment’s thought, she dampened her connection to Harry’s mind and decided on her strategy.

Harry didn’t have a clear idea what she was planning. Though her thought process was obscured to him, he felt her mischievous confidence clearly enough, and could also feel her getting turned on as she planned… whatever it was she was planning.

Then she turned to Hermione, and pulled the brunette aside. The two talked for a full minute, Ginny remaining self-assured while Hermione quickly turned a shade of deep red as she seemed to need convincing of whatever Ginny wanted her to do.

Ginny must have gotten her way, because the two girls walked out of the hall not long after, leaving Harry alone, at least until Demelza sidled up next to him, claiming as much physical contact as was acceptable in public. It hadn’t gone completely unnoticed. Ron, who Harry hadn’t even been aware was watching him, had made a disgusted noise and looked away. Katie also seemed to acknowledge them, and her eyes flickered between Harry and Demelza curiously. Meanwhile, at the Huffelpuff table, Susan smiled and winked.

Harry was starting to question the wisdom of throwing gasoline on the fire of the rumors that he knew had already been circling, when Ginny piped in. *Hey, Harry. Hermione and I have a surprise for you. Come back down to the room of requirement and check us… it out.*

Harry wasn’t quite thick enough to miss what Ginny was planning. He was pretty certain he knew what was waiting for him in that room.

Knowing that couldn’t in any way prepare him for what the girls had in store for him, or for the sight of both witches naked and waiting for him. His shaft throbbed, twitching and hardening in his pants, and he couldn’t stifle the soft moan of desire, or stop how his eyes hugged their curves normally hidden under robes. All thoughts of Ron had been tossed aside.

Ginny was smirking devilishly at him, while Hermione blushed and smiled bashfully. “God. Ginny. Mione.” He groaned. The girls turned toward each other with wide smiles and giggled.

Ginny took the lead, with Hermione following suit, as both girls sauntered up to him. Harry was enthralled as Ginny looped an arm around his chest as she settled in behind him, melding her body against his back and pressing kisses behind his ear and down his neck.

Hermione, meanwhile, stopped right in front of him, holding an unfathomable look in her eye. She was such a sight, from her gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks down to the perfect view he had of her breasts and cleavage. At that moment, Ginny attacked a sensitive spot on his neck with particular vigor, using her teeth and sucking down viciously.

The small cry Harry gave seemed to be just the opening Hermione was looking for, for she lunged to catch his open mouth with hers. Harry would have stumbled back from the force of it if Ginny had not been behind him. As it was, he was wedged between the two witches, who gave him no quarter.
Hermione ravaged his mouth, practically shoving her tongue down his throat. Her hands wound through Harry’s perpetually messy hair, digging in nearly painfully as she yanked his head forward, preventing him from withdrawing from her assault.

Ginny, for her part, loved the gasp Harry had made when she’d attacked his neck, and particularly enjoyed the mark she left behind. She wanted more. So she used her mouth to attack the same spot again and again, and though any noises Harry would have made were muffled by Hermione, she could still feel his reactions through their bond, and through the tremors of his body. Oh yes, that was delicious, and she just realized what she wanted to do next. Reluctantly tearing her mouth from Harry’s tender flesh, Ginny lifted her hand back and swiftly swatted, smacking Harry’s arse.

That earned a yelp from Harry, heard even through Hermione’s lips and tongue. His hips twitched forward reflexively at the unexpected contact, rubbing his aching cock against the softness of Hermione’s stomach. His response egged Ginny on, who rubbed and smacked his arse lightly.

Hermione, meanwhile, had detached herself from Harry’s mouth and was gazing at him with a sultry, very un-Hermione expression. One of her hands had disentangled itself from Harry’s hair, and was now hovering over Harry’s crotch. She seemed to be steeling herself once again, and like before it only took a few moments before she dove in. She lewdly groped Harry’s crotch while peering up at his face, enjoying how he tilted his head back and moaned just as much as she enjoyed the feel of his throbbing hardness in her palm, or the feel of his magic radiating out from his cock like a furnace.

“Fuck, that feels good.” Ginny moaned, tilting her hips forward and rubbing herself against Harry’s body.

“Does it really feel that good?” Hermione asked, as she continued to fondle and rub at Harry’s erection.

“You have no idea.” The redhead purred “It feels like… like how your clit feels, but instead expanded into a shaft. Its… addictive. It feels so good and powerful and alive. Fuck. I think it’s time for that charm you told me about.”

“Charm?” Harry managed breathlessly. In response Hermione only gave him a downright lascivious grin, took ahold of her wand, and said “Vestimenta pertransibo.”

Suddenly, Harry was feeling a lot more air flow across his body, and when he looked down he was shocked to see his clothes heaped in a pile beneath him. Ginny chuckled “Nifty little spell, isn’t it? Good thing Hermione’s probably the only person in the school who knows it.” Hermione, however, was hardly paying attention to Ginny. Her entire focus was on Harry’s newly exposed body as she ogled him with a look that could only be described as hungry.

Harry was off balance and reeling from Hermione and Ginny’s twin assaults. But out of everything, it was Hermione’s sexual openness that was affecting Harry the most. Hermione, who’d been regarded as ‘the prude of Gryffindor’ by certain students, was now looking at him like a piece of meat.

The girls exchanged giggles as they surprised him once again by pinning him to the nearest wall. Harry found himself powerless to resist as their hands and mouths began lavishing his body. Ginny took Hermione’s place plundering Harry’s mouth, winding a hand through his hair while another stroked his chest. Hermione went straight for his cock, wrapping one hand around his shaft while the other cupped his testicles.
Her gaze was locked on his cock, eyes burning and her mouth hanging slightly open. Occasionally her teeth would worry her parted lips, or her tongue would wet them. She stroked him, savoring the feel of him in her hand- velvety soft yet hard at the same time, warm and throbbing, and alive, burning with magic. She moaned deeply “Merlin, Harry, I want it.” She’d been teased and denied all day, and she was close to just losing it. She wanted to fuck him, or for him to fuck her. She wanted his cock inside of her and she wanted him to pump his essence into her.

Harry was just as, if not more, wound up as Hermione. He moaned plaintively into Ginny’s mouth, unable to warn Hermione that he was getting close. Ginny had no inclination on relaying the message. So, just as Hermione was contemplating taking him inside of her Harry erupted. His cock shuddered in her hand and released string after string of his cum onto Hermione’s body, coating her breasts, stomach, and then her forearm and hand.

The brunette seemed thunderstruck as she was painted in Harry’s seed. Her eyes were wide and mouth hanging open as she pulled her hand back and stared at it- it was coated with his cum. With a moan, she brought the hand to her mouth where her tongue eagerly lapped up his cum, while the other hand rubbed at her breasts and stomach, lathered his cum across her skin.

She was on fire, she wanted, no, needed more. Almost of its own accord, her hand moved further downwards, smearing his cum over her pussy lips before plunging two fingers within her. Oh god, oh god she was close. His essence, his magic was on her tongue, on her body, in her pussy. She grunted and groaned as she speared her fingers inward, even as she wished it was his cock. “Oh god, Oh god.” She choked “I’m- I’m… OH!” Her knees gave out as she came, forcing her to the ground even as Harry, recovering from his own peak, remained standing.

Yet, as her climax passed she could tell it hadn’t been enough. She’d been so worked up that it had taken very little stimulation to push her over, but it hadn’t satisfied her. Hermione had a feeling that the only thing that would was right in front of her- once again becoming hard as Harry stroked himself slowly.

Harry took note of where her gaze was focused, and (correctly) figured that Hermione wasn’t ready to quit quite yet. With a smile, he scooped her into his arms and carried her to a bed the room had provided. Hermione didn’t even think to protest being manhandled in such a way, instead just curling into his body, enjoying his strength and solidity, and the feel of his skin against hers.

He set her down on the bed, and her legs fell open for him of their own accord. With a barely audible growl, Harry stroked and probed at her lower lips. Hermione whimpered, gyrating minutely with Harry’s exploring hand. It was as if she hadn’t cum at all. A few days ago Hermione would have been ashamed at how quickly and easily her body capitulated to him but at the moment that thought couldn’t have been further from her mind.

No, her mind was on the magic his hand was working on her, and on where his other hand was, wrapped around his shaft, guiding it towards her. She whimpered again, and again when his head was pressed against her entrance.

She was nearly ready to beg (indeed, Ginny was at that moment begging him to properly fuck her) when Harry gave in, growling as he took her by the hips and thrust himself into her. “O-o-o-oh!” Hermione whimpered.

Her knees quivered and her core clenched at the sudden penetration. It was everything she’d wanted all day. His shaft inside of her, his magic penetrating deep into her core. It wasn’t just her body that was reacting, her magic was singing, swirling within her and gathering in her
At the moment of penetration, Ginny stiffened suddenly. “FUCK! FUCK! FUCK YES! OH FUCK YES!” She yelled, thrusting her hips forward sharply.

“Don’t mind her.” Harry murmured “She just really gets into it.”

“Oh Harry.” She moaned “I don’t blame her. You feel so, S-OH!” Harry thrust himself back into her, temporarily derailing her. She could hardly focus with him inside of her.

“Go ahead.” Ginny encouraged, “Tell him how you feel.” The redhead had propped herself up and was now stumbling towards the couple. Harry began thrusting in earnest, and Ginny staggered, falling against the bed “Merlin. Give a girl some warning!”

“Oh! Oh! Oh” Hermione gasped as Harry drilled into her. Ginny herself struggled to find her bearings.

“FUCK! Okay, Harry! Ease up!” Ginny cursed. Harry slowed his pace, and Hermione whined in disappointment.

“No! Don’t stop!” Hermione called “Why did you stop?”

“Just a few minutes ago you were begging me to ‘fuck her brains out’.” He told Ginny “And I haven’t stopped Mione. Just slowed down a bit.”

“I know but if you didn’t slow down I couldn’t do this.” Ginny explained, and Harry smirked as her plan became clear to him. “Hermione” Ginny continued “If you want Harry to really fuck you, there’s a few things you need to do.”

“Uhhhng. What?” The brunette groaned. Harry’s slower pace helped her maintain some focus, even if it was somewhat intermittent. She was lucid enough to feel betrayed by Ginny for her apparent double cross, though she wasn’t in a position to complain at the moment.

“You need to tell us what you want.” Ginny answered, crawling up so that she was lying beside her.

“I want him to- oh uh- go faster.”

Ginny grinned “In detail.”

“Ooooh. Err. I want him to- uh” She fumbled.

“There’s a word for that, you know. Multiple words, in fact. Use one of them.” Ginny prompted her.

Harry’s slow pace was maddening, it was perfectly tuned to leave her wanting more. Hermione couldn’t take it anymore. “Oh please!” She begged “Harry! Please just, just fuck me!”

“Oh yes. Tell him more.” Ginny purred. She was rubbing herself again, her hooded eyes burning with lust. And Hermione was completely at her mercy, she needed Ginny to let Harry fuck her.

“Your c-cock. It feels so good.” Hermione stammered “Ooooh. I don’t know why, but I can feel the magic in you, and your cock. Its so good, and pure, and strong. And when you cum, it all rushes into me. Uhhhnggg.” The words started tumbling out, Hermione couldn’t stop them “I
want it. I want you to cum inside of me. I want you to shoot your semen into my p-pussy and pump me full of your magic!”

“Oh my god ‘Mione. You’re irresistible.” Harry groaned, giving in. He plunged savagely into her, and satisfying as it was to feel her part or him, it was somehow even better to hear her yelp.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! OH! OH!” Hermione cried in time with his thrusts. Her breasts bounced in time with his thrusts in a way Ginny’s simply didn’t, and it was driving Harry out of his mind. “Cum in me! Cum in me! Cum in mph!” On impulse, Ginny had lunged forwards, latching her mouth onto Hermione’s. Ginny shoved her tongue into her mouth and groped one of her boobs roughly. Hermione froze, eyes wide as her brain refused to process what Ginny had just done.

Harry was shocked, and the sight of Ginny mauling Hermione was profoundly erotic to him, and it sent him instantly over the edge. “Fuck!” He shouted as he shoved himself deeply into her. The coiled tension in his cock exploded free and Harry felt blissful release as he pumped his seed into Hermione.

Ginny spasmed as she came with Harry. Her grip on Hermione’s breast tightened further, and she rammed her mouth onto Hermione’s clinking their teeth together.

“MMMMMHHHHH!” Hermione screamed, muffled by Ginny’s mouth, as her own orgasm barreled through her. Harry was cuming inside of her, shooting his essence straight to her core. Hermione couldn’t care that Ginny was crushing her breast borderline painfully. The blooming ecstasy within her, the potent power of Harry’s magic, wiped everything else away.

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Harry was only somewhat surprised when Katie cornered him before practice. Ginny had noticed how often her eyes had drifted over to him in the past few days. At first she’d assumed she was ‘just’ checking him out, but her expression hadn’t been lustful as much as speculative and curious.

She ended up finding him in the boy’s changing room. It wouldn’t have been the first time she ignored modesty like that. Since the boys used stalls to change when stripping nude, she never saw more than one of them shirtless occasionally.

“Blimey! We’re changing in here!” Ron objected, even as he flushed at being caught without his shirt.

Katie just smirked, eyes momentarily flicking away from Harry to his estranged friend “What the problem? Worried I’ll see something I don’t like?”

Ron sputter “I have a girlfriend you know!”

“Oh, I know.” Katie returned “Lavender is very, uh, forthcoming about her exploits.”

Not wanted to hear anything about Ron and Lavender’s ‘exploits’ -ew, Ginny agreed- Harry got Katie’s attention “So what brings you here? Hoping to see something you do like?”

Katie’s eyes flicked back to Harry, and travelled down his bare chest to his (rather tight) quidditch pants, and back upwards. He’d never noticed this kind of thing before, but Ginny watched out for it like a hawk and had years of experience in figuring out which girls paid attention to him.
Harry resolutely met her gaze, and noticed that her cheeks were a bit flushed. “Actually, I was looking for you.”

Ron scowled, as if anybody wanting to talk to Harry was a personal insult, but Harry paid him no mind. Putting his T-shirt back on, he followed Katie out of the changing rooms. Her quidditch uniform suited her incredibly well, practically molding to her thighs and arse, which had been sculpted by years of riding a broom.

Demelza nearly ran straight into Harry as he exited the hall onto the pitch. She stumbled backwards in an attempt to avoid him and Harry leaned in to catch her. They stayed in that position for only a moment, but Demelza was clearly affected, and hurried away with flushed cheeks. Ginny was following behind her friend, and casually looped her arms around Harry’s shoulders for a simple kiss. *Knock her dead babe.*

“So what’d you want to talk about?” Harry asked.

“That.” Katie said succinctly.

“Ginny?” Harry played dumb. However, internally both her and Ginny were speculating on just how much Katie knew or suspected.

“Well, sort of. I’m guessing the two of you are becoming intimate?”

Even a month ago, this topic would have Harry stammering and blushing, but he was much more comfortable now. “Well… yeah.”

“Just… be safe. If you get her pregnant… well you’d practically be obligated to marry her.” Katie… was concerned for him?

“Wait. Are you giving me *the talk*?” Harry asked incredulously. Granted, Harry had never had the talk given to him, but this definitely not the conversation he was expecting to be having.

“I’m trying to watch out for you, you prat!” Katie said defensively.

Harry chuckled “Look. I appreciate this, but Ginny and I are using protection. I’m not that naive eleven year old you guys had to watch out for.”

“Yeah. I can see that.” The blush had returned to her cheeks. Harry merely cocked an eyebrow and Katie backpedaled “I don’t mean like that, prat!”

“I’m gutted.” Harry deadpanned.

“Oh shut it. I just meant you aren’t nearly as flustered as you used to be. You always used to blush whenever me, Licia or Angie teased you or went into the boy’s changing rooms. You’re a lot more confident around girls. I guess, what I’m saying is that Ginny’s been good for you.”

“She really has been.” Harry smiled. *You have no idea how much so.* He silently added.

Ginny was beaming. *Okay, you really need to make a move on her luv.*

*Wasn’t she dating someone?*

*Conner Hays. I don’t think it was serious, or they broke up or something. Maybe you can have Susan look into it?*
Quidditch was a tense affair. Ron and Harry’s estrangement had become blindingly obvious and unavoidable. Ron grumbled his discontentment at every word Harry sent his way, and the others had picked up on it.

“Oi Ron!” Katie ended up hollering “How long are you planning on being a prat this time?” It was only thanks to a quick intervention by Jimmy Peakes via a well-timed bludger that staved off the argument that might have started.

Demelza too was feeling the tension, though it was a tension of her own. To Ginny’s eye, she was definitely feeling some sexual frustration, but was successfully taking it out on the quaffle. After a couple of smart remarks from Katie about her obvious frustration, concluding in a particularly lewd comment suggesting that Demelza get laid, the junior chaser seemed about to fire back before Ginny swooped in and stole the quaffle from her. With an outraged squawk, Demelza fell into pursuit.

After quidditch practice, Harry lingered in the changing rooms while the others left. He waved them off, saying he wanted to cool down for a bit. Ron barely acknowledged him, and left without a word.

Ginny of course, knew what he had in mind, and lingered, making sure that Demelza also stayed. The girl didn’t need prompting, however. As soon as everyone else had left, she’d made her way to the boy’s changing room. She debated internally on whether or not to join them, but decided to linger in the girl’s changing rooms.

“Did you want to see me Captain?” Demelza asked.

“I did.” Harry acknowledged. “I actually wanted to talk about… what happened between us. Are you okay with what we did?”

He and Ginny had gone back and forth on his and Demelza’s last encounter. Harry honestly didn’t know he had it in him to act so boldly. Ginny had scoffed and then brought up the dozens of times that he charged boldly into uncertain situations.

‘You always had it in you.’ She claimed ‘You just needed me to bring it out.’

It had been like he was a different person- like playing a role but more so. It had been freeing, but in the aftermath he had doubts. Was Demelza really up for it? Was he running the risk of crossing an unspoken line?

Demelza’s cheeks flushed red, and the girl nodded “Yeah. Uh, a little more than okay, to be honest. It was… good, really good.”

Harry felt a swell of relief, and allowed himself to fully embrace being Demelza’s ‘Captain’. “You were good out there today.” He told her, pausing to pull off his uniform shirt, exposing his upper body to her.

Demelza’s mouth went dry. She’d never actually seen Harry shirtless before, but she had known that there must be muscles underneath those robes. Her eyes roved over the skin Harry had exposed, tracing sinuous muscles across his arms, chest, and torso. “Uhhh, thank you Captain.” She managed “I was trying really hard to be good for you.”

Harry smiled, and approached her. “You don’t seem so focused now, though.”

“Captain, I-” Demelza tried, but Harry held up a finger to silence her.
“It’s fine. What’s important is that you stay on target during practice and games.” He reassured “No, what I kept you back for was to reward you.”

Demelza shuddered “How are you going to… oh.” Harry had slung off his boots, and was now pulling down his pants. “Should I undress as well?”

“Yes, I think that would be best.” Harry grinned, and Demelza needed no further encouragement. She struggled to get her clothes off as fast as possible.

“What you think about, when you masturbate.” Harry asked her. He was in his boxers now, leisurely touching himself through the fabric. Demelza’s eyes locked on his crotch, on the obscene bulge he was stroking.

“Errrr” She trailed, trying to regain her bearings. She needed to focus. She was supposed to be undressing, and she was supposed to answer Harry’s question. She dragged her eyes upwards… to his muscled torso and chest… not helping.

Attempting to get back on track, Demelza ripped her shirt off, revealing her sports bra. Harry eyed her appreciatively “Just lovely.” Her murmured, and his stroking sped up just slightly.

“I think about you.” Demelza began. “I mean. Of course I do.” She bent over to peel off her pants, simultaneously giving Harry a look at her cleavage. “But I think about what you’ll do to me if you decide to make me… make me yours.”

“Tell me.” Harry requested. “What do I do to you? Do I take you? Do I make you my…” He paused, unbeknownst to Demelza, taking suggestions from Ginny “…cumslut? Do I make you beg for my cock?” His hand dipped into his boxers, wrapping around his shaft and letting them fall to the ground.

“Yes.” Demelza breathed, as her eyes stayed glued to his cock. His swollen head, the veins that ran up his length, the way his skin rippled as he stroked himself slowly. He was thicker than Dean, and practically dwarfed Colin. She imagined being wrapped around his girth, so full, and her cunt twitched in pleasure. “You fuck me until I can’t move, until I’m just a mindless moaning slut. Then the next day you make me beg for your cock, for you to touch me, to let me cum. And you realize that I’d do anything.” As if to emphasize that point, she took off her bra.

“Anything?” Harry asked huskily, shamelessly admiring her breasts. He advanced on her, so that they were not more than a foot apart. Demelza swore she could feel his body heat.

“Yes sir.” Demelza moaned.

“Well then.” Harry murmured “Take off your panties and masturbate for me.”

Demelza immediately obeyed. Her soaked panties fell to the floor, and her fingers began working at her pussy. Even as she rubbed frantically at herself, Harry kept a steady pace, only slowly building up speed.

Her knees felt weak. She wasn’t used to masturbating standing up, but something told her Harry wanted her where she was. Her fingers fondled her clit, that swollen, sensitive button that compelled her to do more- open her legs up just a bit, jut out her chest for Harry, and of course, keep rubbing.

She was whimpering when Harry interrupted. “If you cum now, I’ll stop.”

Demelza froze “What!”?
“Your reward is a nice masturbation session between us. Ginny’s in the other room. If you finish before I do, she’d be happy to take care of me.” Harry explained. Demelza felt equal parts frustration, arousal, and admiration at Harry’s demand.

“Understood sir.” And she started stroking herself again. Slowly.

“Good girl.” Harry smiled, and Demelza shook, her knees nearly giving out. Damn, she’d almost cum right then. She took a deep, shuddering breath, and centered herself. She’d edged herself before, many times- keeping herself at that plateau as she eagerly read on to the next scene in her books.

But this wasn’t fair. Harry was so close. She could smell him, practically taste him. His cock was mere inches from her. A drop a precum leaked from him, and Demelza had to fight the urge to bring her mouth to it.

But that did mean that he was getting close, right? Maybe she could encourage him…

“I’ll always be your good girl, Captain.” She purred. Her hands began travelling across her body, emphasizing her curves, her hips “My body is all yours, if you want it. This mouth.” She licked her lips “This pussy.” She exaggeratedly plunged two fingers into her cunt. “These tits.” Her hands cupped her breasts, pushing them outward slightly as she pushed her chest out.

“Dem.” Harry moaned, and internally Demelza celebrated.

“All yours. To fuck. To touch. To look at…” One of her hands went back to stroking her pussy, while the other continued teasing her nipple. “I have shirts, that when I lean over, you can look right at my tits. I don’t even have to wear a bra. Or panties. You could just reach under the table any time and touch my pussy. Would you like that, Captain?”

Harry wasn’t holding back anymore. His hand flew up and down his shaft, and he was grunting and groaning roughly with each stroke. Demelza was thankful, because her dirty talk was turning her on too. She didn’t know how she held off from cuming, with Harry losing control right in front of her.

“U-u-uhh.” Demelza struggled to find something else to say. Her mouth latched onto the object dominating her attention “Your cock.” She whimpered. Merlin, she couldn’t afford to cum yet. She had to hold off just a bit longer. “It’s so sexy.” She moaned “Thank you for letting me see it.”

“Dem!” Harry moaned, his will finally breaking. Demelza could see his cock throbbing against his hand, working to pump out his seed. He shot his essence out in a violent burst that splattered across her stomach, breasts, and her cheek. She screamed and fell to her knees, fingers pressing down roughly on her clit.

She was kneeling before him, her knees splayed and her chest and head thrown back like she was an offering in a ritual. Another string of cum landed on her face, this time falling on her chin and lips, and dripping down her neck. His cum felt hot and sticky on her skin, but more present than that in her mind was the smell. Her nostrils were flooded with the musky scent of his semen.

A third pulse fell onto her shoulders and chest, and the rest Harry let dribble onto her breasts. Demelza’s orgasm continued long after Harry’s was finished. The girl moaned unashamedly as her body reacted to the pleasure running through her. Her thighs were coated with her arousal, and her upper body was covered in Harry’s cum.
Harry calmly gathered his clothes as Demelza came down from her high. “U-uh.” She breathed “Wow.”

Harry smiled, and broke character slightly “Yeah. That was really hot.”

“Thank you, sir.” Demelza giggled “How should I clean myself up, Captain?”

Harry paused at that, his cock twitching suddenly back to life “However you like.”

Chapter End Notes

So we have the first (but most certainly not the last) threesome. I like the idea of the girls 'ganging up' on Harry- don't doubt I'll be coming back to that idea when they bring more into the fold. Also, we're starting to see a bit of what Katie brings to the table. Overall, I'm quite pleased with this chapter.

Let me know what you guys think!
Tuesday would be just as pleasurable for Harry as Monday had been. A quickie with Ginny before breakfast, and another in mid-morning. ‘Quickies’ between the two of them amounted Harry sheathing himself inside of her while they were fully linked, and them both instantly cuming, so it literally took less than a minute. They’d found that they could keep themselves focused on class and their studies so long as they kept the link distant and ‘relieved’ themselves. As soon as one of them got turned on, it was a vicious cycle that left them both unbearably horny.

Harry was surprised when Hermione decided to partner with Pavarti in Charms class. Harry considered Ginny’s suspicions, but decided to address them later. Ron was obviously not an option, and had partnered with Lavender, Neville was with Hannah, Harry met Susan’s eye. The blonde smiled brightly, and the two of them found a table together.

Hermione’s behavior towards Harry had changed dramatically since they’d started having sex. It wasn’t so obvious to Harry, who was somewhat oblivious about these things, but Ginny could see. She could see how Hermione tensed when Harry approached her and how her eyes would follow him as he walked. She saw how Hermione seemed to hang onto his every word now. She was infatuated.

Really? Harry was skeptical.

Ginny called to mind several memories to help her case. Last night, when Harry and Ginny had gotten into a conversation with Katie about the upcoming quidditch match against Ravenclaw (their final match for the season, and one that would determine if they won the Quidditch Cup). Normally, Hermione would tune out these sorts of discussions, but this time Hermione had listened with seemingly rapt attention as Harry analyzed the Ravenclaw team—laughing at every line he dropped.

Ginny hadn’t been the only one who had noticed. Ron couldn’t seem to stand any interaction between them and made a point of aggressively ignoring them. Katie had also noticed. The athletic brunette had taken to sitting with them more often once Demelza had joined their clique, and had after observing how Ginny, Hermione, and Demzla interacted with him had cuffed him good-naturedly and teased him about becoming a ladies man.

Ginny had a point, Harry realized. Of course I do. Harry didn’t notice it at the time- of course you didn’t. But it was somewhat obvious in hindsight.

Am I treating Hermione any differently? Harry asked her.

Ginny thought on it. It wasn’t as obvious, because Harry was already quite considerate to her, but she did spot some slight tells. You told her she looked lovely this morning, and there were a few times where you looked quite besotted with her.

Ah. That was a little out of character of him. He’d even been nervous about complimenting Ginny’s appearance for fear of making her uncomfortable before she’d disabused him of that ridiculous notion.

“Kind of surprising to see the golden trio working separately.” Susan noted.
“Yeah it is.” Harry agreed.

“Ron’s being a prat again?” She guessed.

Harry sighed, he didn’t want to reveal the real reason why Ron was ignoring him, but he also didn’t want to talk badly about him.

“Oh, I see.” Susan realized.

“What? What do you see?” Harry was confused.

“Oh. I’m just guessing that Ron might not be happy about a certain arrangement that you neither confirm nor deny is happening,” Susan remarked flippantly.

*That is shockingly close to the mark.* Ginny commented. The girl was ridiculously savvy. When Harry had broached the topic of Katie’s dating life, Susan smirked. “I’m sure that this is perfectly innocent curiosity.” She had teased him. Harry felt a fluttering in his stomach at Susan’s indulgent grin.

“Of course.” He managed “You know me, perfectly innocent and all.”

Susan giggled, and again Harry’s stomach fluttered. “Well, since you’re so innocent, I don’t feel too bad about telling you that Katie and Connor were just a fling. I’m pretty sure she’s not interested in anything long term at the moment.”

*Wait, so she was just shagging him?* Ginny seemed… impressed. *In that case, I think you’re in luck. I’d bet she’d jump at the opportunity to get on our seeker’s D.*

Something wasn’t quite right with that, Harry thought. *Except we’re not looking for a shag, we’re looking for a real connection.*

*And a shag.*

*Err, right. But my point is, if she doesn’t want anything serious... it isn’t going to work.*

*We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it, Harry.*

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Harry joined Hermione in a study session after lunch, and he got his answer about her behavior in class. Hermione help out or a few minutes while they studied in silence, before her willpower broke.

“Harry, I don’t think I can focus properly with you… like that.” She gestured towards him.

“Like what?” Harry asked.

Hermione was blushing deeply. “Just. Being there. You distract me.”

“Is that why you didn’t partner with me in Charms?” Harry asked.

“Well, it’s more than just that.” She elaborated “When you do magic, or err engage in sexual activity, I can feel it.”

“My magic?”
“Yes. And it’s very distracting. I didn’t want to have to deal with that while practicing spells.”

“Do you think if we had sex, it would help you refocus?” Harry asked plainly, placing a hand on Hermione’s knee.

“Maybe. It’s worth a shot.” If Hermione was being honest with herself, it hadn’t actually worked yesterday. Somehow, she’d left just as keyed up as before, even though she’d orgasmed magnificently. Hermione’s eyes locked with his, and Harry could see her desire, a mirror of his own.

He favored her a crooked smile. “Well, what are we waiting for?”

Hermione tackled him as soon as they were in the study lounge, her lips latching onto his, and her body molding against him. Harry met her with equal vigor. He pushed her back so that she was pinned to the wall and began kissing down her neck. Hermione obliged, wrapping her legs around his waist and undulating her hips against his.

“Oh yes.” She moaned. “Oh god yes.”

Mmmmh, fuck.

Ginny, are you masturbating? In class?

In fact, she was. Her fingers were wound under her panties rubbing up and down her slit. She didn’t appear to be trying to cum, just teasing herself. For now at least.

No one can see it. Except Demelza, but she’s sort of with us, so she won’t tell. It’s under the desk, and I have a notice me not and silencing charm cast.

On your pussy? Harry asked dryly.

Besides, its history of magic, no one cares.

Harry was drawn for their conversation by Hermione, who’d begun ripping his shirt open. Hmm, that gave him an idea.

He spun them around and let Hermione down on top of the desk. She stood to rejoin him, but Harry held up his wand. “Exui vestes.”

“What?” Hermione questioned the unfamiliar spell, but it quickly became clear what its function was. One by one Hermione’s clothes began to remove themselves from her body. Knots were unknit, buttons undone, and fabric removed. It was a slow methodical process, one that could have easily been stopped before it began by a finite.

Hermione softly moaned as Harry’s magic softly caressed her body. It coiled around her, warm and gentle as it flowed over her. Her jaw went slack, goosebumps rose across her body, and Hermione felt like she’d melt.

Harry took the opportunity to undress himself, enjoying the show that his spell had created. His eyes kept returning to her breasts, when her uniform shirt had been removed, and particularly when her bra came off. Harry couldn’t help but bring his hands to her breasts, cupping and stroking the supple flesh.

You love groping those massive tits, don’t you Harry? Ginny purred. Admit it, you’re can’t
get enough of them.

You seemed to be a tad obsessed with them yourself, Gin. Harry bantered.

Only because of you! Ginny asserted. I’m obsessed with how you feel about them. How your cock just tingled when her bra came off. How you sneak looks at her chest from time to time, even though you feel guilty, you just can’t help it. How you’ve been doing that since third year.

She had him pegged alright. Did you ever doubt that? Ginny teased.

Harry was once again drawn from their conversation by Hermione, who’d notice his prolonged attention to her breasts. “Do you like them, Harry?” She asked.

“Yes.” Harry hummed “Very much so.”

“More than Ginny’s?”

Instantly, both Harry and Ginny knew the answer. Harry loved Ginny’s breasts, they were so incredibly sexy to him, just as the rest of her body was. But they couldn’t captivate Harry the way Hermione’s could. Hermione seemed to know it too, if her somewhat cocky look was anything to go by.

“Yes.” Harry groaned. The admission sparked an intense wave of arousal in Ginny. The redhead doubled over and let out a squeak, as she almost came. Demelza began coughing loudly, attempting to cover for her. Luckily, her notice me not charm seemed to be holding.

Hermione seemed to be just as pleased, if her smirk was anything to go by. She’d spent so much of her life doubting herself. Doubting that any bloke would be interested in a plain bookworm. Doubting that either of her friends would notice that she was actually a girl. Doubting that she had what it took to bond to Harry as Ginny had.

All of those doubts had been annihilated quite spectacularly as she and Harry had begun their sexual relationship. She had found herself doing things… saying things, that she never could have imagined herself doing before. How brazen had she been the other day? They had been walked in on by Ron, and so soon afterwards she had returned to the same room, stripped, and waiting to spring a threesome on Harry?

Some of it was that she was so… so horny she couldn’t help it. But she knew that part of the change was her, the insecurities that had been holding her back were gone now. She felt… free. She could do whatever so wanted. She could do anything.

“How about you take that penis of yours” Her hand gripped his shaft assertively “And fuck me.”

Harry moaned. “Oh ‘Mione. I- fuck.” She’d turned the tables on him. Unless…

Harry grabbed his wand. “Protection.” He reminded her. “Fertilis praesidium.”

“O-o-o-o-ooooh.” Hermione whimpered. Harry had aimed the spell roughly at her clitoris and instead of feeling somewhat cool as the spell normally did, his magic ran through her clit like and electric current. The spell circled around her channel, winding upwards before splitting into two and pooling deep within her.

Hermione’s knees buckled and she staggered to the floor. With effort, she used the desk for leverage to prop herself back up. Her eyes were dark, she was shaking with desire and her chest
heaved from her heavy breathing.

Harry didn’t notice the wand in her hand until it was too late. “Expelliarmus! Incarcerous!”

Harry flew back into the bed, his wand clattering to the floor. Moments later ropes bound his hands and feet. “Hermione!” Harry squawked irately.

His cock was bobbing from the force of her disarming spell, and Hermione couldn’t resist taking it in her hand. His breath caught, and the rebellion in Harry’s eyes immediately disappeared as she her hand closed around his shaft. He looked up into her eyes as was taken aback by what he saw- pure animalistic lust. She was looking at him like he was a piece of meat, her hair was wild, and her chest was still heaving.

Without any further warning, Hermione mounted him. She didn’t hesitate to slam her hips down on him, sheathing him within her in one stroke. The brunette let out a low, satisfied groan “Ooooooh yes. That’s what I needed.” She set a hard rhythm, bring her hips up to jerk them back downwards roughly. Their skin made a soft smacking noise as she slammed her body against his, and she was letting out moans and huffs of exertion.

Harry’s attention was immediately drawn to her breasts, which jiggled with each of her thrusts. “You’re a fucking bastard Harry.” Hermione moaned “You- uh huh- you fucking tease. When a witch asks you to fuck her you should just do it– uhhng oh - not tease her, again.”

“Duly noted.” Harry moaned. “I shouldn’t have teased you. I just wanted to-”

“Drive me crazy!” Hermione finished. “Well you’ve been driving me crazy this entire week! And its not fucking- oh, oh FUCK!” She shoved herself down on him violently as she came, and her inner walls gripped him insistently with each withdrawal. Her profanity was such an insane turn on to Harry. Knowing that he had driven her to speaking so foully… Harry couldn’t help it, he was cumming too.

“Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! FUCK!” Hermione cursed in time with the waves of Harry’s orgasm. With each pump from his cock, her voice grew more high pitched, until Harry’s orgasm ran dry.

His cock continued to twitch weakly inside of her as he softened. “Oh no you don’t.” Hermione purred “Ginny!”

The redhead didn’t need any further prompting. She was fingering herself in… a broom cupboard now? How had she gotten there? Regardless, as soon as he linked up fully with Ginny, his cock re-awakened.

Hermione went back to work, and if anything, she was even wilder. She was looking down at him now, ogling his body even as she continued to rant to him. “I used to look down on people, who -huh- were really into sex.” She grunted. “Last year, Lavender and Pavarti were- uhhng- talking about what your cock might look like. I thought they were so small minded.”

“But you made me a-aah- fucking hypocrite!” She seethed. “I can’t stop thinking about your -fuck!- cock! Or the rest of you!” Her thrusting was speeding up again as her voice got more heated. “I think about you when I’m studying. I think about you in class. I- fuck fuck fuck fuckfuckfuckfuck!”

Hermione came again, but she didn’t even pause. She continued to take her sexual frustration out on Harry. Her arousal was leaking onto him, coating his thighs and abdomen. “Harry. You’re going to cum in me again.” She told him. “I can feel it, building in your c-ooooock.”
“Yeah.” Harry moaned.

Finally, Hermione noticed his gaze, her hands went up to cup her breasts. “How long have you -uh- noticed my breasts, Harry?”

“Since third year.” He grunted “You fell in the lake. You were wearing a T-shirt. It clung to your body.”

“If I had taken you-uhhng- to an abandoned classroom -oh- and showed them to you, what would you have done?”

“Anything you wanted.” Harry said earnestly.

Hermione’s movements had become erratic again, her hands were now gripping his chest for leverage. Harry was getting close, but he wasn’t quite ready, and she knew it. “You’re going to cum in me Harry. Come on! Fucking cum in me! Fill my pussy up with your seed! Cum in me! Cu-uuuuh! OOOOOOH!”

Harry tipped over the edge just as Hermione did, and the synchronicity of their orgasms propelled her even further. “YES! Fucking cum! CUM! Cum in me!” She shouted, rutting against him aggressively. Her nails dug into his chest as her entire body was clenched in rhythm. It seemed to never end, Harry’s magic acting as fuel to the fire within her.

When she finally came down, her body slumped, exhaustion catching up to her. Panting heavily, she settled into bed, cuddled into Harry’s side.

“Errr ‘Mione, would you mind untying me?” Harry asked.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped “Sorry! Of course.” She grabbed her wand and reversed her binding spell. “Are you okay?”


“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to… I just lost control.” She apologized, trying to not get worked up again by feeling his body against her, his strong arms wrapping securely around her.

“Don’t be sorry. That was so hot.” He told her. “You are so sexy.”

Hermione blushed, and she could feel parts of her awakening again. Calm down Hermione, isn’t orgasming three times enough for you? She told herself, but then realized No. She was done feeling ashamed of what she wanted, of feeling insecure about her body.

“Harry.” She purred, rubbing her body against his. She reached for his shaft, and finding it still hard. “I want more. I just can’t get enough.”

Harry got on his knees, kneeling above her. “Let me take care of you.” He murmured. He kissed up her thigh, then inwards, closer and closer to her core.

“Oh please.” She whined “I-that sounds lovely, but I really just want your cock.”

“Trust me.” He told her softly “I have a hunch.” And with that his he began to worship her. His tongue dragged up and down her slit, avoiding her clit.

“Ooooh. Harry. Are you sure? Is there anything I can do for you?”

Harry paused, and looked up at her. “Talk to me. Uh, tell me about the last fantasy you had
about me, or something.” Dirty talk. Hermione realized.

Harry resumed his attentions, kissing and licking at her softly, while still avoiding her clit. “Uhhh, so it was when I was in the shower this morning.” She began.

“And I’d thought what it’d be like if we could take a shower together. Oh my god please.” His tongue had just grazed her clit, the bolt of pleasure it caused momentarily overwhelmed her. She wasn’t going to last long, Hermione realized.

“A-uhh.” She fumbled “And I thought- thought of us, we were uh oh AH!” His lips were now caressing her clit, and then he began to suck down on it gently. “OH! AH! HARRY!” He withdrew, leaving Hermione frustrated and panting.

“Continue.” Harry said, and Hermione realized his game. He wanted to see how long she could remain coherent.

Harry went back down on her, kissing along her slit, before returning to that sensitive nub. “We were-” Hermione tried, her voice straining “We were-oooooh- helping each other clean. I was stroking your chest, and your abs, and your cock!” She gasped. In desperation, Hermione twined her fingers through Harry’s hair, pushing him into her. At the same time, she bucked her hips, grinding her core against his mouth.

Her orgasm tore through her, not as strong as her last three, but still overwhelming enough to make her cry out. “OH! Yes! YES! Yes HARRY!” as she ground her pussy against his face, spreading her arousal over his lips, nose, chin, and cheeks.

Harry maintained steady suction on Hermione’s clit until she collapsed into the bed limply. Then he started over, licking and kissing around her pussy and at her slit, warming her up again.

Haltingly, Hermione continued her story. She described how their hands travelled across each other’s body’s. How he massaged her breasts, how she felt up his bum, how he stroked her pussy. Then she told him how she imagined them having sex, he’d bend her over, she’d find purchase against the wall, and he would pound into her until they both came.

It took considerably longer for her to find her peak this time, and by the time she was finished, she was close and getting desperate. Hermione struggled for something else to say. “Oh Harry! Your mouth feels so good on my clit! It feels- it feel fucking perfect!” She moaned unabashedly “Is this how blowjobs feel for you?”

Harry pulled his head up, and Hermione nearly sobbed in want at the denial, until he quickly rectified the situation by bringing a finger to her clit, rubbing it idly. Hermione felt like she’d been put on pause “Well, blowjobs feel better for me than oral does for Ginny, but then again she isn’t the biggest fan of oral.” He lowered himself back down, and his lips and tongue were back to manipulating her clit.

In that moment Hermione couldn’t believe anything felt better than what Harry was doing to her right now, except for of course that moment when Harry came inside of her. She was suddenly very much looking forward to sharing physical sensations with him.

Somehow Harry knew exactly how to bring her to the edge, he knew how much pressure or suction to give her, how fast or slow to go. Hermione found herself careening towards orgasm. Her hands once again gripped his hair as she humped his face. This was it, she was so close, so close… “HARRYYY!”
Dumbledore was not sure what to make of Harry Potter. When the boy had blatantly refused to promise to not pursue the ritual, Dumbledore could only assume that he was planning on following through with it—sooner or later.

It was possible that they weren’t planning on conducting the ritual in the near term. After all, it was a large step for a young couple to take, and there wasn’t much point to performing the ritual unless they were confident that they had all seven willing partners.

Dumbledore had noticed that the room of requirement had become a common meeting place for Harry and his friends. It was by far the best, and quite possibly only place in the castle where they could safely conduct the bonding ritual. However, the wards he had placed there did not trip on the night of the new moon.

Harry and Ginny frequently sought out private time together throughout the day, but that was consistent with Harry’s admission that he and Ginny were embracing their relationship while they had the time.

Their weekly meeting the Tuesday following the new moon did not shed much light on the situation. Harry didn’t bat an eye when asked about the ritual, but also didn’t budge on his position from last week. Dumbledore was tempted to look deeper into his mind than just the stray thoughts he could pick up passively, but didn’t want to further alienate the boy. Not having his cooperation would make things… quite difficult.

Legally, he could prevent Harry from conducting the ritual. He was a minor on the property of the school. The problem was that sexual magics were, on the whole, fully illegal in Britain. Any official action would obligate him to inform the ministry. That would lead to slander the name of the Wizarding World’s savior and potentially put him in Ministry custody and out of Dumbledore’s control. He doubted that the violation would land Harry in Azkaban, or result in any true punishment. In fact, he suspected the Scrimgeour would happily push Harry to be involved in the war effort as much as possible, which Dumbledore imagined Harry would see as a positive, if anything.

Even worse, Tom might be able to piece together the publicly available information and glean that they knew about his horcruxes, and possibly even that he had inadvertently made Harry into one. Frankly, that would be a disaster.

No, he needed to handle this discreetly, certainly not through official channels. If he couldn’t convince Harry to give up on this path, then… other measures would have to be taken. He was acutely aware, however, that he had a narrow window of opportunity. Harry would have much more freedom once he was of age, and it would be nearly impossible to act while he was in school and surrounded by friends— not without raising alarm and alerting the Ministry and Tom that something was afoot.

So it was when he was with his aunt and uncle, when Harry was isolated from his friends and the world at large, where it would be easiest to force the boy’s hand. A plan had already formed in his mind, one he hoped he wouldn’t need to put into action. He’d need the cooperation from the order—though the few people who knew about this, the better. Severus was the best option—he had nearly unparalleled skill with the mind magics, and Dumbledore no doubt he would leap at this opportunity.

Dumbledore frowned and shook his head nearly imperceptibly, he hoped it would not come to that.
I know what you're wondering. Where's Luna?

Never fear! She will be the 'star' of the next chapter. I really just wanted to focus on Harry and Hermione's dynamic before bringing Luna into the fold.

By the way, it has come to my attention that I did not mention this in the story- Dumbledore isn't dying like he was in canon.

Anyway, let me know what you think!
“It worked, by the way” Hermione blurted out.

The next day, Harry, Hermione, Ginny, and Luna secluded themselves in a corner of the library. A muffliato ensured they wouldn’t be overheard, and the four of them piled up textbooks and notes to make it appear they were busy.

“What worked?” Luna asked.

Hermione blushed, but Ginny answered for her. “Hermione was getting distracted by Harry’s magic. Harry ate Hermione out yesterday, which seems to have helped her focus.”

It had though. Hermione was feeling much more like herself. It was like a fog had been lifted, and she could finally think clearly. Her attraction to Harry was still there, but it was no longer intruding on her every thought.

It was clear to her now, what had happened. When her body absorbed his magic, it didn’t go away, at least not completely. It was running in her veins, distracting her, enticing her, heating her up. Orgasms were a way to ‘vent’ that excess magic, but if she got that release from having sex with Harry and he came in her… well that was counterproductive.

Despite her relief at being back to normal, part of her missed it. Okay, a lot of her missed it. Now that it was gone, she could feel the loss. Yes, she’d been distracted, but she also felt so vibrant. It was like coming back to the muggle world for Christmas in her first year after spending those first few months at Hogwarts. Yes, it was nice to return to normalcy, but…

She wanted it.

She missed the rush in her veins. The spark of power in her that now realized had been boosting her spells. While the constant want had been frustrating, she realized now that being kept on the edge like that made her feel alive. The truly frustrating thing about her situation was that she had just come to accept that her sexuality wasn’t just okay, it was amazing and powerful—something to be embraced.

In comparison, now she felt almost dull, sedated.

“It is very interesting how Harry’s magic interacts with mine.” Hermione said, moving on from her train of thought “I feel like something like this should have turned up in my reading on bonds, but the most I’d found was that some people were able to share each other’s magic, no mention of any… side effects.”

“You know wizards.” Ginny scoffed “Most of wizarding society is very repressed when it comes to sex. Our generation seems to be better about it, but you’d be surprised at how some of our pureblood classmates view sex.”

“I’m guessing that’s why birth rates are so low.” Hermione mused.

“Huh?” This was news to Harry, though it faintly tickled something in the back of Ginny’s mind.
“The wizarding population has been in decline for centuries.” Hermione explained “Just look at how expansive Hogwarts is. Do you really need this much space for some 300 students?” She asked rhetorically.

“Its just, well, the Weasleys.” Harry mentioned.

Hermione chuckled “The Weasleys are a bit of an outlier. I guess they take a more liberal view?”

“Hardly.” Ginny snorted “When mum gave me the talk, she guilt-tripped me to high heaven about waiting for marriage. I guess they’re fine with it within the bounds of matrimony, but I’d rather not think about that too hard.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, Ginny.” Luna told her “I’m glad that you decided to not listen to her.”

“Believe me, so am I.” Harry joked. Like, incredibly, insanely happy. He added mentally.

“So, when do you think that Harry and I can have sex?” Luna asked suddenly. Ginny sensed that she’d been waiting to say that the entire time, and had run out of patience in waiting for the right moment.

Harry decided it was best to just go with it. “Saturday?” He suggested “The room of requirement after lunch?”

Luna smiled brilliantly. “That sounds great!”

Harry couldn’t help but meet her smile with his own. Harry was constantly surprised by not so much her enthusiasm, but her complete lack of shame. She wasn’t embarrassed to admit that she was really looking forward to having sex with him. Similarly, she didn’t appear to mind revealing her insecurities.

“Would it be alright if Ginny’s there?” Luna asked, hesitantly.

Harry and Ginny’s eyes met briefly. “Sure.” They said simultaneously “But why?” Harry followed up.

Luna looked down. “I think it would be nice to have her around. In case I’m not good enough for you.”

Harry’s heart ached. He wished that he had a bond with her right now, so he could show her how he saw her.

Instead, he stood up. “C’mere” He murmured, before drawing Luna into a hug. “Luna, you will always be enough. Trust me. As long as we’re open and honest with each other, it will be fine. It will be more than fine. It’ll be brilliant.”

Luna returned the hug, and snuggled into his arms, letting out a soft sigh. “Thank you.” Her voice was muffled by his shirt “But it would still be nice to have someone experience, to help teach me. You know?”

“Whatever makes you comfortable.” Harry murmured. “And Luna? I- just wanted to say again how much this means to me.”

“You don’t need to.” Luna interjected “It’s quite obvious.”
“I suppose so, but humor me.” He grinned, before continuing more seriously. “Thank you. Thank you.” He repeated, his voice growing tender. “Not just for saving my life. But sharing this, yourself, with me. I promise I’ll do everything I can to make your first time spectacular. You deserve it.”

Hermione was beaming at Harry.

_You’re such a sweetheart, luv. Don’t change._

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_This is going to be so hot._

Harry couldn’t help but agree. Ginny now knew his body inside and out. She knew exactly how to pleasure him, every sensitive area, every kink, everything that made him tick. And she was about to teach Luna how to exploit that.

_You’re god damn right I am._

Luna was already in the room of requirement when they entered. ”Harry!” Her smile was both excited and nervous.

”Hey Luna.” Harry said warmly. ”You look lovely.”

”So do you.” Luna blushed. While both compliments were meant earnestly, neither of them had bothered to dress up for the occasion. They were both wearing casual clothes.

”Don’t mind me you two.” Ginny grinned slyly, taking a seat in an armchair off to the side.

Harry approached Luna, and drew her into a gentle kiss. Luna let out a soft whimper as their mouths melded together, and she pressed her body to his. He could feel the swell of her breasts against him and his erection was trapped against her abdomen.

They parted for breath. ”You’re hard.” She whined.

”Yeah.” Harry ”I want you.”

Luna kissed him, surging forward to catch his lips. She didn’t hold back, moaning deeply as she plundered his mouth with her tongue. She rubbed her body against his- her crotch against his thigh, his erection against her abdomen, her boobs against his upper body.

Harry, however, had the advantage of experience, and by the time he pulled back from their kiss, she was trembling against him. ”Harry.” She whimpered. Harry didn’t stop there, pulling off his shirt in one fluid motion. Luna’s normally wide eyes seemed to expand as she took him in. ”Wow. I- wow.” She raised a hand to touch him, but held it just away from his skin in hesitation.

”You can touch him.” Ginny encouraged. _I know you want to show her a good time, but you should let do this first. She needs the confidence boost._ Ginny told Harry.

That was all the encouragement Luna needed, and her hand was now trailing over his abs and chest. Harry sat back into a bed that the room had just provided and Luna followed, with her hands and with her mouth.

Almost reverently, she kissed his neck, his collarbone, his chest and abs. Occasionally, Ginny would help Luna out, mentioning spots where Harry was particularly sensitive. The girl
honied in on those spots, returning again and again until she drew a moan from Harry’s lips.

She hovered his hand over his erection “Can I?”

“God yes.”

Luna grabbed at his crotch, palming the outline his erection firmly. Harry let out a ragged moan, which seemed to spur the girl on. Her gaze locked onto his crotch as she continued to rub at his hardness.

Ginny too, had moaned at Luna’s touch, but she was trying to avoid touching herself. She wanted to be as immersed in Harry’s experience as possible.

Harry’s hands went to the back of her dress and unzipped her. Luna, pausing in her exploration, shrugged her shoulders to allow the top of her dress to fold downward. While Harry’s hands pulled the dress down her legs and to the floor, his eyes were taking in Luna’s body.

Luna looked down self-consciously, but Harry was quick to reassure her. “You are so sexy, Luna.” He breathed.

“Thank you. You are too. If I didn’t know better, I’d say that a weaselwort just bit me. But that can’t be because if it were I’d be overtaken by the sudden urge to dance, and frankly that couldn’t be further from my mind right now.”

“Luna.” Ginny interjected helpfully “Remember what I told you about compliments.”

Harry couldn’t help but remember when yesterday, Ginny had asked him for privacy while she talked to Luna. It’s a surprise. She had said. It took some willpower, but they’d managed to keep that particular conversation private.

Luna was looking up and down Harry’s body. “Harry. You are very, very, sexy. I’ve been imagining this ever since the Slug Club party, but somehow, the reality is even better.”

Did she rehearse that?

No. I just gave her some general advice.

Luna rejoined him, pressing her lips to his briefly. “I want to make you feel good.” She entreated, cupping his erection in her hand.

Let her.

“Oh, Luna. Whatever you want.”

Her hands worked to unbutton and unzip his pants, and Harry lifted his hips to help her pull them down. Luna briefly palmed his erection through his boxers, before she shucked them off as well.

“Oh Merlin.” She gasped. “It’s so big and thick and...” Almost as if in a trance, she grabbed the head of his shaft “And hard and warm.”

Harry gasped softly at the contact. Luna eyes were locked onto his cock as she moved her hand down his shaft. She quickly found that using two hands, knitting her fingers together, was more comfortable for her- allowing her to encircle Harry’s girth more easily. “Does that feel good?”
“Extremely.” Ginny moaned, as Harry breathed “Yes.”

Luna began to stroke him with both hands. She was entranced, her eyes never left his shaft, so focused she was on her task. She drank in every small noise that Harry made, even as Ginny moaned in the background, and had begun offering specific advice on exactly where to touch, how hard and fast to stroke.

Luna’s breathing had grown labored by the time that she spotted the glistening drop of precum perched on the tip of his shaft. Almost magnetically, her lips lowered to his tip. Her tongue extended to collect that bead of liquid, brushing against the sensitive head, which elicited a groan from both Harry and Ginny. Luna withdrew, and she let out an uncharacteristically low moan as she savored the taste. “Mmmmmm.”

“Was that cum?” She asked huskily.

“Yeah. Precum.” Harry answered. In her tentativeness, Luna had inadvertently been teasing him. There was an instinct in him to take her face and shove it down on his cock, but he squashed it. Luna deserved better.

“It tasted good.”

“I don’t want to pressure you, but if you want to do that again, that would be great.” Ginny prompted.

Luna’s face lit up in realization. “Oh. Of course.” Without hesitation, she kissed the swollen head of Harry’s cock again, and then took him in deeper. Her lips were wrapped around his cockhead, her tongue stroking the sensitive skin of his frenulum.

Harry looked down at Luna lovingly, cupping her face in his hands. “Oh Luna. That feels so good.” Luna was looking back up at him and in her eyes he found adoration and desire. She slowly took more of him within her mouth, her tongue swiping at every bit of skin it found.

It was overwhelming. Harry’s shaft was warm and throbbing in her mouth, it had a distinct taste and smell, musky and stronger than skin. She loved it. She wanted more. Her jaw was being stretched uncomfortably in the effort to take him, but she didn’t care. Luna rubbed her thighs together, attempting to quell the rising heat between her legs, but it only stoked it higher.

She bobbed up and down his shaft. Harry’s moans, at first soft and breathy, had become deeper and louder. The change had enflamed Luna, and she desperately wanted to know what he’d sound like when he came.

“Luna. I’m getting close.” Harry warned after not too long “I’m about to cum.” There was a desperation in Harry’s voice that Luna had never heard before. He was going to cum. The thought hit her like and electric bolt straight to her core. Luna’s intensified her movements, bobbing more vigorously and sucking more firmly.

Until Harry’s breath caught, and his shaft seemed to suddenly become even harder. “Luna!” Harry cried out. His cock twitched as the first string of semen was pumped into her mouth.

Luna’s body reacted viscerally to the feel and taste of him. She hadn’t even touched herself, but the tidal wave that was sweeping across her from her core was more powerful than anything she’d given herself while masturbating.

Luna moaned desperately around his cock and her fingers dug into his thighs as her body
quaked with the power of her orgasm. Harry’s cock pulsed, pumping load after load into her mouth. She drank from him like his semen was nectar, swallowing every load he pumped into her mouth and letting out muffled moans with each shot. The taste of him was so strong and potent, the feel of his cock trembling in her mouth so arousing, the knowledge that she was doing this to Harry so empowering.

All too soon, the bursts of cum became dribbles, which became dry twitches. Harry took his cock, dragging his thumb up his shaft and pushing out a final few drops of cum, which Luna drew into her mouth with determined suction.

Luna found that she really liked the idea of draining him dry. Of drawing every drop of cum from him until his cock could do nothing but twitch in her mouth. Her orgasm began to wind down after Harry’s finished, dampening from the equivalent to a volcanic eruption to a warm pulsing heat.

At that point, she realized that Ginny was still in the grips of her own orgasm. The redhead was gyrating wildly, using her grip on the arms of her chair as leverage buck her hips into the air.

“You came?” Harry asked, removing his cock from Luna’s mouth.

Luna smiled dreamily as she rested her head against Harry’s thigh. “That was wonderful.” She sighed “Do you think we could do that again?”

“Oh fuck yes, you can.” Ginny moaned. Luna’s hand went back to Harry’s shaft, but Harry resisted.

“No that I wouldn’t really enjoy another blowjob, but I’d really rather we actually have sex.” He told her. He kissed her gently, drawing back after a moment. “What do you say?”

“Yeah.” Luna breathed. “I’d like that.”

Harry picked her up and set her on the bed. That simple action, his protective embrace as he held her, the feel of his body against his skin, the tenderness in his eyes as he set her down, affected Luna profoundly. The fire between her legs was rekindled, and her entire body felt unbearably hot.

Her hand went to his cock, jerking him off within her limited range of motion at this angle. She really wanted him to cum again. She wanted to be able to watch him shoot. She wanted to feel his essence on her tongue, hot, sticky, with that strong pungent taste that still lingered in her mouth. Harry’s eyes glazed over at that first contact, but he refocused soon enough. He deftly undid her bra, tossing it aside as he gazed at her breasts. “Beautiful.” He crooned, caressing them.

It was all happening so fast, she could barely keep up. Harry was touching her breasts, teasing her nipples, and then he was kissing them, sucking her nipple into his mouth. His hands moved to exploring the rest of her body. He pulled down her panties, and then his fingers began to caress her slit- stroking and probing at her lower lips experimentally. “Tell me what feels good.” He murmured.

Whimper after whimper left her mouth as Harry’s touch set sparks racing across her body. This felt better than touching herself. It felt so much better than touching herself. She didn’t know how to handle the sensations he was eliciting in her. Harry used her pleasured noises to guide his ministrations. Luna writhed as Harry pumped her up higher and higher with nothing but his fingers. He leaned over to kiss her temple and asked her “Are you ready?”
“Please.” Luna’s legs were spread supplicantly, exposing her wet core to him.

Harry placed his cockhead at her entrance, rubbing it up and down teasingly. Luna whined, instinctively gyrating her hips slightly. Looking down at him, she couldn’t help but be somewhat daunted. His penis was so much thicker than she’d imagined it would be (not that she had much to go off of). In her explorations since Ginny had taught her to masturbate, penetrating herself with even two fingers felt like stretching it. Having that throbbing, veiny rod of flesh ready to penetrate her most sensitive area was more than a little intimidating.

Harry began to slowly push himself inside of her. Luna felt herself part for his cockhead, her flesh giving way for his hardness. Oh god, he’s big. Each centimeter his sank into her he stretched her, she felt so full, uncomfortably (but not painfully so), and he had only just begun to enter her.

Oh god, he’s big.

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“God. You’re tight.” Harry moaned. Penetrating Ginny and Hermione by themselves did not feel particularly different to Harry. Sure, the way they acted and responded made for completely different experiences, and when Ginny clenched her powerful core muscles around him it was fucking spectacular, but the physical act of penetrating them did not feel much different. But Luna was tight. Her inner walls clung to him like a vacuum seal, but she was so wet that even then he could practically glide into her if he wanted.

It was tempting to do that, the pound into Luna repeatedly until he filled her with his cum. Hell, the thought of that, along with the sensation of him entering her, had just triggered another orgasm from Ginny. But Harry could see the strained look on Luna’s face, and he knew he just couldn’t. With immense restraint, Harry continued to slowly enter her, watching for signs of distress.

“That’s a good thing, right?” Luna squeaked.

Harry laughed deeply “Yes. Fuck yes. It’s very good. Are you doing alright?”

He was mostly in her by now, and Luna was having a hard time paying attention to anything that wasn’t how his penis felt inside of her, how stretched and full she felt, how every centimeter he penetrated seemed to bring unexpected new feelings of discomfort and pleasure.

“Uh” Luna struggled “You’re big.” A part of Harry growled victoriously at Luna’s admission.

I love that part of you. Ginny crooned mentally You still keep it chained up too often.

“Its okay, Luna.” Harry told her “If you need me to stop or slow down, or anything. Please, please, tell me.”

But… I love that you’re so sweet too.

“No. Its’s okay. Keep going.” Luna insisted. Harry was now completely sheathed in her, and he relished in the sensation of it, her walls completely wrapped around him, so warm, tight, quivering. He withdrew, moaning at the feel of her cunt clinging to him as he left. Luna whined, feeling somehow empty without his Cock filling her.

But before he could completely leave her, Harry started pushing himself inwards again. Luna suddenly understood exactly how she could cum from this. Because all those some spots he’d touched on the first plunge lit up again in pleasure, even as the discomfort had decreased (though she felt every bit as impossibly full).
She remembered Ginny’s advice. *Talk to him, about how good he makes you feel, or how good he looks, or how good you want to make him feel, as long as you don’t talk about magical creatures, you should be fine.* “Y—you feel so big inside of me.” She moaned “You’re so thick. Like a cragglemelon.”

“A what?” Harry asked, as Ginny stifled a giggle “Never mind. I uh- *fuck*” He was slowly pistoning inside of her now. “You feel *so good*, Luna.” He rasped “If I went any faster than this, I’d blow so quickly.” His fingers came down to stroke at her clit.

Luna squealed. The feeling of him touching her clit was somehow amplified when his cock was buried in her, something about how he’d stretched her made the nub even *more* sensitive. Luna was gasping, trying to hold onto something, *anything*. She felt like she was overheating, like her brain was frying from the intensity of it. Because he was filling her *so much* and her clit—

“HARRYYYY!” She cried as she came. The pleasure was indescribably different than what she’d felt while touching herself, or even the orgasm she’d just had. If anything, her previous orgasm had been better, but there was something deeply satisfying at having a penis inside of her to clench against.

Harry continued his slow pace through her orgasm. The combination of the slowness of his movements and the fact that he’d just cum held him back, despite how *exquisitely* tight Luna was. Harry tried to continue after her orgasm, but a look of distress flashed across her face.

Harry pulled out. “Are you alright?”

“Yes!” Luna insisted, but backtracked under Harry’s firm stare “I’m a little sensitive, but that doesn’t mean…” She paused. “Its okay!” She got on her knees and took his cock, slick and shiny from her juices, in her hand. “I’ll take care of you.”

She practically rammed her mouth down on his cock, nearly gagging in the process. “*Luna!*” Harry cried, a mixture of pleasure and concern. The blonde continued undeterred. She looked up at him as she shoved her mouth up and down his cock, her eyes expressed an eagerness, nearly a desperation to please, but also a primal hunger.

The taste of herself on his cock, as if she had claimed him, triggered a flood of heat deep in her core. His hands went to her head, fingers weaving into her tangled hair. He didn’t force her, or even guide her movements, he was just holding her. “Luna! *God!* I’m close. I’m close.”

In the background, she heard Ginny chant. “Don’t stop. *Don’t fucking stop.* Please don’t fucking stop!”

Luna didn’t, and when Harry’s peak came his hands held her head still with only the top third of his shaft within her. So Luna sucked, *hard*. She sucked on his cock with such vicious intensity that Harry’s voice broke when he cried out her name.

His cock twitched in her mouth, and his essence spilled onto her tongue. And somehow, she was cumming again. She loved it. She loved feeling his cock spasm in her mouth, hers (for the moment) to control. She loved hearing the pleasure in his voice, she loved feeling the pressure from his hands increase as he lost control. She loved what his orgasm meant, that he desired her, that she could make him come undone. But most of all she loved his cum- the taste of it, the warmth of it, the consistency of it.

Harry moaned and shuddered as he emptied himself into her, and Luna eagerly drank from him. She milked every drop of cum from his cock as she rode her own orgasm out.
Across the room, Ginny writhed from her fourth? fifth? orgasm from doing nothing but experiencing Harry’s cock.

She couldn’t help but compare the experience to how her sex life had been before. Before she and Harry started having sex, four orgasms in a row would have been legendary, and they wouldn’t have been remotely as pleasurable as what she’d just experienced.

It was something to think about.

Chapter End Notes

Luna is an... interesting character to write. Unfortunately, I'm not confident in my ability to write things from her POV, since I'm pretty sure her thought process completely unlike the average person's.

Still, I think I got the insecurity she'd have and how she'd carry herself. She's not confident in herself in some areas, but she isn't defensive about it either. She just sort of accepts she has limitations and doesn't judge herself for it (even if those limitations were instilled in her by bullying). Meanwhile Harry is just super tender and careful with her, which is a dynamic that I love.

I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it! Let me know what you think!
“You sure this is safe?” Ginny asked. They were sitting in a grove of trees near the lake, not too far from her and Harry’s ‘spot’.

“Perimeter charms. Notice-me-not charm. Muffliato. And we have the Marauder’s map right here.” Hermione listed “The only person who’d be listening in is your boyfriend, Ginny.”

“Our boyfriend.” Ginny corrected. It had been a week since Harry and Luna’s first time, and two weeks since the night of pleasure he and Hermione had shared, yet it was easy to slip into old habits. The need to hide the extent of their relationship in public was surely at fault. Hermione and Luna were getting by on stolen private moments while Ginny had the freedom to be affectionate with Harry in public.

“That sounds lovely.” Luna beamed. “I’m so happy that we get to share Harry. I think I’m in love him.”

“The sex is good, isn’t it?” Ginny smirked knowingly. Luna had been even more taken with Harry after they’d had sex. She was completely smitten- if Harry asked her to jump, Luna would no doubt respond ‘How high?’.

“Yeah.” Luna smiled dreamily. “So good. When do you think Harry would want me to suck his cock again?”

Ginny cocked her head “Right now, actually.” Luna began to get up, prompting Ginny to follow up quickly with “But don’t go!”

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Oh, get off that high horse. You love it too.” Ginny sniped.

“Sorry.” Hermione apologized. “Old habits.”

“What’s your favorite part?” Luna asked her “I never would have guessed it, but I love it when he cums in my mouth. I love how he tastes, and feels, and how his cock throbs…” She trails off, seemingly lost in the fantasy.

Hermione blushed “This isn’t exactly what I wanted to talk about, but” She smiled shyly “I really love it when he cums in my… pussy, especially when he finish together. I guess you already sort of know, but I can sort of ‘feel’ magic, and Harry’s magic, when he cums…”

“Oh. Wow!” Luna said “That’s really interesting! It sounds like you have a gift.”

“I’ve been reading up on it. Apparently, some people are particularly sensitive to magic, and can sense it like I seem to be able to, but the book didn’t mention anything… sexual.”

“I doubt it would.” Ginny said offhandedly “Remember, sex magic is kind of forbidden. Wizards are prudes.”

“So what’s your favorite part of having sex with Harry.” Luna asked Ginny.
“Well, I kind of have an advantage. I can feel everything Harry feels, and Merlin.”

Hermione’s eyes lit up in interest “I’ve been very curious about that. So you think sex is better for Harry than for you?”

Ginny sighed “It’s sort of hard to tell, when his feelings are my feelings and vice versa. Everything sort of just blends together.”

“But…” Hermione prompted.

“My orgasms last for longer, and before we bonded it took longer for him to uh, recover. But his cock, it just feels so fucking good. It’s so satisfying to feel it get hard, to penetrate something, and uh, ejaculate.”

“Hm, it sounds like a lot of it is psychological” Hermione reasoned, Ginny just shrugged.

“So that’s why you came so much when Harry and I had sex.” Luna noted.

“Yeah.” Ginny smiled “That was sort of an experiment. I didn’t touch myself at all and just let myself feel what Harry felt.”

“I hope that I get linked to Harry like that.” Luna breathed “I can’t imagine how sex could feel better than it does now, but…”

“That’s something I wanted to talk about.” Hermione steered “I’ve been working out how this bonding process works, mechanistically.”

“Shouldn’t Harry be here for this?” Ginny asked.

“Isn’t he?” Hermione responded “I mean, tell me he isn’t listening. Really, this is to make people less suspicious.” By people, it was implicitly understood that she meant Dumbledore “Having Harry disappear with us might raise some eyebrows if we don’t mix it up a bit.”

Fair point. They thought together.

“Based on the arithmancy of the ritual, and how I set it up, there are five different properties of this bond, each corresponding with one of the runes in the ritual. Physical, emotional, intellectual, spiritual, magical.” Hermione paused, making sure they were following along.

“What does this actually mean?” Ginny asked.

“Well, most of it is pretty self-explanatory. The physical aspect means you feel what the other feels. Emotional means you can feel each other’s emotions. Intellectual is, well, telepathic communication. The magical aspect is something I’m still working on. We’ve already seen that you can lend each other magic, but I’m wondering if there’s more to it. I thought you might see an increase in each other’s magical core, but so far we haven’t really seen much of that.”

“I haven’t noticed a difference in Harry and Ginny’s Zimbeels, but that should be too surprising.” Luna added “It takes a long time for magical cores to grow. I’d imagine it’d be quite a shock to the system if it happened all at once.”

“Oh.” Hermione said “Uh, where did you see this?”

“All around Hogwarts. Everyone’s magic grows over time, but I usually only see the differences in Zimbeels when people come back from summer break.”
Hermione nodded uncertainly “Alright. Well, we’ll keep an eye out for that. The spiritual aspect of the bond is what has me at a loss. I don’t suppose you have any ideas Ginny?”

Ginny just shrugged “Nothing comes to mind.” Harry silently agreed. “What do you think it could be?”

“Well it sounds like it could be terribly esoteric. So I’m not convinced it’d be something obvious. I’m awfully curious though.”

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Hermione had been debating this with herself all week. Intellectually, she knew she probably shouldn’t indulge in this. Exams were right around the corner, and she needed every bit of focus she had to pass them.

Okay, that was a lie, she could pass them with her eyes closed, but she wanted to do more than just get an acceptable.

But… she’d already done her homework for the weekend. Just spending one day with his magic running through her couldn’t hurt, right? Besides, how was she supposed to understand something if she wasn’t going to let herself experience it?

She put aside the fact that she had decided not to go through with it before Harry had taken her aside into a broom cupboard and snogged her senseless. Her resolve broke at the way his body pressed against hers, including his erection, throbbing with magic against her hip. And when her lips latched onto his neck, she could feel his magic running through his veins. Between the two of them, they managed to get his shirt off, and Hermione could feel the hum of his magic just under his skin. She wanted to strip and press her bare skin against his, just so she could feel it.

She’d been ready to do whatever he wanted when Harry said “’Mione, we need to stop. Ginny says Seamus and Dean and looking for me.”

For a split second, Hermione was gripped by desperation. “No!”

“’Mione…” Harry entreated, but she denied him with an aggressive kiss. She brought her hand to his crotch and rubbed his erection through his pants.

“We could get caught.”

“I don’t care. Ginny can cover for us.” Hermione insisted as she unbuttoned his pants and shoved a hand down his boxers. She nearly moaned as her hand closed around his throbbing shaft.

“’Mione! What’s gotten into you!” Harry squawked. He hadn’t tried to stop her, however. In fact, his body was working with her, his hips twitching forward as she stroked him. She very much enjoyed seeing how he reacted to her against his own will.

“You did, Harry.” Hermione purred. “Don’t tell me you don’t enjoy this.” Her mouth descended on the head of his shaft. Harry let out a ragged moan as her mouth teased his head “Tell me you want this.”

“I do.” Harry admitted. Hermione took him completely within her mouth- her lips wrapped around the base of his shaft. Hermione couldn’t hold back her moan at the sensation of his cock, and his magic, throbbing in her mouth, and the vibrations from her moan reverberated through his shaft provoking a curse from Harry. “Fuck! I do!”
Her hands went to fondle his testicles. She noted again, how they seemed to burn with magic like hot coals, but also how soft and delicate they were. She brought her mouth downwards, kissing down his shaft, down to his balls. Hermione felt powerful like this. She was completely in control of his pleasure, with his most sensitive parts completely vulnerable to her.

She could practically taste his magic, it felt as if it churning and boiling within his testicles. She moaned, burying her head into his crotch as she caressed the delicate orbs with her lips and tongue. She focused on them one at a time, engulfing one into her mouth (moaning at her proximity to his magic) before moving onto the next. As she did this, she evenly stroked his shaft with one hand, using her saliva as lubrication. Periodically, Hermione would relubricate him by taking his cock back into her mouth, before letting it out with a pop.

Harry slumped against the wall, letting Hermione do what she would and letting the pleasure from her eager attention wash over him. His soft gasps turned to needy moans each time her mouth enveloped him. Each time she did so, her tongue would expertly swirl around his achingly sensitive head and frenulum. Then she’d go deeper until her nose was buried in his pubic hair and the entirety of his manhood was trapped in her mouth. As she withdrew, she applied suction, delighting in the way that it made Harry’s moans warble.

Sensing he was getting close and getting impatient, Hermione withdrew and quickly removed her blouse and bra, enjoying the glazed over look in Harry’s eyes. “Sit.” She told him, using the same tone of voice she would when cajoling him into studying.

“’Mione” Harry moaned, feeling irrationally bad about not returning the favor for her blowjob. “What about you?” Hermione silenced him, quite effectively, by crouching over him and heaving one of her breasts into his face, specifically his mouth. Harry, almost reflexively, began to lick and suck on her tit.

“Harry. You’re sweet.” Hermione said warmly “But once you cum inside of me, I will too.” Of course, Harry couldn’t respond because as she said this she was insistently pressing her breasts against his mouth. Meanwhile, she’d reached down with her hand to grab his cock, and was now circling his frenulum with her thumb. Hermione was thrilled by Harry’s muffled moans. “You know, if you stopped fighting it and just let go, this would all go easier.” She chided. “But I know you Harry. You’re stubborn. You wouldn’t just give your cum to me. You’re going to make me take it.”

With that, Hermione plunged herself onto him, sheathing his shaft entirely within her in one stroke. Her breasts swung from Harry’s mouth, but Harry quickly cupped them with his hands, teasing her nipples with his fingers.

They both moaned unabashedly at the rush of sensation, but Hermione in particular was deeply affected, perhaps in part because she’d hadn’t been intimate with him for several days. She had felt in control, up until when she rammed herself onto Harry’s penis. It wasn’t until then that she realized just how aroused- how dripping wet and aching- she had gotten from pleasuring him, and how quickly having his cock, throbbing with magical potency, inside of her could undo her.

She rested with his length fully sheathed within her as she struggled to master herself, and Harry picked up on the change. “I’m not sure if you’d like the results of I ‘let go’” Harry growled “Actually, I think you rather would.”

His meaning was clear. Hermione had more or less pieced together the rest of her and Harry’s first night together. How he had carried her, nearly comatose from exhaustion, covered and dripping with drool, sweat, and sexual fluids back to her dorm. Harry’s brilliantly green eyes bored into hers intensely, and Hermione suddenly felt out of her depth. She whimpered as his
intensity triggered an electric tingle that ran down her spine. Her body shuddered, including her core muscles, which fluttered around his cock.

“Are you going to move. Or shall I?” Harry asked.

Hermione began moving. Despite the fact that she was riding him, the power dynamic was completely different than what it was not even a minute ago. It wasn’t even that Harry had become aggressive. He seemed content to mostly just let her work, stroking and kissing her at every opportunity, but not trying to physically overpower her (though she knew he undoubtedly could).

Whimper after whimper left her mouth as she struggled to hold herself back. She could feel Harry’s magic, he was close to the edge which made it all the more difficult for her. His magic pulsed brilliantly with his heartbeat. It was most powerful in his cock, but Hermione could now also feel it more faintly throughout the rest of his body.

Hermione couldn’t best Harry’s iron will, which could stand up to even Voldemort’s imperious curse. Tears spilled onto her cheeks as she let another broken whimper loose- despite her best efforts, she was breaking. “Please!” She begged, though for what, she had no idea.

Harry wrapped her in his arms, pressing her into his bare chest. “It’s okay ‘Mione.” He crooned “Let go for me.”

She came, and as she tipped over the edge. She trembled in Harry’s arms and twitched around his cock, as if begging him to release himself into her, but Harry stayed firm. He silenced her whimpered please with a firm kiss, wiping her tears away tenderly as she fell apart for him.

As she came down, Hermione realized how warm and safe she felt in his arms. She felt… small, and vulnerable, and protected by him, his comforting strength and his magic. Still, she had been left wanting. “H-harry” She entreated, her previous bravado a mere memory “Please cum in me.”

“All you had to do was ask.” He told her, and promptly lifted her up. The ease at which he foisted her up and pinned her to the wall sent tingles down her spine. He could have done that at any point before. The only reason she’d been in control before was because he’d let her. Harry was usually so gentle and kind with his friends that it was easy to forget just how much stronger than her he was. His eyes shone with power, determination, and lust. Hermione shuddered, knowing that he was about ravage her.

All she could do was cling to him as he fucked her unrelentingly. Her hands gripping his shoulders and her legs wrapped around his waist, but beyond that she could do little more but moan and tremble as he pounded into her. She could tell he was reaching his breaking point, and she began begging him again. She wanted it. She craved it. She needed it.

He came. His magic poured into her, setting off an avalanche that would shake her psyche to its core.

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“I’m sorry that you and Ron haven’t made up yet.” Susan said sympathetically.

Harry looked up from his notes and gave her a wan smile “Yeah. It’s like the bloody Triwizard tournament again. He just gets so jealous. It’s frustrating.”

Susan’s expression turned pensive “He wasn’t the only one who was a prat about that.” She admitted “I should’ve spoken up, but…”
“You didn’t know me that well.” Harry assured, “I understand.”

Susan shook her head “It wasn’t that. I knew better! I knew I shouldn’t have worn that stupid badge. It’s just, everyone else in my house felt like you betrayed them, and I just couldn’t-no.” She corrected herself “Didn’t want to be at odds with everyone else.”

“Well, we can’t all be Gryffindors.” Harry teased lightly.

“Oh, shut up.” Susan grumbled “I’m trying to be serious.”

“And I’m trying to tell you that it’s all water under the bridge. After fifth year. I know I can trust you. Absolutely.” Harry responded.

“Does that mean that you’re going to tell me what’s going on with you, eventually?” Susan asked.

“Err, what do you mean?” Harry was a little concerned about where the conversation seemed to be headed. At least no one would over hear them, since he’d cast muffiato when they’d first started studying.

“Well for a few weeks there, you, Ginny, Hermione, and Ron were acting like you were going to a funeral. But then your mood turns around on a dime, and… well.” She struggled “You and Ginny and Demelza have that thing. And I’m not certain, but I think Hermione and Luna are in on it too.”

Harry’s jaw dropped. Wow, she’s giving Hermione a run or her money. Ginny commented.

“Am I at least close to the mark?”

“Well. Yes.” Harry admitted, which was followed by Susan slamming both hands on the table.

“No way. You and Ginny. And Demelza. And Hermione. And Luna?”

“There’s a very good reason, why we’re doing this.”

“Oh Merlin! It has something to do with You-know-who doesn’t it?”

“Voldemort.” Harry corrected. “And yes.”

“Wait. Is that what, this is?” Susan gasped in realization “You’re trying to induct me into whatever coven you’re forming.”

Harry gawked at her. You know, if she’d been friends with you, Ron, and Hermione earlier, I bet you guys would have figured out what was going on with Quirrell and… me a lot sooner.

“Well?”

Harry looked down “You’re right. I’m sorry.” He sighed “I can leave you alone, if you’d like.”

“I’m not upset, Harry.” Susan told him “At least not yet. Because I know you have a really, really good reason for doing this. Besides, there’s no way that you’d have Ginny and Hermione on board otherwise.”
For a split second, Harry was indecisive. He could leave Susan in the dark and hope that she put up with his secrecy. Or...

“You have to understand, Susan, this is incredibly important. You can’t tell this to anyone. Or talk about it anywhere without making certain you can’t be overheard.” Harry told her.

“You don’t have to tell me.” Susan said understandingly “I can trust you for now.”

“I trust you too, Susan. Which is why I’m willing to tell you now, if you’re up to it.”

“Up to it?”

“If I tell you this. You’re part of the war.”

“I already am, Harry. My aunt is dead. My entire family is. I put my lot in with you when I joined Dumbledore’s Army.” Susan’s eyes shone with sincerity.

“Alright, come with me.” Harry led her to the hidden study lounge, and after they’d gotten situated sitting next to each other on a couch, Harry began. “Well, first I should tell you that er, I am the chosen one.”

“Is that what the battle in the Department of Mysteries was about?”

“Yes. There’s a prophecy that basically says that one of us has to kill the other.” He decided to omit the part about the power he knows not, the information was still rather sensitive and not directly relevant. “But that’s not exactly the reason why we’re making this…”

“Coven.” Susan supplied.

Harry didn’t like the word, but he supposed it was better than pretty much any alternative.

_Harem._ Ginny suggested cheekily.

“So erm, Voldemort left a piece of his soul in me after he killed my parents.”

Susan paled. “What does that mean?”

“Well. He left pieces of his soul in a few other objects. They’re called horcruxes. Basically, he can’t be killed completely until every horcrux is destroyed. Including, well. Me.”

Susan eyed him shrewdly “But you’ve figured a way around that. I gather. A way that involves having sex with many witches.”

“Yeah.” Harry affirmed “Hermione figured it out. It’s a soul bonding ritual. If I do it seven times… well the Horcrux is destroyed and I get to live.”

Susan gaped at him.

“Yeah. It’s crazy. I know. My entire life is insane.”

“And you want me to help save your life.” Susan managed.

Harry sighed. “Yeah.”

“By bonding myself to you forever.”
Harry looked down, ashamed. Ginny was mentally shouting at him to shut up, but he knew he had to say this. “I know how this looks. It’s incredibly selfish and I wouldn’t blame you if you just walked away right now. But-” He sighed “If you did this, I would do everything in my power to make sure you were happy, and give you as much power over your life as possible. Even if you wanted to become involved with another man, I’d understand.”

Susan regarded Harry, who looked truly guilty and miserable. She’d promised herself to not stand by again when she could help. She’d promised herself that she would stand up for what’s right. She had promised Harry that he could trust her. But now her word was being put to the test. He was asking her to give her life to him, put aside every other possible path and tie herself to him. To save his life.

It was, at the heart of it, a simple choice.

Harry nearly jumped when he felt Susan’s fingers turn his chin upwards. They’d barely touched each other before this, aside from the occasional quick hug, but her touch was… intense. Grounding.

He looked up, and her eyes met his- shining with compassion. “Everyone deserves to be selfish every once in a while, Harry. You don’t have to guilty for trying not to die.’

“You mean…”

“Yes. I’ll do it. I’ll save you.”

“Thank you.”

“You’ve spent a long time being selfless, Harry” Susan steeled herself “I-I think it’s time that I be the selfless one for a change.”

“You mean…”

“Yes. I’ll do it. I’ll save you.”

“Thank you.”

“Hell, it’s not like I had my eyes on any blokes anyway. Well, I was kind of hoping that Ginny would be an idiot and dump you.” Susan joked.

_Fat chance of that._

“You were?” Harry blurted out in surprise.

_You’re so oblivious Harry._ Ginny teased. _Why did you think we put her name on the list?_

Susan rolled her eyes “Yeah.” She told him, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “You just never seemed interested.”

“It wasn’t that I wasn’t interested, it literally never occurred to me as an option.” Harry explained, before realizing that that might sound bad “I mean, it’s not that… you’re not. You’re lovely, Susan. It’s just that I’m oblivious when it comes to girls and can’t see what’s right in front of me. Just ask Ginny.”

Susan giggled. “Thanks? I guess. I’d hope that desperation isn’t the only reason you chose me.”

“It’s not!” Harry assured “Like I said- I trust you. I like spending time with you. You’re straight up brilliant and you can read me like a book. And…” Harry’s eyes flickered down Susan’s body briefly before returning to her face. She had noticed of course, and smirked slightly.
“You’re pretty easy on the eyes yourself, Harry.” She responded, blushing slightly. “So, this is a little weird. When would we need to start becoming intimate? You seemed to move pretty quickly with Hermione, Luna, and Demelza.”

“That’s entirely at your pace.” Harry told her “We need to make sure we have both an emotional and physical connection before we do the ritual anyway.” Harry paused thoughtfully. “Er, to be honest there’s a lot that I need to explain.”

Much later, after going through most of the details of the bonding process and their situation, Harry noticed that the two of them were much closer together than they had been. They’d sidled up to each other, and now their bodies were nearly pressed together.

Susan had noticed as well, by the way she was grinning up at him. “So we’re taking things at my pace, then?”

“Of course.” Harry told her “I’m not going to pressure you into anything.”

Susan shook her head smiling “Whatever I want?” She brought her hand to his cheek, turning his head toward her, and Harry (finally) realized what she was getting at.

“Whatever you want.” He vowed “So what is it that you want?”

“Kiss me.” Susan requested, and Harry obliged. Harry at this point was quite an experienced kisser, he’d perfected the short casual kisses that he and Ginny often shared in public and he knew too how to kiss a girl senseless, plundering her mouth, but perhaps his favorite was taking it slow and sensual. Susan melted into Harry as he kissed her deeply, molding their mouths together.

When he withdrew Susan appeared stunned. “Oh. Uh. Wow.”

Harry grinned, a tad cocky, but he didn’t have time to respond before Susan eagerly rejoined their lips. Harry savored every involuntary noise he was able to coax from her. He kissed down her neck and was rewarded by soft moan when he reached her collarbone.

“Okay. I can see why the others went so quickly with you.” Susan panted.

“Why?” Harry murmured into her ear.

Susan shivered in response to his voice, husky and seductive in her ear. “You’re good at this.” She admitted “Don’t stop.”

Harry didn’t. He kissed her again and again. His hands caressed her body, but didn’t journey anywhere inappropriate. Susan pulled herself up, so that she was sitting across Harry’s lap. There was no doubt that she felt his erection against her thigh.

“How far do you want to go?” Harry asked.

“How far do you want to go?” Susan countered.

“I said whatever you want. I figured that implied…”

Susan’s eyes lit up in excitement and desire. She wanted to, but there was hesitation as well. “Maybe a little further…” She said tentatively, as her fingers began to work the buttons of his uniform shirt.
Harry grinned in response, and he tipped her down onto the couch, so that he was above her. “Let me know when you want to stop.” Harry told her as he began to unbutton her own shirt. Susan giggled, they were both trying to unbutton the other’s shirt, which made the process even more difficult. “Okay, these things are annoying.”

Harry frowned, it was a bad job. *Just rip it off.* Ginny suggested.

It wasn’t a bad idea.

Susan squeaked as Harry pulled her shirt apart suddenly and several of her buttons popped off and onto the floor, but Susan couldn’t bring herself to worry. Because she suddenly felt incredibly hot, and vulnerable, and needy. Harry was looking at her now. His hungry gaze seemed to set her flesh aflame. “You’re lovely. *So sexy.*” He said under his breath.

She’d never thought of herself that way- sexy, desirable. She wasn’t bad looking in her own estimation- but rather plain. However, she couldn’t deny the way he was looking at her, or the desire in his voice. Susan’s fingers trembled as she attempted to undo the last of his buttons, until Harry’s firm hands took over. With her hands now free Susan ran them over his chest and torso, enjoying the feel of his solid muscles.

Merlin, he was a specimen. He had not an ounce of spare fat, instead sporting lean, defined muscle that suited him perfectly. She couldn’t help but think of how many girls would be envious of her right now. Getting intimate with the handsome, rich, famous hero who happened to be the wizarding world’s savior. Hell, she suspected that even the likes of Greengrass (heh, both of them) and Parkinson would love to bed the Chosen One, if only for bragging rights.

Susan couldn’t help but let out a laugh, because none of them would. None of them bothered to look behind the fame to see who Harry Potter really was. It had taken Susan five years, but someone like Romilda Vane might never.

“What’s funny?”

“Oh, just thinking about how many witches would kill to be in my position right now.”

“Really?” Harry asked, and bless his heart, he seemed genuine.

Susan laughed again. “C’were you doofus.” She said affectionately, pulling him down for another kiss. It was comforting, really. Despite the fact that he was building a coven, he wasn’t losing himself. She hadn’t expected to feel so at ease her first time being so intimate with someone- but she was. She felt warm and safe, and loved in his arms.

Harry grew bolder with his hands, caressing her thighs and moving upwards and inwards, hiking up her skirt as he did so. She felt unbearably hot, like a pot about to boil over, but nowhere more so than in her core. Harry’s hands ran up her inner thigh, right up to her crotch. Susan parted her legs for him, silently urging him onward, but he pulled back.

Then Susan realized, *he was taking his cues from her.* “Harry. I want more.”

“How much more?” Harry asked.

A few minutes ago, Susan wouldn’t have even imagined going all the way with Harry. Okay, she could definitely have imagined it, but she never thought she’d actually go through with it. She was the sole heir of an Ancient and Noble House, her Aunt had drilled into the responsibilities and expectations that were on her shoulders. True, she’d never cared much for those standards, or fitting into ‘high society’, preferring the sincere friendships she had with her
Her Aunt was probably rolling in her grave right now. Possibly her parents too. Having sexual relations before marriage? Forming a coven using sex magic? It was a scandal waiting to happen!

But she didn’t care. She knew what she was doing was right. Moreover, she couldn’t imagine not doing it! Harry was so warm, earnest, and loving. Not to mention he was unfairly sexy and undeniably talented in bed.

“All of it.” She moaned. “Give it to me.” Her hand went to his crotch, and both her heart and loins jolted at the feeling of the erection tenting his pants.

“As you wish.” Harry murmured. Without hesitation, he deftly undid her bra, and then sucked firmly on her breast, drawing the nipple into his mouth with delicious suction. Susan arched her back, instinctively pressing her chest into him, and moaned.

Harry wasn’t finished. He tugged Susan’s skirt down her legs and cupped her sex through the fabric of her panties. His simple touch sent an arc of lightning through her body. Susan could barely think- even her goal of unbuttoning Harry’s pants had been driven from her mind. She was held captive by his strong hands, in a thrall to his skillful mouth. She couldn’t help the incoherent noises she was making, or the way her hips were gyrating into Harry’s hand.

Harry pressed his hand more firmly against her core, a look of focus on his face as he memorized Susan’s response. “You ready?” He asked her.

“Yes!” Susan moaned immediately. After all, Harry could mean only one thing, right? They were about to have sex.

Her panties came off, revealing her swollen, wet slit to Harry. She was insecure at first, but that vanished as he stared at her with a look of pure hunger as he licked his lips. Susan couldn’t help the strangled moan. She was shaking with desire- he was looking at her like he was about to devour her!

Harry stood up, and Susan positioned herself for him- her legs were spread wide and her hips were turned upwards, so that her core was presented to him.

Harry’s tongue wetted his lips once again- and instead of taking off his pants as she’d thought he would, he instead knelt down in front of her.

Wha? Susan’s mind short circuited.

Those thoughts disappeared a moment later, when Harry’s lips met her lower lips. She would have been embarrassed by the moan that left her when his mouth made contact, but it didn’t seem to deter Harry. Susan was lost in the sensation, at the whim of Harry’s lips and tongue. She looked down at him, helplessly turned on by the sight of him devouring her pussy. At first, he probed at her folds experimentally, but he quickly caught on to what made her tick.

Harry wasn’t just willing to eat her out, he was enthusiastic. At one point he even moaned, just from licking and sucking at her slit. It provoked such a rush of pleasure in Susan that for a moment she was certain she was about to cum.

Instead, that intense surge of pleasure just fueled the fire within her. Harry’s mouth firmly yet tenderly pushed her higher and higher, and Susan had no idea where it ended. She’d touched herself before, even made herself cum, but never had it felt like this.
Moan after wanton moan escaped her lips. She was completely helpless and at Harry’s mercy- a slave to his talented, brilliant mouth. The heat within her was spiraling out of control, flaring higher and higher until it could no longer be contained. She was cumming, cumming like she never had before.

Harry was surprised at how long Susan’s orgasm was lasting. He made sure to maintain the suction on her clit while her convulsions lasted, but it must have been longer than a minute by now- something that was hard to achieve without a mental link.

Wow, you really did a number on her. Ginny commented admiringly. Harry felt her pride, and a touch of possessiveness, seep through their bond. He returned the mental equivalent of a shrug.

Only you could absolutely ruin a girl with your mouth and be so modest about it.

When Susan finally calmed, Harry sat on the couch beside her. To his surprise, Susan had tears in her eyes.

“Are you alright?” He asked in concern. Had he gone too hard on her?

Susan responded by latching herself onto him. “Y-yes! I don’t know why I’m crying. It’s just so good.” She said through the tears.

Harry returned her hug in confusion “Okay.” It’s okay Harry. Ginny assured him. It means you did good.

Susan nuzzled further into him “That was lovely. So, so, lovely. Thank you.” She sniffed, trying to work through the powerful emotions coursing through her.

Harry kissed her forehead affectionately “Your welcome?” He said uncertainly. Susan giggled. “Err, I could give a repeat performance if you like.” He offered, tracing a hand up to her slit.

Susan winced, and Harry withdrew immediately. “Sorry!” They apologized simultaneously.

Susan continued “It’s just, really sensitive down there.” And it was. She was so tender, as if her orgasm was an actual explosion that had battered her bits. “I could return the favor!” Susan offered quickly, not wanted to put him off.

“You don’t have to, if you don’t want.” Harry assured her, before hastily adding “But I’d love it.”

Without further prompting, Susan moved to undo Harry’s pants. Her heart was still pounding and her pussy was still throbbing from her orgasm. She still felt lightheaded and overwhelmed with emotion. So when she finally revealed Harry’s cock, her heart nearly failed. “Uh.” She murmured intelligently. “I’ve never done this before.”

Harry brushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “Don’t worry.” He said tenderly “I’ll teach you.”

Chapter End Notes
So, Susan is now on board! I hope you all enjoyed her introduction into the harem, and the sex too, of course ;). Let me know what you think!
After their session together, Harry led Susan to the room of requirement. He coordinated with Ginny, who was working on getting Hermione and Luna for another ‘group meeting’.

Unfortunately, the room was in use already. *Huh.* Harry’s mind took a moment to process the information, until he realized. *Of course, Malfoy.*

Harry had to admit, but worrying about whatever Malfoy was up to had fallen a few notches on Harry’s priority list. The realization that he was a horcrux, and the resulting massive amount of sex he’d been having had more or less shoved that Slytherin git to the back of his mind.

In hindsight, Harry realized that that was a mistake, but it was hard to blame himself when Ginny was in the back of his mind ready to start yelling at him if he started blaming himself. He imagined that Hermione was probably pleased that he’d stopped focusing so intently on Malfoy.

“Oh, I kind of want to wait and see if we can get anything useful out of this.” He told Susan, as he pulled out his invisibility cloak. “You don’t have to stay with me, though” He grinned mischievously “If you do, I can make it worth your while.”

Susan giggled as a blush stained her cheeks. Not only was the prospect of getting more alone time with Harry appealing, but it was also an opportunity to become involved in one of his legendary adventures. How could she refuse?

Harry would not sleep that well that night. He’d been floating on a cloud since he and Ginny had bonded, but the reminder that Malfoy was still up to something and apparently had just gotten good news based on his mood as he left the room of requirement, had abruptly returned him to earth. He’d spent the rest of the day feeling guilty over setting aside his suspicions about whatever Malfoy was plotting, at least until Ginny forcibly distracted him from his brooding.

This apparently manifested itself in a return of Harry’s nightmares. Cedric crumpling to the ground in a flash of green light. Sirius falling back into the veil. Hermione, petrified and still as stone in the Hospital Wing. Ginny, lying cold and pale on the floor of the Chamber of Secrets. Voldemort’s voice echoed in his head. *You will lose everyone.*

Harry was just barely able to bite back a cry as he jerked awake.

*Oh Harry.* Ginny sniffled

Determined to push the panic and anguish from his nightmare aside, Harry made his way to the bathroom and washed his face.

*Did you see that?* He asked her.

*Saw it. Felt it. I guess that means we can share dreams too. Its fortunate we’ve been having so much sex that I haven’t had any sex dreams.*

Harry tried to grin, but the mirror revealed even to his eyes that it was a mockery of a
smile. The nightmare had touched on something that he had been secretly terrified of ever since he and Ginny had started dating. The very fact that she was close to him made her a target. Hell, all of his friends were targets because of him.

If you’re thinking of pushing me away to protect me, it’s a bit late.

This time, Harry did actually smile. While Ginny tone was joking, he could tell that she intended to kick his arse if he tried to push anybody away to protect them, and it truly was far too late to try to distance himself from Ginny.

You have to let people make their own decisions. Ginny continued. We all know the risks, but we think they’re worth it. How many times have you risked yourself for someone you cared about?

Her passion shone through their link, warming Harry’s soul. He was so lucky to have her. I’m not sure if I could survive without you, Gin.

Ginny knew Harry well, and she knew that when Harry got into a brooding mood, it was bloody difficult to pull him out of it. Fortunately, she knew just the trick. Come to bed Harry. I think I have the perfect distraction for you.

Harry returned to bed, pulling aside his curtains and gasped softly. Lying on his bed was Luna, clothed only in an unbuttoned nightgown, wandlight illuminating her bare curves. She truly was beauty, with her nearly unblemished pale skin, and she was a tantalizing mix of innocence and naughtiness. Her hand was tucked between her legs, and though it was hidden in shadow Harry could tell she was touching herself by the bliss on her face, and now that we was listen for it, the soft schlick of fingers on wet flesh. All thoughts of his nightmares and brooding were wiped from clear from his mind.

Okay Gin, how exactly did you pull this off?

Don’t look at me, I’m just as surprised as you are.

“Luna… how?”

“Oh, I just asked the Room of Requirment to make a passageway to the Gryffindor sixth year boys’ dorms.” Luna said, her normally airy tone noticeably husky. “I wanted to go into the bathroom with you, but you didn’t appreciate that the last time I did it.” Harry internally winced at the memory of her coming up behind him while he’d been at a urinal.

“The room can do that?” Harry breathed, thinking of how useful that would be. “I’d never even considered…”

“Of course you didn’t, Harry. You’re much too busy keeping us happy to worry about things like that.” Luna said between soft gasps

That’s right Harry, just make sure to give us a good shagging and let us womenfolk take care of everything. Ginny teased.

Harry mentally rolled his eyes, but there was a grain of truth to it. Harry had begun to feel that there was something building in him, more and more as the days went by. No matter how many times he had sex, or got off, he somehow always wanted… needed more. Harry knew it was more than just Ginny’s influence, though she was delighted by the change, and he’d begun to doubt he could handle his girls without it.
Harry was drawn from his thoughts by Luna’s hand reaching into his boxers. Luna was quite obsessed with giving Harry head, at the expense of any other illicit activities. Harry had tried to return the favor, but Luna always insisted, and Harry found that when Luna looked up at him with those pleading eyes, it was almost impossible for him to say no. Almost.

Harry allowed her to pull him to bed by his shaft, but when she tried to position him so she could suck him off, Harry resisted. Instead, he pressed her back into bed and crawled on top of her. Her creamy skin practically molded against his body. “Harry.” She protested “I wanted to taste you again.”

He positioned herself at her entrance- she was dripping. “I know, but I want this.” He murmured “And I know you want it too.” He rocked against her, not entering her but rubbing against her labia and clit, smearing her arousal over his shaft.

“Oh-o-oh.” Luna whimpered, gyrating her hips with his “I s-suppose that works too.”

Harry smiled, and placed a kiss to her lips, before pressing his shaft into her. Luna reacted, oh how she reacted. The noises she made- it was as if she didn’t know if she should whimper, gasp, or choke- she just let out an incoherent stream of syllables and sounds as her body stiffened, shuddered, and then coiled around Harry.

Harry set a slow, but forceful rhythm. The way Luna was reacting to him triggered a surge of possessiveness in him. He wanted to wrap her up and protect her, but at the same time he wanted to ravage her- make her fall apart even more than she already was.

More than anything, though, he wanted to claim her. And as her inner walls clenched and quivered around him again and again, it became almost unbearable to hold back the urge. He wanted to bury himself fully in her and spill himself in her.

Luna was of similar mind, because soon she was whimpering in his ear, begging him. “Please. I need it.” Her oh so needy voice was stirring something deep within him “Cum. Give it to me.”

How could he resist? With a final thrust, Harry sheathed himself in her and let go. Though Harry did not have the presence of mind to see it, Ginny did notice the almost transcendental look of pleasure on Luna face as she took his seed.

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This had supposed to have been a meeting to ‘induct’ Susan into their… coven, but it had almost immediately been sidetracked by Ginny and Harry’s shared dreams and Luna discovery of the room of requirement’s capabilities. Hermione’s quill, naturally, leapt into motion. The room’s ability to create passageways would be quite useful for the next ritual. She paused, as her body reacted to the thought.

She and Luna had agreed that she’d be the best choice for the next ritual. It was only logical, but she’d felt slightly bad for putting Luna off even if the blonde hadn’t seemed to mind in the slightest. Ever since then, her anticipation had been rising. It really wasn’t long now, until she and Harry… they… Another shiver shot down her spine, and she was feeling hot all over, but particularly between her legs.

Through much of the day, she’d been training herself to maintain focus even with Harry magic in her veins. It was a challenge- a constant dance between her intellect and the heat in her core- fighting to achieve balance.
It had gone better than she’d expected. After resisting the urge to masturbate in the shower, she’d spent most of the day reading up on theoretical magic—specifically the relation between magic and the body. Hermione was actually beginning to suspect that in some ways she was brighter under the influence of Harry’s magic, or at least her creativity was enhanced and she seemed to be able to make inferences more easily… when she wasn’t distracted.

Susan, however, had insight to their situation that Hermione hadn’t considered. “Okay, but have you guys thought about the political aspect of this?” Susan asked, to resounding silence.

“Er, not particularly.” Harry volunteered “I guess I just figured to hell with it—everyone’s going to talk about me anyway.”

Hermione looked to Susan helplessly. She was hardly an expert on wizarding law, and often found the wizarding legal system archaic and overcomplicated.

“That’s something I always admired about you, Harry.” Susan admitted “That you always put up with whatever rumors went your way— as long as the people you cared about believed you. But I guess what I’m trying to say is, let’s think about the future for a minute.” Susan paused, as if to set the scene.

“You’ve defeated You-know-who I mean, V-voldemort. You’re the heir to two ancient and rich houses, beloved hero of the wizarding world. You could do a lot of good with that influence.”

Harry nodded along. “And I imagine being with seven witches would hamper my reputation.”

“But not necessarily.” Susan corrected. “But it would need to be done correctly, and we’d need at least some of the people in the press on our side.”

“I’m sure the Quibbler would be willing to help.” Luna volunteered.

“Er, thanks Luna.” Susan agreed awkwardly “Anyway, I was thinking last night about this.” Susan sighed, before continuing more somberly “Before my Aunt died, she let me know about a law—one that relates to dying bloodlines. She didn’t like it, but she wanted me to know what my options were. It’s not practiced much now, but multiple marriages are allowed in wizarding Britain.”

“How?” Harry asked.

“Well first of all Harry, you’d be eligible for a second marriage—since you are the last remaining heir of the Potters and Blacks. One of your wives would take the name of Potter—”

“Dibs!” Ginny interjected.

“-and the other Black.”

Harry nodded in understanding “So I take it, there’s more?”

“You can also marry me.” Susan said, seeming quiet and small. “Because I’m the last Bones.” Harry rose, disentangling himself from Ginny and Luna, and pulled Susan into a hug.

Susan sniffed, returning Harry’s hug and resting her head on his firm chest. It was comforting, to be wrapped up in his strong arms and steady warmth. “Thanks.” She whispered.

After a few moments, Harry reluctantly pulled back, surveying her. “You’re welcome. I
understand.” And really, he did.

“What that means is, if I marry and take the name of my husband, my bloodline will die. In pureblood society, it’d be impossible to find a man who’d be willing to take his wife’s name but…”

“There’d be no shortage of blokes who’d like a second wife.” Ginny supplied “Who’d be able to keep her name and her bloodline alive.” She snorted “I guess I’m not eligible.”

“I am!” Luna said happily, Susan nodded in agreement.

“A fair many witches would be, actually. Wizarding birth rates are much lower now than in the past” Susan glanced at Ginny “With some exceptions.”

“I’m not sure; I’d need to check my family’s genealogy this summer.” Hermione mused “I might have some very distant relatives running around with my name. I like the idea of keeping my last name, though.”

“That wouldn’t be a problem, ‘Mione.” Harry assured “I’m not- I’m not the type of bloke that would expect that.” Hermione beamed.

“Anyway, having the marriages be ‘official’ would help us.” Susan continued “And for Ginny and Luna, having the family’s consent would be a plus as well.”

While Ginny winced, Luna was unphased. “I’m sure dad would be fine with it, he was never one for traditional relationships.” She chimed.

“My mum is going to freak. Especially if she hears it from Ron first.” Ginny frowned.

“Or from Dumbledore.” Hermione said darkly “Wouldn’t it be important to get my parent’s consent as well?” She added “I mean, it shouldn’t be needed at all since I am of age, but…”

Susan smiled and shrugged apologetically “I know it’s a double standard, but a lot of these people won’t care because they’re muggles.”

“Is it even worth it trying to appease these people?” Ginny asked “We’ve seen how public opinion can shift on a dime based on what hack piece the Prophet decides to publish on a given day.”

Harry frowned as well, he knew all too well how fickle the court of public opinion was.

“Of course it’s worth it.” Luna piped in, drawing the gaze of the other four. “It’s like when we got that story published in the Quibbler. A lot of people are going to have their brains affected by nargles, but there are a lot of people we can reach, and if we want to change things then we need to.”

Susan smiled “Exactly, if we just hide away from the world, then all the same problems that lead you Y- Voldemort in the first place are going to continue.” She looked at Harry “I spent six years minding my own business, pretending I couldn’t change anything but you, Harry, made me realize I was wrong.” Susan placed her hands on Harry’s shoulders as she continued passionately. “You never struck me as the type to sit back and let bad things happen- not if there was something you could do about, even if it was difficult or inconvenient.”

Harry couldn’t help it, he kissed her. Susan’s eyes went wide, before they fluttered close and she returned his sweet kiss, drawing him closer. His arms reciprocated, holding her tenderly.
Susan whined slightly when he pulled back, looking entreatingly up at him with half-lidded eyes.

“You’re right, Susan.” Harry said simply, his eyes seemed to dance with emotions—affection, kindness, compassion, but most of all a righteous determination. It was enough to make Susan’s knees tremble, if the kiss hadn’t been. “Thank you.”

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Severus turned and silently exiting the headmaster’s office, Dumbledore’s dismissal was polite, but it was a dismissal nonetheless.

The headmaster had much to think about.

Tom had commanded Severus to travel abroad for ‘recruitment’ over the summer. While he could certainly request that he stay, that would jeopardize Severus’ position as a spy. No, Severus’ information was far too crucial to the war effort to risk, even though he would be the best person to deal with Harry.

There were others who had the skills needed, certainly. Though many in the Order would be reticent to help, he was reasonably certain that he could show some of them the necessity of this course of action. It seemed that increasingly, Dumbledore found himself in need of… perhaps not advice, but someone to bounce ideas off of. His normal conversational companion, Minerva, would be far from receptive to his plan.

A shadow crossed over his face. With a negligent wave of his wand, the top cabinet of his desk slid open. His hand slid to a cold grey stone, carved in the precise shape of a pyramid. He’d nearly lost his hand over that seemingly innocuous stone. He took hold of it- and despite having been sitting in his office, it was still cold. With practiced ease, Dumbledore turned it over in his hand.

And again.

And again.

Chapter End Notes

A pretty plot heavy chapter. I’m not entirely happy with how disjointed it is, though.

Let me know what you think about where I’m going with Dumbledore! I hadn’t planned on that originally, but something Marcus S Lazarus said in a comment inspired me, haha. I like the idea that the reason he’s acting differently in cannon isn’t so much that he’s just being a prick, but more that he’s been corrupted by the power of the Hallows.

Anyway, next chapter will be the second ritual! =D
Lessons in Love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Luna’s discovery had proven invaluable. They no longer needed to sneak through the corridors to gain privacy. Harry, Hermione, Ginny, Luna, and Susan all used the room of requirement to create magically obscured doors linking their dorms and the room.

Okay, even Hermione would admit that they had mostly use the discovery to facilitate shagging, though Hermione had found the easy access to the Room’s collection of books quite useful. Tonight though… tonight they were actually doing something important.

Okay, it really was just more shagging, but this was shagging for a purpose! She’d gone through every detail to make sure the room was perfect. It wasn’t just about the runes (though those certainly had taken time to set up properly), she wanted the atmosphere to be right. After all, Harry had done much the same for their first time.

She gone through several iterations before settling on something small, warm, and cozy. She eventually settled on a thick shag carpet, queen sized bed and loveseat. A small fireplace was placed in one corner, which cast the rest of the room in shadow. She’d taken care to dress herself for the occasion as well- summoning up red nightgown that was… minimalistic. She was all to aware of the many patches where her skin was exposed to cool air, and it thrilled her.

“Wow, you put a lot of thought into this.”

Hermione whirled around, to find Harry taking the room in appreciatively. Perhaps knowing he’d just be distracting her, he’d given her the time to set up the runes for the ritual herself. Hermione was glad for that foresight, because the instant she laid eyes on him her body lit up. Her lips parted in a silent gasp as the buzz of pleasure and rush of heat spread across her skin. Blood rushed southward, flushing her skin and leaving her lightheaded.

“Do you like it?”

He regarded her for a moment, gauging the seriousness of her question. “I love it.” He finally declared “Thank you for, er, you know, setting this up. You really didn’t have to-”

“You did.”

“But I appreciate it.”

“Well, it’s certainly nice to be appreciated. A girl could get used to that.”

“Believe me. I appreciate you, all of you.” His tone both affectionate and naughty, and when one of his arms wrapped around her waist, it sent tingles up her spine.

He shot her a crooked smile “Are you ready, ‘Mione?” Merlin, the effect he had on her, especially when she was doped up on his magic. Everything about him struck chord within her body that drove her wild. Just his presence could distract her. God, she wanted him. She wanted it all.

“Yes.” She hissed, eyes roving hungrily over his body. He was wearing casual clothes, but that didn’t matter to her. She knew what lay underneath his T-shirt. Her eyes traveled down to the
bulge in his pants, and she knew what it meant. A low moan escaped her. God, she was… was… a slut.

That word, even privately thought, triggered another surge of electric pleasure that raced across her body and settled in her core. It was a word she so long maligned, and even in a few of her weak moments mentally applied less than charitably to certain other girls. It was so wrong, so paradoxically it was equally as titillating.

Harry swept her away in a deep kiss, and their bodies pressed together. When they parted, she was left panting and with hooded eyes, and though she was dizzy with desire, she wasn’t ready to relinquish control yet. If she was a slut, maybe she should start acting like one… whatever that meant for her.

Without a second thought, Hermione snatched her wand and shot an *incarcerous* at Harry. It wasn’t the first time she pulled that move, but it had proven so effective at changing the power dynamic that Hermione was eager to try it again.

Harry fell backwards as ropes wrapped around his arms and legs, and a bed appeared conveniently to catch him. “Again?” Harry protested weakly. His eyes though, gave him away. He wanted this.

“Oooooh, yes.” Hermione purred, walking up to him and patting his crotch faux placatingly. She then vanished his clothes and surveyed her prize like a huntress that had just bagged a prime bull. She didn’t know where to look- his face, where his expression was a mix of rebelliousness and curiosity, or perhaps the tensing muscles of his upper body as he tested out his bonds, or -she licked her lips- his eagerly trembling penis. *I can do whatever I want to him*, she realized, and her body was flooded with a sudden heat and her core clenched needily. *Anything. He’s all mine. Mine. Mine.*

Her mind reeled with the possibilities. She wanted to taste him, mark his skin with her teeth. She wanted to press her body against his, skin on skin. Her cunt was begging to just hilt him in it… and no doubt that would be satisfying, but it would also be over. She’d cum, he’d come, the ritual would be complete.

No, instead, her mind settled on a comment Luna had made the other day.

‘*You know, your boobs are big enough that you could probably jerk Harry off with them.*’ She’d told her completely out of the blue. Hermione hadn’t thought much of it at the time, but now…

She knew how much Harry liked her boobs, after all.

Harry was still grumbling about being tied up, so Hermione shushed him with a finger to his lips. “Honestly Harry, I would silence you, but then I wouldn’t get to hear you moan.”

“Come on Her-” The words died on Harry’s lips when Hermione let her nightgown drop, revealing her nude form to him. His cock twitched suddenly in a way that made her want to ravish it. Overall, she was quite pleased that she could still render such a reaction from him.

She delicately took his shaft in hand, once again savoring the feel of him, soft skin around firmness, and his magic, surging desperately through his shaft, begging to be let loose. Her touch drew a quiet sound of the barest moan from him- he was absolutely entranced by her, his eyes never leaving her chest. With a teasing smile, she bent down and placed him in her cleavage.
Harry’s eyes went wide as he realized what she had planned for him, and Hermione’s smile only grew. “You’re so pent up, Harry.” She told him sympathetically. “I can tell. You’re staring at us more, when you think you can get away with it.” She’d been secretly thrilled whenever she caught him sneaking a peek at her chest, but maybe she shouldn’t be so secretive about it… maybe she could flaunt it a bit?

“I don’t know what it is ‘Mione.” Harry whined “I just can’t get enough any more. Even after sex… there isn’t relief, not for long. It just comes back. It’s frustrating.”

This time some real sympathy rose up in Hermione. The bond must have something to do with that, perhaps magic was boosting his sex drive. “Well, let’s see if I can help with that.” She replied cheekily. With that, she pressed her breasts together so that they completely encased his shaft.

It was a bit awkward at first, getting the rhythm right, but she found that it was unexpectedly titillating, engulfing him within her cleavage, feeling his pulsing shaft against her. She had an excellent view of his body, and the tensing of his muscles from his perhaps instinctive attempts to break free and no doubt ravish her were a treat to her eyes.

Best of all were Harry’s reactions- the look of lust on his face as he watched him disappear and emerge from her cleavage. And then there were his moans, which started soft and hesitant, but were rising in both pleasure and frustration. She made sure to draw it out, making sure to keep him just not quite at the edge, and the torment was obviously wearing him down.

Finally, Harry broke and began to use what little range of movement he had to thrust upward, grunting deeply with each thrust. Hermione retaliated by quickly retrieving her wand and casting an immobilizing jinx at Harry’s hips, locking them in place.

“Hermione!” Harry cried out in frustration, and it was music to her ears.

“Poor Harry.” She cooed, wetting her hands with the arousal dripping down her thighs. She wrapped one around his shaft, yanking it firmly. “Are you getting close, baby?”

“Oh god, yes.” Harry moaned “Fuck!”

Hermione could tell from the feel of his magic- urgent, spiking, and almost searingly intense- that he was telling the truth. She showed his manhood no mercy, tugging at it with abandon. He was completely out of control now, the animal part of him that he kept chained up inside was unleashed, but ironically there was very little he could actually do.

She’d read enough about it, but what she wanted to do was still quite the risk, but if it worked she’d surely be a legend among witches everywhere. The room sensed her intentions and provided as small purple dildo for her. With a predatory grin, she lubricated it with her own arousal and pressed it against his arsehole.

Harry reacted in the most delicious way imaginable, he squeaked, and froze with a look somewhere between arousal and horror on his face. That look only lasted for a moment, until Hermione found his prostate.

His voice broke as he cried out, and his entire body shuddered. His cock quaked, even in the vicelike grip of her hand, and erupted. His body seized as if his every muscle was working to eject his seed.

The explosion of magic was so intense that it left spots in her eyes. She could feel it
buffeting body like waves. His cum arced and splattered across her forehead, covering her eyes and sticking in her hair and leaving a trail down her face. She was assaulted by the scent of his seed just as much as its magical potency, as that first shot was followed by another, and another.

He seemed to be purging all of his sexual frustration, and releasing it as his... well, release. Soon, Hermione’s face was coated in his essence, and her every breath brought with it the intoxicating smell of him. It was practically drugging her. Her tongue swept across her lips of its own accord, and Hermione couldn’t help but moan as magic popped and crackled along her tongue.

Time seemed to blur for both of them. Until Harry finally went limp, collapsing back into bed. Hermione, on the other hand was shuddering. Her face was almost entirely covered, and his semen was painted her breasts and ran down her stomach, lighting trails of fire across the skin it touched.

It was a truly ludicrous amount of cum, and she was nearly overloaded by the level of magic she’d just been blasted with. He was so powerful, she could barely handle it. Around them, the runes had lit up, just as they had for Harry and Ginny a month ago, and the colors had begun to rise in the air. It was almost done.

She looked down at her own hand, still gripping Harry’s cock and covered in his cum. She lifted her hand and observed how his cum clung and strung between her fingers, and she could swear that she could see the magic just as she could see it around them, faint wisps of color coming off her hand like smoke. She moaned, as lust surged deep within her once again.

“Fuck.” Hermione hissed, delirious. She caressed her body, rubbing his seed in as if it were lotion and moaning at the resulting rush of warm pleasure. Her hands circled her breasts, then sliding down her stomach and then her thighs. With hooded eyes, she looked back to Harry- still tied up, sweating, flushed, and breathing heavily. His eyes were glued to her own body, soaking in the show she’d been inadvertently putting on for him. His cock was soft, having dribbled the last few drops of his cum onto his stomach, but his eyes still glimmered with a sort of exhausted arousal.

“Fuck baby, you look so bloody sexy, like that.” She cursed. He looked so perfect, and she could feel the magic between them rising in the air, she couldn’t resist any longer. It only took a few moments of rubbing her clit to topple over the edge.

It wasn’t how she’d pictured the bonding to happen. She figured it’d be a bit more... traditional. Then again, they weren’t exactly a traditional couple. Perhaps it was fitting that things had taken such an unexpected turn.

Around them, the multicolored lights exploded outward, sending out another shockwave of magic through the castle and beyond. The ropes binding him dissolved amidst the magical onslaught.

Even through the pleasure of her orgasm, she could feel it. The ritual. She could feel her mind becoming entangled with Harry’s, she could feel his body, she could feel the pool of his magic-humming and alive within him, and beneath all of that she could feel him- his sense of self, his dreams, desires, fears, his inner life.

He was beautiful.

The process of linking with him defied all description, so incomprehensibly intimate that Hermione would consider trying to explain how it felt almost sacrilegious. It...they, just were.
She didn’t notice at first, but she’d started to cry. It was too much, it was too good. And instant later, Harry’s arms were around her.

“I love you. I love you. I love you.” She murmured like a prayer, as she clung to him.

I love you too. Harry told her through their newfound link. Then, he went a step further.

He showed her.

They spent at least an hour cuddling, reveling in their new connection, and bringing each other to orgasm several more times, and then enjoyed long hot shower together. When Harry and Hermione finally began to head back to their dorms through the passageway the room provided, they were intercepted by Ginny. Hermione wasn’t sure what to expect from the redhead, but Harry mentally reassured her. Ginny wasn’t upset, not even remotely.

“It worked!” She burst out giddily, relief palpable in her voice. “It worked!” She flung herself at Harry, kissing him and giving Hermione the unexpected (albeit indirect) experience of enthusiastically kissing a girl. Ginny pulled back, and with a cheeky grin, launched herself at Hermione. The breath left her lungs at the force of Ginny hug, but the redhead wasn’t done yet. Without any hesitation, she pulled back a fraction and brought her lips to Hermione’s for a split second kiss.

It was over in a flash, and both girls just stared at each other for a long moment.

Harry chuckled, because he could feel how each of them felt about that kiss. Hermione didn’t seem to swing that way, but Ginny on the other hand…

“Uh, sorry.” Ginny finally mumbled “I got carried away.”


“Yeah.” Ginny’s smile returned in full force, bright enough to light up the whole room. “It worked. It’s going to work.”

We’re going to save you, Harry. The emotion behind Ginny’s words was strong enough that Hermione could hear them too.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone! I think this chapter has gone through the most rewrites and edits out of any chapter I’ve posted so far. I’m hoping I nailed the balance between kink and emotion. As always, let me know what you think!
It was a difficult adjustment for Hermione.

Harry, at least, had done this before. Though he did frequently report being overwhelmed by her thought process and found it better to not try to follow her thoughts directly.

Hermione had quizzed Harry and Ginny to exasperation about their bond, and practiced meditation and occlumency exercises that she thought might help, but there was really nothing that could completely prepare her for… everything.

It was so easy for her to become distracted, even moreso now than before. It wasn’t even completely sexual. The thrill Harry was now feeling while flying at quidditch practice kept drawing her from her reading, particularly when he did one of his trademark reckless dives. It was wonderful, getting such direct insight into how Harry thought and felt. She knew he loved flying, but couldn’t fully appreciate how he felt until now.

The same could be said for how he felt about her. There was a vast difference between knowing that he loved her and being able to feel it herself. It was a deep well that she could always tap into, strong, stable, and reassuring. Honestly, it made her want to throw her books down and spend every second of the day in his arms, showing him just how much she loved him.

She felt her cheeks flush… because yeah, the sexual aspect of things was just as distracting. She remembered that first day of classes after the ritual… she’d had the worst performance in Charms she’d ever had because Harry had had a hard on. She had completely underestimated just how distracting erections were, how one part of the body could so completely dominate her every thought, how good it felt as it swelled, yet at the same time aching for more.

She had come to wonder how boys accomplished anything at all. Harry had seemed to handle it admirably enough (though he had the benefit of lots of practice, she was sure), but it’d taken her until the very end of the class to be able to perform the spell adequately! She just knew that Ginny had been encouraging that erection, Harry hadn’t been able to hide that from her.

Not that she was ashamed. In the past, she would have been mortified by any of this, but she’d long since let go of those inhibitions. Just like she’d previously rejected how society dictated she looked, or what career she wanted, she no longer gave a jot at what ‘people’ thought she should desire.

She refocused on Harry, who had just landed. She let out a silent gasp as she recognized the lust burning in him, the flush of blood to his cock as it strained against his clothes, tingling and yearning for more. There was a certain anticipation building within him… he was a little nervous, but masking it with confidence, there was more than that, though. Harry was placing himself into a different state of mind. With a flash of insight, she understood what was happening. **It was roleplay.**

*Oh, Demelza won’t know what hit her.*

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Demelza knew she was in trouble. To put it bluntly, she had her worst performance of the
season this practice. Periodically she had spotted Harry looking at her critically, but also with a fire in his eyes. His intense gaze would bore into her, and it sent such a rush of heat through her that she swore she might just topple off her broom.

She damn well knew why she felt like this. She was mid cycle, she was ovulating and her body was begging her to let it get stuck in. This had never been an issue before, but ever since things began with Harry- well, she’d never felt more sexual. She dutifully got herself off every night thinking of her captain. At first she thought that amount might be a bit much, but before long she found herself still wanting even after cuming.

She frigged herself to exhaustion last night, hoping it would be enough to allow her to control herself for practice- but it wasn’t enough. She just couldn’t help herself, the anticipation of knowing something was coming after practice, how handsome and in control Harry looked in his uniform, and the looks he kept sending her way… Her body knew exactly what it needed- oh how her enflamed cunt throbbed against the cool wood of her broom…

“Oh! Watch it!” Katie bellowed as Demelza almost plowed into her.

Harry had seen that, and was now flying over to them. Ginny, her eyes alight, hung off to the side. “Would you mind explaining what happened here, Demelza?”

“Captain! I mean, Harry. I mean-” She fumbled.

“Because it looks like you nearly knocked yourself and Katie out of the sky.” Harry prompted flatly.

Harry was never cruel or mean during practice, but this was about as close as he got- blunt, deadpan, and biting. Demelza found it absolutely titillating, even as she was genuinely ashamed of herself, which made it somehow better. Oh Merlin, how would he punish her after this? She was flushing, to be sure, even as the heat within her rose up a notch.

“I lost focus.” Demelza confessed, her eyes downcast. “I’m sorry. I’m not at my best today, sir.”

Harry let out a frustrated sigh. “Are you two okay?”

They both nodded, and Katie flew up beside Harry, to confer as the two elder team members often did. “We all have off days.” She defended “And honestly, I think she’s in a bad way.” Katie had always been something of an older sister figure to her. She’d rib and tease her teammates viciously until the moment they appeared to be in actual trouble, at which point she’d be quite protective of them.

Harry nodded appraisingly “Yeah, I can see that. She’s rather flushed, not focusing… are you feeling alright, Demelza?”

He knew of course, what the issue was, and by Ginny’s smirk she knew as well. “I- I’m feeling rather hot.” Demelza said lamely “I’m sorry.”

“Alright, why don’t you cool off in the changing rooms.” He told her. “We only have about fifteen minutes of practice left, so we can talk afterwards. If you still feel off, I’ll escort you to Madam Pomfrey.”

Oh lord.

Demelza had nothing to do for those fifteen minutes except wait. She sat on the wooden
bench of the changing room, swinging her legs as she imagine just what Harry would have in store for her.

Maybe he’d have her degrade herself for him. She’d have to tell him just how dirty a slut she was. How she was a pathetic little girl who was so horny should couldn’t even fly a broom straight. She shuddered, stifling the temptation to touch herself. Ginny and Katie would be in at any moment and she couldn’t afford to frustrate herself further.

Soon enough, the two girls walked in. Katie appraised Demelza with genuine worry “You still look flushed.” She fusses “We should get you to Pomfrey right away.”

Sudden panic struck Demelza, if she went to the hospital wing, she and Harry wouldn’t… wouldn’t… “No! I’m fine.” Demelza insisted, a little too fiercely “I really think I should just talk to Harry.”

Katie shook her head. “Stop being such a martyr, Dem. You think Harry hasn’t had more than his fair share of time in the hospital wing?”

Demelza looked to Ginny beseechingly. To her great relief, the redhead winked. “Katie, why don’t we go out onto the pitch, and talk.”

Katie arched an eyebrow at Ginny. Something meaningful seemed to pass between the two girls, but whatever it was, it was lost on Demelza. Katie seemed to accept it, however, and followed Ginny back onto the pitch.

Demelza sat in silence for perhaps another five minutes before Harry finally went to her.

“So, an off day, huh?” He said neutrally.

“I’m sorry.”

“Look at me.” He told her. She did so. He had sat himself right beside her, and was peering down at her. His fingers went to under her chin, tilting her head up slightly so that their eyes met. She nearly lost her breath, his eyes shone with intensity, determination, compassion, lust, but not anger. “I’m not mad at you.”

This wasn’t how she expected this to go, but his understanding was throwing her stomach through a loop. He’d could have laid her across his lap and smacked her ass, he could have done any number of things to punish her, but he wasn’t going to.

“You’re not?”

“No. You didn’t do this on purpose; I know you want to improve. So it’s just a matter of helping you get there.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Harry grinned mischievously, and by Godric did it make her heart flutter. “So, you want to tell me exactly what happened?”

She told him everything. How her sex drive had spiraled out of control. How she needed to masturbate more and more. How her cycle has struck at just the wrong time and played havoc with her. Unintentionally, she unleashed some of what she’d been contemplating before Ginny and Katie had interrupted.
“It’s just, when I close my eyes, I can’t help but see you. Your body. Your cock. You cuming all over me, covering me.” She shuddered as her voice broke “I’m such a slut. I can’t stop thinking about it. I’m so obsessed I can’t even fly a broom properly!”

“Hey, it’s alright.” Harry soothed, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “It’s perfectly natural to feel the way you do, and really, I’m flattered. We just need to help you deal with it. I take it that no amount of masturbation is helping you.”

“No sir.” Demelza knew what would help her, but she knew she didn’t deserve his attentions yet, she hadn’t earned it yet. Besides, everything that he’d done with her up to this point had made her into even more of a slut, maybe fucking her would too.

“Well, you just need to learn self restraint. Control.”

“Oh?” Demelza breathed.

“You can’t help how you feel, but you can learn to work with it, to feel your body’s needs but not let them master you.” Harry explained “And I’m going to help you.”

“Thank you. What do I need to do?” Demelza was expectant, eager for what the ‘lesson’ would entail.

“Strip.”

Demelza nodded and immediately began to strip off her uniform. She tried to keep her breathing even, tried to remain composed as she felt Harry’s eyes burning into every inch of skin she revealed. When she dared look him in the eye, she shivered at the pure lust she saw in them as he drank her in. Finally, she was completely exposed to him. He could everything, he could see how dripping wet she was, how her arousal was running down her thighs.

“Sir?”

“Touch yourself, but… you’re not allowed to cum.” He smirked. So that’s the catch. He’s going to teach me self-control, so I’m gonna have too… oh.

Demelza realized. She was already so keyed up, it wouldn’t have taken long at all to push herself over the edge, but that wasn’t what he wanted. Her captain wanted her to tease herself, keep herself at the edge.

“Yes sir.” She breathed, and she obeyed. Her touches were tentative, fingers probing her folds carefully, completely avoiding her clit.

Harry nodded approvingly, and to her surprise began to undress just feet in front of her. “Hnnng.” She moaned after his uniform shirt came off. She couldn’t help but gawk at the view of his flushed, sweaty chest and torso.

Demelza braced herself against the wall, already feeling a bit unsteady at her feet. Her ministrations, slow as they were, were still pushing her higher with the ‘help’ that Harry was providing.

Then came his shoes and socks, then his uniform pants. Demelza’s gaze locked on the prominent tent in his boxers, and she licked her lips subconsciously.

Harry said something to her, but she didn’t catch it. “Uh. Huh.” She said rather incoherently, her eyes never leaving his crotch, and her fingers continuing to slowly dip in and out
of her pussy.

With a shrug, Harry shucked off his boxers, letting his erection spring free. “Uhnng.” Demelza moaned as she accidentally shoved two of her fingers deep into her cunt. She might have cum then and there, but was drawn away from the moment by Harry walking away from her.

“Wh- Captain! Where are you going?” Demelza called, staying rooted in place as Harry strode deeper into the changing rooms.

“I already told you. I’m getting a shower.” He continued to walk away. “You can join me if you like.”

Demelza took a moment to process what he had said, before rushing after him, falling in place right behind him, where she had a perfect view of his ass. “You don’t have to touch yourself while we’re in the shower.” He added.

That was fortunate, because she didn’t think she could have stood it if she had to. The showers weren’t cramped, but clearly weren’t made with two people in mind. They wouldn’t really be able to maneuver without interacting with each other.

Demelza closed the stall door behind them, and when she turned, she found Harry facing her. He was so close she swore she could feel his body heat. Her body was calling out for him, like some invisible force was urging her to move closer.

She felt so small and feminine like this. With Harry towering over her, sporting strong muscles that he could easily use to overpower her and a swollen erection that she could barely stop herself from taking in her hand.

Hot water sprayed over both of them, cascading down Harry’s chest in rivulets. The warm water did little to soothe Demelza’s desire, even as it washed away the physical evidence of it. Harry lathered his hands with soap and murmured “Let me wash you.”

Demelza trembled, but nodded and took a step towards him- they were almost touching. Smiling, Harry grabbed her by the shoulders and turned her around “I’m going to start with your back.” He crooned in her ear. His hands began massaging her shoulders methodically, before moving lower, firmly rubbing and kneading at her skin. She felt like she was turning to mush.

Soft moans escaped from her and her head lolled back, resting against Harry’s chest. She felt Harry’s hot breath in her ear, and he purred “Are you enjoying yourself?” before nibbling at her earlobe. Demelza could only let out a decadent moan in response. His hands were now massaging her sides, first skirting along the sides of her breasts, then rubbing firmly at her hips.

“Oh-ohh. Harry.” She whimpered “I-I… please.” She didn’t know what she was begging for, she couldn’t focus on anything beyond the feel of his hands on her, his breath and voice in her ear.

Harry growled when his hands cupped her ass, taking each cheek in hand and kneading them. “You, Demelza Robbins, have got a magnificent arse. I should know- you love to shove it against my cock.” He turned her around again and kissed her. Brief yet fierce- the sudden invasion by his lips and tongue left her reeling, struggling to find words. “Oh, Dem.” Harry murmured, stroking her cheek affectionately “You’re gorgeous.”

Demelza brought her shaking hands to his chest to steady herself. “Ha-Harry.” She moaned
“Yo-you’re-” He kissed her again, giving her the barest taste of him before withdrawing once more.

“Shhh.” He soothed. “You don’t need to talk. You don’t need to think. You don’t need to do anything. Except feel.”

With that, Demelza completely surrendered herself to him. She didn’t need to care about the outside world, about anything. Why would she when she had Harry to protect her? She was safe, completely safe with him. She was his.

He massaged her breasts, circling around her areolas hypnotically. His fingers found her nipples, stroking them and alighting sparks of pleasure. Demelza moaned without a care, unconsciously tilting her hips forward- as if presenting herself to him.

Harry leaned back into her ear “That’s perfect, my little Dem.” He murmured. His hands went lower, caressing her toned stomach. “Just feel.” His hands skirted downwards, and suddenly he was kneeling, stroking her legs, her knees, her thighs…

She spread her legs for him, exposing her dripping, swollen core. Harry’s eyes lit up, and he began kissing up her thigh. His hands and mouth moved higher and higher, getting so close to the focal point of the volcanic heat rising within her- consuming her. She looked down helplessly, enraptured at the sight of Harry on his knees in front of her, with hungry eyes focused on her cunt. He was going to do it, he was going to… oh god.

“Don’t cum.” He told her “Unless I tell you too.” Then his mouth descended on her folds, his tongue lapping gently against her core, and his lips molding firmly against her. Demelza felt like she was imploding. She was ready to throw herself in front of Harry and beg him in tears to please let her cum.

He seemed to sense her limit, and pulled back just as she was at the edge. “Please. Please. Oh please.” Demelza chanted.

Harry looked up at her, his lips coated in her arousal, and smiled. “Good girl.” Demelza’s knees wobbled as his simple proclamation sent an electric surge of pleasure down her spine. “Now, cum for me.”

His words alone might have been enough to send her over the edge, but Harry followed them up by returning to her cunt and devouring her with vigor. His hands grabbed her arse and pulled her to him. His tongue relentless massaged her clit, and the stimulation was so sudden and intense, that Demelza short circuited. Her body was paralyze, her mouth was open, but she could only utter the barest, desperate gasp. She was so unbearably sensitive, needed it so badly, and Harry’s mouth was exactly what she needed but also almost too much.

Demelza broke. She screamed as her knees gave out, so that it was only Harry’s hands gripping her arse that kept her standing. It was at that point that she lost track. She would vaguely remember Harry letting her down onto the floor- her legs jelly and her mind mush. She’d remember feeling warm water and firm hands run over her, her hair stroked soothingly, her face cupped, and simple kiss.

She’d remember Harry scooping her easily into his arms, and feeling safe in them, and then him carrying her out of the shower stall.

Most clearly, however, she’d remember realizing Ginny and Katie were waiting in the changing room. Waiting for them.
Happy Holidays to everyone! Hope you all enjoy the chapter!

Next chapter... Katie's POV. I'm certainly looking forward to it. ;)

Chapter End Notes
“So, what’s wrong with Demelza?” Katie asked as soon as they were out of earshot. The two witches started walking the circumference of the pitch at a leisurely pace, falling into step beside the other.

“Nothing.” Ginny said simply “Well, nothing that won’t be fixed by some time alone with Harry.”

“I don’t understand, what are you saying?.” Katie asked, uncomprehendingly.

“How long have you had a crush on Harry?” Ginny pivoted.

“What!?” Katie sputtered, halting in her tracks. “Where did you even get that? No! No, no, no! I’m not- we haven’t! Ginny…” Katie trailed off, realizing that she probably had just protested too vehemently.

To her surprise, Ginny was smiling like the cat that had gotten the canary. “Oh really, because I was going to let you have sex with him, but if you aren’t interested…”

Katie opened and closed her mouth several times soundlessly, trying to come up with something to say. “You’re joking.”

“I’m being absolutely serious. What do you think Harry and Demelza are doing right now?” Ginny challenged. Katie’s mouth parted in a silent ‘oh’. Was that why Demelza was so out of it today?

“A-are you serious?”

“Completely.”

“But… why?”

“I think it’s about time you answered my question, actually.” Ginny grinned “Fess up.”

Katie huffed. “Fine. But it’s nothing major! I might have flirted with him a bit, but I think it just went over his head.” At least until recently, anyway.

Ginny giggled “That sounds like him. How did it happen?”

It really was never something she thought of as a big deal. He was cute, he was a good bloke, so what if she occasionally imagined taking him back to the locker rooms? “I guess it started in my third year. You know Harry- he was so cute and sweet. I just wanted to take care of him and help him get out of his shell.” She, Alicia, and Angelina had been quite protective of him- he’d been so innocent and they all knew how many girls would slip him a love potion if they had the chance.

Katie was blushing, and Ginny silently agreed- Harry at twelve, the boy who had first captured her heart, was far too cute for his own good.

“And you know how quidditch practice is, Ginny.” Katie continued “It gets the blood
pumping, and afterwards... well, I'm in the mood.” Like now, Katie could admit to herself that she was... keyed up, and their conversation certainly wasn’t helping. “So yeah, I thought about some of the guys on my team.”

She’d thought about it alright, what it’d be like to take Harry’s virginity. She would have been good to him, she had more than enough experience to make his first time truly mind-blowing. She would have been kind and patient, taught and guided him, and let him enjoy himself. She had imagined taking his shaft in hand and pumping him and sucking him until he reached completion—watching his adorable face as it scrunches up in pleasure.

Of course, that shy boy was no more. In his place was a confident and experienced man, and Katie was surprised to find herself just as attracted to this latest shift in Harry personality. And she had to admit that the view she’d gotten of Harry in just quidditch pants was... appealing. Quite appealing.

“Katie, I get it.” Ginny agreed, noticing Katie’s growing discomfort “I guess it doesn’t help that we’re pretty comfortable with showing a bit of skin in the locker rooms.”

Katie flushed in agreement. “Yeah... Anyway, I never took it too seriously. There was always someone else- for me or for him.” More like- she’d never allowed herself to take it seriously. If he’d ever asked her to Hogsmede, or to the Yule Ball, she would’ve said yes in a heartbeat, but...

“So you’re really okay with Harry sleeping with Demelza... and me?”

“Yeah. I am.” Ginny blushed lightly. She didn’t like admitting to her kink, but it was a handy way to avoid the real reason they were doing this. “It’s a turn on for me. I know its... unconventional, but it’s just so hot.”

Katie mulled it over. While Ginny was certainly very competitive, Katie wouldn’t describe her as possessive. Still, it was hard to wrap her mind around, not only being okay with your boyfriend having sex with other people, but encouraging it? “I’m sorry, I just don’t get it.”

Ginny chuckled “I could go into detail if you want. How I love how Harry can turn these girls into whimpering piles of goo. How-”

“Alright I get it!” Katie interrupted, her cheeks aflame “Sort of. Whatever. What about Demelza, what does she get out of this? Besides the obvious.”

“Demelza’s just as kinky as I am.” Ginny grinned “She’s really into, uh, being dominated.”

“So…”

“Well how many guys around her could really pull that off?” Ginny asked rhetorically.

“Not many...” Katie mused. Sure, there were plenty of ‘alpha’ guys at Hogwarts, but Katie knew the type- selfish in bed, and generally using confidence to hide their insecurities. She had become adept at spotting them and found that their insecurities became painfully apparent whenever she challenged them. She’d fancied a boy in the year above her, Kyle Clemons, until they flew together and she outflew him easily. He’d taken it as a personal offense despite the fact that she practiced quidditch regularly and he only flew casually. She enjoyed taking blokes like that down a peg, particularly in bed.

That might work with some girls, but Katie guessed that Demelza needed a softer touch. Most of the guys at Hogwarts who’d actually bother to listen to their partners needs were probably
too inexperienced or to insecure to really be a proper dominant. There were plenty of less confident
guys, but they would probably need experience and coaching before they could pull it off.

Harry, she guessed, might be perfect. Yeah, he had his hang-ups with girls, but he’d clearly
gotten over that this year. He was modest and noble, sweet and attentive, but bold enough to face a
dragon, and confident enough to stand up to Umbridge and Ministry.

Yeah, she could see it.

“Aren’t you afraid that Demelza isn’t going to be able to let Harry go?”

*I’m counting on it.* Ginny silently answered. “I’m not bothered. I know he’ll always love
me- though Merlin knows he has enough love to give to everybody. If Demelza wants to stick
around…” She shrugged.

“And Harry.” Katie continued “I just never imagined him having flings- even with your
permission. He’s just so sweet and kind and…” She blushed again, Merlin she needed to get her
crush in check. Or maybe she didn’t after all…

“Yeah, that conversation was… something. It took a lot to convince him that it was alright.
And Harry *doesn’t* do flings. If you sleep with him, I guarantee you you’ll get his love, attention,
and affection. He’ll be good to you, not to stroke his ego, but because he loves to see people he
cares about feel good.”

She was considering it… she was actually considering it. After all, this would be far from
the first fling she’d had. Wizards didn’t have to worry about normal STDs (and magical ones were
extremely rare). If it made things awkward between them… well she was graduating in a little over
a month anyway. And she knew Harry and Ginny wouldn’t spread rumors about it. This didn’t
have to be a serious thing; it could just be teammates… friends, having fun together.

And she’d finally get to experience this. She’d get to have sex with Harry, the sweet boy
who had turned into a man right before her eyes. Oh Merlin, now that she could seriously entertain
the idea, she realized she wanted it a lot more than she let herself acknowledge. Katie felt
something within her stir- a small flutter of heat that she knew from experience wouldn’t leave her-
not until she satisfied herself.

Ginny grinned knowingly. “He’d be so good to you Katie. Trust me- you aren’t going to
regret this.” Her voice was low and passionate; there was something in it that told Katie that this
wasn’t just bravado. Ginny was being absolutely honest and serious.

Her decision was made. “You know what? I’m in.”

“Great, let’s go!” The redhead beamed, heading off for the changing rooms.

“Wait! But what about Demelza? Won’t we be interrupting?” Katie asked, hurrying after
the redhead.

“She’ll be fine. She might even be into it, to be honest.” Ginny waved off her concerns.
“You know you want to do this. Trust me, it’s all right.”

Ginny was right, she *did* want to do this. She wanted it *now.* She knew the alternative was
retreating to her dorm room and imagining what she could so easily just have, or finding some
other bloke to spend some quality time with, but really, if she was going to have sex, she might as
well do it with the bloke she really wanted rather than a stand in.
Oh Merlin, this was actually happening.

Katie followed Ginny back into the girl’s changing room. It was empty, and for a moment Katie felt a pang of disappointment. Then she heard it— Demelza’s moans over the sound of a shower running.

“She’s really getting into it, isn’t she?” Ginny commented, and Katie had to silently agree. As her moans continued- interspersed with low murmurs from Harry she couldn’t quite pick up- Katie found her imagination running rampant. What was Harry doing to make Demelza moan so wantonly? Katie shifted her weight between her legs- a nervous habit. The stirring within her was strengthening as she listened to Demelza’s ecstasy, like a sleeping beast awakening.

Suddenly, Demelza let out a high pitched gasp, and followed it up with a soft, keening “Please, please, oh pleasepleaseplease!”

“Wow.” Katie said to herself quietly. Yes, girls often manufactured or exaggerated moans for their partners’ benefit- but this was unmistakably genuine. Ginny grinned knowingly, as if to say- yes, he’s that good.

There was a beat of silence, the water shut off. Katie’s breath caught, and her heart leapt in her chest. Another moment of silence.

The door unlatched and swung open, Harry stepped through, cradling Demelza in his arms. Somehow, he didn’t seem surprised to see them, and he proceeded to gently place Demelza on a bench, the girl was quite out of it, and she slumped sideways as soon as Harry stopped supporting her. Harry whispered something Katie couldn’t catch to Demelza before facing her again.

Katie felt her mouth go dry. Harry was exquisite, and his skin was patterned by droplets and streams of water that ran down his well-defined chest, to his toned torso to-she licked her lips- his cock. It was as fine a specimen as Katie had ever seen.

She didn’t know how long she had gawked at her teammate- but she was drawn from her reverie by Harry’s awkward “Err, hi Katie.”

Her jaw clicked shut, and Katie blinked rapidly- as if trying to clear her mind of the vision that had been burned into it. “Oh. Wow. Ginny, you lucky witch! How they hell did you stay single for so long, Harry?”

“Not by choice, I assure you.” Harry responded, somewhat bashfully. “And I don’t think stripping in public would have helped things.”

Katie giggled “I dunno, would have gotten my attention.”

“No. All you needed to do was ask a girl other than Cho bloody Chang out.” Ginny commented. “It’s worked out swimmingly for you so far.”

Harry tilted his head in a way that seemed to say ‘fair point’, before turning his attention back to Katie. “Er, so are you sure you want to do this Katie?”

“You kidding?” Katie responded, still leering at his body, all of her doubts dispelled “If I’d known you were hiding this under those robes I’d have taken you back here years ago! Are you sure you don’t mind me trying him out, Ginny, ‘cause damn.”

Ginny laughed, as Harry shifted uncomfortably “Go get him, Katie.”
Katie took advantage of her offer and swooped in for an exploratory kiss, which quickly deepened. Soon, her hands were at his back and his arms were around her waist, pulling each other closer and pressing his cock into Katie’s stomach.

*Oh, I just have to get a closer look at that.*

That sentiment was felt as much as it was thought, and as hot as the kiss was, Katie had to pull back. “And you’re talented too!” Katie exclaimed, and then with a wink “Now, lets check out the goods.”

Her hands slipped down his chest and torso, and then to his cock. She wasted no time in fondling his shaft, fingers exploring the sensitive organ eagerly. She crouched to get a better look at him, and admired how the subtleties of it- how he was so engorged with blood that the veins running up his shaft had flared and his head was purpling. She could faintly pick up his smell- not the smell of sweat, but of his sex- faintly musky. She was especially pleased to see how quickly Harry’s demeanor had changed. Boys really were all the same in that respect, even -no- especially the most arrogant braggarts of them became butter once you had them by the cock.

“Ginny, how long is his refractory period?” Katie asked.

“Uhn- uh, basically non-existent.” Came Ginny’s breathless reply.

“Are you serious?” Katie gaped, turning to the redhead. Sure enough, Ginny was touching herself, have partially dropped her quidditch pants and dipped a hand underneath her knickers. Wow, she really did get off to this!

“Uhn, oh yeah.”

“And you’re sharing him?” She really shouldn’t be questioning her good fortune, but it still boggled her mind a bit.

“So... hot.” Was Ginny’s only response, which wasn’t quite an answer, but on the other hand, what was Katie expecting?

“Suit yourself, but I hope you enjoy it when I make him *scream.*” She turned back to Harry, who had recovered and was cocking an eyebrow at her. She returned with a salacious grin, a promise of what was to come.

“So, what do you want to- uhhhng.” He was interrupted when Katie promptly engulfed him in her mouth, taking him easily to the hilt. She moaned at the taste of him, he had just showered, so she was just tasting him, and he tasted like pure, prime male. She cupped his balls with one hand as she savored him. *Delicious.*

She loved giving blowjobs. Despite her first impression of the act, it had become the most empowering thing she’d ever experienced. Harry was at her tender mercy as she lapped and sucked at the sensitive flesh of his manhood. His soft desirous moans were music to her ears, she pulled back “Do you hear that, Ginny?” She jibed as she continued to tease Harry’s cockhead with her fingers, provoking soft gasps from him “He’s so eager. If I didn’t know better, I’d say you’ve been neglecting him.” She knew that was completely false, as Harry was obviously getting plenty, but dirty talk didn’t always need to be logical. “Keep moaning, babe. *I like it.*” She bobbed up and down a few more times, before adding “Is that why you share him, because you aren’t woman enough to handle him?”

Ginny choked on her moan, but Katie could tell by sound that her stroking had sped up.
She returned her attention to Harry, noting how Ginny’s moans had become much more vocal and how Harry’s own pleasure moans seemed to rise in unison with hers. Katie stopped just before he reached the edge and asked “Where do you want to cum, babe? In my mouth? On my face…” Her expression turned sly “Or how about all over your little girlfriend?” *That* provoked a reaction, as his cock twitched in her hand, and Ginny *squeaked*.

“You like that?” She asked unnecessarily “Well then, why don’t you join us Ginny?” The redhead had certainly seen better days, or at least more composed ones. Her quidditch trousers were around her ankles, and her panties had fallen to her knees. One hand was at her pussy, where she was using two fingers to run circles around her clit, the other hand had been pushed aside her shirt and pulled down her, exposing one tit to the air and massaging it. Her cheeks were stained red and her breath was coming out grunts that were in time with the soft *schlick* of her masturbation.

At Katie’s request, Ginny moved forward, but stumbled as her feet caught in her trousers and fell to her knees.

“That’s convenient.” Katie snickered, enjoying the view of that normally cocky and tomboyish redhead on her knees in front of her “But you should take off your clothes too, right Harry?”

“Oh, yeah.” Harry agreed absently. It was such a shame that Harry’s muggle relatives had circumcised him… Katie briefly wondered if there were magical ways of re-growing his foreskin. Thankfully, he retained the sensitive patch of skin right below his head, which Katie’s fingers took advantage of, rubbing at it gently to keep him at the edge. Harry’s moans had become deliciously plaintive, and his hips were thrusting forward slightly, but he was being remarkably well behaved. He really was still a sweetheart.

Honestly, Katie was impressed. She’d really drawn things out once she realized how *fun* it was to taunt Ginny. Who knew she got off on a bit of humiliation? Most boys would have blown long before now or broken down and either tried to beg her or force her, but Harry was content to let her lead. It was time to give him a reward.

“Hm, I guess it’s only fair…” Katie winked at Harry and began to strip. Peeling off her sweaty quidditch uniform was actually a relief, she was bloody hot, and her skin seemed to radiate heat into the cool air like a furnace. The air was almost as pleasant as the feel of his eyes burning into her body. She knew she looked good, she knew she was both fit and had boobs that Ginny envied. Knowing that didn’t make the reaction boys had to seeing her body for the first time any less gratifying. She loved seeing the look in their eyes as the were completely overtaken by lust, how they lost themselves drinking in the sight of her.

Harry was no exception… the memory of his jaw dropping just slightly to let out a breathy moan as she removed her bra would become a favorite of hers. Each twitch of his cock just made her want to ravish it all the more, or to just screw it and impale herself on him. Let him release himself in her, and fuck him again and again until she drained him dry.

*Morgana* she was wet, and she was *so* hot all over. She needed to focus, she needed to get him off *now* before she lost her willpower. She noticed Harry moving his hand to his cock, and yes she very much wanted to see him masturbate at some point… that’d be bloody hot, but she wanted- needed- it on her terms. “Ah!” She chirped disapprovingly. Swiftly, she moved behind Harry and caught his wrists. “You’re *mine*, sweetie.”

Katie slid her hand down to her cunt, and moaned, low and husky into Harry ear. “You’re so bloody hot, babe.” She pulled her hand out, now dripping with her arousal, and wrapped it around Harry’s shaft, using her own juices as lube. Her slick fingers easily slid up and down him
in a way she knew must be driving him wild.

He let out an urgent little sound, and then “Katie! Oh god!” She had him now. It’d taken long enough, but his cock was now so urgently aching that he could think of nothing else- he needed that sweet release. His cock controlled him, and since she controlled his cock…

“She was so cocky.” Katie moaned between sloppy kisses along his neck and jaw- loud enough so that Ginny could hear her. “After you started fucking her. She strutted in like she owned the school. She even bragged to me about it, tried to rub it in my face.” She punctuated that by licking up his neck. Oh, he tasted good, she wanted to kiss, lick, suck, and bite every inch of his skin, she wanted to devour him.

She molded her body behind his, resting her head on his shoulder, and the contact with him lit her skin up even more. It was too fucking much, with her non-dominant hand, she began to touch herself, rubbing her clit even as she redoubled her stroking of Harry’s cock, setting a brutal pace. “Uhn, pump your hot seed all over that sexy little girlfriend of yours, babe.” She told him in a low, lustful voice between grunts “Douse her in it. Uhn. Show her just how much I can make you cum.”

His cock twitched so violently that it felt like it was trying to buck out of her grip, and he erupted with surprising force. *Holy fuck, imagine how that would feel inside of me.* Her only regret was that she couldn’t see his face as he came- though hearing the sweet desperate noises he made and watching him unload on Ginny was enough. She found her own release just moments later. With great effort, she was able to keep her reaction down to low moan and several husky grunts.

*Oh yes, that was good, but she needed more.*

Katie surveyed Ginny, who had jammed two fingers up her pussy and thrown her head back in a wail. Harry’d plastered her with a truly impressive amount of cum, which was now dripping down her shuddering body. She had to admit, it was an enticing sight. She was tempted to lick Harry’s essence off her tight abdomen, but she had bigger priorities at the moment.

Ginny eventually sagged, lurching forward and catching herself so that she was on her hands and knees. She gazed up at them, her face decorated with cum, and her eyes blazing with emotion. “Harry.” She panted “Oh fuck. Just fuck her already!”

That was not the reaction she’d been expecting, but Katie wasn’t about to complain. She looked back to his cock, which she just realized she now had in a vice-like grip at the base. It glistened with the evidence of their combined arousal. *I want it.*

With a burst of agility Katie swung a leg around Harry’s waist and used that leverage to wrap both legs around him. The force of Katie’s move caused Harry to teeter for a moment before he pivoted and pressed her against the locker. Her mischievous grin was met with a challenging one from Harry.

Katie gyrated her hips, rubbing her core against Harry’s manhood. Each stroke rubbed his head and length against her labia and clit, smearing his shaft with her arousal. It felt brilliant, but Katie wanted more. She wanted the piece of meat inside of her, and she was certain Harry felt the same way.

*“Merlin, Katie.”* Harry moaned *“Fuck!”* Harry rained kissed down Katie’s neck- pausing to suck viciously when he found a sensitive spot. *Morgana,* he was good with his mouth. The pressure he applied with his tongue, the suction, the graze of his teeth against her sensitive flesh-
Katie couldn’t help but cry out.

“Oh, just fuck me already, Potter!”

“How’s that an order?” Harry teased, eyes glinting.

Oh, she was so done with his teasing. She didn’t need any more foreplay, she just needed him inside of her. She wanted that rough, animal sex. She wanted him to unleash all of that teenage lust on her body. “You’re god damned right it is!”

----

Ron Weasley had had worse days.

Sure, classes were a slog- even moreso without Hermione to help him. Without her to cajole him into doing homework- Ron found himself putting it off more and more, until it was the night before it was due and he ended up rushing to put something, anything, to paper.

And yeah, Quidditch practice was awkward, considering he simultaneously had to ignore Harry, but listen to him when he spoke to him. Not to mention the dirty looks Ginny would occasionally shoot him.

But things could be worse. After all, he had Lavender, and things were going great with her. After she’d given him a blowjob over a month ago, he’d found that he could easily convince her to… do things. He fondly recalled that night he’d lost his virginity- it was simply amazing.

Sure, he would have loved it if they could do more- every day would be great- but even twice a week was amazing. It was honestly so validating, a confidence boost like no other. For the first time, Ron felt like a man.

So who cares if Harry’s collecting some sort of weird harem? It’s not like he’d want any of the girls who’d be willing to do that to themselves anyway. Ron felt a pang of regret there- after all, Hermione was hardly the type to… do that sort of thing. He knew she wouldn’t have done it without Harry convincing, manipulating her.

Another pang of guilt- would Harry really do that? Manipulate people in order to save his own skin? Would he?

No. He wouldn’t

Ron shook himself. Harry had lied to him. He wouldn’t have done that unless he was guilty of something.

Or if Harry had thought Ron would react badly- just as he had.

And Hermione, well, she certainly hadn’t seemed coerced when he had walked in on them. That image, of her riding Harry, a look of pure pleasure on her face, had been burned into Ron’s memory. It never failed to unleash a maelstrom of emotions- anger, jealousy, betrayal… arousal, in a boiling pit in Ron’s stomach.

_Harry had taken Hermione from him!_

That was the key. Ron wasn’t dumb. He knew Harry could have any girl he wanted. They were probably lining up to drop their knickers for him. So why did he have to take Hermione? It just wasn’t fair. Harry always got his way. He got the money, the fame, the glory, the harem of
What did Ron get? Hand me down robes. If he was lucky, he might get mentioned as ‘Harry’s sidekick’. And if he was really lucky he’d get the scraps, those girls that Harry deemed not worth his time. Like Lavender.

Ron had come to terms with it. He wasn’t really into Lavender. She was hot, but going on dates with her was becoming a chore after the novelty wore off, and Ron honestly preferred spending time with Seamus and Dean to Lavender…except for when they were engaged in certain activities.

But what was he supposed to do? Break up with her? Here was a girl who was interested in him, would be willing to snog any time of the day, and was even willing to shag him on occasion. He had a girlfriend, and it made him feel bloody good about himself.

Sure, there were girls he’d rather be with. Hermione for one, though he was embarrassed to admit he hadn’t realized just how much he’d wanted her until he’d walked in on her writhing euphorically on Harry’s cock. He hadn’t notice just how sexy his long-time friend was, every time he saw her now his eyes would be immediately drawn to her magnificent tits, and his cock would twitch to hardness. Thankfully she didn’t seem to notice his lecherous gaze, apparently she was still to wrapped up in Harry to bother with him.

Ron shut the shower off. He’d been in there for ages, but he’d taken to enjoying long hot showers at Hogwarts- considering he’d never had the luxury at home with 6 siblings. It helped him think about things- for all the good it did him, he’d been going in circles ever since he’d walked in on Harry and Hermione, never being able to sort it out in his head.

Ron was on his way out when he heard the scream- it was loud, feminine, and definitely came from the girl’s changing rooms. Ron froze in indecision for a moment- should he really barge into the girl’s changing rooms?

But it sounded like someone was in trouble. Maybe he could help! Maybe he could do something heroic by himself for once! Invigorated, Ron rushed to the changing room- pausing at the final turn in the hallway to collect himself.

The scream finally cut off- and was followed by the sound of gasping, moaning, and… Ron felt the heat rising in his cheeks. Cautiously, he peered around the corner, morbid curiosity and something he wouldn’t acknowledge urging him onward.

No way...

Chapter End Notes

As promised, we got a look at Katie. I do think she offers something new. She’s more experienced and dominant than the other girls. We don’t see as much of her protective/mothering side- but I’m planning on having that come up in a big way with Demelza.

Also, surprise! Ron's back! Okay, maybe a lame surprise, but yeah, I'm not done with him just yet.
Anyway, thanks again to everyone who's reviewed! The response to this story has been amazing, and is really the best motivator I could possibly have.
Sure enough, Harry had Katie- Katie pinned to the locker. They were both completely 
naked and glistening with sweat. His cock was buried right in her pussy- though Ron didn’t have a 
good view of that particular detail he could certainly imagine it. Then he noticed that Demelza 
was sitting on the bench, fingers buried in her cunt. And Ginny was on the floor, slumped up 
against the wall and absolutely dripping with cum.

That familiar, confusing, swirl of emotions was back. Harry got everything! He got to fuck 
all the hottest girls in the school. At the same time, he couldn’t pull himself away. He couldn’t 
tear his eyes off of the gorgeous female bodies before him. Even as jealousy churned his stomach-
Ron couldn’t help the familiar tingle in his cock. Thinking quickly, he disillusioned himself, he 
really didn’t want to get caught right now.

Katie seemed to come to, and gazed at Harry with a mixture of lust, and affection. Harry let 
her down, yet Katie still kept her arms around him. “I think my ovaries just exploded.” She giggled 
euphorically.

His cock, slick with Katie’s juices bobbed with Harry’s stride. Ron tore his eyes away from 
Harry’s shaft, and they landed on his sister, who had stood herself up was staring at Harry’s cock 
with a look of sheer lust.

No! He didn’t want to look at Harry’s penis, and he certainly didn’t want to look at his 
sister. There were two perfectly hot girls to ogle.

“What did I tell you?” Ginny teased.

“You weren’t lying, Ginny.” Katie admitted. “That was… wow!”

The two girls conversed, words interspaced occasionally with giggling. Harry grinned 
easily as he looked between the two, pleased to see them getting along, then turned his attention to 
Demelza.

The girl had her legs splayed, and was moving a single finger in and out of her drooling slit, 
every slight move triggered trembles and moans. “How are you doing, Dem?” He said softly, 
kneeling down to her level.

The girl’s eyes locked with his, she opened her mouth to respond but all that came out was 
a breathy moan. Harry smiled and kissed her cheek “Hold in there. Remember, don’t cum. Not 
yet.”

By now, Ginny and Katie were sporting giddy grins, and turned their eyes towards Harry. 
“Luv, Katie and I have decided to share you.” Ginny announced “Would you?” She gestured to the 
bench.

Ron didn’t understand what she meant, but Harry seemed to read her intentions perfectly. 
“Of course.” He smiled, before laying himself on the bench. His shaft, still wet from Katie’s 
 arousal, stood at attention. Demelza stood up and left Ron’s field a view, perhaps propping herself 
up against the lockers so she could get a better look at Harry.
“You want his cock or his mouth?” Ginny asked.

“I really want to see what that mouth can do.” Katie admitted.

“Perfect.” Ginny and Harry answered simultaneously. They met each other’s eyes and chuckled, as if sharing an inside joke.

Ron’s jaw hung open as he watched on in gnawing jealousy and growing arousal. Katie straddling his head, giving him a full view of her body and Ginny kneeling in front of Harry, facing away from Ron. Harry’s mouth eagerly began working on her, lips molding against hers, his tongue pressing and swiping enthusiastically. “Oh yes babe. Just like that. Take it.” Katie moaned, bearing down on Harry until she was practically grinding her cunt on his face.

Ginny, for her part, engulfed Harry’s cock with just as much enthusiasm. Moaning deeply as she took to the hilt in one go. Katie, through her haze of pleasure, managed a smirk. “You like that, Ginny? You like that you can taste me on him? I wonder ho- OH! FUCK! Oh FUCK YES!”

Katie’s ecstatic moans and the look of naked pleasure on her face thrilled something deep inside of Ron. Lavender had never moaned liked that. Sure, she had moaned plenty, but not like that- her voice bursting with pleasure, oozing with sexuality. Now that he thought about it, he’d never seen Lavender look at him the way Katie, Ginny, and Demelza looked at Harry. He had to bite back a moan as Katie’s orgasmic writhing caused her breasts to jiggle and sway deliciously.

Ron’s prick was aching, straining against the fabric of his trousers, and Ron tried to subtly adjust himself with his hand. ‘Adjusting’ quickly turned into passively palming his throbbing prick as he became completely immersed in the scene before him. Katie’s eyes drew him in shining a mixture of lust and pure determination, so intense that if she turned her gaze to him- Ron was certain he’d combust on the spot.

What had he gotten himself into?

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Demelza was at the edge.

It had been hard enough to watch her teammates waltz in and steal Harry away like it was nothing, relegating Demelza to frig herself pathetically on the sidelines. It was hard enough to watch Katie effortlessly have what she had been fantasizing about every night for weeks. Demelza hadn’t even touched Harry’s cock yet, but Katie fucked him. Katie fucked Harry Potter right in front of her and underneath the frustration Demelza secretly loved it.

Unable to look away, Demelza watched with awe and envy as Harry speared his cock inside Katie until she wailed like a banshee, and then as Ginny stuffed him into her mouth. What Demelza wouldn’t give to pleasure him- with her mouth, with her pussy, her hands, even. She wanted more than anything for him to use her body for his own pleasure, to make him feel as good as he made her feel, but Harry seemed determined to deny her.

Demelza’s drooling cunt felt like an active volcano spewing lava- it was so hot and enflamed, and her juices were once again coating her hand, thighs, and dribbling down to the floor. Her fingers were such a poor substitute for Harry, but that didn’t stop Demelza from imagining, as she often did at night, that Harry was penetrating her. She imagined how he’d feel- the swollen head parting her, the veins and contours of his shaft pressing into her, the feel of him- warm and throbbing.
Demelza was already putty in his hands as it was- she knew that he’d ruin her the instant he penetrated her with his manhood. She knew that there was no way she’d walk away from the experience as more than a drooling, quivering cocksleeve.

She realized what was happening a moment too late. She’d gotten so caught up in her fantasy that she let herself cross the edge. Desperately, she tried to stop it, to stifle it, anything to avoid disappointing Harry. He had told her, right after they’d gotten out of the shower, that he didn’t want her to cum until this was over, and if she didn’t, she’d get a reward.

But she couldn’t. She wasn’t strong enough. She was weak, a slave to her hungry cunt and greedy clit. So she came. Her knees gave out and she fell on her arse as her cunt spasmed around her inadequate fingers.

The worst part, Demelza realized, was that her orgasm wasn’t enough. It wasn’t nearly enough. She’d gotten herself off half a dozen times last night and it still hadn’t been enough. Her cunt hungered for one thing, and she had just put it out of reach.

Demelza almost sobbed as her arousal predictably returned while she watched her fellow chasers fuck her captain. Harry was devouring Katie like a starving man, her juices coated his face and slid down his chin. It was as if she were a delicious desert that he just couldn’t get enough of. Katie seemed to be on another plane of existence- head tilted back, eyes closed, jaw hanging open. She was no longer grinding against Harry. No, now she was just along for the ride. Her hands were placed on his chest in an attempt to remain stable through the pleasure, even as Harry held her thighs firmly in place.

Ginny’s blowjob was a spectacle in itself. It was messy and almost grotesque, how she drooled and slurped over his cock. She was oblivious to her own discomfort as she deep throated Harry sloppily, giving her all for his pleasure even as Harry was wrapped up in Katie. Ginny’s efforts paid off, and Demelza could only whimper as Harry once again stiffened and let out a moan muffled by Katie’s pussy. Ginny’s eyed went wide as he flooded her mouth, but she took it like a champ, swallowing nearly everything- only letting a single drop trickle escape through the corner of her mouth.

Demelza could only imagine how that felt, having Harry’s manhood throbbing and pulsing in her mouth… or Merlin, her pussy. Oh, to feel him filling her with his potent seed. Her cunt spasmed at just the thought of him pumping his seed into her fertile, empty womb. Demelza tilted her head back and moaned as hot desire curled through her once again. Her fingers found her clit and rubbed viciously. Her entire body was shaking with pleasure, she just needed to…

A hand grabbed Demelza’s wrist, and pulled her fingers away from her slit. Disoriented, she tried to resist for a moment until she realized that Harry had been the one to restrain her. It all came crashing down on her. She had utterly failed.

Demelza trembled under Harry’s disapproving gaze, and felt a rush of hot arousal when he grabbed her other wrist and easily pinned both of her hands to the wall. Oh Merlin, she was completely helpless. Her overheated body quivered in desire at how close his lean, muscular form was to hers, and how utterly at his mercy she was.

“She really can’t control herself.” Ginny noted, somehow still sounding superior to her even as she was naked and dripping with semen.

“Looks like she needs her Captain to set her straight.” Katie added teasingly.

Harry seemed to examine her critically, and the way his eyes scanned her body made
Demelza feel even more exposed. “Alright Dem, it looks like you’re gonna need more work than I expected.” Harry told her, and Demelza clung to his every word. “I think what you need is some more practice.”

“Sir?”

“Every night, I want you to edge yourself, for…” He paused in thought for a moment “For fifteen minutes. You can’t cum. You’ll do this every night until our next practice on Thursday. Is that understood?”

Demelza felt like she was imploding. She wanted to cry in frustration. The thought of denying herself for four days was nearly unbearable to her. She could hardly stand it now… how could she possibly hope to hold out for four days.

“Demelza.” Harry crooned “If you do this, I’ll give you everything you want.” Demelza shuddered at the prospect of Harry’s promise.

“Of course, sir.” She complied, bowing her head.

Then, Harry leaned in close, and whispered in her ear “Good girl.” It took all of Demelza’s willpower to not cum on the spot.

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Ron stumbled away from the scene, doing his best to ignore his twinging cock, but unable to banish the images burned in his mind’s eye.

He had no idea his teammates were such sluts. He and Lavender had had sex, sure, but she hadn’t been like this. Not just willing, but eager… gagging for it. They all had been gagging for it when Ron had to wheedle and sweet talk Lavender to put out.

He wondered if Hermione was as big of a slut as Ginny and Katie were. At first his mind rejected it outright, proper and rules abiding Hermione Granger? No way!

Except… never in a million years would Ron have guessed his little sister would look at a guy with such hunger in her eyes. Or moan so whorishly while she stuffed Harry’s thick cock in her mouth. After all, he had walked in on Hermione and Harry, even if he’d only gotten a glimpse, that glimpse had been of Hermione riding him.

“Fuck.” He cursed to himself as hastened his pace. He really needed to get that scene out of his head, it wasn’t like he hadn’t seen Lavender naked before. It’s just that Lavender never looked like Katie had, so enthusiastic, strong, and desirous. Lavender… of course!

Ron was so aroused he knew he wouldn’t be able to settle down until he had his release. He could of course go what he’d just saw… and that made him distinctly uncomfortable. No, he needed Lavender, now.

He found her in the common room with Pavarti. “Lav!” He called to her as he approached.

“Yes Won-won?” She giggled. God, Ron hated that nickname.

“I need you! I mean, I need to talk to you… in private.” Ron elected to ignore how Lavender and Pavarti glanced at each other and snickered, that wasn’t important.

He almost sighed in relief when Lavender relented without a fight. “Of course baby!” She
cooed, then calling to Pavarti “I’ll catch up later girl!”

Ron wasted no time in whisking his girlfriend away to the nearest broom cupboard. “What is it baby? Quidditch practice got you all worked up?” She fawned.

“Err, yeah. I really need it right now.” Ron moaned, before diving in for a deep snog. His eyes drifted shut as they sunk into the kiss, and Ron was back in the changing room- the way Katie and Harry’s mouths clashed as they kissed, devouring each other. The way she had looked at him like a lioness would her prey. “Won-won!” Lavender protested, giggling “What’s gotten into you?”

“Oh, I’ll be getting into you shortly!” Ron returned. Heh, he had picked that one up from Dean. He briefly considered going for her top, but the way their crotches were grinding against each other… Ron couldn’t take it anymore.

Hastily, he unbuttoned his pants and shoved down his boxers, letting his aching prick spring free. Ron was barely seeing Lavender now. Instead of Lavender’s unimpressed expression as he pushed her panties to the side, he was seeing Katie’s hungry gaze. When he shoved his prick forward, it wasn’t into Lavender’s pussy, but into Katie’s ravenous cunt. Oh, how he wanted to wreck that slut with his cock. And when Ron exploded after that one thrust, Lavender couldn’t have been further from his mind.

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Hermione was thankful that she was in the Room of Requirement. She wasn’t exactly sure how she would have handled the situation without drawing attention to herself if she had been in the common room. She had finally found a reference to her apparent ability to sense magic- for all the help that it provided. The book was frustratingly vague, mostly using anecdotal accounts and imprecise language to describe what it termed ‘fey sight’.

It had left her very little to go off of, which meant Hermione had to experiment. Hermione rather suspected that these experiments may become unsuitable for the public. No, it was much better to do this in a secure location. Even if she didn’t end up taking her clothes off, she wanted to avoid questions about what she was working on.

She’d barely gotten started, however, when Harry, or rather, his cock, had diverted her attention. He hadn’t had sex at all that day- they just hadn’t found the time- and it was definitely effecting him. His shaft was desperately inflamed, yet Harry ignored it easily, even as Demelza stripped, begged, and became putty in Harry’s hands, he didn’t consider relieving himself. He was so focused on Demelza’s pleasure that he just… pushed it aside.

Hermione admired his dedication to his partner, but- but, it was just too fucking much. God damn it Harry. Hermione seethed as she shoved a hand underneath her skirt and panties. Academically, she knew this wouldn’t solve anything. Even if she came, Harry’s arousal would just ramp her back up again and she would remain unsatisfied. The only solution was to ‘distance’ herself from him in the bond… but she was still working on that, and she didn’t think she was in the right mindset to try.

Something wrong, ‘Mione?

Shut up and just let her make you cum already! Hermione’s fingers rubbed her clit intently, she didn’t even bother taking off her clothes. Of course, Harry didn’t honor her request. Hermione came, at about the same time Demelza did, but Harry’s arousal still pulsed through their bond, stronger than ever.
Katie unleashed a new kind of torture on them. She’d probably have to cast *repairo* on her blouse, she was certain some of the buttons had gotten dislodged when she ripped it open. Her panties and skirt would need drying charms for sure. She had rubbed her clit so vigorously and for so long that it was sore and overstimulated, but she couldn’t stop. Even though it was becoming uncomfortable, she couldn’t think to do anything else. She could hardly think *at all*, so consumed with how desperately sensitive and achingly hard Harry’s cock was and with how his lust boiled and rose inside of him. Hermione had lost all sense by the time she *finally* let Harry have his release. She didn’t even have the wherewithal to be jealous that *Ginny* was the one who was going to be doused in Harry’s semen.

When Harry’s orgasm hit, Hermione *screamed* and threw her head back. *Finally, finally, finally.* Through some fortunate happenstance her eyes stayed open for long enough to realize that something had changed.

She could see *everything.*

Chapter End Notes

Poor Lavender. Don't feel too bad for Demelza, she secretly loves it, even if she is going to slowly go insane over the next few days.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I was honestly blown away by the level of response the last chapter got. As always, I appreciate any thoughts/constructive criticism/encouragement you lot have.
Katie and Ginny both left to take their overdue showers, leaving Harry alone with Demelza.

She… had a way of inspiring an unexpected variety of emotions in him.

There was, of course, arousal. Her body was completely exposed to him, perhaps intentionally so, as she made a point to spread her legs further and push out her chest after he’d started speaking to her. This was only enhanced by the sheen of sweat covering her body, and the effect her heavy breathing had on her breasts. Moreover, she was so eager, so desperate to please, and so very subservient. He couldn’t deny the effect she had on him. It made him want to pin her down and fuck her senseless as much as he wanted to hold her in his arms and surround her with love.

She provoked his protective instincts, much like Luna could, only stronger. Her eyes, so trusting, pierced his heart. She made herself so vulnerable to him that he couldn’t help but want to shield her from the world, protect her from anyone who’d want to hurt or take advantage of her.

Even, perhaps, himself.

“Er, Dem?” He asked hesitantly, breaking ‘character’ for the moment “Are you… okay with everything that we did?”

She nodded fervently in response “Absolutely. I…” Her tone dipped low as her eyes flickered down his body. “I loved it.”

“Even the part where you have to deny yourself for the next few days?” His tone was bit teasing now.

“Yes! I can do it! I’ll do it and then…” She let out a breathy whine, before her hands clenched at her sides in an attempt at self control. “I mean. I can do this, Harry. I want to do this and I’m very happy with everything… even if it’s going to drive me out of my mind.”

Harry chuckled. “Well, please don’t hesitate in using the safe word if you ever feel its too much for you. I don’t want to hurt you, Dem. That’s the last thing I want.” His gaze, as he locked eyes with her, was full of compassion and love. He brought a hand to her cheek, brushing aside her hair affectionately. “I just want you to be happy, Dem.”

Demelza seemed to melt before him, her returning gaze was practically euphoric. “I am, Ma- Sir, I am.”

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Hermione sat cross-legged in the center of the room of requirement. Her eyes were closed, and her breathing even as she attempted to focus, trying to look inward and feel. Feel Harry’s magic, reaching out through their bond, and feel her own innate magic.

Clothes had ended up being a distraction, particularly in her… agitated state, so she shed them. This was too important to care about modesty. She was at the edge of a breakthrough.
Yes, there was Harry’s magic, like fire and passion and life. It was the heat that fed her internal fire, driving her up the walls. It was the reason why her nipples were erect and her pussy was enflamed and dripping onto the floor even without any stimulation. Look harder.

Her magic was unlike Harry’s- cool and firm, yet plaint, like clay. Now she could feel exactly where it was in her body- mostly deep within her, near her center of mass, but she could also feel it elsewhere, like in her brain, and in two small oblong orbs in her torso that could only be her ovaries.

Sex and magic are linked. She was sure of it now. Why had this never been mentioned before? She hadn’t read a hint about this in any book.

Of course, the reason was obvious. Until very recently- mostly due to the influence of muggleborn students- wizarding society had been stuck with downright Victorian sensibilities. Anyone older than 40, which with the long lives of magical beings was most witches and wizards, were about as repressed as you could be, and those were the people who controlled the wizarding world.

It was the same reason why despite the vast majority of students in Hogwarts accepting muggleborns, Hermione would still be disadvantaged in wizarding society- because all of the people in power were very much from a different time.

Her focus was so complete that she almost missed the door opening. “Hello, Hermione.” Luna chimed, not at all bothered by Hermione’s nudity “You’re looking very nice today.”

Hermione blushed, but didn’t open her eyes. Even a few weeks ago she would have been freaking out right about now, but after everything she’d experienced she was only somewhat embarrassed.

“Hi Luna.” She greeted “I’m kind of in the middle of something, right now.”

“Oh.” The blonde replied, unperturbed “Do you mind if I hang out?”

Her first instinct was still to shoo Luna away, but her presence had given her an idea. “Sure.”

Once again, Hermione focused, but instead of looking inward, she turned outward. She felt, or rather ‘saw’, the intricately interwoven magic in the floor that she sat on, and felt a triumphant rush. Pressing on, she slowly extended her reach, until she could make out Luna.

Luna’s magic was like air, whimsical and flighty. Hermione honed her mind on her friend, and was able to discern more and more. Her magical core- compact in the center of her torso like Hermione’s, contained most of her magic, but it also spread diffusely out across her body. She could sense it running in her arteries and veins, crisscrossing her entire body. She could also see it in her brain, her heart, and as she could sense in herself, Luna’s ovaries.

Hermione hesitated, feeling a bit guilty about what could very well be an invasion of privacy. She didn’t think she’d have been able to see so much on her first try. “Er, Luna.” Hermione called regretfully “So, I’ve been working on sensing magic, and I just realized that I can sort of see your magic, and-”

“That’s sounds lovely, Hermione. What is my magic like?” Luna asked, unbothered.

“Like air, I suppose.” Hermione answered “And well, I can see parts of you- your body, where magic is concentrated, which I just realized can sort of be personal, so I’d like to apologize.”
Luna still didn’t seem bothered, and sat herself right in front of Hermione. “There’s no need for that. We’re sisters now, after all. What sort of things can you see? Oh wait! Does this have to do with sex? Is that why you’re naked? Can you see my sexy bits?” Each question was asked with greater enthusiasm with the last, leaving Luna at the edge of her figurative seat.

Hermione was now blushing profusely; Luna was indeed bright in her own way. “Yes, actually. I can see your ovaries, and if I focus…”

After about a minute of silence, Hermione’s eyes flew open and she began stammering. “Uh, Luna? Are you by any chance, uh?” Part of her was screaming at her to stop, this was too personal, improper. That part of her, however, was overridden by her starving curiosity, she needed to figure this out.

Luna had her head tilted quizzically, clearly waiting for Hermione to finish.

“…turned on?” Hermione uttered. Honestly, it was the only thing to make sense. Luna’s magic was coalescing around her sexual organs- ovaries, fallopian tubes, her vagina and clint, and Hermione had been watching it happen in real time.

Luna at least had the decency to blush, but didn’t appear particularly apologetic. “I did say you were looking nice today.” She said matter-of-factly.

“Erm, thanks?” Hermione stammered. “I just didn’t realize that you, er, liked girls.”

“Do you? Like girls that is?”

“Errrrr.” That was a question Hermione had never even considered before. “I haven’t really thought about it. I don’t think so.”

“Do you want to find out?” Luna asked. Wow, she was forward.

“Errr…” Hermione was suddenly feeling a lot more exposed now that it dawned on her that she was alone, naked in a room with her friend who was obviously attracted to her and was trying to have sex with her, apparently.

“Because, if you do, I could help?” She offered.

“Uhhh…”

“Are you alright? You haven’t been afflicted by nargles, have you?”

“No! I mean yes! I mean, no, I haven’t been afflicted by nargles. And yes, I am okay. I just wasn’t expecting the offer. And, I think I’m fine Luna. I’ve already seen girls… you know, and they didn’t do anything to me… not like Harry at least.”

Thankfully, Luna didn’t seem put off in the slightest. In fact, she smiled goofily at the mention of Harry. “Harry is very nice, isn’t he?”

At that, Hermione had to agree. “Yeah… he is.”

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Even after dinner, that marathon session in the changing rooms lingered in Harry’s mind. Both physically and emotionally, it had been… an experience.

He remembered after the first time he and Ginny had had sex, he’d been satisfied for most
of the rest of the day. That had changed when he and Ginny became bonded, but at first he’d had to rely on her to get back into the mood. Now, however, things had changed. As far as he could tell, his refractory period had vanished completely.

He’d had the feeling he had all the information he needed, but couldn’t quite put it together. Fortunately, he was no bound to someone who was incredibly adept at putting things together. Thankfully, he had Hermione for that.

She’d then interrogated him, and Harry admitted that he thought spells were getting easier for him in class, but he’d thought it’d just been his imagination. Hermione had just rolled her eyes “Honestly, Harry.” She’d chided “Didn’t I tell you to keep an eye out for that sort of thing?”

That was such a Hermione thing to say that Harry couldn’t help the surge of affection. Suddenly not caring if there were witnesses (there were none, fortunately) Harry wrapped her in his arms and kissed her. Hermione had melted even before their lips met, her internal mantra coming through loud and clear to him- I love you too, Harry. I love you too.

Of course, that was before quidditch practice, and before Hermione’s epiphany, her newfound ability to see magic… he was drawn from his musings quite suddenly, by the feel of someone unzipping his pants. Moments later, a hand had deftly slipped under the elastic of his boxers and grabbed his shaft. It was so quick and unexpected that Harry leapt in his seat and nearly shouted out to the entire library.

The view of Luna kneeling underneath his table allowed him to stifle that impulse at the last second. “Luna!” He choked out a quietly as he could “What are you doing here?” As surprised as he was to see her, he couldn’t help but pay attention to her cleavage. She wasn’t wearing bra, and from this angle he had a bird’s eye view down her top. God, his cock twitched in Luna’s hand. “Why don’t you have a bra?”

“Giving you a blowjob, of course. Ginny said it’d turn you on if I didn’t wear a bra, so I decided to try it.” Luna said matter-of-factly, using the fact that Harry had partially stood up in surprise to her advantage by pulling his pants and boxers further downward. “I’ve already cast muffiato and silencio, so you don’t need to worry about being heard. I rather like it when you moan.”

“We could get caught.” Harry objected.

“This won’t take long.” Luna countered, and Harry had to concede she was correct on that point. She’d gotten exponentially better at oral sex with each encounter. She had a way with him, she’d either ask him to ‘talk’ or pull him aside. It wasn’t so much that she didn’t take no for an answer, but rather he couldn’t bring himself to say no to her. Not when she looked up at him like she did with those eyes- beautiful and kind, swimming with affection and desire.

Luna took his silence as acquiescence and so also took his cockhead into her mouth. Instantly, what remaining resistance Harry had collapsed and Harry himself found himself falling back into the chair.

Luna took full advantage, sinking down onto him and swirling her tongue around him expertly. “Oh. Oh Merlin.” He moaned as she devoured him. Somehow, in the space of a few weeks, she’d mastered him. Every time she’d blown him, she learned, and now she knew exactly how to make him come undone in record time.

True, some of it was how pent up he’d been, but this was mind bending. Luna moaned loudly around his cock as she took him to the hilt. The sound, low, lustful, and muffled by his cock
combined with the vibrations it produced almost undid him at what, ten seconds? Her eyes gazed into his unblinkingly, and the pure hunger they displayed almost did him in again.

He was right at the edge, and Luna chose that moment to switch tactics. She drew back, releasing his cock with a pop. “You taste delicious, Harry.” She complimented. Harry wasn’t able to respond, left gasping and reeling by how close he’d been only to be denied. She looked down at his cock with hungry eyes and licked her lips, it twitched ardently under her scrutiny, anticipating once again being engulfed by her mouth.

She followed through, taking him within her once more with another gleeful moan, but this time she was careful not to stimulate him too much. She was keeping him at the edge. She didn’t quite succeed, and there were a few moments where Harry had to resist the urge to cum.

Even though the library at large couldn’t hear them, he would normally be self-conscious about letting go in such a public place. However, he was so focused on the task of not coming that he let slip moan after moan. By the time she released him, his cock felt like it was on fire and there was a tingling sensation welling up in his testicles. Luna’s nimble fingers were lighting stroking them, stoking the feeling higher as if priming them to blow.

*What happened to this being quick?*

*It hasn’t been that long, luv. Ginny teased.*

This time, Luna took to raining kisses down on him- his head, his shaft, and then his balls, which she proceeded to lick and suck at gently. His cock felt like it was melting down and he swore that his testicles ready to boil over.

Luna’s eyes zeroed in on his cockhead, specifically a drop of precum that had just peaked out, and by the look in her eyes Harry knew the teasing was over. She devoured him once more, and though he tried to hold off as long as possible, he could not resist her renewed assault. *“Oh. Luna. Luna. Please…”*

He was exploding, that was the only way to describe how it felt, the way his ball seized up and curled inwards as the dam broke. They ejected their molten contents violently up his shaft like a volcanic eruption.

Luna drank from him with a decadent moan and it felt as if she were drawing the cum straight from his balls. Her eyes rolled back and she collapsed against him shaking, yet despite the distraction her own orgasm, each fiery pulse was met with a moan and glorious suction from the blonde witch that had latched onto his cock.

She drank greedily. Even as his orgasm wound down, she kept his shuddering cock trapped in her mouth, giving the sensitive organ no rest from her relentless suction. It was only when she elicited the last halting twitches from his deflating member that she released him. Luna looked up at him, practically glowing with satisfaction as she saw how she’d affected him. He was still panting and trembling in euphoria from the aftershocks of his peak.

When he gathered his bearings enough to look back down at her he was treated to quite the sight. Luna had drawn quite the load from him by teasing him as much as she had and drawing out his orgasm. At the corners of her lips some of his seed had overflowed, and was now making its way down her neck. When she noticed his attention, she opened her mouth, displaying the pools, gobs, and strings of his cum that she had collected. Then she made a show of swallowing, and followed up by collecting what she had let spill over on her finger and sucking on it suggestively with an indulgent “Mmm.”
Harry sighed and relaxed as the post orgasm glow washed over him. Yes, that was exactly what he needed. His release had been supremely satisfying, he was sure he’d be able to fo-

Harry’s thoughts froze once more as he was again struck by the paralyzing sensation of his cockhead being engulfed in moist warmth. He’d cum so many times and so thoroughly today that his cock was feeling a bit over-sensitized, but even so, and partly against his own will, his organ responded instantly. Her eyes- so open and earnest- drew him just as she drew in his cock. She had him- had him at the whim of her tender mercy.

Meanwhile, Susan was frozen in place, in plain view if either of them had bothered to look up. She stared at them, flushed, breathing, and heart pounding like she’d just run a mile, and her heart wasn’t the only thing that was pulsing. Between her legs she throbbed needily. She had seen what Luna had been able to do to Harry, and she wanted that too. She didn't just want to make him cum, she didn't just want him to want her... she wanted him desperate for her.

Harry threw his head back and let out another (to her ears) silent moan. That was okay, her imagination had gotten surprisingly vivid in this area in past week or so. That look of bliss on his face was more than enough send a wave of electric heat through her body, forcing her to stifle a whimper of her own. She was tempted... so tempted, to walk up and join them, but her confidence failed her. Instead, Susan pulled back, hiding behind a bookshelf until Luna passed by a few minutes later with a blissed out smile and a drop of cum still dotting her lip.

"You really don't need to be so nervous, Susan." The blonde said, collecting that errant drop of cum on her finger and bringing it to her mouth. "Mmh! As long as you have fun, Harry will too. That's what Ginny tells me, anyway, and it seems to work."

"Er, thanks Luna." Susan gave her a faltering smile "I'll keep that in mind."

Susan returned to Harry, who was standing up and straightening himself out- tucking his shirt in, zipping his pants up. Susan felt another trill of pleasure in her core at the sight of him... he was so disheveled and debauched. "Hey, Susan." He said hurriedly, blushing at his current condition. "Er, Luna was just here."

"I saw." Susan said with a strained voice. She ignored her body's instincts to kiss him hard, to run her fingers through his hair rip his shirt open, to reach down to his crotch... she shook herself, and took a seat. "So... studying, right?"

Harry's answering grin made her squirm in her seat. It was going to be a long study session.

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Ginny could tell the exact moment that Demelza silenced her curtains. It wasn’t conspicuous to a casual observer, but to someone who was listening for it, the way the silencing charm blocked sounds was noticeable. She noticed the moment Sarah’s snoring from across the room became partially muffled, but she waited a few minutes before taking action- she wanted to catch Demelza in the act.

Today had been a particularly frustrating day for her. She and Harry hadn’t gotten the opportunity to properly have sex at all that day and it had worn on her. Normally, she’d just sneak up to the boy’s dorm for a late night rendezvous, however, Hermione had borrowed the invisibility cloak to sneak books from the Restricted Section (oh, how their bookworm had become such a rebel!)… it wasn’t worth it.
When she pitched her idea to Harry, she hadn’t expected him to agree to it. It was mostly just a fantasy she’d conjured in an exercise of frustration. However, Harry had sympathized with her, apologized profusely for not shagging her, and told her to go ahead, so long as she didn’t go too hard on Demelza.

This was how Ginny found herself parting Demelza’s curtains—triumphantly revealing the brunette chaser. She was only wearing a worn out T-shirt and her knickers, which were around her ankles. On her face was an expression of mixed bliss and agony. Her legs were splayed open and she had one hand at her pussy.

Ginny had never considered herself attracted to girls. She never found herself lusting after her dorm-mate’s bodies, no matter how much skin was exposed. Her fantasies generally didn’t involve women, unless it was telling that cow, Cho Chang, to get lost (a common one during her fourth year).

However, recent events had changed her perspective somewhat, and in ways that she still didn’t have a complete handle on. She was surprised by how much she enjoyed masturbating with Luna. It was more emotional than physical. Luna was dear to her and loved seeing her feel good. She also found the idea of making Luna feel good quite appealing. Sharing that pleasure with her felt good, it felt right. That was how she had felt too when she had kissed Hermione.

In addition, feeling Harry’s desire for the female gender gave her a new perspective. She could feel how he reacted to seeing Demelza splayed out on her bed, and while that decidedly didn’t mean he shared his attraction to women now (after all, Harry certainly wasn’t itching to jump any blokes at the moment), she undeniably liked and enjoyed feeling his lust and desire for women.

When she looked at Demelza’s body, she wasn’t attracted the way she would be by a bloke’s body. She could admit that she found Demelza aesthetically pleasing, but it didn’t get her motor running the way Harry did. But she still felt a throb in her core at the sight of the girl as Harry admired her through Ginny’s eyes. How he loved the way her shirt was just a bit too tight in the chest, showing off her pebbled nipples. How he loved the little sounds coming from her mouth and the way she trembled in pleasure. How he admired her thighs, toned much like Ginny’s from long hours riding a broom, how striking her facial features were, especially when displaying such focus and pleasure. She was so sexy and beautiful to him, and Ginny couldn’t get enough of it.

“Remember your safe word?” Ginny asked softly, causing Demelza to startle. Wow, had she not even noticed her?

Demelza looked up at her and stopped touching herself, bewildered. “Safe word?”

“Treacle tart, right?”

Demelza nodded, still confused. Rolling her eyes, Ginny ducked into the bed, closing the curtains behind her. “Err, Ginny?” Demelza asked uncertainly.

“Did I say you could stop touching yourself?” Ginny asked.

Demelza’s eyes widened in realization for a moment. “Why am I supposed to listen to you?” She challenged.

The obvious play would be to say ‘Harry told me it was okay, so he’s effectively ordering you.’, but Ginny smirked as she realized a better way. “Well, I am Harry’s girlfriend. He’s only involved with you because of my permission. I imagine it would be quite frustrating for you if
Harry decided to end things tomorrow before practice.”

Of course, it was an empty threat. The fact was rejecting anyone who was willing was tacit to endangering Harry’s life. But the look of horror in Demelza’s eyes was priceless, almost as much as the way she gasped and shuddered in obvious arousal.

Yeah, she loves it.

“So, do we have an understanding?” Ginny’s smile was bordering on predatory.

“I-is Harry alright with this?” Demelza asked hesitantly.

“He isn’t just alright with it. He suggested it.” Ginny told her “I’ve had a busy day, and Harry and I didn’t get a chance to shag. So, he suggested another way for me to get my rocks off. You.”

Demelza seemed to be melting under her gaze, all hint of rebelliousness had disappeared.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Take your shirt off, and start touching yourself again.” Ginny demanded, still looking her in the eye. It was a battle of wills that Demezla lost immediately, and she found herself complying, revealing her breasts to Ginny (and therefore Harry’s) eyes. She had to admit, the view was... appealing, even moreso knowing that she was completely at her mercy.

It was at this point that Harry, in his own bed, had begun stroking himself. With delicious pleasure, his cock swelled with blood as he stroked himself to the view that Ginny had gifted him. Ginny’s cunt twitched sympathetically, as if closing around a phantom cock.

While Harry was gazing at Demelza’s nude form, Ginny was looking through Harry’s eyes at a sight she never got tired of. Harry was stroking himself slowly and deliberately, and that gave Ginny time to admire him. She admired how his hand pulled and stretched his smooth skin with each stroke. She admired how each throb of pleasure was accompanied by a pulse of blood that further engorged his cock, how satisfying it was to feel each swell, and how good it felt when fully engorged. Her cunt throbbed again, and Ginny couldn’t wait any longer.

Ginny straddled Demelza’s face, aligning her slit with the girl’s mouth. Demelza didn’t need further prompting, sweeping her tongue across Ginny’s labia and provoking a pleased gasp from her. This only spurred Demelza on, and soon she was lapping at Ginny, her tongue was swiping across her labia and cltit.

Ginny preferred penetration to oral, and to be honest Demelza’s technique was fairly basic. Harry had fumbled a bit when starting out but he became in tune with her needs very quickly. Demezla’s ministrations, on the other hand, were largely driven by desperation and it showed as she lapped blindly at Ginny’s cunt.

Growling in frustration, Ginny pressed downward, rubbing herself against Demezla’s mouth and face. The sense of dominance she felt from the act more than made of for the girl’s inexperiance, and soon Ginny was grinding down roughly. Eventually, Demelza caught onto Ginny’s silent demand and latched onto her cltit.

The suction was just what Ginny had been craving. The redhead thrust her hips forward as she sunk her fingers into Demelza’s curls and tugged her towards her cunt. “Yesss.” Ginny hissed as she smothered Demelza with her pussy “Suck on it you little slut.”

Ginny triumphantly noticed that her arousal was now coating Demezla’s nose and cheeks,
and dribbled down her chin and neck. She was getting close, but she needed a little more push. “You thought I forgot about what you did with Dean?”

Demelza made a plaintive noise in response. Truthfully, she didn’t care about it that much, but she was a little irked that Demelza didn’t even bother to ask permission. “Yes, I can imagine what happened. Dean was his domineering self and when he made a move on you I’m sure it made your knees wobble and your clit tingle.” She reached behind her and lightly slapped at one of Demelza’s breasts. Demelza squeaked at the strike, and Ginny noted how soft and malleable they were, just like Demelza.

Ginny’s breathing was becoming labored now, and she struggled to hold on for a bit longer. Harry’s own stroking had slowed to nearly a standstill, so engrossed he was in what Ginny was doing. “Of course, Dean acted like the inconsiderate prat he is. I told you what he was like, and you still let him use you as a cocksleave. Isn’t it ironic that –uhhhng- that the one boy who can give you exactly what you need is mine.”

Ginny felt a rare (nowadays) flash of possessiveness for Harry. She wasn’t exactly sure where it came from, but in the moment it was satisfying to rub it in Demelza’s face. “Oh fuck uhhn he’s going to destroy you.” She sped up as she approached her orgasm. “You have no idea what he’s capable of. He’s gonna turn your mind into mush and ruin you for other men. Oh Oh FUCK YES!” As Ginny came, she arched her back, throwing her head backwards in ecstasy. Her hands dug painfully into Demelza’s scalp as she rutted her cunt into her mouth, releasing a surge of fluid that doused Demelza’s face.

After basking in the high for a moment, Ginny pulled back and was rewarded by seeing her friend gasp for a breath, and then lick her lips.

That provoked another throb from Ginny’s cunt, and she was actually tempted to fuck Demelza’s face again.

I’m not sure she could handle another round. And she’s been so good this week. Harry demurred, his sympathy for her rising. Ginny nodded, he was right, she knew, but that still left the pressing need between her legs.

At that, Harry gave his still hard cock a slight squeeze. Hop into bed, and we can take care of it together.

Chapter End Notes

Lots of ground covered here, though I know I am neglecting Susan somewhat. Next chapter will be heavily Hermione focused, but in the chapter after that we’ll get back to her in a big way. Let me know what you guys think!
Hermione’s work with her ‘sight’ was paying off. After two days of perfecting her technique in the room of requirement, with Luna as a convenient helper, she felt confident enough for a test run of sorts.

Wednesday evening, after classes, Hermione secluded herself in a corner of the common room with a book she could pretend to read. This was a habit of hers, and she was fairly confident she wouldn’t be bothered- no one wanted to interrupt her study time.

Except reading was the last thing on her mind at this point. Instead, she propped her book open and closed her eyes, letting her senses flow out from her.

It had taken her a while to figure out that clearing her mind of all thoughts was not the way to go. In fact, it had ended up being counterproductive. On the contrary, Hermione found that if she succumbed to her baser desires, her sight became vastly more sensitive.

And with the link to Harry… well it was very easy to succumb. It was easy to stretch her awareness out to him. It was easy to remember her and Harry’s last encounter that morning. How he’d taken her aside and snogged her senseless, lifting her up and pressing her against the wall of the broom cupboard, grinding his erection against her crotch…

The common room lit up with magic. Just as she’d expected, she could see the intricate weave of the common room’s enchantments. But more than that she could see the magic of the other students, both female and male.

To the point, Hermione could see every penis and set of testicles in the room in exquisite detail, glowing like beacons. Blushing horribly, Hermione tried to tamp it down, but found that she couldn’t. She was too turned on, to out of control to real herself in, and frankly she just couldn’t look away.

It was fascinating, the sheer detail and variety before her. She could see the testes like burning coals, and the veins and ducts running up shafts. It varied based on age, with the first and second year boys who clearly had not sexually matured having significantly less magic in their sexual organs. It also depended a lot on their level of arousal. Limply hanging cocks were relatively dormant magically, while Seamus was glowing brightly as it twitched ardently in his pants… apparently whatever conversation he was having with Lavender was going well, because Hermione could tell she was turned on too. In fact, it seemed like Seamus and Lavender’s magics were feeding into each other somehow- though it was hard to pinpoint exactly what was happening.

Merlin, she felt like such a pervert. She was a pervert. She shouldn’t be doing this, but she couldn’t help herself!

Her attention was drawn to the opening of the portrait hole, which revealed what could only be Harry. His forehead was scarred with dark magic that disgustedly seemed to be leaching off of him. Meanwhile, his cock didn’t just glow, it radiated like a miniature sun. Merlin, he was powerful- his entire body was laced with magic. It arced through the air in bands like a magnetic field, distorting the magic of the girls around him.
She was certain now that his magic was becoming more powerful. But she also wondered what the horcrux was doing to him. It had cast tendrils throughout his body, twisting strings of dark magic that burrowed down his spine and into his brain. Her heart twisted in worry and she felt a surge of protectiveness, that thing was hurting her best friend, her boyfriend, her… her Harry.

Aside from Harry, Ginny’s magic was the most notable- partly because it was clear that she was the second most powerful person in the room, but also because Hermione could see Harry’s magic flowing through her as well, intermingling with her own. Looking again, and Hermione thought she could see the same in Harry, some of Ginny’s magic within him… as well as some of her own magic.

Of course, Ginny was turned on, if that wasn’t obvious enough by the way her eyes were glued to his arse even as she made small talk with Katie, who also seemed to be quite affected by Harry. Demelza, however, was on another level, Hermione was surprised that she was even coherent, judging by how violently tangled her magic was, particularly in her groin. And again, now that she was looking for it, it was obvious by her stiff posture or the forced smile.

With a quick word and a shared kiss with Ginny, Harry turned and started making his way towards her. Hermione gulped, feeling the heat rising in both her cheeks and her core. As Harry approached her, she could feel his magic against hers like static electricity, becoming more intense with every step he took towards her. Her increasingly sensitized skin erupted in goosebumps and her nipples pebbled. She shouldn’t have been surprised that he went to her. She knew he could sense her arousal, she was probably beaming it to him.

**Having fun?** He asked her, well aware of what she’d been doing, and amused by it. Never thought you’d be the type to ogle every bloke in Gryffindor tower at the same time.

**It's not like that!** She protested as she tried once again to turn off the sight, or at least ignore it. She failed, of course, which only undermined her point. Okay, it's not only that!

His cock was mere feet in front of her, and the magic radiating from it would not let her forget that fact. She struggled to draw her gaze away from it and meet Harry’s eyes. “Hey ‘Mione, we were going to study together today, right?” He asked her.

**Oh yes, I want to study you.**

While Harry didn’t verbally react to that thought, his heart fluttered at her forwardness. She wanted him, she wanted him so much. In the past she'd have been embarrassed- blushing and averting her eyes. But now, she knew she wasn’t going to get anywhere by being passive. She went after her goals aggressively in her studies and future career, why not in her personal life as well? “Well? Let’s go.”

The two of them left the common room, and Harry let Hermione lead the way. Almost instinctively, she set off towards the library, Harry in tow. It was courteous of him, but she also sensed his eyes trailing after her, lingering on her hips and arse.

She couldn’t say she minded. In fact, she’d be a hypocrite if she did. Because though she wasn’t facing him, she could see magic in every direction. That meant she had an unobstructed view of his penis. At this distance and with the intensity of her arousal and his magic, she could see everything. She could see every vein and vessel running up his shaft, all at capacity carrying the blood currently engorging it. She saw the intricate network of branching nerves, emphasizing how sensitive his organ was. She found herself identifying aspects of male anatomy- his vas deferens, his prostate. She could see every miniscule twitch and throb, the way it swayed slightly as he walked.
It was fascinating. So singular was her focus, that she wasn’t paying attention to where she was walking. She would have tripped down a staircase, if not for Harry’s swift intervention— steadying her in his arms.

“Are you alright?” He asked, a sliver of worry in his voice.

She must have looked like a mess, but that was hardly the point. She was on the verge of a breakthrough!

“Err, why are you looking at me like that?” Harry asked, a tad unnerved.

“Like what?” Hermione uttered, her gaze unflinchingly on his cock as she pondered her next move.

“Like I’m a puzzle to be solved, or a piece of meat, or both maybe.”

She didn’t bother answering—she figured he knew the answer anyway, or Ginny would fill him in on the obvious. Instead, Hermione went with a more upfront approach, something she never would have considered doing mere weeks ago.

She groped him. She grabbed at the bulge in his trousers, and delighted in how the action set off a chain of magical fireworks inside of Harry— nerve endings firing, pulse quickening, cock twitching, magic flickering and rushing downwards, becoming even more concentrated in his shaft.

Harry squeaked adorably “’Mione! Not out here! We could- we could…” It was an unexpected role reversal. Harry being the voice of caution and Hermione wanting to act recklessly.

But did she not have the ability to be reckless when the situation called for it? She went after the Philosopher’s Stone with Harry in her first year. She brewed Polyjuice Potion in her second. She illegally used a time turner in her third. She prompted Harry to form the DA in her fifth year. And now she was going against Dumbledore to enact an untested magical ritual.

She lived so much of her life by the rules, but the things she was most proud of were the ones she’d done by breaking those rules. And she was tired of it.

So when Harry began to object, she silenced him. Not by placing a finger to his lips, but by dipping her hand past his waistband and wrapping it around his shaft. The words of protest died on his lips with a strained moan, and she pinned him with the most lecherous look she could manage. “Follow me.”

Harry didn’t resist as she led him by the cock to the nearest broom cupboard. With each step she took, she felt her arousal heighten. Holding him in her hand felt delicious and empowering in equal measure. Hermione forced herself to consider her options. She really wanted to explore her new sight further, but she knew if she let Harry, he’d overwhelm her. He was very focused on giving her pleasure and so very good at it, not to mention physically stronger and more magically powerful than her- it was easy for her to lose herself in him. But that wasn’t what she wanted right now, she wanted to maintain her faculties which meant she needed to keep him at a distance, so to speak.

Thankfully, the nearest broom cupboard wasn’t too far, and even more thankfully they didn’t encounter anyone on the way there. Her plan in mind, Hermione closed the door on them and cast a silencing charm on it. The birth control charm was no longer necessary—she had looked up a longer-term charm that lasted an entire day that she and Ginny now both used.
Harry moved in and kissed her, and Hermione almost lost it at that point. Jesus, he was bloody good at that. He brought one hand to caress her breasts, and the other to her lower back to draw her closer. Arousal poured over her, her knickers were probably soaked through and she could feel the wetness running down her thighs. She was a hair’s breadth from giving in, but somehow she pulled back.

Gently, she pushed on Harry’s chest, and without a fight he withdrew, allowing her to push him to the wall. The hand that was still around his cock drifted lower, finding his scrotum and cupping it. “Harry.” She practically purred as she inquisitively with one of his testicles. “I want you to do something for me.”

Holding his penis felt empowering, but that was nothing compared to how she felt now, holding something so delicate in the palm of her hand. She could squeeze right now if she wanted to (though she’d never), and Harry trusted her implicitly not to.

He seemed all too aware of the position he was in, and she was almost surprised at his passivity. He’d opened his legs and angled his hips to give her the best access to him, but otherwise seemed completely compliant to her. His soft, vulnerable moans were nearly enough to drive her out of her mind with lust. Her baser instincts were screaming at her to just pin him to the wall and impale herself on him. Of course, she and any other girl who tried that would end up at the mercy of his hands, mouth, and cock. No, the way to maintain control with Harry was mental.

“Anything.” He breathed, and internally, Hermione puffed with pride. Her fingers still fiddled with his testicles, and she regretted that she’d have to withdraw them for this.

“I want you to masturbate for me.”

“Err, sure?” He seemed a little confused, she noted with fondness, but seemed more than willing to comply. So she brought her hand back up, giving his scrotum a gentle squeeze before trailing her hand up his shaft.

He let out another plaintive moan as she released him, and he paused, seemingly steeling himself before he took himself in hand. The way she’d left him, his cock was sticking awkwardly out of his boxers and unzipped pants. It was the perfect mixture of unkempt and vulnerable. Her mind leapt to an unexpected fantasy- Harry in the exact same position, except with his hands tied behind his back.

Merlin, that would be hot.

Hermione observed Harry, picking up the subtleties of his technique, how often he paused, where he lingered, how he squeezed himself gently on the upstroke. She could feel how he instinctively knew just how to work himself, his touch was unintentionally precise. His every touch seemed to almost perfectly stoke his pleasure higher without pushing him too far too fast. She was fascinated by how his magic reacted to every motion as his hand moved like a piston, ramping up like a well-oiled machine.

Her hand was stroking her inner thigh absently, but she didn’t dare go any closer or she’d be in danger of losing it. Harry, ever thoughtful, picked up on it. “What about you?” He asked. Hermione just smiled, and after a moment’s consideration, unbuttoned her top and unlatched her bra.

She was pleased to see it had an effect on him, if the glazed look in his eyes were any indication. Within ten seconds, he’d begun to tremble, and she could tell that his orgasm was imminent. It took a few moments more for Harry to admit it to her “‘Mione, I’m close. I’m close.”
He warned breathlessly.

On an impulse, Hermione pushed her panties aside and dipped two fingers inside of herself, really her inner thighs were coated, so it was easy to cover her hand with her arousal. She dismissed Harry’s hand and plunged down his length with one bold stroke. “Cum.” She commanded.

Harry nearly choked at the unexpected stimulation, his control was shattered. “’Mione!” He cried. His cock leapt almost violently in her hands as Hermione drank in the inner workings of it through her sight- the intricate pump that was the male reproductive system. Simultaneously, she continued to move her hand, just as she’d seen Harry do it- squeezing and lingering in all of the right places, exploiting his weak points.

Finally, with her other hand, Hermione wordlessly swish and flicked her wand ‘catching’ his semen in the air with a simple levitation charm and drawing each additional volley of cum that she milked from him onto a floating orb.

Dazed and breathless, Harry stared wordlessly at the ejaculate Hermione had collected. With a trembling hand, Hermione transfigured one of the broom cupboard’s brushes into a glass vial and siphoned Harry’s semen into it. She wanted to study it later.

For her part, Hermione felt exalted. The mix of arousal, dominance, satisfaction, and the afterglow she felt from Harry was almost euphoric and it demanded to be acted on. So without further delay, she did. She surged forward, pressing Harry back into the wall and gripping his cock tightly so that she could angle it just so. With an animal grunt, she thrust her hips, engulfing his cock within her and driving downwards until he was up to the hilt.

After all of that, the self-imposed denial and teasing, Hermione had been hanging by a thread. The feel of him entering her, that primal satisfaction of taking him within her, was enough- more than enough. “Oh fuck yes!”

She came, grinding against him to push his cockhead against a sweet spot deep within her and gushing around him, staining his trousers would be with her arousal. Her eyes rolled back into her head, but she could still see every detail of Harry’s body.

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“Er, Ron, we need to talk.”

Something about Lavender’s voice, told Ron that something was up. Most obviously, she had used his real name, rather than that annoying nick-name. If that was all, Ron might have been relieved, but her voice was uncharacteristically serious.

That, and she’d intercepted him in a vacant hallway. She wanted him alone, and for once not for snogging.

“What is it, Lav?” He asked. He almost missed the subtle shake of her head at his pet name for her. What was up?

“I- I don’t think this is gonna work.”

“What?”

“I just don’t think we’re right for each other.”
No, she was lying. People didn’t break up because they ‘weren’t right for each other’, those were lies people told each other to make them feel better. “This is because of him isn’t it!” He demanded. It was Harry, of course it was. She’d probably heard about how he’d become a sex god overnight, and wanted to join his fucking harem.

Lavender’s mouth dropped open in shock “How did you- uh, I mean, of course not.”

“Bloody typical.” Ron growled “It’s not enough for him to shag Ginny, Hermione, Katie, and Demelza! Now Harry fucking Potter’s gotta steal my girlfriend too!”

“Harry? Where’d you get that idea from? I was interested in Seamus!” Lavender squawked. “Wait, Hermione? Katie Bell?”

“Seamus?” Ron squawked.

The two of them froze, each taking in the information the other had given them. Ron felt an anvil drop in his stomach as he realized he just spilled the beans.

“Oh my god, Pavarti is going to freak out. And Romilda’s going to go in. If Harry Potter really is sleeping around…” Her eyes were sparkling with possibilities, as she swept away from him.

Ron gaped as he watched her leave. Honestly, he wasn’t as upset as he thought he’d be. Like, it sucked that she dumped him, and for Seamus of all people, but he somehow wasn’t that cut up about it.

Hm. Maybe he never was that into her.

Yet the weight in his gut didn’t dissipate. He hadn’t meant to spill Harry’s secret. He’d been so angry… he just blurted it out!

“How did you-” Lavender asked.

“Bugger.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m sure Hogwarts will react in a perfectly calm and rational manner to this development.
“Harry… can we talk?” Susan asked him.

Harry stared at her for a moment with wide eyes, realizing that that phrase rarely preceded an easy conversation and also recognizing the tension in her voice. “Sure.” He agreed, “Is the room of requirement good for you?”

“Yeah.” Susan said carefully. She’d given a lot of thought to how she wanted the conversation to go. Honestly, she felt a bit bad bringing it up, but she knew it needed to be addressed.

Their first time together had been absolutely mind blowing. Her crush on Harry was relatively new. She remembered the moment she realized it- Harry had been teaching the DA ‘stupefy’. She’d been having some difficulty with the spell, until Harry came up behind her and corrected her posture. It had hit her like a bludger.

They’d all seen an entirely different side of Harry at the DA. He was skilled, he was confident, he took control of the room like it was natural to him. And now he was right up against her, his firm yet gentle touch showing her exactly what she needed to do.

She’d hadn’t been able to look at him the same since then. It was like a switch had been turned on inside of her. Before, he’d been just another boy, after, he was the boy.

And now, it felt like Harry had just flicked another switch inside her. Not only was he an enthusiastic and skillful lover, she felt something with him. She’d never felt closer to anyone than when she’d been in his arms. And she wanted more.

The problem was… well, more hadn’t been happening. After experiencing Harry’s oral talents, she’d spent the entire day floating on an undeniably satisfied feeling unlike anything she’d felt before. But, things seemed to have petered off. They spent time together, studying, or just enjoying each others company. It wasn’t even that Harry wasn’t being affectionate with her. He’d been touching her more intimately than a friend would- a hand on her arm, an arm around her waist, and yes, kissing. But it hadn’t gone any further than that.

Of course, when she stumbled across Harry and Luna, her libido had struck with a vengeance. Seeing how unashamedly Harry was reacting to the blonde’s ministrations, hearing his unrestrained whines and moans, it was like a lighting bolt to her core. She wanted to get the same reaction out of him. She didn’t want to just make him cum. Her somewhat clumsy first blowjob had done that, but it hadn’t made him lose himself like Luna seemed to be able to do. She wanted that.

She’d taken to following Harry with her eyes, admiring his features and noting with some jealousy when other girls had obviously been intimate with him. Susan was starting to have doubts. Had she not been good enough? Were the other girls better in bed? Was Harry just not that into her?

It was hard to shake these insecurities. She’d agreed to share Harry Potter with six other witches, for Merlin’s sake! There were dozens of ways this could blow up in her face, and the one
that was haunting her most at the moment was being forgotten. Being abandoned after Harry got what he needed from her.

She knew Harry would never do that, but she’d feel much better hearing it from Harry himself. So when they reached the room of requirement, Susan spilled it all— all of her insecurities and doubts. Harry let her say her piece, contrition growing with every word. When she ran out of steam, Harry abruptly pulled her into a hug.

“I’m sorry I made you feel that way.” He told her “I didn’t mean to, but I can see how you could feel ignored compared to Ginny and Hermione.”

“I get it, Harry.” Susan sniffed “We’re in different houses, and you have the others vying for your attention… but this is only going to become a bigger problem as things continue. Are you sure you’re going to be able to handle seven of us?”

Harry sighed. “I- I don’t know.” He confessed. “Seven witches, I’m not going to be able to give all of you everything you deserve. I… I want to do right by all of you. But I guess… I can’t.”

While Susan appreciated that he was taking her concerns seriously, she hadn’t intended for him to take it as a personal failure. “Harry, I didn’t mean it like that.” She assured him. “This is just something we’re going to need to work on. All of us. I’m sure some of us will be lower maintenance than others, but it’ll take some time for the honeymoon period to wear off for that to come into play.”

“So what, do we set up a schedule?” Harry grinned ruefully “I’m sure Hermione would be happy to help with that.”

Susan chuckled “I don’t think that’s necessary. We just need to communicate, like what we’re doing right now. I didn’t mean to make you feel bad. Because honestly I felt pretty good about how things had been going between us, except for…”

“Well, I was hoping that we’d have gotten… intimate again. I was waiting on you to initiate, and when you didn’t…”

“Susan, me not initiating… that wasn’t because I don’t like you, or wasn’t attracted to you, or forgot about you. I just thought that you were fine with how things were. I guess I’m used to how, er, forward Ginny is. In hindsight, I shouldn’t have assumed. But really, Susan. I think you’re lovely.”

Susan scoffed. She’d always considered herself rather plain. But Harry persisted. “Look, I spent most of my life thinking I was an ugly, scrawny git, and then Ginny beat me over the head until I realized otherwise. So I guess I’m gonna have to do the same for you. Susan, you aren’t just lovely, you’re bloody sexy, and I’m going to show you.”

She was about to ask what he meant by that, but he answered that question when he pressed her up against the wall and kissed her. Susan moaned and molded her body to his, she found herself rapidly succumbing to Harry’s combination of enthusiasm, attentiveness, and skill and had no desire to fight it.

Harry pulled back for a moment. He took her hand and deliberately guided it to his crotch, where he pressed it into his erection. His piercing green eyes bored into hers, glimmering his desire “I want this, Susan. I want you.” Susan felt a hungry throb between her legs and couldn’t help but
let out another soft moan. Merlin, he wanted her.

Harry continued his amorous assault, kissing and sucking at her neck and collarbone while working to strip her of her school uniform. Susan found herself entirely on the backfoot, Harry seemed keen to keep his unspoken promise of being the initiator, and Susan felt could do little but be swept up by him.

He was overpowering in that way, he was just so much- so much passion, energy, power, and presence. In the haze of lust Susan was not at all shocked that he had bedded six witches in the past week, all of whom were eager for more. In fact, she suspected that in a world without horcruxes or rituals, he could have pulled it off all the same if he were inclined to do so.

She was panting by the time he’d pulled off her school clothes and unlatched her bra. The way his eyes lit up when her breasts were exposed sent another thrill through her that ran straight to her core. He latched onto one with his mouth, drawing the nipple in roughly and eliciting another moan from her, while his hands ran down her flank. One gripped her thigh and the other resting on the small of her back.

Then, he hoisted her up seamlessly and set her down on something- Susan did not register what- something hard and cool. She splayed her legs out lazily, exposing her knicker clad crotch, which had been soaked through her with her arousal. Taking it as an invitation, Harry pulled down her knickers and his hands skillfully manipulated her- stroking, rubbing, and penetrating her with his fingers, working her up higher and higher. He didn’t let her cum, however. Instead, Harry took a step back, and with a whimper, Susan collapsed back against the cool stone wall- soothing her flushed skin.

Dazed, she watched passively as Harry systematically removed his clothes. Even though he was no longer touching her, she still was held completely in his thrall. His eyes seemed to pin her in place, and with every swath of skin he exposed, she swore her heart (and other, lower regions) fluttered. When he finally freed his manhood from the confines of his boxers, she felt such a ravenous throb from her core that she wondered if she’d just had a mini-orgasm. His was the only one she’d ever seen in the flesh, but in her mind it was perfect- flushed, engorged, and pulsating with desire- Harry’s desire for her.

Susan lifted a trembling hand to his shaft, but the shaking was so much that Harry brought his own hand down to steady it. Urgently, she tugged him towards her, and entreated “Please, I need it.”

Harry studied Susan for a moment, before seemingly confirming her sincerity and helping her guide him in. She was so slick that he slid in easily, parting her folds for the first time. There was some discomfort, and even a twinge of pain, but Susan was so worked up by this point that the pleasure far outweighed it. He slid in slowly yet smoothly, until he was sheathed to the hilt and his cockhead was nestled against a tender spot deep within her.

She couldn’t have predicting just how satisfying being filled was, it sated some primal desire that had been long dormant. It wasn’t just that her virginity was gone. It felt deeper than that, like they were coming together, somehow. She was closer to him than she’d ever been to anyone before. She looked up into his eyes, seeing her own passion reflected back at her. “I love you.” She said involuntarily, swept up with emotion.

Harry seemed taken aback by her admission and for a moment, Susan felt a fission of insecurity. That was dispelled as Harry softened, “Susan.” He leaned down and pressed his lips to her forehead. “I- I love you too.” He said like he had just realized it himself. She melted.
Harry murmured in her ear “*God, you feel so good.*” He continued kissing her- right below her ear and at her neck. “O-oh, you do too!” Susan managed. Even as he remained buried within her, perhaps allowing her to become accustomed to his length and girth, Susan involuntarily twitched around his shaft. Each flex of her inner muscles around him elicited a twinge of pleasure that only made repeating the action that much harder to resist. At her encouragement- he began to thrust within her. He was slow at first, but he quickly built up speed.

He moaned again and again, softly right in her ear, and each noise was like pouring molten pleasure straight into her core. And then, when he repositioned himself slightly, allowing him to drive himself within her more fiercely, he *growled*, which if anything affected her worse.

She realized almost immediately that she wasn’t going to last long. *Oh magic,* she was going to cum. He was thrusting into her so ardently, and after he’d adjusted his position he began hitting a spot deep within her that set off a cascade of pleasure with each thrust. Her orgasm was heading straight for her like the Hogwarts Express, unstoppable and sure to run her over.

And run over her it did- an explosion of searing pleasure bowled her over and robbed her of her coordination and awareness of the outside world. If anything, it was even *better* than the one she’d had by Harry’s mouth. Every fiber of her body pulsed with pleasure, and that pleasure was stoked by every contraction, which comfortably and satisfyingly gripped Harry’s firm shaft.

“Oh, *Susan!*” Harry’s voice pierced through her pleasure. His focus broke, his eyes, which had been taking her in flickered closed as pleasure overwhelmed his features, transforming his expression into something simply exquisite. He hilted himself inside of her, burying himself deep with a ragged thrust. “*Fuck!*”

He was cuming, and it seemed as if her orgasm doubled back on itself, surging anew as the knowledge that he was *cuming inside of her* rocked her to her core. Her eyes rolled back as she lost all rational thought.

When she came back to herself, Harry wrapped her in his arms from behind- his chest against her back. She could also feel his cock, still hard, against her thigh. The pleasure was still ringing through her, and she knew from experience that it would take some time for her to fully recover from *that* spectacular orgasm. She wasn’t like Ginny, she couldn’t just keep going like that. She had a refractory period, she supposed, after cumming she’d be so sensitive that any stimulation at all was intensely uncomfortable.

But… there was something she could do. Mustering her coordination, she disentangled herself from Harry. Her knees nearly gave out as she tried to stand up, which was just as well because she wanted to be on her knees anyway.

She’d given him a blowjob during their last encounter. He’d guided her through it that first time and now she was going to put what she learned to use. She gripped the base of his shaft with her hand looking up at him.

“*Susan you don’t…*” Harry attempted to soothe her, but whatever he was going to say was cut off by his moan as she engulfed his knob in her mouth, swirling her tongue around his frenulum as she learned he liked. His involuntary moan and the expression of bliss that crossed his face were so gratifying that she actually felt a tingle of pleasure in her over-sensitized pussy.

Wasting no time, Susan swallowed as much of him as she was able, engulfing all but an inch of his length.

*Not good enough.*
She pushed herself down further, but he only hit her gag reflex. She withdrew, accidentally letting his cock slip out of her mouth. “Susan. Look-” She cut him off again by plunging back down on his shaft until she once again gagged. Undeterred, she bobbed her head up and down, trying to get deeper and occasionally gagging in the process.

All the while, her eyes were focused upwards, drinking in Harry’s expression. The concern that he had shown briefly had been dispelled by pleasure, and Susan catalogued everything- how his eyes glazed over, how his tongue wet his lips periodically, and how his jaw was just slightly slack, parting his lips minutely to let out small, huffing moans.

It spurred Susan on, and soon Harry was moaning “Susan! I’m getting close.” Last time, she had pulled back, letting his cum across the floor. But Susan was determined the give the best blowjob she possibly could, which meant she’d need to swallow. It was something that she’d been apprehensive about earlier, but in the moment it didn’t seem like such a big deal anymore.

So, instead of releasing him completely, Susan pulled back only partially. As her hand began stroking the lower portion of his shaft, she upped the suction on the inch or so still in her mouth. “Susan! Oh! Oh! Oh!” Harry’s breaths became breathy moans as his climax hit. His cock quaked in her mouth again and again, each time heralding a deluge of his semen.

The taste of his essence was overwhelming, like so much about him. And the texture... it was much thicker than she’d thought it might be- like syrup or cream. More and more of it spilled into her mouth, flooding her taste buds with the overpowering taste of him.

She rocked back, letting his cock fall from her mouth. She felt almost drunk from his cum, and when she finally swallowed, she didn’t expect the titillating feel of him trickling down her throat. Heat had pooled between her thighs, and while she figured she could go again at that point… all she really wanted was to see his face wrought with pleasure again.

“That was brilliant Susan.” Harry breathed “What are you... You really don’t have to-”

Needless to say, she did not let him finish that thought either.

Two orgasms later, Susan sauntered away with renewed confidence. Harry himself was in a daze. Each orgasm she’d wrung from him had robbed him of a bit of his coherence. It was a shame they had classes.

She could taste him still. At first, she hadn’t particularly enjoyed the taste of his cum, but once her mind seemed to make the association between it and sex and pleasure (specifically, with Harry) she began to find it intensely erotic. The lingering taste of his essence, strong enough to last through her classes and all the way in the evening, would not let her forget what they’d done, what she’d done to him.

It was unfortunate, then, that Hannah pulled her aside urgently, and asked, scandalized “Susan! Is it true?”

“What?”

“The rumors!”

Susan resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “I’m going to need a bit more detail, Hannah.”

Hannah blushed. “Err, well. There’s a rumor… Lavender says that Ron let slip that Harry’s having sex with a lot of witches. At least, Hermione, Luna Lovegood, and Demelza Robbins.”
Demelza was hot.

Her entire body felt like it was ready to combust. She gulped down air until it stung her lungs, but she still felt light headed and frazzled. It was a warm day, but that wasn’t enough to explain all of this, or the sweat beading on her forehead and causing her T-shirt to cling to her body.

The past few days had been the most torturous of her life. She’d miraculously been able to set aside the aching need between her legs and pay a reasonable amount of attention. However, whenever Harry was in the vicinity, her body went into overdrive. Even catching his scent seemed to do things to her now. More than once she had entered a daze in his presence- her mind clouded over as if she were drunk on lust.

Then there was when Harry touched her. They were mostly casual touches- a friendly squeeze of the shoulder, a hand placed deliberately on the small of her back- but they seemed to affect her inordinately. That hand on her back had triggered a jolt of static pleasure that short straight to her core, provoking another hungry throb. It had been all she could do to not throw herself on her knees in front of him and beg him to take her.

The nights were the worst. It had gotten to the point to where she could barely touch herself- so strung up and sensitive she was. She had no idea how she’d made it through Ginny’s visit last night without losing it.

But here she was. She’d gone all this time without cuming once, and now Harry was standing in front of her in the changing rooms. She was wearing only a Holyhead Harpies T-shirt and grey boy shorts, no panties or bra, but he was looking at her like he could see straight through her clothes.

Finally, after days of being strong, Demelza gave in. “Please.” She begged simply.

That seemed to be enough for Harry, who opened his arms and said “Come here.” Demelza half leaped, half staggered into his arms. Harry caught her and steadied her “Hey.” He soothed “It’s alright. You did good, now you get your reward.” Oh Merlin. His body was pressed up against hers and it seemed to unleash a storm of sparks within her. Unthinkingly, she aligned her crotch with his thigh and began to hump him.

It felt good, it felt so good that Demelza’s knees gave out. Only Harry’s grip kept her mostly upright and he backed her up until she was seated on the bench. Her hands were trembling badly, as were her knees. She stared pleadingly up at Harry, legs splayed open to expose her core to him, silently begging him to take her.

He obliged.

Demelza was swept up in a deep kiss, even as slipped a hand under her T-shirt and fondled her breasts. Demelza whined in to the kiss, until Harry pulled back and said admiringly “I love your breasts, Dem. They’re so soft and supple.” In response Demelza could only moan, and moan, and moan.

Harry lifted her shirt up, and his other hand was soon trailing down her abdomen. Oh, he
reached the elastic of her shorts, which been stained through with arousal as soon as she’d been in his presence. His hand firmly pressed into her abdomen, so close to where she needed him. Pulse after maddening pulse of heat radiated from her core and she pleaded with him again “Please. Please. Need you. Please.”

Harry slipped his hand underneath the elastic of her short, running through her curls, before finding her clt. Normally, when masturbating, Demelza preferred light touches to her clt. It was incredibly sensitive for her, and it was easy to overstimulate herself and ruin the experience.

Harry did not know this, so when his fingers found her clt, swollen and sensitized from days of edging, he fondled and rubbed it more firmly. It was almost too much, too much sensation for her to handle, it was pleasure bordering on pain.

Demelza’s entire world narrowed down to that exquisitely sensitive little nub at Harry’s fingertips. She did not know that her eyes had rolled back, or how her hands had gripped the bench as her muscles tensed as one. She didn’t notice that the only sounds she could make in her half-paralyzed state were her soft grunts of ‘Uhn. Uhn. Uhn. Uhn.”

It was as if her body was having trouble translating what it was feeling into an orgasm. Even though she had been on the knife’s edge, it took a few seconds of being in this overloaded state before she finally tipped over the edge.

When her climax did hit her, however, it was with such force that Demelza almost blacked out. It was more intense than anything she’d felt before, it wasn’t even in the same league as anything she’d felt before. It felt almost like her soul was being pulled from her body, and it was all she could do to cling to consciousness. She wouldn’t have thought she was capable of the guttural cry that erupted from her, had she been cognizant enough to be thinking anything at all. Her core muscles flexed around nothing, and a flood of her arousal soaked through her shorts and was now running down her thighs.

As the waves of pleasure began to lessen, and she slowly came to, she realized that Harry was hovering above her, gently stoking her flushed skin and staring down adoringly at her. Her heart melted, she’d never felt so safe, so loved, than in that moment. “H-harry.” She sighed.

“Hey, Dem.” He murmured, bringing a hand to her cheek (and thankfully not the hand that was currently coated in her juices.) She struggled to convey what she was thinking, what she was feeling. The gratitude to him, for giving her this experience, the awe that he had been able to give her such pleasure, the affection, the safety and the security she felt while surrounded by him. She wanted to be his. She wanted to belong with him, to him.

“Thank you.” She babbled, her emotions overwhelming her “Thank you. Thank-” Harry cut her off by crashing his lips to hers. The kiss was passionate, but loving and so very addicting. He was still stroking her cheek with on hand, while his other arm propped him up above her. When he withdrew, she whimpered and tried to follow him, but he pushed her back gently. She looked up into his eyes and gasped at what she saw- affection, but also a burning intensity that made his emerald eyes shimmer like burning embers. She was transfixed, held into place by something far more powerful than his hand.

One orgasm, however strong, was apparently not enough for her, because the combination of his kiss, the way he was looking at her, and his words had resurrected the throbbing need between her legs. Except she didn’t just want release. She wanted… she wanted…

“Take me. Claim me.” She pleaded “Please. I want to be yours.”
With a soft chuckle, Harry pushed down her soaked shorts, which landed with a *slop* in the puddle at her feet. Then he pulled out his wand and pressed it against her abdomen “*Fertilis praesidium.*”

Demelza could only watch as Harry began to disrobe in from of her. Her heart hammered away in her chest, and she felt lightheaded, as if blood was rushing from her head to her privates. Her eyes drank in Harry’s body as he exposed himself to her, taking in his lean musculature that she had found herself admiring more and more as of late and the sparse hair on his chest and abdomen, growing thicker as it trailed down until, until…

Harry shucked his boxers off, revealing his manhood to Demelza’s eyes. Her cunt throbbed and her clit tingled at the sight of it, flushed and swollen. Harry took himself in hand, rubbing at a spot just below the head as he approached her. His cock pulsed and somehow became even more engorged, his head purpling in desire. He positioned himself at her entrance, wetting his swollen cockhead on her labia.

Demelza whimpered pathetically at the teasing. “*Pleasepleaseplease. I need it.*” She twitched her hips forward in an effort to take him within her, but Harry only needed one hand to restrain her.

“Look at me.”

Demelza obeyed, tearing her gaze from his cock to his eyes, and gasped. They seemed to burn right into her soul with intensity. “If we do this, there’s no going back.” She remembered Ginny’s words from the previous night, how he was going to *ruin* her for other men.

She believed it.

“*Please.*”

“Oh, I *will.* I promise you that I will fuck you until you can’t stand it anymore, but first…” He pulled back, and Demelza wanted to sob at the loss. “I want to *taste* you.”

Demelza was surprised when Harry pulled back. The willpower that must have taken boggled her mind, and the idea that he was going to go down on *her* through her through a loop as well.

Demelza had never considered giving oral to be a dominant thing. In her books, it was always something that the man would command his lover to do. She would get on her knees subserviently and take his hardness into her mouth. Sometimes he’d even force it down her throat, taking her mouth until he came, drugging her with his cum…

She’d gotten off topic. As Harry, with a hungry glint in his eyes, pinned her thighs to the bench, ensuring that she remained immobile and splayed out for him, Demelza realized exactly what he had in store for her. He descended on her, and Demelza cried out as his mouth made contact with her sensitive flesh.

*Oh lord,* she was sensitive, *so sensitive, too* sensitive. She writhed, whether to get away from his mouth or the press herself closer, she couldn’t say, but it was pointless. Harry had her firmly pinned, he was too strong and she didn’t have the leverage.

He learned fast, faster than she had even, how her body worked. He realized how sensitive her clit was, how to tease it by circling his tongue around it, prime it until it was receptive, ready for the moment when he went for the jugular. Then he’d *devour* her, molding his mouth against
her flesh, encasing her clit in wet warmth and suction.

It broke her. Demelza’s entire body quaked from the intensity of her orgasm. She screamed and screamed until she collapsed like she was a marionette who’s strings had been cut. But Harry wasn’t done. No, he just went back to the gentle teasing, slowly building her up again until she was once again primed.

Harry wrung orgasm after orgasm out of Demelza, until both her body and her mind turned to mush, but even then it wasn’t enough for her. Even then, there was the hunger, deep inside of her, to be filled, to be taken.

Harry eventually let up, pulling back to admire his handiwork- Demelza’s body- quaking from the aftershocks of the pleasure he’d given her, flushed, shining with sweat. He kissed her, and Demelza could only return it sloppily- distantly noting the taste of her on his tongue. He was above her now, his body almost cocooning hers’ in a way that made Demelza feel warm and protected. His hands caressed her in a way that was both sensuous and soothing. They moved up her hips and torso, but avoided anything truly sexual.

Demelza was beginning to feel herself drift when he asked her “How was that, Dem?”

“Uuhuhnnng.” She managed.

He chuckled “That good, huh? Would you say that you’re satisfied?” His eyes were boring into hers’ once again, and Demelza felt compelled to nod.

A slight smirk adorned his lips as he asked “Are you sure?” Demelza was about to respond in the affirmative when she felt him. His shaft pressed lengthwise against her cunt. She folded like a house of cards. With a moan, she thrust herself against him mindlessly, like an animal in heat. Her pussy throbbed and drooled over his tool, but she could not take it within her.

“She begged “Please. I’m yours. Pleasepleaseplease please take me!”

“Like I said. I will.” Harry told her, before once again pulling away from her.

Demelza did let out a sob this time.

“After practice.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaand, you're gonna have to wait a bit for the reckoning. But it's coming, oooh its coming. ;) Let me know what you think!
It really was quite fascinating, Hermione mused, swishing the vial in her hand absently. The milky white contents within had been preserved by a stasis charm Hermione had enchanted the vial with, so she had no fear of it losing its magical properties or going bad.

She’d collected Harry’s semen on a whim, but she had had a germ of an idea when she did it. The fact was, semen (and particularly Harry’s semen) was magically active. This wasn’t surprising, after all pretty much any part of a witch or wizard’s body contained magic. There were plenty of dark rituals that used blood, for instance. However, semen was far more magically potent than the other fluids the body produced, and more so than nearly any common potion ingredient.

If she hadn’t know more about wizarding society, it would have been surprising that no one had investigated this fact before, let alone taken advantage of it. Hermione was certain, though, that there would be many uses for a wizard’s… semen.

So she had hit the books. What she needed was alchemy. Determining the magical properties of something was no simple feat, and was rarely done in modern times due to the simple fact that the process had already been completed for nearly everything. The last notable alchemical project was Dumbledore and Flamel’s work on dragon blood.

Thankfully, she wasn’t going into this completely blind. She’d done ‘a bit of light reading’ on Alchemy during her first year after they had discovered the identity of Nicolas Flamel. Still, it was quite a task, not one that could be undertaken in a few days.

“Studying for exams?”

Hermione startled at Luna’s interruption. “Err, no, actually. I was reading up on alchemy.”

“Oh, good. You used to take school far too seriously.” Luna replied casually “Some of the girls in Ravenclaw thought that having sex would give you a much more balanced outlook on life.” She cocked her head “Though they didn’t quite put it that way. I wasn’t inclined to believe them—they’d often fallen victim to Farcity Fallout in the past, but in this case it seems they were quite right.”

“Er, thanks?”

Luna took a seat across from her. Hermione wasn’t quite sure of what to make of the blonde. It wasn’t that she didn’t like her, it was just that she was so difficult to connect with. Ginny and Harry seemed to easily brush aside her… oddities, but she still found it difficult to find common ground with her.

“Is that Harry’s?” Luna asked abruptly, gesturing to the vial still in Hermione’s palm.

“Who’s else would it be?” Hermione responded, though she immediately regretted the snappish response. If she wanted to build bridges with Luna, she might as well start now. “Er, yes, it is. I, uh, collected it a few days ago. I think it could be useful as a potion ingredient, or part of other rituals, but I’d need to determine its magical properties first.”

Luna’s eyes gleamed eagerly “Wow, that’s sounds really neat!” She burst out “You know, dad was always interested in that kind of thing, but he never would publish it. He wants the Quibbler to be a family friendly magazine after all.”
“Oh, what kind of things have you heard, Luna?” Hermione asked, not expecting a useful answer.

“Well, semen was commonly used by early magical communities. Back before the statute of secrecy, when things were much less…”

“Formal?” Hermione suggested.

“Sure.” Luna agreed “It fell out of favor sometime around 1000 A.D. Funnily enough, that was around when the ICW was founded. They must have suppressed it, just like they did with a lot of old magic.”

Hermione’s widened at the information, if it was accurate (knowing Luna, it was a tossup), it could be a lead, or at least a sign she was going in the right direction. Unfortunately, any further conversation was cut off by Susan entering the room.

“Girls.” She announced, her tone was apocalyptic “We have a problem. They know, the entire school knows.”

“What do you think?” Susan jibed “That we're all shagging Harry, of course!”

“That’s inconvenient.” Luna noted, sounding mildly perturbed.

Hermione froze in panic. “But that means…”

“Yeah. Dumbledore will know what’s up for sure. Where are Harry and Ginny?”

Hermione blushed. “Er, in the Quidditch changing rooms, with Katie and Demelza.” She contemplated letting him know through the link, but didn’t want to ruin their fun. Still, Harry would react much better to hearing it from them than finding out from some random person in the hall. “I don’t want to interrupt.” She said simply “But…”

“Oooh! What are they doing?” Luna asked excitedly “Does it feel good?”

At the question, Hermione inadvertently focused on the physical sensations coming from Harry. Despite the seriousness of the situation, Hermione instantly lost cohesion. Her cheeks flushed and her eyelids fluttered shut as she let out a long, low moan. “Uhhhhhhng, so good.”

Luna’s eyes glittered “What’s he doing?” She asked eagerly. “Tell me everything!” Her voice turned unexpectedly naughty.

“Fucking Demelza.” The brunette said crudely. “His cock. It’s inside her. She’s so warm and soft, around him. It’s sooo, uhhng!” She grunted as her hand pressed through her skirt onto her crotch, her hips tilting forward instinctively.

Susan’s face was completely red, she was more than a tad surprised at how quickly the bookworm of Gryffindor had gotten… distracted. She also couldn’t help the tinge of envy, but was consoled that she’d soon be bonded to Harry was well. Still, she was there for a reason, and it wasn’t to watch her friend get off. Susan stepped forward and snapped her fingers in Hermione’s face. “Hey! Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Hermione startled, her expression becoming lucid once more, before shifting rapidly to embarrassment. “Er, right. Sorry.” She mumbled. She shook her head slightly, as if trying to clear
it. “I need a moment.” She said, her voice strained.

After several deep breaths, Hermione began to regain her composure “The connection is a bit difficult to manage sometimes. Its easy to get sucked in.” She explained, her voice shifting into lecture mode. “Now then, I suppose we should meet them outside the changing rooms.”

“It’ll be like a club meeting!” Luna chimed, as Susan nodded her agreement. Hermione leapt into action, packing her books away, grimacing at how disorganized she was being.

“Liber stipare.” At Luna’s spell, Hermione’s books and papers flew into her bag, organizing themselves neatly.

Hermione shook her head, in her haste, she’d forgotten she could do magic. “Right.” She recovered “Let’s go.”

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Quidditch practice had never been such an ordeal to get through. Being in close proximity to so many people he had such confused feeling about was wearing on him.

Ron’s feelings, if anything, had become more erratic since his breakup with Lavender. He hadn’t been proud of how that had happened. Letting Lavender (and by extension) the while school know about Harry’s… relationships, was a constant source of guilt for him. But guilt wasn’t the only thing he was struggling with.

He’d wanted to tell Harry, before he found out on his own, but he didn’t see a way of doing that without admitting that he’d spied on him. He didn’t know if he could bear Harry reaction to that… let alone Hermione or Ginny’s.

And guilt, he was somewhat embarrassed to admit to himself, was far from the only thing welling up inside him. It’d already been hard enough to shut out the look of pure ecstasy on Hermione’s face from when he had walked in on her and Harry. No, now he had to deal with picturing Katie and Demezla naked whenever he saw them. Even more disturbing were the occasional thoughts of Ginny, his own sister, that occasionally slipped through.

The night after the breakup, Ron had been awakened by a noise.

It was Hermione.

One of them must have miscast the silencing charm in the heat of the moment, because what he was hearing was oddly muffled.

Hermione Granger, the rule follower, the prude of Gryffindoor, was sneaking into the boy’s dormitory for a shag. Jealousy once again bubbled up- had Hermione always been so slutty? Would he have been the beneficiary of it if he’d just grown a pair and made a move first? Maybe she would have put out for him if he had asked her to the Yule Ball?

“‘Mione.” Harry murmured “Tell me what you need.”

“Stop fucking teasing me and just fuck me! Please!” Her voice was frustrated, with desperation creeping in as she continued. Ron fervently wished he could see what was going on, but as it was, he was left to his imagination to fill in the gaps. What was Harry doing to her to get her so desperate? His cock was twitching ardently in his boxers, needier than it had been seeing Harry with the quidditch girls in the locker room, but with supreme effort he resolved not to touch himself. In his current state he’d probably shoot off almost instantly, and he wanted to enjoy this.
Hermione had begun whimpering, and Ron could hear a soft *shlick shlick* in the background. Finally, the brunette broke “Oh *please* Harry! Cock! I need your cock! Whatever you want, just-*FUCK!*”

Ron’s resolve to not touch himself lasted all of ten seconds. Once Hermione began begging, he couldn’t help but take himself and hand and jerk off furiously. Hermione’s ecstatic cry as Harry undoubtedly plunged his cock in was like a lightning bolt straight to Ron’s cock. He stifled a moan as his cock twitched in hand, spilling cum across his chest and stomach. It was one of the best orgasms Ron had ever had, and it left him sapped of all energy. He couldn’t even muster the strength to clean himself.

Instead, he just listened as Harry continued to fuck Hermione. Harry’s grunts of exertion were almost completely drowned out by Hermione’s moans of “Oh! OH! *Uhn* YES! YES! Oh *fuck* Harry! CUMMING!” seemed to be in synch with the slap of skin on skin and the subtle wet sounds of fucking. Ron imagined what Hermione must look like at the moment. He hadn’t seen nearly as much of her as Ginny, Katie, and Demelza, just a good look at her bare legs when he’d walked in on her and Harry. He remembered the look of ecstasy on her face, but even then she hadn’t sounded like this.

“Oh, Hermione, love. I’m getting close.” Harry moaned. Ron had no idea how Harry had hung on for so long while shagging a girl, but it seemed even he had his limit. He was surprised, however, when Hermione began to beg him again, this time for his cum.

“Oh, *yes* Harry. Cum in me. Cum in me!” Her words lit Ron on fire, and his tired cock twitched back to life. He was so sensitive from his previous orgasm that this time he couldn’t stifle his moan as he started stroking himself again. It took almost no time for him to get to edge.

He came with a quiet groan, as Harry and Hermione’s euphoric voices echoed in his ear.

Ron was drawn from his thoughts suddenly as Katie punted the quaffle through the left hoop. He’d completely lost focus and let her get a free shot! The taunting smile she gave him was infuriating, even as it was surprisingly alluring.

He couldn’t help but wonder if there was going to be a repeat performance after this practice. He was blushing now, but hopefully everyone would think it was from exertion. He knew he absolutely shouldn’t be thinking about trying to sneak another peak.

No, there were a dozen reasons why he shouldn’t. But, there was one, very pressing reason why he wanted to.

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Quidditch practice had been a workout, as usual, and Katie gave it her all. If asked, she would say she was pushing hard for the final quidditch match of the season, against Ravenclaw, that was just next week. She would be lying, of course, and an uncomfortably large fraction of the quidditch team would know exactly why.

She was horny. That was hardly a novel problem, and she had toys and boys willing to help her solve it. The problem wasn’t of kind, but of intensity. Part of it was the endorphin rush of flying and physical activity, part of it was the feel of her broom between her legs, even through cushioning charms, but most of it was Harry. She’d had this idea in her mind that Harry was still the cute innocent boy she’d met in her second year. It wasn’t until she was seeing him in all his glory that she realized she’d been ignoring all of the obvious signs that he most definitely wasn’t.
Harry Potter was bloody hot, his raven locks, striking emerald eyes, and handsome features were the talk of the school, but most girls didn’t know about the lithe muscles of his arms, chest, and torso, and the certainly didn’t know about his cock.

She had seen her fair share of cocks. On the small side was Colin Creevey’s two inch little thing. The poor boy had been sitting dejected in the corner of the common room after what had apparently been a bad experience with Demelza. Katie had taken pity on him and taken him to a broom cupboard.

She hadn’t really minded his size, it was actually kind of cute, and it’d be loads easier to blow him, but what was unfortunate was that he came mere seconds after her fingers had begun stroking him. Katie had had him eat her out, and Colin was very enthusiastic, eager to make up for his other issues. With some coaching he was able to make her cum, which she heaped praise on him for. He was hard at that point, so Katie decided to return the favor—though she’d barely taken him into her mouth before he came again.

Ironically, the largest cock she’d had was an even worse experience. Ryan Baldwin had been hung like a stallion, and it had hurt so much that Katie had to call it off at the first thrust.

No, Harry’s was perfect. Slightly above average in length and quite girthy, it seemed perfectly proportioned to make her mouth (and pussy) water. What’s more, he knew how to use it. The fucking he’d given her was hands down the best she’d ever had—deep and thorough, passionate and intense—she hadn’t been lying when she had said it felt like her ovaries had exploded.

And then he’d managed to one up himself. As she had straddled his face, Katie hadn’t been expecting anything to top that magnificent cock, and at first it seemed she was accurate. Harry was good, but it wasn’t the best cunnilingus she’d ever had. But Harry was a fast learner—he must have been paying careful attention to her reactions and responses, because it hadn’t taken him long to figure out what made her tick.

He learned so fast! Soon, he’d been wringing orgasm after orgasm from her body, and it was all she could do to not fall off. She had doubled over, unable to support herself and soon it was only Harry’s hands that were keeping her aligned with his mouth.

The rest of the day had been a daze. All she really remembered was not being able to take her eyes off Harry at dinner, and the almost taunting looks Ginny kept sending her way. She had felt almost as bad as Demelza had looked in those following days. She’d even gone so far as shag one of the blokes she’d dated in the past—she’d gotten intimate once, but the experience had been enough to turn her off from trying again. Now, she was just desperate to give it a go. She gave no warning—she’d just shoved him into a random broom cupboard and had her way with him. Unfortunately he had a terrible sense of timing with his thrusts, so she cast a sticking charm at the wall, pressed him into it and more or less used him as a human dildo while imagining that she was shagging Harry.

It hadn’t helped, not really. As soon as she caught sight of the raven haired seeker, grinning and joking with Ginny and Luna, the frustration was back. Because she didn’t want meaningless sex with a random bloke in a broom cupboard. She wanted Harry.

And god did she want him. It was driving her around the twist, and she was sure she was being more than a little harsh with her teammates in her sexual frustration.

“Oi Weasley! Work on having better stamina in the pitch, since you clearly have none in bed.” It was particularly cruel throwing that particular rumor in Ron’s face but she didn’t feel
guilty, seeing as how he was being a class A prat to Harry (and she was certain now that it was all jealousy over the amount of sex Harry was having). Ron had turned puce and charged her, but when Harry broke them up he had refused to repeat what she had said.

She lobbed more than a few comments at Demelza, the most effective of which was when Katie had simply asked what had happened to her knickers. Her ‘reign of terror’ came to an end when Ginny had gotten one over her over the quaffle and Katie had jibed “I’ll get back out you for that, when Harry’s moaning my name after practice.”

“Oh please.” Ginny had responded with utmost confidence “We both know that ten minutes with Harry will leave you a drooling mess. I get that you’re horny and frustrated, but you really shouldn’t take it out on the rest of us.” She paused for a moment, before adding “Besides, Demelza has dibs.”

“What about when they went off before practice?” Katie queried.

“Harry ate her out, if you must know.” Ginny smirked “And he’s promised to fuck her after practice, so you’ll have to get in line.”

Katie felt shame well up within her. Ginny was absolutely right, and what’s more Katie couldn’t bear get in between Demelza and her first real time with Harry. It simply wasn’t right, especially with how strung out Demelza had been the past few days- she was quite ready to burst, the poor girl.

So Katie stopped after that, and refocused on flying- the rush of the wind in her hair, the feel of the broom between her legs, vibrating with latent energy…

Fuck, it was going to be a long practice.

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Harry hadn’t needed Ginny’s input to guess that all three chasers were waiting for him in the girl’s locker room. Demelza had quite the incentive to be there, after all, Katie had been stealing glances at him the entire practice, and Ginny… well he knew her better than to think she’d want to miss this.

Katie was doing her best to make it look like she hadn’t be waiting for him, and that he had merely coincidentally caught her in her current state- with a foot planted on the bench, as she slid her leggings down her leg, leaving her only in her bra and knickers. She was fit, perhaps even moreso than Ginny, and it showed in her toned legs, lean stomach, and tight arse. Her façade of indifference was shattered once she turned to him.

It was the small things that gave it away- the way her breath hitched, or how her eyes flickered down to his crotch and then back up his body, the tremble of her hand as she pressed it against her inner thigh. That was even before he got to how she was practically posing for him, and the obvious damp spot on her knickers. All things Harry might very well have missed before, but thanks to Ginny and Hermione’s insight into the female gender, he was acutely aware of now.

Harry would have said that Katie was practically begging him to fuck her with her body language, but that would do disservice to Demelza, who literally was begging him to fuck her. Demelza… Demelza was on her knees, presenting her naked body to him, the picture of submissiveness.

“Hey Dem.” Harry said warmly “Are you ready for your reward?”
“No, sir.” Demelza said, surprising him “I mean, I want to, uh, service you, please.”

“No, sir?” I took a moment for Harry to catch her meaning “Dem, you don’t…” He paused, thinking about it.

*Let her do it.* Ginny urged. *Then give her the good hard fucking she deserves.*

Demelza just looked up at him hopefully, and that really, was what did it. “Alright.” Harry conceded. Harry began to undress, and he was acutely aware of all three girl’s eyes on him. He knew exactly were Ginny’s lustful gaze was focused, and expected as much from her. The redhead had stripped completely, and had her legs spread shamelessly as she stroked herself.

Katie too, was staring at him hungrily, her tongue swiping over her lips in anticipation. The hand she had placed on her thigh was on the move, seemingly of its own accord, and soon was rubbing at her panties, where a damp spot was forming.

Demelza, though, had the strongest reaction by far. By the time Harry had completely undressed, she was gazing up at him almost worshipfully. Normally, he’d be annoyed by that kind of treatment- because normally that sort of fanaticism was about things that he felt he didn’t deserve the credit for, or were things utterly tragic (and usually both at the same time). However, he knew Demelza wasn’t caressing his cock in her shaking hand because of his fame. He knew she didn’t let out a breathy moan as she touched his shaft for the first time because of his bloody scar. He was able to revel in Demelza’s attentions because he knew they were for him, not his celebrity image. *He* had seduced her, *he* had teased her, she was horny and desperate for him.

“Oh my god.” Demelza breathed as she began to stroke his cock.

“Not what you expected, huh?” Katie said knowingly.

“It’s so soft…” Demelza murmured in seeming awe.

“Excuse me?” Harry asked with mock indignation. Prompting giggles from Ginny and Katie, while Demelza backpedaled.

“I mean. In my books, it’s always ‘he was as hard as iron’ or whatever. And you *are*…”

“Thing are a little different than erotica you read would lead you to believe.” Katie told her, almost nurturing. “A boy’s penis isn’t some sort of club, it’s an organ- firm, yet the skin is soft, and *very* sensitive.”

Demelza had actually turned her head to look at Katie was she said this, and was now regarding her with quite a bit of deference. “Go on, keep stroking him.” Katie encouraged. Demelza startled and quickly resumed her attentions.

“Every bloke’s different, some like to be stroked more firmly, some less. Just let his reactions guide you.” Katie instructed.

Ginny, while all too happy to let this dynamic play out, had to put in “He likes it a tad firmer… there!” She sighed as Demelza tightened her grip just slightly “Uhng, that’s good.”

Katie shot Ginny a slightly confused look, but filed that bit of strangeness away for later. “But stroking him off wasn’t what you actually had in mind, was it?” Katie asked rhetorically.

“No.” Demelza whispered.
“You know, giving oral can be quite pleasurable in its own right. Isn’t that right, Harry?” He wasn’t sure if she was referencing the time he’d spent with his head between Katie’s thighs (which indeed was a wonderful experience) or if she knew about what he and Demelza had done earlier. Either way, Harry was inclined to agree “Absolutely.”

“Enjoying it mostly isn’t about the physical sensations. It’s about the **experience**. Dem, I want you to smell him.” On the face of it, it was an odd request, but his link with Ginny gave him some insight into the logic behind it.

Demelza leaned in and hummed as she took in his scent “He smells… good. How?”

“Well, it’s all about compatibility. If you have chemistry with a bloke, then his scent is like… instant turn on. Of course, if you’re a poor fit, it’s not so peachy keen. So, what does he smell like to you?”

“Like… Harry. And sex. And-and he smells like… like.”

“Like a man.” Katie finished knowingly. “Go ahead, you know you want to.”

At this point Demelza had her faced pressed against his length, so it was a simple matter to press a kiss against him, and another, and another. Then she swiped her tongue up his length, circling around the head and then taking it into her mouth with a moan.

She was enthusiastic as she bobbed up and down. Perhaps she was a bit too enthusiastic, because it wasn’t long until her teeth had scratched against Harry’s sensitive flesh. He gave a sharp hiss at the pain, and Demelza pulled back instantly, looking apologetic and pleading.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.” She began, but Harry silenced her with a finger to her lips.

“It’s alright. It was your first time. Mistakes happen.” He assured her, cupping her cheek with his hand.

“Well, you’re rather on the small side, so you might have a bit more trouble with that particular problem.” Katie added ruefully “And it looks like you were a touch too eager. Just relaxing a bit would probably help. Like this-”

Katie stepped forward and knelt on one knee, grabbed his cock by the base and swallowed him with ease. Harry shuddered as her mouth glided downwards quickly and easily. She was good. His toes curled and his hands went to her shoulders for balance as she demolished his composure in seconds. She was very good. As she drew back, Harry couldn’t bite back a moan.

Katie looked ready to dive right back in, judging by the gleam in her eye and how she was licking her lips. But instead she turned back to Demelza “He tastes delicious too, doesn’t he?”

“Yeah.” Demelza agreed, though most of her attention was focused on Harry- captivated by his reaction to Katie. Her goal was now clear in her mind; get Harry to react like that.

So she dutifully tried again, this time making sure to relax her jaw. It wasn’t so much that she was sucking his cock, more like his cock was penetrating her mouth. She slowly slid down his shaft, taking as much of it as she could and all the while looking up at Harry, searching for a reaction.

Katie had no doubt done a whole lot more than just relax, but Demelza was just happy she hadn’t bit him, and wasn’t confident enough to use her tongue creatively or use suction without
accidentally nipping him again.

She continued to bob up and down slowly, allowing herself to become accustomed to his girth, until Harry seemed to lose patience and gripped her head, weaving his fingers through her hair. Demelza felt an undeniable rush of heat in her core as he began to guide her. At first simply urging her on, but soon controlling her movements entirely, and then just holding her head still as he moved his hips.

*Oh Merlin*, he was fucking her mouth, just like she’d imagined he would. She moaned around his cock, and her pussy throbbed desperately as a new wave of her arousal started trickling down her thighs. The world fell away; it was just the taste and smell of him—so intoxicating—and the feel of his cock as he *used* her mouth for his pleasure.

Until, that is, he pulled back suddenly. Demelza swayed on the spot as she tried to regain her bearings.

Godric, she’d almost *came* from him fucking her face, and judging by the look of him she would have beaten him over the edge. This was supposed to be about serving him, not getting her own rocks off!

“Please, Sir. You don’t have to stop. I can take it harder, I can take more.” She wasn’t certain about that, but she was at her wits end at the moment.

“I’d bet you can. But right now, I’d rather *take* you.”

Demelza’s thought process froze at Harry’s proclamation. It barely registered as Harry pulled her up, and she didn’t even think to resist as he laid her across the bench. He parted her thighs, slick with her arousal, and asked her “Are you ready?”

Demelza responded with an unintelligible whimper. Not good enough. He chuckled “What was that? No?”

That got through her senses “No! I mean YES! Please sir! I-uhhhhhng!”

He pressed into her, and her body offered no resistance to the invasion. Her folds parted for him easily, and she was so wet he practically glided as he pressed deeper. Demelza threw her head back, mouth wide open but only emitting a soft, strangled groan and a trickle of drool as Harry penetrated deeper into the most vulnerable and sensitive part of her.

He hilted himself inside her. Demelza had never felt so filled—he was *so thick*. It was a level of satisfaction that she hadn’t even realized was possible—having him inside of her and his strong arms encasing her. She never wanted it to end. So when he began to pull out she couldn’t stifle to whimper of disappointment.

“Oh Dem” He purred “I *own* you now.”

And with that, he let loose. Gone was the teasing, the measured touches and restraint. 

Harry was *fucking* her. He was ramming his cock into her with a speed and strength she could never hope to achieve. She was no match for him, she’d barely even been able to maintain herself when he was slowly easing himself in. Now that he was unleashed, she didn’t stand a chance.

She shrieked and yelped, panted and drooled as he utterly destroyed her with his cock. He drew orgasm after orgasm from her with only the occasional assistance from his fingers against her clit (brushing lightly, he’d learned already).
He stopped and turned her over so that she was on her knees, pussy displayed to him. He cupped her womanhood and growled “Mine.”

“Yours.” Demelza echoed like a prayer, and then he took her again. In this position, she was completely submissive to him. He had her pinned and even if she could summon to fortitude and coordination to lift herself up, he would easily be able to press her back down. She was being fucked like a bitch, he had turned her into a drooling bitch and she loved it.

Before long, his voice, harsh with exertion, was in her ear. “Dem. I’m gonna cum in your pussy. You want my cum Dem?” Oh god yes she did.

“Yess.” She moaned back “Seed me. Give me your seed master!” She was more than a little shocked with herself for referring to him as ‘master’. True, she had referred to Harry as that a few times internally during her ‘sessions’ the past few nights, but never verbally.

She couldn’t regret it, however, because she knew as soon as it left her lips that it felt right. Moreover, when he heard it, he growled in her ear and his thrusting went into overdrive. His cock suddenly felt impossibly harder and it was only a few more thrusts before he moaned “Oh god, Dem. Fuck!”

She’d lost track of how many times she came, but know that he was cuming inside of her was like throwing gasoline on the fire. She was screaming, he was moaning in her ear, and her pussy was grasping desperately at his shaft, as if to draw cum from it. It didn’t need the help, with each thrust, Harry buried himself deep within her and his cock injected load after load of semen deep in her core.

Dean may have been the boy to take her virginity, but Harry had done him one better. He’d taken her body, and given her pleasure beyond measure. He planted his seed deep inside of her, and it felt as if he’d planted a flag. It felt as if he’d left part of himself deep within her, and claimed her.

Demelza slumped back against the bench, wearing a blissed out expression. Harry spent full minute tending to her, stroking her hair tenderly and kissing her cheek and temple while whispering words to her that Katie could not hear. It was clear that she was no longer in the position to participate in their rendezvous, which suited Katie just fine.

She hadn’t felt so desperate for a cock in… well quite a while. Maybe not since the time that she had both Fred and George naked for her- it had been her first threesome and they were both quite good looking. She believed that Angelina and Alicia were now sharing them or something like that, based on their comments when they’d last met up over the holidays.

When Harry finally pulled back from Demelza, Katie’s eyes were drawn to his cock, still mostly hard and glistening with Demelza’s arousal. She grunted as her hand, which had been not so subtly rubbing at her panties, pressed down on her clit. She realized then that no, she hadn’t been this desperate in even longer, not since her first relationship.

The guy she’d been with had been quite talented in bed, and he knew it. She’d been young, naïve, and completely blown away with her first experience with sex. He’d used it, used her. She’d been so… cock drunk, that she’d gone along with all of his bullshit, letting him fuck her on the side while he had a girlfriend all along.

It had all fallen apart, of course, and Katie had been so ashamed of herself. But pandora’s box had been opened, and Katie couldn’t just go back to being celibate. So she decided to take control. No guy would use her like that, because she wouldn’t let them, she’d use them.
But Harry… Harry had a way of disarming her. Any other guy, she could enjoy and discard at her leisure, but not Harry. Perhaps that was truly why she’d never gone after him. Not because he was too innocent, or the timing was never right, but because she knew deep down that she was weak to him, that it never could be just sex.

Katie was paralyzed as Harry advanced on her sporting that lopsided grin of his. His hand had gone to his cock and had firmly stroked it- not so much for the pleasure of it, but to bring it back to hardness. Truly, his cock was as fine a specimen as she had ever seen… felt… tasted. She licked her lips.

It was at that point that several things happened.

From the entrance, she heard a distant ‘Oh my god.’. Harry froze, as he too realized, thanks to Hermione, that something was amiss. A moment later, Hermione rounded the corner, her wand raised, the tip already glowing with a dull red light before she hissed “Incarcerous”

The spell shot towards them, but was intercepted by what had seemed like empty air, neutralizing the disillusionment charm, revealing for everyone in the room the unwelcome sight of Ron Weasley.
“Ron?” Harry, Hermione, and Ginny’s voices chorused in varying levels of disbelief and anger.

Talk about a mood killer.

A wave of revulsion swept over Katie as she realized that… creep had been watching them this entire time. “Oh my god.” She muttered, putting a hand to her temples. With a start, she realized how exposed she was… she should put on some clothes.

Ron hadn’t looked up yet, hadn’t even acknowledged anyone else in the room. He looked very much like he wanted to crawl into some hole and die.

“You… you utter… PRICK!” Hermione recovered first and sent a swift kick to Ron’s side.

Ron groaned and muttered “Bloody- Ow!”

“You arse!” The brunette spat again, which was accompanied by another kick. Ginny looked positively ill, while Harry’s face was stony and pale.

Katie cast a glance at the new arrivals, Luna Lovegood and Susan Bones. She knew Luna was a good friend of Harry’s, but Susan hadn’t been, not until recently at least. None of them even seemed particularly surprised to find them having sex. Luna even offered a friendly wave when she noticed Katie evaluating her.

Wait a minute.

Holy shit. He was fucking all of them.

Really, she was impressed.

It looked as if Hermione was going to go on, but Harry held a hand up “Hermione, wait.”

Ron peered up at Harry, a looked of confusion on his face, only to disappear at Harry’s icy glare. Katie was quite impressed at how Harry could pull off such an aura of intimidation completely naked. It was ridiculously attractive, or it would have been if not for their situation.

“How many times have you spied on us, Ron?” Harry asked him.

“Er… just, twice. Well, sorta three.”

“I see.” Harry replied curtly “Why?”

Ron’s mouth opened and closed uselessly, and his face seemed to cycle between pale white and flushed red. “I… er… uh…”

Harry waited through Ron’s incoherent muttering, until he managed to get out “It… it was hot.”

Harry shook his head in disbelief. “Seriously?”
Ron nodded.

“I don’t even know what to say Ron. We haven’t been speaking recently, but this… this is beyond the pale.”

“You don’t even know the half of it, Harry.” Susan interrupted.

“What do you mean?”

“He told Lavender about us.”

“Of course he did.” Ginny spat, her expression finally turning into one of rage. “He never could keep his mouth shut about anything, you know. Before my first year, he wouldn’t shut up about the adventures you guys went on.”

“I didn’t mean to!” Ron protested “It just, came out before I could stop it. I- I’m sorry!”

“A pattern with you, it seems.” Katie added.

“But if Lavender knows…” Harry reasoned.

“Then the entire school does.” Susan finished for him “And if the entire school knows…”

“Then Dumbledore does too. Shite!” Harry cursed.

“Wait, why does it matter if Dumbledore knows that we’re all having sex?” Katie asked. Well, she got why it would be bad, but not especially bad, worse than the entire school knowing.

Several significant looks were shared between Harry, Ginny, Hermione, Susan, and Luna. Which meant she and Demelza, who were out of the loop.

Harry sighed “I guess it’s time. You both deserve to know.” He looked down at Ron “Honestly, we have more important things to deal with than whatever the hell is wrong with you.” He told him “Stupefy.”

Katie stared at him uncomprehendingly. God, this was going to get weird. She just knew it.

“Er, sure, but…” Demelza piped in “Can we put on some clothes first?”

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With Ron stunned and the quidditch players clothed, Harry began to explain. He told them about the prophecy, he told them about the horcruxes, he told them how he was a horcrux, and how at first, he thought that he would have to die. Then Hermione told them about the ritual she discovered, how Dumbledore disapproved of what they were doing, but that they’d gone ahead anyway.

And when they were done… Katie laughed. It was absolutely ridiculous. She’d have sworn that they were pulling a prank on her, except… it was Harry. Of course something like this would happen to him. “I swear Harry.” She managed “You are the luckiest unluckiest bloke alive.”

“Tell me about it.” Harry said with a roll of his eyes “I get told that I’m doomed to die, but then find out there’s not only a chance to save me, but to er…” He looked around at the six girls in the room.
“Shag all the hottest witches you know?” Ginny supplied cheekily.

“I wasn’t going to put it that way, but you took the words right out of my mouth.” Harry agreed.

“Your mind, more like.” Ginny smirked.

“Wow, so you guys really do have some sort of psychic connection, then.” Demelza breathed “I read a book that was sort of like that.”

“Really?” Hermione inquired “I haven’t found any references to this sort of thing beyond the book I found the ritual in.”

Demelza blushed, and Ginny sniggered. “Er, well it wasn’t that sort of book.”

“What?”

“It was erotica, okay!” Demelza burst out.

Hermione blushed, but nevertheless looked intrigued.

Harry took the opportunity to steer the conversation back on track. “Look, I don’t want either of you to feel obligated to do this. You’d be giving up a lot, and I wouldn’t blame you in the slightest if you don’t want to. Just, take your time and—”

“Fuck it, I’m in.” Demelza interjected.

Harry’s jaw dropped, as he seemed temporarily at a loss for words.

“Harry… you’re everything I ever wanted and more. Honestly, I was beginning to worry that I was in too deep, that at some point Ginny would get tired of sharing you. I mean, isn’t that crazy? I was basically hoping I’d get to be your side chick for as long as you’d have me.” Demelza shrugged her shoulders in a self-deprecating manner “And well, I get to help save your life and take down You-know-who. Seems as good a justification as any. So, yeah. I’m in.”

“Er, wow, Dem, thank you.” Harry beamed. “You honestly have no idea what it means to me, that you’d be willing to do this. I know all of this is crazy, but I’ll do my best to make sure you’re happy.”

Demelza seemed to glow at Harry’s words. “And er…” Harry’s eyes flickered over to Katie briefly as he continued “I’m not expecting monogamy from you. That’s entirely your choice. I owe you that much, considering what you’d be doing for me.”

“Never.” Demelza breathed, which provoked a warm, loving smile from him in return. Despite the lack of pressure and judgement coming from Harry, Katie began to feel the pressure on her as several pairs of eyes turned to her expectantly.

“Oh come on!” She complained “You can’t expect me to make a decision like that after only shagging him once!”

“So what, you want him to convince you?” Ginny waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“Harry can be quite convincing.” Luna added.

“Katie, take all the time you need. The last thing I’d want is for you to regret your decision.” Harry assured her.
Katie nodded, she couldn’t lie, she was tempted, but at the same time… it was a big leap. “Are you really okay with me fucking other guys?”

“Katie.” Harry said seriously “If it makes you happy, it’s the very least I could do. I won’t lie, I’m not sure if I could handle it if Ginny or Hermione wanted to get with another bloke… call me a hypocrite. But our relationship doesn’t have to be like that. I really don’t think I’d be jealous.”

Katie blushed, she was a little embarrassed to admit that that was a big point in his favor. She really enjoyed casual sex. She liked seducing blokes, the rush of power it gave her. She liked discovering all the little quirks that made them unique. She loved making shy blokes come out of their shell, she loved making the arrogant ones break and beg for her. She loved carrying around that secret knowledge of them, knowing what they looked like naked, knowing how they looked at their most vulnerable.

She suspected that made her different from most women, even from the other girls in this room. The emotional aspect of sex just wasn’t a requirement for her. It hadn’t even been something she’d experience until Harry.

“Besides we’ve got plenty of problems to deal with right now.” Harry added. “So we can shelf that for a bit.”

“Like Dumbledore.” Susan agreed.

“And what to do with my dear Brother.” Ginny added, her voice laced with vindictive sarcasm.

“I really should have thought of that.” Hermione frowned “We could have had him sign a contract swearing him to silence.”

“Don’t blame yourself Hermione.” Susan consoled “This was bound to get out at some point. It’s basically impossible for secrets to stay secret.”

“Especially if you’re shagging six bloody witches three times a day.” Katie snarked.

“That’s… a bit of an exaggeration.” Harry protested lamely, over Ginny’s giggles.

“Yeah, he normally doesn’t manage all six of us in one day, but he can go for far more than three times.” Luna added.

“Oh yeah, his stamina has been improving for sure. I wonder if the ritual has something to do with it.” Ginny commented.

Hermione’s eyes lit up “Well, yes. I’ve been looking into that possibility. I do think that the ritual has boosted both of your magical cores- though that change wouldn’t happen overnight. It’s also possible that with the level of sexual activity Harry’s been having, Harry’s magic is… helping him adapt.”

“Well, that’s lucky for us.” Katie put in “I’d imagine we’d wear him down pretty quickly if he were a normal bloke.”

Harry was blushing again, and he shook his head slightly as he said “I am normal.”

There was beat of silence, before Ginny snickered, and soon nearly everyone in the room was laughing or chuckling at the absurdity of Harry’s statement.
Even Luna had joined in on the fun, as she said matter-of-factly “Don’t worry Harry. You’re just as normal as I am.”

“Errr, thanks.”

Laughter once again rang out through the circle of friends. When it died down, however, there was still a lingering tension in the room.

“So what are we going to do about Ron?” Ginny asked. Harry cast his gaze back to the unconscious body of his best… former best mate. His expression darkened.

He never thought that Ron could stoop that low… that he was that… that…

“He’s always been immature, Harry.” Hermione told him in response to his thoughts.

“I can vouch for that.” Ginny said darkly.

“He’s not going to learn.” Katie added “Not until he’s forced to.”

“Enervate.”

Harry’s spell woke Ron, and after a few moments of confusion, the redhead tried to pick himself up. In a flash, Harry had his wand to Ron’s throat. “Harry, I-” Ron tried to apologize, but Harry wasn’t having it.

“Don’t move, don’t even talk, unless I tell you to.” He demanded harshly.

Ron nodded meekly.

“I… I don’t have words to describe how I feel right now, Ron. I really don’t.” Harry’s thoughts weren’t as organized as he hoped, but the words were coming out anyway “I was alright with you being a prat to me. That’s happened before… whatever. But I can’t tolerate you hurting the people I love. I won’t put up with you spying on my girlfriends, violating their privacy.”

Harry was building up steam at this point, but his voice remained level, directed solely at Ron. “If I ever catch you spying on any of them… no, if I ever catch you perving on anyone again… I will make sure you regret it. Got it, Weasley?”

Ron opened his mouth to speak, but no words came, so instead he merely nodded. “Good. Now leave.”

Katie rather thought he was letting Ron off lightly. She supposed Harry wasn’t the vindictive type. She glanced at Ginny and Hermione, wondering if they were going to plan their own form of vengeance. One look at their expressions confirmed that yes, they were.

They most definitely were.

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“We’re so close, Al. So close. If you could just…”

“I know, Gellert. I can’t just take it, not now, when he needs it most. When his task is done, I will. It would be for the best then.”

“Still have a soft spot for the boy, I see.”
“Yes… I feel I’ve raised him, in a way. I watched him grow up into a fine young man, guided him, helped him on his way.”

“Just stay strong. You know what you have to do.”

“Thank you. I… I honestly don’t know what I’d do without you here. I have gone through my fair share of trying times, but lately… things have been more difficult than ever.”

“And I love you too.” Gellert’s teasing smile grew as he faded away.

Dumbledore sighed. At the moment, his old lover turned enemy turned confident was the only person he felt he could speak freely with. There were many, many old friends he’d longed to see again, that he could use the stone to speak to.

But something stopped him, and he wasn’t sure what it was. Something niggled at him, deep in his chest, but he passed over it. It wouldn’t do to dwell on such internal struggles when so much was at stake.

At first he’d only used the stone once, to talk to Arriana one last time. To apologize, to say goodbye. She’d forgiven him instantly but had asked him to never use the stone again. He promised her he wouldn’t.

That promise had held until the day he’d told Harry of his fate. The temptation of the stone, to find a balm to ease his guilt, had been too great. So he summoned Lily Potter, hoping that she could assure him he was doing the right thing.

She… hadn’t. He had heard stories of her legendary temper and colorful language, but he had always considered them exaggerations… she was always so polite and reserved in his presence, though he supposed most of his students would be on their best behavior around him. That day, though, Dumbledore was certain that she would have destroyed his office just as her son had not a year before, if she had only been corporeal.

Instead, she unloaded a verbal lashing unlike anything he had ever received before. “Advice, you want my advice?” She had demanded. “Fire Snape! He’s an ex-death eater who’s only ‘redeeming’ feature is his creepy obsession with me. He abused my son for six years and you’ve done nothing but enable him. And that’s nothing—nothing—comparing to the damage you’d done to him before he even came to this school!”

“Lily—” Albus had tried to interrupt, but Lily Potter would not be silenced. “How could you? How could you send him to live with the Durselys? I had to watch them abuse Harry. Starve him. Shove him in that cupboard they called his room. Make him believe he didn’t even deserve to be loved. HOW COULD YOU LET THEM DO THAT?”

“I had to keep him safe, it was your blood your sacrifice…”

Lily laughed, a painful sarcastic laugh “My sacrifice! I’ve had to bear that cross all this time, that my sacrifice was what led my son to those people. But it wasn’t, not really. It was you Albus Dumbledore. You utter prick!” She swung a fist at one of his precious instruments, intending to destroy it much as her son had a year before. Mercifully, she was incorporeal, but that didn’t stop her from continuing her tirade “You’re trying to get my son killed! I’ll never forgive you for this! Never!”

He’d banished her, and had sat in silence in his office for well over an hour afterwards. It seemed as if after succumbing to the stone once, it had become that more difficult to resist its
allure. He’d heard the news, that Gellert Grindewald had died in prison just weeks before. It had been weighing on his mind ever since. He found his hand reaching for the stone once more, and with a twist of his wrist saw his old friend and former lover before him.

He’d just been intending to make peace with him, to find some closure. Death had softened Gellert’s soft edges, and Albus felt that he’d found what he wanted. He would leave the stone be as he’d promised Arianna.

Things had only seemed to spiral out of control from there, and soon Albus found the temptation of the stone too strong. He just wanted an understanding ear, and Gellert provided that and more. It was like old times, almost, once more Gellert was the only one who understood what Albus had to do.

The latest news was the most frustrating of all, the portraits had informed him (as they were wont to do) of the latest gossip in the castle. Normally idle school gossip wasn’t meaningful, but in this case…

He needed to speak to Harry. At Once.

Chapter End Notes

What's this? No sex! In *my* story? What's come over me?

In all seriousness, the next few chapters will be rather plot heavy- smut light (though I assure you not entirely free of it!). Hope you enjoy!
The next day would be nearly unbearable. Prying eyes and whispered conversations would follow each of them to an extent that only Harry was really used to. Susan had concluded that there was nothing to be done at this point, except to avoid doing anything incriminating and hoping something else attracted the gossip mills attention, and soon.

Harry, despite having far more experience being the victim of the Hogwarts gossip machine, was still surprised at the viciousness that had been directed upon them. Harry himself had been the target of many glares from envious boys- including Zacharias Smith, Michael Corner, Dean Thomas, and many more who he only barely knew. He was grateful that none of them tried to confront him. Even Neville had seemed shaken when Harry had greeted him earlier.

The reaction from the girls of the castle confused Harry the most. Mostly it was gossip, murmurs, speculative looks that flittered away the moment he turned his attention to them (he wouldn’t have even been aware of those if not for Ginny and Hermione’s perspective). This was coupled with an almost total avoidance of him. This was taken to the extreme by some- such as one of the Gryffindor fourth years (he wasn’t sure of her name until Ginny had helpfully provided it- Emily). He’d merely been walking by her table in the library when a book had toppled to the floor. Harry had picked up the book and handed it to her, something which should have resulted in a simple ‘thank you’.

Instead, Emily had blushed and startled backwards when she’d noticed who he was. “I’m not interested!” She protested.

“Er, what?”

“My mum warned me about guys like you, I’m not interested in you or anything you have to say!” The girl proclaimed a tad hysterically. *Uhg, this was sure to attract Madam Pince’s attention, he should leave.*

“Oh, okay.” He told her and made a swift exit before Pince had the opportunity to descend on them with a vengeance. Ginny had found the situation hilarious, though Harry, once he’d had time to process their interaction felt slightly offended that the girl had apparently assumed he was out to have sex with every girl in the castle.

There were a few girls who did confront Harry. Pansy Parkinson, for instance, had gone out of her way between classes to tell him she’d never degrade herself by sleeping with him. Harry had been unprepared for the barb and had responded inelegantly with “Er, sure. Sounds good.” Pansy had the gall to be offended by his response as sneer marred her face. Susan, at this point, intervened on his behalf, sniping “You sound jealous, Parkinson. I don’t blame you, what with Draco being all…” She held her thumb a forefinger apart to indicate a rather unimpressive length “You know.”

Pansy turned puce and sputtered in rage “How dare you! Draco is a pureblood! Far superior to the likes of you, Potter!”

“I’m gutted.” Harry said in monotone. “Are we done here?”
Needless to say Ginny had been left in peels of laughter from overhearing that exchange.

Cho tried twice to corner Harry, but he had managed to duck away and join the girls each time. He had no idea what she wanted, but he wanted no part in it regardless. After learning how she’d treated Luna for so long, Cho was dead to him.

But as bad as he’d had it, the girls were receiving the worst of it. The boys leered and jeered in public, while the girls drew their knives in private. Luna hadn’t said much, but Harry just knew that Cho and the other Ravenclaw upper years were being absolutely vile to her. Demelza and Ginny’s roommate, Samantha, had the audacity to tell them they were both sluts and that no decent man would want to be with them now.

Any time Pavarti was in the same room as Hermione, a litany of passive-aggressive jabs would come the brunette’s way- even with the emotional support from Harry, Hermione had been near tears at one point, until Katie had swooped in and shepherded her away. When Lavender had gotten Hermione alone a few hours later, she’d been bracing for the same treatment, but instead the blonde offered her a fist-bump, congratulated her, and asked for details. Ginny was terrified of her mum sending her a howler, but thankfully it seemed that Ron had kept his mouth shut so far. Ginny wasn’t the least bit moved by this small mercy. He was the reason they were in this situation in the first place, the fact that he wasn’t actively spreading it further didn’t matter much to her at the moment.

Harry was not surprised to receive a letter from the headmaster, asking to speak with him alone that afternoon. They’d planned for this, Susan and Hermione had at least, and had worked out a strategy.

There was wide agreement that he most definitely would not be going alone. Susan had insisted on being the one to accompany Harry. Ginny had, at first, tried to plant herself into that role, but it’d been Hermione who had defused that argument. She and Ginny were always with Harry in a way, but Susan was the most politically astute of all of them.

Harry’s gratitude didn’t need to be said, even to Susan, who didn’t have the advantage of having a private connection to his mind. He reached out instinctively, and he found his hands clasped in Susan’s, who gave him a waverig smile. She was nervous too, he realized. He squeezed, and did his best to return it. Don’t worry, Harry. Hermione affirmed. We’ve got a plan. He can’t touch us.

Susan’s presence did more than just soothe his nerves, it empowered him. As long as he had people he loved by his side, he felt like he could do anything. Even stand against the man he once admired.

“Let’s do this.”

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While Susan was accompanying Harry, the other girls cloistered themselves in the room of requirement.

“This is a disaster.” Demelza bemoaned. “All my friends… the entire school…”

“Has turned into a bunch of gits.” Ginny sneered “Or rather, they’ve all shown their true colors.”

Katie put her arms around Demelza’s shoulders comfortingly “If they turned on you that
quickly, they weren’t real friends.”

Demelza nodded, but wasn’t cheered by Katie’s advice. “I can’t believe how nasty they can be.”

“Believe it.” Hermione said “Look at how they treated Harry last year, or the year before, or in our second year.” She rolled her eyes, while the others might have been able to put their heads in the sand about it, she’d had a front row seat to the school’s complete dysfunction when it came to Harry.

“Gits.” Ginny grumbled.

“I pity them.” Luna added suddenly “I think most of them are very unhappy. They’re just taking it out on us.”

“That’s… actually quite perceptive, Luna.” Hermione praised.

“Most of them are sexually repressed, hormonal, and frustrated.” Katie agreed “All those blokes simultaneously calling us sluts while they’re desperate to get some.” She rolled her eyes.

“Or all the girls who go out of the way to say how they’d never associate with a scoundrel like Harry, but can’t keep their bloody eyes off him.” Ginny smirked.

Katie chuckled “They all want what we’re having but won’t let themselves have it. So they punish us instead.”

“Its only a matter of time before some of them pop.” Ginny mused “I’m sure some guys are gonna start begging Harry for tips once they get over their pride.”

“And then there’s Vane.” Katie added darkly. “Have you noticed how she’s been looking at Harry?”

Ginny and Hermione exchanged a glance. “Yeah.” They admitted simultaneously.

The way she’d been looking at Harry was actually downright disturbing. It was certainly a step up from the flirtatious glances she’d been sending him earlier in the year. Now her gaze was… darker. Lingering. It was almost as if she was working up to something. Neither girl wanted to point it out to Harry, but the worry had wormed its way into the back of their minds regardless.

“I’m sure everything will work out with us around.” Luna reassured “Oh! I could try introducing her to some Wrackspurts.”

“What, do Wrackspurts stop people from being creeps?” Demelza asked “Because if so, I got another couple dozen people on the list.”

Luna giggled, and explained that Wrackspurts simply made people less focused.

“Hm, so maybe the entire school needs some, then.” Demelza speculated.

“I’ve tried.” Luna shook her head sadly “But unfortunately Wrackspurts haven’t been able to stop people from being mean to me.”

Ginny frowned, and pulled Luna into a hug “Its like Katie said, now we know who our real friends are.” Luna brightened immediately, and happily returned the hug, cuddling into Ginny.
It was at that moment, the Hermione and Ginny both reeled back, clutching their heads in pain.

“That… that…” Hermione seethed.

“Fucking… bastard!” Ginny finished, her eyes flashing with rage.

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“Professor, you asked for us?” Harry prompted.

“Professor, you asked for us?” Harry prompted.

“Well, to be precise, I asked for you, Harry. But I certainly don’t mind speaking to one of your accomplices as well.”

Harry couldn’t put his finger on what, but something seemed off about the Headmaster. In public, he seemed to be the same, quirky, lemon drop loving old man, but something unsettled Harry about his former mentor.

Hermione, however, had known exactly what Harry was talking about, and had warned him before the meeting. It’s his aura, Harry. She told him. I don’t know if it’s always been like that or if it’s a new thing, but it seems… corrupted.

How? Harry asked.

How am I supposed to know? It’s not like the horcrux, not as dark, but still… Hermione’s tone urged caution. Her worries seemed to be prescient- Dumbledore was starting to show a side of himself Harry hadn’t seen before.

“That implies that rules were broken, or that a crime was committed, Professor.” Susan said, mustering her bravery.

“Indeed. Intimate relations on grounds are indeed punishable under school rules, and dark rituals are certainly against the law.” The Headmaster countered “And I’m afraid that you and your friends are guilty of both.”

“Then I suppose you have evidence implicating us of these actions?” Susan responded.

Dumbledore’s eyes Harry’s, he tried to avoid the Headmaster’s gaze, but it was too late. He felt the Headmaster dive into his mind, a blur of images rushing past.

Ten year old Harry, being locked in his cupboard by Uncle Vernon.

Learning magic was real at eleven.

Doing homework with Ron and Hermione as first years.

Ginny’s body, cold and pale in the Chamber of Secrets.

Dumbledore seemed to latch onto the memory and followed it to other, related memories. He and Ginny kissing for the first time in the common room.

Ginny, in tears, refusing to give up on him.

Ginny telling him of the ritual.
Their first time, skin on skin, pleasure rising…

_NO!_ Harry thrashed instinctively at the invasion of privacy, and a wave of magic burst out from him. Several nearby magical instruments were thrown backwards, the Headmaster too was thrown back into his seat, his concentration broken. Susan, however, was unaffected, save for a slight ruffling of her hair.

Harry stumbled and gasped for breath as Dumbledore’s concentration broke, and he withdrew. He distantly recognized Hermione and Ginny’s furious thoughts over Dumbledore’s invasion of privacy. Harry felt his own anger rising but tempered it. Losing his cool now wouldn’t do any good. Instead he looked back up into the Headmaster’s eyes unflinchingly, broadcasting his judgement.

The Headmaster’s actions seemed to incense Susan, who tore at him fearlessly “I’m certain that you could look through our minds and find all sorts of examples of ‘intimate activities’” She used her fingers to air-quote that particular phrase “But _legimancy_ isn’t admissible as evidence in court. In fact, it’s downright illegal to use on a minor! If anything, we have more evidence on you, than the other way around.”

Harry decided to help Susan out a bit “Professor, if you’re going to start using _legimancy_ to find if students are guilty, I’d recommend you start with Malfoy and his friends for something more serious, like being an actual _Death Eater._” That had been a point of contention between he and Dumbledore over the course of the year. Harry still didn’t quite understand why the Headmaster was being so lenient on Malfoy.

“Dark rituals are no frivolous crime, _Mr. Potter._” Dumbledore’s tone dropped. “Legimancy may not be admissible in court, but _veratiserum_ certainly is.”

“Then call the aurors. Arrest us. Right now.” Susan declared “I wonder what the minister would do with the case if Harry promised him his public support? And for that matter, a trial would lead to Harry being questioned in public, under _veratiserum_. I wonder what sensitive information might be let slip if the wrong question were asked? The Horcruxes, perhaps, or the Prophecy? Heck, it’d be virtually impossible to _not_ mention the horcrux in Harry if he was asked about the ritual.” Susan was on a roll and seemed fearless as she tore into the Headmaster “Face it Headmaster. You aren’t going to take legal action.”

“And if I chose to expel you?”

“That would need approval by the Board of Governors. Who I’m sure would be very interested in hearing why Harry Potter is being expelled. Besides” Susan added “There are other schools we could attend. Beauxbatons has nice weather, I hear. Durmstrang… not so much, but they aren’t too picky if their students have allegedly gotten caught up in a ‘dark ritual’ or two.”

“I could even pay for private tutoring.” Harry added. Susan had given him that helpful factoid “I’ll soon be of age, Headmaster, and then I can do whatever a want with my life. If I wanted to, I could go to America or Australia…” He left that statement hanging in the air a moment “I feel too much responsibility for this war to do that, Headmaster. I’m committed to fighting this war. Working with you or not.”

Dumbledore eyed Susan shrewdly for a few moments, surprised at how this schoolgirl had managed to poke holes in every threat he’d been planning on making “Ms. Bones, I can understand Ms. Weasley’s and Ms. Granger’s willingness to die on this hill, but are you absolutely certain you want to dedicate yourself to this cause? It’s not too late for you to make another choice.”
Susan was almost insulted at Dumbledore’s offer “With all due respect, Headmaster.” She said in a tone that indicated just how little respect she felt was due. “I’m doing this to save Harry’s life. I can think of few causes worthier of my dedication. I think you’ll find that every single one of us is willing to die on this hill.”

Chapter End Notes

And we have the long awaited confrontation with Dumbledore. Susan gets a chance to shine. I’m also trying to establish the group dynamic between the girls, though that still needs some work, I think. Let me know what you think!
Harry was nursing a headache at dinner, and to be honest it wasn’t helped by the frustration and anger leaking over from Hermione and Ginny. He couldn’t blame them, the past two days had been… difficult. Ron’s betrayal, Dumbledore’s power play, and the gossip and attention from the entire school had taken its toll on them.

It was a bit jarring, seeing just how judgmental and dysfunctional the wider wizarding world was about them compared to how accepting their little circle of it had become. It was clear that most of them were as randy as they were, but suppressing it through shame and denial. His headache was getting worse, and Harry decided to retire early. Someone got up quickly and fell into step beside him… it was Romilda.

Romilda… why hadn’t he noticed her before?

Come to think of it, why was he bothering with any of those other girls when he could have Romilda? She was basically perfect. Popular, attractive, uh, other things.

God, he still had such a headache, though.

Romilda looped an arm through his. Where was she taking him? Wherever it was, he was sure it’d be perfect. She sidled even closer to him, planting a hand on his arse and pulling him into her. Oh this was brilliant, and now she was kissing him. Romilda Vane, kissing him, this was like a dream come true? Right? So then why did it feel so wrong? And why was his headache getting worse?

Wait, someone else had grabbed him. He turned around instinctively- who could possibly want to get in between Romilda and him?

Ginny.

His breath caught. Her blazing eyes seemed to pierce his soul.

Oh god. Ginny. Ginny. GINNY!

Harry tore himself away from Romilda and threw himself backwards, tumbling to the floor as Romilda reeled back in surprise. Harry’s splitting headache erupting into a full blown migraine. “What did you do to me!” He cried, frantically pushing himself away from her until his back was against the wall.

Whatever she’d done to him was gone, and the bond, which had somehow been pushed to the back of his mind, returned in full force.

Ginny was furious. So was Hermione.

For a split second, Harry feared she was angry at him. And it would be fair, he felt. He’d been weak, let her spike his drink, succumbed to whatever potion she dosed him on. It only took him a moment to realize that it was protective fury, aimed solely at Romilda Vane. At that moment, Hermione and Katie caught up to them, and Hermione was quick with the reassurances. “This wasn’t your fault Harry.” Her words were accompanied by a focused wave of comfort that
Harry was too overwhelmed to appreciate.

Katie knelt on the ground beside him and cocooned him in her arms, pressing her lips to his forehead. “It wasn’t. At all.” She whispered fervently “We won’t let her touch you again.”

Ginny, however, was too livid to offer much in the way of comfort. “You bitch.” She spat “You... you bitch!”

“Come on, don’t tell me you aren’t all doing the same thing!” Romilda protested unwisely “I mean, the fangirl gets the guy of his dreams... come on! I just wanted to level the playing field!”

Ginny was speechless, and absolutely quivering with fury. She raised her wand and without a word, Romilda was sent back into the wall. She squawked, and reached for her own wand, but Ginny was faster. Another wordless blast struck Romilda, forcing her to the ground as her wand clattered away. Distantly, Harry realized that Ginny had no intention of stopping.

“What is the meaning of this!” Professor McGonagall was on the scene, her disapproving gaze lingering on Ginny. Ginny wasn’t cowed in the slightest, and kept her wand levelled on Romilda.

“Professor!” Hermione cried “Vane dosed Harry with love potion!”

“Be that as it may, that is no reason to attack another student.” McGonagall reprimanded “Detention- a week’s worth, for both of you.”

“Detention?” Ginny demanded irately “She dosed him with love potion, and all she’s going to get it is detention?”

“Professor, while I understand why Ginny should be punished for attacking another student. I feel that the punishment for attempting to rape another student should be harsher.” Hermione’s reasonable tone was belied by the hidden outrage.

“It was just a supid prank!” Romilda protested “I wasn’t actually gonna-”

“Bullshit!” Ginny shouted. “You’ve been after him all year!”

“I’m not sure if this circumstance would qualify as rape, Ms. Granger, but I do see your point.” McGonagall relented, even as Hermione forced back a protest that it was absolutely, definitely rape. She was dumbfounded by how casual the wizarding world was about love potion. What was love potion other than the most effective date rape drug in existence? “A month’s worth of detention for you, Ms. Vane. I’ll expect both of you to report to Filch before curfew.”

McGonagall looked down at Harry, who was still curled up on the ground, clutching his head and being soothed by Katie. With real sympathy, she asked. “Mr. Potter. How are you feeling? I take it you are no longer under the effects of the potion.”

“He’s got a headache, Professor.” Hermione answered for him. “We can take him to the hospital wing.”

McGonagall scrutinized her for a moment, before relenting. “Very well, Ms. Granger. I trust that he is in good hands.”

Harry let Katie and Hermione lead him to the hospital wing, while a fuming Ginny trudged over to Filch’s office. Madam Pomfrey sighed the moment she caught sight of Harry “Mr. Potter,
again? Lie down, what happened to him?"

“Romilda Vane dosed him with love potion.” Hermione explained. “He has a massive headache.”

Madam Pomfrey scrutinized Harry for a moment “Did you use an antidote, or did it wear off on its own?”

“Neither.” Hermione said proudly “He broke free of it.”

Pomfrey seemed gob smacked, but recovering quickly. “That’d do it. A headache clearing potion should do the trick. Just a tic, Mr. Potter.”

“You’ll need to be more careful in the future, Mr. Potter” The matron said as she returned with a vial containing a light blue colored liquid. “With your celebrity, it was bound to become an issue at some point. The… rumors may have only put fuel on the fire.” She shook her head “There’s nothing for it now. I can show you a spell that can detect potions in food and drink.”

Harry took the potion eagerly, and found his headache receding in moments. He let out a long sigh of relief. “Thanks.” Harry lied back as Pomfrey quickly explained the detection spell-mostly to Hermione- potio revelio.

The headache had been both a blessing and a curse. It had been preventing him from processing everything, but without it, the reality of the situation was coming down on Harry. Internally, he withered.

“I can’t believe she’s going to be allowed to stay in the dorms.” Katie muttered darkly. “What’s to stop her from trying again?”

He couldn’t help but remember how it felt, being under the potion- having those foreign feelings shoved in where they didn’t belong. The memory of her hand on her arse, and her lips on his kept replaying in his mind, how she’d forced him to like it… he felt violated, dirty.

Pathetic. Failure. Freak. You’re not worth it. You don’t deserve to be saved. You cheated on them, there’s no excuse. He was spiraling, hyperventilating, the room blurred.

SHUT IT! Ginny voice came through loud and clear in her mind. No one talks that way about you and gets away with it, not even you. If you want to blame yourself for this, then you’ve got to blame me for what Tom made me do! Ginny’s meaning crystallized for Harry. She saw what Vane had done to him as basically the same as what Tom had done to her. Her literally near-murderous attitude toward Vane made a lot more sense now.

Ginny’s right, Harry, its not your fault, it really isn’t. Please. Hermione pleaded. In the heat of the moment, none of them had noticed that Ginny and Hermione could hear each other’s thoughts for the first time since Hermione had bonded with Harry. Please don’t blame yourself. You fought it the entire time, I felt it.

Katie despite not having the advantage of a mental link, had picked up on his mental state just as easily as the other girls. “Don’t worry, Harry. We won’t let her so much as touch you again.” She affirmed, pulling him to her and pressing her head to her chest. “You’re safe with us-safe, and free, and loved. And no one else will ever get another chance to do that to you. We’ll make sure of it.”

The panic was subsiding. He took a breath. They were right. Another breath- it was over now. Another breath- it wasn’t his fault. Another breath- he’d fought the potion, beaten it in the
end, and with a little work he might even be able to shrug it off like he could the imperious. It was okay. Everything was okay. He was fine.

“Thanks.” He said hoarsely. “Sorry for freaking out.”

He could feel the helpless surge of frustration from both Hermione and Ginny. “Harry James Potter! Don’t you dare apologize in a situation like this.” The brunette huffed, before throwing herself at him and wrapping him in a crushing hug.

He was now pressed between Hermione and Katie, and neither girl seemed inclined on pulling away. It probably looked quite suspicious to Madam Pomfrey, but no one involved could bring themselves to care. “There’s nothing wrong with showing weakness, Harry.” Katie murmured “You don’t have to be strong all the time. You can cry. There’s nothing wrong with that. It’s okay to not be okay sometimes.”

Harry said nothing, not quite willing to accept what she was saying, despite Ginny and Hermione’s silent agreement with Katie. “C’mon.” Katie urged. “Let’s get you out of here.”

Pomfrey didn’t take long to clear them, though Harry sensed judgement in her eyes as they flickered between him, Katie, and Hermione, and Katie promptly led Harry away, her arm wrapped protectively around his waist. He knew what it must look like, but he honestly didn’t care at the moment.

“We’re not going to the dorms?” Harry asked, as he noticed Katie was leading the down a different path.

“Hell no.” Katie said, “Not until we set up something that’ll keep someone like Vane out of your room.” Harry nodded thankfully.

Their destination was the Room of Requirement, and when they got there Katie was faced with a dilemma. She had planned on tucking him in, but in order to do so, she’d have to take off, well, most of his clothes. She wasn’t sure he’d be comfortable with that.

She decided that it’d be best to pitch the idea to Harry. “Hey, so I figured you can sleep here tonight, but, well, I want to stay with you. Is that okay with you, Harry?” She asked gently.

To her relief, Harry beamed with a somewhat dopey expression. For a second, Katie could once again see that shy first year she’d once known him as. Merlin, he’s so cute. I’m going to have trouble keeping my hands off him tonight.

She shook herself, tonight wasn’t about her, it was about Harry. If Harry wanted the oldest form of comfort, he could come to them. “Okay sweetheart, I’m going to go back to my dorm to get my nightclothes.” She looked to Hermione, who immediately offered to stay with him.

Katie ignored her dorm mates judgmental looks as she snagged her nightclothes. She’d been ignoring their judgement for several years now. When she returned, she was surprised to see that everyone was there. Harry was laying on a bed that was much larger than the one they’d had before. He’d at least taken his shirt off, but Katie didn’t know if he was still in his boxers underneath the covers. *Stop being such a perv!* She reprimanded herself.

Hermione was sitting on a loveseat reading some obscenely large book. Ginny had gotten back from reporting to Filch, and was curled against Harry in a faded t-shirt and shorts. Luna had slid next to Ginny on the bed in a light purple and yellow polka-dot nightgown, happily cuddling with the redhead. Demelza was sitting at the foot of the bed while brushing her hair, and smiled
when she caught sight of Katie. Susan was laying at Harry’s other side, but had left a space… was that for her?

Harry, for his part, was wearing such a blissful expression that it touched Katie’s heart. He looked from person to person with adoring awe. She’d never seen him at peace like this before. By the way that Ginny was looking back at him, Katie guessed she was thinking the same thing. Hermione too was smiling peacefully as she read her book.

Without even being fully conscious of it, Katie realized that she had decided. She wanted to be a part of this. It wasn’t just about the sex. It was this. A little corner of the world, just for them. No pressure, no judgement. It was like a slice of paradise.

Katie took her place at Harry’s side. Harry turned to her, and smiled in a way that pierced her heart. “Thank you, Katie.” He said “Thank you.”

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Harry woke up slowly… he was warm. On either side of him, there were warm, soft bodies. He breathed in through his nose- oh, Ginny. He was hard, and his cock was pressed right up against her arse. He hadn’t been fully aware of it, but he’d been pressing himself against her since he first stirred.

He felt Ginny’s awareness flicker, along with her first, groggy thoughts. Mmm. Harry. Cock. Harry chuckled, a deep rumbled in his chest that further awoke Ginny, as well as disturbing the girl on his other side.

Ginny rubbed her arse back against Harry’s cock as Katie’s eyes flickered open. Her body rubbed up against his mostly bare (apart from his boxers) skin, and he felt her breath hot on his neck. “Mmmh.” Katie uttered, not quite articulately “Y’smell good. Cutie.” Then, she began to lick and suck at his neck and jawline.

Harry moaned, and Ginny giggled. “Oh are we having sex now? That sounds lovely.” Luna asked them, speaking loudly enough that the others began to stir.

Bloody morning wood. Hermione added as she awoke, though the comment lacked bite. Harry had morning wood literally every morning, and Hermione, who was still having difficulty ignoring Harry’s erections, had taken to teasing him on it.

You love it. Harry fired back. You can’t keep your eyes off it. Hermione blushed, unable to deny that even now she was watching him with her fey sight.

“Girls.” Katie announced “I think Harry deserves a treat.” There were some giggles, and nods of agreement.

“After all, he did beat a love potion yesterday, I think we should give our boyfriend something special.” Ginny agreed “What did ya have in mind?”

“Well…” Katie’s eyes glinted mischievously “Harry, sweetie, just lay back. We’ll be taking care of you.”

The others quickly got Katie meaning, and soon Harry found himself the subject of a most pleasurable assault. Ginny drew him into a sloppy kiss, stroking a hand through his messy hair as Susan kissed and sucked her way up and down his neck, before the switched roles seamlessly. Katie and Demelza worshipped Harry upper body- with Katie taking a particular pleasure in biting, licking, kiss, and sucking at every inch of skin show found.
Luna, naturally, went straight for Harry’s cock. She was a girl on a mission, and that mission was to make Harry cum as quickly as possible. She knew just how to work Harry’s swollen and sensitive flesh in order to achieve that goal. Frankly, Harry didn’t stand a chance, particularly when Hermione found her route of attack.

She buried her head between his thighs, her unkempt voluminous hair grazing against them as she zeroed in on her target. Soft lips caressed his testicles, followed by the warm wetness of her tongue. Harry gasped, but his mouth was quickly claimed by a kiss from Susan.

It was so much, maybe too much. Ginny was stroking his hair lovingly. Katie had latched onto his nipple with her mouth while circling the other with her thumb and forefinger, surprising him with the pleasurable little tingles it elicited. Susan had cast aside her nightgown and teased him by pressing her breasts into him as she kissed his face. Demelza had gotten creative and was sucking vigorously on two of his fingers as if they were a cock. Hermione lavished both his scrotum and taint with her tongue, while her hands lightly stroked his upper thighs and hips.

Frankly, Harry felt like he should be doing something. It didn’t feel right that he was just laying back and letting six beautiful women do all of the work. However, the moment he tried to raise one of his arms to try to do something useful (for his other arm was currently occupied by Demelza) Katie intercepted it and pushed it back down with both hands. “Didn’t we tell you to lie back and let us take care of you, Harry?” She asked.

“Err, yeah, but.” Harry faltered.

“He’s just being a sweetheart.” Ginny cooed. “He wants us to enjoy ourselves.”

Katie chuckled “That’s cute, that he thinks we don’t love doing this.” She shook her head slightly, and guided Harry’s hand underneath the worn out shorts she had worn to bed, underneath the elastic of her panties. “Do you feel that sweetie?” She asked. Harry couldn’t answer, because Susan was once again plundering his mouth. His expression was becoming unfocused as he struggled to hold back from cumming. “Do you feel how wet I am.” She pulled his hand back, revealing several glistening fingers.

“I love this, babe. I love being able to get my hands on this body. I love the noises you make. And I think everyone here can say that we love making you feel good. So a little tip, if you want to make us happy- let us.”

Her words seemed to be exactly what he needed. He was about to cum, judging by the soft, adorable, moans into Susan’s mouth, how his hands and legs shook and his entire torso tensed up as if preparing for the explosion.

It was too much. Muffled moans became pleasured cries as Susan pulled back. His orgasm exploded from the base of his cock, nearly from his scrotum, sending pulsing waves of fire up his shaft as he spilled himself uncontrollably into Luna’s mouth.

When the last aftershocks were echoing through his still twitching cock, Luna pulled back. The shoulder straps of her nightgown had long since been dislodged, causing the garment to slip and partially expose her breasts. She had not yet swallowed the last of Harry’s cum, relishing it in her mouth as her hooded eyes surveyed Harry’s body. She moaned, lowly, and then let out several high pitched, plaintive moans as she touched herself through her panties. In moments, the small but forceful movement of her fingers and minute gyration of her hips pushed Luna over the edge. The threw her head back and choked, semen escaping from her mouth, down her cheeks and chin, and down to her breasts. She sucked in a breath, and then wailed.
It would be a while before the seven of them emerged from the Room of Requirement. Outside of the room, there was an entire school full of jealous, insecure, misinformed, and hormonal teenagers that had more or less shunned them, there was the headmaster who still seemed intent on seeing Harry die, and there was Voldemort and his supporters, who were even more dedicated to Harry’s death.

In later years, Harry would look back with irony. As trying as the last day had been, the day to come would be even worse. Their time spent hiding in a peaceful little bubble, their own little world, was about to come to an end.

But not quite yet. For now, he could still spend a little more time basking in the life that he hoped would one day be his.

Chapter End Notes

The wizarding world has a really fucked up attitude towards love potions. I mean, they're literally taught how to brew them in class. A healthy society would outlaw them, and only teach how to identify love potions and make antidotes to them. Obviously, the wizarding world is a highly dysfunctional society.

Anyway, I'm guessing some of you are miffed about McGonnagal's, uh, problematic reaction to Harry being dosed with love potion. She's just a product of her society. She cares about Harry, but even otherwise good people can have shitty attitudes when immersed in a society that normalizes and encourages those attitudes.

Alright, I'll get off my soapbox now. Let me know what you think!
Pansy!” Draco hissed, waving his girlfriend down the hall. Pansy tried not to roll her eyes at how obvious he’d been. Sure, everyone in their house would assume they’d went off for… private activities, not any actual intrigue. It wasn’t like she wanted everyone talking about their relationship behind their back. A woman’s reputation was a delicate thing, look no further than what had happened to Harry’s band of blooder traitor sluts.

Pansy was willing to give Draco some leeway, because she knew just how much pressure he was under. When he’d first showed her his Dark Mark, she’d been beyond impressed that the Dark Lord had honored him, and so young! But then Draco had explained exactly why he had been marked. As a punishment to his father. He was expected to fail, in doing so either dying, winding up in Azkaban, returning to the Dark Lord a failure. She wasn’t sure which fate would be worse.

Draco had concocted several methods of fulfilling his task, but all of them had struck unintended targets. Pansy had been there to console him with every failure, had been there every time he’d come up with another plan. For all the work she was putting into this relationship, he bloody better not fail. She wanted to be the Lady of a Great House! If Draco died, or ended up in prison, or ended up disgraced and destitute, this entire time spent cultivating a relationship with him would all be for naught!

She’d even deigned to give him some… physical pleasures. Nothing serious, just a few blowjobs when he was looking particularly down. She, of course, wouldn’t go all the way with him, he’d probably think she was loose if she did that. She’d get that over with on their wedding night, or maybe after their engagement, when he was already committed. But of course, She also didn’t want to give him nothing and have him look elsewhere. It was a delicate balancing act, but Pansy was a Slytherin, she could handle it.

That was probably part of why learning what Harry and his six sluts had been doing pissed her off so damn much. What were they playing at? All of them, having sex with one wizard? Yes, a wealthy and famous wizard, but still! They’d just thrown their reputations in the mud, but none of them cared one jot. Why? Why would they all have sex with him? What could possibly be in it for them?

After all, the only reason she was doing as much as she was with Draco was to secure him as a husband. Her mother had taught her how the world worked. Sex wasn’t about enjoyment for women, it was a way to get and keep a husband. Men were the lustful ones, and cunning women could use that to their advantage. Foolish women would give it away freely, in search of temporary validation.

And then there was Potter himself. He’d always been annoying, but recently, he’d been even more grating than usual. He was… confident, now. When she confronted him, she had hoped to put a dent in his growing ego. She knew that the barb she had thrown at Potter would have gotten to Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle, regardless of the girl it came from.

But he’d so casually responded to her, with that knowing smile that told her he didn’t give one jot what she did or said. It was- it was infuriating! She was an heiress, how dare a half blood act like she was beneath him. How dare he have sex with six witches but not even be a little interested in her!
And how could Bones say that? Pansy didn’t even know how she knew about Draco’s… size. Pansy certainly hadn’t told! She hadn’t even realized he was unusually small until she’d overheard some of the upper years gossiping. Of course, Bones had her ears everywhere… maybe one of the boys had dropped that little detail, and it’d gotten around. Its not like that sort of thing mattered, anyway!

Pansy was drawn from her thoughts when Draco finally stopped at an alcove. As far as hiding places went, it was a pretty good one. He turned back to her and paused, to her eyes it looked as if he was working himself up to something “Draco, what’s going on?”

“Pansy, it’s happening. Tonight.”

“Oh.” She paused as she processed the information. He wouldn’t just tell her this for no reason. He was about to ask for something “Do you need anything?”

Draco nodded once, licking his lips as his eyes flickered to her breasts. That was his tell. There wasn’t any getting out of it, was there. “Er, yeah, well…”

“Of course babe.” Pansy told him, and promptly got on her knees and began undoing his pants with an almost professional demeanor. At least she was about to, until Draco stopped her.

“Wait, Pansy. I want more.”

“More?” She parroted, feeling like a deer in the headlights.

“Its just, this could be our last chance. And, well, just look at Potter!” He griped “It’s about time we went further.”

Internally, Pansy was fuming. Damn Potter and his sluts, making my life that much more difficult. Thankfully, she had a plan for just such a situation “I’m not ready to go all the way, babe.” Pansy demurred “But maybe… I could give you a little more.”

Pansy stood back up and began to strip- her school robes, then her blouse, and then her bra. Draco was dumbstruck- his eyes went wide, and a soft moan escaped through his parted lips. I bet Potter would be singing a different tune if he saw me like this. Pansy thought vindictively. The image, of Harry’s face with the look Draco was giving her now appeared in her mind. It was unexpectedly appealing.

Draco’s hands greedily cupped and squeezed her, his eyes gleamed lustfully. “You’re so sexy, Pansy” He panted. “I need you, suck me.” Pansy kneeled once more, and unzipped him dutifully, but her mind was elsewhere. In that short time, her mind had come up with a full blown fantasy. She and Potter would meet somewhere private, she’d let the robe covering her fall to the ground, revealing her naked body. Potter would moan, unable to take his eyes off of her breasts, her curves, her hips.

“Eager little slut, aren’t you?” Draco growled, and Pansy realized she had just moaned, and it wasn’t because of the cock in her mouth.

She imagined swaying up to Potter, and palming him through his pants. He’d moan again, his hard cock twitching against her hand, completely at her mercy.

“Oh yes, suck on it!” Draco, hissed. Pansy was flushed, she’d never felt like this before.

‘What do you think of your mudblood sluts now?’ She’d taunt.
‘They’re nothing compared to you.’ He’d moan. ‘Oh, Merlin. I thought blood meant nothing, but look at you. You’re a prefect, pureblood goddess.’

She’d unzip him, letting his eager cock free. ‘Perfect enough to betray your friends for.’

At first, he’d weakly protest, but then… then she’d start stroking him and he’d give in, beg her, forsake his friends. She’d show him mercy, pressing herself against him and aligning his manhood against her. She sink down on him and he’d feel so good inside of her, he’d-

Malfoy’s grunts, a telltale sign that he was about to cum, jerked Pansy from her impromptu fantasy. She jerked her head back suddenly, switching to stroking him with her hand as he came all over the floor.

Her face, no, her entire body was flushed hot as Pansy tried to regain her bearings. To her horror, she began to realize. Had she been… had she seriously just been… thinking about Potter like that?

No, no, no. She shouldn’t. Couldn’t. She was a pureblood lady. Not one of those half-breed sluts. How could she let herself get sucked in like that? How could she have enjoyed that? Letting Potter plunge himself inside-

Pansy squeaked, as a little tingle of pleasure sparked in her core at just the thought.

Oh no.

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“Hey, babe. How are you doing?” Katie asked him carefully.

“A little tired of being asked that all the time.” Harry replied irritably.

Harry wasn’t nearly as good as hiding his emotions as he thought he was. His façade cracked at several points the next day, most noticeably when he spotted Romilda Vane in the common room that morning, that had caused him to tense and make a quick exit.

It galled Katie that Romilda was just free to do as she pleased, seeing her and Harry’s reaction to her twisted something in her guts that made her want to strangle the girl. At the same time, it provoked a strong protective instinct in her, in all of them really. They’d all been keeping an eye out for their boy of the course of the day.

But Katie felt that she just might have the worst of it. Something about Harry made her want to wrap him up in a blanket and tuck him in, and at the same to strip him bare and ravish his body. It didn’t help that she and Harry hadn’t properly had sex since their first time, and it was starting to get to her. Waking up next to him that morning had been particularly torturous. Oh, working together to make him cum had been great, but being so close to his naked body and not getting a piece of it had put her in a state.

Just as Pansy was concocting her quite delusional fantasy, Katie had finally, finally managed to get Harry alone in the Room of Requirement. While a big part of her wanted to tear his clothes off, she’d held off. She hadn’t wanted to rush Harry into anything he wasn’t ready for.

He hadn’t seemed very grateful for that courtesy. “Hey, I’m just watching out for you. I don’t want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable.” Katie reprimanded gently.
“I’m not made of glass, Katie.” Harry replied “I get that everyone’s worried about me because they care, but it’s… it’s, too much.”

Katie hesitated, she could see how that could be suffocating. If it were just her who’d been worried about him, it’d be fine, but apparently the others had all done the same. If anything, it might just be an uncomfortable reminder of what had almost happened.

Harry, seeing her hesitation and mistaking it for offense, began backpedaling. “Er, sorry. I really do appreciate everyone watching out for me. I just don’t need people probing into my emotional state every hour on the hour. I shouldn’t have taken it out on you.”

Merlin he was adorable. “Hmm, you should be sorry, Harry.” Katie teased “Here, I go out of my way to check up on you, and you’re so ungrateful.” If he didn’t want to be treated like he was fragile, she could certainly oblige him.

“Err…” Harry stumbled, his face flushed. Katie suppressed the urge to giggle.

“I think you need to make it up to me, don’t you agree?” She grabbed the collar of his shirt with one hand, pulling up close so that their lips her inches apart. Her other hand she placed deliberately on his thigh, teasing him with what was to come.

“Er, yeah. Of course.” Harry agreed, getting with the program. “What should I- mmph!”

Katie’s kiss was aggressive and brief. As soon as Harry began to respond by wrapping his arms around her, she gave him a gentle shove backwards. Harry staggered, off balance, despite the fact that Katie’s push had little force behind it.

“I’m in charge, sweetie.” Katie told him “That means you don’t get to touch me unless I tell you to. Understood?”

Harry’s eyes were wide as he nodded silently. “Good boy.” She crooned “Don’t worry, I’m going to take very good care of you.” To emphasize the point, she patted his erection, triggering a soft gasp from him. “Now, take off your clothes.”

The room helpfully provided her a chair for her to sit back in while she enjoyed the show. She pushed aside her skirt and slipped off her panties, rubbing herself leisurely as she observed Harry with hooded eyes. He hadn’t yet perfected the art of taking off his clothes for an audience, or if he had she had him off balance enough that he’d forgotten. Regardless, there were several moments where Harry struggled between taking something off quickly or properly, such as when his pant leg got caught around his ankle. She loved that she could make him flustered, despite the fact that he had plenty of experience with sex. It was fucking adorable.

When Harry had finished and was facing her expectantly, she was left with a conundrum. What should she have him do? Visions of him with his hands tied behind his back flitted through her mind, but she dispelled them- that was moving too quick. She could have him eat her out, but she really wanted to fuck him properly and they wouldn’t have time to do both.

Hmm…

“Alright babe, I want you to lie down.” A bed appeared beside him, courtesy of the room. Harry complied, fidgeting slightly as he settled into the bed. His cock jutted up proudly, just begging for her to ravish it. Katie wrapped a hand around it and gave him one long stroke for his cockhead to the base, and she was gratified to feel it twitch in response to her touch. Even more gratifying was the small noise escaped his mouth. Katie wanted more.
"Moan for me, Harry. Don't hold back." Katie purred as she straddled him, positioning him at her entrance. "'Cause I certainly won't be."

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“You called for me, My Lord?” Snape said coolly. Behind his mask of indifference, Snape hid apprehension. A one on one meeting with the Dark Lord was, even in the best of circumstances, a strenuous ordeal. This was not the best of circumstances.

The Death Eaters had murmured about it, in the shadows, when they were certain they couldn’t be overheard. The Dark Lord was… afflicted. It was an open secret that he’d awoken screaming twice in the past two months. It was clear to everyone who saw him that he appeared unhinged, even more twisted than his normal visage. Snape, nor anyone else, dare not ask him the cause of it. The only hint that the Dark Lord had given him was instructing him to look into any sort of weapon Dumbledore or Potter had developed.

Snape had relayed this to the Headmaster, who merely nodded, yet explained nothing. While he was curious, his only other avenue of discovery was to question Potter himself. He might rather die than rely on that arrogant boy for anything.

“Severus, you have no news, I take it?”

“Nothing pertinent.” Severus said, unable to completely mask his sneer. Inane schoolyard babble hardly qualified. He felt vindicated in a way, that Potter had shown his true colors. He was just like his father… that arrogant piece of shit had slept his way through a large chuck of Hogwarts’ witches by the time he’d taken his Lily. He thought she would have been better than that, were good looks and a big cock all that mattered to her?

His control of his Occulmency shields must have faltered. “Your hatred of the Potter boy betrays you, Severus, though you are correct that I don’t care about who the boy involves himself with.” The Dark Lord hissed “Surely, you have something of use.” Snape was at a loss. With Dumbledore being so uncommunicative, he truly had little to pass along.

“I have noticed that Mr. Malfoy seemed a bit more subdued than usual, I believe he is about to make another attempt, though he has refused direct aid from me.”

“I see.” The Dark Lord may have been disappointed, but did not linger “That is the other reason why I summoned you, Severus. Draco will have his final chance to complete the task I have given him tonight.”

“What do you wish of me, my Lord?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“I did not expect Draco to succeed in this task. An attack on Hogwarts will be a large enough morale blow as it is.” Voldemort paused a moment “I need you in place, Severus. And I need you to find out what Potter is doing.” For the first time, there was an edge to his voice.

“Of course, my Lord” Snape said, caught off guard by the rare display of emotion. “Dumbledore has been tight lipped about anything happening between him and the boy.” The Headmaster had been much more reclusive as of late, and he told Voldemort as much. “The rumors
are that a rift has grown between them, though I haven’t been able to get a solid answer out of Dumbledore.”

That made the Dark Lord pause “Is it… possible that Potter is acting on his own?”

“That boy is as talentless as his father. I don’t see how he could achieve anything without the Headmaster.” Snape sneered.

The Dark Lord, however, did not seem satisfied with that answer “No. Your hatred of the boy’s father has blinded you. James Potter was not talentless, and neither is the boy. There’s a reason he is the one the prophecy chose.” The Dark Lord’s eyes locked with Snape’s, and the power of his magic compelled the man to remain in place “I need to find out what he’s doing. Swallow your pride, Severus. Get me answers.”

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When Dumbledore had asked him to stay behind at the end of the last Order meeting, Bill had been surprised. He shouldn’t have been, he supposed, his curse breaking skill were bound to have been put to use sooner or later, if anything he should have been surprised that the Headmaster hadn’t requested him sooner.

Fleur had, of course, given him an encouraging smile and a kiss on the cheek, an unspoken promise that she’d wait up for him.

“Mr. Weasley, I find myself in need of your services.” Dumbledore told him “I’m afraid that this is an incredibly important, and sensitive mission. I’ll have to ask that you tell no one.”

“Not even…”

“Not even your fiancé.” Dumbledore confirmed.

Dumbledore had proceeded to tell him the outline of the mission. They would be hunting down a dangerous dark artifact, one with an intense corrupting influence. Bill knew full well he wasn’t getting the full story, but he supposed it was better that way.

That was how he’d gotten here- at the entrance to a cave on the side of a barren cliff face. The first obstacle was a blood offering, while Dumbledore had been in favor of going through with the offering, Bill knew better. It was likely that the defenses of this place were powered or enhanced by blood sacrifice, particularly the blood of a magically powerful person. Blood, after all, was imbued with a person’s magic, which was why it was so commonly used in darker rituals.

Bill was able to bypass the gate easily enough. You-Know-Who may have been immensely powerful, but Archmages like he and Dumbledore didn’t have intricate knowledge of every field of magic. Of course, he likely had followers with more detailed knowledge who could have made their lives truly difficult, but Dumbledore had given Bill the impression that You-Know-Who hadn’t even wanted his followers to know about this artifact.

So, Bill was able to navigate them around the majority of the obstacles in their way, that is- until they got to the basin.

Bill had no clue what potion the locket was immersed in. Quite simply, it was out of Bill’s wheelhouse. When he asked the Headmaster, he didn’t seem to know either, which didn’t stop the man’s insistence on drinking it.

“Professor, maybe you should let me drink it.” Bill suggested desperately, even as the
Headmaster summoned a goblet.

The Headmaster merely chuckled “I think I’d rather suffer the effects of the potion, than suffer your Fiancé’s wrath, Mr. Weasley.”

Bill caught the Headmaster’s hand, refusing to go along with this. “This is serious, Professor. What if—” You die?

“Tom did not construct this trap to kill, merely to torment.” The professor countered. “I cannot burden you with this. It must be me.” His eyes bore into Bill’s, and he saw something in them.

Something desperate.

Bill relented. Whatever was beneath that potion better be worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Pansy, Pansy, Pansy, what ever am I going to do with you?
Despite the excellent stress relief that being in the company of his... girlfriends- Merlin, it was still difficult for him to accept that all these gorgeous, wonderful witches were his girlfriends.

*You flatterer.* Ginny teased.

Despite their support, the scrutiny of the Hogwarts student body was becoming difficult to bear. Honestly, he could no longer give a jot what they thought of him, but it was hard for him to stand by while his girls were being treated this way. He wanted to do *something*, but he couldn’t figure out what he could do that didn’t just make the situation worse. Honestly, he just wished he could support them right now, but he knew any display of affection would just put fuel on the fire.

Suspiciously, Dumbledore was absent at dinner, but even that rare occurrence couldn’t shift the rumor mill away from them. At Katie’s instruction- Hermione and Ginny were sitting on either side of him, while Katie and Demelza were sitting across, as if forming a protective barrier between him and the outside world. As if *he* was the one that needed protecting.

*We weren’t the ones just dosed with love potion.* Hermione pointed out. *Don’t blame us for being protective!*

Harry projected nonchalance but he had been using that newly learned spell to test his food and drink for potion. Their presence was comforting, even if he felt that he should be the one shielding them.

Harry’s attention was drawn to Luna, who’d gotten up from her spot at the Ravenclaw table and was now walking in his direction. The look on her face captivated Harry, the mix of determination and mischievousness was something he’d seen from her before, but only when they’d been intimate. Seeing it on her in public was captivating, and Harry found himself frozen in place as Luna approached him.

Ginny obligingly shifted to the side, thinking that Luna wanted to sit with them, but the girl instead wriggled into Harry’s lap. At this point, a good portion of the hall was looking at them, but Luna didn’t seem to care.

“Er..” Harry uttered, and Luna took advantage, weaving a hand through his hair and pulling him to her. Her tongue easily slipped past his parted lips, and Luna quickly threw everything into the kiss, turning it into a full out snog. Simultaneously, her other hand patted his crotch, almost in acknowledgment that yes she knew he was hard and she wasn’t about to forget it.

Finally, Luna pulled back with a satisfied smile on her face. She turned from a gob smacked Harry to Hermione, and quirked an eyebrow as if to say ‘you next?’.

Hermione caught Luna’s implication and instantly flushed red. Harry had only just become aware that the hushed whispers around them had turned into a dull roar. A camera flashed... god, had Colin gotten a picture of that? Ginny was laughing. Katie sighed in resignation. Demelza seemed to be shrinking in on herself. He caught a glimpse of Susan, who had smacked a hand to her face.

Order was falling apart, despite the teachers best efforts to restore it. Well, at least some of
the teachers, Snape was looking at him with an expression of unusually intense loathing, even for him.

“Why did you do that, Luna?” Hermione asked with what Harry knew was immeasurable patience given the situation.

“I figured if everyone was going to assume we were together anyway, what’s the point of keeping it private when I could kiss Harry whenever I want?”

There was something to be said about getting everything out of the way and just facing it head on. It was actually a very Gryffindor thing to do, Harry mused. “Well, at least it can’t get any worse.” Harry shrugged.

Moments later, the pandemonium in the Great Hall was startled to silence at the unmistakable sound of a nearby explosion, followed by another, and another. *You had to jinx it, Potter.*

It was getting closer. *Guess its going to be one of those days.* Harry knew all too well how quickly things could fall apart, how the facade of peace could be shattered in an instant. He had no illusions about how fragile what they had was, and he viewed the end of it almost with resignation.

Harry breathed in, mentally switching gears. Everything unimportant fell away, gossip, the stress, even concerns about Dumbledore. Within seconds, he was in a state of almost complete focus. “Get down!” He barked, picking Luna out of his lap and placing her on the ground as he crouched beside her. His wand was in hand, and he was gratified to see that his girls had mirrored him. Hermione and Ginny’s faces had hardened in determination- this wasn’t their first rodeo, but Katie and Demelza were both looking to him uncertainly.

A door exploded outward, unleashing fire and… sparks? It took him a moment to recognize the sight of Weasley Wizarding Weazes fireworks… but something was off. This wasn’t a prank. His instincts were screaming at him.

He could tell that some of the other students had recognized the fireworks as well, and had begun to relax, but the girls all looked to him, and seeing the steel in his eyes, kept their guard up.

The fireworks twirled in the air for a few moments, before simultaneously careening downwards. One went to the center of each of the Huffelpuff, Gryffindor, and Ravenclaw tables, one went to the center of the teacher’s table, right where Dumbeldore would have been sitting, and the last was… heading straight for him.

*Of course.*

In an instant, a dozen courses of action were considered and discarded. The fireworks were nearly impossible to dispel (as Umbridge had learned last year), and attempting to do so could result in them multiplying or becoming more dangerous. They were probably heavily modified to be lethal. He didn't have time, and the amount of collateral damage was going to be horrific if he didn't act fast. The hall was in chaos- there was very limited maneuverability. If only he had a broom!

The beginnings of a plan crystallized in his mind. It was utterly mad, but he was just going to have to try.

*“Wingardium Leviosa!”* While the levitation charm generally made things float in mid air
gently, with the amount of power he put into it, he shot upwards like a cork. He was high enough now that the firework headed towards him had to swerve upwards, nearly hitting the ground in the process.

“Accio fireworks!” The paths of all the other fireworks also began to arc towards him, the level of power put into his summoning charm countering whatever tracking was on those things. Unfortunately, it wasn’t enough for the Huffelpuff table. The firework turned but hit the ground a few feet away instead of the table itself. The force of the resulting explosion sent the two nearest Huffelpuffs flying, while other nearby students (several Slytherins) were blasted backwards with violent force.

The four remaining fireworks were headed straight for him now. *You know what to do, guys.*

“Accio fireworks!” Several voices said as one. Harry let his own charm fade, and the fireworks turned back down, towards the girls—*his* girls, who stood together bravely, wands out. Of course, this wasn't a solution, just a stopgap measure. If only he had a broom! His firebolt was locked up in his trunk, there was no way he could summon it. *Maybe he could just banish himself?*

Before the fireworks could reach them, Harry summoned them back, forcing them to turn back to him. With a final thought towards Ginny and Hermione, he took the proverbial shot in the dark.

The magic was startlingly effective, shooting him though the main doors at reckless speed, which had thankfully been opened in the chaos as students tried to escape. Soon, Harry was tasting the cool night air. A quick look back confirmed that the fireworks were following him.

It felt odd—on one hand, the combination of levitating and banishing himself was taking an unprecedented toll on his magic. If he had tried this a few months ago, he'd have been drained by now. Even with in his current state, he knew he wouldn't be able to keep it up indefinitely. At the same time, there was something that just felt *right* about this. He was in the air, he was in his element, he was free.

Instinctively, he tapped back on the banishing spell, so that he was moving forward at a much more reasonable pace— and with Hermione's guidance, worked out how to alter the direction he was moving in. Once he had the basic mechanics down, perfecting them was *easy,* and Harry found that he took to flying without a broom just as well as he had to flying with one.

After about a minute of working out the kinks, he felt ready. Harry re-applied the summoning charm and baited the fireworks for the chase. As he sped off—fireworks in tow, he let out a gleeful laugh. *Flying felt good.*

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While Harry was dealing with the fireworks, the girls had linked up with Susan, Hannah, and Neville.

“Two first years are burnt, badly.” Hannah cried “If this is some sort of prank—”

“Its not.” Ginny interrupted “It’s an attack.”

“Y-you mean?”

“Death Eaters” Neville confirmed. “I bet this…” He gestured to the chaos around them,
people trying to flee in all directions “Was exactly what they wanted.”

“What do we do?” Demelza asked, a tremor in her voice.

“Stick together.” Neville said.

“We need to figure out what’s going on.” Hermione added “That door is probably our best bet.” She pointed to the door that had been blown off its hinges- the only exit that wasn’t currently swarmed with students.

They set off, with a quick yet careful pace. The path the fireworks had taken was obvious from the trail of ash, but Hermione was wishing that they had the Maurader’s Map. Unfortunately, Harry had it, and he was a predisposed at the moment.

*What about using your fey sight?* Harry queried.

*Well, that only really works if I’m… turned on.* Hermione admitted with a blush.

*Is that a challenge?* Harry teased, and Hermione blushed even more.

*Harry James Potter! There’s absolutely no way I’m going to get aroused in the middle of a death eater attack!*

*Not even-* Harry’s joking mood, brought on by his love of flying, vanished in an instant. *I know where the Death Eaters are.* He told her grimly. The Dark Mark was rising above the astronomy tower.

Harry, Ginny, and Hermione’s stomachs dropped. “The astronomy tower!” Ginny and Hermione said together, drawing looks from Hannah and Neville. However, the situation left no room for argument.

It was then that they heard the screams. The group set off at full pelt towards the source, and upon seeing a masked Death Eater putting a young Ravenclaw student under the cruciatus curse, unleashed an overwhelming barrage of spell fire.

The churning feeling was growing in Hermione stomach. They were using the chaos to pick people off. There could be dozens of Death Eaters in the school, and they had no idea how they got there. There was every possibility that students had already died.

*Something to do with the Room of Requirement. Malfoy. Harry seethed. I knew he was up to something. I should have kept a closer eye on him.*

It was not lost on Hermione that she had been one of the leading voices telling Harry to drop it. She pushed her own guilt aside, there would be time later. In all likelihood, the Death Eaters had spread out to cause as much chaos as possible. There may be others in the direction of the tower… maybe not. It was a moot point. They were going to meet up with Harry first. No way would they allow him to fight on his own.

Harry approached the astronomy tower, and spotted a Death Eater perched on the balcony. With a spike of fury, he urged himself onward. The Death Eater noticed him, but Harry corkscrewed past the hastily cast killing curse. Harry missed him intentionally, passing inches from the Death Eater. The fireworks, however, didn’t miss. The massive explosion was grimly gratifying. Harry turned once again, and was surprised at how much of the tower remained. It was probably enchanted to be more resilient, he figured. It wasn’t undamaged, but there was enough space for him to land.
With some trepidation Harry made his way down the spiral stairs of the tower. The others had been forced back by a volley of unforgivables cast by a pair of Death Eaters. The group tried to dispatch them without putting themselves at risk, but it was tricky.

“Now, Draco. You’re so close! All you need to do is say two little magical words!” Harry felt a chill go down his spine. He’d only encountered her once in person, but he’d know Bellatrix Lestrange’s voice anywhere.

Thinking quickly, he whipped out his invisibility cloak, making sure to be quiet as he came into view of them. His heart froze—Bill Weasley was laying on the floor, and from that distance he couldn’t tell if he was dead or merely knocked out. Lestrange had a hand on Malfoy’s shoulder, and the boy look positively ill, holding his shaking arm out to point his wand at Dumbledore.

Harry’s former mentor seemed very out of sorts, Harry wondered if he’d already succumbed to some sort of curse. The Headmaster’s glassy eyes revealed that he was barely aware of the scene unfolding in front of him “Now… Draco…” The old man managed

Bellatrix cackled, her hand went from Malfoy’s shoulder to caress his cheek, which made the boy flinch. “Do it! Kill him!”

“A-a-avada Kedavra!”

Harry didn’t think, he just did. Even before the words had left Malfoy’s mouth, he surged forward, throwing himself at Malfoy in the hopes that he could disrupt his aim, or failing that, intercept the curse. Everything seemed to move slowly as Harry closed in on Malfoy…but he was too late. His wand lit up eerily green. He wasn’t going to be in time to stop him, and with a sense of resignation he realized he was in the path of the curse.

Huh, Dumbledore got his way after all.

NO! Hermione and Ginny’s voices burst through the link. Harry was assaulted by terror and fury. With the vicious ferocity of a feral animal, Ginny seized control of Harry’s body and forced him to his knees. He hit the ground heavily, craning his head upward to see Malfoy’s spell…fizzle and die at the tip of his wand.

“A-avada Kedavra! Avada Kedavra! Avada Kedavra!” He repeated desperately, jabbing his wand in the air with more vigor with each repetition. “No! Nononono.” He choked out “I can do it! I can do it! Plea-” Malfoy’s blubbering was cut off by a stunner from Lestrange, and he hit the floor like a sack of potatoes.

"He's so pathetic!” The deranged woman giggled, and for a moment Harry thought he somehow might have gone unseen, until her gaze turned to him, and Harry realized that the cloak had been sent askew in his mad dive, and his knees were revealed. Her expression shifted to glee “Oh! Has itty bitty Potty come out to play?” She taunted, before sending a killing curse at him.

Harry rolled out of the way, as the floor he was just standing on exploded. He needed to keep her attention on him until help arrived. Dumbledore was a sitting duck, but as long as Lestrange was focused on him…“I’m surprised that Voldemort has you on babysitting duty!” He taunted back “What, is he disappointed in you for, you know, last year?”

She’d sent several other curses at him while he said this, but he was able to duck and weave through them. It was not lost on him that a single mistake could mean his death, but he wasn’t going to let that thought disrupt his focus. She sneered at him and shot back “Is Potty holding a grudge? A little upset about the mangy old dog I put down?” She too, was able to block and avoid
the spells he sent her way—though *Sectasemprar* elicited genuine surprise, before she cackled again. “Dark magic! Little baby Potter is growing up!”

“I’m mostly just curious why your precious Dark Lord is sending you on the ferret’s suicide mission.” Harry retorted. Despite his bravado, he knew he needed a new tactic. Nothing he was using was even phasing her, but it was almost inevitable that he was going to be unable to evade one of her unforgivables, or at least get hurt in the explosion of a killing curse. Thinking quickly, he sent a series of stunners at her as a distraction, while trying to wordlessly summon the debris behind her to him.

It didn’t work perfectly, the rubble he summoned wasn’t moving as quickly as he would have liked and it hadn’t struck her anywhere vital, but it had actually gotten her off balance for the first time. Harry went on the offensive, using a combination of spellfire, summoning, and banishing charms to keep Lestrange occupied.

It was at that point that the others stormed in. Ginny was in the lead, and she looked ready to kill.

Lestrange, realizing that she was hopelessly outnumbered, simply smirked. He, Ginny, and the others rained spellfire onto her location, but it was too late. “Activate!” She hissed, and both she and Malfoy disappeared, presumably taken away by a portkey.

Harry let out a breath. Disappointed that they hadn’t been able to get them, but mostly relieved that he was alive. He turned to Ginny, shooting her a smile that faded at the look on her face. It was at this point that Harry experienced something completely new to him.

Ginny Weasley’s full fury focused on him.

Chapter End Notes

Well, this is definitely the most different chapter I’ve posted for this story. I don't have the same talent at writing action as I do erotica, but hopefully this was an enjoyable read. Harry's saving people thing might have just gone too far...

Also, teaser for next chapter- we will be seeing on Fleur Delecour for the first time!
“What were you thinking!” Ginny screeched.

“What was I supposed to do? Just let him die?” Harry shot back.

“Do you have any idea what that would do to us… do to me?” She drew in a ragged breath as she fought back the bile in her throat at the thought of what almost happened… of almost losing him. “It’d destroy me! Do you want that!”

Of course he didn’t want to hurt her, they both knew that. But… “This’s about more than you and me!” He argued “I knew I could’ve died when I went to save the philosopher’s stone, or when I went to the ministry last year, or when I saved you!” It was a low blow, he knew, but he couldn’t stop himself. “I can’t just let people die.” He choked with emotion, but forced himself to continue. “I know we don’t like Dumbledore right now, but he’s too important. If he died…” His voice died in the air, letting the implications sink in. Without a wizard who could challenge him in a duel to oppose him, Voldemort would be able to act freely, maybe even start to tear the wizarding world apart.

“And you aren’t important?” Susan piped in.

The logic of that statement made Harry pause where raw emotion had failed. “We all know just how important you are in the war. More important than even Dumbledore.” Susan continued calmly.

He didn’t like it, in fact he hated it. Every instinct he had was telling him to put other’s lives before himself. He didn’t feel important, he didn’t want to be important, he certainly didn’t feel he deserve special treatment, and the idea of using the prophecy as an excuse to let others die to save his own skin made him want to gut himself.

“Susan’s right.” Hermione agreed “You can’t just take risks like that–”

“Or throw yourself in front of bloody killing curses.” Ginny grumbled.

“–you’re too important. Not just for the war, but for us too.”

More acutely than ever, he felt the burden of the prophecy. It really was up to him. He had to do it. But how could he? He wasn’t special. He wasn’t like Dumbledore or Voldemort, two prodigies. He was in over his head, completely, and he felt like he was about to drown from it. There was no way he could defeat Voldemort. Maybe it would have been better for everyone involved if he just sacrificed himself like Dumbledore wanted.
The intensity of emotions that errant thought provoked from Hermione and Ginny made his knees buckle. "I didn't mean that." Harry backtracked quickly. "I really didn't"

Ginny just closed her eyes and looked away. Even though it had been just a thought, produced straight from his mind with no filter, he could tell that it had pained her deeply. It fell to Hermione to respond. "You can't do this, Harry. You can't do this again. You can't make yourself responsible for what happens to everyone."

“But aren’t I?” Harry interrupted “Isn’t that why you're all here right now, because of the prophecy?”

"No, you prat!" Ginny screeched, overtaken with outrage. "We're here because we love you!" Harry flinched, ashamed. He hated this. He wanted to take everything back, it wasn't a simple matter of apologizing when they both knew that there was still a small part of him that still felt it'd be better if he died, that still couldn't imagine how so many people would be willing to give up so much for him.

“I can’t speak for anyone else, Harry, but it’s not about the prophecy, not for me.” Demelza said, her earnest eyes searching for and capturing his “I don’t believe in some prophecy, I believe in you.”

Harry shook his head minutely “You really shouldn’t. I’m not special, or clever, or powerful. I’m just… just, Harry. Not some superhero. And- I- I have no clue what I’m supposed to do.”

Ginny rapidly softened as she recognized the crisis that Harry was going through. “Oh, Harry, luv. You know it’s not like that. You’re not going to be alone. Not ever if I have anything to say about it. We’ll be with you, every step of the way.”

And that will just get you killed. His damn self-sabotaging mind produced, and once again Harry immediately regretted it. Ginny and Hermione both looked stricken, and neither knew how to respond to that- to something brought from the darkest corners of Harry’s mind into the light. Neither got the chance to, either, because Demelza had flung herself at him. She couldn't read his mind, but perhaps she could tell from his, Ginny, and Hermione's reactions what he'd been thinking. “Please don’t do this.” She whispered “Please don’t pull away from us now. We need you. I need you.” She pressed her face into his chest, hiding her tears "I need you." She repeated.

Harry was utterly disarmed by her plea, and when he looked up he saw identical expressions from each of the girls, his girls. Luna looked like she might cry.

It was at that moment that he knew. He could never say no to them.

He looked down at the trembling girl clutching him and slowly wrapped her in his arms. “I won’t. I promise. I just… I’m just- scared.” Not of dying, but of failing. Of letting you down. Of letting you... die. The admission extracted a toll from him, and even if most of it wasn't verbalized, it had been felt by every one of them. He found himself surrounded, as Ginny, then Hermione, then Katie, Luna and Susan huddled around the two of them. Arms coming to embrace them, offer support and comfort.

It was unfortunate that in the heat of their argument, they'd forgotten that they had an audience. An awkward cough interrupted their group hug, almost as one, Harry and his girls turned to see Neville and Hannah watching with matching blushes, looking like they wanted nothing more than the castle to swallow them whole.
The Order responded in force, but the fight seemed to be in vain, only a few could be caught before they used their portkeys to escape. The group trudged to the hospital wing, bringing with them a few students who’d they’d gathered along the way. Some would need to be treated for minor injuries… others for exposure to the cruciatus. Dumbledore was sequestered into a warded room in the back, but Bill needed to only be treated for a head wound.

Harry himself had been forced into bed by Madam Pomfrey. The woman was completely swamped, and several order members were helping her with the less serious cases. He hadn’t realized it, but he had multiple, bruises, gashes and cuts across his body from the shrapnel that the killing curse caused when it missed. He’d been so high on adrenaline that the pain hadn’t even registered.

They’d been separated. Most of them corralled into their own beds, while Ginny had been pulled aside by the Weasleys and was sitting by Bill. Currently, she was trying to conceal her irritation with Fleur’s presence.

Harry had almost believed they’d gotten lucky again, and that somehow everyone had made it out okay, until McGonagall had entered the hospital wing carrying someone. Her face was positively ashen, and the way the student in her arms hung limply… Harry stomach threatened to rebel. The image of Cedric’s body, lying cold on the ground of the graveyard, was summoned unbidden into his mind. The kid couldn’t have been more than a second year. Oh god.

Around him, people reacted. Tears, gasps, or just shocked silence, but Harry was numb to that. They took the kid out of the room, out of sight, and more people trickled in. And Harry stewed.

This is my fault.

That guilt- so familiar to him whenever Cedric or Sirius’ names had been uttered- returned with a vengeance. He’d let himself get distracted. He knew Malfoy had been up to something, but he hadn’t bothered really looking into it, because… because, he’d been having sex. How selfish was he? And now a kid was dead. Someone who had their whole life before them. Someone who needn’t have been touched by the war. He should have done better. He needed to be better.

It’s not your fault, Harry. It’s not your bloody fault. Ginny protested with growing frustration. Harry’s breathing became forced as he clenched the bed rails in his hands. Harry pushed himself up, arm’s shaking as he tried to master himself.

He was brought back suddenly, by a hand gently touching his shoulder. For a split second, he thought that it was Ginny, but she was looking helplessly across the room while bearing the brunt of her mother’s fussing.

No, it was Fleur. Her face was pale, but she was composed and was favoring him a sympathetic smile. She was barely touching him, but he felt it acutely. She inclined her head slightly “I think you should lay down.” She said lightly in her mild French accent “I don’t think Molly would let either of us hear the end of it if I let you out of bed.” Mrs. Weasley’s name came out somewhat clumsily, and Harry wondered if things still weren’t good between them. Harry knew that Ginny still didn’t approve.

Somewhat sheepish, Harry lied back down without complaint. He appreciated that she didn’t ask how he was. “Not to be rude, but why…”
“Aren’t I with Bill?” She finished for him, her eyes flickered over to Bill’s bed, where Molly, Ginny, and several of the Weasley brothers had gathered “I can tell when I’m not wanted.”

“Sorry.” Harry shrugged helplessly “It’s not fair to you. They should have given you more of a chance… er, don’t tell Ginny I said that.” He felt a flare of irritation from Ginny at that told him that the attempt at secrecy had been futile. She was trying to hide her emotions from him, perhaps she wasn’t proud of her treatment of Fleur herself, but particularly strong spikes in emotion still bled through.

Fleur chuckled, which emboldened Harry “I did try to talk to Ginny and Hermione about it, not that it did any good.”

"Let me guess, they assumed I charmed you.” She smirked playfully- mischievously. It was altogether far too attractive for his own good. "Used my feminine wiles to turn you against them."

"Right in one. I guess Bill gets the same treatment?” Fleur pursed her lips in a small frown, and Harry wondered what he’d said wrong. Unfortunately, the conversation would go no further, because Ginny returned, and she was glaring daggers at Fleur.

Her presence surged back in his mind, and he felt her confusing mix of emotions. She was angry, but not particularly at him, insecure, and threatened. Given how enthusiastically she’d taken to their unique arrangement, Harry was confused by these emotions. There had to be something more than jealousy at work here.

“Ah, Fleur.” She said crisply “Thank you for keeping my boyfriend” The word was accented possessively “company. I’m sure Bill would love to see you again.”

The dismissal was obvious, but there was a spark of rebelliousness in Fleur’s eyes that made Harry nervous. “Thank you, Harry.” She smiled. She then took his hand and pressed her lips to it, as if she were a knight kissing the hand of a fair maiden.

Harry’s heart leapt. His skin tingled where her lips made contact and he valiantly fought to keep the blush from his cheeks. For her part, Fleur seemed to be as affected as he was. A slight flush had spread across her face as her eyes narrowed on him, and he felt utterly pinned by the intensity of her gaze. Her allure surged against his mind, but he beat it back without too much trouble. The compulsion wasn’t as strong as a love potion, or even an imperious curse, and he honestly found himself more affected by the way she was looking at him. He knew that expression, he’d seen it enough times to know exactly what it meant and given her relationship status it made him distinctly uncomfortable.

Harry was wondering if he should say something when Fleur shook herself and jerked back suddenly, her expression unreadable. Her eyes flickered from him to Ginny briefly, but oddly she didn’t say a word, she simply left. Even as Fleur retreated, Ginny seethed in the background of his mind. Her smile was so forced it was painful, and it was almost as hard to look at as it was to feel her discordant emotions. In a flash, she tamped down on the link, only letting a bare trickle through to him. Nevertheless, she sat by him.

Harry sighed as he sank back into his bed. It was going to be a long night.

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Fleur pulled away from Harry, nearly stunned as she returned to Bill.
She could have sworn… but that was impossible. Harry wasn’t like that.

Harry was noble to a fault. He’d stayed behind and rescued her sister during the second task even though it would have hurt him in the competition. The notion that he would cheat on Ginny was ludicrous to her. And bless his heart, but he was rather clueless when it came to women. She remembered how he had fumbled and panicked as he had tried to find a date for the Yule Ball, it’d actually been cute in a way- his fame would have made it trivial to find a willing date, but in this one arena he seemed to lack the confidence that most boys his age possessed. Neither was he weak willed. The way he treated her was a testament to that.

But her senses didn’t lie. As much as she wished she could shut it off, her sense of smell was acute, and what she had smelled on him in that brief second that she leaned in had been unmistakable. He reeked of sex, with several women, no less.

She clenched her fists, reeked wasn’t the proper term. It implied the smell was unpleasant, but to her senses, and to her shame, it was anything but. She couldn’t ignore the sudden flush of arousal that had momentarily overtaken her senses, and she had been forced into the all too familiar struggle of mastering herself. There were times when she was proud to be part-Veela, and there were times when she hated her ancestry. This was one of the latter.

It left her with a difficult choice to make. She cast a speculative look at Harry- could he really be capable of cheating? She didn’t want to believe it. Strange as it may seem- she considered him her friend, one of the few she had. One of the few who had bothered to look past her heritage and treat her as she was.

He hadn’t noticed her gaze, but Ginny certainly had, and tensed up much like a belligerent kneazle. Sadly, even if she told Ginny, Fleur didn’t think she’d be believed. Still, didn’t she have a moral obligation to try? But what if she was wrong? She’d only picked up the smell for a fraction of a second before she had pulled away. Maybe… maybe…

She was drawn from her thoughts by a wail from across the room. Belatedly, she realized that she hadn’t even been paying attention to Bill or anyone else around her. “-by Greyback! You mean… you mean…” Her soon to be mother in law’s voice rang out. She was being pushed aside by the Matron as she levitated a redhead into one of the beds.

It was Ron, and Fleur saw why Molly Weasley was so distraught, half of his face was mangled and covered in blood. Greyback, that meant he’d been bitten.

“It’s not a full moon!” A student that had accompanied them said hopefully, a younger boy who was sporting a bruised cheek “Doesn’t that mean?” She trailed off uncertainly.

“Yes, I doubt Mr. Weasley will suffer any ill effects, aside from some scarring.” Pomfrey uttered absently as she tended to the redhead. Fleur wondered what the story behind that encounter was, but she was sure she’d hear it later. Sighing, she looked away from the pair and returned to the decision facing her.

There was nothing for it. She’d have to get close to Harry again it confirm her suspicions. Even if Ginny didn’t believe her right off, eventually she would find out, vindicating her.

Maybe then she’d finally stop acting like such a bitch.

Chapter End Notes
Harry may be a bit too angsty for my tastes in this chapter. I'm not going to make a habit of it, but I did want to address Harry's saving people thing and ingrained sense of guilt, these things don't just disappear overnight. Thankfully he has a lot of people who aren't afraid to knock some sense into him.

And now Fleur, finally! =D
It had been an exhausting night. Ginny hadn’t had energy to consider Ron—whatever had happened to him, or Dumbledore, or much of anything. She was strung out on stress and Phlegm had been the last straw. She always rubbed Ginny wrong, like sandpaper on raw skin.

It was hard to put into words, even to herself. She was just so superior. She was the sexiest woman in all of Britain, and she knew it, and she didn’t give one jot. It had taken Ginny years to finally get the boy she liked to notice her, but Fleur could do that and more by just existing. More than that, she looked at Ginny like she knew just how long Ginny spent getting herself off each and every night and was amused by it. There were times where Ginny could detect the condescension in her tone, as if she would never stoop to succumbing to her baser desires or some rubbish.

Then she had the gall to flirt with Harry, with both her and Bill in the same room! And of course Harry was attracted to her. She couldn’t be mad at him. It wasn’t like he acted inappropriately, but she could tell that Fleur affected him, even if he had the willpower to resist her. She couldn’t even blame him, Fleur was… something else.

For Ginny, the night was proving to be a restless one. She’d been unwilling to leave Harry’s side, despite his concern that her chair couldn’t have been comfortable to sleep in. It was well after midnight when Katie intervened.

“I don’t think you’re doing Harry any favors by not sleeping. Pretty sure he won’t like dealing with you being so cranky tomorrow.”

“Shut up. What are you even doing here?”

“What do you think? I was checking on Harry, and here I find you having some sort of personal crisis? What, the part-Veela got you wound up? I guess you do swing that way.”

“It’s not like that!” Ginny snapped, a little too loudly. She winced, checking to make sure they hadn’t drawn any attention. She cast a quick muffiato around them and continued with a low voice “Okay, maybe I do, but not for her. She’s—”

“My future sister in law and a complete… arrogant… holier than thou… prude.”

“I’m curious why you actually hate her. Jealousy isn’t any better a look on you than it is on Ron.” Katie’s eyes were alight with curiosity. Ginny wasn’t the jealous type. No-envy over her appearance and allure wasn’t enough to explain Ginny’s reaction. Why did she care whether Fleur was a prude?

Ginny didn’t miss the not-so-subtle comparison to her brother, and she wasn’t in the mood to argue the point. If Katie was so set on driving her off, Ginny didn’t see the point in fighting her on it. “Fine, whatever. Just make sure Harry doesn’t get attacked in his sleep or something.” She said curtly before walking away at a brisk pace.

She didn’t want to admit it, but the comparison to her brother hit closer to home than Katie even knew. Because Ginny was ashamed to admit to herself that she didn’t have much of a leg to
stand on when judging Ron for spying.

She’d done the same, on Bill and Fleur. She’d been sexually frustrated the summer before this school year, and Fleur had been dropping hints about her needing to learn discipline. She’d been eager to find some flaw in their relationship, or at least assure herself that the high and mighty Veela didn’t act so superior in the throes of sex.

Ginny knew all the secrets that the Burrow had to offer, perhaps even better than Fred and George. To the point, she knew that there was a peephole that seemed to be gnawed into the side of every room in the house- this particular one looking in on Bill’s room from a closet. She had no idea how or why, but each one had been ideally positioned to spy on the inhabitants while being as well hidden as possible.

She’d never used it before for anything beyond pranking her brothers. Not even to spy on Harry. She knew this was wrong, that she should turn away, but something urged her onward.

It definitely wasn’t because she was hot.

She’d gotten in right before the real action. Fleur and Bill were in the middle of a passionate liplock, and Fleur had just pushed him against the wall. With a smirk, she ripped his button up shirt open and undid the clasp of his pants, her hand reaching down for Bill’s cock.

Then for a moment something was unleashed. Ginny was overtaken by a surge of arousal. Before, she’d been trying to ignore the part of her mind that kept noticing Fleur. But now, she felt as if she’d been poleaxed. Her see through nightgown was purposefully revealing, and oh how much there was to reveal. Those legs, those creamy thighs that her nightgown covered just below her waist, her slim midriff was free of fabric revealing how perfectly toned it was. Then there were her breasts, so full, yet she also sported perfectly defined cleavage. Her nightgown did not seem dedicated to containing them, it hung, perhaps by design, loosely along her shoulders, so that her breasts threatened to burst out with every move Fleur made.

As quickly as this madness had overtaken Ginny, it left. Belatedly, she realized that she had been drooling, and her panties were soaked. Merlin.

It was just her allure. It was just her bloody allure. Ginny told herself firmly, as with all her might she tried bury what Fleur had just unearthed- tried to not drool over her sexy... No, stop that! It didn’t make sense! The Veela at the World Cup hadn’t affected her. She hadn’t been affected by Fleur at all in her third year. Why now?

“Damn it.” Fleur muttered, shaking her head. "Sorry, I lost control there."

“’s okay.” Bill managed, letting Fleur lead him to bed. Ginny was struck by how compliant he was. The Bill she knew was confident in himself and seemed unflappable in any situation, she hated how different he was here, with her.

What followed was a very odd scene, at least to Ginny. For the rest of the session Fleur seemed to be almost mechanical. Even when she got on top of Bill, and began to ride him, she did so methodically. She hadn’t even taken her nightclothes off, just slipped off her panties. Her body was tense, her arms and legs taught as if she were bracing herself. Her breathing was purposefully deep and regular, and her face was set in a mask of intense concentration. Ginny had no idea what to make of it. Where was the passion?

It was a sharp contrast to Bill, who’d become completely lost, moaning Fleur praises and then begging her for release. Even at the end, where she assumed Fleur came, all she let out was a
soft “Uhm.” and then a “Thank you, Bill.”

Ginny never again tried to spy on them. She mostly looked back on that incident with guilt at her moment of weakness. That didn’t stop her from judging Fleur for the massive stick she seemed to have up her arse. Every time thoughts of Fleur popped up after that encounter, Ginny had ruthlessly pushed them down. Fleur didn’t deserve her attraction.

But seeing her again, or more specifically, feeling Harry see her again stirred up… things. She affected him. She affected her. Harry didn’t let it show- never acted on those feelings- but he couldn’t help but admire her, much the way she had last summer. She practically oozed sexuality. Even her rather plain robes somehow seemed to hug her form, accentuating her figure in a way that made him want to see more. Her lips on his hand felt downright electric, sending tingles straight down his spine. In an instant, Harry had gone from half-mast to almost unbearably hard.

Ginny understood then. No wonder her brothers made loons of themselves around her. For whatever reason, the allure affected her, but only to a certain extent. It was only after her encounters with Luna and Demelza that Ginny realized why- she did swing that way, at least a bit.

Her feet led her back to Gryffindor tower, and after a moment’s hesitation, she went to bed. The morning would bring some perspective.

The only problem was she wasn’t going to get to sleep until Ginny took care of a little problem. She’d gotten off every night before bed for years now, she needed it now. Masturbation, Ginny had come to realize, was just no replacement for the real thing. Unless she did it in tandem with Harry fucking another witch, it didn’t satisfy.

But Ginny was nearly desperate. It’d been over 24 hours since she and Harry had shagged, before that dinner when Vane- Ginny felt a surge of hatred at just the thought of the vile girl- had changed their plans. She knew it was pathetic, but she’d become addicted to sex with Harry to the point where going without for even a day felt like a deprivation. She didn’t even want to think about this summer, she might go mad.

Just as she was about to get to work, though, she was distracted by a sudden stimulus from Harry’s end of the bond. He’d just awoken from a light sleep partly by the soft glow of wandlight, but mostly from the feeling of her hand around his cock. Harry whispered “What? Katie, not here!” Ginny was now questioning the wisdom of leaving Katie to be with Harry, though could any of them be trusted around him? Maybe Hermione would keep her hands to herself, but you never knew with her these days….

Katie leaned over, drawing Harry’s eyes to her unbuttoned blouse, more specifically the cleavage that unveiled. Katie smiled in satisfaction as she noticed his gaze, and shushed him with a finger to his lips. “Don’t worry about a thing, luv.” Katie said “I’ve got you.” And so she did. The movements of her hand were well practiced, and after a particularly pleasurable pass over his frenulum a groan spilled from Harry mouth that Katie quickly shushed. “Shhhh.” She whispered into his ear “I’ve cast muffliato, but if we get too loud, with so many people around, we could get caught. I don’t want you to talk, luv, unless I ask you something. Okay?”

Harry nodded compliantly, and Ginny was impressed at how effectively Katie had taken control. It wasn’t like she was being particularly domineering, perhaps she understood that trying that tactic would get resistance from Harry. No, Katie was nurturing, inviting Harry to let go of his worries (something he sorely needed) stop thinking and let her take over.

“Good boy.” She hummed, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “Now let’s…” Her hands moved to dispatch Harry’s hospital gown, revealing his chest, abdomen, and of course his crotch. Katie’s
hands stilled as her eyes roamed over the exposed skin. Harry remained dutifully silent as she seemingly spaced out. After a few moments of this, Katie shook herself and whispered “Sorry luv, just wishing I brought a camera. I’ll make it up to you.”

True to her word, she kissed him again as her hand returned to his shaft. She stroked him leisurely at first, but soon she began to pump him with purpose, her thumb swiping at his frenulum with each stroke. She was good at this, *so damn good.* “I want you to promise me something, Harry.” She said at length.

“Of course.” Harry answered immediately. The feel of her hand around his swollen, aching shaft was maddening.

Katie chucked “That’s good.” She continued stroking him firmly, her eyes holding his “You aren’t going to do something stupid like that again, right?”

“No.” Harry confirmed, they’d made it clear to him that risking himself like that was unacceptable. While there was still a sliver of resistance to their insistence, it too had been swept aside.

“Good boy.” She cooed softly in his ear, and something inside of him melted. “You’re so good.” She pressed kisses down his jaw line “You’re such a good person, that you want to help people, but you matter too.”

He was a puddle now “So next time you try to save someone, don’t go running off on your own. Don’t rush in without a plan. Don’t throw yourself into curses. You’re too precious to throw your life away like that.”

Harry choked out a noise that was half moan- half sob as he blinked away tears. “There you go, its okay sweetie. Just relax and let me take care of you.”

She moved back down his body, so her head was resting on his hip. She trailed soft kisses up his shaft, and she giggled as it twitched in response to her kisses. She pressed a long kiss to his head, partially engulfing it, and looked up at Harry.

By magic he looked good, especially from this position. His face was clouded with pleasure, and he was letting out soft, plaintive moans that were music to her ears. His body was tense, strung like a bowstring and responded deliciously to her every touch by straining or trembling, and his cock… not for the first time Katie admired that boys were made with such an exquisite weak point. They were so responsive- a simple touch and often not even that would send blood rushing- it was a shame that their uniforms were so bulky. It thrilled her how sensitive they were, how a few simple touches could get daze even the most confident boys.

Even Harry, perhaps the most willful and stubborn person she’d even met, was putty in her hands. She quickly dipped her head down, taking more of him in her mouth and swirling her tongue around him. He moaned her name and his body spasmed into her, thrusting his erection into her mouth. She’d expected that, however, and pulled back as quickly as she’d came.

She knew he was at the edge of begging her now, and while part of her wanted to hear that, very much, she also realized this was supposed to be a ‘reward’ of sorts. It was then that she was struck by an idea. She smirked- it was a way to have her cake and eat it too.

Trousers and panties came off. “Are you ready sweetheart?” She asked him- her hand wrapped around his base as she pressed him into her.
“Please.” He moaned softly, oh, he sounded lovely. She sank down on him, and they quietly moaned together, the awareness that they were in the hospital wing of all places was almost, but not completely, lost on them.

If Harry had been ‘in charge’ at this point, he no doubt would have spent time working her up, or failing that would have started slower so that he might last longer. Katie had no intention on helping him last, she took him deeply and thoroughly, reveling in the feel of him inside of her and the thrilling sense of power she had over him.

“Katie… I’m, I’m not going to last if you…” Harry tried to warn her- what a sweetheart. She figured he’d react like this, trying to hold off his orgasm for her sake. It was sweet, but a bit misguided. It would have been a thrill if he had cum the instant he was inside her. This, though, watching Harry fight a losing battle for her sake, was even better. “I’m about to, about to…” He gasped as pleasure overtook his features.

Katie leaned over, to whisper in his ear “Cum for me.”

And Harry let go- his cry silenced by her lips. His body tensed and trembled as he spilled himself into her. She purposefully clenched herself around him, milking him for all he was worth. She broke the kiss, murmuring “Oh, sweetie, that’s right. Give it all to me.” Harry could only moan softly in response.

When he was done, lying in the bed limp, drained, and euphoric, Katie shifted away from him and began to dress herself once more. Harry was too far out of it to protest, though she knew if she’d given him a few minutes he would have tried to return the favor. It was one last tick up her sleeve- Harry was a giver by nature. He wasn’t used to being gifted things, it was something that she had just accepted about him until Ginny and Hermione told her, in broad strokes, about his relatives.

She before she left, she kissed him on the cheek and said “Thank you for that Harry. You were lovely.” He wouldn’t know, of course, that she was headed back to her room so that she could get herself.

God, that was hot.

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Fleur had been drifting off when she noticed it. Her heritage had given her an attuned sense of smell, not unlike the acute senses that werewolves retained all throughout the month. While one would think that this was a gift, Fleur found it more trouble than it was worth. She found that even small differences in a meal could dramatically alter how it smelled and tasted, she knew that this drew the ire of her future mother in law.

Not that it wasn’t sometimes handy, she found it easy to tell where someone had been, and even their mood by their scent. The problem was that she couldn’t simply turn it off, and she ended up discovering things about people that she’d wished could have remained private.

It was by far the worst when it came to anything sexual. An instinctive part of her seemed to just seek it out. She could tell whenever someone was turned on, which was particularly awkward given that her allure had… that effect on people. She could tell when someone had recently had sex or masturbated. All of this was intimate information that she wished she didn’t know.

This was one of those situations- she was picking up the unmistakable scent of sex. Fleur
rolled her eyes, who in their right mind had so little self control that they fucked in the hospital wing?

Wait. She froze, as the realization hit her like a stunner. Was that... Harry? She took a moment to pay closer attention and concluded that it most definitely was. She’d recognize his scent anywhere. She found her feet taking her to Harry’s bed, and sure enough there was a spell on the curtains that was distorting the sound coming from within.

She took a breath, trying to master herself, but that was a mistake. It was so potent to her senses that she could taste it, and it lingered on her tongue even as she swept it across her lips. The masculine, musky scent kindled a fire in her, flushing her body with heat as the animal within her she worked so hard to contain fought against the bonds of her self-control.

She struggled with herself for a moment, but eventually the idea of needing to see if Harry really was being unfaithful to Ginny won out, and Fleur parted the curtains slightly. It was as if a tapestry had been laid out for her. One of Harry’s schoolmates had undone his hospital gown, revealing a lean yet defined body and his face was scrunched up adorably in bliss. However, the apple of her traitorous eyes was his cock, swollen and succulent, it trembled in response the movements of that girl’s hand and her whispered words. Fleur could smell that he was close, that soon this virile young man would burst.

It was the first cock other than Bill’s she’d seen in years, and her body reacted of its own accord. Her pupils narrowed as they zeroed in on the young male in front of her. Her adrenaline spiked, sending her body into high alert, her muscles tensed, ready to spring into action. Her heart thudded in her ears as it sent hot blood rushing, flushing her cheeks and neck, swelling her nipples to hardened nubs, and enflaming her core. Her mouth watered as if the smell of his arousal was that of a savory soup, and of course that was mirrored by the wetness of her own arousal.

The Veela side of her struggled and thrashed, and when Fleur refused to give in, begged and pleaded to be released, to let her ravage and take. She couldn’t loose control. If she gave in even once, even a little bit, she didn’t know if she could stop.

She wished it would just disappear. That she could ignore her desires and be effortlessly faithful to Bill. She hated how her eyes and mind would wander, how she had to force herself not to think about every man near her age she met. She hated how even with her utmost effort, her allure still slipped beyond her control and enticed the men around her. She hated how she liked it. She didn’t want to like it. She wanted to be a faithful wife to Bill, she was determined to never ever do what her mother had to her dad.

And this was the ultimate test. Harry Potter had always been... different. Her final year of school had been a difficult one for her. Her hormones were running wild and the stress of the tournament had made it all the more difficult to reign herself in. It’d shown- at several points she’d just lost it- once over Cedric Diggory (regrettably affecting Ron instead). And once over Harry.

She’d had her doubts over the boy. She’d assumed that the consensus from the school about him was accurate, that he’d managed to cheat his way into the tournament. He was young and scrawny, and Fleur felt that he’d gotten himself in over his head.

She was forced to reevaluate him after the second task. She’d been huddled under a blanket, bitter over her loss and nursing a gnawing worry over her sister despite the judges assurances that she’d be alright. She knew that accidents happened, that people could die, right now her sister was under that lake, and until she could see her, her heart wouldn’t rest easy.

When Cedric had emerged from the lake and caught sight of her, he comforted her by
letting her know that Harry was looking after the hostages, and that he was sure he’d pull her sister out when time was up.

She’d been surprised to say the least. “Why would he do that?” She asked “If he got there first, he could have won…”

Cedric just smiled “Y’know, I don’t think he cares that much about winning. He didn’t ask to be in the tournament, after all. He even told me about the dragon, just because he thought it was fair.”

_Had she misjudged him this entire time?_

When he broke the water with both his friend and Gabby… she didn’t even try to reign herself in. He saved her sister, despite the possibility of it hurting him in the tournament, despite the personal danger to himself, despite the fact that she’d been nothing but rude to him the entire year. He wasn’t a liar, he was noble. Gabby was clinging to him, looking adoringly up at her savior, and Fleur couldn’t blame her. She’d been so wrong. The shear relief and gratitude accomplished what physical desires had never been able to, demolishing her grip on the allure.

After so long being suppressed, it didn’t so much as flow, as flood out from her body in a tsunami towards one Harry Potter. It felt good, letting go. It felt good, letting her allure and her desires loose. And when her allure found its grip on Harry it felt _better_ than good. She could sense his reaction, though not as he no doubt felt it. To her senses, it felt as if she were coaxing a blooming flower to open, to spread its petals and unveil its beauty.

She flung herself at him, going in for a quick kiss on his cheek. She could smell him underneath the stench of the lake. She’d paid little attention to how he smelled before, he was just one in hundreds, but now she found herself imprinting his scent on her mind. Her lips made contact too briefly for her to taste anything other than the lake. She could feel his heart pounding powerfully against her chest, a reaction to her? Or perhaps from the task.

She half expected that he’d react as most boys would in that situation and make a move. It was only when that didn’t happen, when he didn’t moan or try to grope or kiss her that she realized that she _wanted_ him to react.

She pulled back. No, she looked down and with a triumphant thrill noted the prominent tenting in his uniform shorts, _he was aroused_. She could see it too in his burning eyes, but she could also see his restraint, his own will to not succumb to her allure. She realized suddenly that she wasn’t holding anything back. She was throwing it _all_ at him and he was resisting.

_Mon Dieu._

She went in for another- this time lingering- kiss. Her mind went wild, egged on by the taste of him. He was powerful, brave, and noble, he’d be an excellent mate. She could take him away, after things had died down. He’d clearly never been with a girl before, and she’d show him what it was like to be with a woman- no, a Veela.

He didn’t stand a chance. She’d make him cry out again and again, shattering his willpower and making him hers. She’d drain him dry, and keep mating him even after his body had no more seed to give, she fuck him until his voice was hoarse from shouting her name, until his muscles gave in from exhaustion, until his mind fell apart and he drifted into unconsciousness.

She might have tried to do that, too, if not for Gabrielle’s sudden protest. “Pas juste, vous devez le partager!”
It was like a bucket of cold water. What was she doing? How could she have lost control like that? She jerked back from him, as if she had been burned. Harry seemed to shake himself as her allure retreated, and scratched at his hair awkwardly. Gabby reasserted her position by wrapping her arms around Harry’s waist.

“I’m sorry, ‘Arry.” She apologized.

“Er, no problem.” He answered “I know you don’t mean to. I’m not about to get mad over a little slip here or there.”

It was touching, how he tried to see things from her perspective. He probably saw how uncomfortable she was when her allure got out of hand. Precious few had tried to do that. “You have no idea.” She shook her head ruefully. “But I will be more careful in the future.”

And now, looking at Harry with one his classmates, she was once again staring temptation in the face. With gritted teeth and clenched fists, she refused to give in and by the barest of margins- maintained control.

She’d seen what she had come to see. Fleur turned and left.

She needed to speak to Ginny. As soon as possible.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, that's right. The reason why Ginny hates Fleur is because she's gay for her.

I really enjoyed writing this chapter. Hope you enjoy it too!
Despite being incapacitated and delirious last night, Dumbledore was present at breakfast in the morning, looking no worse for wear. They had been, somewhat morbidly, hoping that the Headmaster would have been out of commission for a while—though Harry had correctly predicted that it would be far too convenient for them. Regardless, Harry realized things needed to change. They needed to be more proactive now, and they needed a plan of attack.

Hermione had, the day after the attack, set to work on looking up wards, particularly the fidelius. If Harry were to escape, he needed to be somewhere safe. It wouldn’t do for him to go on the run, only to have Dumbledore, the Ministry, or Voldemort be able to track him down. Rebelling so openly also had other consequences. At least now, they could openly count on friends within the Order to some extent, going on their own meant burning a lot of bridges. The problem was, if they didn’t break away on their own terms, Dumbledore would force the issue soon enough, or in the worst-case scenario make it impossible for Harry to escape.

Despite their confidence in her, Hermione cautioned that she wouldn’t trust herself to ward a hideout safely for some time yet, if she had the summer to do her research it would have been no problem, but time was not on their side. Seeing the time crunch, Susan and Luna joined her in her studies. Susan was quite academically minded, and even Hermione had come around to the fact that Luna was actually brilliant in her way.

There were a few other options.

As Susan had threatened Dumbledore, they could strike a deal with the Ministry. Harry was against this from the start, and Susan herself expressed doubts about how reliable or stable the government really was.

Alternatively, if they could get someone older, who was more experienced or connected on their side, that could basically solve all of their problems. That also carried a risk, anyone they went to might just alert Dumbledore. If they wanted to get help, they needed to be very careful in who they trusted.

With a pang, Harry realized that Sirius might have been the perfect advocate in this situation. But he wasn’t here. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley would have been his second choice for trusted adults, but he didn’t need Ginny to tell him they’d disapprove. Maybe Remus though… Harry wished he was closer to the man, but at the moment he honestly wasn’t sure he wouldn’t go straight to rest of the Order and attempt to keep him locked away ‘for his own good’. He wanted to believe that Remus would be on his side, but it would be taking a risk.

Quietly, Harry had wondered if pretending to be compliant and returning to the Dursleys might be the best plan for now. To say that there was no love lost between he and his relatives was an understatement, but the past summer it’d seemed they worked out a policy of mutual avoidance. Despite his resigned attitude about it, every time his thoughts turned in that direction he could feel Ginny’s hackles rise, neither she nor Hermione had any intention of letting him go back to ‘those people’. Neither did they like how casually he viewed much of their behavior.

Of course, that was only the beginning of their worries. There was that niggling issue that Harry still needed to find another witch to bond with. Of course, their little secret getting out made
that all the more difficult. Very few witches wanted to be seen with him these days, or at least
didn’t want to admit to wanting to be seeing with him. Susan’s ear for school gossip wasn’t as
useful as Harry’s like, while there were some girls expressing interest in Harry (strictly in private)
Harry cynically felt that their interest was shallow. Case in point- Romilda Vane was the name
that Susan heard most.

Relations with the student body as a whole were as tumultuous as could be expected. The
attack had taken the heat off them to some extent, but not completely. Cho had eventually
succeeded in cornering him, and had demanded the he admit the reason he had lost interest in her
was because she ‘didn’t put out’.

Harry wasn’t sure how to tell her the truth- that it was her personality and her treatment of
Luna that had made him lose interest. He’d quickly decided, as his attempts to talk over his
increasingly hysterical sort-of-ex failed miserably, that it was easier to just let her live with her
delusions. He honestly didn’t care enough to fight her on it.

Overall, the teens decided to stop worrying what the student body thought. While they
weren’t about to snog in the halls, they were more openly affectionate with each other in public
now. It never failed to elicit excited murmuring, but Harry’s attitude had grown increasingly blasé
to it.

No, they had far more important things to worry about. While Hermione focused on the
more academic aspect of their planning, Harry decided to get practical. It wasn’t just a matter of
being a better duelist, it was having a versatile and useful spell set. His experiences up to this
point, particularly preparing for the Triwizard Tournament and teaching the DA, were a good
starting point, but he needed more.

Unfortunately, Katie wasn’t in a position to help until NEWTs were done with. Ginny,
Demelza, and Luna were in a similar situation with OWLS. Demelza seemed to react the worst to
the pressure. Harry had eased off on his ‘punishments’ and commands until the exams were
finished in sensitivity to the situation, but it hadn’t helped, if anything he was beginning to think
she was more stressed now.

Thankfully, Harry found dueling partners in Neville and Hannah. The two of them had
warmed back up to them after the attack. Hannah had even shyly approached Susan, blushingly
asking ‘what it was like’. Susan had been more than happy to engage in ‘girl talk’. Hannah’s face
had remained red throughout the entire conversation, but Susan walked away from it feeling much
more secure in their friendship and wondering if Neville might be about to get lucky.

Neville himself had, in a quiet moment in the common room, told Harry that he could still
count on him to have his back. Harry was surprised at how warm that made him feel. He hadn’t
realized it, but since he and Ron had become estranged, he hadn’t had much in the way of male
comradery.

Ginny, meanwhile, had been blindsided when the person she was most avoiding thinking
of, Fleur herself, approached her after Arithmancy class in the hall. Her clothes and hair were
dishveled from sleeping in the hospital wing, but that did nothing to impact her beauty, or her
impact on Ginny’s male classmates. Thankfully, only a couple openly gawked at her, but it was
obvious even the more restrained of them couldn’t help but look.

Instantly, she was on edge. Luna, on the other hand was completely non-plussed, and
greeted the young woman with a smile and a slight blush. “It’s nice to finally meet you. I was
really impressed with how you charmed your dragon. Ginny doesn’t like you, but I think you’re
rather pretty.” The younger girl gushed.
Fleur, having rarely been greeted with such friendliness by a girl who wasn’t family, was put off balance “Er, thank you. Ah—” Ginny found seeing the normally unflappable woman sounding so wrongfooted to be oddly satisfying, even if she didn’t get why Luna was going out of her way to befriend her.

“Oh, mind my manners. My name is Luna Lovegood. I’m friends with Ginny and Harry.” Luna continued, with an unusual emphasis on the word ‘friends’ that made Ginny cringe. “Hopefully we can be friends too, but I can see that you want to talk to Ginny right now.” At this, Ginny looked desperately to Luna and began shaking her head, but her friend only smiled in response- traitor.

Fleur blinked owlishly for a moment, before regaining her mental footing “Of course, thank you Luna. I’m sure that since you’re such good friends with Ginny, that we’ll be seeing more of each other.”

With all help deserting her, Ginny was left with the options of making a scene or putting up with her future sister in law while she said what she wanted to say. With a sigh, Ginny gave in and fell into step with Fleur.

“So?” Ginny asked curtly.

“This isn’t going to be an easy conversation, Ginny.” Fleur said slowly “I’m not sure if the open hallway is the best place for it, perhaps somewhere more private.”

“Muffiaato.” Ginny cast, provoking a rise of Fleur’s eyebrow. “Anybody listening in on us’ll just hear buzzing.”

“I meant more that, some of this might be difficult for you to hear, you might want some privacy in order to… deal with it.”

Ginny gave Fleur a challenging look “I’m no wilting flower. I’ll manage.”

Fleur huffed out a sigh, seeing that Ginny wasn’t going to work with her on this, she decided that delicacy was off the table. “Harry’s cheating on you.”

For a moment, Ginny looked dumbstruck “What?”

“I caught him with another girl last night, in the hospital wing after you left.” Fleur explained “I’m sorry.”

Ginny’s face showed indecision, but none of the emotion Fleur expecting. Fleur had expected that either she believed her and would be heartbroken or didn’t and would be furious with her. “Look… Fleur.” She began “I appreciate the heads up but Harry’s not cheating on me.”

Poor girl, she was in denial. “Ginny, I didn’t think he was capable of cheating either, but I saw it with my own eyes.”

Ginny sighed in frustration and finally explained “He’s not cheating on me, Fleur, because he has my permission.”

Now Fleur was the one dumbstruck “What?”

“Honestly, I’m a little surprised you didn’t know about that, the entire school knows.”

“You’re just letting him have sex with other women?” Fleur demanded, spiraling. This
wasn’t her first time encountering this sort of arrangement. She had never been privy to her parent’s sex lives, but she knew very well that her mother slept with who she pleased, and that her father let her. She knew that it crushed him. She had vowed to never do what her mother did to her father to Bill.

“I would tell you not to tell anyone, but to be honest its only a matter of time until Dumbledore ropes the entire Order into our sex lives. So if you want to be the one to have that conversation with my mother, be my guest.” The girl’s nonchalance dumbfounded Fleur.

“Why?”

“None of your business.” Ginny refused, turning away. Fleur reacted by grabbing her forearm, and the redhead turned back to glare at her.

“Why would you resort to this, Ginny? Anyone can see that ‘Arry’s taken with you. I understand how desperate you are, but…” That was a poor choice of words, and Fleur knew it as soon as they’d left her mouth. She felt utterly unprepared for this conversation and sure enough it was spiraling out of control.

“Desperate?” Ginny repeated shrilly, ripping her arm from Fleur’s grasp. “Spare me! You wanna know why I hate you? Because you’ve been judging me from the very first day! Looking down on me because I, god forbid, have a sex drive. You don’t know me, and you don’t get to judge me. I’d rather be a slut than an ice queen!”

Fleur slammed her hand to the wall, by Ginny’s head. The blonde’s hands shook as she reined in her temper “Is that… what you think of me, that I’m a frigid bitch?”

Ginny, for her part, didn’t back down, and glared back at Fleur defiantly “If the shoe fits.”

“You have… no idea… how much self-control I have, Ginny Weasley. You have… no idea what’s its like.” Fleur seethed.

“Don’t patronize me.” Ginny said coolly “I denied myself for years.”

“Not like I have.” Fleur continued “I can’t even let myself feel desire too strongly, or the allure…” She waved her free hand absently “does what it does. You don’t know what its like, having to constantly restrain yourself, policing every thought, every desire. Even when I’m fucking your brother, I can’t let go, even for a second. If I ever do… I don’t know if I’d ever be able to stop.”

And Ginny believed her. The crazed look in Fleur’s eyes that forced Ginny to accept that she meant every word. Fleur looked positively unhinged, and if Ginny was being honest with herself, it was bloody hot.

“You’re right Ginny. Your sex life is none of my business, and I shouldn’t judge you for it. But I deserve that same courtesy.”

Ginny nodded mutely.

I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I feel bad for her.

Who are you and what have you done to my girlfriend?

Shut it, prat.
“I wonder if Fleur likes girls?” Luna commented dreamily.

Ginny let out a long, beleaguered sigh. “She’s marrying my brother.” This had not been the first time she told Luna this.

Katie chucked a bit “You do know that Veela are highly polyamorous, right?”

“Really?” Luna said with hope.

“I’m pretty sure that’s racist.” Hermione protested.

“Based on what she said told Ginny, she doesn’t sound interested.” Susan agreed, before pausing thoughtfully “Or rather, she doesn’t want to be interested- which is distinctly different.”

“I can’t believe we’re discussing this.” Hermione bemoaned.

Katie laughed “Lighten up, it’s all in good fun.”

“For the record, I don’t support this.” Ginny grumbled. “Need I repeat that she’s marrying my brother?”

“What’s good for the goose is good for the gander.” Katie chimed.

“Huh?”

“Isn’t it a little hypocritical that you don’t like the idea of Bill and Fleur in an open relationship when… you know…” Katie gestured around them indicated the six girls Harry was currently in a relationship with.

“That’s different.”

“Oh?”

“Beyond the fact that we have a very good reason for doing this… I’m actually okay with this- not just because it’s saving Harry’s life. But Bill… he’s a romantic.”

“And none of us are?” Hermione challenged.

“Your idea of a perfect date is going to a bookstore.”

“I’m a romantic.” Demelza interjected.

“Oh sweetie, we all know that you have non-traditional expectations in that department.” Katie said soothingly.

“That’s… probably fair.” She wilted, and Katie stroked the younger girls hair soothingly.

“Oi, what about me?” Susan added “Got some quippy reason why I don’t count?”

“Look, the point is that Bill isn’t built like that.” Ginny overruled “He’s a one woman for all time kind of guy, and if Fleur were to convince him to open their relationship, it’d be him doing it for her sake. It wouldn’t be because he wanted to, and it’d hurt him.”

“Oh.” Luna said sadly “I didn’t think- that’d be awfully sad. I don’t want to break anyone’s
The conversation moved on, but Katie’s focus remained on Demelza. Ever since the attack on Hogwarts she’d been awfully quiet, and seemed somehow deflated, and it was never more apparent than now. “Hey, sweetie, are you okay?” Katie asked her “I was just teasing you earlier.”

“No, it’s okay. I’m fine.”

At this Susan raised an eyebrow “Do you mean fine like how most people mean it, or how Harry means it.”

Ginny snorted.

“We’ve already got our hands full with Harry, we don’t need anybody else sweeping problems under the rug.” Katie nodded.

Demelza shook her head, feeling trapped. “Look, it’s not a big deal.”

“So then you’d have no trouble talking with us about it.” Katie smoothly pivoted “Right?” The older girl placed a hand on Demelza’s shoulder and rubbed it soothingly “We’re your friends, if nothing else. But honestly, I feel like we’re all quite a bit more than that. We’re not about to judge you.”

Demelza seemed to shrink further in on herself, and bowed her head. After a long moment of silence, she quietly said “Why am I here?”

They were silent, until Katie prodded “What do you mean?”

“I mean. Ginny’s the one that Harry chose first. Hermione’s smarter than all of us and Harry’s best friend. Susan is great with politics. Luna’s creative. You’re experienced and you can take care of Harry better than any of us. But… what am I? I didn’t even know him before last year. I’m not particularly good in a fight, or at anything, really. I’m just a plain, ordinary girl who got sucked up into something so much bigger. How am I supposed to stand up to Death Eaters or V-v-voldemort.”

“You know” Ginny told her “Harry says the exact same thing about himself.”

“He’s wrong. He’s amazing.” Demelza said with quiet conviction.

“You’re right, he is.” Ginny smiled. “But what makes you think you aren’t?”

“You’re just trying to make me feel better.”

“I get that you look up to me, Dem, but I’m just a girl, like you.” Katie said, drawing Demelza into a hug, her hand stroking her hair soothingly. “This fighting dark wizard stuff, its new to me.” Susan nodded along with this. “I get scared too, but well, I just fake it ‘till I make it.”

“I never had any friends until last year. Everyone called me Loony and said I was insane.” Luna put in, before adding with a small smile “While I do know a lot about magical creatures and phenomena, I don’t think that’s why Harry wants to be with me. I rather think that he likes me for me.”

Ginny and Hermione shared a look. Neither of them or Harry had thought about how much of an adjustment the war would be for them. Hermione in particular had accepted this… ages ago, perhaps it was during her first year, when she’d lit a professor’s robes on fire to break the curse on
his broom. It was that day that she’d made the leap- blatantly breaking rules to save her friend’s life. Ginny hadn’t been as closely in Harry’s orbit, but her experience during her own first year had forever changed her. One really couldn’t go back to being a child after being possessed by a dark lord. Ever since she’d woken up in the chamber, she’d felt in her bones that Tom wasn’t gone and that Harry would have to stop him. She had just hoped that she might have some role to play in that, some way to fight back against him the way she had tried and failed to that past year.

But none of the others had had that realization, until now.

“You do a lot for Harry, Demelza.” Ginny said. “I should know.” She tapped her temple.

“Like what? What good am I to him?” Demelza said self pityingly.

“Harry’s had very little control over his life.” Ginny explained “When he was little, the Dursleys’ That name still came out darkly whenever she said it “Never let him have any freedom as kid. He was always under their power until he went to Hogwarts.”

Hermione took over seamlessly. “Even while at Hogwarts, he’s always had a difficult time getting independence. He was forced to compete in that tournament, kidnapped, attacked unexpectedly more times than I can count, bullied, abused by teachers, tortured, and persecuted. That’s not even mentioned how are supposed allies have treated him. Dumbledore and the Order gave him nothing last year. Just stuffed him away in Privet Drive and told us to keep what was happening from him.”

Hermione shook her head, regretting how they’d all acted that summer after Cedric’s death. Her best friend had just been kidnapped, almost killed, and seen someone else die, and then had been tossed back to his abusive relatives and put on minimal contact with the people he cared about. No wonder he’d had issues in fifth year.

“Dumbledore seemed to expect Harry to just dance to his tune all the way to his grave.” Ginny said darkly.

The others had caught on, and Katie took up the banner “I’ve been helping him feel comfortable with giving up control. He’s never been in a position where doing that has led to anything but pain before. I want to show him that it’s alright to let other people take care of him, but what you do is just as important.”

“I give him control.”

“Yeah. You empower him. Can you imagine how big of a deal that must be for him?”

“I can, I can feel it.” Ginny added “You make him feel amazing. Proud of himself, confident. Harry has a lot of burdens. Katie lifts them, even if for a little bit, but you make him feel like he can bear them.”

The door to the Room of Requirement opened, it was Harry. He’d been listening in, of course, and had come running as soon as he realized Demelza would need the emotional support “I hear that there’s a Demelza in distress.”

It took a moment for the pun to register, but when it did Ginny groaned “That was bad, Harry.”

“You’re one to talk, you told me that joke about the Slytherin quidditch team.”

“Oi! You loved that joke!”
“I thought you were adorable! Big difference.”

“What joke?” Luna asked. Harry raised an eyebrow at Ginny. She couldn’t resist the bait.

“Alright, so what are the Slytherin quidditch players’ favorite drink?”

Harry just shook his head, an amused grin creeping up his face.

“What?” Luna asked obligingly.

“Penal-tea.”

A chorus of groans were her response. After a moment, Luna’s eyes brightened “Oh, I get it.”

The mood of the room was much lighter now, and most importantly Demelza was smiling along with everyone else. Still, Harry wanted to reassure her personally. “Hey.” He said, kneeling in front of her.

“Hi.” She blushed as she tried to meet his gaze. His eyes were so intense, filled with compassion and affection, it was like looking into the sun.

“You know that what they said is right, yeah?”

She nodded.

“You don’t have anything to prove, not to me, or anyone else, Dem. You’re you, and that’s enough. It’s more than enough. You say that you’re just a normal girl. If that’s so, then I’m just an orphan boy, who never had a family. So thank you for being part of mine.”

Demelza felt something inside her wobble and melt, and this time it wasn’t from impassioned touches or even dirty talk, it was from this wonderful man sharing his heart with her. More acutely than since he’d taken her for the first time, she felt the overwhelming urge to submit, like a warm tidal wave of emotion. She wanted to give every piece of herself—mind, body and soul—to him to protect and control.

“Thank you. Thank you.” She repeated like a prayer “Thank you, Master.”

He was holding her close now, and her body responded, not so much to the physical stimulus of him touching her, but from the sheer emotional energy within her. She felt so safe, and cherished, and loved. All of her worries—about not being good enough, about the war, about how she could help Harry, even about the others watching them—slipped away. “I’m yours. I’m yours.” She chanted “Whatever you want, Master.”

“Oh, Dem.” Her murmured. He settled her into his lap and kissed her forehead before claiming her lips sweetly. “I’ve got you.” Her body was so receptive to him, that his words, combined with the feel of his erection pressed into her was enough to trigger a cascade of pleasure—not quite an orgasm, but something close to it. She let out a wobbling moan.

“Oh, I think that’s our cue to leave.” Susan’s voice cut in. The hufflepuff was blushing a deep red, she couldn’t seem to drag her eyes away from the couple. The way that Harry was able to enthrall Demelza so completely… did things to her. Harry seemed to jerk back to reality, but Demelza did anything but. She looked around at the friends, no, the strange family surrounding her and felt completely comfortable.
She didn’t belong to them like she did Harry, but in that moment she did feel that she belonged with them. Part of her wanted to ask them to stay. She wanted them— the whole world, really— to know that she belonged to him. The thought of her being on display like that, it thrilled her.

But she didn’t know how to tell them that and said nothing as they quietly filed out of the room. Katie gave the couple a saucy wink as she sashayed past. Luna lagged behind, her gaze lingering on them until Hermione tugged her away.

They were alone.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for saving the sex scene for next chapter. I promise you its worth the wait—definitely one of my hotter attempts.

Oh hell, who am I kidding? Y’all know I’m like the biggest tease. Have a nice two weeks everyone! ;)

The instant the door was closed, Harry was upon her, his mouth devouring hers. She felt so small underneath him - his body pressed down against her, his broad chest against her slight frame. The heat of his body, the feel of his heart pounding against her chest, his scent... it was too much for her.

It was like she was in heat. Every part of her was sensitized. When he pulled back from the kiss and cupped her cheek, she was shocked at how good it felt, how that simple touch elicited tingles. That show of affection was just an intermission, because he was instantly back upon her, this time aligning their pelvises so they could... oh.

She cried out, and Harry recognized the need in her voice. He knew that it meant she was close. “Already?” He asked.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry!” If she had been more put together, she would have recognized that his voice held awe, not judgement.

“No, no.” Harry backtracked “I’m not mad, just surprised.” He paused thoughtfully “Though I suppose I shouldn’t have been. You’ve been much more... receptive since we properly had sex.”

“I guess, I just feel so safe and comfortable with you, sir. I don’t need to hold anything back, or feel insecure. I can just be yours.”

Harry smiled, his eyes gleaming warmly “Good.” His hand brushed against her cheek again, comfortably, but it just made her shiver in pleasure. “I love that you’re mine.”

He lifted her into the air effortlessly, and she clung to him, wrapping her legs around his waist. She wriggled, trying to align herself against him properly, but didn’t succeed until he backed into a chair, allowing her to settle in straddling his lap.

While on paper her position would have given her a degree of control, she felt anything but in control. He was just too much. She could no more hold him back than she could hold back the sea. She felt an awful lot like a moth being drawn to the flame, or a fly drowning itself in honey.

She rutted against him, grinding her clit into his erection, and even through the layers of clothes, it was too much. She was forced to break their heated kiss as her breath came out in grunting pants in time with the jerky movement of her hips. He barely paid this any mind, raining attention instead on her jawline and neck as she titled her head back.

She truly could not have stopped herself from rutting him if she had wanted to. She was caught in a cycle, her hips twitched forward automatically and the pleasure that that instinctive action generated made her body demand the action repeated.

Her orgasm was far from the most intense he’d given her, but it nevertheless forced her body to seize up. Every muscle seemed to tense in unison, from her the curling of her toes, to the arching of her back, to the clenching of her core, to the “Uhhhhnnng!” That was forced from her throat. Her body remained taught for a long moment as pleasure gripped her, and promptly collapsed when it left her.
Demelza was unresisting as Harry flipped her over. Once again warmth pulsed through her body at the feel of Harry’s body- the comforting weight and solidity of it- on top of her. “My turn.” Her murmured, before turning the attention of his mouth lower, to her collarbone.

Harry seemed to be under the impression that she needed time to get worked back up and was therefore taking it slow. That just wouldn’t do.

The downside to their current position was that her hips were now aligned with his abdomen, a much less satisfying target to rub against. The upside was that his erection was very obviously pressed against her thigh. How could she resist rubbing her thigh against him? He let out a soft groan, and the noise seemed to shoot straight to her cunt. The noise just egged her on. “Master.” She moaned “Use me. I’m yours. My cunt belongs to you. Use it. Drain your balls inside of me. I’m yours Master! I can be anything you want me to be. I can be your slut, your cock-sleeve.”

Demelza had learned that words were perhaps even more effective than technique when it came to sex. Her tirade managed to break through Harry’s resolved, as he groaned in both frustration and fondness “Have it your way, naughty little witch.”

The kiss that followed made her dizzy. It was completely unlike any of his previous kisses. There was no technique here, no control as his tongue shoved into her mouth or as he sucked and nibbled voraciously at her. His hands went to her blouse, ripping it open and scattering a few of the buttons to the floor. One hand groped her breast roughly while the other pressed into her crotch just as inelegantly. Her body spasmed, and she let out a ragged noise that was swallowed by his mouth as she came a second time.

“Have I been too lax with you, Dem?” Harry asked “I thought I was giving you a break, by not commanding you as much recently. But you’ve been so stressed… do you need me to take a more… active role in your life?”

She stared at him with wide eyes as she contemplated what he was asking her. She couldn’t deny that he made her feel safe. When she was with him, she didn’t have to worry about the outside world, she could just focus on being his. She liked being his, and if it helped Harry as much as Ginny and Hermione said it was… “I’d like that, Master.”

“Right then. First.” With some effort, he wrenched her bra off “No more bras. And…” He pulled her panties down “No knickers either. God you’re perfect.”

The thought of being ordered to do exactly this had occurred to her many times, even before her relationship with Harry. Ever since their first encounter in the locker rooms, her fantasies had certainly… escalated- particularly during the time in which she’d been edging herself on Harry’s orders. Her current favorites were being made to wear a collar or getting a tattoo that marked her as Harry’s, of being ordered to pleasure him in public, and most recently, being ordered to walk around in public completely nude. “Yes, sir!” She agreed enthusiastically. Some of those fantasies were just too much to actually do in reality, but not wearing undergarments… that she could do. Something thrilled her about being so exposed, even if it was in a way most would never know about. It was like a secret between her and Harry, in a way. On the surface she was presentable, but underneath she was a slut, Harry’s slut.

He pulled out his wand and quickly cast the contraceptive charm, and a part of her was actually disappointed that he had remembered. “If this is what you want, I’ll give it to you. You want to be my cock-sleeve, Dem? My personal sex toy?”

“Yes.”
Tell me why. Convince me.” He leaned over, so his mouth was near her ear and said in a low rumble “Beg me.”

His voice, so deep and masculine, and commanding sent shivers across her body as heat unfurled anew in her core. “Please. Please. Please.” She repeated, splaying her legs as wide as her flexibility would allow in a sign of submission.

“Come on. You can do better than that.” Harry told her, as he sat up and began to casually undress himself. “I know how creative you are. I want to hear all of the depraved thoughts in your head. I can see it in your eyes, how many perverted fantasies you come up with but never mention. Tell me what you want.”

Demelza paused for a moment, unsure of where to start, but once she began talking, she found it impossible to stop. “You could do whatever you want with me, Master.” She began “I’m yours. This body, these tits, this pussy, they’re yours. So use me.”

She shuddered as her own words started to affect her, she was working herself up, which was probably what Harry had intended. It didn’t help that he was rapidly losing clothing. Her eyes didn’t know where to look,. “However you want. If you just want me around for you to ogle while you get sucked off, or if you want me to clean you up after sex with one of your other sluts, or- uhhn” Her thought process hit a brick wall when Harry tugged down his boxers. “Oh. Uh.” Brain, use words! Part of her rebelled, even as the greater part of it had been arrested by the sight of his penis as it bobbed freely, swollen and twitching in need (for her!).

“What is it, Dem?” Harry grinned knowingly.

“Cock.”

Her heart almost failed when he reached down to her cunt, and dipped two fingers in. When his hand pulled back, it was dripping in her juices. “Well spotted, but I asked you to do something and I expect you to do as you’re told.”

“Master.” She begged abjectly “Please!” He began to casually jack himself off, his eyes never leaving her body, clearly expecting her to continue even though her mind was having trouble even thinking in complete sentences at the moment. “Pleasepleaseplease fuck me! I need it! Your slut needs you cock. Fuck me! Cum in me! Seed me master! Impregnate me! Make me your breeding bitch!” Her words hadn’t come from nowhere. Deep inside of her, in a place that only Harry had ever reached, there was a gnawing hunger- it was an itch in the deepest corner of her cunt that could only be sated by Harry’s seed.

Harry lost it, surging forward and pinning her unresisting wrists to the floor so almost painfully hard. “Be careful what you wish for, pet. You might get it.” He growled.

Then he plunged into her recklessly, savagely. He paid no mind to her comfort or pleasure, yet encountered no resistance from her unbelievably slick inner walls. His cockhead burrowed and lodged itself deep within her. Demelza howled as she came, but Harry gave her no respite. He was barely within her a moment before he pulled out and rammed himself back into her with even greater ferocity. His hands grabbed ahold of her arse, using it as leverage as he rutted into her, animalistic grunts bursting from him with each thrust.

He’d last all rationality, Demelza’s desperately provocative language had unleashed something in him, something savage and primal that only had the desire to take, to fuck, to breed. She was just a warm hole for his cock. While it was lost on her at the moment, it would be something that she looked back on with pride. It wasn’t just a matter of lust; she wasn’t so
arrogant to assume that she’d turned him on more than he ever had before. He trusted her- he felt safe enough with her that he was able to let go of his insecurities, that need to perform, and just lose himself in the moment.

The was no other way to put it, Demelza was cumming her brains out- the next orgasm tearing through her before the previous died down. She babbled, then wailed, and finally sobbed at the intensity of what she was feeling. Harry didn’t slow, didn’t falter for a moment, he was completely consumed with chasing the orgasm that was welling up within him. That he had already found that sweet release inside Ginny and Susan that day didn’t seem to matter. These days, every time he came he was ready to go again almost immediately, and to Luna’s obvious pleasure, he seemed to cum just as much each time.

“Fuck! Take it!” He cursed as he reached the edge “Take my cum, slut! Take it all!” He roared as a truly spectacular orgasm ripped through him. With ragged thrusts, he continued to drill into Demelza, pumping rope after rope of his cum into her. He rode his peak for all it was worth. Demelza was beyond moaning, or even screaming. Silent tears streamed down her face. Her mouth was open, but her voice refused to cooperate, she could only emit a tiny warbling sound.

She could feel him, spilling his seed right where she needed it. She found herself feverishly wishing that he had never cast that contraceptive charm… that there truly was nothing stopping him from impregnating her. He was so strong and virile, and her body ached for it, if he wanted to, he could knock her up for sure.

And then, as quickly as he had started, Harry pulled out. His fingers brushed against her cheek, wiping away her tears. “Oh Dem, I’m sorry. Are you alright?” He was so concerned for her- the tenderness in his voice, the way he stroked her cheek, the guilt and worry in his eyes. Demelza felt something warm and powerful well up in her, and it just made her weep harder. She clung to him, burrowing her face into his chest, and Harry mirrored her by wrapping his arms around her.

It was like being tucked in under a warm, familiar blanket. She felt so safe, loved. He was so much stronger than her, both physically and magically, but he’d never use that strength to hurt her, only for her, to help her, protect her. The fact that he’d seen her tears and stopped instantly made her heart want to burst. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have lost it like that, Dem.”

“No!” She protested, still teary “This is good crying. It was good. It was so good.” Harry’s concerned expression quickly shifted to a small, somewhat mischievous smile.

“You liked it so much that you were sobbing.” He said as he placed his cockhead at her entrance, rubbing it across her labia.

“Y-yes. O-ohhh!” It was so distracting. He was so fucking distracting. Even in public, her attention was inexorably drawn to him when he was near her, and now he was purposefully being distracting. Rubbing the head of his cock across her folds, dipping into her occasionally, but only enough so that the head penetrated her. “Please!”

“You’re close again?” Harry asked, with some genuine amazement. Demelza whimpered in response. She herself was surprised out how sensitive her body had become- if only for him. He seemed to have unlocked something in her when he’d finally taken her, and now she was exquisitely sensitive to him- for him. “Jesus Dem. You’re so hot.” He moaned “Cum for me.”

And she did- she came whimpering and twitching as Harry looked down at her with a mixture of awe and lust. “So fucking hot.” He murmured.
“For you.” She managed.

“So good for me.” Harry was stroking her hair now as she came down from her peak
“Amazing. I love you.” The warm affection in his eyes sparked a blossom of warmth in her chest. He meant it. He meant it.

He loves me. He loves me. He loves me.

Harry blinked, a hint of insecurity revealing itself as the words left his mouth. Demelza hurried to reassure him.

“I love you too. I love you.” Always.

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“Wait, so we got nothing from that?” Bill asked in disbelief.

“No, not nothing. Things did not go according to plan, but I’d consider this far from a loss.” Dumbledore corrected glibly.

Bill put his hands to his temples, they’d both risked their lives for that locket, and had almost died. And it was a fake! Realistically, he knew neither of them could be blamed for this, but it left a bitter taste in his mouth. “Okay, so what did we get from this?”

Wordlessly, Dumbledore slid a note to him.

To the Dark Lord,

I know I will be dead long before you read this but I want you to know that it was I who discovered your secret. I have stolen the real Horcrux and intend to destroy it as soon as I can. I face death in the hope that when you meet your match, you will be mortal once more.

R.A.B

“Holy shit.” Bill whispered “A horcrux? Is that- that’s what we’re after?”

“Indeed.” Dumbledore said “I believe it is time for you to hear the entire story.” And so he told him how Tom Riddle found a way to cheat death using some of the darkest known magics. He even told him of the diary. “I genuinely do not know what would have become of Tom Riddle had he not gone down this path. His fear of death drove him to darker and darker magics until it consumed him. Splitting his soul destroyed what humanity he had.”

“Damn.” Bill breathed “What about the rest of the note? Do we know who this R.A.B is?”

“In fact, I do.” Dumbledore answered happily “It can be none other than Regulus Arcturus Black.”

“Sirius’s brother.”

“Yes. He was killed as a traitor to the cause, though it seems unlikely that Voldemort discovered the depths of his betrayal.”

“Doubtful he’d have left that fake locket there if he had.” Bill agreed.

“Nor would he have left the real locket in Grimmauld Place.”
“Uh, what?”

Dumbledore next slid another locket towards him. It was a small thing, a dirty gold color with an emerald snake embedded on the front. More than anything, however, Bill could feel to cold malice emanating from the artifact.

“This thing was in that house the entire time?” Bill asked hollowly.

“Regulus entrusted it to Kreacher, who was happy to hand it over when I promised him I would destroy it. Apparently it had been almost thrown out during one of your mother’s cleaning sessions, but Kreacher saved it from being lost.”

Bill let out a shaky breath. “It’s a miracle nobody was hurt by it.”

“Indeed.” Dumbledore agreed “And now we have the opportunity to destroy it forever.”

“How?”

“I will trouble you with the specifics later.” Dumbledore steepled his fingers “There is something else we need to discuss first. It’s about Harry… and your sister.”

Bill felt a sinking feeling at the tone in the Headmaster’s voice. It took him back to that Floo call, when his dad had- pale faced- told him that Ginny had been abducted by the heir of Slytherin, or another late night Floo call, where his mum had told him of his Dad’s attack in the Ministry. Part of him didn’t want to know, but he knew he needed to know. “Professor, what’s wrong?”

Chapter End Notes

Up next- Luna’s bonding. =)
All Your Life

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“I’m glad we could do this.” Luna remarked, seemingly casually. Harry, however, knew her well enough by now to know that she was being more serious than she let on.

She really is. Hermione told him You really have no idea how much effort she’s put into preparing for tonight.

“Me too. I guess it’s nice to know we won’t really be separated during the summer.” Harry smiled. After all that had happened, the new moon had almost caught up on them. Luna was by default the next in line.

Luna beamed back at him. “I’m just so excited. I’m really interested in, well, feeling you. Ginny’s said its incredible.” Her eyes trailed down his body, and he detected a bit of hunger seeping into her gaze. “I’ve always been curious about those things. You know, I actually asked Snape if there was a sex change potion. Just for a few hours or a day, just to know what it felt like.”

“I guess Polyjuice would do it.” Harry remarked “Though it’s creepy thinking of people use someone’s body for that without their permission”.

Luna giggled “Your answer is a lot better than his was. I mean, it makes sense, you are a better teacher.” Harry couldn’t argue with her logic. Even being hard on himself and judging his time teaching the DA as ‘passable’, it was still superior to Snape’s methods.

“You know, that would still be pretty neat.” Luna speculated “Like, I could pretend to be you. And you could pretend to be me, or Ginny, or Fleur, mmm.” Harry wasn’t sure what to think about Luna apparently lusting after an engaged woman. Granted, he didn’t blame her. Fleur was… something else.

Harry was jolted from his thoughts when Luna unexpectedly grabbed his crotch, giving it a firm squeeze. Harry gasped, and his eyes bulged at the sudden contact. Luna giggled in response “Sorry, I just wanted to see how you’d react” Despite her apology, her hand remained in place, that girl really was handsy.

“Just don’t do that in public.” Harry allowed “I don’t think mph-” Luna silenced him with a kiss.

“Harryyyyy” She chimed “Do you really want to talk all night? I’d really rather get you naked. Katie and Ginny have been giving me pointers.”

“Pointers?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“It’s a surprise.” Luna giggled mischievously. Alright, now he was even more suspicious, but she was kissing him again, and her hand was unerringly stroking him through his pants. He moaned as his cock swelled under her ministrations, until it was tenting his pants, straining against the fabric uncomfortably. Luna smiled up at him lasciviously at his obvious arousal.

She always seemed to do this. Despite seeming to be submissive in many ways, she was always able to get exactly what she wanted out of him. For one, she had a habit of going for the
jugular. Her hands always seemed to find their way to his crotch, even in increasingly public places like when she had kissed him unexpectedly in the great hall. She always found ways keep him off balance and guessing.

The bigger part of it was that he simply couldn’t say no to her. Just looking in her eyes, which were always so earnest and vulnerable, sapped Harry of any will to deny her anything. She was Luna, and Harry would always be hard pressed to deny her anything she wanted.

*You’re just a big softy.* Ginny remarked.

“I really do love your penis.” Luna said conversationally, as she continued to fondle him through his trousers. “You know that, right?” She craned her head upwards, observing his face with intent.

God, did he know that. It still gave him a thrill every time, to know how his girls desired him. “Luna…” He hissed through his teeth. Thankfully, she didn’t seem to be looking for an answer to her question. Whatever she read from his expression was apparently enough for her because she smiled and proceeded to unbutton his trousers.

“I’ve thought a lot about it, you know- your penis.” She added, her casual tone undermined by the strain in her voice “I didn’t really before, though I guess I was curious, but now I think about it a lot.”

It was pretty clear on where this was going. He knew Katie well enough to get an idea of what advice she’d given Luna. Maybe he could put a wrench in that, though… “You’re really sexy too, you know.” Harry responded, and Luna froze.

“Really?” Honestly, she was worse than him when it came to taking compliments. “… why?”

“Absolutely.” He paused gathering his thoughts. He wanted to return the favor that his girls had done for him- showing him that he was lovable and desirable. Luna deserved the same, but Harry felt that his efforts had been mostly focused on the former. He and his friends had let her into their circle and shown her affection- but he was perhaps still too reserved to really show Luna how he *desired* her the same way she desired him.

So he embraced the more lecherous side of himself, and shared some of the thoughts of that only Ginny and Hermione knew. “You really don’t know how bloody hot you are, Luna. You just, you’re so brazen. You know what you want, and don’t even remotely care what anyone thinks. Do you know how hot that is- a girl who goes after what she wants like you do?”

Luna shook her head “I’m not like Ginny, or Katie.”

“I don’t want another Ginny, or another Katie. I already have each of those.” Harry said teasingly “Personally, I’d really like a Luna.” She giggled at that, so he figured he was on the right track.

“But Luna, it’s not just your personality.” Harry’s grin turned lustful “I don’t think you understand how much I love your body.” Luna blushed as he continued “If our uniforms weren’t so conservative, I’d have trouble keeping my eyes off you. When you wear that low cut nightdress, I can’t help but stare at your…”

“My boobs?” Luna supplied, using her hands to cup said assets.

“Why would you try not to?” Luna asked breathily. “I don’t.”
“Because… I don’t know. Its rude?” Harry fumbled “Its just, what I’ve been taught. You don’t ogle girls.”

“Well, I rather like it when you ogle me. And I like knowing that you’ve been trying not to, but end up doing it anyway.” Harry’s words had had a visible effect on her. Her breathing grew heavy and her blush spread from her cheeks down her neck, creating a striking contrast with her pale skin. Her eyes glinted with something wild and untamed, urging him on “Tell me more.”

“I want to ravish you. I want to grab and suck your tits- they’re so perfect, soft and lovely. I want to put my hand up your skirt and touch your thigh, slip under your panties, feel your cunt.” His eyes burned into hers as his voice grew rough “And not just when we’re alone together. Whenever I see you in public, I want it. I want you.”

Luna’s breathing was ragged now causing her chest to heave, and she had an almost crazed look in her eye. He’d never seen this like her before, and if he trusted her less, he might have been intimidated. Perhaps he should have been, because Luna pounced and mauled is face like a woman possessed. Her lips clashed with his and he found her tongue shoved into his mouth. She kept up the assault until she had to retreat for air. Harry was so dazed that he couldn’t properly react in time for her next assault, which was focused on his neck. Her mouth claimed him, her teeth digging into his skin and marking it. Her attentions moved down, until she reached his shirt, which gave her pause.

“Oh, right.” She said to herself.

“Luna…” Harry gasped, “What are you doing?”

“Katie was right. She was right.” She said, her voice was unrecognizable- it was harsh and ragged. She looked manic- crazed, even. “I’m going to give you everything.” She tore off her casual clothes, just a T-shirt and shorts, revealing to him that she hadn’t bothered to wear a bra or panties.

“Everything?” Harry parroted nervously, unable to keep his eyes from roaming her body. Her breasts were bared to him, and they heaved with her harsh breaths. He was tempted, so tempted to reach out and cup them, but he decided it’d be better to play along with Luna’s game- whatever it was.

She noticed his gaze, and reveled in it, arching her back to jut her chest out for his eager eyes. In a bit of sensual showmanship, she ran her hands down her body, from her breasts, to her abdomen, to her thighs, before dipping her fingers into her cunt luridly. “Everything.” She repeated “I’m gonna make you cum your brains out.”

“What’s gotten into you?” Harry asked. He hadn’t seen this side of Luna before… or had he? She’d been rather spontaneously aggressive in their earlier exploration. She’d always been uninhibited, maybe this was always lurking underneath the surface, waiting to be brought out.

“Your penis, of course.” Luna smirked, grabbing for said organ. It’d already been straining against his trousers, and Luna’s touch sent a wave of heat pulsing through it. Harry groaned as his cock twitched against its confinement. Luna had a one track mind- she didn’t even bother with his shirt. Instead, she mercifully unzipped his trousers and palmed him through his boxers.

Her eyes roved over him- the trousers pushed down to his thighs, his boxers, heavily tented by his erection his wrinkled and partially unbuttoned uniform shirt- until she met his eyes with a penetrating gaze. “You’re not going to fight me on this, are you Harry?” Her hand slipped under his boxers, teasing his head and frenulum. Harry gasped, the contact triggering a twinge of
pleasure as his cock twitched. “You’re not going to say no to me, are you?” She was trying to be
commanding, but underneath it, there was a vulnerability. Part of her was still afraid that he would
reject her.

And that was why he knew he’d never be able to.

“Never.” Harry vowed. “Luna. I’m yours. For as long as you’ll have me.”

“You’re mine?”

“Well.” Harry temporized “You’ll have to share me.”

Luna didn’t appear to be dissuaded by that in the slightest. No, she was practically glowing
as she pushed his boxers down “Mine.” She purred, caressing his cock. Her fingers greedily
circled around his shaft before she wrapped her hand completely around it and gave it a firm stroke
down to the base. Harry gasped softly as his cock gave another needy twitch.

God, she was gorgeous. The paleness of her skin was highlighted by the flush that stained
her cheeks and ran down her neck. Her eyes glittered as she stared down at his cock, her tongue
peaked out to wet her lips. Her breasts hung enticingly and Harry couldn’t resist trying to enfold
them in his hands.

Luna smiled and playfully slapped his hands away. “Harryyyyy, no!” She giggled.

“Why not?” Harry pouted good-humoredly “You seemed pretty happy when I told you how
much I loved your boobs, how much I wanted to hold them, touch them.” Luna silenced Harry with
a kiss.

“Because, Harry Potter. I know that if I let you, you’ll get me to cum, and I don’t want to
trigger the binding yet. I want this to be special for you.”

“Luna…” Harry tried to reach for her but was again rebuffed. This time Luna bound his
hands to his sides with a sticking charm.

“Katie taught me that.” Luna explained “You want to know how many times I made myself
cum tonight?” She said silkily “You know how I am, Harry. You know how hot I get when you
cum. I wouldn’t have been able to resist. Hermione helped me.” Harry gave her a look, and Luna
giggled again “Not like that. As nice as that’d be, no. She enchanted a plastic penis so that it’d
vibrate.”

At this point, Hermione piped in for Harry. I can’t believe how rare vibrators are in the
magical world. They’re- ahh- so easy to make.

Harry found his focus drifting across the bond, and he found that both Hermione and Ginny
were ‘warming themselves up’ Oh yes, I am looking forward to this, luv. Ginny purred. I can feel
how needy your cock is. Harry was aware of how her focus shifted to his cock at that statement.
The way she reveled in the sight and feel of it threatened to undo him. It felt like his cock had been
imbued with a static charge, and Luna seemed all too aware at how sensitive he was now. Instead
of a firm stroke, she continued to apply a feather light touch that left the needy organ throbbing and
twitching.

“Are Ginny and Hermione helping? They said they would.” Luna asked, and it was all
Harry could do to nod. He had the distinct feeling that he was being triple-teamed, and judging
from the amusement radiating from both Ginny and Hermione, he was right.
Face it luv, you’re outnumbered.

Don’t worry, Harry, you’re going to enjoy this.

With their encouragement, Harry began to whimper and shiver under Luna’s soft touch. Even without being able to read his mind, she seemed to instinctively know how close he was and how to keep him at the edge. He gasped and moaned, feeling utterly helpless. Yet at the same time, he could feel the adoring love spilling from Hermione and Ginny, and see it radiating from Luna. He knew that this was all for him, to give him as much pleasure as possible. He knew that they wanted to hear him moan and whimper and cry out, they wanted him to show them how good they made him feel.

“Even though I must have come half a dozen times, seeing you like this, it still has me so wet.” Luna admitted, dipping a hand to her cunt, and Harry could see that it was now coated with her arousal. “I’m going to make you cum now.” Her hand returned to his cock, and she began to pump him with vigor, using her arousal as lubrication.

_Cum for us Harry, I want to see that beautiful cock cum._ Hermione urged, while Ginny egged him on by telling him—

_C’mon, paint that little slut white!_

Under such an assault, Harry could only hold out for a few moments. With the urging of his girls he half-moaned-half-shouted “Ah! Ah! Ah! _OH FUCK!”_ As the first barrage of hot bliss surged through his cock. He writhed and the muscles in his core contracted, his whole body seemingly working to expel his seed. The first pulse exploded out from him powerfully, splattering across Luna’s face.

The blonde took this in stride and began to time firm long strokes with his orgasm. Her other hand went to lightly stroke his testicles as if coaxing them. The second pulse of pleasure was nearly as intense as the first, and another strangled scream was torn from his throat as his body expelled another string of cum onto Luna.

Her hands continued to work at Harry’s quaking cock, milking him for all he had until the last of his cock’s twitching had subsided, the last dribble leaked out from him, and Harry collapsed boneless and slack jawed back into bed.

He marveled at just how hard and long he had cum from just her skillful hands. It had just been a hand-job, but it felt like she’d wrung him dry with those hands. He looked up at Luna, and couldn’t help but shiver. She was absolutely _dripping_. Her face, her breasts, and her stomach were streaked with his cum, and she was reveling in it. On her face was a look of such raw arousal that made his cock tingle.

Her tongue swiped at her lips, and she shuddered at the taste of his seed. She held a cum streaked hand up, and took several harsh breaths as she stared at it. If this was her attempt to calm herself, it was failing spectacularly. She seemed to be getting _more_ worked up with each breath, and around them, Harry could see the colors rising in the air.

_Wow. She really wanted to make you cum a few times before she did, but after that cumshot…_ Ginny remarked. _Nice job by the way._

"_Oh.”_ Luna gasped roughly “I thought I could hold off, but…” Her hand plunged down to her pussy, rubbing viciously “I… uh… _FUCK!”_

Luna doubled over with pleasure, and Harry’s world exploded with light. The experience of bonding with someone, mind, heart, and soul, was downright impossible to get used to. Feeling
Luna knit herself together with him, someone interweaving herself, along with Ginny and Hermione, into the fabric of who he was… who they were… it was transcendental.

Luna stumbled to the floor, reeling from the new sensations bombarding her. He knew better than anyone how overwhelming it all was. He’d been in her position, even though through experience he had become better at handling… everything. He wished he could just reach out to her, reassure her physically. He couldn’t do that, but now… he didn’t need to.

He could see her, all of her. He saw through all the layers, layers built to protect herself from ostracization and disappointment, right down to her core. She was just a girl who wanted to belong.

_Oh, Luna. Of course you belong. Look- feel what I feel. Feel how I feel for you. I love you._

Luna froze and looked up at him. Yes. He urged. _Focus on me, its alright, its just me. No one else, just me._

It was Harry’s turn to reel back, as he was struck by the full force of Luna’s emotions- her passion, her admiration, her love for him. And then, following up on the heels of that- her desire, her lust.

And then she was upon him again. She _devoured_ his cock, forcibly deepthroating him. She stared up at him with startling intensity, her eyes black pits of lust. She was directing a tidal wave of emotions at him- love, a desire to please, _hunger_, but above all of there was a command. The force of emotion behind it was so strong that Harry couldn’t help but comply. _CUM._

And so he did, straight down her throat.

It would be a long night for both of them- particularly for Harry. But when he finally drifted off, it was with a feeling of satisfaction and contentment, which was mirrored and amplified by the identical emotions of the girl cuddling into his side.

Life was good.

Chapter End Notes

So, I apologize for the delay on this chapter. We had to put my dog down this weekend, so it's been an emotional time for me. I unfortunately had to power through some of this chapter, so I hope it doesn't show. I hope you enjoy!
Bill clutched the Sword of Gryffindor in a white knuckled grip. There was something about knowing that the innocuous locket on the floor in front of him was a thinking thing—more than an animated object, but something with its own thoughts, plans, and will—that unnerved him to his core. Bill would be more than happy once this thing was disposed of.

Well, that wasn’t true. As soon as he was done destroying the horcrux, he had to sort out what was going on with Ginny. What Dumbledore had told him was… disturbing. He knew that both of them must have good intentions, but Bill knew that dark magic had a way of distorting things.

He was sure that they both believed that what they were doing was normal and right, but how would they have reacted a year ago if they’d been told what they were doing now? He couldn’t imagine his sweet little sister getting herself involved in an orgy. He didn’t know Harry as well, but he didn’t think that shy boy had secretly wanted to collect a harem. Well, he didn’t want to think that.

What curdled his stomach more than anything was knowing that Ginny had again fallen prey to the influence of dark magic. Part of him wanted to blame her for it—wasn’t the experience with the diary lesson enough, but most of him blamed himself. He hadn’t been there for her, not really, not like when she was little. And now she was in trouble, again. Except this time the boy who had saved her was the one dragging her down.

He’d written to Ron about it—Dumbledore had let him know that he’d become estranged from his friends recently—and suspected it was connected to the ritual. However, Bill didn’t expect to hear back from him before summer, for now, he had to go off of what he knew, which was much less than he would have liked.

“Are you read, Bill?” Professor Dumbledore asked. He had his wand at the ready—he and the professor had spent some time examining the locket and the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets, and worked out how to counter the enchantment placed upon it. Now, it would take a simple flick of Dumbledore’s wand to open the locket.

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Bill nodded grimly.

“Remember, the locket will try to stop you. It will probably attempt to manipulate you emotionally—tempt you, lead you to despair, turn you against your allies—try to keep you wits about you.”

He’d heard all of this before “Understood.”

“Very well.”

Bill didn’t even register the locket opening. “Ginny?” He gasped, momentarily forgetting the situation. The sword hung at his side, held limply in his hand. She smiled and waved at him before turning to the side… to Harry. Harry scooped her in in arms and kissed her. It started as a simple kiss, but soon it deepened to something sensual… sexual. Harry’s mouth began to ravish Ginny’s neck, and Bill caught a glimpse of his face.
It wasn’t Harry. Bill had seen him from the Penseive memories, this was Tom Riddle.
“Ginny, stop!” Bill shouted.

“She won’t listen to you.” Harry/Riddle taunted. “Look at her.” Ginny was taking her clothes off, seemingly putting on a show for her twisted lover. “You’re too late. She’s mine.”

“Oh Harry.” Ginny moaned “I want you to fuck me.” Harry shot her a carnal grin and reached for her.

“DON’T TOUCH HER!” Bill snarled, suddenly overtaken by possessive fury. Part of it was seeing Ginny act so unlike herself- his innocent little sister acting so wanton, and part of it was seeing that pervert’s hands reaching up to defile her. He raised the sword once more.

“Touch her?” He taunted “I’ve done a lot more than that. I’ve done things to her you wouldn’t believe!”

Enraged, Bill thrust the sword straight through Harry/Riddle’s chest, but it passed straight through. Something tickled at the back of his mind- the locket.

He noted with satisfaction that the apparition’s eyes went wide with panic in the split second before he plunged the sword down into the open locket.

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While Hermione and Ginny had tried to be coy about what they had planned for the last night of term, Luna had freely given away the game, or at least some of it. It was a going away party, or more accurately, a going away orgy.

Every eye in the room turned towards him as he entered the Room of Requirement, and Harry felt like he was on display. He’d been informed to dress down- he’d only worn a T-shirt and his boxers- and it seemed that the girls were following the same dress code. Susan was the most conservative- wearing a full nightgown. Ginny and Luna had already forgone clothes altogether, and each was lazily masturbating the other. Harry was surprised to find that they were mentally communicating directly to each other. Harry decided to peak in on their conversation.

Look at him, Luna. He’s not even trying and he’s so bloody hot. Its ridiculous. As she thought this, Ginny mentally catalogued every feature she found unbearably attractive. The hair. His fingers. When he runs them through his hair… unf. His collarbone. Look at the way he just bit his lip! It still was hard to wrap his mind around- just how sexualized his body was to Ginny.

Luna, however, had a bit more of a one track mind. Cock... She moaned, and Harry realized she’d gotten ‘sucked in again’. Luna had had a more difficult time adjusting to the bond than either Hermione or Ginny. She took all the oddities of it in stride, sure, but she seemed to find it much harder to focus than the others had. Ginny mind had always been dirty, and she was used to reigning herself in so she could focus. Hermione didn’t have that advantage, but she’d been incredibly motivated to do well in class.

Luna, however, had always been absent minded. For a Ravenclaw, she wasn’t exactly studious, not in the traditional way, at least. She was downright brilliant in a way Harry hadn’t appreciated until he could actually see the inner workings of her mind- but she was rarely motivated in applying that brilliance to classwork. She constantly found things that interested her (often in the Quibbler, but just as often in some obscure text in the library) and would spend days devouring everything she could on the subject.
Now the new exciting thing that was of interest to her was Harry’s body. It was somewhat unnerving to notice Luna’s glazed expression at dinner, her fork hanging limply in her hand, and realize that her mind was cataloguing every move his body made and had been doing so for over an hour. Yes she was fascinated with his cock, but it went beyond that. Lifting a stack of books had her marveling at how strong he was, and he didn’t realize it was possible to eroticize chewing, but Luna had done it.

*Luna!* Ginny said sharply *Don’t leave me hanging!* Luna’s hand had stalled out in her distraction.

*Sor**y!* Luna squeaked, redoubling her efforts. *I wonder. Do you think Harry’s part Veela? That’d explain a lot. Are you a part-Veela Harry?*

Harry chuckled at being found out. *Last I checked- no.*

He was saved by further interrogation by Hermione clearing her throat. “Right, Harry. Why don’t you take a seat… and take off your clothes.”

“Would any of you like to explain what the plan is here?” Harry asked the room at large.

*We’re going to- Shut it!* Luna had nearly blurted out the plan, but Ginny’s rebuke and her vicious assault on Luna’s clit had silenced the girl.

“You’re just going to have to trust us, Harry.” Katie answered coyly.

Harry was obviously going to do as they asked, but there was no reason he couldn’t have a little fun with it. He tugged off his oversized shirt with one tug, dropping it on the ground and bowing theatrically, flashing the girls a cheeky grin.

“Showoff!” Katie teased.

“He does have a lot to show off.” Ginny uttered between harsh breaths; her eyes transfixed. She was rapidly getting close to the edge- Luna had quickly learned how to pleasure her- how hard to rub at her clit, how far to dip her fingers. Ginny’s fingers were faltering themselves, but Luna didn’t mind in the slightest. She was winning, after all.

Harry stroked himself through his boxers, the press of his hand gave the outline of him more definition, and he sighed softly as his cock swelled. “Honestly.” Hermione muttered, even as a hand moving to her pussy. “Just show us your bloody cock!”

With a final teasing smirk, he turned around so that his back was facing them, and *then* shucked off his boxers. “Oh, come on!” Katie groused. Without missing a beat, Harry turned around and leaned back into the armchair the room had provided for him, assuming a relaxed, confident pose that gave the girls a view of everything.

He began to stroke himself, slowly and deliberately, up and down. “This what you girls wanted?” He asked, meeting them each in the eyes in turn. Ginny responded by cumming, cursing, gasping, and twitching around Luna’s fingers. Luna smiled triumphantly and took the slick fingers into her mouth, humming in approval at the taste she found.

By now all of the girls had started touching themselves as well, many of them throwing off clothes. Hermione had shoved her panties down to her knees, one hand was gripped around her wand, slowly pumping it into her pussy, the other was rubbing her clit. He felt her need. She was so empty with her pathetic little wand in her, it didn’t hold a candle to his vibrant, thick cock.

Nothing, not even the vibrators she had fashioned were able bring her the satisfaction that Harry
could by sinking himself deep into her needy cunt and pumping his essence straight to her core.

A flash brought Harry from Hermione’s thoughts, and he was surprised to see that Katie had a camera.  “ Wanted to save that moment.” Katie grinned, holding up a picture capturing him slowly stroking his shaft, with an occasional flirtatious grin thrown at the camera. “Collin was all too happy to lend it to me for the night, no questions asked.”

“I want it.” Hermione declared with unexpected conviction.

Katie held a hand up “There’s a duplication function,” She explained, pressing a button in the back that caused the camera to produce another picture “So we can all have pictures of our stud showing off for us. Got any other poses in mind babe?” She winked at Harry.

There were giggles across the board at that statement. “Yeah, I’d like one where he’s really going at it.” Demelza offered “You know, for the lonely nights up ahead.” Katie pat her shoulder sympathetically.

“Also, one where he’s cuming. Of course.” Ginny said, still a tad breathless from her orgasm.

“I’d like one where he’s upside-down.” Luna added. I’m not sure how feasible that is, Luna.

But that’s part of the fun, isn’t it? Think about how challenging it would be. Though it probably would be something better for later.

Everyone seemed to be relaxed and enjoying themselves freely, except for Susan. She was tense, her hands were clenched at her sides and she was rubbing her thighs together in obvious arousal. Her gaze was fixed on Harry, but kept darting lower to his cock before she dragged her eyes back upwards “You alright, Susan?” Harry asked her.

Susan blinked, a little uncomfortable being put on the spot. “Er yeah, everything great!”

“I think Susan needs to go first.” Luna said seriously.

“Yeah, I think Harry needs to loosen her up.” Katie agreed. “Up and at ‘em.” She clapped Susan on the back. The girl in question jumped up- startled, but didn’t seem to know what to do next. Her eyes flickered down to his cock again as she shifted her weight from foot to foot.

“Hey, come here Susan.” Harry coaxed gently. Susan padded over to Harry, who put his hands comfortingly on her shoulders. “Do you not want to have sex in front of the others?” He asked her quietly.

“No!” Susan protested “Its fine. I want to be a part of this… I’m just, a little intimidated about having everyone watch us.”

Harry smiled “I think I can fix that.”

“How? Oh-hm!” He kissed her. She squeaked in protest a moment before melting into him. His hand threaded through her hair and trailed down her cheek and jawline. Susan gave a deep, desirous moan and deepened the kiss, molding her face to his. Susan’s hands were active as well, one gripping the hair at the base of Harry’s neck and the other reaching down to his shaft. The angle was wrong, however, and she could do nothing more than lightly stroke and tease it.

Harry kissed down her neck, allowing Susan to throw her head back and moan “Oh…
Harry. I- uh, uhn, ah! Oh, so good!” Harry was tilting her backwards, and Susan’s hands went to his shoulders to help support herself. With his hand at the small of her back supporting her, her body arched into him. Unthinkingly, she pressed against his cock. Between the anticipation that had been building all evening, the show that Harry had put on, and the combination of Harry’s attentions and being pressed so close to his naked body, Susan’s cunt was radiating heat- leaking and throbbing with need. So, when the blind twitching of her hips pressed her core right against his bare cock, Susan couldn’t help but moan, and couldn’t hide how her knees quivered.

Moan after moan tumbled from her mouth as she ground against his cock, only the smooth (and as it grew damp- clinging) material of her nightgown separating his shaft from her trembling cunt. Harry ripped open the top of her nightgown, and his mouth swiftly attached itself to her breast, his tongue swiping firmly around her areola as his mouth provided suction before moving to her other breast. Susan’s knees grew weak and she relied more and more on Harry’s support as she rutted against him, until finally Harry pushed her to the ground, so that she was on her hands and knees facing the others.

It was only then that she remembered that they had an audience. The five other girls, watching them, playing with themselves. For a moment, her embarrassment returned. Harry ripped off her nightgown, audibly renting the fabric as he removed it from the body. She was on display for everyone to see, oh Merlin, they could all see her!

Harry leaned over her, his hands tracing over the contours of her back before circling around to cup her breasts. “You’re fucking gorgeous, Susan.” Harry purred in her ear. His hands travelled back down her body, gripping her slick thighs and parting them. “You’re pussy looks so delicious, in fact I could…” He finished that statement by leaning down and pressing a kiss to those folds.

Susan’s vision swam as her entire world was engulfed of the feel of his warm lips and tongue. She let out a particularly lewd moan when his tongue pressed into her clit, which continued as he stroked at her clit with his tongue “Uhn! Uhn! Uhn! Uhn!” Harry’s mouth had cast a spell on her. She didn’t care about being watched, she couldn’t care less that everyone could hear her porn-star moans.

And then, as soon as it started, Harry stopped. She cried out in protest. “Come one Sue, you don’t want it to be over already, do you?”

If it were physically possible to blush more than she was, Susan would have. They’d quickly discovered that Susan couldn’t cum multiple times in a row. She needed time to recover, during which she was rather oversensitive. She’d been a little ashamed that she couldn’t keep going and going like Harry’s other girls, but Harry had assured her it didn’t bother him in the slightest. Academically, she knew that Ginny, Hermione, and Luna must have already known, and there wasn’t much point in hiding anything from Katie and Demelza, but that didn’t mean he had to tell everyone!

As mortification seeped through her, it mixed with her arousal into a heady cocktail, and when Harry pressed his cock lengthwise against her slit, it erupted as a shameful moan. She had to hold on. It’d be humiliating if she came before he did. But she had to cum. She needed it. They could all see it. They’d heard her moaning like a slut. They knew how pathetic she was. But oh god his cock felt so damned good against her cunt. “Are you doing alright there, Susan?” Harry asked her.

Susan didn’t respond at first, just panting as she tried to regain some semblance of herself. Harry helped her along but stroking her back, and after a long minute she felt like she could trust
herself again “Yeah.” She answered belatedly “I’m good.”

Harry placed his cockhead at her entrance and made a liar out of her by slowly hilting himself. A moan tumbled out of Susan’s mouth at the blissful sensation of being parted and filled. Blearily she looked around the room. Ginny was smirking knowingly at her. Luna was leering lustfully at her cleavage while Hermione was looking past her completely—instead gazing desirously at Harry. Demelza seemed to be in another world entirely her eyes unfocused as she teased herself. Katie was wielding the camera—she’d been taking pictures the entire time!

Before Susan could fully process that, Harry began to fuck her in earnest, setting a steady pace that had Susan fighting to contain herself. As much as she struggled, however, she just couldn’t contain herself. Moan after moan spilled from her, it was so good—it was so good, and when Harry stopped again she gave a sob. “Harry!” She begged “Don’t- don’t stop! Please?”

Harry leaned forward again and spoke softly in her ear, his voice was deep and warm, and sent shivers down her spine “Convince me.”

She knew what he wanted. If they were alone, she wouldn’t have second thoughts, but with an audience… the indecision only lasted a moment however. When Harry began dragging his cockhead up and down her folds, she knew she couldn’t stand the teasing.

“Oh Harry. Please fuck me.” She began shamelessly “I want… I want your thick cock in me. I want you to fuck me like a slut! Fill me up! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” The words exploded from her mouth with unexpected conviction. She blinked, surprised at herself. She could hear the smile in Harry’s voice as he said “Good girl.”

Distantly, Susan registered Demelza squeaking.

Susan cursed viciously as Harry plunged his cock back into her “Fuck! Harder! Fucking pound me!” She demanded as Harry unleashed himself on her, fucking her for all he was worth.

It didn’t take long for them to reach the edge together, and when they did, Susan went stiff as she screamed. After a long minute of spasms and convulsions, Susan collapsed onto her side—blissfully spent. “I think I’ll just lay here right now.” She managed.

“That was brilliant.” Katie praised “I knew you had it in ‘ya.” She winked at Susan. “My turn now. Who wants the camera?” Luna volunteered to take the camera, while Katie stalked towards Harry. She was completely naked and looked completely predatory as she eyed him up.

“Er, Katie?”

“Hey there, stud.” She teased, smiling as Harry blushed in response. “You want to know what I have planned for you?”

“Yeah?”

Katie raised her eyebrows “That’s a little indecisive. Where’s the bloke who stared down a Basilisk?”

Harry briefly considered arguing that there wasn’t much staring involved with, you know, the Basilisk, but figured it was a moot point. “Fine. I would like to know what you have planned for me. Better?”

“Cute.” She smirked, pressing a quick kiss to her lips. “I drank a strengthening potion before I came here. You want to know what that means?”
She didn't wait for a response. With surprising strength, she gently shoved him backwards, tipping Harry over. A bed provided by the room catching his fall. Harry looked up at her- in awe of how her lithe body moved- with precision and grace, equal parts smooth curves and rippling muscle. “It made me stronger, of course, and gave me more stamina. All the better to fuck you with, my dear.”

Harry gulped, much to Katie’s delight, as she reached down to fondle his penis. “You have such a gorgeous cock, babe.” She purred “I’m going to enjoy ravishing it.” She straddled him, positioning him at her entrance. “I don’t see the need for foreplay, do you?” She asked rhetorically “Not when- Ahng!- Ooooh yes, that’s good dick.” She moaned as she engulfed him.

Katie clenched herself around him, and Harry shuddered from the sensation of it- instead of gentle massage, if felt as if she were trying to wring his cock dry. Gasping, he propped himself up. How strong was she?

As if reading his mind, she answered “I’m stronger than you, Harry.” To demonstrate this, she pushed him back into the bed, gently yet firmly. Her hands went to his forearms “Go ahead, try to break free” She encouraged.

Harry tried, straining himself as he attempted to push up against her grip. For a moment, it seemed as if he were making progress- lifting up slightly- but Katie quickly redoubled her effort and pushed his arms back down. Her eyes glinted down at him, she’d clearly enjoyed the display.

“Look at all the sexy muscles.” She crooned “Useless. Even if you could break free, it wouldn’t matter. You know why?” She smirked “I have your cock.” She clenched around him again to prove her point, grunting as Harry arched himself up into her. “That aching, sensitive, twitching thing between your legs… well, its between my legs now.” She clenched again, and Harry jerked his hips up into her again, almost as if she were sucking him in. “Right now, I own this cock.” She rose up and slammed her hips back down on him with force, and Harry moaned, reeling at the precise power of her stroke.

Katie clenched around him again, and Harry’s cock twitched in response. Harry whimpered as he desperately tried to stave off his orgasm. “Baby, don’t fight it” Katie coed, her voice becoming steely as it continued “You’re not in control here. Your cock is mine. Your orgasm is mine. Your cum is mine. I’m in charge, admit it.”

“You’re in charge.” Harry echoed, and Katie growled.

“Say it again.” Katie panted harshly. He looked up to see her fingers at her clit, swirling viciously around the nub.

“Oh, fuck! You’re in charge!”

“So cum.” Katie commanded, slamming her hips down on him once more. Harry cried out with his release. Katie joined him, and it felt like instead of him ejaculating in her, her cunt was suctioning the cum straight from his balls. “Yes!” Katie shouted euphorically “ Fucking cum in me!”

After his peak, Harry sank into the bed, feeling much like a puddle. Katie unceremoniously collapsed on top of him. “Good boy.” She said breathlessly “Such a good boy. Deserves a reward.”

“A reward?” Harry asked cautiously.

Katie propped herself up. “Damn, that was a bloody good orgasm, Harry. Don’t worry
though” she smirked “There’s plenty more where that came from.” Her hand went back to his cock, which grew hard as she stroked it. “You know what’s special about you Harry? …besides your great personality, or your body, or your flying skills…” She paused thought “I digress. This is special.” She squeezed his cock lightly, but just tightly enough to demonstrate how much harder she could squeeze. “No refractory period.” She shook her head in mock disbelief “You’re the perfect breeding stud, babe.”

Harry raised his eyebrows at that, she’d been using that term a lot, but he really didn’t know what she intended by it. “What?” She asked “Do you really think we’re going to let you go get a job after all this is over?” She looked around at the other girls a moment before returning her attention to Harry “You’re going to have seven women to please, Harry. You can’t do that in a cubicle.” She shook her head exaggeratedly “C’mon, do you really want to fight dark wizards the rest of your life? Wouldn’t you rather stay at home, pleasing your loving wives, taking care of our kids and our home?”

Harry had to admit, the idea appealed to him on some level. He’d decided on being an Auror as his goal, but had he chosen that career because he really wanted to do it, or because fighting dark magic was all he knew? But could respect himself if he was a stay at home dad? Wasn’t he supposed to support his family?

Harry, I think you have enough money to support all of us as it is. Hermione contributed You shouldn’t decide your life around what you think you should do, what matters most is what you want. If you really want to fight dark wizards after all this, then you should do it. We’ll figure out a way to make ‘us’ work. But don’t feel like you have to, or that you have to decide now.

She made a lot of sense, but Harry still felt that he should do something more productive with his life. Katie sensed his indecision, and snuggled back up to him. “Don’t worry. You’ve got time to think about it. I just think we’d all be happier this way.”

“I think we got a little off track.” Harry suggested “I believe you were about the fuck my brains out.”

Katie giggled, mounting him once more “Well, you asked for it.”

Katie pounded out another five orgasms from Harry, and when she finished, she didn’t look exhausted so much as supremely satisfied. She returned to her seat with an ecstatic expression on her face, sitting back to finger herself lazily. “Who’s next?”

Finally, he settled on Ginny. “Hey Gin, wanna fuck?”

What a smooth talker. Ginny sniggered How did you get all of us wrapped around your finger again?
Harry let his eyes roam over her body, the sight of it was so familiar to him now, but it was no less alluring. She was so sexy—always so sexy. The signs of her arousal were obvious—her chest heaved, her skin flushed, her legs parted subconsciously as he approached. *You aren’t fooling anyone, Gin. We both know how desperate you are. We both know that all I have to do to get into your panties is to tell you to bend over. So do you want to keep playing this game, or should I plunge my cock into that desperate little hole of yours?*

Ginny knew he was right. She could tease and bluster, but when it came down to it she could never say no to her ravenous cunt—to that gnawing, insatiable hunger between her legs. Ever since she’d given into it, she’d found it harder and harder to say no to. It wasn’t like she was constantly in a lust fueled haze. She paid attention in class—usually—but she had to admit the slightest attention from Harry tended to have her following the whim of her cunt.

Harry’s eyes were boring into hers, but all Ginny could look at was his cock—the way it bobbed and twitched, how swollen and red with blood it was, with veins prominently running down the shaft. *Hng.* Her cunt clenched in need. “Please.” She said aloud, before continuing silently *You’re right. You’re right. I’ll always want it, anytime, anywhere. Can’t you feel how empty my pussy is? It needs your cock to fill it. It needs—* Ginny’s monologue was interrupted by the rush of bliss and satisfaction as Harry plunged into her. Ginny’s inner walls easily parted for him, like welcoming an old friend.

*UUHNG! So good. So good!* She really was shameless, and she was pulling out all the stops. Mentally, she was tugging them closer and closer together, making it impossible for him to ignore just how good his cock felt when he buried it in her, how primally satisfying being filled by a thick cock felt. That alone would have been enough to bring him over the edge, but Ginny coupled that with the lewdest dirty talk she could come up with. *C’mon luv, don’t you want to pump a hot load in this cunt? Is this pathetic, drooling hole still a good enough place to dump your cum? I can feel that load churning in your balls, you’re gonna paint my insides white.*

The feedback loop the bond provided ensured they would both cum, but Ginny was getting there faster than he was—probably because he’d already had many spectacular orgasms tonight. Ginny recognized this and began to get desperate. *Nonono, please luv. Give it to me. Cum in me. Cum in me! Cum!* 

Harry was bombarded with the force of Ginny’s emotions— but mostly her desperate, ravenous need. It still surprised him, just how powerful her lust was, just how much she wanted, needed, *craved* his body. Feeling just how much she wanted him would always undo him.

Harry and Ginny collapsed into the chair together, panting and clinging to each other in the aftermath of their combined release. *Damn.* Harry wasn’t sure if the sentiment emerged from Ginny or him first, but they both felt it.

They wouldn’t be allowed to bask in the afterglow.

*You two are so sweet.* Luna cooed as she snapped a picture of them cuddling. *But we aren’t done with you yet, Harry.*

They were going to be the death of him.
First of all, I really appreciate everyone's kind words and support. It's been an emotional time for me and my family, but we're okay.

Anyway, I'm really happy with this chapter (particularly Katie's turn). I'd originally wanted this scene to be in one chapter, but I was inspired and it just ballooned out of control. So you're going to get the thrilling conclusion next update, along with what's been going on with Ron, the official end of the school year, and a surprise. ;)
Harry’s cock, which had been resting half hard against Harry as he’d been cuddling with Ginny twitched back to life when he caught sight of Luna. She looked wild- she must have cum half a dozen times so far, most of which were borne while trying to focus on taking pictures, and it showed.

Harry would never be able to get over how Luna- so pale skinned- blushed when aroused, how the redness would mar not just her face, but her neck and upper chest. It was striking and sexy, and somehow so very Luna. Locks of her waist length hair hung in front of her, partially obscuring half her face, yet Harry could still see the depraved look in her eyes as they roved up and down Harry’s body hungrily. Her mouth was hanging unabashedly open and drool was trickling out.

Strands of her hair clung to her sweat-slick body down as far as her stomach. Her chest heaved with her ragged breathing, and one of her hands was stroking her diamond hard nipples. Her other arm stretched down the length of her body like a pale column, and she had two- no, three- fingers jammed up her cunt. Rhythmic, breathy grunts escaped her mouth as her fingers and hips twitched into each other.

It may have been the sexiest thing Harry had ever seen. Seeing her like this, exuding such uncontrolled, raw sexuality lit Harry on fire. His cock twitched and pulse with pleasure as it engorged before Luna’s eye. That seemed to be all Luna needed to push herself over the edge. Her fingers lodged themselves ever further up her cunt, and she let loose a low keening moan as her body shook. Her knees shivered and then buckled, and she half fell straight into Harry, who was able to steady her so that she was leaning heavily against him even as she rode out her orgasm.

The tension left her body as Luna finished, and she slumped against Harry haphazardly. The length of her body pressed into him, her breasts against his chest and her legs straddling his thigh. She shifted against him absently for a moment, trying to get comfortable, before she seemed to realize her position- his naked body below hers, his cock pressing right into her. Even though she’d literally just came, her motor switched into gear like a light switch.

This had become par for the course for her. The day after they had bonded, Luna intercepted him in the hall after Defense Against the Dark Arts. Harry only had a moment to steel himself. He knew that she’d been distracted all morning, and he had promised to help her after class, but he hadn’t expected her to corner him right after class. It wasn’t a crowded hallway, but it wasn’t exactly private- there were a few of Harry’s classmates still around- notably Pansy Parkinson and a few of her friends.

She mauled him in a way that reminded Harry of those first few times she kissed him, throwing all restraint out the window and mashing her mouth into his. Her hands wove into his hair to pull him closer, her body pressed against his, and she trapped his thigh between her legs, grinding against it shamelessly.

Harry had gotten swept away by her enthusiasm, and when Luna tipped over the edge not a minute later, Harry instinctively pulled her closer, muffling her moans and hiding how her body shook.
Luna had released him after that, wobbling on her feet slightly before Harry stabilized. He looked around and noticed that Hermione and Susan had done damage control by casting privacy charms and shooing the curious away. Despite their efforts, the incident was the talk of the school that day, though thankfully no one realized exactly what had happened.

But that had only been the beginning. One orgasm wasn’t enough to distract Luna from her newfound fascination with Harry’s body. On their way to lunch, Luna trailed behind Harry, and he nearly tripped over himself when he noticed that she’d been staring at his arse the entire way. At lunch, Ginny had decided to throw fuel on the fire by subtly fondling his erection through his pants. Luna had been completely distracted- slobbering over and devouring a set of sausages in the most suggestive way possible with barely any conscious input, as her mind was almost entirely focused on his cock.

It had been a week since the ritual, yet Luna was still distracted.

More like bloody insatiable. He mused as the girl began to ravish his body.

“Mmmphg.” Luna moaned unintelligibly, her mouth mostly occupied with licking and nibbling at his chest. “’mm gonna fuck you now.” She was straddling him her legs splayed on either side of him as she reached down and quite efficiently slid him inside of her. Her vagina was small, and his thickness stretched her out in a way that was both satisfying and a little overwhelming. Her hips picked up a lazy rhythm as she got used to his girth, slapping against him weakly. “Sho nice, wanna savor it.” She mumbled, her tongue circling his nipple.

She was so damn tight around him, it was just too much teasing for him to take. So, with a soft growl he grabbed her ass in both hands and forced her hips down as he arched upwards. With a single thrust, he sheathed himself deep within her. Luna gasped, and as Harry set his own tempo, began to grunt in time “Nngh. Nnhg. Nnngh! Gonna cum. Gonna cum on your c-uuuhng!”

She came, her body quivering as it melted around his unyielding shaft, but Harry didn’t slow. Even as Luna gibbered and drooled onto his chest, he speared himself into her. Her position on top of him belied the fact that he was using her body. His hands directed her hips, pulling her into his upward thrusts. With each thrust, her body twitched in pleasure like a puppet on a string and a breathy moan escaped her.

Harry’s own pleasure was rapidly rising, his cock felt so hard and powerful as it began to throb. “You want me to really fuck you?” He hissed, flipping them over so that Luna was lying right next to Ginny. “You think your little pussy can handle it?”

The redhead leapt at the opportunity, one hand slipping to Luna’s breasts, and her mouth alternating pressing kisses to her neck and jawline and muttering dirty talk in Luna’s ear. “Beg him. You know you’re a slut for his cock.” Ginny’s voice was ragged from arousal- she was using her other hand to inelegantly finger herself “We both know that you’re desperate for it, that if he wanted you to, you’d spend hours on your knees, worshiping his dick. We both know that he could ruin your little pussy right now if he wanted to. You want him to do it. Beg him.”

“Mmmm ohpleasefuckme.” Luna moaned- nearly incoherent “OhfuckmefuckmefuckmefuckmeFUCK!” Harry didn’t need any further prompting. He’d never really fucked Luna hard before. She was so tight around him, and there was still some part of him that had a hard time treating Luna with anything but the utmost care.

Those barriers were gone now. Harry gripped Luna’s arse tightly as he railed into her. Luna howled in ecstasy as Harry savagely fucked her, his cock driving into her and seemingly
splitting her apart with each thrust. She could feel his mind, there were no words, just a pure masculine dominance that emanated from him and threatened to overwhelm her. She let it. He was irresistible, so steady and strong, unyielding and passionate, she just wanted to give in to him.

Nearby, Hermione’s arousal-coated wand clattered to the floor. The brunette had found her wand lacking and was now bent over herself, fucking herself with a dildo as viciously as possible. Ginny too was getting close, her attentions towards Luna had almost completely halted, except for the vicelike grip her hand had on Luna’s breast. With her other hand, she mercilessly daggered two fingers into her cunt. If Harry had had the presence of mind, he might have noticed that both of them were mimicking his own pattern of thrusting, simulating how he was fucking Luna.

Harry came with a roar and Luna followed him over the edge, compelled by the pleasure and satisfaction he felt by releasing himself in her. It was almost too much for her, feeling him pump his seed into her after being fucked like she’d never been before. She was certain she’d be sore tomorrow, but she doubted that she’d regret the experience.

Harry collapsed into the loveseat, nestling between Ginny and Luna, who instinctively curled into him. The three of them caught their breath, recovering from their collective peak. Hermione, meanwhile, let out a growl of frustration in the aftermath of her own peak.

“Problem Hermione?” Harry queried, moving to sit up.

Hermione wasn’t in the mood for teasing. Seething with frustration, she surged from her chair and pushed Harry back into the cushions. Ginny and Luna gamely assisted, each grabbing ahold of one of his arms. “Yes, actually.” Hermione answered in a strained voice “My problem is this thing” She waved her dildo around erratically “I modelled it after your cock down to the last detail, and it’s still a poor replacement for the real thing. It just doesn’t satisfy. Ugh!” She tossed the sex toy aside, her eyes focusing on the appendage it was modelled on. “C’mon Harry.” She gripped his shaft be the base with one hand while the other stroked him firmly “Get fucking hard for me. I need this bloody cock in me.”

Her tongue swiped across her lips periodically as she stared down at his cock with burning eyes, clearly ogling him through her magic-sight. “Mmm, yes.” She moaned as Harry’s manhood swelled in her hands. The hand that had been gripping his base moved to cup his scrotum while her other hand continued its long, firm strokes up and down the shaft. “These balls better give me a nice, big load.” Her fingers caressed his balls, as if gently kneading them, coaxing them for semen.

“Mmmh, there we go.” She let out a long, satisfied moan as she mounted him and eased him inside of her, keeping one hand cupped around his testicles. “Oh, yes.” She began to rock her hips, and Harry thrust upwards to meet her. It felt like a sinful overindulgence, having her around him after already having been inside four other girls. They all felt slightly different, in sometimes subtle ways, in tightness, shape, wetness, how they gripped him, he could pick them out just by feel.

The motion of her thrusting caused her breasts to jiggle erotically, inciting Harry’s hands to cup them. But, of course, they couldn’t, Ginny and Luna were holding him back. Hermione chuckled knowingly “That’s very flattering Harry, you can look but no -ohhh- touching. You only have one job- cum in me.”

The three girls worked together- Hermione rode him brilliantly, building up a rhythm until the sound of the slap of her hips against his filled the room. Ginny and Luna rained kisses on his chest, neck and face, and all three sent him a stream of dirty thoughts. Despite the fact that he’d cum many times that night, Harry quickly succumbed under such an onslaught. His attempts at
restraining himself were all dismantled by his girls, and he found himself careening towards the edge.

He could feel it, boiling up in his testicles under the attention of Hermione’s fingers, and as his orgasm approached Hermione began to grin “Yesss. Pump that cum right into me. Do it!” Hermione knew the moment he began to cum, when the heat in his balls boiled over and erupted through his shaft. She was overwhelmed by his magic, her words turned to wordless screams of ecstasy the instant he began to ejaculate. Her body continued to fuck him out of pure instinct, her hips slapping against his lewdly and her walls milking his cock hungrily.

She continued this assault until the last dribbles finished leaking out of him, and when her body recognized that nothing more could be drawn from him it promptly gave out. She collapsed bonelessly against him, her breasts pressed against his chest, and a blissed-out smile on her face. The infusion of magic from Harry’s orgasm has launched her into euphoria. The press of his skin against hers felt divine, sending tingles of pleasure down her spine.

With Ginny and Luna on either side of him and Hermione on top, Harry was completely ensconced. Harry found himself having to catch his breath between kisses, the instant Ginny’s lips left his, Luna swept in to take her place, only for Hermione to be right on her heels after Luna disengaged. The three of them worshiped his body, rubbing against him, caressing and kissing everywhere they could.

By this point, Harry truly was beginning to reach his limit. He was beyond satisfied, and it was really the needs of his girls that kept him going. He’d gone flaccid and slipped out of Hermione, but the presence of his cock so close to her lower lips was too much for her to resist. Despite his fatigue, when Hermione began rubbing against his soft cock it twitched back to life. Hermione’s entire body was abuzz with Harry’s magic, and she was so sensitive that it only took a few seconds of grinding her clit against his half hard shaft for her to tip over the edge. But something tickled at the back of his mind, even through Hermione’s deliciously distracting whimpers, something, someone… Demelza!

Without much thought, he turned Hermione over and got up, his eyes seeking Demelza out. The girl had been edging herself the entire time. Oh, Demelza. He hadn’t meant to ignore her for so long. It’d just been too easy to get swept up in things, especially with his more assertive partners taking the lead. It was time to make it up to her.

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Demelza was at her breaking point. Watching woman after woman cum on Harry’s cock had been hard enough. Watching that display while edging herself had made it almost unbearable. She had resorted to using a single finger to tease her slit, anything more would set her off for sure, but even that was becoming hard to bear.

When she noticed Harry approach, it felt like salvation. She scrambled to her feet and snapped to attention. Her entire body was taught, wound up so tight she half expected something to snap. She was already so painfully aroused, yet as Harry stepped close to her, she felt it respond to his mere presence. Her diamond hard nipples tingled, pleasurable heat flushed all across her body, and her cunt quivered. And who could blame her, he had just fucked five women to satisfaction right in front of her. His body and his still hard cock glistened with the combined sweat and arousal of his partners, and all Demelza could think at that moment was that this sex god was now entirely focused on her.

Harry put a hand on each of her shoulders, she looked into his eyes and was enveloped by the warm
compassion, goosebumps erupted on her arms and her body shuddered with the force it took to not cum on the spot. “M-master, please.” She begged, tears springing from her eyes.

He leaned over, put his mouth next to her ear and murmured “Cum for me, love.”

Demelza crumpled as she came apart, and she would have fallen over if Harry hadn’t been there to support her. He gently eased her to the ground as her body was wracked by wave after wave of pleasure. When she came to, Demelza found that Harry was cradling her, her head resting securely against her chest. “Thank you.” She breathed.

Harry smiled lovingly at her as she smoothed her tangled hair. “Sorry for keeping you waiting.” Demelza’s eyes fluttered shut contentedly as she burrowed closer into Harry’s embrace. “In fact, since you’ve been so good tonight, I’d like to give you a reward.”

Demelza perked up “Like what, sir?”

“Anything you want.”

Her mind danced with the possibilities; it was a little overwhelming. One of the main reasons why her unorthodox relationship with Harry worked so well was because she loved the feeling of freedom that came with handing over that decision-making responsibility to someone else. She actually wished that he hadn’t given her the choice, that he’d decided what her reward would be himself.

But then again, that did give her an idea… “With your permission, I’d like to give you a blowjob, sir.”

Harry blinked in surprise “That wasn’t… exactly what I had in mind.” He said, bemused.

“What, you said it was my choice. And you should know, master, that I will always choose to service you.” While her words were subservient, her tone held a hint of rebelliousness.

Harry chuckled to himself, how could this girl simultaneously be so submissive, yet still find ways of telling him off? “Well then.” He teased as she stood up and then sat back in a chair, unabashedly spreading his legs, given her complete access to his prominent erection. “Your wish is my command.”

Demelza eyed him up for a moment, before reaching out tentatively with her hand. Instead of outright grabbing him, she brushed her fingers lightly against his shaft, soaking in the texture of it, the veins that travelled up the length of him. “Master.” She intoned “My mouth is for your pleasure.”

She looked up worshipfully at him as she pressed her lips to his cockhead, giving Harry the perfect tableau of her. She began to press more kisses down his length, she treated his cock like it was a holy artifact, handling it almost reverently. From the base, she kissed his testicles, caressing each of them with her tongue before licking back up his length. From there, she repeatedly kissed his cockhead, each time taking it in just a bit further, until it was enveloped in her mouth.

While she’d been trying to keep her eyes locked with his, she couldn’t manage it once she began to take him in her mouth. She relaxed her jaw as she pressed further, her lips sliding down his length. As she neared his crotch, her nostrils were flooded with the scent of him, and it acted like an aphrodisiac, urging her forward. She lowered herself until her nose was pressed into his crotch, she held herself there for a long minute, and only when she couldn’t stand the lack of oxygen any longer did she withdraw. The lightheadedness combined with her arousal and affection
for Harry made a heady, intoxicating mixture.

“Oh, wow.” Harry breathed “You’ve gotten good at that.”

Demelza barely acknowledged him. She hadn’t even fully caught her breath before she dove back down on him, taking him until her lips were glued to his crotch and staying there until her eyes watered. Harry had even tried to pull her back earlier, but Demelza locked her arms around his hips as she refused to be detached from his cock.

“Dem, you don’t have to... go that far.” Harry panted, arousal clearly tainting his voice even through his concern.

“Is that an order, master?” God, there was that rebelliousness again. Harry couldn’t resist her.

“Err, no.” Seemingly satisfied, Demelza returned to her work of choking herself on Harry’s cock. She became rougher with each stroke, until she was nearly ramming him down her throat. She could tell by how he twitched in her mouth that he was getting close, and when Harry’s hands shot up and instead of pulling her closer or pushing her back, held you so that he was only partway in her, she took the hint and sucked. He spilled himself into her, and she eagerly took every drop.

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Much later, after a significant recovery period. The group, still unclothed, had collected themselves and gathered together, sitting in a tight circle.

“Right, so we’re about to be separated.” Susan announced “And, well, that’s going to present a few problems. Both practical and uh...” She blushed, her eyes flickering tellingly to Harry. “…recreational.” There were more than a few giggles at that phrasing.

“Well, these pictures will be very recreational.” Demelza blushed “Very, very recreational.”

“That reminds me!” Hermione exclaimed, digging through her bag and pulling out five dildos- all perfect replicas of Harry’s penis. “It took quite a while to get the spell just right, but it feels great, even if its not the real thing and...” She tapped her wand on one of the dildos, causing it vibrate “One tap and it vibrates.”

The room burst into giggles and chatter as pictures and sex toys exchanged hands. Susan was blushing crimson as she accepted her own vibrator and snatched a few of the pictures. Harry himself felt set, he was bonded to three sexy women, pictures couldn’t hold a candle to that.

Eventually the conversation turned more serious “Communication won’t be an issue.” Hermione explained “I’ve enchanted parchment with a variant of the protean charm, so we can coordinate without relying on owls, which could be intercepted.” There were general nods of agreement.

“And the plan for Harry’s living situation...” Hermione trailed off distastefully “Is in flux.”

“I’m going to reach out to whoever I can in the order, see if they would be willing to help us spring Harry from the Dursleys early.” Ginny took over “I’m thinking Fleur and Bill are going to be the best option.”

“That’s quite the turnaround for you, Gin.” Harry teased.
Ginny glowered at him, but was too tired to rise to the bait. “Look, Fleur knows about us already… mostly. I honestly don’t know where her mind’s at right now, but I think Bill can convince her.”

Susan, however, was skeptical “I’m not sure about this. Didn’t you say that Bill’s very… monogamous? Wouldn’t he have a hard time accepting this… situation.”

Ginny bit her lip in thought. “He’s my favorite brother, he’s always been wonderful to me. If I explain it to him properly, I think I can convince him. And Fleur isn’t as much of a prude as I thought. I think that if she knows that its to save Harry’s life, that would convince her.”

“She does seem to like you, Harry.” Luna agreed.

“Er, okay, what about Tonks, and Remus?” Harry pivoted.

“Tonks does seem to be the open minded type.” Hermione agreed “But would she really be willing to go against Dumbledore?”

Ginny shrugged “Maybe? And we’re not really sure on Professor Lupin either. Its tricky, but if we can manage it, then they can break you out of that place.”

“You’re talking about it as if it were Azkaban.” Harry grumbled.

“It kind of is, if you think about it.” Luna speculated “You’re trapped in there with very little to eat, surrounded by beings that cause unhappy memories.” When put that way, Harry really couldn’t find a way to argue with her, so he wisely shut up.

“And if all else fails, we just wait until he’s 17 when he’s legally able to do whatever the fuck he wants. Hell, he could even live with…” Katie frowned in mock thought “Ah, in my flat with me. Only one bed, but we could share.” She winked.

“Or in my house.” Hermione countered “I’ll be studying wards all summer, and my parents… aren’t exactly going to be in the country for a while.” Hermione hadn’t been able to hide her plans to obliviate her parents from Harry. He’d felt guilty at first, but Hermione had managed to knock him out of it much more quickly than his moods had typically lasted in the past.

The conversation then turned to the horcruxes. There was speculation, but nothing solid. They knew that Voldemort had a fascination with the founders, and had likely used Huffelpuff’s Cup. They knew that Nagini was a horcrux just as Harry was. Dumbledore seemed to also believe that he chose hiding places significant to him. While Hermione pointed out it’d be far safer to just hide it somewhere random and isolated. However Harry’s encounters with Voldemort left him with the impression that he wasn’t entirely rational. They knew that it was also possible that he’d left another horcrux with on of his followers- though, who?

“I wonder if the room has something that could help us.” Luna speculated.

“I’ve already used it to research horcruxes when I was formulating this ritual.” Hermione replied “There was just one book, nothing else.”

“It helps if you clearly ask the room what you want it to help you with.” Luna continued, undeterred “Room, could you help us find a horcrux?” She announced loudly.

There was a beat of silence, then a soft clink as a tarnished silver diadem clattered to the floor between them.
Another beat of silence.

“Holy shit.” Someone whispered.

“Oh look, it worked.” Luna said cheerfully, reaching for the diadem.

“Don’t fucking touch it!” Ginny shouted, yanking Luna back. “It’s… its evil!” Harry could feel it too, the unsettling, hair raising feeling emanating from what should have been an innocuous object. But he could also feel something perhaps even more unsettling, it was, calling to him, like it was a kindred spirit. Because it was. They were both Horcruxes, he'd known for months now, but now the proof was right in front of him. He felt dirty, putrid, disgusting. He looked around, and he could see the fear and confusion on the others' faces. He steeled himself.

“Right.” Harry announced “Who’s up for a trip to the Chamber of Secrets. We’re destroying this fucking thing.”

Chapter End Notes

I know I promised that Ron would get some focus in this chapter, but I decided his section fit better with the next chapter. I also couldn't resist ending where I did. Anyway, hope you've enjoyed!
While the others peered around curiously, Ginny kept herself steeled. It was the most chilling sense of déjà vu, returning to the Chamber after all those years. It had been the backdrop for most of her nightmares, but the years had worn down the details in her mind. She hadn’t remembered the wet, stuffy, stench, or the chill of the cavern. The entire experience was putting her off balance, rubbing at old scars. The presence of that damned thing, the diadem that was currently in an old canvas bag that Hermione was holding in front of her like it was a snake trying to bite her, just put her even more on edge.

Harry hadn’t immediately gone to comfort her, knowing that she didn’t like to be fussed over. That changed when they entered the main chamber. The basilisk was exactly as big as she remembered. The thought, and now memory, of Harry facing that thing, half certain he would die, wrenched at her gut. This is where Tom had taken her. This is where both she and Harry had nearly died. Harry slipped an arm around her waist, and Ginny sighed, leaning into his body and soaking up the comfort he was giving her. Wordless gratitude and understand flowed between the two of them.

“Merlin, that’s huge.” Susan breathed. “You killed this thing, with a sword?”

“I had help.” Harry corrected, provoking a snort from Ginny.

“From a bird. And a hat.” Hermione rebutted.

“Nice to see that even shagging six witches won’t cure you of your modesty.” Katie snarked. There were some wry chuckles at her teasing. Harry rolled his eyes and nodded to Hermione, who unceremoniously dumped the diadem onto the ground.

Now that they were close to the carcass, Ginny could pick out the stench of decay. The Basilisk’ magic seemed to have slowed, but not stopped it from rotting. Harry reluctantly parted from her, and with one firm yank, pulled the fang from its mouth. His eyes returned to her “Gin, would you like to do the honors?”

Harry’s eyes held hers, holding no judgement over her decision as a combination of emotions bubbled up within her all at once. Could she really do it? Could she handle confronting a horcrux, here? At the same time, could she pass up the opportunity to try, to- in a way- to finally defeat Tom? Could she walk away with her head held high if she didn’t even make the attempt?

No.

He wordlessly held the fang out to her, and when she reached out for it, he clasped his hand around hers as he handed it over, his touch lingering. Ginny felt a rush of confidence and gripped the fang tightly. The diadem was just sitting there innocuously- like it really was just an inanimate object, but she knew better. She could feel it pricking at her psyche. She might not have noticed if it weren’t for her experience with the diary, but now, she couldn’t not.

“It just seems too easy.” Hermione whispered. Ginny silently agreed.

“Lets just get this over with.” She muttered, and held the fang aloft. Just as she was about to plunge it downward, the horcrux struck. Ginny felt her mental defenses peel back as it
attempted to infiltrate her mind, tendrils reaching like roots. The violation unleashed a surge of revulsion, it was so much, too much like the Diary.

Harry didn’t hesitate, rushing forward and taking her in his arms. His presence surged forward protectively in her mind, and it was almost like a patronus, how it repelled the horcrux’s magic. Luna followed Harry, hugging Ginny’s side and offering her silent support. And then Hermione. And then Demelza, Susan and Katie all huddled around Ginny.

She came back to herself, and plunged the fang like a dagger into the diadem. It sizzled and popped, and then let out a long, haunting whine as it crumpled in on itself.

“Fuck you.” Ginny hissed

It was done.

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Ron’s life had been better, to say the least. He remembered how it had been during their fourth year, in that time between Harry’s name coming out of the goblet of fire and the first task, but even that situation hadn’t been as miserable as this one.

For one, he knew then, that all it would take for Harry to forgive him was a simple apology. Not to mention, he’d still been friends with Hermione. He’d figured out rather quickly that he’d been in the wrong - that there was no way Harry had entered his name into the goblet - even if his pride wouldn’t let him admit that aloud. That didn’t hold a candle to the guilt he felt now.

For the first time, Ron felt like he really deserved what was happening to him. He didn’t blame Harry, Hermione, or Ginny for disowning him. It’d be so much easier if he could. If he could be angry at them and pin all of his problems on them. But he couldn’t. He had no one to blame but himself.

That isolation had become total after the Death Eater attack. He’d been trying to help, to maybe atone for his mistakes - he was a prefect after all. He’d been leading a troop of the lower years up to the dorms when Greyback ambushed him. He hadn’t even had the opportunity to get a spell off before he’d been tackled to the ground. His stomach squirmed as he tried to push aside the memory of what came next… the mauling, Greyback’s putrid breath and harsh panting. He’d been lucky that the Order showed up when they did. Tonks had probably saved his life.

He wasn’t sure if it was his appearance, or the association with a werewolf that caused everyone to avoid him. The scars on his face weren’t pretty. He could hardly look himself in the mirror without shuddering. He couldn’t help but realize how much better off he’d be if Harry, Hermione, and Ginny had still been there. They wouldn’t have cared. Harry would even understand how it’d feel, at least a little bit, to have people be weird over his scars, or to be treated like a leper by the school.

Having a compartment on the Hogwarts Express seemed nice at first glance, but quickly grew depressing. He was relieved when it was his turn to patrol the train, it saved him from having to stress over the letter that was burning a hole in his pocket… and what to do about it.

It was while he was on patrol, almost serendipitously, that he ran into Ginny. He could pinpoint the exact moment that she noticed him by how her expression turned from relaxed to guarded. She deliberately turned away from him. “Wait!” Ron called out.
“What is it, Ron?” Ginny said in a cool, measured voice. For a moment, Ron thought of apologizing… but he was rubbish with words. Instead, he fished out Bill’s letter to him and shoved it at Ginny.

Ginny’s eyes flickered from the letter to Ron. “Just read it.” Ron said.

Her expression was unreadable as her eyes scanned the parchment. It was a short letter-Ron nearly had the thing memorized.

Ron,

I’ve heard that you’ve had a falling out with Harry. I just want you to know that I understand why it happened. I can’t divulge much in this letter, but Dumbledore has talked to me about the situation. After you get back from school, we can talk more, and figure out how to help our sister.

-Bill

The only sign of emotion that Ron could see from her was how her hand was gripping the parchment with much more force than necessary. She looked up from the letter, and let out a breath. He wondered if she was talking it over with Harry at that very moment. He really didn’t know how far their bond went.

“Alright, we need to talk about this.” She said, and motioned for him to follow her. Ron gratefully nodded and fell into step behind her.

Hermione was the only one of Harry’s… group, that was absent from the compartment. She too was doing rounds as Prefect. “So Dumbledore’s gotten to Bill.” Ginny announced bitterly. “I don’t know what he’s been feeding him, but…” She held out the letter for the room at large. Susan took it first, scanning over it before letting Demelza and Katie look it over.

Harry was looking at Ron curiously, and he did his best to meet his eyes. He seemed to be sizing him up, or judging him, more likely. “Well, we have a few options.” Susan concluded.

“I can convince Bill that he’s being a buggering idiot.” Ginny bit out.

“Or Ron could do it, if he’s up to it.” Luna suggested.

“Are you?” Harry asked.

“Er, yeah.” Ron nodded, and though he had no clue if it was the right time for it or not, he went ahead “I… was a huge prat. I’m really sorry. About everything.”

Ginny and Harry blinked and glanced wordlessly at each other. Ron wished he knew what they were thinking. “I, er, appreciate that.” Harry said agreeably “But, things can’t just go back to how they were.”

“I know.”

“Is this really the best play, though?” Susan wondered.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“Well, what if Ginny tries to convince her brother, and Ron acts as, well, a spy on the Order?”
“If I can convince Bill, he can be the spy.” Ginny argued.

“We can’t put all our eggs in one basket, Ginny.” Susan returned “Besides, how close are Ron and Bill anyway? Aren’t you and Bill much closer?”

“They’re brothers, of course they’re close.” Ginny answered for him, but Ron had to shake his head.

“Actually, we aren’t, really.” Ron shrugged “Ginny always had Bill wrapped around her finger, but with so many brothers, and the age gap… y’know. It just wasn’t a thing.”

“So the best move is to have Ginny make our case to Bill. If it works, great. We have two spies. If it doesn’t, Ron can still spy for us. Well, if he’s willing to do that.” Susan glanced meaningfully at Ron.

“Yeah. I could do that.” Ron agreed. He had no idea if he could do that.

The discussion continued for several minutes, ironing out the details of how this would work. Ron received a blank piece of paper, which Hermione had apparently enchanted to allow them to write each other without using owls. At a certain point, the conversation trailed off, and Ron realized that while the sentiment in the room wasn’t nearly as hostile as it had been, he very much felt like an outsider. “Right, well, er.” He fumbled. “I’ve got rounds.”

“Sure.” Ginny nodded “Thanks, Ron.”

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Harry and the girls reluctantly separated from each other on the platform. Hermione went with her parents, Demelza with her’s, and Luna with her father. Both Katie and Susan were living on their own now. Susan in particular seemed to wilt as they parted. She had been legally emancipated with the death of her Aunt, was still living in the house she grew up in. Harry gave in to the urge to comfort her, taking her by the arm and hugging her one last time before she left. She favored him a watery smile that spoke volumes.

In addition to Ginny’s parents, Bill and Fleur were awaiting them. While Mrs. Weasley alternated fussing over Ron, Harry, and Ginny, Bill was levelling a harsh, judgmental glare at Harry. Ron’s forewarning had prepared Harry for this, and he met Bill’s eyes unflinchingly.

When Bill turned to Ginny, he softened, and when Mrs. Weasley released her, Bill hugged her. “Hey firebug.” He said affectionately. Ginny visibly bristled at the name- it’d been his nickname for her when she was a little girl. She had just destroyed a bloody horcrux, she wasn’t a little girl.

“Hey Bill.” She replied, trying to brush aside her annoyance. Susan had coached her on how to convince him. Don’t lose your temper. Be genuine and earnest, be firm without giving in to him. But whatever you do, don’t lose your temper.

At first, Fleur’s eyes flickered between the three of them, trying to piece together the byplay. But she seemed to quickly let it go and greeted Harry with a hug that lingered a touch longer than might be appropriate. “Hello, Harry.” She said brightly “We’re your official escort today.”

“Oh, are you?” Harry asked glancing at Bill. “I guess the Dursleys couldn’t be bothered this year.”
“This isn’t about whatever issues you have with your family, it’s about your safety.” Bill said curtly, even dismissively. This instantly set both Harry and Ginny on edge. “You’re too much of a target for us to let you be driven, so we’re just going to side-along you.” He nodded to Fleur “Babe, do you think you could handle him, I’d like to talk with Ron and Ginny a bit.”

Harry was a little surprised that Bill could square that 180 degree turn from ‘concerned for his safety’ to ‘half of his escort buggering off’, but he wasn’t about to complain. Fleur seemed even more surprised than he, but to ward off her protest Harry just smiled at her and shrugged. “Shall we?”

She huffed out a sigh, a shot a glance at Bill that informed Harry that there would be words about this later. Personally, Harry didn’t envy him, though Bill was certainly bringing it down on himself. “Aren’t you going to say goodbye to your girlfriend, Harry?” Fleur prompted, a teasing lilt in her voice “You’re going to miss each other so very much.”

Ginny wasn’t about to pass up the invitation to snog her boyfriend or to show Bill that she definitely wasn’t a little girl. She threw herself at Harry, who caught her with practiced ability, and devoured his mouth with an aggressive, teeth-clinking kiss that went on far longer than either of them originally intended.

“Alright, knock it off you two.” Bill’s sharp voice cut through the moment, and the two of them reluctantly separated. Bill was predictably fuming, and Ron just looked vaguely uncomfortable. Harry glanced nervously at Ginny’s parents, but neither of them seemed to be bothered. In fact, Mrs. Weasley was smiling.

*She’s planning the wedding already.* Ginny informed him. Simultaneously, she inclined her head in Fleur’s direction in acknowledgment, wondering just how much she knew about the situation and if she might be more on their side than she realized. She definitely didn’t seem happy with Bill’s behavior.

*Maybe instead of Bill convincing Fleur, we can get Fleur to convince Bill.* Harry speculated. *I’m sure she can be very convincing.*

Ginny rolled her eyes. *Yeah, I’m not surprised you think that, Potter.* But the jibe was without any bite.

“I love you, Gin.” Harry said aloud.

“Right back at you, luv.”

Bill looked furious. Fleur seemed smugly satisfied. Mrs. Weasley was beaming.

Harry didn’t recall side-alonging with Dumbledore feeling so… intimate. Maybe it was his imagination, or how she linked his arm with his, or perhaps it was how he could now feel her magic flare up and sweep him away. When they appeared into the Dursley’s backyard, Harry nearly lost his balance, as he did with nearly any form of magical travel not involving a broom. Fleur was the to steady him, and once again how her arm looped around his shoulders felt almost flirtatious.

God, he was losing it. There was no way she was into him, and she was getting married in a few months! Why was he over-interpreting ever little touch she gave him? Maybe he was being affected by her allure… perhaps only subtly. He didn’t feel affected, though. When she was just talking to him normally, he felt normal… it was only when she was touching him like this. “You alright there, Harry?”
“Yeah, this is normal for me.” He joked wryly, provoking a giggle from her.

“Good. I’d hate it to be a reflection on my apparition skills.” She said with mock arrogance.

“Well, as long as your ego is intact.” Harry smirked, and Fleur giggled again.

There was a moment of silence, before they simultaneously realize that they were still pressed inappropriately close to each other. As one, they jerked apart from each other. Harry felt the heat rise in his cheeks, but was floored when he saw Fleur blush as well.

_Damn, she could have been number seven if she wasn’t getting married._ Luna contemplated wistfully.

“Right, well, thank you for taking me. Here.” Harry said awkwardly “I appreciate it.”

“Nonsense. I owe you much more than a simple side along apparition.” Fleur disagreed “Allow me.” With a swish of her wand, she levitated his trunk. Harry obliged her, opening the back door to let her through into the house.

Harry was greeted by the unpleasant sight of Vernon and Petunia Dursley. “Back, are you, boy.” He sneered.

“Yep.” Harry answered dully. “Don’t mind them, Fleur.”

“Don’t tell me you brought another one of your k-” Vernon choked on his words as Fleur stepped through the door. He was clearly struck dumb by her allure, his mouth hanging open stupidly.

Petunia, seeing this, hissed at Fleur “What have you done to him you witch!”

“Petunia… just don’t.” Harry said simply. “It’s not Fleur’s fault Vernon has no self control.” He was done humoring these people. They’d given him nothing but hatred and a life-time’s worth of emotional issues.

Harry really did expect her to go on, but something in his tone stopped her in her tracks. He wasn’t the insecure, angst-ridden teenager he’d been when he’d left them last. He was far more confident, much more secure in himself and now more than ever he felt beyond these petty people.

He wasn’t even separated from the people he loved, not all of them. Ginny, Luna, and Hermione were all with him in his mind, closely following this key encounter and offering their support.

Harry motioned for Fleur to follow him up to his room. “Sorry about them.” He offered.

She shook her head “No, I’m sorry for bringing out the worst in them.”

“That wasn’t you, Fleur. They’ve always been like that. They were even worse when I was little and couldn’t stand up for myself.” He opened the door to his room, the door which had many locks on it and a cat flap that had in the past been used to pass food through, to reveal his cramped, broken down bedroom.

“I see.” Fleur said, revealing no emotion as she looked around the room “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Harry told her, not quite able to look at her “I hate it here, but I can deal with
them now. I know I have people that love me waiting for me out there. I only have a couple months of this left and then I’ll never have to see them again.”

“You shouldn’t have to deal with them, though.” Fleur frowned “This room. Did they ever only give you broken old toys?” At first, Harry didn’t even understand what she meant, until he realized that the shelves were still cluttered with the remains of Dudley’s old toys.

“No. Those are all Dudley’s. This used to be his second room, actually.”

“Then where did you sleep?” Fleur asked.

It was odd, he spent years hiding every scrap of information about his time with the Dursleys, but now… he felt much less guarded about it. He felt free. It wasn’t anything to do with Fleur. No, it was Ginny, and Hermione, and Luna, Katie, Susan and Demelza. They’d helped him.

So with it was with only some hesitation that he revealed one of his most closely guarded secrets. “Before I got my Hogwarts letter, they kept me in that cupboard under the stairs.”

“I see.” Fluer said, again revealing not a scrap of emotion in her voice. Harry finally looked back up at her, and realized his mistake. While her voice had betrayed nothing, her eyes were radiating with pure fury. It’d been building the entire conversation. Harry was reminded suddenly of how the Veela transformed at the World Cup and wondered if the Dursleys should be fearing for their safety.

You know, Fleur’s actually alright. Ginny admitted.

“Uh, Fleur?” Harry piped.

“Yes, Harry?” Fleur replied, her sweet tone towards him clashing with every element of her body language.

“Just don’t kill them.”

Fleur just smiled, and it didn’t reassure him one bit.

Chapter End Notes

More of Ron as promised, and more of Fleur! The next few chapters will be light on the sex scenes and heavy on the plot and character stuff, though certainly there will be some NSFW parts.

Anyway, next up Ginny has a ‘talk’ with Bill. And other stuff. Thanks everyone! I apologize for not responded to comments on the last chapter, these past few weeks have been a bit hectic for me and it just slipped my mind.
Fleur wondered if Harry would ever stop surprising her. He’d surpassed all of her expectations for him in the Triwizard tournament, surprised her with his nobility in the second task, and surprised her by being resistant to her allure, but by the end of the tournament she thought she had cracked the enigma that was Harry Potter.

She was wrong. The revelation that he was having sex, no, in a relationship with multiple women threw into doubt everything she knew about him. Was he really as sweet and noble as she had thought? How talented a lover, and how much stamina he must have to please so many…

When she spotted Harry at King’s Cross, she paid close attention to how he interacted with the people around him… the women around him. She saw him hug each of them goodbye, and her heart twinged when he brought a particularly crestfallen girl into a second hug. Even though she couldn’t hear the words exchanged she could see their meaning well enough. ‘I’ll miss you.’ ‘Take care of yourself’.

‘I love you.’

He was being genuine, 100% purely genuine with them. This wasn’t just a randy bloke sleeping around, he cared for each of them. He treated each of them like he cherished them. She’d underestimated him again. Somehow, Harry always found a way to exceed whatever expectations she had for him without even realizing it.

She was so wrapped up in unravelling the mystery that was Harry Potter that Fleur almost missed the nearly malevolent expression on Bill’s face. There was no other explanation, he knew about Harry’s… relationships. Fleur was willing to take advantage of Bill’s recalcitrance; she’d have words with him later but for now she was happy for the excuse to spend more time with Harry. She wanted to learn more about him, he was remarkable, and she wanted to know him like Ginny and Hermione and the rest seemed to.

Her body seemed magnetically attracted to his, she hadn’t even noticed how much they were touching until after she’d apparated him and she saw the growing blush on Harry’s face. She hadn’t intended to wind her arm around his, or sidle up to him, it just happened. It felt nice, it was easy to let her guard down around him without having to worry about how he’d react to her allure, or how he’d judge her. His good-natured teasing was a breath of fresh air compared to how nearly everyone, even Bill, treated her.

If it were only that, Fleur wouldn’t feel guilty. But it wasn’t. She loathed to admit it to herself, but she was attracted to him. She wanted him. Part of it was the Vela side of her, Harry would be far from the first man who Fleur had secretly, shamefully, desired. An instinctual part of her wanted nothing more than to bed the stud that had fucked so many women. But she couldn’t say it was entirely that. She’d never given in with any other man as much as she had with Harry, no one else had been able to get overpower her rational mind, and he wasn’t even trying.

All of that, the battle raging on inside of her, her desires and self-flagellation, was set aside when she saw the horrible state of Harry’s room. And it was all completely forgotten when Harry had revealed that his bedroom had used to be a cupboard.
Her Veela nature was raging at her and for once her human nature was in complete agreement. She wanted to curse and gnash her teeth; she was sure if she let out even a shred of the rage she was feeling in that moment she’d be burning this fucking place to the ground.

But Fleur was used to masking her emotions, and so appeared utterly calm as she descended back down the stairs. Yet anyone, even a muggle, would be able to feel the magic pouring off her—her aura of rage. Generally, only very powerful witches or wizards could project her magic, and it was true that she was quite powerful in her own right, but her Veela heritage amplified this effect.

She stopped herself at the foot of the stairs, her eyes drawn that cupboard. Inside, there was cleaning supplies, nothing that would indicate that a small child had once called it his bedroom.

“What are you doing! We let you into our house and now you—” Petunia’s irate voice died in her throat as Fleur turned to her, and she took an involuntary step backwards when she saw the fire in Fleur’s eyes.

“I was just taking a look at Harry’s old bedroom.” Fleur smiled unnervingly as she spoke, each word deliberately laced with poison. “Odd.” She slammed the door shut with inhuman force “I count four bedrooms in this house. Very odd.”

By now Vernon Dursley had ambled over, but he could only choke on his tongue at the sight of her, beautiful and ferocious. “Vernon.” Fleur commanded “What don’t you tell me more of what you’ve done to Harry.”

Vernon Dursley was not a strong-willed man, quite the opposite, and he obliged her even as Petunia stammered at him to stop. Vernon told her everything. ‘His kind’ had invaded his life and forced ‘the boy’ on him. They were unnatural, bad apples every one of them. ‘That brat’ didn’t deserve the same treatment as his flesh and blood son and he refused to let ‘that freak’s’ presence interfere with his son’s happiness. So they locked him away, deprived them of food, and put him to work. But no matter what they did to him, his unnaturalness came through. That freak would misbehave, talk back, and even do magic.

Finally, Fleur had enough. She silenced Vernon by putting the tip of her wand to his lips. “I want you to understand something.” She said, her voice infused with quiet fury “One day something horrible will happen to you. Your lives will fall apart without warning, you will lose everything important to you—your money, your home, your status, and your ‘dignity’.” Both Dursley’s faces paled in horror, paralyzed by Fleur’s overwhelming aura. “When that happens, you will have experience only a fraction of the misery that you inflicted on Harry. When it happens, you will know who did it to you, and you will know why.”

Fleur turned away, her hand releasing the railing of the stairs, revealing char marks where her fingers had been. “It is far too kind a fate for people like you, but it is the most that Harry would allow. You better pray that Harry survives this war, because if he doesn’t, I may not be so charitable.”

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Ginny’s temper was being tested. Bill’s has been very attentive to since meeting at King’s Cross, and she was trying to play along, but damn was it difficult. She couldn’t stand that cutesy pet name, or how he treated her like she was twelve. And then there was how he had treated Harry, his dismissiveness and hostility towards him grated on her, even if it was to be expected.

So perhaps she hadn’t gone into this conversation with the right mindset, but with her Mum
busying herself in the kitchen, Ron strategically leaving them to ‘go for a fly’, and the two of them alone in the hallway outside of her room, she saw her chance. “Bill, we need to talk.” She said seriously.

Bill smiled and ruffled her hair “What about, firebug?”

Ginny bristled, but pushed onward. “It’s about Harry.”

Bill’s expression turned sour. “Ah, him.”

“That’s exactly what I’m talking about, Bill. What’s your problem with him? What has he ever done to warrant you acting like a total prat to him?”

Bill seemed a bit reluctant to go on, drawing his wand and casting a silencing charm around them. “Do I really need to spell it out for you, Ginny?” Bill bit out, and Ginny was satisfied that he was actually using her name “We both know what he’s done. What he’s doing. What I don’t get is why you’re letting him take advantage of you like this!”

Now they were getting somewhere. Susan had prepared the game plan for this conversation. She couldn’t just accuse Bill of being in league with Dumbledore without blowing Ron’s cover, so she had to get him to volunteer that information himself. This was close enough.

“You’ve been talking to Dumbledore, then.” She said coolly.

“Yeah, I have. And I’m bloody grateful that he came to me.” Bill knelt down to address her, putting his hands on her shoulders. “Gin, please listen to me.” He entreated, and Ginny felt another spike of frustration. Harry was the only one allowed to call her that. “You can still get out. I know you’ve wanted to be with him all your life, but can’t you see how awful he’s being? You should be able to have a boyfriend who doesn’t have sex with six other girls. I get it, he’s probably heaped tons of guilt on you over this, but you know what he’s doing isn’t right.”

Ginny’s eyes narrowed. Indignation on Harry’s behalf simmered and rose in her chest before turning to fury, and all thoughts of Susan’s carefully laid out plan to pull on Bill’s heartstrings and win him over evaporated. “Don’t talk about him like that.” She spat “You have no idea who he is. He’s the kindest, most stupidly noble person I know.” She ripped herself away from him “He was going to do it. He was going to just walk to his death at Dumbledore’s word. Hermione was the one who figured out the ritual, and I was the one who convinced him to do it.”

“Ginny…” Bill tried to interrupt, but she was having none of it.

“There’s nothing wrong with what we’re doing, Bill! We aren’t hurting anyone, and you know what? I love it.” She felt a spike of vicious satisfaction at Bill’s dumbstruck expression, is image of her being an innocent little girl shattering before his eyes “I enjoy sharing him. I love fucking him and watching him fuck other women. You can take this sanctimonious, condescending crap and stuff it!”

Uh, Gin?

The uncertainty from Harry brought Ginny to her senses, and she realized she might have just blown it. “He’s really gotten to you.” Bill murmured.

“Bill… what?”

“Dumbledore told me about Harry’s connection with You-Know-Who, how it might be influencing him, changing him. He said… he said, I didn’t want to believe it, but…”
Ginny shook her head vehemently “You can’t believe everything he tells you. Yes, Harry has a connection to Voldemort, but-”

“No! No buts, Ginny! You’ve become obsessed with him, following his whim at the expense of everything else. It’s just like the diary all over again! How else do you explain all of these girls falling over themselves to share him? I know you can’t see it now, but once I save you, you will.”

Save me? Ginny felt a frisson of dread, what did ‘saving’ her entail?

“You’re so wrong Bill. I can’t even begin to tell you how wrong you are. You say that you care about me but you don’t actually bother to listen. I’m happy. I love him and he loves me. Don’t do something that I’ll never be able to forgive you for.”

Bill’s determined expression told her that he wasn’t phased, but his response was forestalled by Fleur flouncing into the hall, beside herself in rage. “Those pigs.” She muttered to herself “I’ll need to-” She looked up and noticed the tension in the room. “Ah, was I interrupting something?”

Ginny let out a frustrated huff. She might have just completely cocked everything up by blowing her lid so easily, or he might have just been a lost cause the entire time. Either way, she had no clue what to do.

It’s okay Ginny. We’ll figure something out.

“Yeah, I’m done.” She finally conceded.

I don’t like how he was talking to you. Harry admitted. I hate to even think it, but what if he like, tried to put you on house arrest or something?

Ginny snorted. I’d hex his bits off first, trace be damned.

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The short trip back to the Burrow did little to dampen Fleur’s fury. Truthfully, the Burrow was far from a calming place- the passive aggressiveness from her future mother in law was becoming beyond tiresome. Nothing was ever good enough for Molly Weasley, Fleur’s cooking apparently wasn’t up to snuff, never mind that she was a far better cook than Bill. Her outfit was too brazen one day and too stuffy the next. She couldn’t fault Bill’s brothers tripping over themselves because of her allure, but she wished she wasn’t close proximity to them so much of the time. It was getting to the point where she was looking forward to her wedding just because it meant she could get away from Bill’s family.

The most recent Order meeting had offered and unexpected respite from the tense Burrow atmosphere. Guarding Privet Drive- protecting Harry- was not the most interesting assignment, but Fleur now found herself very grateful that she had volunteered. Not only was it an opportunity to get away from the Burrow, she could get to know Harry better, and she could make sure those pigs stayed on the straight and narrow.

Fleur was also grateful that that she and Ginny had worked out an understanding. Last summer had been difficult, with Ginny’s constant sniping. But at least so far, Ginny had been downright cordial with her. At the same time, her newest dose of frustration was coming from an unexpected source, her fiancé.

Fleur could see the conflict coming from a mile away, but she didn’t know how to stop it.
She wasn’t an idiot. She knew that Bill must have discovered Harry and Ginny’s unorthodox relationship. Whatever argument she had just interrupted between the two siblings must have been related, and it seemed that Ginny hadn’t gotten through to him.

If it were just an argument between Ginny and Bill, Fleur would write it off as a family matter and just stay out of it. But it wasn’t. Fleur knew that when called upon, she would defend Harry’s virtue, and that meant that sooner or later she would get dragged into the gathering maelstrom.

Bill looked tired, and frankly she was as well. While she could bring this up now, Fleur knew it wasn’t the right time. After learning about what the Dursleys had done to him, she was far too defensive of Harry to have a productive conversation.

So instead of saying anything, Fleur just smiled wanly and leaned in to kiss her fiancé. They would work out whatever issues they had. Later.

Chapter End Notes

As always, I really appreciate the comments. This chapter didn't quite achieve as much as I wanted, but I am really enjoying writing Fleur. Going forward I'm going to be touching on what the other girls are doing with their summer as well as continuing the develop the situation at the Burrow.

Also, a little teaser, Harry will be getting a surprise visitor at Privet Drive, three guesses who. :)
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The house was so empty. Calling it a house wasn’t quite doing it justice. While the Malfoys surely would have sneered at it, Susan knew that she lived in a pureblood status symbol- a display of wealth meant to impress visitors.

Susan was in the dining room absently eating reheated leftovers as she scanned the pages of a book. The dining room was beautiful, complete with a fireplace, hearth, and a table that could easily fit a dozen, though only one person head eaten there in over a year. There were countless rooms- studies, lounges, bedrooms, all unused, some of them for well over a decade. The halls were ornate and decorated with wizarding portraits of her ancestors- great-grandparents, distant aunts and uncles, and in one out of the way section of hall Susan hadn’t set foot in in years- her parents and aunt.

While she had plans- opening up a line of communication with Scrimgeour and play him and Dumbledore off each other- they had to wait until Harry was of age. Until then, all she could really do was read.

She wasn’t like Hermione, she couldn’t just devour book after book for fun. She didn’t get any joy out of reading legal tome, she much preferred talking to people. Being isolated like this, with only a scrap of paper connecting her to her friends felt like she was slowly being suffocated. Entombed within a mansion filled with nothing but memories.

At the same time, she felt a bit guilty for feeling as she did. At least she wasn’t being forced to live with people who actively hated her. Should she really be pitying herself when Harry had it so much worse?

Susan was drawn from her reading by a knock at the door. She reached for her wand, she wasn’t expecting anyone.

Were Death Eaters likely to knock? No, but Dumbledore’s people might. Susan cautiously made her way to the door. “Susan, we know you’re holed up in there, don’t make me drag you out.”

Susan nearly tripped over her own feet, even as she began to smile. She threw open the door “Katie, Demelza? What are you doing here?”

“Did you think we were going to let you wither away by yourself?” Katie shook her head knowingly “You aren’t built for that.”

Susan blushed despite herself, she was spot on “So…”

“We’re gonna hang out at my place, and you’re going to come with.” Katie announced.

“How did you get roped into this?” Susan asked Demelza.

“Oh, you know Katie, she usually gets her way. My parents are fine with me spending time with friends.”

“I take it they don’t know about…”
Demelza shuddered “Merlin no.”

Susan turned her attention back to Katie “I take it I don’t have a choice?”

“Nope.”

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Schlick schlick schlick schlick. The wet sound of her fucking herself with the dildo and rubbing her
clit with her fingers combined with her heavy breathing and restrained grunts to make a symphony
of pleasure that seemed unnaturally loud in her cramped room. Ginny knew from experience that
the noise wouldn’t carry but was beyond caring regardless.

Term had ended less than a week ago and Ginny already felt like she was losing her mind. She’d
spent years without sex, but after only a few months with it she found she couldn’t go back. She’d
made herself cum again and again, she could even fuck herself to exhaustion, but it never satisfied.
Harry, at least, was better at stopping himself. He was able to avoid falling into the vicious cycles
that Ginny did

She’d been able to visit Luna once so far, and the two of them were able to spend some ‘quality
time’ together, but for the most part Ginny was confined to the Burrow property by her Mum,
who’s overprotectiveness was perhaps justified. It wasn’t exactly safe to be a blood traitor in
Britain these days.

Ginny finally gave it up as hopeless- donning a robe and discretely tucking the dildo away in it.
She couldn’t use a charm to wash it, and there was no better time to discretely rinse it off than in
the middle of the night. Years of sneaking around the house allowed her to make it to the
bathroom silently.

“Hello Ginny.” Ginny nearly jumped at the sound of Fleur’s voice. The room was bathed in pale
light as Fleur lit her wand, Ginny blushed, recognizing that she’d been caught red handed.

Though what did she have to be ashamed of? And why was Fleur outside her room in the middle
of the night? Her eyes narrowed, and she straightened her back. “Problem?”

Fleur seemed to ponder her answer. “It’s not well known, but Veela, even part-Veela, have an
acute sense of smell.”

“Wait.” Ginny’s thought process stumbled “So you know when I…”

“Not just you.” Fleur assured, rolling her eyes “I wish I could just turn it off. Its very distracting,
especially when I’m… unsatisfied.” As Ginny’s surprise wore off, she couldn’t help but notice
that Fleur was wearing a nightgown that seemed tailor made to show off her body… or maybe that
was just the effect she had on any clothing.

She fought to drag her eyes away from Fleur’s cleavage as she searched for a way to respond “I
feel you. I mean, obviously.” She smiled in a self-depreciating manner.

“But when you’re with Harry, he… he satisfies you, no?” Ginny realized then that this wasn’t just
an idle question, Fleur had been building herself up to asking it.

“Oh, yes.” She saw no reason to lie, or even hide the enthusiasm in her voice “He’s… incredible.”

“But with all those other girls, surely he can’t keep up?” Ginny dragged her gaze way from her
chest once more and noticed that Fleur was now several steps closer to her now.
“You’d be surprised.” Ginny breathed, Fleur was right up against her and she was having a hard time focusing. Damn it, she was too bloody sex deprived!

“I don’t think you’re telling me the whole story, Ginny.” Fleur’s voice was silky and seductive. How was everything about her so sexy? “And that’s your prerogative, but if you want me to help with Bill, you might want to share. Why are you doing this?”

“Err…” Ginny’s brain stumbled as Fleur sidled against her. Ginny couldn’t help but be aware of how flimsy her robe was, if the ties undid themselves she’d be completely revealed.

“Let’s talk about this in a more private place, your room?”

“Sure.” Ginny answered automatically. Fleur’s arm was around her waist as she led them back to Ginny’s room. She felt hot, her nipples were hard as the scraped against the fabric of her robe, and her core was wet and inflamed. Was Fleur seducing her?

Ginny sunk onto her bed. Fleur closed the door behind them and cast a silencing charm on it. “By the way, I can silence your room for you from now on.” Ginny didn’t miss the implication. Fleur had heard everything—every gasp, whimper and moan. “So, tell me, what’s going on here? If you say you’re just doing this because you enjoy it, I won’t ask anymore, but something tells me its more than that.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because Harry is not the kind of person to have sex with multiple witches for the hell of it.” Fair point, and the way that Fleur was leaning over her, giving her a look down her cleavage and revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra was an argument all its own.

Ginny didn’t answer at first, not because she was unwilling, but because she was… pre-occupied. Until, that is, Fleur snapped her fingers in front of her face. Ginny startled, blushing once more as she wiped at her cheek—she’d been drooling. “Sorry.” She uttered, humiliated.

“It’s alright. I get it all the time. It’s a little refreshing having it be a woman rather than a man.” Fleur said flippantly. “And I’ll admit, I’ve been laying it on a bit thick.” At a look from Ginny Fleur hurried to explain “Not that I was using my allure, well not more than I could help.”

Ginny didn’t respond, too embarrassed for words. “If you want, I could arrange for you and Harry to spend some time together.”

“Really? How?”

“I’m one of Harry’s guards at Privet Drive. One of my shifts is a night shift.” At that moment, Ginny was willing to fall down on her knees and worship her.

“Oh my god. Thank you. Thank you!” She paused, reigning in her emotions “I really need this.”

“I can see.” Fleur teased “So, are you going to tell me more, or am I going to have to try my luck with asking Harry?”

Ginny entertained the idea that she’d use the same strategy with asking Harry as she used on her. Honestly, she was pretty sure that Harry would be okay with it, but he was asleep at the moment and she didn’t want to make such a large decision without the approval of the others. She didn’t want to leave Fleur with nothing, however. “You’re right. We aren’t just doing it for kicks.”

“So then, why?”
“When’s you’re next night shift?”

“The day after tomorrow, that’s why I went to talk to you out tonight. I honestly didn’t intend on spying on you.”

“Okay, so take me with you, and we’ll talk things out, deal?”

“Deal.”

Fleur began to leave the room, but paused as her eyes once gain caught the dildo on her nightstand. “May I?”

“Huh?”

“…I’ve never actually had one before. I was always too ashamed, too afraid of losing control.”

Ginny felt a twinge of sympathy for her, while she had her own struggles with sexual frustration, at least she wasn’t fighting with herself over it. “I understand, but I kind of need that.”

Fleur chuckled “I was going to copy it. I suppose I could charm on myself, but… I like how realistic this one looks.” She grabbed the synthetic shaft, her hands exploring the veins and ridges of it, she seemed entranced by it.

“Oh, go ahead then.”

It wasn’t until Fleur had left the room that Ginny realized what she’d just let happen- Fleur was going to be fucking herself with Harry’s cock.

Why did that thought excite her so much?

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Fleur had debated this idea to death in her head before she presented it to Ginny. Ultimately, the prospect of learning more about Harry and his unconventional relationships was too much to resist, but she knew it was risky. If it was discovered that Ginny had left the Burrow, there would be hell to pay from her parents, and she was already on Molly’s bad side, to say the least. Not to mention, it would precipitate a likely ugly argument with Bill.

Things had been strained between them recently, and Fleur couldn’t fully explain why. He’d been gone more often, on ‘important missions for Dumbledore’, and when he was around, he’d been in a darker, broody mood. It had started slowly, but it was becoming increasingly apparent since Ginny had returned. Worse still, Molly seemed to have picked up on the tension between them. There had been a few more biting comments from her than usual.

Fleur had to admit, she was acting differently as well. Ever since her confrontation with Ginny at Hogwarts, she’d been… off balance. She was having a harder time controlling herself, especially during sex. Bill always made sure that she came, but she had a habit of wearing him out. Increasingly, she found herself wanting more even as Bill snored blissfully away beside her. That was her impetus for copying Ginny’s dildo, though Fleur wondered if it would truly help her or just feed her lust. It rested, so far unused, in the middle shelf of her bedside drawer.

If she was being truly, bluntly honest with herself, she’d always felt this way. She’d just done a better job of ignoring it before, before Ginny had changed her worldview. Fleur honestly didn’t know where the budding friendship between she and Ginny was going. She felt a certain kindship with her. In a way, they were struggling with similar issues. She’d never seen someone as sexually
pent up as Ginny had been this week, except for perhaps herself.

She really wasn’t sure what to expect from this meeting, but her instincts were telling her that whatever explanation Harry and Ginny were about to give, it would be a damn good one.

What she certainly didn’t expect was for the Knight Bus to arrive screeching into Privet Drive just minutes after she apparated Ginny in. Her hand went to her wand, even though Death Eaters were extremely unlikely to arrive by Knight Bus.

Her confusion dissipated just slightly at the sight of one of Harry’s… girlfriends- Luna Lovegood. “What’s she doing here?” She asked Ginny.

“Luna’s Luna.” Ginny shrugged “She probably thought it’d be fun. Besides, I’m not the only one who misses Harry.”

“Ginny!” Luna called as she ran up to her friend, pulling her into a close hug. For a moment, it looked like Luna would hug Fleur as well, but she seemed to catch herself at the last moment, instead formally offering her hand to shake. “It’s nice to see you again, Fleur.”

Bemused, Fleur took the proffered hand “Likewise. Shall we?”

It was late, and the other residents of Privet Drive were already in bed. Harry, however, was waiting for them in the living room. He didn’t even have the chance to rise from the couch before she had him pinned, legs straddling his waist and her lips locked with his.

Fleur deliberately looked away from the display, and distracted herself by putting silencing and alarm charms on the doors to the Dursley’s bedrooms. There was no point in risking being disturbed. When she returned to the living room, things had… escalated. Ginny was still preoccupied with mauling Harry’s face, but she had at some point tugged his shirt off, and her hands were now exploring the exposed skin. She was also grinding shamelessly against Harry’s crotch.

Luna was watching then with an oddly distracted smile, and Fleur couldn’t blame her. The pheromones rolled off their bodies- a heady mixture of male and female arousal. She knew that she should stop them, but she found herself hesitating. Surely it wouldn’t be so bad to let them enjoy the moment. She’d stop them if they crossed a line.

Harry soon turned the tables on Ginny, flipping her over and giving Fleur the opportunity to view his torso and chest. It wasn’t that he was all muscle, but he had enough to draw her eyes as he worked. The skill he demonstrated as he undressed Ginny, even unlatching her bra with ease- was also undeniably appealing.

She’d never seen a man reduce a woman to incoherence the way she could so easily do to Bill, but she had a feeling that she was about to. Ginny’s back arched as Harry’s mouth latched onto her nipple, thrusting her -if Fleur were being brutally honest- very small breasts outwards. Not that Harry seemed to care, he worshiped them with just as much reverence that Bill worshipped hers.

One of his hands trailed down from her chest, caressing her tight stomach on its way downward. Her abdominal muscles were clenching in anticipation for what Harry had planned, and Ginny’s breathing picked up as well, coming out in a harsh “Hhng, hhng, hhng, hhng!”

Harry’s hand dipped beneath her waistband but didn’t move further. “Beg for me, Gin.” He purred. Fleur was enraptured by the raw sexuality on display. Harry was so confident and in control, and so devastatingly sexy because of it. He had Ginny begging for his touch, and when he gave her what she so desperately wanted, he made her scream.
While Harry and Ginny cuddled on the couch in the aftermath of her orgasm, Fleur finally noticed what the other occupant of the room had been up to. Luna had flat out taken half her clothes off, her panties were around her ankles and skirt had been pushed aside as she toyed at her slit with a rather familiar dildo.

Fleur didn’t have time to consider what was happening. Things were spiraling out of control and she didn’t feel like she could, or even wanted to stop it. She wanted to see where this went, she wanted…

Ginny was quick to get back into the action, pulling Harry’s shorts and boxers down, freeing his cock. Fleur swallowed heavily, it was just as intoxicating a sigh as it had been in the hospital wing, but this time she wasn’t sure she had the willpower to hold back. “You like this, luv? You like that she can see it?” Ginny crooned “Don’t lie, I know you do.” She sent a triumphantly sexual look glance at Fleur “She’s watching you, she can’t keep her eyes off it. Isn’t that right, Fleur.”

Fleur was consumed. Her baser instincts, grown out of her Veela heritage, had risen up once more, clawing and shrieking at her to take, to claim the stud that had been presented to her. She had never in her life had to fight so hard to maintain control, her jaw was clenched even as her pupils dilated, her chest heaved as her nipples became diamond hard, her hands were clenched at her side trembling in repressed frustration, and her pussy… it was on fire her arousal was soaking her knickers.

But for all of that internal conflict, Fleur couldn’t keep her eyes off of the prime meat on display, so she whispered “Oui.” Her tongue, of its own accord, swept over her lips, the scent of him was so thick in the air that she could taste it.

Ginny preened at her response, as if Fleur had given her a supreme compliment. “I’m going to fuck you, luv.” She told him as she absently stroked his shaft.

“Wait, protection.” Harry grunted.

“Shit.” Ginny clearly hadn’t planned ahead, though Fleur was impressed (though perhaps not surprised) that Harry had enough restrain to remember and object. It occurred to Fleur that she was the only one of age in the room. She had the power to stop everything now, or help it go further.

It was a split-second decision. Fleur stepped forward and drew her wand. “Let me.” She said, her voice low. Standard birth control methods were unreliable with non-humans, so Fleur had learned an alternate charm, instead of being cast on the woman, it was cast on the man. It had fallen out of fashion in Europe but was just as effective.

She placed the tip of her wand at the tip of his penis. She froze for a moment, her eyes wide as she looked down at Harry's cock. She was taken hold by the urge to grab his shaft, to run her hand up and down his throbbing meat and... and... Quickly, she uttered “Virilem protego” and took three quick steps back.

Ginny, to her surprise, didn’t seem perturbed by her intervention. No, while she seemed thunderstruck as she looked between Fleur and Harry, it was with lust. Then, with a feral growl, she straddled Harry once more.

She fucked him like a woman possessed, her hips jerking forward in short, sharp jolts. Fleur was impressed by the athleticism that the position took, the muscles in Ginny’s arse and thighs flexed, and her breath came out in grunts between her muttered dirty talk. “She fucking drooling over it, that slut.” She grunted “She wants you. You wanna fuck her. I know you do. I wanna feel it when your cock slides into that Veela pussy.”
After less than ten seconds of thrusting she came, but even that didn’t stop her. Her body shook as shouted obscenities erupted from her, but she just went back at it once her orgasm passed. She came a second time just as quickly, but the third time, Harry came with her.

Fleur could tell, not just from Harry’s delicious moans, but from the smell of his orgasm. Orgasms had a distinctive smell, impossible to mistake for anything else. As Harry pumped his virile seed into Ginny, Fleur’s instincts raged at her- insisting that it should be her that was milking the male for all he was worth, that she should be the one draining him of his seed.

And she gave in, just a little bit more. Her hand, which had been resolutely at her side went between her legs. It was still over her skirt, but that was nearly a semantic point. Her hand pressed down with a viciousness born out of years of sexual repression, and her hips ground up into it just as fiercely.

Ginny collapsed against Harry with a euphoric smile. Fleur had forgotten completely about Luna, but the blonde girl seamlessly took over for Ginny. She’d gotten completely undressed at some point and wasted no time in kneeling in front of Harry.

The blowjob that followed was a performance, one exclusively aimed at Fleur. Luna had no qualms at giving Fleur long looks at Harry’s glistening shaft, or slowly, sensually taking him into her mouth like a porn star.

Fleur had to admit, she was eating it up. Not just how Luna pleasured Harry, but his reaction to it as well. His soft moans, the way his hands alternated between cupping her head and gripping the couch. And then, when he came, the look of pure bliss on his face.

Luna took care to suck gently until the final twitch of his orgasm, but not a moment longer. With purpose, she stood up and walked to Fleur. She stared at the younger girl with wide eyes as she fearlessly approached her. Luna gave Fleur no sign of what she had planned.

If Fleur had known, she might have stopped it. In her current frame of mind, she couldn’t guarantee that she would have. She had let all this happen, after all. But, still, she might have. When Luna pulled Fleur down and crashed their lips together, her first instinct was to pull away.

Until she tasted it. Luna hadn’t swallowed.

_Fuck it._

Fleur threw it all away, every barrier, every rule she ever had, and just went for it. Her hands clawed at Luna as she savagely returned the kiss. Drinking in the taste of Harry’s cum and sucking her mouth dry of every drop. The taste was so sinful _good_ practically an aphrodisiac in itself, made all the more potent by how forbidden it was.

She _wanted_, she _wanted more._

She pulled back from Luna and turned her attention to Harry. _Mine._ She thought.

But something stopped her. Harry was shaking his head, he looked regretful, guilty. Fleur came back to herself. Clarity returned to Ginny and Luna simultaneously. Luna in particular appeared to crumple as she realized what she had done.

_Oh god._ Fleur felt sick.

She had cheated on Bill.
Yeah, this might be controversial. Fleur definitely crossed several lines here, even though she didn't go into this intending to. This is not something I intend to gloss over. However, I think its important to keep in mind that characters can make mistakes without being irredeemable (see my continued work on Ron). How Fleur responds to this in the coming chapters will be crucial, and perhaps a critical part of her character development ;).

Anyway, how does this chapter rate in terms of cliffhangers? Pretty high, right?
“Merde.”

Fleur was reeling. They had- she had almost… She stumbled backward into an armchair and put her head in her hands. For a long while, she sat, lost in her thoughts. What was she going to do? What could she do?

“Okay, let’s… let’s just talk about this.” Harry finally said. She looked up to see that the three of them had all gotten dressed. “Fleur, I’m er, really sorry about getting carried away with you in the room. Jeez, it was beyond inappropriate and” at this he looked sharply at Luna who stepped forward contritely.

She seemed so small now, completely at odds with her boldness not so long ago. Nevertheless, she looked Fleur in the eyes as she spoke “I’m sorry for kissing you. I know I shouldn’t have. I was just, so lost in the moment. Things between us are so free, I guess I forgot that most people wouldn’t like that.”

Fleur didn’t want to comment that she very much did like it. Hell, she could still taste him in her mouth, she couldn’t deny that she liked it.

That was the problem. If the experience had just grossed her out, Fleur could have just chalked it up to teenagers being caught up in their hormones and perhaps her allure. The real problem wasn’t how they had acted, it was that she had liked it. That she could have walked out, looked away, told them to stop, anything at any time and she had failed to do so.

And what she couldn’t figure out was- how was she going to tell Bill? How could she save her marriage? Could she save her marriage? Should she even try to save it? Maybe Bill was better off with a woman who didn’t have to struggle to be monogamous.

“I need to tell Bill.” She muttered.

“Wait!” Ginny interrupted “If you do that, then our cover is blown.”

“I think we have bigger things to worry about than your parents finding out that you’re shagging your boyfriend.” Fleur responded dryly.

“No.” Ginny shook her head. She subtly glanced at Harry and Luna in a way that gave Fleur the impression that some hidden conversation was happening.

Whatever conversation they were having seemed to resolve when Harry took the lead “Fleur, its time to tell you about what’s been happening. Everything.”

Fleur blinked. What had she just gotten herself into?

“So, first of all, you know about my connection to Voldemort, right?”

Fleur nodded silently.

“Well, I figured out what it is. It’s a piece of dark magic called a horcrux.” He spoke concisely,
like this had been rehearsed, Fleur imagined that he must have explained this many times by now. “Basically, it’s a piece of Voldemort’s soul, attached to me. As long as this piece of soul is there, he can’t die.”

“So that’s how…”

“Yeah, that’s how he survived. Dumbledore had been teaching me about the horcruxes he made, but I was able to work out for myself that I was one too. Dumbledore told me that I needed to die in order for Voldemort to be killed.” Harry’s voice was bitter now, and Fleur felt her heart clench with a protective anger. Even though it was tempered by the knowledge that Harry must have found another solution, it still struck her as vastly unfair to him, having that expectation forced upon him on top of all the other burdens he had.

“That’s barbaric.” She spat “He couldn’t have found another way?”

“He didn’t. Hermione did. I had basically accepted what I’d have to do, and just spent weeks moping while Hermione worked her arse off researching. Eventually, Ginny dragged me off, told me that Hermione figured it out, and then shagged me rotten.” The two of them shared a flirtatious smile.

“And if all of this so far has been a bit much, brace yourself. Hermione worked out a ritual that would destroy the horcrux, but it involves me having sex and bonding with seven witches.”

“Bonding?” Fleur repeated dumbly.

“Yes, it’s nice.” Luna commented. “Our minds are connected. We can speak with each other, feel what the other person feels, it makes shagging very interesting.”

“Oh.”

“So, that’s why I’m with so many people. The ritual needs sex with someone you have an emotional connection with and, well, the bond is very intimate.” Harry spoke remarkably easily about sex. His entire explanation belied a certain confidence, a self-assurance in his ability to explain this to her and win her over. It was compelling… he was compelling.

“So Bill…”

“Bill thinks that Harry’s corrupting me.” Ginny spat. “He thinks I’m still a helpless little girl who’s falling victim to dark magic again.”

Fleur gave a weak smile “Your brother was always so convinced of your innocence.”

“We were very close when I was little, but he’s been away so much since I’ve been going to Hogwarts. I guess since he never got to see me grow up… he doesn’t get that I have.” Ginny shrugged helplessly. “I was honestly hoping you could convince him, but after this that’s not going to happen.”

“No. It’s not.” Fleur said blankly. Thoughts tumbling over themselves in her head. These revelations combined with coming to terms with what she had just done was overwhelming.

“I need some time to think. I can’t… I don’t know what to do. I can’t lie to Bill…” She looked to Harry, who had understanding and acceptance in his eye, even as he was steeling himself for the consequences, Fleur gave Harry a kind, comforting smile “But I don’t want to do anything that will hurt you, Harry.”
“It’s okay, Fleur. You need to be honest with Bill. We’ll figure something out. We can, I dunno, leave the country.”

She felt her fondness for Harry swell again. He really was noble. He could have taken things further tonight, but it’d been his restraint that had stopped them. He could have tried to guilt her into protecting them, but here he was willing to accept whatever she decided. She was more determined that ever to find a way to protect him, even if she had no idea how she would do so.

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“This is your flat?” Susan winced; she hadn’t meant her tone to come out so harshly. She almost sounded like Malfoy.

Demelza snickered, while Katie huffed in mock offense “Well sorry if I don’t live up to your standards, princess.”

The day had been going great. They had stayed away from public areas, well, public wizarding areas. It turned out that muggle London could be fun- particularly when they could apparate across the city. Katie’s flat was apparently muggle, but she was still getting used to the ins and outs of muggle culture and technology. Demelza- being a half blood- had the most experience out of all of them and had ended up being an indispensible guide. She had explained the significance of landmarks, clued them into pop culture references, and guided them through a muggle mall.

Susan had been keen to spend some time shopping and picking up muggle trinkets, but she was savvy and had noticed that Katie wasn’t as enthused with the idea. She knew that Katie had a job as a teller at Quality Quidditch Supplies- probably not the best paying job, combined with having to pay for a flat, she could see why Katie wanted to save her money. So instead, Susan suggested they get lunch at the food court and enjoy it at a park.

But then Demelza asked to see where Katie lived before they went their separate ways. Susan tried not to pay any more head into how small the apartment was, or how messy- but Katie seemed to be taking it in good humor. Susan decided that Katie could handle her taking the mickey. “You know, if you had told Harry that you were living in a glorified broom cupboard, I’m sure he would have helped you out.”

“And that’s exactly why I didn’t tell him.” Katie returned “He’s got enough on his plate. I really don’t mind living here. It feels good- being independent.”

“Y’know, I have some money lying around-”

“I don’t wanna hear it.”

“I’m just saying-”

“I didn’t get into this thing for a sugar daddy- or mommy.”

Demelza choked on her laugh “Oh my god, Katie, just let her speak.”

“Look, its not like I’m having a blast living by myself, if you haven’t noticed.” Susan interjected “I was just thinking, maybe… we could live together, in a place that isn’t so… humble.”

Demelza giggled again. “Humble. Susan. You know, sometimes you’re like Harry- it’s easy to forget that you’re, like, rich. Now is not one of those times.”

Susan fought a losing battle to control her blush. “Right. Sorry- stupid idea.”
Now it was Katie’s turn to backtrack. “Wait, wait, wait.” She held her hands up placatingly. “It’s not stupid. I thought we were just going to give me money, which isn’t necessary, but living with you… that’d be nice.”

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Fleur returned in the middle of the morning to a cold bed. Bill was gone again. _Where was he? _Well, now she had some idea. Working with Dumbledore, maybe even trying to figure out how to trap Harry or force him to do what Dumbledore wanted. She went to the bathroom and washed her mouth out with water. Even after a long shift at Privet Drive, she could still detect the faint taste of him in her mouth. It wouldn’t let her forget what had happened.

She never once doubted that Harry was being honest with her. Even though a lot of what he had said was shocking, the thought that he might be lying to her never even crossed her mind. That was basically the only thing she was sure of. She couldn’t trust Dumbledore, she couldn’t trust Bill, she certainly couldn’t trust herself.

She wished she had a close friend she could talk to, someone who she could be honest with. Ginny was the closest she had to that in this house, but since so much of what Fleur was wrestling with had to do with her brother and boyfriend, it didn’t seem right.

Fleur settled into bed, but couldn’t fall asleep. For an indeterminable amount of time she shifted and turned over to try to get comfortable, but her mind wouldn’t settle. Fleur sat bolt upright when the door opened— it was Bill.

For a moment, Fleur had no idea what she was going to do. Her mind was at war with itself, so her body acted on its own accord. Her mouth crashed into his, the taste of him wiping away the memory of Harry’s taste. She clawed at his shirt, dragging him and the pushing him into bed.

She easily slid her nightgown off, and Bill was enraptured. Her allure was pouring off her in waves, and it was clearly having an impact. Bill was dazed and passive—merely letting Fleur have her way with him. With superhuman strength she ripped off his clothes, not caring when the fabric tore or rent as she grabbed and tugged.

She was possessed, all thought had fled her as she finally let loose. She gripped him by the base of his shaft, and then devoured him. Fleur savored every quiver of his cock as she took him in her mouth and sucked. Bill cried out and his hips twitched, but she didn’t let up for a moment, not until, with one final shudder, Bill came.

Fleur drank in every drop of him until he was soft in her mouth. _That just wouldn’t do._ Fleur pulled back, and for the first time in their relationship purposefully marshalled her allure—using it, almost like a weapon.

The affect was instantaneous. “Oh. Merlin Fleur, please. I need you, please, please, please.” He wasn’t just hard, his entire body was shaking in lust, his cock was swollen and leaking. She could sense his desperation through her allure, and she knew she had him in the palm of her hand. For her part, it felt glorious finally letting loose. Her entire body felt electrified, and she was certain that her coming orgasm would be utterly spectacular.

Fleur mounted him and let out a euphoric moan. Her allure amplified the pleasure and satisfaction of taking him within her, it wasn’t going to take long. However, that reaction was tame compared to Bill’s. He came. He cried, he sobbed. His body worked on its own accord—hips bucking desperately into hers, and his cock throbbed as it pumped his essence into her. Fleur responded by pressing Bill into bed and riding him as hard as she could—slamming herself down on
his spasmimg shaft as she chased her own orgasm. With each vicious thrust, she grunted loud and
low, and her core clenched on his cock, wringing yet another spasm from it. She was getting close,
so close, her allure was spiking again, taking Bill with her to a greater peak than she’d ever before
experienced.

And then Bill collapsed, passing out completely as his shaft softened within her.

“Non! Non, non non!” Fleur shouted desperately, grabbing Bill by the shoulders and
shaking him. She stifled a sob, she’d never known frustration like this, being so close and yet
being denied. She turned over, wondering if it would be worth it to enervate him, or if she should
just take care of herself… and then a bolt of inspiration.

With shaking hands, she opened her bedside drawer, withdrawing the dildo Ginny had let
her copy. She didn’t bother taking her time, she was already at the edge. Her cunt seemed to draw
it in, her inner walls shifting and closing around something thicker than what she was used to until
it was fully within her.

It felt brilliant, if only it were real.

With one hand, she began to fuck herself with the toy, while her other toyed with her clit.
Yes, that was good. She tried imagining what would have happened if Bill had been able to hold
out for a few more seconds, but as she got closer to the edge her mind began to wander… back to
Harry.

What if he hadn’t stopped her? What if she had had taken him like she had taken Bill?
How would his face looked as she made him cum, how would he cry out for her? How would it
have felt, having that gorgeous cock inside her?

“Oh, oooh fuck. Huh. Oh fuck! H-Harry!” She would have taken him for hours. She
would have made him cum again and again. If Ginny wanted to see her fuck her boyfriend, oh
she’d let her. Ginny would watch while she wrecked Harry, rubbing pathetically at her clit while
Fleur got to enjoy that fucking cock. “FUCK!”

Fleur laid back into bed, panting at the power of the orgasm she’d just experienced.
Shame mingled with satisfaction. Damn, she really couldn’t stop herself. This couldn’t go on.

She began to clean herself up. She quickly cast a Scourgify on the dildo, but something
made her pause. When she’d first copied it from Ginny, she’d marveled at the realism, but now she
couldn’t help but find it familiar. In fact, it looked an awful lot like...

Oh. No.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up, we'll be catching up with our old pals Dumbledore and Voldemort.
Cold Blooded

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Ron self-consciously slid into a chair near the back. It really wasn’t that he was worried about being found out, he was just… just a little intimidated. He’d spent two years wondering what was going on during Order meetings, and he was about to find out.

Bill was on his left (Fleur was guarding Harry that night, apparently), and Ron was relieved when Prof- Remus and Tonks took seats on his other side. His mum had pitched a fit when Ron had been let into the Order, and he didn’t want to deal with her fussing.

It turned out that Order meetings were actually boring. There was a lot of discussion of politics that Ron didn’t care for, routine patrols and the like, but Ron was surprised at how little actual action was being taken. Everything seemed reactionary to him. Weren’t they supposed to be trying to track down Death Eaters?

Ron sat back and did his best to look like he was paying attention. Susan had told him it was unlikely that there’d be any sensitive discussion in the main Order meetings. Dumbledore would pull people aside and speak privately about important missions… like what he was doing with Bill.

Ron jolted when an elbow dug into his side, and sent an annoyed look at Tonks, who smirked unapologetically. He glanced quickly at Bill to see if he’d noticed the byplay. He hadn’t, and was in fact engrossed in a book, occasionally he scribbled something in the margins, but he was barely paying attention to the meeting himself. He’d seen Bill with that book earlier that day, and when he had asked him about it, he’d said it was something ‘for Harry’ and nothing more. Ron peered over, trying to peek at the pages, but for some reason he couldn’t focus on the words…

Ron’s gaze went from briefly befuddled to calculating as it registered in Ron’s mind- the book was enchanted. Whatever was in there must be important. He’d have to tell Ginny tomorrow.

He must have only spent a few seconds scrutinizing the book, but when he turned his attention back to Tonks, it was clear that she had noticed something. Her gaze was penetrating, and Ron felt like he was being examined under a lens.

The corner of her mouth turned fractionally upwards and she looked to Remus, who almost imperceptibly nodded.

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Much like Susan had been, Hermione had retreated to her own self-imposed exile after school. Unlike Susan, Hermione was eager to focus on her research without distractions.

Hermione had spent the end of term reading up on alchemy. Frankly, she was surprised at how rigorous it was, it was almost a science. No wonder it was basically a lost art.

Hermione reached into her bag, where she had, ah, ‘saved up’ a substantial quantity of Harry’s semen for her alchemical studies in small glass vials that she had enchanted with preservation charms. It would have been impossible for her to find the necessary equipment for what she wanted to do in Diagon Alley. Perhaps in some shops in Knocturn Alley… but she didn’t dare go there, she didn’t dare step foot in even Diagon Alley these days unless she absolutely
needed to.

Thankfully, the Room of Requirement had come through for her- she now had an alchemical scale, a fey flame, and an alchemist’s kit. The scale and the flame were simple enough to use. The scale seemed to be a simple metal disc mounted in a rune-engraved stone frame. Hermione had already tested out a number of common potion ingredients on the scale- all with the expected results. Each ingredient, when placed on the scale, would quickly dissolve, like a drop of water in a hot pan. Then, a number of the runes etched along the side would heat up- warm to the touch. Each specific combination of runes was linked to a certain set of properties.

It was true that many combinations had never been found- they were entirely theoretical. There had been a lot of argument about that a few centuries back- some alchemist claiming that there must be undiscovered magical species and speculating at the potential of various combinations. Others believed that some runic combinations were just contradictory or downright impossible.

Hermione hadn’t bought that- surely there were some combinations that were impossible, but it seemed to her an act of complete hubris to assume you had discovered everything there was to discover.

The vial felt warm in her hand- though she knew that sensation came not from any actual heat but from magic. To activate the scale, she placed her wand into the center of the disk and muttered and incantation. She deftly uncorked the vial and allowed a few drops to fall onto the scale- they disappeared with a sizzle as they made contact with the plate. Hermione ran her hands around the edges of the scale, scribbling down the runes that heated up.

Uruz and Ingwaz- she might’ve guessed. She jotted down her thoughts as they came to her in a messy scrawl- might be useful for strengthening solutions, maybe even healing potions, the runes had a very strong association with fertility and sexual desire which… made sense.

She bit her lip and turned her attention to the fey flame. It was by far the flashiest and most subjective of the instruments she had at her disposal. After this, the easy part would be done- she would have to spend weeks testing how semen reacted to various ingredients and treatments if she wanted to be able to actually use it for anything.

The fey flame looked, well, an awful lot like a Bunsen burner. She tapped her wand at the base, and it sputtered to life, producing a small white flame. It would burn at an intensity based on the magical potency of the material fed into the flame. Knowing the magical content of ingredients was important in potion making because – of course- you didn’t want to blow yourself up by adding too much of something.

When Hermione added just a drop of semen into the flame, it suddenly billowed outwards in a flash. She stumbled backwards as it flared, her arm moving to cover her eyes to shield them from the intensity of the light. The vial clattered to the floor harmlessly as Hermione scrambled back to her feet and drew her wand- making sure to avert her eyes from the intensely burning- yet slowly dimming ball of white magical fire in the middle of her room.

“Finite.” The fire vanished, and Hermione put a hand to her face, blinking to ward off the spots in her vision. Maybe conducting experiments by herself wasn’t a good idea.

Wow, how reckless of you. Harry teased. What next, are you going to brew an illegal and dangerous potion in the bathroom again?

Hermione smiled. Hypocrite. What’s the status with… everything.
She could feel Harry deflate, and almost regretted bringing it up, but it needed to be done. *We really fucked up with Fleur.*

*You didn’t do anything.*

*Yeah, but I also didn’t do anything to stop it.* There was a very real temptation on her part to argue that point, but she let it go. *Look- that’s not the point. Ginny’s going to ask Fleur about the book.*

*Oh.*

*Yeah. We really don’t have another option here. We need to know what they’re planning. But… I just hate this.*

*I hate to ask this, but after last night, we really need to discus it… is Fleur going to be your seventh?*

There was a long pause as Harry collected his thoughts. Hermione could feel the gears turning in his head.

*Not sure if that’s up to me.*

*So you’d be open to it. If Fleur wanted to.*

*And the rest of you were okay with it.*

Hermione couldn’t see any of them turning away someone who wanted to help save Harry’s life. She certainly wouldn’t, even if the thought of Fleur being with Harry made her feel rather inferior.

*Hey, none of that.* Harry chided gently. *You know me better than that. Just remember, I love you.*

Hermione found herself smiling uncontrollably as Harry projected his affection to her- his admiration, his trust, his respect. His love.

She blinked back tears. *Love you too.*

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When Ginny had come to her the morning after... after she had been unfaithful to Bill, Fleur had been expecting her to apologize. She didn’t think that Ginny needed to do so, but the serious look on her face made it clear to Fleur that the conversation would be weighty- it had seemed obvious what they would talk about.

Except she’d been completely wrong. “You’re asking me to spy on Bill.” Fleur had uttered with incredulity.

“I know.” Ginny then admitted “I know, it’s terrible of me to ask you this, but no one else could get that book and break the enchantments on it.”

Fleur shook her head “No, I can’t betray him again.”

“It’s for Harry.”

“What?”
“That’s what Bill said, whatever’s in that book… it’s for Harry.” Ginny let that hang in the air for a moment “And I have a feeling it’s not a present.”

“No.” Fleur agreed.

“Fleur, please.” Ginny pleaded, a hint of desperation in her voice, but Fleur held a hand up.

“You misunderstand. I was a agreeing with you.” Fleur assured her. “If it’s for Harry, I’ll do it.”

“And for the record, I am sorry.”

“None of this is your fault, Ginny.”

“I meant, for everything. For being a bitch.” Fleur could tell that it was a difficult thing for her to admit. “You didn’t deserve it.”

“Thank you.” Fleur didn’t know what else to say.

That wasn’t the only… enlightening conversation she’d had that day. Luna had visited for lunch and had spent most of the meal staring at her. She wasn’t ogling, which Fleur half expected given her previous behavior, no, it was like Luna was examining her in detail, picking her apart and trying to figure her out. It was tad unnerving.

Ginny had, more or less, pushed the two of them together when she suggested they all take a walk, and Ginny had not too subtly wandered off soon after. Fleur was expecting another apology… this one, she thought, would be warranted. But once again, she would be surprised.

“You know, its not healthy to pretend to be someone you’re not.”

While it had come completely out of the blue, Fleur knew the statement rang true more than she’d like to admit. She didn’t respond, but Luna continued on, unperturbed “I know what I did last night was wrong. But I could just see you. I could see how much you were enjoying it, and I wanted you to be a part of it too.”

Fleur nodded shamefully. How could she deny it?

“I really was just lost in the moment of it, and I’m sorry.”

“I was too.” Fleur admitted “I don’t think I’ve ever felt so alive after you, after we…”

“I think that says something, don’t you?”

It was then the Fleur realized that beneath that unassuming face she presented to the world, Luna was sharp as a tack and downright cunning. She knew exactly what questions to ask to get to the point of things, but she didn’t outright say it. Letting the obvious answer hang in the air.

She wasn’t happy with Bill.

It was then that Fleur finally accepted what she needed to do.

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Pansy suppressed a shiver- she was doing everything she could to not show weakness, but it was cold, she was in her nightgown, having not been given the time to even get dressed, and the loose gravel of the country road was hard on her bare feet.
She was a pureblood, so she did not panic when two Death Eaters had abducted her from her room in the middle of the night. But she deserved better treatment than this. She was a pureblood heiress! Not some sniveling half-blood. She was important!

Yet, she couldn’t deny that the Death Eater garb was intimidating, and she could find no sympathy or friendliness with her… escort? Captors? She suppressed a jolt of panic. Surely she hadn’t done anything to anger the Dark Lord? Besides, if anything happened to her, her family would object, and they were influential people!

*Just like Draco’s family.*

Pansy gulped. No one had heard from Draco since the failed attack on Hogwarts.

They led her on, into a seemingly desolate forest, until she tried to step forward but was stopped by an invisible force. She looked up at one of the Death Eaters, the one she had judged to be ‘in charge’. “Right.” He said gruffly, temporarily breaking the intimidating façade. He waved his wand over her, muttering an incantation she couldn’t pick up and they were walking again. Passing through the ward felt something like diving into water, there was a momentarily disorienting period as she stepped through, before her senses adjusted.

Now she could see signs of activity. A fire a short distance away- more Death Eaters around it, and hovering above it… oh god.

The figure was rotating slowly in the air, naked with horrible burns all over their body. They were being tortured, and someone was laughing- cruel and high pitched. Pansy felt sick, what was she getting involved in?

“We’ve brought the girl.” The Death Eater said.

“Bring her into the light.” Said a nasty, feminine voice, and Pansy found herself shoved forward.

“What does the Dark Lord wish of me?” Pansy said meekly, hoping cooperation would make this all easier.

But apparently, those were the wrong words “The *Dark Lord* does not wish for you. He is busy mastering magics your mind couldn’t even comprehend.” Pansy felt her stomach drop, she was speaking to Bellatrix Lestrange. “You are beneath him and his notice, girl.”

“Forgive me.” Pansy said weakly. She briefly considered rephrasing her question, before throwing that idea into the trash. No, better to let Lestrange lead this.

“No, you are here for something, a bit more personal.” Bellatrix’s voice was positively gleeful as she grabbed the bloody man above the fire and rotated him so she could see him. Pansy’s blood ran cold.

It was Draco.

Even in his tortured state, his eyes followed her in recognition. “Your boyfriend and his family have failed the Dark Lord one too many times.” Pansy couldn’t look away- he was in bad shape, welts, burns and bruises covering his body. Draco had once been proud, now his dignity was shattered, he was a whimpering mess, a ruined man.

Bellatrix stepped towards her and placed a knife in her hand. Pansy looked at it dumbly.
After a moment of silence, Bellatrix encouraged “Go on.”

“You mean… you mean you want me to…” She stammered.

Bellatrix smiled cruelly, looking her straight in the eye “Yes. Kill him. Slit his throat. It would be a mercy at this point, wouldn’t it?”

“No!” Someone sobbed, and through the haze Pansy realized that Draco’s parents were there, and his mother had just broken into tears. She looked up to Draco, who stared back at her pleadingly, his lips mouthing her name, beseeching her.

She didn’t want to kill Draco. She didn’t really want to kill anyone herself, though she certainly didn’t object to the idea of Death Eaters killing mudbloods and muggles. But it was different when you were the one doing it, and it was to be done to someone you knew.

But if she didn’t… she could be the next one on that fire. She didn’t want to die. *Sorry Draco, its not personal.* She held the knife aloft, and she could see the betrayal in Draco’s eyes. After a moment of hesitation she plunged the knife downwards.

It clanged against something hard, reverberating harshly in her hand. Pansy’s confusion was compounded by Bellatrix’s laughter. “Looks like she’ll make a better Death Eater than you, Draco!” What had just happened? There was clearly some sort of ward around Draco, preventing her from reaching him, which meant...

This was a test.

And she’d passed.

Chapter End Notes

Gotta admit, I loved writing Pansy's part.
Finding the opportunity to find the book was remarkably easy. No one would bat an eye at Fleur being in Bill’s room, not even Bill. Ron had provided the distraction, grabbing Bill and the twins for a game of two on two quidditch.

Breaking into Bill’s spelled cabinet was more difficult, but Fleur was accomplished in charms and runes in her own right, and most importantly, she knew Bill- she knew how he thought hand what protections he would place.

Her original plan was to simply copy the book and return it without him noticing, but after a diagnostic charm, she realized that that would be impossible. Not only was the book spelled so that only someone who was touching it could properly read it, it had an anti-copying charm, and an imperturbable charm keyed into a specific magical signature. Bill was the only one who could touch the book, and only someone who touched the book could read it.

She tapped her chin thoughtfully, fortunately, Bill hadn’t taken the security of the book as seriously as he could have. There was no consequence to attempting to read the book- probably wise since he was using it in public and didn’t want to accidentally hurt someone. Nevertheless the fact that he was using it in public belied either a carelessness or an arrogance that wasn’t like him. She wondered again what had gotten into him.

After several attempts, she was able to break the imperturbable charm without incident. Fleur instantly realized as she scanned the first page this was not a spell book or tome- it was a journal. Scrawled on the pages were arithmetic equations, runes, and notes- none of which made sense to her without the proper context. Why didn’t he just explain what he was writing about? It must have made sense to him, but it left Fleur rubbing her forehead in frustration.

She was so engrossed in deciphering Bill’s work that she was caught by complete surprise when the door opened- it was Bill.

“Wha- Fleur? What are you doing?” Bill’s eyes zeroed in on the book in her hands. “How did you even know about that? And why…” He trailed off as he tried to piece things together.

Fleur fortified herself- calmly setting the book down and turning to face him. “What you’re doing is wrong, Bill.”

“You’re working with Harry.” It wasn’t a question.

“Oui.” Fleur held her head high “He’s a good man. He doesn’t deserve to be a puppet, or a sacrificial lamb.”

Bill sneered “A good man?” He asked incredulously “A good man who sleeps around with witches, who manipulates them into fucking him with his fame and his ‘tragic plight’? If he were a good man, he’d make the sacrifice, he’d do whatever it takes. Instead, he’s just being selfish.”

“There’s no point to him dying if he can avoid it! He hasn’t manipulated anyone. He’s been completely honest with those girls. He’s risked his life to save so many people, including your sister. He just doesn’t want to throw his life away, is that too much to ask?” Her defense of him was passionate, perhaps too passionate, because Bill had become suspicious.
“Wait. Are you… are you and him?” He looked stricken, not even able to finish voicing the thought, and all Fleur could do was look down in guilt.

“No.” The despair in Bill’s voice struck at her heart.

“Bill, wait. It’s not what you think.” Fleur hurried to explain. “Harry and I, we’ve never even kissed.”

“But you want to.” Bill said flatly.

“Oui.”

“And you’ve done something.” He continued, his voice darkening.

“One of his girlfriends kissed me, by surprise.” Fleur hastened to add “I didn’t want it to happen, but I can’t say that I didn’t enjoy it.”

Fleur looked back up at Bill and was shocked to see the pure ugly rage blossoming on his face. “That… that BASTARD!” He shouted, sending his fist into a wall.

“It’s not his fault. He never did anything!”

“And I’m supposed to believe you! He’s corrupted everyone around him, including you! IT’S ALL HIS FAULT!”

Fleur hadn’t known how this conversation would go, but she hadn’t expected Bill’s anger to be so… violent. “But you know what… it doesn’t matter. He’s going to get what’s coming to him. And I’m not going to let you stop us.” She certainly hadn’t expected him to draw his wand on her in anger, or to a rather nasty and debilitating curse at her- one that would have sent her to an extended stay at St. Mungos. It was nearly dark magic- it certainly had a better claim to the title than Harry’s ritual.

Fleur managed to roll out of the way, but Bill had anticipated that and summoned her wand out of her hand in her distraction. She had no idea what Bill was capable, and no way to defend herself.

…well, she had one.

With a desperate will, she sent every ounce of her allure at him she could muster, straining her Veela magic like she never had before. It was more than just letting go, it was channeling it with purpose, like a weapon.

It wasn’t enough to enrapture him- for all his faults Bill was not weak willed, but it had clearly caught him by surprise, setting off his aim so that his follow up curse collided with the wall.

Despite his obvious distraction, Bill managed to send a follow up stunner towards her, forcing Fleur to duck. There was one last trick Fleur had up her sleeve- a bit of Veela magic that she had never used before. After a brief moment of focus, Fleur sharply exhaled into her cupped hands, kindling a flame between them.

Instead of throwing the fire at Bill- which could have been dodged and caused collateral damage, she instead shoved it towards herself. When Fleur rose, the front of her blouse and skirt had been charred off. Her skin was blemish free, as it was resistant to her own fire, and Fleur easily cast off the remains of her clothes.
“You really think you can-” The taunt had been at Bill’s lips, but it had choked in his mouth the instant that Fleur had risen, baring herself to him. Fleur didn’t realize it, but the intensity of her allure had created a visible aura around her and small plumes of fire- remnants from her magic- were curling and dispersing on the floor around her. What she did know was that she felt powerful. It was euphoric, and almost orgasmic pleasure, and she felt like a shooting star as she burned through long suppressed stores of magic. To Bill she appeared as a radiant goddess made flesh- the will to fight her vanished completely, replaced by mindless, worshipful desire.

Fleur approached Bill cautiously at first, only smirking as she realized that he was completely under her power. His eyes were glassy and staring at her chest. His mouth was hanging just slightly open, letting a trickle of drool out. She could smell how intense and complete his arousal was, and it was quite the power trip. She practically sauntered as she closed the gap between them, and he barely reacted when she plucked both of their wands from his nerveless fingers. He did, however, make to grab her, to run his hands over her body, but she batted them away.

“Don’t touch me.” She commended, and then added “Take off your clothes.” Bill nearly tripped over himself to fulfill her request. Fleur let her eyes idly roam over Bill’s body, knowing that it was the last time that she’d let herself appreciate it- he really was good looking, handsome features and an athletic body. Her eyes dipped down to his cock as Bill let it spring free from his boxers, it was hard and twitching desperately as it leaked precum- both the scent and sight of which was enticing to Fleur’s senses. She licked her lips

Naturally, Bill tried to touch himself, it surely would only take one firm stroke to put him over the edge, but Fleur had been prepared for that. She distracted him with a kiss, before pressing him back and pinning his hands to the wall with a sticking charm. At this point, their bodies were inches from each other, and it was clearly having an impact on Bill. His hips were arching forward and soft whimpers were escaping him, finally culminating in him outright begging her. “Please, please, pleasepleaseplease.” He repeated.

She had him. She had bent this strong, independent minded man to her will, and now he was completely under her power. She leaned over and crooned into his ear “I know, I know Bill, you need it.”

“Please, I need it.” Bill pleaded- his mind incapable of doing anything other than echoing her own words.

“But if I’m going to give you what you need, you’re going to have to give me what I want.”

“Anything.” Bill promised.

“Good.” Fleur smiled, “Tell me, what are you and Dumbledore planning on doing to Harry.”

For a moment, a bit of awareness flickered in his eyes, but Fleur quenched it by running a finger up the length of his cock. He moaned piteously at even that small amount of stimulation. “Tell me.”

“W-we’re going to use the blood wards at Privet Drive.” Bill uttered quickly “We’re going to force them to collapse around Harry.”

“That would be catastrophic.” Fleur murmured “Who knows what that would do to him.” Not to mention it’d most likely backfire on the other occupants of Privet Drive, but Fleur was not too concerned with their wellbeing. Her anger was rising, but she kept up the slow stroking of his
shaft with her finger, keeping up the spell.

“There was a book in Grimmauld.” Bill replied “A way to control the collapse of wards. We couldn’t figure out how to undo the bond.” Bill’s explanation was interrupted by a whimpering gasp, and Fleur had to pull her hand back just in time to prevent him from tipping over the edge. His cock twitched uselessly in the air, emitting several more drops of precum.

“Go on.” Fleur said flatly, all sense of seduction drained from her voice.

“B-but we could stop him from making more of them.” He continued “If he doesn’t have a sex drive, he can’t sleep around. When he’s dead, Ginny would be free.”

Fleur’s rage spiked and she lashed out, slapping him across the face. “Bastard.” She seethed. How dare they? How dare he?

“Please. You promised you’d- you’d...” Oh, how pathetic.

“I did.” Fleur conceded, a few moments ago, having Bill begging like this had been so sexy and empowering, but now she felt nothing but disgust. She wanted nothing more to do with him. She lashed out anew with her allure. Even after just a few minutes of use, she had grown into her ability and was able to wield her allure with even more devastating force. She had so much built up from years of repression that she had plenty to burn for this moment. It would be enough to melt his mind with pleasure, to make any touch feel orgasmic. Any touch.

Her hand, which had been hovering over his cock, moved lower, closing around his testicles and then squeezing. His balls tried to curl up into his body, but she yanked them back, tightening her grip even further. She met his gaze, so that he could see her eyes- burning and vindictive.

Bill broke, he screamed and bucked, but Fleur could tell immediately that he was cuming. She could feel his testicles working to expel his semen even against her iron grip. And sure enough, his screams quickly morphed into loud moans of both pain and pleasure. His cock twitched freely as his release dribbled out without force, running down his shaft and dripping to the floor.

With only last spiteful twist at his scrotum, she released him and the sticking charm holding him to the wall. Bill promptly collapsed to the floor, still moaning, still shaking, and his cock still twitching even though it had no more semen to give. She wondered how long he’d be incapacitated, but she had no desire to stay to find out. She needed to get to Harry.

Both Ron and Ginny were waiting outside of Bill’s room- no doubt debating on whether they should check inside or not. Comically, their reaction to Fleur was nearly identical, blushing, dropped jaws, and a complete inability to look away from her. She no longer had the reserves to use her allure aggressively as she had with Bill, but neither was she holding back.

Fleur belatedly realized that she was still undressed but was simply not bothered by it. In fact, she found she enjoyed the two siblings’ reactions to her, very much. Ginny was babbling, trying and failing to string words together in a coherent matter, and Fleur decided to put her out of her misery- propping her jaw shut and placing a single finger over her lips to silence her. Ginny let out a muffled sound somewhere between a squeak and a moan.

“Tell Harry to pack up. I’m taking him away.” Fleur told her “Those monsters were going to keep him from ever making love again.” Ginny nodded dumbly, and Fleur wondered if she had fully processed her words. No matter. Fleur turned to Ron with a sultry smirk, leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. Ron moaned softly as her lips made contact. “Thank you for the tip.” Fleur
said as she pulled back, and Ron managed to nod in response.

When Fleur then left them, Ron and Ginny shared an awkward glance, and simultaneously retreated to their respective rooms post haste. Neither would be seen about the Burrow for a solid half hour.

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When Fleur apparated to Privet Drive without incident, wand in one hand and a portkey- a small knotted piece of rope- in the other, and completely nude. It was Mundungus Fletcher’s shift, and Fleur didn’t doubt that he’d buggered off to a pub. She was only mildly surprised to find Harry waiting for her in the living room with his luggage- she knew she had very little to pack.

Harry, for his part, took her presence much better than Ginny and Ron. He blushed more than she thought he was capable of, but his eyes studiously avoided her body- with great effort, no doubt. “Er, hi Fleur. Ginny told me that you’re taking me somewhere? I guess whatever you got from Bill is pretty serious.” He was very jumpy, his voice brisk in a way that felt forced. It was adorable, how much effort he was putting into being a gentleman. Adorable and completely unnecessary.

“Harry.” Fleur with a playfully smile “Look at me.”

His eyes needed no further prompting, sweeping down and then up her body slowly, drinking her in. Thrillingly, as he met her eyes again they were not glassy, but vibrant- burning with lust. “Don’t be shy about your desires, Harry, not around me.”

“Right.” Harry smiled back at her, peaking again and again at her body. He was so freaking adorable, she wanted to eat him up.

The moment was ruined by Petunia’s shrill cry. “You! Get out of here you whore!”

Clearly, the woman was completely heterosexual.

Fleur didn’t hesitate. She had put a lot of thought into what she’d do to those monsters, and she’d been forced to admit that there was nothing she could do that could even begin to measure up to what they had done to Harry. So, she’d decided, she might as well have fun with it. She’d taken inspiration from Victor’s masterful transfiguration during the second task.

"Shut up, you shiveled bitch.” With a flourish of Fleur’s hand, Petunia’s yelling quickly became far less human and far more equine in nature. The grotesque twist of Fleur’s chosen method of torment was that she’d only transfigured Petunia’s head. Her hands came to feel her face in horror, and she promptly toppled over- top heavy as she was in her new form.

Fleur was a little disappointed that Vernon Dursley was currently away. While she had no doubt that she’d enjoy inflicting her own brand of torment on that excuse for a man, she figured that Petunia was an equally deserving target of her rage.

She turned back to Harry “Are you ready to go mon tresor?”

“Where?”

“France, of course. Dumbledore has no authority there. My parents gave me a portkey when I moved to England, in case I ever needed to escape.”

“Ah, are you sure your parents would be okay with me staying with them?” Harry asked.
Fleur snorted, she’d need a club to keep Gabby off of him, and her mother… well she certainly had more restraint than Gabby, but if Harry weren’t spoken for Fleur had no doubt she’d try to ‘collect’ him. “You’re welcome, of course. My parents are very grateful for you saving Gabby during the second task, and for sending up sparks over me in the third task.”

Both of them were doing their best to ignore Petunia’s cries of distress, but Dudley had finally heard enough lumbered down from his bedroom. “Was goin’ on?” Her muttered, before freezing at the sight of Fleur. She quickly shot a body-bind hex at him, trying to ignore the growing wet spot on his shorts.

Harry was ready, his firebolt under his arm and trunk and empty birdcage in hand- ‘Hedwig can fly to France no problem’ he would later tell her. Fleur cast a sidelong glance at Dudley, who was looking on in with a frozen expression, but no doubt experiencing desire like he never had before. She might as well give him something to be extremely jealous over.

So, without a word of warning she lunged at Harry, pressing her body to his and plundering his mouth with her tongue. She eagerly swallowed his moans as she deepened both her kiss and her embrace. Her hand gripped the base of his skull and tilted his head to give her a better angle, her leg wrapped around his waist, pressing his hips closer to her until he couldn’t resist grinding his erection against her thigh.

“Oh my god, Fleur, Fleur, Fleur.” Harry’s soft panting moans as she pulled back were music to her ears. She wanted to coax more of those sounds from him. She wanted shower him with affection, to pleasure him until he couldn’t help but cry out. She wanted to take him until he was trembling and blissed out, so adorably vulnerable for her.

But now wasn’t the time.

She de-escalated until she was giving his lips repeated light kisses. “Don’t worry darling, there is so much more to come. But first, activate.” The portkey whisked them away. Away from Privet Drive, away from a lifetime of abuse at the hands of the Dursleys, and away from the wards that were meant to protect Harry but were to be perverted into a weapon against him.

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Voldemort sat back in contemplation- it had been a while since he’d had an academic problem truly worth sinking his teeth into. He’d had to seclude himself and delegated the responsibilities of prosecuting the war to Bellatrix, who he had heard was currently playing mind games with the Malfoys and the new recruits.

Truthfully, he should have anticipated something like this happening, horcruxes were pieces of his very soul, it made sense that they act on their own, without his will. The diary had done so, even though he had no memory and hadn’t wanted the Chamber to be opened- and the risk to the diary horcrux that had entailed, the version of him in the Diary had other goals.

Several things had changed since the Malfoy boy’s failed attack on Hogwarts. If he had known then what he knew now, he would have called off the invasion entirely. If it had actually succeeded in it’s objectives, paradoxically he would have found himself in a worse position than he did now.

The pain that Potter had inflicted on him had been excruciating, but they had opened his mind, allowed him to think in ways he never would have before. He had reached out and felt the connections to his horcruxes, tenuous links that he had barely acknowledged before but had now taken on new importance to him.
To his fury, more had been destroyed than been expected - not just the diary but the locket and the diadem as well. But there had been upside. He had never been able to predict how opportunistic his little slivers of soul had proven to be - how they had demonstrated the remarkable ability to latch themselves onto the enemy. It was remarkable how such a small but truly pivotal quirk had won him the war.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the lateness of this update - here's my impression of my week:

Family member- Hey VI, what are you up to?
Me- *rapidly closing Microsoft Word* 'Uhhhhh, writing?'

Anyway, I'm really excited about this chapter. I hope you guys enjoy it too!
Harry’s mind was in overload. He wasn’t completely sure what Fleur had gotten out of Bill, but whatever it was had clearly alarmed her. Was he really in that much danger from Dumbledore? If he was, what about the girls?

Those were the thoughts running through his head until Fleur had burst into the house, and at that point, frankly Harry wasn’t having many thoughts at all. He had scarcely been able to keep his eyes off her and Fleur clearly reveled in it. Not only that, she encouraged it and not just with words, but with everything. She walked with a seductive grace and a slow sway of her hips, showing off her body with attractive confidence.

And of course, she had reason to be confident. Her body was elegant and feminine, yet radiated a strength that was a gift of her Veela heritage. It was as if she’d been sculpted by the gods- long, shapely legs and powerful thighs, wide hips, a tuft of hair highlighting her dripping sex, a flat stomach with just a hint of musculature, and breasts that seemed to defy the laws of physics.

When his eyes returned to Fleur’s face, she was grinning, her eyes sparkling in satisfaction, and every time he couldn’t resist peeking at her body, her smile grew just a bit wider. Harry had no illusions- he wasn’t in control here. Fleur was dictating the conversation and what they were to do, and Harry just wasn’t in the mindset to question her. He was lightheaded with desire and consumed by the struggle to control himself, his cock was swollen and ached to be touched, throbbing and twinging like it was the first time he’d seen a girl naked.

Her kiss was unlike any he’d ever had. She aggressively took his mouth as she aligned her body against his and her allure washed over him. It was almost unbearable, being so close to her naked flesh. It felt like he was being sucked in by her sexuality. Her leg looped behind him, ensuring that he was fully pressed against body. Just the proximity to her affected him, sending pleasurable tingles across his body and down to his cock.

And then, as he was still reeling from… all of it, Fleur activated the portkey. Harry didn’t do well with portkeys in the best of situations. His attempt to brace himself failed- Harry felt his knees buckle as the ground reasserted its presence, and he was toppling over. To his surprise Fleur intercepted his fall, one hand supporting his upper back while the other was on his arse.

She smiled and groped him playfully as she righted him. “Er, thanks… so what-” Harry’s question was cut off when Fleur once again took his mouth, pressing him into the nearest available surface. After a intense but brief kiss, Fleur pressed her face to his neck, her tongue swiping across his skin as she inhaled deeply through her nose. Her eyelids fluttered shut as she let out a low moan. After a moment of distraction Fleur refocused and pinned Harry with a gaze that made him feel like a rabbit in the sights of a hawk.

“So fucking good.” She cursed. “Mmmm, you taste delicious mon tresor.” And then she assaulted his neck so forcefully she was practically biting him. Simultaneously, her hand grabbed roughly at his crotch. The move, having been made in the heat of the moment, wasn’t elegant, but it did its job of titillating both of them. Harry moaned aloud, forcing his knees to not buckle as his world momentarily shrunk down to his cock. She was touching him- albeit through two layers of clothing- and the realization struck him like lightning, it was enrapturing… and emboldening.
Fleur, for her part, couldn’t resist feeling out the bulge in Harry’s trousers. She was every bit as out of control as Harry. She had meant for a quick kiss. The portkey would alert her parents, so she’d wanted to get to her room and... get dressed. But as soon as she had smelt and tasted him... it was over. She’d never encountered a cocktail so potent- masculinity, virility, arousal, and unexpectedly, she could detect the scent of all the girls he had fucked still clinging to him. Her inner Veela was preening to itself at having caught such a virile mate. She couldn’t wait, she had to have him now.

She was caught by complete surprise when Harry’s hand, which had been idle at her hip, suddenly moved with purpose down to her inner thigh and then up to... “Fffffffuck!” Fleur hissed as Harry began to explore her folds with his fingers.

Using her allure not only affected those around her, it felt good. It wasn’t something she had much experience with, but every pleasurable sensation was amplified while she used her allure. Even just kissing him sent up fireworks in her mind and tendrils of warmth through her body (which was why she couldn’t seem to stop kissing him). It wasn’t that Harry’s technique was somehow better than Bill’s. No, he was the first person she’d ever felt comfortable letting go with, the only one she’d been with who could handle her allure.

Harry had a knack for picking up her cues and soon his thumb was circling her clit as his fingers were probing her entrance. It was exquisitely pleasurable, so much better than anything she’d felt while struggling to control her allure. Harry’s probing fingers sank into her cunt unexpectedly, her inner muscles working to suck in the probing digits to the hilt.

Harry moaned at the sensation of Fleur’s silky warmth enveloping his fingers- insistently drawing them inward and clenching around them. It felt good, it felt so damn good and it was just his fingers. How would it feel with his cock?

Fleur’s thoughts were in synch with Harry’s. His fingers felt amazing, but she hungered for more. Without thought, she ripped open his pants and reached under his boxers- closing her hand around his cock, and it seemed like her every sense kicked into overdrive, and everything that wasn’t Harry faded into a blur.

First, she heard him. The neediness and desperation in his voice as her hand made contact, the gasping of his breath, the racing beat of his heart. She could also feel him- his cock in her hand. She ran her fingers over his shaft and head, memorizing every bump and curve of him, every vein and ridge. She could feel how he twitched in her hand in time with his heartbeat, practically feel the blood rushing under her fingers.

She wasn’t even acting consciously now, her hand automatically pulled him out of his boxers, exposing him to her eyes. She’d already seen him, multiple times, but now she could look at him without feeling guilty, without having to restrain herself or her allure. She drank in the sight of him, swollen, throbbing, head purpling, and the glisten of pre-cum at his slit. She licked her lips and her tongue picked up his scent in the air. She breathed, and she could smell his musky arousal and the faint scent of his pre-cum.

Harry breathed through gritted teeth as he valiantly staved off orgasm. He had prided himself on his stamina, but Fleur had turned the tables on him. It was her allure, it had to be. What else could explain how she’d turned his cock into such a desperate, twinging thing? How the way she was staring at his cock- with slit-eyed gaze entirely consumed by hunger- made him want to release himself on the spot?

And to be fair, his bond-mates weren’t making things any easier. Ginny had been masturbating ever since Fleur had left the Burrow and had cum several times even since Fleur had kissed him.
Luna was only marginally less enthusiastic.

“I’m going to fuck you, Harry.” Fleur purred “I can’t wait to feel you twitching and cumming inside of me, to hear what sweet noises you make. I’m going to make you cum over and over again, until you can stand no more, and then…”

And then, Fleur was interrupted by a strangled gasp. As one, Harry and Fleur turned, to see the intruder. Though Harry had only seen her once before and she had grown since then, but he’d still have no trouble picking her out from a crowd- Gabrielle Delecour. The now 12-year-old girl was staring wide eyed at his cock. Pale skinned as she was, she was blushing fiercely… and was that drool?

It only took a moment for everything to register. They… they were outside, right near the entrance to what must be the Delecours’ home. He’d almost shagged Fleur on the side of a building. And now Fleur’s younger sister was staring at them… well, him. With sudden urgency, Harry began to redress himself.

The spell seemed to be broken for Fleur as well, who seemed quite embarrassed… and self-conscious once more after waltzing out of the Burrow and into Privet Drive without a care. “Gabby! Que fais-tu ici?” Fleur sputtered, and Harry now really wished he understood even a lick of French.

The girl didn’t even respond, her eyes still locked on Harry’s crotch as he struggled to hike his pants up. “I think the better question is, what are you doing here, ma fille?” The woman who’d just followed Gabrielle out the door had to be their mother- Apolline Delecour. While she was addressing Fleur, her eyes were also on Harry.

While she wasn’t nearly as blatant about it as Gabrielle, it was still a bit disconcerting. “Though I can take a guess. Fleeing the country after seducing a man, should we expect armies at the gates?” Fleur winced, while Dumbledore still had to work inside the law, if Voldemort found out it would put her family at risk- though would he risk drawing wizarding France as a whole into the war?

“Mamam… I had to.” Fleur tried to justify herself. “He needed my help.”

“She isn’t saying I blamed you, ma fille.” Apoline hastened to add, and then with a final appreciative glance at Harry “Not one bit. But you have to admit, this isn’t you style. Is Bill out of the picture?” Harry was a little surprised at how easily Fleur’s mother was taking her daughter turning up naked on her doorstep with a boy. Was that a Veela thing, or was it unique to this family?

Fleur nodded “He wasn’t the man I thought he was. He-” Apolline held a hand up to halt her.

“Why don’t we get you dressed and talk about it on the way.” She said not unkindly “Gabby?” The girl still wasn’t responsive, and Harry was now sure of it, drooling- her eyes staring unfocused on Harry’s now clothed crotch. Apolline yanked sharply at Gabby’s ear, causing the young girl to squeak and jump.

“Oui, Mamam!” She answered belatedly.

“Why don’t you show Harry to a guest room, while I talk with your sister.”

“Merci.” Gabby breathed “Merci, Mamam!” Harry meanwhile, felt rather uncomfortable with this arrangement. He shot a concerned look at Fleur, who shrugged helplessly.

“Hello, Harry.” Gabby introduced herself in heavily accented French. She curtsied, took his hand
and kissed it. “We’ve only met once. My name is Gabrielle.”

“Harry Potter.” Harry returned, belatedly realizing that it was silly to be introducing himself in this situation.

Gabrielle giggled, a true smile spreading across her face “Why don’t I help you.” She chimed, picking up his trunk with one hand— the other was still holding his.

“Gabrielle, you really don’t need to carry my trunk. It’s heavy, I can take care of it.” Harry offered, but the girl shook her head.

“No, I can do it Harry. Veela have reserves of strength they can use in certain situations. And you are a guest. I’m going to take you now… to your room.” She was insistent, and despite Harry’s attempts, she would accept nothing less.

So Harry found himself being led by the hand around the rather impressive Delecour estate. It was the most impressive house that Harry had ever been in, to be sure— with a sizable grounds and two floors with far more rooms than was necessary. Along the way, Gabrielle made small talk. “So, is Fleur your girlfriend?”

“We haven’t actually discussed it, but I assume so.” Harry answered, realizing that he really did need to sort things out with Fleur.

“Ah.” She sounded a bit put off “I’d heard you were dating Ginny Weasley.”

“I am.” Harry figured there was no point beating around the bush here. He could see the wheels turning in her head.

“And she knows?”

“Yeah. We have an arrangement.” He decided to leave it at that.

“Is there room in this arrangement for another?” Gabrielle asked hopefully. Harry didn’t relish the idea of crushing her hopes, but it was necessary.

“No.” He tried to put as much force behind that as was polite, but Gabrielle seemed to be undeterred. Her hand did not leave his, if anything, she tightened her grip. Harry also noted that he was still feeling the allure tugging at him. At first, he’d assumed that Fleur was still affecting him at a distance, but now that thought about it, he was pretty sure Fleur’s had cut off when they’d been caught. This could only be Gabby’s. And now the he noticed, her entire body was tense. Was she having more trouble carrying his trunk than she let on?

Harry’s room lacked personality, but it was by far the best accommodations he’d ever had. “Thank you, Gabrielle.” Harry nodded to the girl, finally removing his hand from hers.

For a moment, Gabrielle seemed to struggle with what to say or do, but then suddenly asked “Why don’t I help you unpack?”

“Er, well.” He hadn’t been expecting the offer. “I don’t want you to go through the trouble.”

“It’s not trouble.” She insisted “No trouble at all.” Without waiting for his agreement, she unlatched his trunk. Wow, you really just let her steamroll you. Ginny teased. She’d finally calmed down enough to participate in conversation.

What am I supposed to do, shove her out the door?
Harry resolved to talk to Fleur about this later. While Gabrielle wouldn’t be the first girl to have a crush on him – *Hey! I was never this bad… in front of you*– Gabrielle was uniquely aggressive and obvious. He could deal with it for now, but he didn’t want this to be a permanent fixture of life at the Delecours’.

He’d give it to her, though, she was unpacking efficiently– sorting everything into piles– jeans, shirts, school robes, textbooks. Harry picked up the pile of school clothes and put them in their own drawer of the dresser. However, as his back was turned, she *moaned*. It was an erotic, toe curling sound that felt mismatched with the voice of a 12 year old girl. Harry whirled around, fearing that she’d found the pictures of that last, wonderful night at Hogwarts. Instead, Gabrielle had pressed to her nose a pair of his boxers, her eyes closed as she inhaled deeply.

*Huh.*

*Wow, she is worse than me.*

*What a pervert! You can’t just… smell people’s underwear!*

Luna’s, Ginny’s, and Hermione’s contributions did little to help Harry. He was speechless, what was he supposed to say to this? Unfortunately, since her eyes were closed, until Harry said something Gabrielle would be off in her own little world. “Mmmmmm, ‘Arry.” She moaned again, bringing her hand down to press into her crotch.

“What are you doing?” Harry blurted, feeling a little foolish since he knew quite well what she was doing. He just couldn’t think of anything else to say at the moment, but at least it got her to stop. Gabby squeaked, flinging his boxers to the ground like they were on fire.

There was a moment of silence as the gravity of the situation sunk in for her. Then a yelled “I’m sorry!” as she bolted.

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While Harry continued to unpack on his own, Ginny was reckoning with the coming confrontation. She had no idea how long Bill would be indisposed, probably longer than her or Ron since he’d gotten a much, much higher dose of Fleur than either of them did. Regardless, Ginny didn’t want to be caught with her pants down, literally or figuratively.

She rifled through her bedside drawer and glanced at the charmed parchment. She was grateful to see that Hermione had already let the others know about the situation– though even Susan had nothing to say other than ‘good luck’.

After a quick, efficient shower and a change of clothes, Ginny cautiously made her way downstairs. It was surprisingly normal. Her mum was cooking dinner, her dad had just gotten in from work and was sitting at the table chatting with her. She and Ron shared a significant look– they both knew what was coming.

It took maybe 10 minutes.

Heavy footsteps pounded down the stairs and Bill– wide eyed and disheveled– burst into the room. “*Where are they!*”

“Who, dear?” Her mum asked, alarmed.
Bill ignored her, and focused his wrath on Ginny “I know you know what’s going on, Ginny. Tell me where they’re going!”

Ginny glared back at him “Never.”

“Ginny, Bill, what is the meaning of this?” Her mum intervened, visibly disturbed by the level of animosity between them.

“This is all Harry’s fault, mum!” Bill raged.

“BULLSHITE!”

“Language!”

Ginny and her mum’s interruptions threatened to drown Bill out, but he plowed on regardless. “He’s been corrupting Ginny and he corrupted Fleur too!”

Her mum open and closed her mouth silently, utterly speechless at the accusation against someone she considered as another son. Ginny was not about to let Bill say his piece without interference, and addressed her mum directly “Mum, Bill’s lost it. You know Harry. He’s wonderful, he isn’t corrupting me or anyone!”

“Of course you’d say that, I’m sure you’d have said that Tom was wonderful when you were a first year too.”

Her mum gasped, and her dad, now visibly upset, intervened “That’s enough, Bill.”

But Bill raved on, smiling manically now “You guys don’t know. You don’t know what he’s done. He’s fucking her and six other witches on the side.”

“That’s ridiculous, Bill. Harry would never!” Her mum protested.

“Ask her! Ask her what he’s doing!”

Both of her parents look askance at Ginny, expecting to see a sharp denial from her, and were surprised to find her grim-faced and serious. “Ginny, what’s really going on here?” Her dad asked calmly.

“We’re doing it to save his life.”

Bill scoffed “That’s what he told you.”

“That’s what Hermione figured out. We had to convince him to do it, the noble prat! He was going to just let Voldemort kill him because Dumbledore told him to!”

“Wait, so Harry’s with Ginny and Hermione?” Her mum held a hand to her mouth in shock.

“-and 5 other witches.” Bill spat.

“Would you rather he die?”

“YES!” Bill roared.

“WILLIAM WEASLEY!” Her mum roared.

“He took Fleur from me!”
“FLUER ISN’T AN OBJECT! She’s her own person and she made her own decision. You’re just blaming Harry because you can’t face that the reason she left you is because you’ve been an utter prat to her!”

“Mum, Dad. You really don’t understand.” Bill entreated “I’m working with Dumbledore on this. Just ask him! Harry’s going rogue! He has a piece of You-Know-Who inside of him!” He turned to Ron “Ron’s on my side on this, right Ron?”

All eyes were on Ron, who’d been so far silent. “I was upset about it, at first. But I was being a prat. I was jealous because I liked Hermione and Harry was getting all of these girls.” He then addressed their parents “Harry’s not corrupting anyone. He’s a good bloke, and I’ve never seen Ginny, or any of them really, happier than I have these past few months.”

Bill gaped at Ron, “You- you… traitor!”

“Not how I see it.” Ron told him defiantly.

“ENOUGH!” Her dad almost never raised her voice, and Ginny had literally never heard his voice so loud, commanding. It had the instant effect of silencing the room. “Bill.” He said “I’m sorry. You’ll get a chance to tell your story. Stupefy.”

“Arthur!” Her mum reprimanded.

“We need to get the full story, and we aren’t going to do that through a shouting match. We’ll get Ron and Ginny to tell their side, and then we’ll be able to hear from Bill.”

He turned to Ginny “So, why don’t you start at the beginning?”

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“Why don’t you start at the beginning?” Her mother asked her politely. Fleur knew this tone. It was the same tone she had used when asking about her classes or when she was crying over a skinned ankle. Sometimes Fleur had felt cheated that her mother could spare so much affection for her ‘gentlemen friends’ and not for her. Yet now she found herself grateful that she was treating this situation so matter-of-factly. Her mother had been patient, letting Fleur get dressed before asking questions.

“I can’t tell you all of the details- the information is sensitive.” Fleur was thankful that despite not having spoken much French over the past year, it was easy to get back into it. “Harry has an arrangement with several witches. He isn’t just doing it for the pleasure of it, he has a legitimate reason.”

“And you want this arrangement with him?” Her mother smirked “You were always so restrained, not at all like Gabby. Yet now you’ve turned into a wild woman.” Fleur bristled at her mother’s knowing smile “Would the openness of your relationship work both ways?”

“I hadn’t thought about it.” That was only partly true. She hadn’t allowed herself to think about it much, but she had briefly pondered what a relationship between them would look like “He says it would only be fair if he let me have sex with other men if I wanted to, but I’m not sure what I want.”

Her mother nodded “Yes, that is something you should work out with him beforehand.” She paused a moment, before continuing more seriously “I have to imagine that this is related to the war.”
“Yes, it is.”

“I doubt He-who-must-not-be-named is keen to launch an attack into France, but Harry is the highest priority target there is.”

“I know.” Fleur said, guilty “Do you want us to leave?”

“Not exactly.” She smiled “This house is a little insecure for someone so valuable… have you heard of the fidelius charm?”

Fleur nodded.

“It’s not suitable for here because of how many guests your father has for his work, but our vacation home… well there’s nothing wrong with a little privacy, is there?”

Fleur couldn’t help but smile at childhood memories on the Mediterranean coast. It would be lovely spending time there, just her and Harry. “You’d have to bring your sister, of course.”

“What?”

“She’s been wanted to spend time with you, and she’s rather smitten with Harry. It’ll be a wonderful experience for her?”

“Did you just see her, mother? She was drooling over him!” Fleur protested.

“It’s completely natural for a young woman with Veela blood to be a little hot blooded, especially around puberty.”

“I was never like that!”

Seeing that she wasn’t breaking through, her mother tried a different tack. “I’m offering you and Harry protection, Fleur. I’m not asking for much in return, just for you to watch after your sister for a few weeks.”

Fleur blinked. “This has nothing to do with dad’s work, does it?” Come to think of it, her dad’s work in the ministry never really had him bringing people to their house. The one who brought the most guests home was her mother. The pieces came together, and the picture they formed look far too much like her own childhood. She only saw Gabby a few months out of the year now, was it too much to ask for her to be there those months?

“I see how it is.” She said with cold formality “Very well, mother. I’ll do as you ask.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all again for the feedback. I read and appreciate every comment, even if I don’t respond to them all.

Next update will have the *long* awaited Harry/Fleur sex scene- stay tuned.
Dinner was awkward. Harry had purposefully sat across from Gabby, hoping to put distance between them. However, this may have backfired- Harry was uncomfortably aware of her eyes on him, and whenever he looked towards her, she would look down and blush. This wouldn’t have been so difficult for him if he didn’t know just how sexual her thoughts were. It was one thing for a 12-year-old girl to have a crush on him, it was another for her to be blatantly lusting over him.

Fleur and Apolline sat on either side of him, and it was plain to see that there was some frostiness between them. Fleur’s father sat on Apolline’s other side, but Harry quickly realized he was rather passive and took all his cues from his wife. That left him at the center of attention-typical.

Apolline focused on him to the exclusion of everyone else. Harry was no longer so oblivious as to think she was just being polite to a guest. She asked extensively about his school years- at which point Gabby had stared rapt with attention and Fleur too leaned forward in interest. Thus, Harry found himself recounting most of his escapades at Hogwarts.

He did try to downplay what he could by mentioning how often sheer luck had helped him and how often others had helped (which never failed to elicit rolled eyes from Hermione and affectionate ribbing from Ginny), but that didn’t seem to blunt their reactions. Fleur was the most measured in her response, she had heard much of it before, but still she seemed smugly satisfied as her warm gaze lingered on him. Gabby, meanwhile, was looking at him with hero worship. Better than her ogling you! Hermione sniped.

With each tale that she drew from him, Apolline’s appraising gaze grew increasingly impressed. At last, she placed a hand on his shoulder and said “Harry, you are a remarkable man. My daughter chose very well.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Delecour.”

“Apolline.” She corrected, leaning forward and was she not wearing a bra? Harry gulped as he couldn’t resist looking. Somehow, her breasts even larger than Fleur’s yet seemed to support themselves just as easily. Harry gulped. Another thing that had made this dinner hard to bear was the two way assault by Fleur and Gabrielle’s allures. Fleur had toned it down to an ambient level, only occasionally spiking when her attention was drawn to him, but Gabby had all the subtlety of a battering ram.

Now, that was joined by a third prong of attack. Apolline was far more skilled with her allure than either of her daughters. Instead of an all-out assault, Apolline’s allure rolled and coiled over his body, starting with his extremities and then closing in on his core- sensitizing his skin as it travelled. Apolline’s hand on his shoulder began to spark tinges of pleasure. The effect intensified as it focused on his groin, and then through his testicles and up his cock.

He’d been hard since Ginny had seen Fleur in her full glory. He’d never had one erection last so long or been subject to so much torment, but this might have been the worst torture yet, as what felt like hundreds of feather light kissed peppered his cock. Harry had to grit his teeth to stifle his moan as his cock expanded to its utter limit- the rod jutting straight up against his baggy jeans.
Apolline and Fleur simultaneously looked down at the tenting- Apolline looking satisfied and Fleur utterly livid. Harry glanced at Fleur’s father, but he seemed to be even more out of it than Harry, he’d find no help there. He then looked desperately to Fleur, with a silent plea. Help.

Fleur’s immediately response was the exact opposite of helpful. Her instinct was clearly to mark her turf by redoubling her own allure. This time, Harry did moan. Fleur rose and yanked her mother’s hand from his shoulder. “Mother, Harry is mine. Not a notch in your bedpost.”

“Shouldn’t that choice be up to Harry, ma fille?” Apolline opined, and Fleur made a noise that sounded much like an angry cat. “I have twice the Veela blood of my daughters, and I have many times the experience. I could give you more pleasure than any woman you’d ever meet.”

She delicately grabbed his chin and turned his head back towards her- and her cleavage. “What do you say, minou. Would you like to be my pet?” As she spoke, Apolline began the full court press with her allure. Every inch of his body was sensitized, tingling from the caress of a thousand kisses, and his cock felt as if an aethereal sheath had close around it. It was a miracle that he hadn’t cum, though perhaps it was impossible to orgasm from the allure alone.

Harry felt awareness drifting away, as he finally succumbed to the hypnotic effect of the allure, it would be so easy to give in, so easy… but as he tried to say the words something inside of him rebelled, rising defiantly in his chest. No.

Harry looked Apolline straight in the eye and said, “No thank you, Apolline.”

Apolline’s jaw dropped. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me. I don’t want to be your pet.” Harry told her firmly, peeling her hand off his chin. “And I don’t appreciate you trying to manipulate me into agreeing.” Apolline stepped back in shock, and wordlessly fell into her chair.

What a bitch! Ginny raged in the back of his mind. What an utter bitch!

Hermione, and even Luna, were no more charitable. Where do these people get off on thinking it’s alright to take away someone’s free will! Hermione seethed, while Luna offered with uncharacteristic spite- I can see why Fleur tried to be as different from her mother as possible.

Harry turned back to Fleur. Her breath was trembling, and her eyes were shining as they beheld him adoringly, wet with unspeakable emotion. He offered her a hesitant smile and inclined his head to the doorway. She opened her mouth, but had no words, so instead she swept him into a hot, wet kiss. She then lifted him up- breaking the kiss in the process- and carried him bridal-style out of the room.

Not ten steps from the dining room, she pivoted and pressed him to the wall. Her mouth mauled his neck and her hands grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled until the fabric rent and tore. He knew he should say something, that they really shouldn’t be doing this in the hallway. But he’d been tormented beyond all reason, his cock still sensitive and tingling from the after-effects of Apolline’s allure. It’d taken all he had to say no to Apolline, he just couldn’t bring himself to say no to Fleur, someone who he actually wanted to be with.

Her tongue dragged up his neck, across his jawline, and finally around the underside of his ear. Harry whined. It felt so damned good, his entire body had been turned into an erogenous zone by the evening’s events. “Delicious.” Fleur moaned, straight into his ear. “You taste delicious, ‘Arry.” Her accent was thicker now- he noticed the change happened whenever she lost control.

She cast away the last vestiges of Harry’s shirt, and her hands and eyes ran greedily over his
upper body. “And you are beautiful, mon tresor.” She purred. “Inside and out.” Her hands slid down his stomach to the waistband of his jeans- which she firmly grasped and then pulled. At first the fabric of the old hand-me-down jeans held, but soon seems popped and the sturdy material began to tear until Fleur was able to steadily peel his ruined trousers from his body. His boxers then, were gone in a flash as Fleur effortlessly ripped them in two.

Harry groaned as his cock was finally let free. With his jeans gone, it actually swelled more. The sudden rush of blood to his cock left him feeling light-headed, and he looked down dizzily- his shaft seemed somehow larger than it had ever been before, growing maybe two centimeters longer and proportionally even more in thickness. So full of blood it was that his entire length was tinted purple- a swollen, unwieldy pole that consumed every scrap of Harry’s focus. Every vein was blown out, creating noticeable crests along his shaft. To Harry, it seemed grotesque, but Ginny, Hermione, and Luna’s reactions to the sight quickly disabused him of that notion. As his cock twitched to fullness with the influx of blood, it also leaked a string of pre-cum that dribbled to the floor- or it would have if Fleur had not caught it with her hand.

Fleur was transfixed, her eyes had narrowed down to slits at the sight of his cock, and her hand had gone to capture his errant pre-cum on auto-pilot and pulling back with as little thought. She drew in a deep breath through her now, which came out as a low, throaty “Ffffffffuuuuuck.”

She swiped her tongue up her palm, letting out another deep moan as she did so, and her other hand grabbed the root of Harry’s shaft in an iron grip. If she hadn’t been choking the life out of his cock, he’d be coming now. As it was, his core muscles clenched with dull heat while static tinges echoed up and down his length. He knew he must be whimpering… begging even, but he didn’t have the presence of mind to hear the broken pleas that escaped him.

Fleur too was beyond coherent words. She looked straight into his eyes with pure inhuman hunger and a carnal expression that no human face could replicate- her pupils black pits ringed irises that danced with fire. He felt like he was being sucked into those black pupils, falling into a vast sea of Fleur’s lust. Despite the fact that Harry had never felt so desperate in his life, he was struck with the sense that what he felt could only begin to touch Fleur’s bottomless well of hunger and desire. He distantly wondered if that was what the allure did- gave humans just a taste of a Veela’s insatiable lust.

His breath was coming in heaving gasps and his glistened with a sheen of sweat. His cock throbbed again as he threatened to topple over the edge, but Fleur tightened her vice-like grip. His hips tried to arch forward, but Fleur effortlessly halted the attempt with just the strength of her hand. Harry’s orgasm was no longer being stalled by the force of his will, but Fleur’s. All that escaped was another trickle of pre-cum that both dripped to the floor beneath his cockhead and ran down the front of his length.

Fleur conjured Veela fire in her other hand, and a sudden blast of heat force Harry to close his eyes. It was a testament to her hold over him that that was his only reaction as Fleur engulfed herself in flame- not even recoiling reflexively from the fire. When she emerged, her formal clothes had been completely burned away, aside from her emerald earrings, silver necklace, and simple chain bracelet.

He’d already seen her naked, but her body had no less of an effect on him a second time. Her body was just sinfully sexual, and his cock was so close to her womanhood. His desperation was at a fever pitch, his cock shuddering again and again, each time releasing a thread of cum that dribbled into a growing puddle on the floor. Harry openly sobbed to her now, repeating one word “Please.”
Now, at last, Fleur showed mercy. Harry found himself slammed heavily into the wall. Fleur placed his cockhead against her entrance, and he knew he was coming now—despite Fleur’s attempts to hold it off. But it wouldn’t come to that—for Fleur was executing everything in a flawless sequence, each movement swiftly transitioning into the next. Her hand released his cock and just as Harry felt the unstoppable surge of his orgasm begin to crest, she slammed her hips home.

She did so with a force that would leave bruises in the morning—sheathing him to the hilt and then some, until her outer lips hugged his pubic bone and kissed his testicles. Harry screamed. The pleasure was mind bending. His cock was so sensitive and inflamed from hours of teasing, having her velvety warmth swallow him so forcefully was too much. And then, as she bottomed out, the muscles around his base clenched, tight enough to form a seal. Her channel then closed much more tenderly around him and began to rhythmically massage his shaft. Meanwhile, the muscles even deeper within arched backward, creating a vacuum. The upshot of all of this was that Harry’s penis was now being subjected to something that no human pussy could provide—suction.

It was at that moment, as Harry felt her pussy try to draw his cock even deeper into her (even though deeper was physically impossible), that his body lost control of his orgasm. His orgasm had started violently, with his cock and inner muscles working to eject his cum into her waiting heat, but halfway through that first pulse the balance of power had shifted. She drew cum from him like a machine unspooling thread. His muscles fluttered uselessly, and whenever they clenched in an attempt to end the first pulse and prepare for the next, it triggered a sharp almost painful, spike of pleasure deep in the root of his cock.

Even his attempts to thrust his hips gave him no leverage, the grip her womanhood had on him was too strong and complete. Her pussy ripped blistering pleasure from him just as surely as it ripped his cum. Harry’s orgasm went on unceasing as Fleur’s womanhood drank of his cock until it had its fill.

Harry was lost in his own world, and so did not see how Fleur reacted to sheathing him within her. He could not (yet) see into Fleur’s mind and know that she hadn’t been intending to tease him. At first, she’d been overwhelmed by emotion—both vindictively gratified and impressed beyond measure at his rejection of her mother—something no one had done before as far as Fleur knew. That combined with an emotional protectiveness, possessiveness, overwhelming affection, and the affirmation that he wasn’t choosing her because of her appearance and allure to form a cocktail that quickly boiled over into desire.

She’d been enjoying the pleasures that his body had to offer, indulging in his scent, his taste, the sound of his gasps and moans and the feel of powerful muscles twitching beneath his skin. When she had seen the state of his cock, swollen, throbbing, and dripping, her brain had taken a few good seconds to reboot. To her it was a feast for the eyes, and to the sense provided by her allure, it was the ultimate expression of masculine sexual energy.

And the smell of him! His cum may as well be an aphrodisiac for how its smell and taste affected her. She’d always gotten a thrill out of the smell of Bill’s cum, but now it seemed like a pale imitation to the potency of Harry’s essence.

When her folds engulfed his swollen cockhead, the pleasure eclipsed anything Bill had ever done to her or that she’d given to herself. It was the first time she’d penetrated or even touched there with her allure fully engaged, and it showed in how aggressively her nerves fired, lighting up her labia with a pleasure that was as taunting as it was intense. She hadn’t planned on taking him so aggressively (none of this had been planned), her body had cried out to be filled so strongly that she
could do nothing else.

And as good as that little taste had felt, taking him fully within her blew it out of the water. Her inner flesh was so sensitive that she could feel every ridge and crevice of his penis, every pulse and tremor, she could feel his cum rush through his shaft and erupt within her- feeding an insatiable hunger deep in her core.

As much as she wanted to see Harry’s reaction, she couldn’t help but throw her head back as her vision became a blur. She bit down on her lower lip hard enough to draw blood, and so her moan came out as a “Hnnnnnnng!” It was instinctive manifestation of a time when Fleur had felt the need to restrain herself. But even then, she had to breathe, and when she did, everything she’d been holding in just burst from her with a “FFFFFUUUUUUCK!”

She did not know how long it lasted- how long her cunt had been devouring this prime cock, or how much of his semen she had milked from him. All she knew was that at a certain point, she felt a fullness deep within her and the contortions of her inner muscles ceased. Her screaming moan trailed off with an “Uunff!” Her cunt relaxed and Harry’s cock slid out, at first still hard, but quickly deflating. Even still, the abused organ still twitched weakly long after leaving the embrace of her femininity. Harry followed, sliding down to the floor, his unfocused eyes staring straight ahead.

Fleur staggered forward, catching herself against the wall and taking a moment to steady herself. She felt high- euphoria flood through her veins, emanating a persistent ball of pleasure in her core. She clenched around that ball again and again, each time moaning to herself at the resulting infusion of liquid pleasure into her veins as it slowly shrank down and leaked away, until with one last shudder, it dissipated.

She looked down- her body had a sheen of sweat and thighs were streaked with Harry’s cum. Harry seemed to be somewhat more cognizant now and smiled lopsidedly at Fleur. “Hey.” He said.

“Hey.” She smiled back at him. “How are you, mon tresor?”

“Great. That was… that was amazing. Thank you.” His eyes radiated affection, before a sliver of doubt clouded them “Did you… enjoy yourself?”

It took a moment for what he was asking to register, that he was genuinely worried that she hadn’t enjoyed herself when she had spent the entire time cuming her brains out, and Fleur burst into laughter. She was rather giddy from her endorphin high, and she found that she couldn’t stop once she started. She doubled down, her hands on her knees as the wave of laughter ran its course, Harry looking at her with a bewilderment that just seemed so funny triggering another wave of laughter.

Fleur couldn’t remember laughing so hard, ever. She hadn’t even truly laughed, without any restraint, since she was a little girl. She had mastered the polite laugh, but even her true laughs she kept a lid on. Harry soon seemed to realize how silly his question had been, or maybe her laughter was contagious because soon her was laughing to. Fleur slumped against him- the pair laughing without a care in the world.

When they managed to calm themselves down, Fleur beamed at him and placed a kiss to his forehead “You were wonderful, Harry. Absolutely wonderful. I’ve never been able to let go like that with anyone.” She kissed his lips sweetly “I should be the one thanking you. Thank you for opening yourself up to me, thank you for letting me open up to you, and…” She leaned to whisper into his ear “Thank you for giving me that amazing cock.” Said cock twitched at her
words, this time in interest.

Fleur gathered Harry into her arms over his weak protests that he could walk. “Non, you will not lift a finger tonight.” As she carried him back to her room her eyes drifted down to his flaccid penis- how it jostled with each step, how his testicles hung loosely and swayed. Despite how amazingly she’d just cum, her inner hunger re-ignited.

Fleur tucked him into her bed and donned a robe, preserving a shred of each of their modesties for when she called “Mimsy!” The house elf appeared with a crack, jolting Harry from his near sleep. “Could you bring us some snacks? Something that could be eaten on a bed without making too much of a mess, and water please.”

With that task delegated, she returned her attention to Harry “Hermione’s gonna be pissed.” He chuckled.

“Aren’t you connected? She isn’t now?”

“She’s a little giddy from cumming so much, but she’s getting annoyed by me teasing her now.”

Fleur chuckled but was genuinely curious now about how exactly their bond worked, they shared orgasms to some extent, but how far did that go. Did that mean anything one person was attracted to automatically become attractive to the other? She pitched that thought to Harry, who answered lazily. “Nah, she thinks you’re beautiful, but doesn’t get anything out of it… Ginny and Luna though…”

“I gathered.” Fleur smirked. Her Veela drive seemed to exclusively focus on men, but the part of her that was a witch was piqued by Ginny and Luna’s interest. “How are they doing?”

Harry chuckled again “Ginny passed out the moment I was inside you. Luna’s still here though. She says hi.”

Mimsy reappeared with a platter of snacks- sliced applies, strawberries, cheese and crackers, along with a pitcher of water and a glass cup. Fleur thanked her and placed the platter on the bed even as the majority of her attention remained on the man in her bed.

When Mimsy left, Fleur shrugged off her robe and uncovered Harry. She set to work then, placing an apple slice at his lips and prompting him to eat, but Harry resisted. “I can feed myself, Fleur.” He muttered with some exasperation.

“Harry, you seem to be under the impression that you’re in control here.” Fleur said, her free hand reaching down to his still mostly soft cock, lightly grasping it and caressing it with her fingers.

“Ah! Hnngg!” Harry gasped as her fingers stimulated his shaft- over-sensitized from his orgasm. Any normal man would have been long since done, but Harry wasn’t a normal man, and Fleur wasn’t a normal woman.

“Eat up mon tresor, you will need it for tonight.” Fleur crooned, offering the apple wedge to him again. This time, Harry dutifully chewed and swallowed. “Good boy.” She praised, rewarding him with a few more strokes of his cock.

She repeated this process- feeding him and giving him water, and each time he cooperated giving his shaft a few indulgent strokes, her fingers taking detours to explore the contours of his sex. Fleur was conflicted- Harry’s body was laid out like a display just for her eyes- but she
couldn’t seem to decide what to admire. Her eyes kept switching from his face, which was crunched up adorably as he moaned in pleasure with each of her ‘rewards’, down his lean body, to his cock, which twitched as it rapidly swelled to fullness in her hand.

After only a few minutes under Fleur’s attentions, Harry interjected with a plaintive moan “Fleur, I’m getting close.” Fleur had seen this coming; his cock was twitching deliciously under her touch, his breathing had picked up and his moans had gotten more desperate. She just smiled and pressed a strawberry to his lips “But I’m gonna, I’m gonna…”

“Eat.” She said firmly, pressing the strawberry into his mouth. Harry obliged her, and Fleur stroked him again, this time with intent on driving him over the edge. Her thumb zeroed in on his frenulum and circled it until his cock quivered.

“Aah! Uhn! Uhn! Uhn!” Harry moaned as he released himself over his chest and stomach. Fleur took a mental picture. It made a magnificent tableau- Harry with cum glistening across his chest and abs, dripping from his still twitching and leaking cock. She was tempted to breath it in, or better yet drag her tongue of his chest- but she knew that she’d lose control if she did.

Harry himself was blushing red in embarrassment. “What’s wrong mon tresor?” He was reluctant to answer, so Fleur prodded “Tell me.”

“I’m just… I’m a giver in bed. It feels wrong to accept all of this without giving back in return.” Harry reluctantly explained.

“Harry, I thought we agreed that I’m in charge tonight.” Harry nodded “So if I want you to cum, what does that mean you do?”

Harry still seemed hesitant, but when he met her eyes he realized that she wouldn’t let him get away with not answering. “It means, that I cum.”

“That’s a good boy.” She crooned, kissing his lips lovingly. “But there’s something else. You were holding back just then, weren’t you? You were trying not to cum.”

“Yeah?” He answered, as if it were obvious. She wondered how deeply that need to perform had sunk into his psyche. She imagined most men felt it, but Harry was uniquely considerate, and had to ‘perform’ for seven witches. She had to imagine that this issue had come up before with at least a few of his other lovers- considering three of them could literally read his mind, but perhaps she could help.

“Don’t.” She told him. “Don’t fight it. In fact, encourage it. I promise that you will not disappoint me. Understood?”

Fleur was gratified to see that he didn’t hesitate to agree. Fleur decided to abandon the project of feeding Harry- he had already knocked out a glass and a half of water and a decent portion of the food plate. Right now, she really wanted to see just how quickly she could get him to cum with just her hand.

However, when she returned to stroking him, Harry hissed and winced in discomfort. “Sorry!” He gasped apologetically ‘I’m just, really sensitive down there now.” To be fair he truly had been through the ringer at this point- she needed another strategy.

A thought occurred to her- Harry hadn’t really gotten the chance to explore her body. She pondered that for a moment, as her fingers idly fondled Harry’s sex, despite the half-pleased half-discomforted sounds it elicited from him. She didn’t regret taking control, but her inclination had
so much been to ravish Harry’s body that she hadn’t given him the chance to truly appreciate hers. It would be wonderful to set aside some time and just let him to explore her, but in his current mindset she was sure that he would take it as an opportunity to ‘pay her back’ and reciprocate the pleasure he’d given her rather than truly enjoy himself.

That wasn’t to say she didn’t plan on enjoying herself greatly. She knew that she’d give herself many amazing orgasms using his fingers, his tongue, and his lovely cock. But that was the key, she wanted it to be on her terms, not his. Perhaps, however, she could give him a bit of direction. She decided to play coy. “Harry, have you ever thought about feeling my breasts?”

Harry quirked an eyebrow at her and deadpanned “No, haven’t once thought about it.” Fleur goggled at him for a moment, before they both burst back into laughter.

As their chuckles died away, Fleur couldn’t help but beam at him. Really, she was happy to see that his sense of humor was intact. It drove home to her that this wasn’t some hapless boy she’d lured into her bed. If he really wanted to, Harry could say no to her just as easily as he did to her mother. He was here because he chose to be, because he wanted to be there, with her.

Fleur took his hands and placed them at the sides of her breasts, giving him a challenging smile. Harry’s eyelids fluttered in pleasure as his hands began to explore “God, Fleur.” He moaned.

“How do they feel?”

“Amazing.” He murmured in awe “They’re so soft.” He wrapped his hands around the undersides of her breasts and squeezed gently, letting his fingers dig into the soft flesh and demonstrating how pliant they were, how his fingers seemed to sink into them. “But...” He scaled back the pressure until his hands just gently skirted her skin, showing how easily her breasts retained their form- seemingly defying gravity. “How?”

“I’m not human, Harry.” Fleur chimed “Surely you’ve noticed.” Harry’s hands, after much teasing, finally grazed her nipples, momentarily derailing Fleur’s train of thought. Her own eyes flickered shut and she bit back down on her lip to muffle her moan “Hn!”

Seeing her reaction, Harry continued to stroke and circle her sensitive nubs, and Fleur knew that if this went on much longer, she’d be forced to mount him. She’d been touching herself, on and off, since they’d gotten in bed, and even though she her focus hadn’t been on making herself cum, it had succeeded in working her up. It was always where this evening was going, but she wanted to fully enjoy herself before that inevitable conclusion.

Thankfully, Fleur had a trump card. “Do you want to know what they’d feel like around your cock?” This time no smart comment was forthcoming. Harry’s hands froze as his cock twitched several times in her hand. Fleur was pleased to see his eyes betraying his distraction and his lips parted in a soft moan.

“How? I didn’t catch that.” She teased.

“You know I want to.”

“Harry, I want to hear you say it.”

“I want you to -oh fuck- fuck me with your tits!” While a tad crude, Fleur couldn’t have been happier with his answer- he knew very well who was in charge, that even in this position she would be the one fucking him.
“That’s right.” She smirked, lightly tugging his hands away from her body. “Have you imagined how it would feel, having that aching prick between my soft, inviting tits?”

“Yessss.” Harry moaned, his eyes hooded and hips arching subtly upwards.

“I can imagine. A fourteen year old boy, desperately jerking his cock in bed that night after the second task.” Harry’s somewhat sheepish expression told her she was right on the mark. “Harry, if I had been wiser back then, I would have bedded you that night. Goddess knows I wanted to.”

Now, Harry was truly gob-smacked. “Really? Why didn’t you, then?”

“If you were to ask me back then I would have said that it was your age and that we were in different schools- but they were justifications, not the reason.” Fleur admitted “The truth is I wasn’t ready… how could I give all of myself to someone if I couldn’t also accept all of myself?” She reflected for a moment before continuing, she put some thought into what she was about to say and still wasn’t sure if it was the full truth “It may have been for the best. I’m afraid the me of two years ago would have broken your heart and lived to regret it.”

They had gone on a tangent, which was new to her. Sex with Bill had been much more straightforward. But this was better, more organic. “So, it is my fault that we lost that time, but don’t worry. I will make it up to you.”

“You already have.”

“No, Harry.” She purred “I’ve only just begun to make it up to you.” Harry gulped “Now then… turn around.” Fleur directed Harry to pivot so that his legs were hanging off the bed.

Harry watched with rapt attention as she knelt in front of him and placed his cockhead beneath her cleavage and muttered “Oh my god.” as she moved her body downwards, slipping his cock into the gap of her cleavage. She barely even needed to use one hand to support them- her pliant flesh nearly molded itself around him, almost perfectly enveloping his shaft. Soon, his cock had completely disappeared into her cleavage- not even the tip of it peeking out.

Her free hand was nestled between her legs, dipping between her folds with purpose as she began to slowly raise and lower her upper body. The tenderness of Harry’s sex was forgotten as he marveled at how her soft flesh greedily clung to his cock as it moved. The unique drag it created forced a moan from his lips. “Oh my god.” he chanted “It’s so good. It’s so fucking good. Fleur… can I?” He held his hands over her chest.

Fleur, distracted by her fingering, nodded without thought, and Harry’s hands cupped her breasts, displacing Fleur’s hand. Harry’s hands pressed gently down- and that slight pressure translated exponentially into pleasure. It felt as if her cleavage was swallowing his cock whole, gripping it almost like a vagina would. It felt so good- he just had to jerk his hips upwards, burying his cock just a bit deeper into her inviting cleavage. “Ah, fuck!”

Fleur had no problem with these developments. Frankly, this was exactly what she wanted- for Harry to get lost in her body and lose all inhibition. The fact that he was the one moving was immaterial to her- her body had driven him to this. Her breasts had driven him to jerk his hips with increasing urgency, had drawn the delicious noises from his mouth with each spasm of his hips.

After perhaps ten seconds of thrusting she could tell that he was getting close already, Fleur suspected he needed a reminder of her one command “Don’t fight it Harry.”
"But-but-" She could practically read his mind- we just started, this is so fast, won’t she be disappointed?

Fleur cut through the noise “Harry… cum. Now.” A shiver ran down Harry’s spine in prelude to his orgasm, and his hips gave one last shuddering thrust as he released himself. Fleur’s hands landed atop Harry’s, mashing them into her chest and assuring that Harry’s trembling organ was trapped.

The first pulse escaped her cleavage and left a streak of cum down her face. The rest-Harry spending himself between her breasts- was a blur for Fleur as his smell overrode her other senses. She licked her lips, picking up his taste- even with orgasm after orgasm wrung from him-his cum was still thick and potent. She didn’t even need the hand- her orgasm claimed her regardless, and despite the fact that her cunt was clenching on nothing and she wasn’t even touching herself, it was the second best orgasm she’d ever had.

What a man, what a stud she had bagged. Fleur thought, somewhat delirious as she rested against Harry’s chest, unintentionally smearing the cum that had collected there earlier into her face. She tried to moan something to the effect of ‘fuck’ but it came out garbled because her mouth had acted on its own accord, licking and sucking up the pearly white fluid in reach. She shuddered and moaned again as her body was wracked by a mini-orgasm.

Fleur rubbed their bodies together, smearing his cum between them, which only served to inflame her more as she wallowed in his scent. He’d give me so many daughters. She thought. Despite what her mother had told Harry- Veela blood did not dilute. Her and her mothers’ abilities were exactly the same (aside from experience) and so would her daughters and granddaughters. The catch was that part-Veela had fertility problems- as much as her mother and father had tried, they could not have more than two daughters together (and the child of a part-Veela was almost always a part-Veela daughter). Two was the most Fleur could have reasonably expected to have. If she had found a powerful wizard whose innate magic could bridge the gap, she may even be able to have three. Her mind was alight with the possibilities- how many daughters would Harry give her?

Fleur wedged her hand against her womanhood, and a few swipes of her fingers at her clit was enough to tip her over the edge again. “Gah! Fuck!” Fleur panted “’Arry! I need that fucking cock!” She could give herself a thousand orgasms with her fingers and it still wouldn’t satisfy. She needed him between her legs, now.

With a grunt, Fleur bent Harry’s legs back and aligned her pelvis with his in a position that gave her complete control and Harry nearly none. She ground her sex into his, and with great disappointment realized that he was soft. Not just half hard- his cock had completely shriveled up. In her frenzy, she jammed their pelvises together repeatedly. “Get. Fucking. ‘ARD!”

Meanwhile, Harry was wincing in pain as Fleur abused his tender, over-used flesh. Her allure washed over him, but it made no difference “Fleur!” He cringed, seeing that Fleur may start directing her frustration on him “I want to, I really do. But my cock… just can’t.”

That gave Fleur pause. She’d never actually used her allure that way, but her mother told her it was possible. If Harry’s cock wasn’t cooperating, she would make it cooperate. Her reserves, which had seemed boundless this morning, were finally beginning to dwindle, but she had enough for this.

“Hhhhnng! Hng! Hng! Hng!” Harry grunted as Fleur’s allure enveloped his cock, once again inflicting the sensation of a thousand feather light kisses on the abused and hyper-sensitive organ. It was sweet, exquisite agony. Yet, his cock responded- twitching and twitching at the sheer
Fleur continued to grind against him, dragging the moist folds of her labia across his sex, and adding to painfully pleasurable overstimulation. Soon, he was stiff enough that he slipped into her, and Fleur eagerly tilted her hips to take him inside of her. “Ahn!” Fleur gasped as she took him, a wide toothy smile spreading across her face. It hardly mattered to her that he wasn’t even close to fully erect, he could have had a micro-penis and she’d still fuck his brains out.

Harry cried out and squirmed as Fleur’s inner muscles vigorously massaged his prick, but he was well and truly stuck- she had him pinned, legs bent and splayed, a hand pressed to his chest as she stared down victoriously at him with that almost deranged toothy smile. Fleur began pumping her hips, at first constrained by his size, but as his cock continued to grow, she was truly able to let loose. Breathy grunts continued to escape her as her hips began to audibly slap against his- sending shockwaves through her boobs that would have been a treat for Harry under different circumstances.

For Harry, it may have been torture, but it was the best torture he could imagine. Her cunt, it was so soft, wet and inviting, yet it was moving up and down his tender shaft with a blistering speed that lit every nerve ending on fire. It was almost as if his cock was under the cruciatus- but it also felt really good, too good? It was all he could do to ride it out and hope the noises he was making weren’t too embarrassing.

Seeking ever more stimulation, Fleur brought her free hand to where they were joined, and with just one finger rubbed at her clit. Like flipping a switch, her thrusting sped up a notch, her hips a blur as she sought that peak. Her pleasure rose higher and higher- with each new plateau she thought that this surely must be the peak, yet again and again she was proven wrong. The last reserves of her innate Veela magic channeled to the muscles around her core- powering her thrusting to a new, inhuman, pace. Sweat dripped from her body, her teeth were grit in a grimace of effort as a trickle of drool ran down her chin. Yes, yessss, almost there, almost...

It was Harry’s orgasm, a wretched thing wrung out only with Fleur’s herculean effort, that pushed her over the edge. While Harry gritted his teeth and shuddered from a rather disappointing climax- the last dregs of semen his (rather immense) magical core could provide dribbling out- Fleur screamed to the heavens as a wave of pleasure crested over her, a climax that rivalled even her first with him.

Her innate magic gave out in the nick of time, and her hips quickly transitioned to spasmodic, jerking motions. And then, she couldn’t even manage that, without her magic assisting them, she realized just how overworked her muscles were. It was beyond the point where they would cry out in protest, for the most part they just refused to work any further, leading Fleur to collapse limply against Harry’s body.

And yet her peak continued, ripping through her body again and again, and Fleur could do nothing but moan and drool against Harry’s chest as the waves of pleasure only slowly died down.

A few things occurred to her as she began to drift off. She may have overdone it, and she might, just might, end up regretting that in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

I clearly found some time to myself this holiday season. Suffice it to say, this scene got
away from me, which is pretty much always a good thing. I did intend on continuing
the discussion at the Burrow, but that will be for next chapter (as well as Ginny's
reaction to Harry and Fleur's encounter, and more!)
“So, why don’t you start at the beginning?” Her dad made it sound so simple, but Ginny had no clue where to begin.

“Err.” She fumbled, a little shaken by the pressure she was under.

Thankfully, Ron stepped up “Well, I guess a good place to start would be with the Diary.”

“The Diary?” Their mum echoed.

“Bill did mention it.” Her dad uttered.

Ginny nodded “Dumbledore told us that it was a memory, but it was more than that. The diary was a Horcrux- a piece of Voldemort’s soul. He made several Horcruxes, and they tie him to the physical world so that if his body is destroyed he doesn’t fully die.”

“So that’s how he did it.” Her dad mused darkly. “I’m sorry sweetheart, that must have been hard to hear.”

“It wasn’t the hardest thing. The hardest thing is that- that Harry’s a horcrux.”

“No!” Her mum gasped “How do you know this?”

“Harry can talk to snakes, mum.” Ron reminded “He got that from Voldemort, and then he has those ruddy visions from him. Apparently Dumbledore told him earlier this year.”

“How do you destroy a Horcrux?” Their dad asked.

“By magically destroying the container it’s in.” Ginny said flatly.

“But that would mean…” Her mum trailed off.

“That Harry would have to die?” Ginny finished coldly “Why yes, that is Dumbledore’s plan!”

Her mum was shaking her head "He wouldn't. Dumbledore wouldn't just send him to his death."

"I've given up on figuring out how Dumbledore's mind works." Ginny returned.

Her father’s gaze, however, was more calculated “But I’m guessing that you’ve figured out another plan.”

“Yeah, we have.”

“Would you care to tell us what that plan is?” He knew what it was, at least in generalities, how could he not know given the blow out argument that was still ringing in her ears. What he wanted was for her to say it in her own words, but she was struggling.

“Well, Hermione came up with it. She looked through a lot of books and did” She waved
her hand in a way that indicated she had no idea what her process actually was “calculations. But the point is she figured out how to save him.”

Both of her parents were looking at her expectantly, and to her shame, her tongue was tied.

“Merlin’s pants Ginny, they already know, just say it!” Ron piped up “Their plan was-”

Their dad interrupted “I want to hear this from Ginny, son.” Ron closed his mouth with a click.

The right words, the surefire way to make them understand just wasn’t coming to her. She snuffled “I had to, Dad. I couldn’t let him die. I couldn’t!” She blinked away tears “I know you won’t approve of this. Harry has to have sex with seven witches, but its more than that. He has to bond with them too.”

Their parents were silent, leaving Ginny with nothing to do but plow on “Its’ called a soul bond. We bind our souls together, and with seven bonds it’ll destroy the Horcrux.”

“Have you done this already?” He dad asked.

“Yes.”

“Are you okay?” Her mum followed up immediately.

“Okay? I know it’s a little weird, me saying this after all of this yelling and crying, but it’s brilliant. I love him, mum. Any time I want, I can reach out to him and.” She reached back to Harry, who was just sitting down for dinner with the Delecours, and she received an instant flood of love and assurance that made her beam “-feel him. Feel his love for me.”

“But how can you be happy when he’s with other women?” Her mum prodded.

“I wasn’t happy about sharing him at first, not even a little bit. But after bonding with him, I’m not worried at all. I can feel what he feels- I know how committed he is to me. What makes him happy makes me happy- I know how committed he is to me. What makes him happy makes me happy, so when he’s with those other girls… its okay, its more than okay. They’ve become my best friends. More than that, we’re family.”

Her mum was sniffling, but her dad was more analytical. “Do you think this bond is affecting you?”

“Well, yeah.” Ginny admitted “I’m a lot more open with myself, about who I am and what I want.” Her words flowed straight from the heart “I’m not ashamed of myself anymore- about the diary. And I feel like I’m really doing something important, that my life has purpose. I know where I belong now and who I belong with.”

“Ginerva Weasley!” Her mother rose her voice “If you’re saying what I think you’re saying…”

“What, are you going to call me a scarlet woman, mom?” Ginny challenged “You know what… you can judge me all you want. But you can’t tell me that you disapprove my sex life so much that you’d rather Harry die!”

Her mother opened and closed her mouth soundlessly, unable come up with an adequate response. Her dad rubbed his forehead. “Enough. Ron, what do you think of this?”

Ron shrugged “Like I said, they’re happy, and the alternative is Harry dying. Not a hard
decision, innit?"

Their dad sighed. “Alright, why don’t you two stay in the sitting room.” Her rubbed his chin “No, go to Ron’s room, Bill seemed… erratic, I don’t want him barging in on you.”

Their dad led them to Ron’s door and cast several charms on it- Ginny recognized the repelling and alarm charms. She wondered how much of that was to keep Bill away, and how much of it was to make sure she didn’t flee. Probably more the latter.

After their dad left, Ron was the one to break the silence “Well that went better than I thought it would.”

Ginny rolled her eyes “You weren’t the one who mum thinks is a slut.”

Ron snorted “If anyone were the slut in this situation, it’d be Harry. But I reckon that not even this will dent mum’s opinion of him.” He scratched his chin “Not sure what I’d call someone who likes having their boyfriend have sex with other people, though.”

“Harry is not a slut!” Ginny said in mock outrage “I’ll have you know he loves us all very much.”

Ron chuckled, but whatever response he had was lost, because that was the moment that Apolline decided to make her move on Harry. Ginny shivered at the sheer strength and finesse that the older woman used to try to subjugate Harry. Thankfully, before she even had a chance to fully grasp the situation, Harry threw off the woman’s allure. However, it very quickly became clear that Harry and Fleur were going to have very hot sex very soon.

“Shit.” Ginny cursed.

Ron was looking at her weirdly, and she wondered how she had looked just then. “What?” He asked “Is Harry alright?”

“He’s about to have sex with Fleur.” Ginny bemoaned.

“Isn’t that a good thing?”

“Yes! But not when I’m in front of you!” Ginny burst out.

“You can’t just ignore it?”

“Normally yes. But Ron. You’ve seen Fleur.”

“Point taken.”

“Shit. Shit. Shit!” Ginny cursed with increasing desperation, pacing a circle in front of Ron’s bed. Fleur was pinning Harry to the wall and began to divest him of his clothes, her hands and mouth on his skin… uhn! She couldn’t even ask Harry to postpone things because… well frankly she just didn’t want to. She was strapped into this ride just as much as Harry and Fleur were.

Then Fleur was tearing off his boxers, and holy shit his cock! She stopped in her tracks and moaned aloud as Harry’s cock swelled beyond anything she’d ever felt before… how was this even possible? And it felt so amazing, so good and powerful and masculine. Ginny wanted it, she wanted so badly to be on the recipient of that cock, to have been the one to make him feel that way. Envy bubbled up, and it acted as a caustic aphrodisiac.
She couldn’t blame Harry, not one bit. She imagined comparing her and Fleur, the two of them standing naked side to side, and it was no contest. Next to Fleur, she looked ridiculous. It wasn’t quite so obvious before Ginny had seen Fleur in her full glory, but now, with that image permanently burned into her mind, she knew it was true without a doubt.

Ginny was flat chested while Fleur had the most impressive boobs she’d ever seen. Ginny’s features were boyish, while Fleur’s were elegant and feminine. Ginny had no arse to speak of, but she had drooled after Fleur’s as she walked away earlier that day. Even with things she was proud of, like her stomach- flat and toned thanks to years of athleticism- Fleur simply outclassed her. In every category she fell short, in many cases in a pathetically one-sided fashion. There wasn’t a man or woman on the planet that would choose her over Fleur, and many who’d give up a guaranteed night with her for even a shot at Fleur.

And somehow, this knowledge lit her on fire. Her cunt was a furnace who’s heat radiated through her body, making her lightheaded and delirious. She tried to fight it, with every fiber of her being, but she wasn’t Harry- she didn’t have his iron will. She fought it until tears were streaming down her cheeks, until a broken sob was wrenched from her throat, until she broke.

She threw herself back on Ron’s bed. “Ron… I don’t care anymore. Watch, don’t watch whatever.” She pulled her panties down and spread her legs. “We both know that I’m a bigger pervert than you, cuz right now…” She hiked up her skirt and scrubbed viciously at her clit “I need… to fucking… CUM!”

The humiliation of having her brother see her like this just added fuel to the fire of the toe-curling orgasm that consumed her. “FUUUUCK! Oh- FUCK!” Distantly, she realized how loud she was being, but there was no stopping it, she just had to hope her parents couldn’t hear her cries as her orgasm wrung itself out. Tears came to her eyes again, this time from relief and the intensity of her release. “UH! UH! UH! Uhhhhhhnnn!”

Ginny’s chest heaved as she caught her breath, her body still trembling from the aftershocks, but there would be no rest for her. Just as she began to recover, Fleur burned away her clothes and Ginny was once again bludgeoned with lust and envy. But this time, she wasn’t just envious of Fleur, she was envious of Harry.

Because as much as she envied Fleur’s body, she desired it just as much. Those thighs, those tits, “Fffffuck!” Ginny moaned, her eyes rolling back. But Harry was the one with Fleur right now. He was the one she was looking at like a slab of meat. He was the one who would experience the pleasure of her body first-hand. Oh, what she would give to even have Fleur look at her that way, to be the object of her lust.

Ginny was under no illusions. Perhaps she would one day end up in Fleur’s bed, but Ginny would be a mere dalliance for her. Truthfully, Ginny knew that even if she somehow did find herself in Harry’s current situation, with that sinfully sexual goddess about to ravage her body- she’d fare no better than Bill did. She’d probably just cum her brains out and collapse onto the floor the instant Fleur touched her.

“Fuck! FuckfuckfuckfuckFUUUUUUCK!” Ginny howled as her orgasm crested. Her hips thrust out lewdly into the air, giving Ron a perfect view as her fingers plunged into her inflamed cunt.

No sooner had Ginny collapsed back into the bed when Fleur delivered the coup de grace. Having Fleur’s warm cunt slam down on Harry’s cock was a pleasure that Ginny simply wasn’t prepared for. “AIIIEEEEEEEEEE!” Ginny screeched, eyes bulging, back arching, limbs shaking as pleasure, terrifying in its intensity, tore through Harry’s cock and through the bond to her. It was
so much, so much, too much.

Ginny knew no more.

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Ron knew how he should react to his sister pulling down her panties, and exposing her muff to him as she masturbated. He should close his eyes, turn away, maybe even cover his ears so he couldn’t hear her lurid moans.

Yet, Ron was conflicted. Yes, Ginny was his sister and it was very…. weird watching her like this, she was still a girl. Part of him wanted to turn away, but still more of him watched with a disturbed fascination, rooted into place like a bystander watching a train-wreck.

It didn’t help that the bite that had horrifically scarred his face, had had… other effects. At first Ron had thought it was imagination, but he soon became sure of it. His cock was growing larger- longer and thicker. He’d always been horny, but now it was at a whole new level. Masturbation didn’t satisfy, yet he had no other outlet.

The true irony was that this came at a time when he’d been made a social outcast by the school, and thanks to Lavender the entire female population of the school thought he sucked in bed. Which, in hindsight, was probably fair.

Ron gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as his erection (which had, with much masturbation, been tamed after seeing Fleur) resurged with a vengeance, struggling painfully against the confines of his jeans.

When Ginny started screaming, sudden fear jolted him out of his stupor. Shit, if his parents heard, well, it’d be awkward at the very least. He quickly cast a silencing charm on the door, and then on the walls and floor just to be safe. Ron turned back to Ginny just as her orgasm was winding down and breathed a sigh of relief. Hopefully that was out of her system now…

Oh. Apparently not. Heaven have mercy, how was he supposed to not be a perv when Ginny seemed to be trying to expose her cunt as much as possible, to finger herself as lewdly as possible. He stood rooted to the spot, unable to tear his eyes away from the lurid show his sister was performing, and when she finally quieted down, he waited in anticipation for a full thirty seconds before daring to approach her.

He prodded her arm, and then her face. Nothing.

“Reneverate!” Ginny woke with a gasp, but her body immediately began spasming until her eyes rolled back- and then she was out cold again.

Shit. If their parents walked in now, with Ginny comatose on his bed, panties around her ankles… Ron would have a lot of explaining to do.

He needed to come up with a plan, and fast.

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Arthur heaved out a deep, heavy sigh. As difficult as Ginny and Ron’s story had been to swallow, Bill, as much as he hated to admit it, seemed quite unbalanced. He and Molly had given him his opportunity to speak, and his explanation quickly devolved into an unhinged rant that he suspected was rather detached from reality. It had ended with Bill calling them traitors and storming out of the house, and neither of them had the heart to try to force him to stay.
Molly had burst into tears, and Arthur could only pull her to him. As hard as Percy leaving had been, this was even more sudden and more confusing. “I’m worried about him, Arthur.” She mumbled into his chest “This isn’t like him.”

“I know.” He agreed, resolving to talk to Dumbledore about this later, but for now… “Let’s check on Ron and Ginny.”

When he reversed the charms on the door and knocked her didn’t receive a response. Fearing the worst, that Bill hadn’t been the only one to make an escape, he cracked the door open...

Ron and Ginny were fast asleep, propped up against the wall in bed with a blanket partially draped over them. Ginny’s head was resting on Ron’s shoulder, and across her face were tear tracks.

They clearly hadn’t been the only ones taking this hard. “It’s nice to see them being there for each other.” Molly said, reaching over to brush a few stray strands of her daughter’s hair into place.

Arthur nodded, smiling faintly “We raised them well. Come on, let’s give them a little time.” Molly agreed and the two of them left their children to sleep. Yet Arthur’s thoughts remained troubled.

As much as Bill accused his sister of being under the influence of dark magic, Arthur couldn’t truly see any of her actions as being out of character. When she’d been under the influence of Tom Riddle’s diary, she’d gone from a talkative and outgoing to withdrawn. But he could easily see why Ginny would be willing to do anything to save Harry, and he probably should have guessed that she didn’t hold to some of their more traditional ideals. The young woman who had held her ground today was absolutely, without a doubt their daughter. No, if anyone was acting out of character, it was Bill…

Oh.

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On the night of her tenth birthday, her mother had told her (after a few glasses of wine) that every Veela had a moment where she ‘awakened’, when she realized that she was a sexual being. Her mother had gone on to describe her awakening- how at the age of twelve she’d fallen into lust with an older boy and successfully seduced him with her allure. Eventually, she returned to the point and told her “Gabrielle, you are becoming a young woman. At some point in the next few years, you will begin to realize what that means.”

But at the young age of ten, Gabrielle already knew exactly what her mother was talking about. When she’d blushingly admitted that she had had ‘those feelings’ for a wizard, her mother reacted- for the first time that Gabrielle could remember- with pride.

“Oh, Gabrielle! Why didn’t you say something earlier? Awakening at nine, what an early bloomer you are!” She cooed, patting her head affectionately. Gabrielle had blushed and smiled at rarely won praise.

“Really, it’s okay?” She had asked.

“It’s more than okay, my dear. Tell me, who is the lucky wizard? Oh, let me guess… Harry Potter.” Her mother smiled down at her, and Gabrielle found herself smiling sheepishly. Had she been that obvious?

So Gabrielle had found herself describing the events at the lake, this time including parts
that she had omitted in her original telling. How the instant she’d woken up at the surface, in Harry’s arms, she’d felt something. “I didn’t even know it was Harry. I just knew that it was a boy, and that that meant something. It felt… good, him holding me.”

She told her how she had clung to him, her body buzzing somehow despite the cold of the lake. She’d had time to pick out what she liked about being held by this boy, how she could feel his muscles under the uniform, feel the beat of his heart, his warmth. She liked it so much that even when they’d reached the pier, she kept herself wrapped around him.

It was then, that she was finally able to get a good look at him, and realized that it was none other than Harry Potter! Famous, a hero - a real hero who had just saved her! “He saved me! It was like it was out of a fairy tale, mother.” She gushed to her mother. “And he looked good, and felt good, and-” She, somehow, blushed even harder “smelt good.” She didn’t yet have the vocabulary to describe her attraction to him, she knew that ‘good’ wasn’t the right word, but what was- Really good? Amazing? Delicious?

Hm, maybe that last one.

Finally, she told her how her feelings had persisted. How she couldn’t stop thinking about him. How she kept imagining him kissing her, taking his shirt off, touching her over her body- and how that it had left her feeling hot in a way she couldn’t describe. Her mother was less interested in things that were less physical- how Gabriel loved Harry’s bravery, his selflessness, and his kindness.

For the rest of the night, her mother had lavished praise upon her and pampered her with affection, and it wasn’t a fluke. The next day, she took her aside and explained everything. She told her about sex, how it was how babies were made. She told her that boys had penises and girls had vaginas, and how good it felt to put those two parts together. She told her that they, as Veela, were special, that they could please men in ways that no human woman could. How her sexuality was something beautiful and powerful, something to be nurtured and embraced.

That wasn’t the end to her mothers’ help- she’d collected papers and magazines covering Harry in the Triwizard Tournament, and Gabrielle had wasted no time in cutting out pictures of Harry and pinning them to her wall. She had instructed her in masturbation, and Gabrielle had wasted no time in putting that lesson to use. That night, she chosen her most prized picture of Harry- a shot of him after the second task. He was in his almost skin tight tournament uniform and still noticeably damp from the task. Something about that uniform did it for her, perhaps just because it was connected to her awakening. But what truly made it her favorite picture was what her mother had pointed out- the bulge in his tight black shorts- his erection.

Now, Gabrielle didn’t really know what a penis looked like. Her mother had, when she’d given her the talk, given her an impassioned description of a penis that involved words like ‘hard’, ‘throbbing’ and ‘veiny’, but those descriptors couldn’t really help her figure out what a penis actually looked like. All she had was the idea of a penis, but that was certainly enough to titillate her.

She set the scene, it was after the task, and she and Harry would be in a private tent… recovering or something. Her mother had told her that she would take the lead with boys, so that was what she did in her fantasy. She would climb into his lap so that his erection was pressed into her groin. Just the concept of Harry’s penis being so close to her sent shivers of pleasure down her body. Her fingers probed her folds, finding them slippery as her mother had told her they would be. A finger swept over her labia and Gabby moaned at the cascade of pleasure that simple action set off. Weird, her mother had told her it would be a little nub, but Gabby wasn’t complaining
In her mind she kissed him, and not just a peck on the lips. She knew from watching her mother kiss men before she led them to her room that a proper kiss used tongue. She didn’t know the exact mechanics of how kissing worked, but tried to reconstruct the sensations by running her tongue over her teeth and the insides of her mouth.

Harry would moan in response, and Gabby would move on- taking off his shirt, enjoying the feel of muscles without that inconvenient piece of clothing in the way. She’d been at the beach plenty of times with her family, and had many examples of bare chested boys to work from. She would breathe him in- she had barely gotten to inhale his scent at the tournament, but what she had smelled had left her wanting more. It had been particularly enticing towards the end, when Fleur had shown up and something in Harry’s scent had spiked- musky, powerful, and just a bit dangerous. Just of whiff of that had left her body buzzing in way she hadn’t understood at the time.

Her fingers began to move erratically, making larger and larger sweeps across her labia, her pleasure built up, coiling hot in her core and she began to understand what an orgasm must feel like, she could feel her body craving the release of that tension.

In her fantasy, she took off her shirt, and Harry would stare and tell her how beautiful she was. She’d kiss his neck, pressing her bare skin against his, and then… and then… her thought process froze. Her finger grazed across a spot in her folds that made her gasp- the sheer intensity of sensation, at such a light touch, was almost scary. She lay, gasping in bed, her entire body jolting from electric pleasure in the aftermath of that slight touch.

*That* was her clit then, and *that*, as intense as it was, hadn’t been an orgasm, but she was fairly sure of how to get there now. Gabby braced herself and thought of Harry shirtless underneath her, her finger twirled around her clit once, twice, a third time, and Gabby screamed “Oh! *Oh OH!* Oh *HARRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY*”. For a few moments reality disappeared and Gabby could have sworn that she was in that tent with Harry, grinding on his penis.

But then reality reasserted itself and Gabby felt like she’d been taken to the stars, but only for a moment, and then slammed unceremoniously back into bed. She had no idea anything could feel this good. She didn’t even have a concept for such pleasure until recently. But as intense as it was, some part of Gabby couldn’t help but feel unsatisfied. It had felt like a brief jaunt, a few seconds of sublime pleasure when she knew there were worlds out there just waiting for her to explore. And more, the orgasm hadn’t even quenched her desire. In fact, its aftershocks had left her tingling all over but especially in her nipples and clit.

She tried again. A few more swipes at her clit had her orgasming again, but each peak just left her thirsting for more. She tried to tease herself in an attempt to coax something more powerful (and hopefully more satisfying) out, but her willpower always failed her. Every time, she had to give up on teasing as soon as her needy clit started twinging- demanded attention from her fingers. She tried to advance her fantasies further to give the same effect, but when it took at most ten seconds to make herself cum, she had trouble moving things forward in her mind. It didn’t help that she didn’t even really know what boys looked like down there, her creativity had to fill in the gaps of her mothers’ description, and she was sure that what she had pictured- a veiny shaft roughly the size and shape of a finger- was wrong.

After at least an hour of trying, she gave up, and even had to take an ice cold shower to settle down. She’d woken up in the morning feeling wrung out, but not in a particularly good way. Her mother had knowingly asked her how her night had been, and Gabrielle hadn’t wanted to disappoint her and say she hadn’t quite gotten what she’d wanted out of it.
She did say that she was having trouble picturing things, and her mother was all too happy to help. About a week later her mother handed her a small stack of magazines titled *Playwitch*. She explained that American magicals were far less prudish than Europeans and that certain magazines could be imported at a markup.

Gabrielle had thanked her, clutched the magazines to her chest, and ignored her mothers’ chuckles as she rushed back to her room. When she was in the safety of her room, she peaked inside and stopped she blushed to the roots of her hair.

The page she had turned to showcased a man undressing himself in live action (there was also a woman in frame, but Gabrielle barely acknowledged her). He took off his shirt to reveal rippling muscles, then his pants, and then... *hnnng*. Her imagination had fallen short indeed.

Gabby was brought forcefully into her fantasy- but now it was he who was undressing, until he slipped off his boxers and his fleshy, mushroom-capped rod sprang out. Gabby instantly dropped her panties to her ankles and buried her fingers into her vagina, rubbing vigorously until she came. This time, that addictive bliss was more intense, but as hard as she tried to hold onto it, it was fleeting, slipping through her fingers. When she came to, gasping and shaking, she realized she had tipped over and fallen on her arse, but the magazine was still clutched firmly in one hand.

She didn’t even leave her spot on the floor. She used the hand still slick with her juices to turn to the next page, which featured a closeup of a woman taking a cock into her mouth. Instantly, Gabrielle was seized by the fantasy. She imagined how Harry would feel, how he’d taste in her mouth (as good as he smelled, he’d *have* to taste just as good). Her fingers were back at her clit, rubbing furiously for the few seconds it took for her to cum again.

Again she came to, and she realized she hadn’t even seen the whole thing. The woman sucked on it for a good ten seconds, before pulling away, using her hand on it and then... Gabby was sucked back into her mind, and Harry was the one releasing himself on her. He’d moan and shake and his semen would land on her face and open mouth- the smell and taste of it would be *mouth watering* if only she knew what it was like.

That orgasm was the most powerful yet, but she *still* craved more. She didn’t bother cleaning herself up- drying the mess she’d made on her thighs or wiping the drool off her chin, she didn’t even bother moving from the spot. Instead, she just pawed through that magazine with cum soaked fingers, looking for that next hit. By the time she had exhausted the magazine, it’s pages had been dotted and splattered with her juices, and Gabrielle could do nothing other than curl up against the wall, covered in her own arousal, sweat, and drool.

But still not satisfied.

The magazines had also given her an education of sorts. It was written in English, and Gabrielle had taken it upon herself to become fluent. After all, if she was ever going be with Harry, she’d need to speak his language. While she had books to help her with everyday language, the magazines helped her with… raunchier terms, words like ‘fuck’, ‘cock’, and ‘pussy’.

Her fantasies became more detailed. She added stories to them, usually he would save her or she would save him, and then they’d profess their undying love to each other, and then they’d fuck. She found that even as her orgasms had gotten more intense, it was also harder to pull herself away from them.

She quickly lost interest in those magazines. They were eye opening, but after the initial newness Gabby found that she didn’t find that much appeal to seeing people she didn’t even know naked. After all, she’d only ever used them by substituting Harry in the place of the men in them.
They sat in a corner of her closet, unused and collecting dust. However, she had built up her collection of photos of Harry. Despite how toxic the coverage of him that year had been, Gabby found that pictures intended to show Harry as unhinged or angry just made him look hot.

The summer before her first year, her mother had taken her on a beach vacation week. Gabby had been over the moon, but it had quickly gone sour. The first day, her mother had pointed out a boy her age for her to play with, and she’d spent hours happily playing in the surf with him. She had noticed her allure acting up a few times, but she wasn’t going to complain about her new friend being extra friendly to her.

When she walked back- happy and tired- he began asking her a few probing questions about what she thought of him. It slowly dawned on her what her mother was expecting- she wanted her to seduce random boys! The idea had no appeal to her, she just wanted Harry.

She tried to explain to her mother why she wasn’t interested, that she just wanted to be with Harry, but her mother had scoffed at that, telling her ‘There are other fish in the sea, Gabrielle.’. That night, and every night after, her mother did bed a man (or in two cases multiple men). Gabrielle never took anyone home, or even tried to get physical with any of the boys she met.

A few weeks later, she was off to Beauxbatons, with her mother’s reminders to ‘explore herself’. Gabby took with her her treasured collection of newspaper and magazine clippings and almost ritualistically brought herself to orgasm many times a night thinking of Harry. It wasn’t that she didn’t find other boys attractive. She did. She particularly lusted after the older boys, especially the fit quidditch players. The entire school reeked of sex- of aroused, masturbating, and cumming boys. How was a girl supposed to think straight? All the frantic, obsessive masturbation in the world couldn’t keep her head clear.

How had Fleur done it- her sister seemed to be built out of different stuff than Gabby. And she knew what her mother would say- don’t think straight go for it. She had tried thinking about other boys as she masturbated, those fit older quidditch players who could almost be a Harry-substitute, but they didn’t give her the same thrill.

It was then that Gabby had realized something- having sex with one of those boys might bring her a new high, but she still wouldn’t be satisfied. What she needed was more than meaningless sex, that ultimate high could only ever be achieved with the right person, and for her, for now, that was Harry.

So Gabby started planning. Her sister was in Britain, about to get married to a wizard who knew Harry. Harry would be there at the wedding… that would be when she made her move. It was her one shot. She planned out so many scenarios in her head- many of which evolved into erotic fantasies.

When she returned home, Gabrielle was left confused by her mother. She’d even shared her plans with her, and she dismissed derisively. Her mother was no longer proud of her, no longer showing any interest in her whatsoever. It was like the past two years had never happened and Gabrielle was back at square one.

Still she continued in her hope that she could capture- if not Harry’s heart- at least his interest at the wedding. Those plans, of course, would be dashed in spectacular fashion when Harry and Fleur portkeyed into their garden.

When Gabrielle had stumbled upon them, the broader implications of what she was seeing didn’t occur to her. Her world shrank down, every thought process had been consumed by two realizations- that was Harry and that was his cock. She detailed the architecture of his masculinity-
every facet of that gorgeous organ. She’d been fantasizing about this moment for two years (and she would continue to do so for far longer).

It was only the sharp pain of her mother tugging out her ear that drew Gabby out of her daze, and then reality came crashing down on her. This was her one shot to impress Harry and she had just acted like a complete pervert! And what, why were Harry and Fleur kissing in the garden in such a state of undress? Wasn’t Fleur getting married to someone else? **Didn’t she know how much Gabrielle wanted to be with him?**

She was ready to sink into emotions of shame, despair and betrayal, when her mother threw her an unexpected lifeline. *She* would be the one to show Harry to his new room. Gabby took hold of that sliver of hope with both hands, and dove headfirst into the task of making the best impression she could on Harry.

She curtsied, took his hand, kissed it, and was momentarily stunned by the pleasant tingle she felt on her lips and hand. With a fervent will, she pushed passed the distraction, carrying Harry’s trunk and willing herself not to show any discomfort. She made small talk, but even she had to admit she was a poor conversation. He was just too distracting- she could smell the arousal on him… and the sex, so much sex. Not to mention, something in the back of her mind kept turning up that image of his cock. The only time she was actually able to properly focus on the conversation was when she asked him about his relationship status, which had been properly interesting.

He was with two girls, his first girlfriend Ginny, and now Fleur. Even though he said there wasn’t room for another, Gabby was infused with renewed hope. If there was room for two girls, there would be room for three. She just needed to win him over.

With that goal in mind, she quickly came up with a plan. She changed her intended path, taking him to the guest bedroom that shared a wall with hers’, with a shared bathroom across the hall. Gabrielle had never considered why she had such a set-up, but now she wondered if her mother had organized it this way for this exact purpose- to make it easier for her to seduce unsuspecting boys.

But once he was there, Gabrielle was at a loss. She was hopeful that her helpfulness had at least somewhat remedied her first reaction to him- hopefully she’d just be able to chalk that up to surprise. But she couldn’t just leave it at this, carrying his luggage for him and a short, awkward conversation. **Wait… his luggage.**

That was what led her to offer to help him unpack, and thus sealed her doom. When she spotted a pair of his boxers, she just couldn’t help but grab them, couldn’t help but bring them to her face, and just had to breath in his scent. **Hhhnnnnng,** Gabby had not been prepared for just how powerful- how thick and overwhelming his musk would be. Intense heat burst within her, flushing her cheeks and making her feel lightheaded. Her cunt throbbed urgently, her clit swelling and **uhhg** she needed to touch herself.

She patted at her crotch through her shorts- eliciting a delicious warm throb through her core when Harry’s voice pierced through the fog. **OH NO!**

*No no nononono!*

*No.*

Gabby’s mind was forced to hard restart. The world was crashing down around her, and there was no escape, no way to fix it or take it back. After what seemed like an eternity of Harry
staring at her (with an expression that Gabby could only describe as *creeped out*) she was able to muster a response - which was to throw down his boxers and flee back to her room as quickly as possible.

She crashed into her bed as the tears began to come, but even then, she could barely smell her sheets. No, Harry’s smell lingered in her nostrils, and every breath gave her a new hit of his musk. When she closed her eyes, she could only see his cock. Despite her shame and distress, she was more turned on than she’d ever been.

She moaned piteously as she writhed in place, begging herself not to do it, to not give in to what would be the most shameful wank of her life. She even tried focusing her thoughts on just how terrible her situation was in hopes that it would crush her libido. *I’ll never be with him.* She bemoaned *I’ll never get to taste that magnificent co-ock, or have it inside me, throbbing and pumping his seed deep into my cunt.*

“Fuck!” She whimpered, clenching her thighs together as she inevitably lost the internal battle. *You’re pathetic.* She scolded. *A pathetic little pervert. Why would Harry be with you when he has Fleur?* A hand wriggled under her damp shorts and wedged itself between her clamped thighs, allowing her to grind. “Fuck! Fuckfuck- *oh FUCK!*” Gabby cried as the most intense orgasm of her life seized her, humiliated tears streaking her face. The feelings of humiliation blended with lust to make a mind-bending cocktail of pleasure.

The orgasm shredded the remnants of Gabby’s self-restraint, and so there was nothing holding her back in its aftermath. She didn’t even bother peeling off her shorts and panties - soiled with her arousal. Her hand simply sought out her clit and went to work and after a few seconds of furious rubbing she came again… and again, and again.

Yet as glorious as the orgasms she had given herself were, it was clearer than ever what was missing - who was missing - and he was just in the next room over yet as out of reach as he’d ever been. Each successive orgasm grew more torturous - the emptiness in her cunt seemed to gape ever wider, the pleasure itself became taunting, fed by her shame and humiliation, and when she came down, her body was just left more needy, more desperately aching for *real* pleasure than before.

After her fifth (or was it sixth? Seventh? Eight?) peak, she sobbed “Please.” She sobbed, begging who or for what, she didn’t know. “I-I *oh fuck!* Please!” And yet, her finger kept moving, rubbing her exquisitely sensitive clit, and she was taken by another biting, humiliating orgasm.

This might have gone on for hours had Harry not knocked on her door. “Er, Gabrielle?” His voice made her freeze. “Your mum just came by, we’re going to have dinner soon. I’m sure Fleur will be able to show me around, but I thought you should know.”

“Oh!” Gabby called in a strangled voice “Thank you!” She had little hope that anything could help her recover from that truly catastrophic first impression, but Gabby was heartened by the fact that he’d thought to let her know. She could only hope that dinner would go better.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, Gabby might have run away with me a bit as well- I’ll finish up her perspective next chapter (which means, yes, we’re going to get yet another perspective on Fleur and Harry’s hallway encounter, haha), along with much more!
Another thing- I realized I never actually plugged this. Thanks to Marcus S Lazerus, this fic has a TV Tropes page!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!