

Chapter 8

Harry was just leaving the Great Hall after dinner with Ron and Hermione when Lavender bounced up to his side with a beaming smile.

“Hey guys,” she said, hugging his arm snugly between her breasts. “Mind if I borrow Harry for a bit?”

“Well, we were supposed to go to the library to study,” Hermione replied.

Ron looked at Harry in askance, and he just shrugged his shoulders in response. He still hadn't told Ron about his nighttime visits to the girls' dorms. The redhead was known for his jealous streak, and neither he nor Hermione could think of a way to tell him that wouldn't set him off.

“I only need him for about an hour,” Lavender smirked, then looked up at Harry and winked. “Maybe a little longer.”

“Fine,” Hermione sighed. “Just don't keep him too long. We still have our midterms coming up soon, you know.”

“I know,” Lavender smiled brightly. “Thanks, Hermione, we'll see you in a bit.”

Letting Harry's arm out from between her breasts, Lavender pulled him by the arm and led him out of the Great Hall. They passed by Katie and Leanne on their way out, both of whom gave them knowing smiles and giggled.

“You're not going to believe what I heard earlier,” Lavender said once they were out in the hall.

“What's that?” Harry asked.

“Parvati and I were on our way back from Potions when we heard someone talking in an old classroom,” she told him excitedly. “There were two girls talking about meeting up in the Hufflepuff cuddle room after dinner. We didn’t know who it was at first, and you’ll never guess who we saw leaving that classroom. It was Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis.”

“Wait, what’s the Hufflepuff cuddle room?” Harry asked.

“You’ve never heard of it?” Lavender asked, surprised. “It’s pretty much an open secret in the school. There’s a password-protected room near the Hufflepuff common room where the older students can go to spend some alone time together. A lot of witches like to go there. That sort of thing tends to be looked down upon by the older families. Especially the ones in Ravenclaw and Slytherin.”

Grinning, she wrapped her arm around his waist and gave his bum a squeeze. Harry smiled back and returned the favor, causing her to giggle as her cheeks flushed.

“I got the password from Sara Fawcett during dinner, though I did have to make a bit of a deal with her,” Lavender admitted. “We can’t give the password to anyone else without her permission first or about who we see there, and Sophie wants to watch. If you’re lucky, maybe you’ll get to do more than that.”

“Aren’t girls supposed to get jealous about this sort of thing?” Harry asked with a smile.

Lavender giggled, “We usually do, but this is just so much fun. It feels so naughty to get together with the others and talk about what we do with you. I swear, this is the most fun I’ve had gossiping since I came to this school. No worries, no dark creatures or wizards prowling the halls, just us girls talking about the great time we had with a really cute boy.”

Smiling and shaking his head, Harry pulled Lavender close and kissed the top of her head as they continued down the hall. Heading down the stairs, they turned and made their way towards the kitchens. He vaguely remembered seeing a hidden room in the area on the map, but being so close to the Hufflepuff common room entrance, he’d never had a chance to really explore the area.

Lavender led him past the giant barrels that concealed the entrance to the Hufflepuff common room entrance and to the end of the room. It looked like a dead-end, with nothing in front of them but a blank grey wall. Tugging Harry to a darkened corner, they stopped in front of a hidden portrait of a gilded door.

“Togetherness,” Lavender said.

A soft, audible click came from the door, and the entire portrait swung inwards, revealing a sound, softly lit room inside. The entire floor was covered in a hodgepodge of mismatched pillows and cushions of all sizes and shapes. Above their heads floated magically suspended candles and oval-shaped rods from which hung white, gauzy curtains. There were a number of girls already in the room, and they looked up in surprise when the two Gryffindors entered.

The first two he recognized were Daphne and Tracey, who were cuddled together, ties loosened, and shirts unbuttoned as they looked at them nervously. The next person he spotted was Sara Roper, who gave them a smile and a nod. A short distance from her, Susan Bones and a topless Megan Jones, though she covered her chest with her arms and blushed. The last couple was a bit of a surprise. Hannah Abbot had her face buried between Sue Li’s thighs. The only way he recognized her was because of her ever-present pigtails. Harry wasn’t sure if she knew they were there, but Sue certainly did and made no effort to cover her naked body.

Sue was a short, thin Asian witch. Her breasts were impressively perky and surprisingly large for her frame. With eyes clouded with arousal and a flushed face, she tugged demandingly on Hannah’s pigtails as if they were reins as she let out a moan.

“You got here sooner than I expected,” Sara said, leaning back against a pile of cushions. “I was just about to warn the girls you were coming.”

“Sorry,” Harry smiled. “Lavender got a bit impatient.”

“That’s alright,” Sara smiled, her bright blue eyes sparkling as she pushed a lock of curly brown hair behind her ear. “I’ve given Harry and Lavender the password to this room. I know we

usually only give that out to witches, but I think we all trust Harry not to talk about us outside of this room.”

“It’s not Potter I’m worried about,” Tracey muttered, eyeing Lavender suspiciously.

“Lavender’s been coming to this room for the last two years, and she’s never said a word to anyone,” Sara told her.

“I know I have a bit of a reputation, but I do know when to keep my mouth shut,” Lavender smiled.

“Look, I didn’t know anything about this place until just before we got here,” Harry said. “I don’t want to make anyone uncomfortable.”

“I suppose we could put it to a vote,” Sara sighed. “How many of you want Harry to leave?”

The girls looked at each other, and Daphne and Tracey seemed to have a silent conversation, but after a full minute, no one raised their hand or spoke up.

“It’s settled then,” Sara smiled. “Besides, we have curtains for a reason. If girls don’t want to watch or be watched, they can just close them.”

“I hope they don’t,” Lavender grinned. “I like an audience.”

Grabbing Harry’s hand, she pulled him to the middle of the room. They were between Tracey and Daphne, and Susan and Megan Jones when she laid down. A tug brought him with her as Sara scooted closer, tossing away her tie as she did.

“Oh, fuck yes!” Sue Li screamed.

Everyone paused to look over at her. Gasping for breath, a flush running all the way down to her chest, she mashed her mound against Hannah's face while pulling harshly on her pigtails. Mouth open in a silent scream, she lifted her hips from the bed and shuddered violently before collapsing bonelessly on the cushions.

Suddenly, Lavender giggled, "She shakes as hard as Ginny does when she cums."

Harry chuckled and turned onto his side, his hand resting on her stomach.

"So does this mean those rumors about Potter are true?" Tracey asked curiously.

"What rumors?" Harry asked, playfully glaring accusingly at Lavender, who smiled impishly.

"That you're fucking every of age girl in Gryffindor," Tracey said.

"What?" Harry asked, surprised, as he glanced back down at a giggling Lavender. "I am not."

"Just most of them," Lavender giggled.

"No, it's-" Harry broke off mid-sentence, doing the math in his head.

"It's most," Lavender assured him. "There're twelve of age girls in Gryffindor, and you're sleeping with seven of us."

"Huh," Harry said, realizing she was right.

"Plus a couple of Ravenclaws," she giggled.

“Wow, Potter,” Tracey grinned. “I had no idea you were such a whore.”

“Neither did I,” Harry said, smiling.

“And you all know about each other?” Susan asked, looking confused.

“Hard not to when we’re all in the same room,” Lavender smirked, causing Susan to blush prettily.

“Wait, you have orgies with Harry, and Ravenclaws are invited?” Sue Li asked, sitting cross-legged and completely nude next to a blushing Hannah. “Can I come?”

“It might be hard to sneak you into Gryffindor Tower,” Lavender said thoughtfully before glancing over at Harry. “I suppose we could use the Room of Requirement.”

“That could work,” Harry shrugged, the whole situation feeling a bit surreal.

“I think we’re going to have to ask Hermione to make that potion again,” Lavender whispered with a giggle.

Reaching into his lap, she cupped his groin and massaged his hardened length. Harry smiled and leaned down to kiss her while his hand moved from her stomach to cup her breast. As Lavender moaned into his mouth, he trailed his fingers over to the buttons of her shirt and began undoing them deftly. A few seconds later, Harry felt someone kneel behind him and start unbuttoning his own shirt, pulling it off of him when they were done.

“And Harry said I was impatient,” Lavender giggled as they broke from their kiss.

Glancing over his shoulder, Sara smiled at him innocently while running her hands over his muscles.

“Can you blame me?” she asked.

“Wait until you see the best bit,” Lavender grinned.

Sitting up, she pushed Harry onto his back between the two girls and sat up on her knees. Tossing her shirts aside, she quickly unclasped her bra, smirking as he watched them bounce free. Lavender ran her nails over his abs, the muscles twitching under her touch, and came to a stop at his belt. With quick, practiced movements, she unblocked it, opened his pants, and reached inside.

Harry became acutely aware that everyone was staring in anticipation of the reveal as Lavender reached inside his trousers and stroked his length. After making sure he was completely hard, she pulled him into the open.

“Whoa,” Tracey said while Sara licked her lips.

“Merlin, that’s big,” Sue said. “Look at that thing. Just imagine Harry pulling on your hair with that thing buried in your throat.”

Harry looked over and arched a brow. Sue had moved behind Hannah, who blushed and panted, her eyes riveted to his shaft as the Asian witch teased her thighs. Glancing around the larger girl, Sue smiled and gripped Hannah’s shirt before giving it a sharp tug. Hannah blushed bright red as her large, braless breasts tumbled free. While she wasn’t quite as busty as Lavender, her areolas were the biggest he’d ever seen, with small, inverted nipples tucked in the center.

“Hannah likes to play shy, but she’s really a massive slut,” Sue grinned.

Raising one hand, she slapped Hannah’s left breast hard enough to leave the skin pink. Suddenly, she grasped both of them harshly, pale white flesh spilling out around her tiny hands.

“Don’t mind them,” Sara said, staring at his length as Lavender stroked him slowly. “They get like that.”

“Hannah loves it, look,” Sue said.

Grabbing the gusset of Hannah’s knickers, she yanked them to the side, revealing her taut, drooling folds. Hannah moaned, her body shuddering as her face expressed a mixture of arousal and mortification.

Hearing a moan to his right, Harry looked over and blinked in surprise. While he’d been distracted, Tracey and Daphne had stripped out of their clothes and were snogging heatedly. Tracey was a tall, dark-skinned, thin witch with medium-sized breasts, while Daphne had a porcelain complexion, a more rounded, hourglass figure, and large breasts. As his eyes moved up to her face, their eyes met. Daphne bit her lip as she stared at him, her eyes drifting down to his erection.

Harry was distracted again when he suddenly felt another set of hands on his shaft. Sara and Lavender now each had a hand stroking him gently up and down.

“That’s so hot,” Megan said.

Harry glanced over to see that the thin brunette was no longer covering her small breasts, and Susan was down to her bra and teasing her folds from behind. Susan had, by far, the largest breasts in the room. She was easily two cup sizes bigger than Lavender, Hannah, or Daphne.

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” Lavender smirked.

Getting rid of her skirt and knickers, she pushed Sara’s hands out of the way and knelt over him. She placed him at her entrance and paused, rocking her hips teasingly for a couple of seconds before slowly lowering herself onto his towering erection with a moan. Settling at his base, she rolled her hips while Harry reached up to grasp her breasts.

“Does it hurt?” Daphne asked softly.

“No,” Lavender panted even as she started riding him. “It feels so fucking good.”

“I should’ve brought my dildo,” Tracey said, lifting her glistening face with a smirk. “Then I could resize it to match Harry, and you could feel what it’s like for yourself. Merlin knows you’ve fantasized about it enough.”

“Tracey,” Daphne whined, turning her face away.

“This is your best chance to tell him,” Tracey said before turning to Harry. “She fancies you.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Daphne said, covering her face with her hands. “Tracey, I hate you.”

“No, you don’t,” Tracey said, pausing to flick her clit with her tongue.

“Looks like we have another member of our harem,” Lavender giggled.

“Harem?” several voices echoed at once.

“It’s a joke Luna started,” Lavender said, pausing to moan and shudder as she rode Harry harder. “She thinks we’re starting a harem. The arguments she gets in with Hermione about it are hilarious.”

“Ha!” Tracey said, eyes lighting up. “I knew Granger would be involved. I’m a bit surprised about Lovegood, though.”

“So much for keeping her mouth shut,” Daphne muttered.

“Um, whoops?” Lavender said, blushing lightly. “Sorry, it’s hard to think when Harry’s fucking me.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry hugged her to his chest and then rolled them over so he was on top. The move also brought them right next to Daphne and Tracey. They were so close his knee brushed Daphne’s thigh.

“If you can’t keep that pretty mouth of yours closed, maybe Sara should put it to use,” Harry said, spearing into her depths.

“Yes!” Lavender shouted, arching her back.

Harry wasn’t sure if her exclamation was because of his thrust or her agreement, but Sara took it as the latter. Stripping out of her clothes, she rapidly revealed her thin, fit figure. Her breasts, while not large, jutted from her body as if gravity didn’t affect them. They bounced with every little movement she made, her round, pale areolas and nipples dancing in front of him as she situated herself face him over Lavender’s face.

Lowering herself with a moan, Sara wrapped her arms around Harry and kissed him passionately. The round descended into nothing but the sounds of grunts, groans, and wet smacks as the girls pleased each other and Harry thrust into Lavender. One hand kneaded Lavender’s large, firm mound while the other cupped Sara’s incredibly soft breast, his fingers teasing and toying with her nipple.

With a shudder, Sara pulled her lips away with a gasp and rested her head on his shoulder. A moment later, she tensed as she came hard, drenching Lavender’s face. While she rode out her climax, he glanced around the room curiously. Susan and Megan were both naked, giving him his first glimpse of the redhead’s amazing bust. Despite their size, they were perfectly shaped and far more perky than they had any right to be. Lavender let out a soft moan below him as he swelled at the sight.

Meanwhile, Hannah was still dressed but completely exposed. Her large breasts bounced wildly, and her folds let out loud, wet slaps as Sue drilled three fingers in and out of her depths. The pigtailed blonde practically drooled as Sue tugged on her hair and whispered filth in her ear.

“You want that fat cock, don’t you, bitch,” Sue hissed, her hand nearly vibrating she moved it so fast. “He’d make you scream so loud the whole castle would hear you.”

As Sara gasped for breath and fell to the side, Harry turned his full attention back to Lavender. Leaning over her, he hammered his length in and out of her depths. Moaning, she kissed him on the lips, still tasting of Sara’s explosive climax. A moment later, she yanked her lips away with a gasp and clung to him tightly as she shuddered.

“Fuck,” she breathed. “This is so hot. I want to watch you fuck them all.”

Harry groaned at the thought and slammed his hips down even harder. Lavender cried out, and her body hunched in, her face crumpling as she reached her climax. He made it a few more thrusts before exploding in her depths. Growling, he lifted his head and made eye contact with Daphne. Her bright blue eyes met his just as she came with a shudder. Off to his left, he heard matching sounds come from Susan while Hannah howled like a banshee.

After a moment, they all collapsed, the room filled with the sound of heavy breathing and the occasional groan.

“What time is it?” Lavender asked after a moment.

“Almost seven, why?” Sara asked in return.

“Bugger,” Harry said, sitting up and pulling out of Lavender. “I need to meet Hermione in the library.”

“Aw,” Sara groaned disappointedly.

“Sorry,” Harry said apologetically as he gathered his clothes.

“Don’t worry, I have an idea,” Lavender grinned.

Harry left before he could hear just what that plan was, but he smiled as he raced down the hall. Without a doubt, the weekend would be one to remember.