

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

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Chapter 7: A Well Earned Reward

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Harry ducked as a growling ball of malice whizzed by his head. The beaters of Slytherin team were, as always, throwing everything they had his way. Luckily for him, Crabbe and Goyle were about as accurate as they were smart, so it wasn't really a challenge to avoid their attacks. Their new seeker, Harper, was at least somewhat of a challenge. However, where Malfoy before him had actually been fun to compete with as the blonde tosser was skilled in his own right, Harper was just good enough to be more akin to an annoying housefly.

The young 3rd year was determined to stay on Harry's heels the entire match. When Harry turned, he turned. Where Harry dove, so too did the younger seeker.

Thus far he'd been more of a nuisance than anything. Harry had yet to see the snitch and his lazy path over the pitch was only to get a good view of how his team was holding out.

Katie, Ginny, and Demelza proved to be a deadly trio, even more than when Katie was joined by Angelina and Alicia in the previous years. The three chasers weaved effortlessly between the Slytherin defences, passing the quaffle between themselves in perfect sync. The game had only been going for 15 minutes or so, yet the three vixens had already scored 70 points.

Andrew and Jack were holding their own for the most part. The two boys have come a long way since their brief stint as starting beaters last year when Fred and George were banned from quidditch. While he could still spot more than a few areas where they struggled, Harry was happy enough with their progress.

Then there was Ron.

Harry sighed and pushed his broom into a deep dive, zooming mere inches past one of Slytherin's chasers who was winding up to score. While it was technically against the rules for him to play interference like this as a seeker it was easy enough to just claim he was chasing after the snitch and accidentally got in the way. Once he was satisfied the other team's chaser was thrown off enough and Katie had managed to steal the quaffle away, he levelled Ron with a frustrated look.

"Stop focussing all your attention on the centre hoop! C'mon, you know this Ron!" He chastised. His best mate grimaced but nodded, rolling his shoulders with a calming breath. The chants from the Slytherin stands weren't helping the redhead's confidence and not for the first time since the match started did Harry berate himself for forgetting to feign dosing the boy with liquid luck.

No matter, they were still up by more than 40 points. He simply needed to find and catch the snitch before Slytherin had a chance to catch up.

He pulled his broom back into a steady glide, eyes alert for any sign of the shimmering ball. Harry twisted and dipped along his flight path to confuse the annoying little cunt following behind him. Really was this kid that bad at the game that his only hope was to glue himself to Harry's arse?! If he wanted to he could probably lose the little bugger easily enough, the Slytherin boy's Nimbus '98 was no match against his firebolt, but Harry was far more concerned with finding the snitch at that moment to pay his stalker any heed.

Keen eyes scanned the pitch, searching for even the tiniest glints of gold. Harry could hear the stands cheer and cry out in excitement as the game progressed around him, yet he remained focused. A sharp cry of pain from behind is what finally broke his concentration. Looking towards the source of the sound, Harry saw the young Slytherin seeker clutching his right arm and nearly crashing into one of the stands as he did so. The kid had been just a bit too close to Harry it seemed and ended up getting hit right in the arm by one of Crabbe's poorly aimed bludgers.

He rolled his eyes at the whimpering boy and made to turn back to the task at hand, yet before he could do so, a flash of gold beneath the other seeker's feet caught his attention.

Harry didn't even think before shooting off. He watched as Harper's eyes widened comically, more than likely thinking Harry was trying to knock him off his broom in his injured state. The younger seeker yelped in surprise and yanked his broom to the left, giving Harry the perfect opening to throw his arm out and wrap his palm around the smooth metal of the snitch.

Cheers erupted all around as the end-of-game horn blew. His teammates instantly surrounded him as he landed on the pitch, their cries almost as loud as the crowd around them. At 240 - 40, the game wasn't even close, filling Harry with a soaring sense of pride for his team.

Perhaps he was cut out for this captain stuff after all.

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As usual, the after-party in Gryffindor Tower was a mixture of chaos and fun. Music blasted loudly from a magically enhanced wireless in the corner and thanks to his letter to Fred and George, alcohol flowed freely in everyone's goblets.

Harry watched in amusement as Seamus and Dean played a drinking game together. Both boys were already quite drunk and their accuracy with their cups wasn't exactly the best. More liquor ended up spilled down their front than in their mouths and soon enough they'd be passed out over the common room couches as was the norm.

"Harry!" Katie called from across the room. "Come dance with us!" The blonde waved him over excitably. A gaggle of other girls stood around the chaser, giggling as they stared his way. Under normal circumstances, he'd be more than willing to spend an evening with a group of women grinding against him, but tonight was different. He had other plans.

"Some other time!" He called back. The chaser pouted a bit at his response and stuck out her tongue tauntingly. He laughed at the blonde's teasing with a roll of his eyes. Katie turned back to her friends, whispering something that made all the girls giggle once more.

Making his way through the party, he dodged and weaved between a plethora of similarly drunken teens and celebrating teammates. Several called his name either in congratulations or to entice him to join them, more than a few of the latter being those of the fairer sex. Harry turned them all down though with empty promises of catching up later. He eventually came upon three very familiar faces sitting around a table of shots.

"I don't know..." Hermione said hesitantly.

To her left Lavender giggled and scooted closer to the brunette. "Awe c'mon 'Mione! It's really not that bad, honest!"

"We'll even do one with you!" Parvati added from her place sat upon the floor.

Hermione bit the inside of her lip, her brown eyes looking at the small glasses of firewhiskey warily. "I've just never done something like this before."

"Not the first time I've heard you say something like that." Harry quipped as he plopped down in the seat on Hermione's left.

The bookish girl blushed crimson and slapped his shoulder. "Hush you." Hermione took a single calming breath. Staring at the shots, the girl bit her bottom lip and nodded. "Give it here."

Parvati and Lavender cheered in victory as the former jumped up and began dishing out the shots. The caramel-skinned girl handed a glass to each of them, with Harry being the last to receive a drink as Parvati wished to make a show of bending over in front of him and picking his up from the table. Handing the drink over, Parvati turned and sat not on the floor, but firmly on Harry's lap facing Hermione, a coy smile plastered on her face.

"To our dear quidditch captain's hard-fought victory, *and well-earned reward~*" Parvati finished with a near-silent purr in his ear. Lavender cheered in agreement and clinked her glass against theirs. As one, he, Parvati, and Lavender knocked their drinks back, swallowing down the burning liquor in a single gulp. Hermione looked at her glass and sighed, following behind them a few seconds later and throwing her shot back in a single fluid movement.

Instantly the brunette's pretty face morphed into a grimace as both the taste and burn of the alcohol hit her palette. To her credit, Hermione did manage to swallow the mouthful of burning liquid before her eyes watered and her lungs were wracked with heaving coughs.

"You...lied..." Hermione groaned, rubbing her burning throat with a shudder.

Lavender patted the girl on the back. "Only a little, it does get better the more you try it."

"Now THAT one I've definitely heard before." Parvati muttered atop his lap, prompting a round of laughter from each of them.

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In the end, Lavender and Parvati managed to convince their roommate to do two more shots with them before Hermione called it quits. Harry had to help the bushy-haired girl to her feet and all the way to the stairs before she was able to stand on her own. Thankfully Hermione was made of a bit more sterner stuff than he anticipated and managed to climb the stairs up to her dorm without much issue.

He rejoined Parvati and Lavender moments later. The two girls had switched from shots to some sort of mixed drinks that smelled vaguely of pineapple to him now that they were both pleasantly buzzed. Parvati retook her seat on his lap as well, making sure to grind her plush bottom against him without an inch of subtlety.

Harry didn't know how long they sat their- laughing and talking amongst themselves, occasionally joined by one of their friends or classmates. Katie had looked a little put out when she dropped by and saw Parvati's place on his lap, but in the end, the blonde seemed to accept it and spent quite a while sitting snugly between Harry and Lavender with Parvati's feet thrown over her lap. Ron too had stopped by, his redheaded friend very much into his cups at that point. After a few very slurred jokes and a quite abysmal attempt to flirt with Lavender, his friend wandered off to join Seamus and Dean who'd restarted their earlier failed drinking game with gusto.

Eventually, the party did begin to die down. Those who were from other houses slinked off before prefects started their rounds, and those within Gryffindor house slowly trickled off whether to their bed or someplace private for a discreet rendezvous with someone else.

"Hmm seems it's getting pretty late." Harry acknowledged as the common room slowly emptied.

"Is that so?" Parvati smirked. "What do you think Lav', is it time for us to retire for the night?"

Lavender hiccuped into her hand and giggled. The honey-blonde girl was easily the drunkest between the three of them and yet she was also the one who had kept up with the flow of conversation the most without even a single slurred line.

"I think so love. We witches do need our beauty sleep after all." She giggled.

Lavender stood and offered a hand to her friend. Parvati gave Harry one last smirk and ground her pert arse into his groin. By now he'd been putting up with the mocha-haired girl's teasing all night and was ragingly hard beneath her ample cheeks. Yet before he could do something about her mischief, Parvati stood alongside her friend with a giggle and gave him a saucy wink.

"Goodnight Harry~" They said in unison, walking away with their arms interlinked and round backsides swaying enticingly.

"Fuck that." Harry growled to himself, standing quickly and finishing his drink in one go.

He chased after the two vixens, catching up quickly enough much to their delight. A quick spell upon the girls' dorm stairs later, courtesy of Fred and George, and Harry was carrying both sexy minxes over his shoulders up to their dorm without a single alarm or ward being tripped.

Harry barely bothered with the door to their dorm, instead opting to simply kick it open with a bang. A groan emanated from the dark room and he watched as a head popped out from behind the curtains around the far bed.

"Can you three at least try to keep it down?" Hermione questioned, cradling her head. "Blech-I'm never drinking again."

Lavender giggled from her place over his shoulder. "No promises love!" She yelped as Harry gave her backside a firm slap and deposited both her and Parvati onto the nearest four-poster bed. Hermione merely groaned once more and pulled her curtains closed.

The two giggling witches looked up at him with twin faces of excitement. Lavender was biting her lip ever so slightly, slowly running her hands up Parvati's flat stomach.

"Mmm I think lover boy may want a show. What do you say Parv'? Think he's earned it?"

Parvati sat up with a demure smirk on her lips. "Hmm I think he just might have." She eyed him up and down, giving his tented trousers a hungry look. A hand on her cheek turned her gaze away from Harry and onto Lavender instead. The two girls stared deeply into each other's eyes, no words needing to be passed as they slowly leaned closer and closer and closer...

The deep moan of lust from the two vixens as their lips made contact was one of the most beautiful sounds Harry has ever heard. Their lips entwined together, tongues dancing with one another in a deep wet kiss. Soon enough they were shifting, Lavender piling on top of Parvati as the latter girl pushed her hands under the blonde's shirt. Lavender whimpered at the contact and captured Parvati's bottom lip between her teeth.

From where Harry stood, this exchange was a mess of limbs, moans, and curves galore only served to increase his already mounting arousal. As Parvati slowly peeled off the blonde's skirt, Harry couldn't help himself any longer. The sight of Lavender's pale cheeks, clad in little more than a pink frilly thong, was hypnotic. His hands moved of their own accord, burying themselves into the mountain of flesh that was Lavender's arse. The bubbly blonde mewled softly against Parvati's lips and rocked her hips back against him.

"Merlin, you have a fantastic arse Lavender." Harry breathed in awe.

Lavender broke her heated kiss with Parvati and giggled, swaying her hips back and forth. "Glad you think so love. Parvati adores it as well."

"How could I not?" The caramel skinned witch murmured. The girl's mocha hair was tousled and her lips reddened from the ferocity of Lavender's kisses. She reached around, gripping the

blonde's bum just as tightly as Harry did before, yet this time spreading Lavender's arsecheeks apart before letting the soft bubbly flesh bounce back into place.

"It's her best feature!"

Lavender scoffed with faux offense and slapped her friend on the arm. "Bitch! Now stop playing with my arse and c'mon. I think we've given Harry enough of a show~"

The two vixens sat up and pulled him onto the bed. Harry went willingly, letting the two guide him onto the plush bed as each quickly stripped from their remaining clothes.

"Sweet Morgana I missed this!" Parvati purred as she cupped his cock against her face. The Indian witch slowly began to massage his hardened member, stroking it with long leisurely pumps of her hand as she used her wet tongue to circle the head.

Harry groaned from the attention his cock was receiving, more so as Lavender joined the fray, pushing her large pillowy breasts into his face with a mischievous giggle. He didn't waste a second before lavishing the mountainous globes before him. He captured one of the blonde's crinkled nubs in his mouth while the other he pinched and kneaded with his hand. Lavender mewled softly from the attention, raking her manicured nails through his hair to approval.

Below, Parvati continued her diligent worship of his cock. The sexy witch alternated between taking him fast and deep down her gullet, soaking the bedspread beneath them with her saliva as she gagged loudly around his girth, before transitioning to a more slow and sensual pace, stroking his spit-soaked shaft with her hands while her mouth massage his bloated sack underneath. It was enough to drive Harry mad.

His hips bucked as Parvati lavished a particularly sensitive part of his glans with her tongue. The mocha haired girl's throat squelched as his cock forced itself deep inside. Parvati had to grab hold of his legs in order to stop herself from pulling off his member and gag at the intrusion.

This only served to heighten his pleasure. The trembling of her throat around his cock was euphoric and he was forced to pull away from Lavender's voluptuous tits to gasp with pleasure.

"Fuck! That feels incredible, Parvati." He breathed.

Lavender shifted above him with a giggle, turning to watch her best friend blow him with rapt attention. “Look at her go! I don’t think you’ve ever looked sexier sweetie!” The blonde cheered. Parvati hummed in acknowledgement but made no move to pull away from her ministrations. Instead she took his cock even deeper, all the way until her nose bumped against his groin and his balls rested on her chin. Slowly, the caramel vixen rocked her head back and forth, grinding his cock against the inside of her throat as tears welled in her eyes and her mascara leaked down the sides of her cheeks.

“Oh fuck that’s hot~” Lavender whispered. The blonde, whether intentionally or not, was so transfixed by the scene that she was using her hands to explore her own body. Harry watched as she ran her hands down her breasts, one hand staying behind to knead and massage her tits while the other moved to the junction between her legs. The sight of the buxom witch unconsciously pleasuring herself stirred something within Harry. With a growl he reached out and grabbed Lavender by her thick pale thighs.

Lavender let out a strangled squeak as she was suddenly hoisted up and over his face, her dripping slit mere inches from his face.

“O-Oh g-god!” Lavender cried.

Her legs clamped down around his face the instant his tongue delved between her folds. A shudder ran through her body, running all the way down to her soaked quim. With every gasp Harry would commit what he did to cause such a noise to memory. Every special way he flicked his tongue, every spot that made the blonde whimper with pleasure, every single quiver of her cunt against his chin was memorized until he knew exactly what to do to make Lavender *scream*.

“Oh fuck! OH FUCK! OOOHHH!” Lavender cried.

Her body trembled atop him, legs clamping down around his head till he feared she’d surely crush him. Harry didn’t mind though, he shared in her pleasure wholeheartedly. While she

spasmed atop him, pussy gushing with juices of her climax, Parvati was busy between his own legs swallowing down every drop of his pulsing load.

Lavender rolled off him the moment her orgasm began to abate. Her body was still wracked by the occasional twitch, but the blonde paid them little mind. He was dimly aware of her shifting from where she fell next to him, but the pleasure of his climax was too much for him to concentrate on anything else. Instead he grunted and allowed another jet of hot cum to splash down Parvati's eager throat. The caramel-skinned goddess moaned around his length as his seed coated the inside of her mouth.

"D-don't be selfish." Lavender panted from where she sidled up next to her friend.

Parvati hummed in acknowledgement and pulled off of Harry's cock with a soft 'pop!' He watched on as Parvati turned to her friend, lips still stained with his cum, and pulled the blonde in for a erotically wet kiss. Their tongue's danced once more, swapping Harry's seed between themselves. Lavender even licked the edges of Parvati's lips in an effort to clean every last drop from her friend's face. Once there was naught a trace left, the bubbly witch turned her attention back to him, smirking demurely before leaning forward and wrapping her pouty lips around his cock.

If Harry wasn;t already hard again from that little display, he sure as hell would be from the feel of Lavender's wet mouth around him. The blonde moaned deeply as she bobbed along his length. Her movement's weren't nearly as passionate as Parvati's, but then again, she had a different goal in mind.

She pulled off his length suddenly, blonde ringlets a tousled mess and her ample chest heaving with breath. "He's all ready for you love~" Lavender cooed to her friend.

Parvati smirked with a bite of her lip. Standing, the smaller girl eased back onto the bed, throwing one leg over Harry's waist as Lavender lined him up with the girl's slickened cunt.

The tip of his cock parted her folds without issue. Harry couldn't help but moan aloud as Parvati's hot damp walls accepted him readily, pulling his cock in deeper and deeper as she

sank down on his length, finally coming to a stop moments later when the bases of their hips met and he was fully hilted inside her.

“S-so deep~” Parvati whispered to herself.

“Fuck yes it is.” Lavender hissed from behind her friend. The blonde brought her hands around to tease the darker-skinned girl’s nipples as she leaned closer to her ear. “Don’t stop now love. I want to see him *ruin* your pretty little pussy~”

Parvati moaned and did as she was bid with no small amount of enthusiasm. Without warning, she began to rock her hips, grinding his cock inside her wet tunnel with hastened movements. Harry groaned and gripped her hips in a tight grasp. Lavender was there the entire time with whispered words of encouragement into her friend’s ear as she rode Harry hard and fast.

“Yes sweetie~ You love it don’t you? You love having Harry’s thick cock inside your slutty little cunt. You’re absolutely addicted to bouncing on this thick cock like the good little whore you are. I bet you want him to cum inside you don’t you? Oh yes~! You want him to spray his hot load deep inside your pretty little pussy.” Lavender murmured into the girl’s ears. Parvati whimpered with every word, nodding along to her friend’s filthy tirade as she slammed her rippling arse down harder and harder onto Harry’s cock.

“I want to see you cum first though.” Lavender cooed. “I want to see your pretty face tremble with your orgasm...and I know just the way to do it!”

The blonde giggled as she pulled away from her friend. She soon disappeared from Harry’s sight, sinking down to her knees with her face mere inches from where his and Parvati’s sexes met. Lavender wasted no time in enacting her plan. Diving forward, she grabbed tightly onto Parvati’s rippling arse cheeks and spread them wide apart. From this angle she had the perfect view of Harry’s cock *stretching* her friend’s tight cunt to its limits. But she wasn’t there to just enjoy the view.

“OH FUCK!” Parvati screamed.

As the caramel-skinned witch fell forward onto his chest, Harry was finally able to see just what Lavender was doing. The blonde winked up at him from where she sat, face buried in Parvati's arse and tongue lavishing her friend's crinkled hole. His cock couldn't help but pulse excitedly at the sight and soon enough he and Lavender were working as a team to fuck the Indian witch into a coma. While he drove his cock rhythmically into her tight pussy, Lavender was making full use of her tongue, and soon enough, fingers to give the girl the most stimulation possible. It was no surprise when Parvati's next orgasm came quickly after that. Their combined effort was too much for the poor girl. She cried out suddenly as her body shook between them. The feeling of her pussy convulsing around him was euphoric and soon enough Harry too found himself moaning with climax.

Lavender gasped in awe as he seeded her friend's orgasming pussy. The blonde couldn't help but pull away, staring transfixed as his cock pulsed again and again. Harry groaned when he suddenly felt her tongue glide over his clenching balls. It was a unique sensation to say the least, and one that only served to further stoke his arousal.

The night would go on well into the early hours of the morning. Both girls seemed to feed off one another, whether to outdo the other or simply to push the other to their limits. Harry didn't mind a single bit. Their seemingly friendly game allowed him full use of their mouths, cunts, and arses, so much so that when dawn finally broke, it was with two exhausted women curled up on either side of him, their cunts dripping with his seed and content smiles plastered on their sleeping faces.

At least until a very sleep-deprived and irate Hermione tore the bed-curtains open. But hey, it wasn't his fault they forgot the silencing spell.

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Author's Note

The long awaited reward! There's always something fun when it comes to writing a scene featuring Lavender and Parvati. Next chapter: A look back at Cammi and her efforts to unravel the mystery that is Harry!

Thanks for reading!