

# **Everyone Wants Harry**

## *Table of Contents*

***#Part 1: Ginny's Unforgettable Summer***

***#Part 2 and Part 3: Vane on the Train/Testing Romilda's Resolve***

***#Part 4: Parvati Gives A Hand***

***#Part 5 and Part 6: Lavender's Assets/Grabbing the Prize***

## Part 1: Ginny's Unforgettable Summer

"I'm just saying, Harry," Ginny shrugged. "Other girls are going to be after you; that's just the way it is. You were already famous, not to mention hot." She giggled and stroked his cheeks with her hands, and he brought his hands up to her wrists as she did. They smiled into each other's eyes, and Harry couldn't imagine ever wanting anyone else to smile at him like that. It didn't hurt that this smile came as Ginny rocked her hips back and forth on him, performing a familiar dance that they'd learned together over this summer. Harry would remember the night where he and Ginny had given each other their virginities forever, and the dozen or so times that they'd shagged since then were nearly as memorable too. The far more regular groping, teasing and sucking wasn't far behind, either. All in all, this summer had been the most amazing of Harry's life by a very large measure, and he was in no hurry for it to end.

Alas, September 1<sup>st</sup> was rapidly approaching, and Harry would soon be returning to Hogwarts to accept Headmistress McGonagall's open invitation to all students whose 7<sup>th</sup> years came during Voldemort's reign of terror to return for an '8<sup>th</sup> year' so they could get proper schooling before taking their NEWTs. As much as Harry was happy to have one more year in the only place that had ever felt like his home, going back to Hogwarts would mean not getting to fuck Ginny as regularly as he had been, if at all, and that was something to be lamented.

"But now you're not just the Boy-Who-Lived, but the man who beat Voldemort for good," Ginny said. "There's not a more famous wizard in the country, and it's no secret that as the last Potter, you *have* to choose a witch to get betrothed to by the time you finish Hogwarts if you want to hold onto your family's Wizengamot seat. Then there's you inheriting Sirius' dormant seat and being legally eligible to marry another woman for the Black line, which everybody's going to hear about after the next Wizengamot session. Every eligible witch in the bloody country's probably going to be throwing themselves at you and trying to stake their claim." She angled her hips upwards slightly on her next grind, and the moan she let out as she did so almost made Harry cum then and there. Ginny's moans of pleasure were the sexiest sounds he'd ever heard, without question.

"But I don't need any other witch," he said. He moved his hands from her wrists down to her perky, freckled breasts, which felt as soft as ever in his hands. He'd gotten to do a bit of clothed groping of them prior to this summer, but in the few months since the Battle of Hogwarts, he'd gotten to play with Ginny's bare boobs regularly. He loved squeezing them more than any toy he'd ever played with, and she giggled as he did so again now. "I've got you."

"We've talked about this, Harry," Ginny said softly. "You're bloody wonderful, and I *would* love to be your wife someday." She smiled at him, and her hands moved from his cheeks down to his shoulders. Harry, who had been beneath Ginny while she rode him several times before this, recognized the shift and what it represented. She was going to speed things up soon, and it was going to be even harder for him to avoid cumming. "But that year with Death Eaters running the school, fighting Bellatrix, nearly getting killed, and—and losing people I loved?" Harry knew that she was trying to avoid mentioning Fred by name, not wanting to kill the mood entirely, but he still swallowed back a lump in his throat at the emotion in Ginny's voice.

"It showed me how short life is, and that I need to make the most of every day I have. I want to play professional quidditch, hopefully for the Harpies. I want to see the world. I'm not ready to commit to marriage and children yet. I'm not ready to settle down, and it wouldn't be fair for me to ask you to wait."

“But I would,” Harry said, and not for the first time. They’d had a discussion similar to this more than once over the summer, which Ginny had been quick to label a summer of fun, free from guilt or commitment. Before he’d seen her naked for the first time, Ginny made sure he understood that she didn’t want to jump back in where they’d left off and become his girlfriend again. The war had changed her priorities in several ways, and she wasn’t ready to commit to being his girlfriend and seeing him exclusively, let alone accepting a betrothal and set herself up as the future Lady Potter. He was willing to wait as long as she needed, but Ginny shook her head every time he mentioned that, and she did so again now. Neither of them had changed their positions before, and it seemed unlikely that anything was going to end differently this time around.

“I know you would,” Ginny said. She started moving her hips up and down rather than back and forth, and Harry held his breath. She was going slow right now, but he knew that wouldn’t last long. When Ginny’s hips began moving vertically, he was soon going to see stars. “But I don’t want you to. I want to live my life to the fullest, and I want you to do the same thing. I’m going to be focusing on helping Gryffindor win the quidditch cup again, and also doing my best to catch the eyes of professional scouts. That’s how I’m going to live my life to the fullest during my last year at Hogwarts. And you? You’re going to have witches lining up to throw themselves at you.” She smirked down at him. “If I *don’t* hear rumors about you snogging Slytherins in broom cupboards and bugging the badgers of Hufflepuff, I’m going to be disappointed in you. You spent six years in Hogwarts playing the hero, and last year was even harder for you than it was for the rest of us. If anyone’s earned a year of fucking every witch that wants a piece of you, it’s you. Have some fun before you pick a witch, or maybe two witches, to propose to and settle down with at the end of the year. And speaking of having fun...”

Ginny started riding him hard after that. The talking was done, and it was time for Ginny to bounce up and down on him as hard as she could. Harry groaned and watched her sexy body bounce as she slammed her hips down to sheathe his cock fully inside of her. She’d been clear about not wanting to settle down or commit, but she’d definitely learned how to ride his cock during their summer of fun. Their first time having sex was memorable because of how new everything was, but in terms of pure pleasure, there was no question that it felt much better now. There was no awkwardness in Ginny as she kept Harry’s shoulders pinned down on her bed and rode his cock as expertly as she rode her broomstick.

Being inside of Ginny was better than anything in the fucking world, and Harry wanted to enjoy it for as long as he could. That had been his philosophy all summer, and it seemed even more important to hold on and savor it with summer coming to an end and Ginny making it clear where her priorities were going to be this year. But she wasn’t making it easy on him, because her aggressive bounces were giving him no chance to control himself. Her arse slapped against his legs and her perky breasts bounced hypnotically as she slammed down onto his cock and made the bed creak beneath him. Staring at those freckled tits jiggling seemed like a bad idea if he wanted to hold on, so he tried looking away from her and letting his eyes fall on her poster of the Weird Sisters instead.

Ginny was having none of it. She grabbed his face and forcefully turned his head back towards her.

“Look at me, Harry!” she groaned. “Look at me while I’m riding you!”

Harry couldn’t refuse her. He couldn’t look away from Ginny as she bounced on his cock. He watched her breasts bounce, and he looked down to admire her body. He could see the little bit of muscle

definition in her abs, proof of how hard she was working towards her goal of playing pro quidditch. But right now, it felt like she was just as focused on making him cum, and she was soon going to succeed.

Looking into her face and seeing her mouth hanging open wasn't any better for Harry's staying power. Ginny started to grunt while she fucked him, and Harry just couldn't help himself. He groaned and held onto her hips as she pushed him over the edge. He forced his eyes to stay open as he began to cum inside of her, knowing that it could very well be the last time he saw it. He was serious about being willing to wait for her, but she'd made her thoughts on that clear. If this did end up being their last time together before their lives started pulling them down different paths, he wanted to see and remember as much of it as he could.

Maybe she felt the same way, because their eyes remained locked as she moaned, trembled and came on his cock. Ginny wasn't ready to settle down, but she *had* shared her first time with him and given him a summer he'd remember forever. If this was how it ended, how could he complain about that? He would've killed for a single moment like this all of last year while he was on the run and fighting for his life, and he'd gotten an entire summer of it.

"Thank you, Harry," she panted as she got off of his cock and flopped onto her back beside him. "This was the best." He sensed that she was talking about more than just this one shag.

"It was," he agreed, reaching over to put his arm around her and squeeze her breast. Ginny didn't want to be his girlfriend, but she welcomed the opportunity to snuggle against him. Their summer of fun was coming to an end, but he couldn't bring himself to regret it.

## Part 2: Vane on the Train/Part 3: Testing Romilda's Resolve

Since Ron had elected not to return for another year at Hogwarts, and Ginny preferred to go on her own rather than waiting on her family, Harry and Hermione went to King's Cross Station together. Harry wanted to avoid being gawked at like a circus animal, and without waiting on the straggling Weasleys to make it out of the house at the last possible minute, Hermione's planning got the two of them onto the train earlier than any of the other students. They arrived so early that Harry almost didn't know what to do with himself, but he wasn't complaining. He was able to leisurely lug his trunk around and claim a compartment near the back. The train was almost silent with no one else onboard yet, so he even closed his eyes and relaxed once he was settled in.

Hermione apparently had made plans to meet up with a group of the more academically focused witches in their year, who she'd gotten closer to during sixth year while she was angry with Ron and bickering with Harry over the Half-Blood Prince's textbook. Harry had been a bit surprised, but he'd encouraged Hermione to go find her own compartment for them to use. She'd never really had many female friends, or friends in general aside from him and Ron, so he was happy for her to go and chat with them. She mentioned that she might stop by his compartment later, but time would tell. Harry left the door to his compartment unlocked, so anyone could stop by.

He could hear the commotion as other students started arriving at the station and boarding the train, but he kept his eyes closed and waited to see how long it would take for someone to peek into his compartment. It took a few minutes, but he eventually did open his eyes and look towards the door when he heard it being pulled open.

"Found you." Romilda Vane smiled widely upon seeing Harry sitting there and stepped into his compartment quickly.

"Hello, Romilda," Harry said cautiously. He remembered her attempt to slip him a love potion in sixth year, and that made him wary of what she might try to do now. "You didn't bring a trunk with you?"

"Oh, it's back in my compartment with my friends," she said as she shut the door to the compartment behind her. "I won't stay long. I just wanted to say hello."

"Well, hello, then," Harry said. Despite what she said, she walked deeper into the compartment and sat down beside him.

"Thank you for saving us from You-Know-Who, Harry," Romilda said. "We're all so grateful to you."

"Err, no problem." It wasn't like Romilda had been on his mind at any point during the horcrux hunt or the fight with Voldemort, but what was he supposed to say?

"I'm sure that I'm not the only one who wants to tell you, and *show* you, how grateful I am," Romilda said. Her voice was lower now, and she turned her head and batted her eyelashes at him while leaning in so close that her breast touched his arm. "I'm also sure that I'm not the only one who wants to put my name forward to be the one you choose as your wife by the end of the year. I'm glad I got here first, though."

Harry groaned. Apparently, Ginny had been right. If he was already getting a witch coming up to him and offering to marry him before the train had even departed from King's Cross, this was probably going to be a recurring theme for the year.

"Listen, Romilda," he began. "I'm sure you're uh, nice and all, but I don't really know you that well. And I'm not just going to agree to marry someone because—"

"Relax, Harry," Romilda said, giggling. "I don't expect you to propose here and now. I just wanted to put my name forward." Harry watched, bemused, as she got down on her side on the seat and put her hands on his knees. "And you're right; you don't know me that well. That's why I wanted to take this chance to get out ahead of everyone and teach you something about myself." Her right hand left his knee, slid across his leg and landed directly on his crotch. "For example, did you know that I'm *really* good with my mouth?"

Harry held his breath as Romilda's hand undid his zipper, slid into his underwear and grabbed his cock. He might not know much about Romilda, bar her willingness to try and slip him a love potion, but he could now say that her hand was very soft, and it felt damn good when she stroked his shaft and rubbed her thumb across his cockhead. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her to stop, because he didn't know her or even particularly care for her, but then he remembered what Ginny had said.

*Live your life to the fullest. Have fun. Enjoy this last year at Hogwarts.*

She clearly wasn't wrong about witches throwing themselves at him, if Romilda was any indication. He wasn't going to lie to anyone or promise anything that he wasn't prepared to deliver on. Maybe it would be smarter to send her away so she didn't take his acceptance as a possible opening for her to actually become his wife, but she *had* said that she was just hoping to show him what she could do. Maybe he should just let her do it and enjoy a blowjob on the Hogwarts Express for the first time ever.

Or maybe he could push for even more than a blowjob and see just how far Romilda was willing to go to make an impression on him.

If this had been a different witch, one that Harry had anything resembling genuine feelings for, he might have reacted differently than he did. But he did not care for Romilda Vane. He barely knew her at all, and the few things he did know about her in no way endeared her to him. Since he didn't care about her, he found it easy to put his hand on her shoulder and stop her before she could get his cock into her mouth. She looked up at him in surprise when he prevented her from beginning to suck, but he grinned.

"I'm sure you really are good with your mouth," he said. "But I don't know you, Romilda. If you're right about other girls putting their names forward for me to consider when I've got to choose a wife by the end of the year, you're going to have to do a lot more than just suck on me for a little bit if you want to even have a chance."

"Harry?" Romilda said. "You mean—"

"I'm sure you know what I mean," Harry said, shrugging his shoulders. "There's no pressure, of course. If all you planned on doing was sucking me before you left, and you're not comfortable going beyond that, you can just go back to your compartment. I'm sure it won't take long for another witch to come along and do her best to impress me." Him mentioning the possibility of another woman coming along seemed to motivate Romilda, because her eyes narrowed and she nodded her head.

“Okay, Harry,” she said. She got up so she was sitting on her knees. “Don’t think I’m just all talk. You’re right. If I want to show you what you can have with me, I need to be ready to go all the way.” She crawled over and moved to straddle his hips, but Harry’s hands held her still.

“Don’t worry, Romilda,” he said, shaking his head. “I’ll take it from here.” He pulled her into a hug and rolled her over onto her belly on the seat. Romilda had to move up onto her knees and elbows to actually fit on the seat, and while she got up onto all fours, Harry pulled her knickers off from underneath her skirt. He flipped that skirt up as well and gave Romilda’s bare ass a little squeeze. He had to give her credit; she had a nice butt.

He left his hand on that butt while lining his cock up with his other hand. Remembering the things he and Ginny had learned about sex together, he paused, wondering if he should give her some stimulation so she was at least a little bit wet before he put his dick inside of her. He might not care about her, but he didn’t want this shag to be unpleasant for her either. But not long after he had the thought, he felt her slickness for himself. Romilda *was* getting aroused by the position she now found herself in, and she even proved it by wiggling her hips to rub against him.

“Put it in, Harry,” she said. “I was going to show you what I can do, but I have *no* problem with it being the other way around.”

What he was doing was out of character for Harry. He’d spent the summer thinking that he might wait for Ginny to be ready to commit, regardless of how often she’d encouraged him to have fun and enjoy the position he was going to find himself in as a war hero whose need to choose a wife was public knowledge. Even if he and Ginny weren’t meant to be, he’d still kind of figured that he would have feelings for any girl he might have sex with in the future. Yet here he was, about to stick his dick inside of Romilda Vane on the Hogwarts Express. Was this really how this year was going to go?

Deciding to ignore everything else but the cute Gryffindor on her hands and knees and wiggling her hips against him, Harry put both hands on her arse and thrust his hips forward, sliding his dick inside of Romilda’s cunt.

“Ohh!” Romilda moaned as he penetrated her. “Fuck, you’re *big*, Harry! You feel so good in me!”

Romilda felt good too. There was none of the emotion with her that had been there every time he had sex with Ginny, but the physical act itself still felt damn good. The pleasure got better by the second as he held her arse and moved his hips, quickly putting more force behind his thrusts as he got comfortable with fucking his second woman. Romilda was ready for his faster thrusts and seemed to enjoy it when he really got going, if her moans were anything to go by. Or maybe she was just putting on an act for his benefit.

Honestly, Harry didn’t really care. For the first time, he was selfishly focusing far more on his own pleasure than that of his partner. He fucked Romilda hard in the compartment, enjoying the strictly physical connection between them as he switched from holding her by the arse to slapping her pale butt to go along with his thrusts. Maybe love or at least some level of fondness would lead to satisfaction on multiple levels, but there was still plenty to enjoy about fucking a woman who he tolerated at best.

“Fuck, oh, fuck, it’s so good, Harry!” Romilda mumbled. “You’re the best I’ve ever had! I, *oh*, I’d be happy to get fucked like this every night!”

Harry smirked to himself, understanding that she was still trying to sell him on the idea that she would be a good choice as his wife, that he could have sex with her like this whenever he wanted to if he chose her. Harry very highly doubted that Romilda would even get a second thought when the time came for him to choose the woman (or pair of women, potentially) that he would get betrothed to as he secured his family's Wizengamot seats and took up his place in adult magical society. But she was right about the sex being great, at least. He was having loads of fun with Romilda on the train and maybe they could have some more fun later in the year.

Eventually his thrusts got to be so much that he could hear Romilda panting rather than moaning, and he responded by speeding up and fucking her even harder. While he was concentrating on his own pleasure, he still got to hear Romilda cry out in orgasm. Her cries, her shivering and the way that her cunt squeezed around him demonstrated that her excitement had been genuine and not just meant to please him. He'd been focused on himself rather than her, but fucking Romilda to a climax was a bonus that he would accept happily.

He continued to pound into her from behind for another minute or two before he felt his own orgasm approaching. Ginny had shown him the contraception charm, so he could have cum inside of her without needing to worry about anything. But he decided to do something else instead. He pulled his cock out of Romilda, scooted back and sat down beside her.

"Let's see how well you can keep up," he said while slowly stroking himself to make sure he didn't lose the edge. "Can you make it over here and swallow as much of my cum as possible?"

Romilda responded to the challenge. She groaned as she turned her body around and got into a position close to the one she'd been in before he put his hand on her shoulder and requested that she do more than just blow him. She took the head of his dick between her lips and sucked on it briefly before his cum began to shoot into her mouth. He watched her close her eyes and swallow as fast as she could. He would admit that she did a pretty good job, but some of it did spill out towards the end and dribble down her chin.

He tapped the side of her head when he was done, and she pulled her head back, coughing a bit. She sat up straight on her knees and smiled at him.

"Did I leave a good impression, Harry?" she asked, panting. Harry laughed.

"I'm sure you're going to have loads of competition," he said. "But this was definitely the best train ride to Hogwarts I've ever had. And as long as you accept that I'm not promising you anything, I wouldn't be against letting you show me more of what you can do during the year."



#### Part 4: Parvati Gives A Hand

Harry thought he was used to the stares he got out in public, but seeing everyone's head turn towards him as he entered the Great Hall and took his seat at the Gryffindor table reminded him of just how much things had changed. He was convinced that his fellow students were gawking at him even more openly now than they had seven years to the day earlier, when he'd arrived at Hogwarts for his first year after being hidden away on Privet Drive. Apparently the reality of him killing Voldemort in full view of many a few months earlier had made him an even bigger hero than the wild stories about the Boy-Who-Lived had.

Some of those stares had a different feel to them now though, particularly from the witches. It was during their sixth year when Hermione had said something about how *fanciable* he'd become, but two years later and months after he'd gotten rid of Voldemort for good, he had witches from all four houses looking his way and giving him looks that he was pretty sure were meant to be flirty or inviting. Some were better at it than others, or at least more obvious. Romilda gave him a wink when she sat down with her friends farther down the table, and he was pretty damn sure Lavender made a point of pressing her breasts against him when she passed him on the way to the table. Some others he wasn't sure about, particularly from the other houses since they weren't as close to him and thus it was harder for him to tell. But as far as Gryffindor was concerned, he felt like the only witches that had been in his year or were in the current crop of 7<sup>th</sup> years who hadn't been making eyes at him were Hermione, Ginny and Parvati.

Hermione was sitting in the spot to his left at the table, and she just rolled her eyes and ignored all the obvious attention he was getting from so many girls all at once. He'd seen some of Ginny's friends from her year glance at her nervously, as if they were afraid she would be angry with them for trying to flirt with him. But Ginny just laughed, and when her eyes had met his a few times throughout the feast, she just grinned at him, like she found the situation amusing. She *had* told him that this exact thing was waiting for him once he made it back to Hogwarts, and she seemed almost smug at being proven right.

As for Parvati, though she was actually in the spot to Harry's right, she hadn't looked his way even once. Maybe she was still cross with him for how shite a date he'd been back at the Yule Ball, or at the very least had decided that he likely hadn't improved enough to be worth her time. Whatever the case, she certainly hadn't tried making eyes at him.

And then, it happened. His fork was halfway to his mouth when he felt something brush against his groin. He paused, and that something slowly started to move from side to side against him. A hand. It was definitely a hand. Even through his school robes, he could sure as hell feel a hand rubbing his dick. That hand couldn't possibly belong to Hermione. She was holding a glass of pumpkin juice in her right hand, and her left hand was turning the pages of the book she had open on the table in front of her. Logically, the only person in any position to be touching his dick right now was Parvati. She still wasn't looking at him when he turned his head towards her. She was talking with Lavender, actually, and seemed fully engrossed in the conversation. He doubted that anyone else would suspect that she had a hand in Harry's lap and was stroking his dick through his robe. He wondered if even Lavender knew what her best friend was up to.

Harry swallowed his bite of potato and did his best to pretend that nothing was happening underneath the table, but then Parvati had to go and slide her hand underneath his robes too. He tensed when he felt her fingers reach the zipper of his trousers and pull it down slowly. Then her hand was on his bare

cock, and Harry let out a groan that he attempted to turn into a cough. Hermione looked up from her back and peered at him.

“Alright, Harry?” she asked. He tried to nod but had to close his eyes and bite back a moan when Parvati’s thumb brushed across his cockhead. Hermione was frowning and looking at him through narrowed eyes when next looked at her.

“Yeah, I’m fine, Hermione,” he said. “Just didn’t realize how happy I was going to be to make it to one more Welcoming Feast.” He looked at Parvati out of the corner of his eye. She still wasn’t looking at him, but there was a little smirk on her face. Her hand slid down and started stroking him. It was so damn soft, and it felt like she’d put some kind of lotion or lubricant on it as well. Whatever it was, it felt leagues better than wanking himself would have.

“I agree,” Hermione said, nodding. “It’s a shame Ron decided not to come back for another year.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” Harry said. “I think he might be better off.” Ron had chosen to decline McGonagall’s offer to return and instead joined George to help out with the running of Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes. School had never been of much interest to Ron, but Harry was mostly glad his best mate hadn’t come back because he knew Ron could sometimes get jealous when Harry had something he didn’t. He didn’t know how Ron would have reacted to being in the castle with them this term and seeing Ginny’s prediction about all the witches showing interest in him coming true.

Besides, if Ron was here, he might very well have been sitting in the spot to Harry’s right, and that would’ve meant that he couldn’t have gotten his dick stroked by Parvati’s soft hand while he finished his dinner and moved on to his dessert. Speaking of dessert, it was a stroke of luck for Harry that his first bite of treacle tart was in his mouth when Parvati moved beyond the base of his cock and started to play with his balls. Hermione knew how much he loved treacle tart, so it was perfectly logical for her to think that his little moan was because of the dessert in his mouth rather than the hand rubbing his balls.

“I suppose you’re right,” Hermione said. “Part of me thought it would be fun to have one more year here together, just the three of us. Like the old days, you know. But we can’t really go back to who we were then, can we?”

“Definitely not,” Harry agreed. He was trying to pay attention to what Hermione was saying and remain involved in the conversation, but that was easier said than done. Harry loved Ron dearly; he was like the brother he’d never had. But talking about the old days spent getting his arse kicked in wizard’s chess by Ron was not high on his list of priorities when he had Parvati Patil’s hand moving back up his cock and returning to the head.

“I’m looking forward to one final year here, though,” Harry said, which was true enough. This place had been home to him for so long. Getting to spend one more year here before he had to say goodbye to it for good had been his biggest reason for agreeing to come back. Getting to go through all of this once more had sounded great to him.

Of course, back then he’d imagined spending the Welcoming Feast clapping for all the new Gryffindors, listening to the Sorting Hat and singing along with Hoggy Warty Hogwarts. Getting a handjob under the table while he ate his treacle tart had not even been a thought in his mind, but he wasn’t complaining.

“Yes, so am I,” Hermione said, nodding. “I’ve already begun preparing for my NEWTs, of course, but I’ve promised myself that I’m also going to savor my last year as a student here. This was the place where I found out who I am and where I belong. I’m happy to be back here for one more year.”

“Oops!” Parvati said loudly, after ‘accidentally’ dropping her fork. It hit the ground with a clatter somewhere in the general vicinity of Harry’s feet. “Let me get that.”

She dropped out of her spot and crawled around under the table at Harry’s feet. He didn’t know how she’d timed it out so perfectly, but she took the head of his cock into her mouth just in time to seal her lips around him as he started to cum. Harry had to stuff his mouth full of treacle tart to stop himself from moaning, and as he did, he wondered if he would ever be able to eat his favorite dessert again without remembering Parvati jerking him off underneath the table and swallowing his cum. If not, he had no problem with that. She whispered a cleaning charm after he was done, tucked his cock away and emerged out from underneath the table, holding her fork triumphantly.

“Well done, Parvati,” Lavender said, sarcastically clapping her hands for her friend.

“Yes, I’m quite proud of myself,” Parvati said. She gave Harry a wink as she sat back down beside him. “This year is off to a smashing start already.”

This was certainly true from Harry’s point of view. He hadn’t even made it through the Welcoming Feast yet, and this might already be the best year he’d ever had at Hogwarts. How much better could things get from here?

## Part 5: Lavender's Assets/Part 6: Grabbing the Prize

“Mind if I come in with you, Harry?”

Harry, having seen just how many witches had been eyeing him at the Welcoming Feast, had fully expected at least one of them to be bold enough to try and approach him directly before the day was through. None had done so on the way out of the Great Hall and into the shared common room area that all of the ‘8<sup>th</sup> year’ students across the four houses were in. Because of the uniqueness of the situation this year, the students in Harry’s year who had chosen to return were given a bit more freedom and less supervision after classes than traditional Hogwarts students. There was a joint common room where 8<sup>th</sup> years from all four houses were expected to coexist. They also had shared bathrooms, but each of them had their own private bedroom. No spells were being used to keep the wizards out of a witch’s bedroom, or vice versa. There would of course be severe consequences if any of them came where they weren’t invited, and students could put up their own spells to ensure that no one tried invading their privacy. But in this unusual year, the 8<sup>th</sup> year students were being shown a great deal more freedom than a Hogwarts student usually got.

That none of the 8<sup>th</sup> year girls had approached him yet might have been because he and Hermione had claimed a couch together to chat for a bit. It wasn’t as if every returning witch was making eyes at him or anything, but Harry was pretty sure that at least a few of them had been looking his way, and of course there was Parvati, who’d wanked him off in the Great Hall. Lavender had pulled her into a corner as soon as they’d stepped through the door into the common room together. He wasn’t sure how that conversation had gone, but he’d heard Parvati giggle a couple of times.

Parvati wasn’t present now, though. It was Lavender alone who had gotten up and followed Harry as he broke away from Hermione and went to get settled in his new bedroom. Harry knew that there was kind of a rule that you weren’t supposed to fool around with your friends’ former girlfriends. But Ron had been a pretty shite boyfriend to Lavender, honestly; it was no secret who Ron had really wanted to be with.

Maybe he still shouldn’t have let Lavender into his room, given her history with Ron. But most wizards had a weakness for huge breasts, and Harry was no exception.

“Sure, Lavender,” he said, opening the door and stepping inside of his bedroom. He held it open for her to follow. “Come on in.”

“Thanks, Harry.” She grinned sweetly at him and followed him into his room. He closed the door behind her once she was inside and threw up quick locking and silencing charms as well. While he wasn’t 100% sure where this was going, he felt like it was perfectly reasonable to believe that the spells to preserve their privacy would be necessary.

“You can sit wherever,” he said, mostly because he was curious to see where she would choose to sit.

“Great!” Lavender bypassed both the little love seat in the corner and the chair at his desk, instead choosing to walk over and sit down on his bed. She patted the spot beside her with a smile, and Harry smiled back and sat down next to her.

“So,” Harry began. “What did you want to see me about, Lavender?”

“Parvati isn’t half as clever as she thinks she is,” Lavender said bluntly. “I know she wanked you off during the feast.” Right to it, then. That was fine by him.

“Assuming that was true, what would you do about it?” Harry asked. “Not gonna try and get us in trouble, are you?” He said it lightly, knowing there was no chance of that being Lavender’s aim. The bubbly blonde giggled and shook her head.

“You know I wouldn’t, silly,” Lavender said. “I’m only upset because she got to you before I could!” She pouted. “I was really hoping that I could be the first one to make a move on you this year, but she got her hand on your dick before we even made it out of the Great Hall!”

Harry laughed at Lavender’s blunt honesty about her motivations. If his encounter with Romilda on the train and Parvati’s handjob in the Great Hall hadn’t already proven just how right Ginny had been about how this year was going to play out for him, Lavender’s casual honesty drove it home. Numerous witches were interested in getting with him now that it was known that he had to get engaged by the end of the year if he wanted to claim his family’s Wizengamot seat, and they weren’t going to hide it. Since she was being so upfront about what she wanted, Harry decided to do the same.

“Sorry, Lavender, but Parvati wasn’t even the first,” he said. She looked surprised to hear that, so he explained. “A certain someone made her move on the train.” Lavender groaned.

“I *knew* I should have tried to find you on the train!” she said, shaking her head before heaving a sigh. “Oh well; it wasn’t as if I was going to get you to propose to me before any other girl even got close to you. I knew I’d have competition. But now it’s my turn to make my move.” She nonchalantly pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it onto the floor beside Harry’s bed. Then she reached behind her back to undo her bra, and her breasts popped free. Harry hadn’t seen many bare tits thus far, but Lavender’s were the biggest he’d seen by far. She might very well have been the biggest in their year, with only Susan Bones seeming to be close to her as far as Harry could tell. Harry stared at Lavender’s breasts openly, and she giggled at his focus.

“I might not have been your first, but I can definitely be your *biggest*, at least where it counts,” Lavender said. She shook her shoulders, making her tits jiggle for his viewing pleasure. “Do you like my boobs, Harry?”

“I’m pretty sure you’ve already figured that out,” he mumbled, which made her giggle again.

“Do you want to play with them, then?” she asked. “You can do whatever you want with them today. And you can do whatever you want with them *forever*, if you make me your wife.”

Harry wasn’t ready to propose to her or anyone, but the offer to play with a pair of breasts as large as Lavender’s definitely made his dick stir.

“Oh, I definitely want to play with them, Lavender,” Harry said. “But what I really want is for you to pull your knickers off and get down on your hands and knees for me. That way I can play with those boobs and shag you rotten at the same time.” Lavender looked surprised at his boldness for a second or two, maybe fully realizing for the first time that he wasn’t the same Harry who she’d gone to school with for six years before the war. But then she giggled, and she crawled away from him and stopped on all fours in the middle of his bed.

“Why don’t you take them off for me instead?” Lavender looked over her shoulder at him and bit her lip, flashing him a saucy look.

“Don’t mind if I do.” Harry got onto his knees behind Lavender, pushed her skirt up above her arse and yanked her cute pink knickers down her legs. After tossing them aside, he squeezed her arse with both hands, admiring its softness. It was Lavender’s tits that most boys drooled over, and with good reason. But she had full hips and a nice thick bum as well, and Harry appreciated the chance to squeeze those full cheeks.

But it wasn’t her arse that he was here for. Yes, he appreciated it, but those boobs were something else, and he also felt more than ready to fuck again even after shagging Romilda on the train and having Parvati wank him during the feast. He undid his trousers and pulled his cock out, not bothering to get naked beyond that. Taking his clothes off wasn’t necessary to get what he wanted right now.

Harry pushed Lavender’s skirt up again and slapped his cock down on her arse cheek a couple of times, but he was soon lining it up between her legs. He whistled when he touched her pussy lips with his fingers.

“You’re so wet for me, Lavender,” he said. He rubbed his cockhead against her pussy lips, and she groaned.

“Always for you!” she gasped. “I’ve always wanted you to fuck me, Harry! *Always!* You don’t even know how jealous I was when you asked Parvati to the Yule Ball!” That was an intriguing thing for her to say, but now wasn’t really the time for him to ask more about her apparently having fancied him or at least lusted after him for years. Fucking her sexy body and playing with her huge tits took priority over everything else.

“You don’t need to be jealous now,” he said, and then he gave her a big thrust that pushed well over half of his cock inside of her before she’d even taken a breath.

“Yes! Yes, give it to me!” Lavender really did want him. That was apparent when he touched her and felt her arousal, and it was equally apparent now with her enthusiastic reaction to the sudden deep penetration and the couple of quick thrusts that followed it. “You feel so big in me, Harry! I love it!”

“You’re going to love this, then.” Harry had held onto her bum while taking his first few thrusts and making himself comfortable inside of her, but now he was going to take what he really wanted. He leaned his body forward, partially pressing his body against her back, and moved his hands up and around to grab onto her boobs. They were already bouncing around nicely from the impact of his thrusts, but now he got to feel them jiggle in his hands as he held them and fucked her from behind. If he’d needed any incentive to fuck his busty classmate even harder, this was it.

Her tits felt incredible in his hands, and fucking her pussy felt pretty damn incredible too. For all the snogging they’d done in public, Harry was pretty sure that Ron had never seen Lavender naked or touched her bare tits, so it seemed almost definite that he’d never gotten close to fucking her. Maybe it was unkind of him, but Harry grinned at the thought that he was doing more with Ron’s ex than his best mate had ever done. Then again, they had been nauseating to be around while they were together. That could explain why he didn’t feel any real guilt about accepting Lavender’s overture and shagging her on all fours in his bed.

Even if he *had* felt guilty about hooking up with his friend's ex-girlfriend, it would've been easy to get past it with how good this felt. Lavender wasn't just sexy; she clearly loved a hard shag, too. The faster he thrust into her, the louder her moans got. It had definitely been the right idea for him to put those charms up when he let her in, because this girl was loud enough to wake the dead. And he loved it. He loved how obviously horny Lavender was, and how she moaned her heart out without reserve. This was a witch who loved sex and wasn't shy about expressing it.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Lavender chanted loudly. "Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me, Harry, *yes!*" She wouldn't have sounded out of place in the middle of a porn scene with shouting like that, and that seemed fitting. Lavender's body would have been right at home in a porno too, but Harry didn't have to share the spotlight with anyone else. This busty body, and the horny witch that it belonged to, was all his to fuck tonight. And as she'd said, it could be his forever if he chose to take her as his wife (or one of his two wives, at least, though she didn't know there was a second position yet.)

While Harry didn't feel like he knew Lavender all that well, and he'd never felt overly close to her, he had to admit that this preview of what his sex life could look like with Lavender as a permanent part of it was a pretty fucking compelling argument in her favor. She was loads of fun in bed, between her big boobs that he squeezed and groped to his heart's content, her pussy that was so wet for him and welcomed his thrusts no matter how hard or deep, and her obviously high sex drive. He loved fucking her, and she loved getting down on her hands and knees and taking his dick balls-deep inside of her. They were a perfect match, at least when it came to this.

Lavender's moans and encouragement turned into an actual scream as she came, and Harry was fascinated. That the scream was genuine was what made it so interesting to him. She was enjoying this so much that she was screaming her head off, and her hands were beating and clawing at his bed sheet mindlessly. It really would have made for a good money shot in a porno, but unlike what he'd heard about many of those, this was a real climax and a real exclamation of pleasure. Lavender was a screamer, and Harry was proud to be the one to make her scream.

Between playing with her boobs, fucking her wet cunt and now listening to her screams of ecstasy as she came on his cock, Harry could take no more. He pulled out of the still-screaming Lavender, flipped her over onto her back and straddled her chest just in time to start firing his cum all over her tits. She stared up at him with a horny look in her wild eyes and used her hands to push her boobs together, making it easier for him to hit them both at the same time. Soon enough, those mouth-watering tits were glazed with his sticky cum. Harry sat back on his knees and looked down at those big boobs painted white. It was a masterpiece as far as he was concerned.

"Dunno what'll happen after this year yet," he said, his breathing heavy after his orgasm. "But this bloody well won't be the last time you're in my bed, Lavender."

She giggled, pushed her boobs together again and winked up at him.