

## Chapter 7

As a light sleeper, Harry woke quickly when he felt his mattress dip. One hand reached for his wand, tucked under his pillow, while the other reached for his glasses but came up empty. He heard a feminine giggle before someone thrust his glasses onto his face. Blinking the sleep from his eyes, the face of Ginny Weasley swam into view.

“Ginny?” Harry hissed. “What are you doing here?”

Smirking, Ginny threw off her robe, revealing her naked body underneath.

“Do I need to spell it out?” she asked, rubbing her palm against the rapidly growing bulge in the front of his flannel pants. “And you don’t need to keep your voice down; I put a Silencing Charm around your bed.”

Grabbing the waistband of his pajama bottoms, Ginny pulled them down to expose his rising erection. Harry groaned, his fingers lacing through her orange locks as her hot, wet mouth enveloped his shaft. For a moment, she was able to fit all of him in her mouth, but he rapidly grew too large, causing her to cough and pull back slightly.

Out of curiosity, Harry waved his wand to check the time. He blinked at the floating, golden numbers telling him it was just after five thirty in the morning. Looking down at Ginny, he smiled amusedly.

“What would your brother think if he knew you woke up an hour and a half early just to get laid?” he asked.

Ginny looked up at him, her brown eyes sparkling as her lips sealed tightly around his shaft. Pulling back slowly, Harry hissed, her suction so intense that her lips popped as she came off of his engorged tip.

"I wonder if he'd be more upset about that or the fact that I was up late thinking about how to help you sneak into the other girls' dorms," she said, smirking at his shocked expression before taking him back in her mouth.

"I know you girls like it when I talk dirty, but I'm really starting to think I'm the whore in all of this," Harry deadpanned.

Ginny snorted violently, saliva drenching his shaft while she pulled back sharply. She cleared her throat, barely able to suppress a laugh.

"Is that a complaint?" she asked, arching her brow while lapping at his swollen glans.

"No," Harry snorted. "I am curious, though. Why are you all okay with this?"

"You really don't see it, do you?" Ginny asked, smiling softly. "You've been a lot more relaxed since you started shagging us rotten. Harry, we all know you've been through hell every year you've been here. We just want to help you enjoy your life while you can. And, well, a few of us do enjoy knowing you're going to ruin some poor girl for every other guy in the school. It's kind of like bragging rights. They only get you once in a while, but we can see you anytime we want."

Harry stared at her for a long moment before shaking his head with a chuckle.

"I'll never understand girls," he smiled.

"Probably not," Ginny smirked, patting his thigh. "I guess it's a good thing you're good in bed."

Bending her head down, she took as much of his length into her mouth as she could. She stopped with just a couple of inches to go, her shoulders hitching as she gagged while thick, messy strings of saliva fell from between her lips. Harry groaned, gathering her hair into a ponytail and holding it in his fist as he watched. A few seconds later, she pulled back swiftly and coughed.

“I might need your help with this,” Ginny said, glaring down at his shaft. “There’s no way I’m getting beat by Lavender.”

“You sure?” Harry asked.

Taking him between her lips, she looked up at him and nodded. He bucked his hips lightly a few times, but each time he pressed against her throat, it closed itself off to him. Pulling back an inch, she stroked her cheek softly.

“Ginny,” Harry said. “Remember what Lav said? You need to relax.”

Taking a deep breath through her nose, Ginny closed her eyes, her muscles going slack. Without warning, Harry quickly pushed her head down and his hips up. Before her body could react, his shaft was buried in her spasming throat. Eyes shooting wide open, Ginny clenched and loosened her hands, fighting her body’s natural reaction to pull back.

“Merlin, that feels good,” Harry groaned.

Holding her still for just a few seconds, she pulled her up by the hair. Ginny sucked in a breath, spit flying from her lips as she coughed.

“I did it!” she beamed, looking up from his slick, shiny length. “Do that again.”

Smiling, Harry shoved her back down on his shaft. It took a few more tries, but Ginny quickly learned how to relax her throat on demand. Soon, she was deep throating him consistently, no longer even coughing when she came up for air. Slipping a hand between her legs, she began playing with herself, moaning loudly while Harry fucked her face to his heart’s content.

After burying his length down her throat for a slightly longer period than normal, he watched in surprise as Ginny began to shake and tremble. Worried, he pulled her off of him, only to watch incredulously when he realized she was having an orgasm.

“You little slut,” Harry grinned, pulling her up so that she lay on top of him. “Did you really just get off sucking my cock?”

“Mh hmm,” Ginny mumbled, catching her breath. “I like it when you use me.”

“Oh, really?” Harry asked as if he hadn’t heard her say that before. “Maybe I should use that tight little pussy of yours.”

Without waiting for a reply, Harry rolled her over onto her back and plunged roughly into her sodden core. Ginny arched her back and screamed, that single thrust sending her from the tail end of one climax into another. If she hadn’t silenced his bed, it was likely that scream would’ve woken up the entire house.

“So, what’s this plan of yours to get me in the other girls’ dorms?” Harry asked casually as she writhed under him.

“Fuck... Hufflepuffs,” Ginny panted distractedly. “Wanna... watch you... ruin them. Susan’s big tits.”

“If you keep talking like that, the other girls are going to think I actually fucked your brains out,” Harry grinned.

In truth, he loved watching how Ginny lost herself when they were together. The girl came easier than anyone else he’d slept with, and he took great pride in every climax he was able to wring out of her body. Even at a moderate, steady pace, it looked like she was constantly riding from one crest to another.

“Don’t... need ‘em,” Ginny groaned. “Love your cock.”

Chuckling, Harry played with her stiff, red nipples, rolling and tugging at them playfully as he continued to thrust. He drove Ginny to at least two more climaxes, though it was possibly more than that, before he finally reached his peak and flooded her depths. Once they’d caught their breath, they cuddled in bed.

“Harry?” Ginny asked. “Can I borrow your cloak and map?”

Lifting his head, he looked at her curiously.

“Why?” Harry asked.

Ginny smirked.

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Harry really wasn’t sure how this plan was supposed to work, but Ginny had yet to lead him wrong. Her advice with Hermione had certainly worked.

While the rest of the students started heading back to their dorms after dinner to start on their nightly homework, Harry raced up to Ravenclaw Tower and waited around the corner. As soon as he spotted Padma, he stepped out and waved to her.

“Hey, Padma,” he called, smiling. “Your sister is looking for you.”

Padma sighed, “Does she need help with her homework again?”

Harry shrugged.

"I'm not sure, but I was just about to head back to Gryffindor," he said. "Do you want to walk with me?"

"Sure," Padma said.

Handing her bag to one of her friends, she followed Harry towards the stairs. They talked about classes and other innocuous things as they made their way toward Gryffindor Tower. When they reached the fifth-floor corridor, little used this time of day, Harry felt a light tap on his shoulder and grinned as he pulled Padma to the side. She looked at him curiously, and then her eyes widened when he pinned her back to the wall and kissed her hard. A surprised, muffled moan escaped her lips before she relaxed and kissed him back, fingers threading through his hair. It was several long seconds before Harry pulled back, leaving the Indian girl flushed and breathless.

"Want to have some fun?" Harry asked, smiling as he slipped his hands inside her robe to rest on her hips.

"Here?" Padma squeaked.

"What, are you ashamed of being caught with me?" Harry smirked. "Parvati told me some more about those books you like so much. I thought you might like to play one of those scenes out for real."

"But—" Padma stammered, looking torn between excitement and nervousness. "What if someone sees us?"

"Trust me," Harry said, kissing her softly. "I have everything planned out."

Not wanting to explain further, he reached for the handle of the broom cupboard next to him and pulled it open. Padma hesitated for a moment a took a trembling breath before she stepped inside. Harry followed after her, smiling as he pulled the door closed behind him.

“Lumos,” he called, lighting his wand.

Placing it on one of the higher shelves to give them some light, he pulled Padma close and kissed her again. As their lips danced, he pushed her robe from her shoulder, letting it pool on the floor. Pushing Padma’s back against the door as she moaned into his mouth, he took both of her wrists in one hand and pinned them above her head. Harry smiled against her lips while reaching into his pocket and pulling out a pair of manacles.

*Click!*

“Harry – What?” Padma asked, confused.

Pulling her hands down in front of her, she gasped and stared at her bound hands.

“It appears I’ve caught you, Ms. Patil,” Harry grinned. “I know it’s been a couple of weeks, but did you really forget who owns you now?”

Padma looked up at him, a series of emotions playing across her face before she looked down submissively.

“No, sir,” she said, shaking excitedly.

“Good,” Harry said, brushing a loose lock of hair behind her ear. “But from your reaction, I think I need to remind you who’s in charge here. Get on your knees.”

Padma sank to her knees, hands resting lightly in her lap. Smiling, Harry ran his fingers through her silky hair while his free hand loosened his trousers. Taking himself in hand, he draped his hardening length across her beautiful face. Padma lifted her lips and kissed his shaft lovingly, her tongue peeking out to trace along the underside.

Once he was completely hard, Harry pulled back, dragging his length along her face, leaving a small, glistening trail of arousal on her nose. She opened her mouth invitingly, accepting his member eagerly. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her lips and tongue danced across his sensitive skin. While she couldn't take him as deeply as Lavender or Ginny, she really didn't need to. They might've enjoyed giving oral, but Padma seemed to truly love it. Every movement was slow and deliberate, designed to be as pleasurable as possible.

His eyes snapped open when he heard the sound of chains rattling.

"No hands," Harry said.

Padma stopped with her fingers just an inch short of wrapping around his shaft. Staring up at him, she slowly lowered her hands back to her lap.

"Good girl," he said, massaging her scalp.

Closing her eyes and moaning, Padma sucked hard, her tongue focusing on his swollen head.

"Merlin, you're so good at this," Harry groaned. "I think you might be my favorite cocksucker. Maybe I should make you wake me up like this every morning."

Padma increased her pace, encouraged by the compliment. Harry let her dictate the pace, allowing her to bring him to his peak at her own speed. He didn't bother to warn her when he was getting close. Instead, he pulled out of her mouth at the last moment and erupted all over her face. She flinched when the first shot hit her skin, surprised, before closing her eyes and tilting her head back submissively to take the rest. Harry grinned down at her as he finished decorating her brown skin with streaks and globs of his white cum.

"You look hot like that," Harry told her.



Padma smiled shyly, licking her lips clean before cautiously cracking her eyes open. Fortunately, he'd managed to avoid getting it anywhere painful. Taking her hands, Harry helped her to her feet and opened the door.

"Harry!" Padma hissed. "I can't go out there like this!"

"Trust me," Harry said, looking at her meaningfully.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, he led her back out into the hall. Padma looked around wildly, but the hall was empty. Harry strode down the hall confidently, listening for footsteps behind him. As he reached the end of the hall, he felt a light tap on his left shoulder. Turning in that direction, he continued on his way to the upper floors. Padma relaxed when she realized they weren't heading for Gryffindor Tower. Instead, they took a lesser-used path that would take them up to the seventh floor. She glanced at him curiously but remained silent, her eyes constantly on the lookout for someone coming across their path.

No one did; Ginny's small taps on his shoulder directed them away from anyone else. Unfortunately, Harry had no way of knowing for sure if Susan was following them like Ginny had planned. She was set to patrol the area they'd been in, and Ginny's signal let him know she'd been close, but he didn't know any more than that. According to Lavender, Susan was quite skilled with the Disillusionment and One-Way Viewing Charms. Apparently, the shy, busty redhead had some voyeuristic tendencies. Still, Harry wouldn't know if she'd followed them until they made it to the Room of Requirement.

As Harry and Padma neared the seventh-floor corridor, she started to look relieved. Smirking, Harry pulled her to a stop and pressed her back against the wall. Her eyes widened as he took her hands, still bound in manacles, and raised them above her head. With a flick of his wand, he stuck them to the wall.

"Harry?" Padma asked nervously.

"You didn't think I was done with you, did you?" Harry asked.

“I – I thought we were going to the Room of Requirement,” she said, squirming as he ran his hands over her breasts.

“Where’s the fun in that?” he asked.

Before she could reply, Harry gripped the front of her blouse and ripped it open, buttons clattering as they hit the floor. Shoving her bra up over her breasts, he dipped his head down and sucked one of her nipples.

“Oh,” Padma moaned, shifting restlessly on her feet.

Pulling back, he watched as the brown nub crinkled and hardened before switching to the other. Meanwhile, his hands slid up her thighs, slowly making their way under her skirt and up to the waistband of her panties. With a sharp tug, he yanked them down her legs, where they pooled around her ankles. The smell of her arousal reached his nose, causing him to smirk against her breast.

Harry opened his pants, the eroticism and danger of what they were doing in the middle of an open hallway making hard in seconds. When he stepped back, Padma’s eyes widened as he lifted her legs, opening her up to him as she hung helplessly from the wall. As she opened her mouth to say something, Harry pressed against her soaked folds and drove forward into her hot, tight depths.

“Oh, Morgana,” Padma gasped, arching her back. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“You love it,” Harry smiled. “I’ve never felt you this wet before.”

“If we’re caught, my reputation will be ruined,” Padma whispered, bucking her hips in time with Harry’s thrusts. “The whole school will know I’m your slut.”

“And you’d love that, wouldn’t you?” Harry asked, gripping her bum in one hand and mauling her breast roughly with the other. “You want the whole school to know I own you. Maybe I should just bend you over the Ravenclaw table tomorrow morning and fuck you in front of everyone.”

“Oh, shit!” Padma cried, her folds convulsing around his thrusting length as she climaxed suddenly.

“Look at you!” Harry growled, pounding her roughly against the wall. “Willingly chained up with my cum covering your face, getting fucked where anyone can see. You’re mine, Padma. I’m going to use you whenever, wherever, and however I want. Maybe I should write your parents and see if I can buy you. Then you’ll officially be my whore.”

“Yes!” Padma gasped, bucking her hips frantically.

As Harry huffed, driving in and out of her squelching depths, he caught a shimmer out of the corner of his eye. It seemed like Susan had followed them after all. Deciding to give her a show, he grabbed Padma’s legs behind the knee and folded her in half against the wall. Pulling back as far as he could, he gave their voyeur a good look at his impressive length as it plunged in and out of Padma.

Suddenly, Harry heard footsteps approaching. Cursing internally, he was about to pull back when Ginny rested a hand on his shoulder and gave him a reassuring pat.

“Luna,” she whispered just loud enough for him to hear.

Smiling, he slammed back into Padma to distract her from the sound. By the time she heard anything, Luna had already come skipping around the corner. Gasping loudly, she opened and closed her mouth several times while Harry didn’t even slow his pace.

“Oh, hello, Harry, Padma,” Luna said, pausing next to them. “Do you know you’re in the middle of the hallway?”

“I thought it was a bit drafty,” Harry smiled.

“I imagine it is. Padma’s nipples are looking quite hard,” Luna observed.

“Luna,” Padma muttered, biting her lip to hold in her moans.

“You look very sexy in chains,” she continued, unabashed. “Can we try that later, Harry? It looks fun being so helpless.”

“Sure, Luna,” Harry grinned.

Seeing more movement out of the corner of his eye, he watched Lavender and Parvati stroll around the corner. Padma groaned, her face flushing as they paused and giggled.

“Merlin, Pad, I didn’t know you had it in you to do something like this,” Parvati said, staring incredulously.

“Come on, girls,” Lavender said, smiling brightly. “Why don’t we go get the room ready while these two finish up?”

“We’ll be there in a minute,” Harry grunted. “I’m getting close.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Padma groaned, trembling in his arms.

“Save some for us, big boy,” Lavender smiled.

Patting his bum, she kissed Padma on the cheek, licking away the cum that stuck to her lips. With a smirk, she looped her arms through Luna and Parvati’s, dragging them to the corridor. As

they paced back and forth, summoning the room, Harry buried himself deep in Padma and came, flooding her depths.

“Oh, Harry!” she squealed, reaching another climax and prompting giggles from Lavender and Parvati before they disappeared into the Room of Requirement.

Catching his breath, Harry released her hands and helped her to her feet. Padma was a bit wobbly at first, prompting him to guide her the short distance to the ornate door summoned by Lavender. Stepping into the Room of Requirement, he was hit by a wave of humidity and flowery scents. Lavender had summoned an exact replica of the prefects' bath. She, Luna, and Parvati were already naked and lounging in the soapy water.

“I can't believe we did that,” Padma mumbled, looking a little shocked. “What if a professor had seen us?”

Before Harry could reply, Ginny giggled and took off his invisibility cloak.

“I made sure you were safe,” she said, setting the cloak aside and stripping out of her clothes. “You didn't really think Harry would take that kind of risk, did you?”

“You told them to show up, didn't you,” Harry asked while Padma gaped at the redhead, nodding towards the girls in the bath.

“It was exciting, wasn't it?” Ginny asked, unclasping her bra and dropping it to the floor.

Chuckling and shaking his head, Harry helped Padma out of her clothes and led her to the bath. On the bench behind them, forgotten for the moment, a crinkled, aged piece of parchment stuck out from the invisibility cloak. On it, the name Susan Bones hovered outside the room they were in for a long moment before her footsteps showed her walking back down the hall.