

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 7th 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?