

Rushing through the halls up to the infirmary, Lavender was in an absolute panic. Her heart was beating rapidly in her chest, and she could feel tears already threatening to spill. She pushed open the doors in a hurry and ran right into the sturdy chest of Harry Potter.

He barely even moved as she looked up at him, "Where is he?" There was a sympathy in his eyes that she didn't like one bit. *How bad is it? Is he going to be alright?*

"Just over here. I was just coming to get you." Lavender found that hard to believe because she wasn't under the impression that Harry liked her all that much. *But then, with the exception of the Yule Ball and Parvati, he's always been rather thoughtful.* So, she let him guide her over to the bed.

Her boyfriend was pale and quite clearly weak... and Hermione was sitting at his side holding his hand. Even in her worry, she couldn't hide the displeasure from her face. For most of their school careers, they'd been neutral to one another, with the rare tiff that could be expected between teenage girls. They weren't exactly interested in the same things, and, at least after first year, they didn't try and force it upon one another.

But this year, their interactions had been nothing but frosty if they weren't outright ignoring one another. And Lavender didn't think any of it was her fault in the slightest. *Why should I feel bad that we both fancied the same bloke, and I got to him first?*

So, as her bushy-haired roommate backed away, Lavender did her best to just ignore her. Taking her boyfriend's hand, she decided it was best to talk with Harry, "What happened? Is he going to be alright?"

"He ingested a rather dangerous poison, but Madam Pomfrey and Professor Slughorn say he's going to be fine, just weak for a few days."

"Thank goodness!" Lavender was a naturally effusive person, "I'll be right her for you Won Won, I promise." There was a derisive snort from her right that infuriated her, but she did her best not to let it show. *This isn't about me, this is about him.*

Ron stirred then, mumbling with eyes shut tight, "Hurr... my... knee."

"What was that? You hurt your knee?" She looked back to Harry who still wore that same look of sympathy, "Did he hurt his knee?" He just gave a small shake of his head as Ron rasped out a little more clearly.

"Her... mion...eee." A pit formed in her stomach as she fought down the urge to vomit. Here she was worrying herself over his wellbeing and he was asking for another girl. She felt like an utter fool. Whatever else anyone thought, she cared about Ron and he clearly didn't feel the same way. *Just using me as a place holder when he really wanted Hermione.*

The tears that she'd been fighting back due to her worry started flowing freely now, but from sadness. As Hermione moved closer again and took Ron's hand, she stopped fighting, especially when the other girl said, "It's alright, I'm here."

Lavender hiccupped and forced down a sob as she stood. Pushing past Harry, she hurried out of the room even faster than she came. She was glad that no one stopped her, though she could feel his eyes boring into her as she pushed the doors open. She wanted nothing more than to be alone in that moment. *And I guess I am.*

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Weeks later, Lavender found herself crying again. Not in the dorm of course, because there was no way she was going to let Hermione walk in on that. *Merlin, I really need to pull myself together.* And yes, despite the assurances that he wasn't worth it, both from herself and Parvati, she was still crying over Ron. *Better to do it here than somewhere everyone can see though, I suppose.*

Out in the school, she acted as though it didn't bother her one bit... as though Ron was beneath her at this point. But that didn't stop her private thoughts. She didn't even understand why in the world he agreed to go out with her in the first place if he'd wanted Hermione from the beginning. *How about grow a pair and ask the girl you really like out instead of stringing someone along!* Rejection would have felt far better without the months of emotional investment on her part.

*Clearly, he never felt even a hint of emotional investment in me. I was just a convenient person to snog!* And somehow, to make matters worse, the two friends weren't even together now. She'd had her heartbroken in a truly horrible way, at least to her mind, all because her boyfriend fancied another girl. Another girl that he was **still** tiptoeing around. For some people, that would've been comforting, but it made her irrationally angry. *If he wasn't just going to get with her, he could've at least done me the favor breaking it off nicely.* That wasn't really an option in his bedridden state at the time, but unsurprisingly, she lacked sympathy for that.

But then she was a teenager, irrational anger was kinda their thing... and relationships were bloody hard so you couldn't really blame her. According to Parvati, the cure to all this self-pity was simple. Find another bloke and snog his socks off until her lips were chapped. It was an idea that had merit, she supposed, but she just hadn't been able to bring herself to do it. *Not that I couldn't mind, most lads would jump at the chance.*

With something between a sob and a laugh, she wiped her tears away. With a deep breath, she headed toward the door. *This is the last time. I'm tired of feeling sorry for myself.* Before she had a chance to leave she was surprised by someone coming in.

"Oh, sorry." There were only two people she could think of that she wanted to see less in that moment.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to remain impassive but knew that some of her frustration bled into her voice.

Harry was standing there, looking his usual awkward, and quite frankly cute, self. He ran a hand through his hair and gave her a crooked smile, "I was just on my way up from helping Hagrid and Professor Slughorn with something, when I heard..." He stopped and fixed her with a curious stare, "You alright, Lavender?"

"Fine." She insisted.

"Right," he eyed her with that same quiet concern she'd seen in the hospital wing that horrible day, "I just thought I heard..." he hesitated, and she mentally willed him not to bring it up, "well crying, I think." It looked like he almost surprised himself by saying it, but it happened all the same.

*Not that lucky, I guess.* A big part of her wanted to just walk right past him and ignore that this little encounter had even happened to begin with, but another part of her decided to vent, even if it wasn't Harry's fault in the slightest, "People tend to do that sometimes when they're unceremoniously dumped in an absolutely humiliating manner! Your best-mate didn't exactly let me down easy."

Harry blushed in embarrassment, "Sorry about that."

Something snapped her, and she felt a surge of anger, "You didn't do it, Potter, so why are you apologizing?" And that was part of what made it worse. There was a part of her that understood, Ron had been delirious after a near death experience. He wasn't exactly speaking in his right mind, but he clearly knew that he'd said something, because they were very much broken up even after he recovered. *And he hasn't apologized for it once! He hasn't even said a word to me... bloody coward!*

"Just seems like the right thing to do. You didn't deserve to be treated that way." It sounded like he really meant it, which was odd because she never thought he liked her much. *And I'd think he'd side with his friends if nothing else.*

"No, I didn't." She bit out. "And the right thing to do would be knocking some sense into your friend." Whatever sadness she'd been feeling was very much gone was away by her still growing anger.

Surprisingly, he took it in stride, "If I could knock some sense into him, you wouldn't've ever gotten hurt in the first place."

That caught her off guard, "What?!" As quickly as it came, that anger was gone.

"I've known he fancied Hermione since fourth year. She's probably done the same just as long, but it's certainly gotten proper serious this year." Harry said as though it were obvious.

"We always thought Hermione fancied you..." Lavender knew she wasn't the brightest student in the school, but she wasn't horrid either, but in that moment, she felt duller than Crabbe or Goyle.

He snorted out a laugh, "Merlin, no! Hermione's like a sibling, trust me. She's a good friend, but I would never want to be in a relationship with her. Seems like a lot of work."

"Well... if he wanted Hermione, why did he even go out with me in the first place?!" It struck her that this was the longest conversation she'd ever had with Harry in all the years in school together. She was finding it surprisingly easy.

"Because he's incredibly insecure and has the emotional intelligence of a teaspoon."

The laughter burst out of her without reservation, "Well, you're not wrong there... but, I wouldn't expect you to say that about a friend."

"I'm supposed to lie just because he's my friend?" Harry gave a little shrug of his shoulders, "It wouldn't be the first time he heard it, anyway. He convinced himself there's no way that Hermione liked him back because... he's not as smart, I'd guess." He gave her a roguish smile, "And then a beautiful girl kissed him after weeks of flirting, so he just went with it."

Lavender just shook her head, feeling much more relaxed than she had in weeks. Knowing the truth, that they'd essentially been doomed from the start, made her feel lighter. *I suppose he did me a favor by not wasting more of my time.*

But then something Harry said fully registered, "Beautiful girl, huh?"

"What? I have eyes." He used those same eyes to look her up and down, and she couldn't help but blush. *Can't help but agree with the rest of the girls, they really are something.* Suddenly, she was feeling

shockingly warm. And it pooled in her stomach and somewhere a bit lower and a lot naughtier. She wouldn't lie and say that she hadn't thought about the famous young wizard before, but she never gave it any real consideration because of how attached he was to Hermione. *Looks like that wasn't ever anything to consider in the first place.*

Licking her lower lip, her voice caught as she looked for anything to say, "Re... really? What about Parvati? She's beautiful and didn't stop you from ignoring her." Even Lavender wasn't sure why she said that. *Why the bloody hell am I asking about Parvati at a time like this!*

Harry took it in stride, "Parvati's lovely. I didn't treat her the way she deserved to be at the Ball. especially when I was just **lucky** that she said yes in the first place." She didn't realize that she'd taken a step closer to him. Lavender could feel his breath brushing against the soft skin of her cheek, "I was too caught up in the tournament and my silly little crush on Cho..." his self-awareness was surprisingly refreshing, "I'm just glad that she managed to find someone who gave her a good night, she deserved it. And lucky me, she seemed to forgive me."

"Yeah, she did forgive you. Hard not to with everything..." Lavender said softly. Standing there, looking up into his emerald eyes, she couldn't help but compare him to her now ex-boyfriend, and she was wondering now why she'd taken an interest in him instead of his best friend. *Ron never once thought he did anything wrong the night of the Ball, and poor Padma was absolutely devastated.*

There was a heavy silence that hung in the air between them, and Lavender felt the overwhelming urge to just lean up and find out what his lips taste like. And the look in his eyes was doing nothing to dissuade her from that desire.

Still, there were plenty of reasons not to, the primary one being that he **was** her ex's best friend. She didn't know if she wanted to be the witch known for breaking the Golden Trio up if he ever found out. *Not as though it'd be the first time they had a falling out. But I really can't imagine he'd take it too well.*

But then, she couldn't help but wonder why she gave a newt's arse about Ron or his feelings. *He certainly hasn't given my feelings any thought in this whole thing! And besides, maybe Parvati is right and a good snog will help me get out of this rut!* While her mind was racing, torn between just leaning into this sudden opportunity and running away as fast as she could, Harry clearly wasn't having the same crisis.

That became obvious as his hand came up to cup her cheek. It was big and lightly calloused from hours of quidditch, among other things that she didn't know about, and she would love to say that she didn't squeak slightly at the feel. He gave her every opportunity to stop him, but... she didn't want to. He wasn't quite as tall as Ron, but he was still a good bit taller than her, and had to lean down to press his lips against hers.

Pushing herself against him, Lavender embraced the moment. After the rumors she heard about his disastrous date with Cho the year before, she was shocked to find that he was quite a good kisser. He was just the right amount of demanding without making her uncomfortable. She'd spent more time than was reasonable doing just this in the last couple months, but it'd never felt so... thrilling.

They just fell into each other. She pressed the swell of her impressive bosom into the hard planes of his chest. Still cupping her cheek, his other hand went to her hip and pulled her in close. His fingers slipped

beneath her blouse and brushed against her side. The simple touch made her tingle, and not just where he was touching her but deep in her sex, too. Any trepidation she felt melted away in an instant. She didn't care about Ron, or Hermione, or anything other than the feel of his lips on her and his wandering hands.

Though, she did still have the wherewithal to be more than a bystander. She rotated her hips and found herself grinding against a promising bulge in his trousers. Her hands weren't idle either. He pulled away from her in surprise when he felt a firm pinch to bum. At his shocked look, she could only giggle, "Sorry, I would never forgive myself if I didn't do that. You have a great bum."

A second later, she was squeaking and blushing as he did the same thing to her. Giving her a cheeky smile, he looked as unrepentant about it as she did about hers. Lavender could smell her own arousal, and it only deepened as he leant into kiss against her ear, "Yours isn't half bad either, Lav."

There was a big part of her that was wondering where this was all coming from, because as far as she knew, Harry had never had any interest in her. But she wasn't stupid enough to ask that question when he was kissing his way down her collarbone. Her finger found the nape of his neck, and she played with the soft hair there as he nipped against her sensitive skin.

Pulling away slightly, she lamented the loss of pressure from his hips against her own. But it only lasted a second as his hand slipped up the inside of her soft thigh. Her eyelashes fluttered as he found the soaked fabric of her lace knickers. He hesitated there for a second, clearly asking her permission. It was thoughtful, and incredibly sweet, but she didn't have any intention of stopping him. Wiggling her hips in a little circle, she was hoping he got the message.

As it turns out, he did, just not in the way that she was expecting. Instead of slipping her panties to the side and filling her dripping hole with a finger or two, he dropped to his knees and slipped beneath her skirt, "Harry... what? Oh! Yes! Fuck!" She filled her hands with his dark hair, as she wobbled unsteadily. Her knickers were pooled at her ankles and Harry had his tongue buried in her cunt. It was ... fucking fantastic and not something she'd ever had done for her before.

Ron certainly hadn't been offering and her few other encounters before that had always been far more interested in her servicing them than reciprocating. *Squelch*. If it weren't for the fact that she was so fucking turned on, she would've been embarrassed by the obscene sound of her tight tunnel as his finger joined his rough, wiggling tongue.

"Oh... Merlin!" Her legs went weak as she shuddered with pleasure. She was sure she would've fallen if it weren't for Harry smacking his hand onto her peachy bum to hold her in place. His long middle-finger curled deep inside her and prodded against a little patch of flesh that sent her entire world on fire, "Right there, yes... right fucking there!"

Lavender saw white as he did exactly what she said. He was lucky that she didn't start pulling the hair from his head as she spasmed and twitched through the singularly most fantastic orgasm of her entire life.

To make things even better, Harry never stopped, not even for a second. His twisting tongue kept licking and tasting every inch of her overstimulated sex. Lavender gasped, sucking in great lungfuls of breath as

she struggled to stay conscious. *How in the bloody fuck does this boy not have a girlfriend?* But that also raised the question of how he was so good at it, too. *Not that it really matters if I'm the one benefiting.*

Flipping up her skirt, she just needed to see this for herself. And the sight was enough to make her already sensitive sex throb painfully. The second he noticed her skirt disappear from behind his head, he looked up at her with those captivating emerald eyes. What made that particularly sexy was how fucking happy he looked to be absolutely ravaging her pink pussy. It didn't hurt that she could see her juices glistening on his nose and cheeks either.

It looked as though she'd squirted on him and that he'd kept right on devouring her. *Didn't know I could do that... or that I did for that matter.* It spoke to just how euphoric the experience had been that she didn't even realize it'd happened.

As she watched him, and stroked her fingers through his hair, there was an ache deep within her for something more. *Already went this far, what's a little bit more?* She wanted him, badly, and she wasn't going to deny herself when he was clearly very willing.

"Harry... I... I'd love to return the favor... but... but..." his tongue flicked over her clit, and it made it hard to form words again, "please... I need you... so...soooo badly!"

Because he was Harry Potter, of course he couldn't help but ask, "Are you sure?"

She giggled, and ran a hand down his cheek, gathering her own juices as she went, "You just spent... I don't know how long eating me out. You really think I'm doubting things now?" To put an exclamation on that point, she brought her wet digits up to her lips and licked them clean. It was probably the naughtiest thing that she'd ever done in her life, and she couldn't be prouder because for just a second, he was utterly speechless.

Deciding that she really was serious, he let go of her bum and stood to push down his trousers. What neither of them considered was the fact that he really was the one holding her up after her leg-shaking peak. So, she ended up falling back on her behind.

Both chuckled briefly at the absurdity of it. But Lavender wasn't complaining about her new position. *I was probably going to end up on my back anyway.* So, instead of worrying about her little moment, she spread her legs invitingly and dropped a hand to her sex as she bit her index finger on her other hand.

It stopped him dead in his tracks, Harry's voice was deep with lust and need, "Fucking hell, Lav. You're... insanely sexy."

"And you're still overdressed." She told him with a look down to his crotch. Moving with even more urgency, he quickly divested himself of all his clothing. He was skinny with some nice muscles and more scars than were probably normal for someone his age. *And damn, are they sexy?* There was one other thing that was blatantly obvious. *Lucky me, I was fucking right. That's more than promising.*

The sight of his protruding pillar, covered in blue veins, thick and almost as long as her own forearm made her pussy tingle. Kneeling down between her outstretched legs, his dome pressed against her swollen lips and slid between them as he leant over to take hold of her blouse. She moaned as he effortlessly ripped it open. His eyes were fixated on something specific. So, she wasn't surprised a second later when he pulled down the cups of her bra to reveal her stiff nipples.

Shivering at the feel of the cool air, Lavender still managed to roll her eyes, “Boys...”

Harry snickered, “Lav, you have incredible tits. Can you really blame me for wanting to watch them bounce?”

It was probably the naughtiest compliment she’d ever gotten, and she didn’t mind hearing it one bit. Especially when it was said with such obvious reverence, “You can get going on that anytime you want.” To emphasize her point, she reached down for his cockhead, pressed it against her pussy petals and started wiggling her hips.

Harry groaned low in his throat and sent a pulse of need right through her sex. The teasing was fun, but she was at her wits end, “Harry...” She didn’t get a chance to offer her threat as he angled his hips and thrust forward, stretching her on his cock, “Oh... fuck... biiiiig.” She wasn’t a virgin, but she felt like it again.

There wasn’t a guy alive that didn’t like hearing that, and in his inexperience he pushed deeper. Her hand found his abs and she urged, “Slow... let me get used to you.” Her breathing came out heavy as she grew accustomed to the sheer weight of him inside of her.

“Okay...” She could see that it was a struggle, but he managed.

Proving that he could be a good listener, he slowed and took actual minutes to finish lodging himself inside of her cunt. It was a sweet sort of pain that made her toes curl. She could feel him twitching against her walls, clearly desperate to start fucking, but he was keeping her in mind first. Wanting nothing more than to be ravaged, she ran her nails down his chest leaving red lines on his pale skin, “Alright...”

The word was barely out of her mouth before the air was driven from her lungs, and thoughts were driven from her mind by his cock. Her curvy body shook with the severity of his thrusts. Harry had been so giving since the moment they kissed, but now he needed to get off.

His hips became a blur as the steady rhythm of their rutting filled the air. His eyes were blown out and dark. His big hand cupped one of her bouncing tits as he was true to his words and watched them bounce almost hypnotically. His cock scraped along that wonderful spot deep inside of her again and again, and Lavender loved every second of it.

Her entire body glistened with sweat as her fingers dropped down to find her engorged clit. It was too much stimulation and she came on his pistoning length. Her pussy rippled along him, coaxing every bit of pleasure he could endure. And then he couldn’t take it any longer.

Lavender took hold of his cock before the first rope could escape and pulled him free of her snug hole. He was so wet with her essence, and it made it easy for her to glide her hand along him as she pumped him through his peak, “That’s it, Harry. Let it out.”

Knowing exactly what would set him off just that little bit harder, she aimed him right for her jiggling bosom as she jerked. The first shot was bigger than she was expecting, and made an audible *splat* as it covered her pale globe. She cooed and gasped as he twitched and pulsed again and again onto her body *Fuck... is he a hippogriff stud? Because this is insane.* By the time he was done, her entire chest was

painted white. A pool of his seed formed in the hollow her neck, and you could excuse someone if they thought she'd been getting used by more than one boy.

And despite that, much to her disbelief, he remained hard. It wasn't necessarily fair to compare them, but Ron would've been down for the count after half of that performance. So, as she smiled up at him, she no longer had any regrets about the unceremonious way that she'd been dumped. *If anything, I should go and thank him because Merlin... things couldn't have worked out better.*