

“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.