

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

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Chapter 4: Smell of Lavender

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All around him, darkness coalesced. Surrounding, soothing, solidifying- Like a blanket of peace. Here there were no prophecies, no dark lords vying for his blood, no guilt over the deaths of loved ones and no weight of the world on his shoulders. Here, Harry felt only the calmness of oblivion. The darkness that expected nothing from him, except rest.

Which is why, when the first pinpricks of consciousness found him, annoyance spiked cruelly inside his chest.

That annoyance was short-lived, replaced instead by a soft groan from his tired lips as the feeling of something soft and warm around his cock reached his brain. Slowly, Harry opened his sleep-heavy eyes. He blinked away the blariness, though without his glasses there was only so much that *could* be blinked away. What little he could see was made up for by the feeling of a wet tongue sliding up and down his thick shaft at a leisurely pace.

Despite his lacklustre vision, he was able to just make out the shape of Lavender's blonde curls bobbing up and down on his groin. Without a word, he summoned his glasses from the bedside table. The world came into sharp focus as he placed the thin wire frames on his nose, as did the curvy blonde's nude body from where she lay perpendicular to him. Her bright blue eyes looked up at him with an amused sparkle.

He watched as she swirled her tongue around his bulbous tip, taking the head of his cock into her mouth with a deliberate slowness to her movements. Despite her teasing pace, Harry couldn't help but let out a low groan as she sucked on his sensitive tip. Her hot mouth around

his length felt incredible. It stirred something within him and before he knew it, all the memories from the night before were brought to the forefront of his mind...

-12 Hours Earlier-

Harry smirked as his thrusting tore another slutty moan from Lavender's lips. The blonde was writhing constantly below him, cooing into Hermione's mouth as he pounded her gushing pussy from behind. The repeated slapping of his hips against the girl's gloriously round bottom echoed off their small silencing ward, which he had thankfully cast not moments after Lavender first swallowed his length. The heavy Notice-Me-Not ward was an addition he made right after he had entered the curvy witch's tight snatch. Needless to say, they wouldn't be disturbed as long as they were somewhat quick about it.

A small squeak from below drew his attention down to where the two girls were joined at the lips. Harry furrowed his brow in confusion as he took in Hermione's wide eyes and heavily flushed face- Until he looked further down of course. Despite the intense pounding she was currently receiving, Lavender had still made herself quite busy. Her hand, which before had been firmly on Hermione's clothed breast, was now buried deep beneath the bookworm's skirt. By the back-and-forth movement of her arm, Harry didn't even need to see it to know that Lavender was currently knuckle-deep inside Hermione's cunt.

Harry had at least a few experiences with threesomes in the past. Gabby had always taken pleasure in his sexual tutelage, and by far one of her favourite lessons was seeing him with another woman.

Their first threesome together had been with one of Gabby's longtime friends and colleague. For the life of him, Harry couldn't remember her name, but he could still perfectly recall the way her perky tits moved as she bounced atop him. The way Gabby's eyes shone with a lustful light from over the woman's shoulder- with one hand firmly planted on the woman's mocha tit and the other working her clit as Harry's cock speared her friend's pussy- was seared into Harry's mind.

That experience alone had forever instilled Harry with a deep attraction to the vixen, more so than any other time he had thoroughly used her body, but what's more, was also the way the experience had changed his outlook on sex itself.

Having multiple women at the same time was all well and good, but when those same women found pleasure in each other as well? There was something euphoric there. It wasn't just sex or fucking then. No, it was something more. Primal, daring, seductive. To Harry, seeing two women lose themselves to the throws of pleasure, enough to allow themselves to seek it even more in each other's arms was the single sexiest thing he could ever hope to witness. It fueled the lust in his veins, drawing his hunger out to where his only goal was to push them farther and farther over the edge until neither was left unsatisfied, whether by his cock or the other's fingers and tongues.

With an almost silent growl, Harry squeezed Lavender's jiggling arsecheeks and slammed into her *hard*. The blonde tore her mouth away from Hermione's lips and threw her head back with an ear-ringing squeal of delight. Harry felt her pussy walls tighten around him, quivering and shaking as the slutty Gryffindor gushed with climax.

Below the cumming blonde, Hermione stared at Lavender's 'O' face in pure wonder. Her own pleasure from the buxom witch's fingers buried deep inside her pussy was forgotten for the moment. The bookworm was unconsciously drawn towards Lavender. As Harry continued to thrust into the blonde's quivering folds he watched as Hermione caught the blonde's lips in a searing kiss' The two girls moaned in unison as their lips collided, not in a frenzied haste as before, but with a tentative gentleness.

Harry groaned and pulled free from Lavender's tight cunt. Any longer and he would've tipped over the edge, something he wasn't keen on doing just yet. Lavender paid him no mind as he pulled away. Her body was still trembling with the after-effects of her climax to notice the absence and her mouth far too occupied with Hermione's to voice any such displeasure.

Shifting himself, Harry dipped his glistening cock lower. With his hands he slowly guided Hermione's legs apart, giving him his first look at her dripping snatch being stretched apart by Lavender's fingers. The bulbous head of his cock bumped into the blonde's hand, causing Lavender to pause momentarily. She broke the kiss with Hermione and glanced back at him. "She's so fucking wet Harry." The buxom witch purred. "So wet and hungry for your cock~" Lavender pulled her fingers free from Hermione's glistening pussy and used her index and middle ones to spread the girl's puffy lips apart, giving him a perfect view of her dripping entrance. "C'mon 'Mione." The blonde cooed, pushing her dangling breasts firmly into the bookworm's face. "Tell him what you want."

Hermione whimpered against the very voluptuous tits smushed against her face before she pushed the blonde away with a gasp. "I want him to fuck me!" The brunette cried. "Please Harryyyy!" She whined.

Before he could comply with her wishes, Lavender suddenly grasped his hardened shaft in a tight grip and pushed him inside Hermione's awaiting entrance.

While Hermione cooed in happiness as her cunt was pierced by his cock, Harry could only marvel at the feeling of being forced into her tight canal by another woman. Lavender giggled at his stunned expression as she rolled off of Hermione.

"Now that's hot!" Lavender exclaimed with a wide grin. The blonde stared pointedly at where Harry and Hermione's sexes met. She leaned her face closer, watching in awe as Harry's cock slowly stretched Hermione's tight cunt to its limits. When Harry finally bottomed out inside of the whimpering brunette Lavender's face was only inches away. Sensing an opportunity, Harry reached forward and grasped a handful of Lavender's blonde curls with a smirk.

"What are y- OMPH!"

Lavender's question was silenced as her face was unceremoniously shoved into Hermione's quivering clit. The blonde stilled for only a moment, hands frozen in the air, before she slowly

relaxed with a deep moan. Her fluttered close as she began to gently probe the brunette's clit with her tongue.

"OH!" Hermione cried. She jerked a bit, rocking her hips against Harry's groin as Lavender began to lavish her clit.

Harry smiled in triumph and gave Lavender a soft pat on the head as he began to slowly saw in and out of Hermione's tight snatch. His best friend whimpered pitifully as her cunt was assaulted from all sides- inside and out. With every thrust of his cock, she was once more stretched to her limit. All the while Lavender was making a feast out of her small bundle of nerves, lapping and sucking on the tiny nub with gusto. Every flick of the girl's tongue sent shocks up Hermione's spine, making the girl cry out in ecstasy. It was almost too much, her body could barely handle all the pleasure.

Desperately Hermione reached out for something, anything, that could help ground herself. In her haze, she barely noticed as her hand sank into something soft and supple, only that whatever it was, allowed her to keep a hold on reality for just a bit longer. She reached out with her other hand, pulling the pillowy object towards her in a tight embrace. It was only when Lavender let out a muffled shout and something wet and musky landed on her face did she finally realized what she had grabbed.

In her cock-drunk state, Hermione had grabbed hold of Lavender's wide round hips and pulled them towards her face in a desperate bid for stability. Now, sitting inches from her face, was the blonde's thoroughly fucked cunt still dripping with the slut's juices. While Harry hadn't stopped his savage thrusts inside her, Lavender had frozen with a bated breath, wondering just what Hermione would do.

Hermione bit her lip and considered it. She could push the blonde away and forget the whole thing, but that wouldn't be very fair now, would it? No, not at all. Not after Lavender had already made the plunge herself, albeit with a bit of a push from Harry. No, Hermione couldn't back away now.

The sound of Lavender's moan reverberated through their tiny bubble like an explosion of ecstasy. The buxom witch cooed into Hermione's cunt while the bushy-haired girl herself slurped and lapped at the blonde's folds. Harry's cock pulsed at the erotic scene, thoroughly enjoying the view of the two Gryffindor beauties whorishly exploring each other's pussies with devilish intent. With a grunt he increased his pace, driving his cock harder and harder into Hermione's velvety folds. The brunette moaned deeply into Lavender's womanhood in response, the trembling in her legs only growing. Lavender too was on the brink herself. After Harry's brutal pounding of her pussy, the blonde's cunt was still overly sensitive, a fact that Hermione's tongue was taking advantage of. Soon the air around them grew thick with the sounds of slapping skin, panting moans, and watery cries of pleasure.

Hermione was the first to come undone. With a whorish wail into Lavender's quim, the bookworm's body was suddenly ravaged by an intense mind-shattering orgasm. She clutched onto their blonde partner's thighs with an iron-grip, shaking with climax as she buried her tongue deeper into the blonde's folds.

Lavender was next, cumming hard over Hermione's face with a loud squeal. Her pussy gushed with her slick girl-cum, coating the brunette's mouth and chin in her juices as she rocked her hips back and forth.

It was only Harry after that. The sight of the two beauties cumming all over each other was enough to finally drive him over the edge. Just as their orgasms abated, Harry let out a deep moan and ripped his cock free of Hermione's folds. His glistening member pulsed again and again, raining down thick strings of cum all over Lavender's face and Hermione's stomach. The blonde nympho gasped in delight, holding her tongue out in an effort to catch as much of the hot white spunk as she could. It only served to allow more of his seed to coat her heavy breasts, decorating the girl with a glistening pearl necklace.

After a few moments, when their collective high finally ebbed away and the last droplets of cum leaked from his cock, Harry finally spoke.

“Would you two like to continue this upstairs?”

Lavender and Hermione gave each other a quick glance, the former still dripping with his cum while the latter had yet to fully catch her breath. After a beat, Lavender finally looked back at him with a dazzling smile.

“We’d love to!”

-Present Day-

They spent the rest of the day holed up in the Room of Requirement, chatting, fucking, and generally exploring each other physically and mentally. While he knew Hermione better than the girl knew herself sometimes, Harry was pleasantly surprised by just how much he enjoyed Lavender’s company.

He had of course interacted with the girl enough over the years to call her a friend, he never truly had tried getting to know her. He had, like many of the boys at Hogwarts, assumed she was just some gossipy bimbo with a nice pair of tits. Yet that wasn’t who Lavender was at all. She was witty, charming, and in all honesty quite clever in her own right. She’d never beat out Hermione or Daphne Greengrass for the top spot in their year, but she wasn’t dimwitted. Just in the span of a single night, the blonde had shown he and Hermione both just how clever she could be. After all, some ‘blonde bimbo’ would never be able to control something as volatile as the Hogwarts Rumour Mill without at least some level of smarts.

Lavender had told them herself that she preferred the way many people thought of her, however. It made things easier for her when it came to gossip and many were left unsuspecting of just what level of power she actually held. Even the teachers fell victim to this, with many conversing openly about sensitive topics with Lavender within earshot.

Needless to say, Lavender Brown was a force to be reckoned with.

Harry groaned as Lavender took him deeper inside her mouth. She took him slowly, leisurely bobbing her head up and down his length with measured movements. Never once did she

quicken or slow the speed of her sucks, only keeping the same pace while staring up at him with those intense baby blue eyes.

Harry moaned and threaded his fingers through her curly ringlets as she sucked lightly on his tip. The sensitivity of his glans only made the sensation all the more pleasurable and he audibly gasped, unintentionally bucking his hips and forcing his cock down the blonde's gullet farther than she was ready for.

Lavender flew off his cock, coughing and gasping for breath as she rubbed her throat.

"Fuck, sorry! Are you alright Lav'?" He exclaimed in concern. The busty witch nodded, holding her finger up momentarily as she coughed lightly into her hand.

"M fine. Bit more than I was expecting is all." She mumbled. Clearing her throat once more, Lavender settled him with a look of amusement, her lopsided grin dripping with a teasing light. "I know I'm a world-class cocksucker and all love, but not even I can handle THAT much of you at once."

Harry chuckled at her joke and pulled her into his arms. Lavender snuggled into his chest with a happy sigh. She shifted for a moment and tilted her head upwards to peer up at him with a small smile. Harry stared back, his eyes unconsciously dipping down to her soft, plump lips. As if drawn to them, he soon found himself leaning down slowly to capture them in a light kiss.

"Mmm~" Lavender moaned against his mouth. "What was that for?"

Harry didn't really know the answer to that, only that it had felt right in the moment. Often times he and Gabby had moments like this, moments where they would do nothing but simply hold one another and kiss. It made for some of Harry's favorite memories with the tattooed vixen. Instead of answering Lavender's question, Harry dipped forward once more, locking his lips with hers in another kiss. This time he let it linger, moving his mouth against hers with gentle movements, simply enjoying the feeling of her soft luscious lips against his.

Lavender moaned pitifully against him with an almost needy whine. She began to move against him, rubbing her bare naked breasts against his torso while throwing one of her legs over his.

Harry responded in kind, bringing a hand up to cup one of the blonde nympho's jutting tits while another snaked its way around her waist to paw at her thick arsecheeks.

"Fuck!" Lavender gasped as he gave her nipple a small pinch. The blonde shivered against his touch, her chest flushed and fluttering with panting breaths as she leveled him with a deep look of absolute *want*. She whined lightly in the back of her throat, seeming almost like a pleading dog while she rubbed her thighs together pointedly.

Harry gave her a light smirk and pulled her onto his lap by her hips. She gasped as his cock nestled between her plump pussy lips, spreading them apart as he began to grind the girl up and down his shaft. "Is this what you want? Hmm? Do you want me to fuck you Lav'? All you need to do is ask you know."

Lavender whimpered, her bottom lip trapped neatly between her teeth as her clit was mercilessly ground against the underside of his cock. Harry suppressed a chuckle at her desperate face and reached up to once more give one of her nipples a light pinch. The blonde gasped, unintentionally grinding her clit even harder against his cock.

"Tell me what you want Lav'" He commanded once more.

Lavender opened her mouth to speak, but before she could utter a single word Harry listed her by the hips and pushed his cock *hard* into her dripping pussy.

"OH FUCK YES! HARRY!" Lavender cried, her pussy instantly exploding in climax as he roughly speared her depths.

The blonde bucked and thrashed atop him, her mouth a slurry of small curses and deep wanton moans. Harry grunted lightly at the intense feeling, letting her wild thrashing fuel her movements as she began to bounce lightly on his cock.

"OH FUCK YES FUCK YES! GYAH!" Over and over again she slammed herself down on his thick member, letting her squelching pussy be split apart repeatedly by his cock. The slutty little witch couldn't help but scream out with each bounce of her arse, the pleasure spiking in her brain having no other outlet but through her whorish cries.

“Fuck Harry! OH fuck I’m CUMMING! PLEASE HARDER!”

Harry grunted and grabbed Lavender by her two bubbly arsecheeks. The blonde fell against his chest as he began to thrust upwards with powerful deep strokes. Wet slaps of skin on skin filled the room, accompanied by their combined moans, grunts, and gasps of pleasure. At some point, Lavender’s cries died down, replaced only by soft gasps while she happily allowed him to continue using her wet pussy.

Harry’s own end came unceremoniously sometime after that. The feeling of her velvety pussy quivering around him soon brought him to a gasping climax. He wrapped his arms around the girl’s thin waist, gripping her tightly while shoving his cock as far inside her depths as he could go. With a grunt he came, seeding the blonde’s womb with torrents of white hot cum. Only when her pussy was filled and the last drops spilled inside her was he satisfied, pulling free from her folds with a sigh.

“You two are far too loud.” A croaky voice sounded from his left.

Glancing over Harry was met with a very tousled-haired and very sleep drunk Hermione Granger pouting adorably at him through squinted eyes. He took one look at her and couldn’t help but laugh at his friend’s annoyance.

“Sorry ‘Mione, we’ll try to keep it down. Unless you care to join us?”

A pillow to the face was his answer.

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The sound of jingling keys echoed from the other side of the door followed by quiet mumbled cursing. A click of a lock later the door creaked open, admitting a curvaceous figure, arms laden with bags.

Gabby groaned as she set the small mountain of groceries on her kitchen counter. She let out a sigh and kicked off her shoes. Throwing open the fridge, she grabbed a bottle of beer from within. She cracked it open on the counter and took a hefty gulp of the amber liquid. The cool liquid soothed her throat, sore from hours of talking to customers on the phone. The temp

agency she worked at was going through a merger with another company and as such there were all sorts of new customers calling in daily requesting resumes and applications they didn't even have on file yet. It made for some very stressful days, to say the least.

She groaned once more, feeling the tiredness of the day soak deep into her bones. Taking another sip from her drink Gabby threw the fridge door closed and walked into her living room. She'd worry about the groceries later. Running a hand through her raven hair, Gabby settled onto her couch and cast a disinterested gaze at the telly remote. Tired as she was, she hadn't any interest in flipping through countless channels for something mind-numbing to watch.

'Well there's always other ways to relax...' She thought with a small smirk.

Walking to her room, she quickly stripped out of her work clothes, tossing them aside to the various piles that littered her floor. Gabby hummed and pulled open her nightstand drawer.

'Which to choose, which to choose...Aha!'

Smiling to herself, the tattooed woman reached down and selected a vibrant blue lifelike dildo. It was the newest addition to her collection, made from a kit she had ordered for Harry over the summer. It was a perfect replica of her lover's cock- thick, veiny, and oh-so-big. Fuck, her pussy was practically shivering in anticipation.

Settling onto the bed, Gabby took the thick toy into her mouth, moaning as she sucked on the phallic replica. It popped from her mouth glistening with a thick layer of saliva. Slowly, she lowered it down to her awaiting cunt, biting her lip with anticipation the entire way. Gabby sucked in a breath as the head eased into her cunt. The feeling of being stretched by Harry's cock returned to her all at once and it was *oh-so-delectable*. She gasped as inch after inch of her toy sank inside her needy pussy. She could practically feel the weight of Harry's body above her- shifting, thrusting, *pounding* into her. God, she was already coming undone just imagining it!

Gabby moaned throatily as she increased her pace, pushing the blue dildo in and out of her pussy faster and faster and *harder*. Harry was gripping her thighs now, exactly the way she liked

it as he pounded her savagely. His silhouetted frame bore down onto her, cloaked in shadow, all except for his eyes. Fuck his eyes, those brilliant emerald green orbs peered down at her with a fire that burned hot and hungry. Hungry for *her*.

Just as she reached that glorious peak, the edge that she sought so desperately with Harry's name on her lips, a memory slammed into the forefront of her mind unbidden. A memory of those same fiery green eyes swirling with something else. A power she couldn't even properly fathom. A power that appeared right before her lover disappeared with a loud crack as if he'd never been there in the first place.

"Oh fuck!" Gabby spasmed against her mattress, her climax running rampant through her body while conflicting emotions ran rampant inside her mind. As her orgasm finally ebbed away, Gabby sat up and sucked in a much-needed breath.

What had she seen that day? Had she seen anything at all? No- she definitely saw something. She watched as her lover disappeared in the blink of an eye. As he twisted on his feet and bloody...teleported away! What the fuck was that?!

She hadn't mentioned it in her letter to him. She wasn't even sure if he had gotten her letter!

Was he even at a boarding school right now?! Ugh! So many bloody questions none of which she knew the answers to. One thing was for sure, Harry was hiding something. Pieces from their time over the summer clicked together after that day. The way he'd been so secretive about his school, or the way he'd call to say he was coming over only to suddenly appear on her doorstep just minutes later. Memories of times when she'd sworn something had flown to his hand from across the room, or when he'd light a cigarette without a lighter in sight. God just what was he?!

She was confused and scared, but more importantly, she was hurt. Like she had written in her letter, she cared for Harry. Really, she did. He was- well he was fucking amazing! The best guy she's met in years and fucking incredible in bed to boot! But the fact that he was hiding something from her, something *this* big? Well, she wasn't an insecure girl, but that made her feel like she wasn't as important to him as he was to her.

Gabby sighed and tossed her toy back in the nightstand. Standing, she made her way to her shower. One way or another she was going to get an answer eventually. She only hoped she'd like the answer.

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Author's Note

Gabby's a little troubled it seems... Seems like Harry may need to put some fears to rest soon. Hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Next chapter: A little more fun with our favorite chaser and perhaps the introduction with someone new...?

Thanks for reading!