

A Captain's Duty by Elias Perrson

With a heavy thud, Harry threw himself down on his bed, exhausted. He just came back from a rough detention with Umbridge, where she forced him to write lines until his hand was almost numb. Hermione's extract helped a lot with the pain, but Harry was still seething with anger. The hatred he felt for this woman was not healthy and Harry could feel how the constant anger was weighing on him, he had enough on his plate with Voldemort. He did not need another party stressing him out more.

Something had to change, that was clear. So as Harry drifted off to sleep, he plotted how to get rid of the toad.

X

Harry woke up with a new sense of purpose, having decided upon a plan, what Umbridge was doing could not be legal, but Harry needed concrete evidence and someone he could trust with it. The evidence was not a problem, with the scars and Umbridge having possession of a blood quill surely enough, but that still left the problem of who Harry could trust with the evidence. It must be someone with enough power to act outside of Fudge's jurisdiction, Harry understood enough about politics to understand that if Fudge got word of this, he would just shut it down or warn Umbridge. No Harry needed someone from a department that stood relatively outside of Fudge's control. Ideally someone from either the Aurors or the Dmle, Harry thought about Kingsley, but he didn't want to drag him into this for a couple of reasons.

Firstly, he was not even supposed to know him, people would get suspicious of why Harry Potter would contact someone he on paper should have no relation to. There was also the whole order thing, which Harry did not want to jeopardize. No, it couldn't be Kingsley, Harry felt like there was an obvious name just escaping him, but he decided to go get something to eat before it was too late. Ron and Hermione had already left for breakfast on Harry's request, so for once he walked down to the great hall on his own, still deep in thought Harry did not check his surroundings when coming around a corner, leading him to collide with a fellow fifth year, knocking them both over in the process.

"Oh shit, sorry I wasn't looking where I was going" Harry apologized, helping Susan Bones up from the floor. Susan Bones was of course a Hufflepuff, which meant that Harry hadn't talked much with her over the years, but she had also never been openly rude to him as the rest of the students tended to be, so in Harry's eyes Susan had always seemed alright.

As Harry helped her up, he realized just which person he had been thinking about before, the one he couldn't quite place, but now as Susan waved away his apology, he clocked who he had been thinking about. Amelia Bones, the strict lady at his hearing, who he later got told was also the head of the Dmle, was Susan Bones's aunt. Harry could vaguely remember hearing that Susan lived with her since her parents died in the last war.

Harry realized that this was the perfect person for his mission, the head of the Dmle could make arrests on her own, which meant that they could keep Fudge out of the loop until it was too late for him to intersect.

"Susan, your aunt is the head of the Dmle right?" Harry asked, deciding not to wait, but instead ask right up.

“Yes?” Susan answered with a suspicious look, probably expecting some kind of favor, but Harry had a different approach in mind.

“What does she think of Umbridge being here and how she is conducting her teaching, I can’t imagine that she is thrilled with how little you are learning,” Harry said, he could have just asked Susan if she had any way of contacting Amelia outside of owls, but he wanted to get Susan on his side, who knew if Amelia would be willing to help him, but the support of her niece would not hurt. Susan notably perked up as Harry did not ask for any favors, she leaned closer and said, “Not here, follow me.”

Susan steered them toward an unused classroom, stepping inside. Susan locked the door and cast a spell that Harry couldn’t identify, before he could even ask, Susan answered his unasked question, “It’s a privacy spell, I can’t be heard speaking badly about Umbridge, especially not to you.” Susan said with an apologetic face. Harry just waved his hand, he understood exactly.

Seeing that Harry didn’t take her statement to heart Susan continued, “Aunt has been in a feud with that vile woman for years, aunt thinks that she has bought Fudge and that’s why she is allowed to do pretty much anything.” Susan said with an angry look, it was easy to see that Susan shared her aunt’s views, this would perhaps be easier than Harry initially thought.

“Yeah, and she is hindering the progress of all students here, in our OWL year, none the less” Harry answered back, Harry considered bringing up the threat of Voldemort, but he didn’t know where Amelia stood on the whole Voldemort being back thing, she might be with the ministry, believing that Harry was lying on Voldemort being back. Regardless, it wasn’t worth the risk, it was better to mention the education part of the problem, which Harry knew Susan cared a lot about.

That turned out to be the right decision, because as Harry finished his statement, Susan exploded in frustration, ranting about how Umbridge was going to destroy her opportunity of a career in the ministry and how she was going to disappoint her aunt. Harry took a step back from Susan, afraid that she was going to curse him by accident because of how angry she was.

Susan collected herself, Harry could see a pink tint on her cheeks, she was probably embarrassed by her outburst. “I agree, we have to get rid of her,” said Harry, going straight to the point. He could see Susan start to say something, but he talked over her, now was the time to reveal his plan. “I have evidence of Umbridge using a blood quill on students, we just need your aunt to agree on doing a raid on Umbridge's office where they will find a blood quill.”

Susan, having not been expecting this asked the first thing that came to her mind, “What student is it,” to which Harry answered by showing her his knuckles, where you could read “I must not tell lies.”

Susan gasped as she saw the scars, she gently dragged her finger over the scars. She looked up and met Harry’s gaze, there was something there that made her not comment on the scars, it was obvious that Harry didn’t want pity, he wanted justice and that’s why he had come to her, because she had the contacts to make it possible.

Susan didn’t even need to think about it, she wanted Umbridge gone as much as any other and she knew her aunt would be ecstatic if Umbridge could be linked to anything like this. “OK, I will contact my aunt and tell her about this, but you will most likely have to testify again, make sure you prepare, Fudge will try to undermine you, but don’t take the bait, if aunt finds then blood quill the law will be on your side.” With that statement Susan strolled out,

leaving a reflective Harry behind, he had got what he wanted, but he had not considered the possibility that he would have to testify in court.

After his most recent time at the ministry, Harry wasn't that keen on returning this soon, but at the same time, a trip to the ministry was a small price to pay if it meant that Umbridge got fired. With that in mind, Harry left the classroom to get some food. He needed to talk with Hermione about what he should say in court, this time he wasn't going to hedge all his chances on Dumbledore showing up and saving him.

X

Fortunately, it turned out that Harry didn't need to prepare for anything, because later during dinner a wild commotion could be heard outside in the halls, all students looked around to find Umbridge, but she was nowhere to be seen, which wasn't that uncommon. Umbridge ate in her quarters from time to time, but when there was conflict and someone to punish, Umbridge's absence was notable. But it was quickly explained because when the doors to the great hall flew open, it was none other than Umbridge who strolled in, with a wild look and her wand in her hand. Harry could almost feel her gaze searching for him and as she found him at the table Harry started to stand up to defend himself against the attack, he could sense was coming, but he didn't need to. Umbridge halfway to the Gryffindor table got tied up from behind by a sprinting Kingsley, who in turn was followed by Amelia Bones and another man that Harry couldn't identify.

Never in his wildest dreams would Harry have imagined that Susan's aunt would act this quickly, she must really have wanted Umbridge gone, but Harry wasn't about to complain. There was a stunned silence in the room as Amelia approached Dumbledore, who had not even lifted a finger during the whole confrontation. The student waited in silence as Amelia whispered something to Dumbledore, before walking back to Umbridge and then to two Aurors, she attached something to the group and before Harry could even speculate what it was, they were gone.

"What as that," Ron whispered, to which Harry answered with a shoulder shrug, it looked like a portkey, but he thought those were unusable inside of Hogwarts. Harry could see that Hermione was preparing to give some complicated answer, but she quieted down as the trio saw that Dumbledore had stood up.

"It appears as if Dolores Umbridge is being arrested for possessing and using illegal objects. We will get back to you when we have more information, but for now, I can only say that we are going to need a new defense against the dark arts teacher." Dumbledore said, Harry could see Dumbledore's eyes twinkle in his direction as he said that last sentence.

A stunned silence broke out for a second before the clapping started, it was impossible to say who started it but before long, the whole hall was filled with cries of joy, even the Slytherin table could be seen celebrating Umbridge being gone. She had somehow managed to make the whole school her enemy in just 2 months. Harry could even see members of the faculty celebrating in their way, much more subtle, but still noticeable to a keen eye.

Harry got dragged out of his thoughts by Angelina suddenly plopping down beside him. "Did you hear that Harry, that means that you, Fred, and George will be able to play again," the excited brunette said, Harry almost had to laugh at her priorities, he had not even considered that as a possibility, but that was the last thing he wanted to think about right now, right now he wanted to bask in the feeling of victory. Umbridge was gone and suddenly everything did not look as bad anymore.

It was incredible how one change in the faculty could make such a radical difference, that was what Angelina Johnson was thinking for herself as she put the finishing touches on her charms essay. The days since Umbridge got arrested had been days of celebration for the castle and its students. Dumbledore was yet to find a new defense against the dark arts teacher, which meant that he was stepping in himself, all around the castle the students were talking about what Dumbledore had taught them. All was well, except for the question about the quidditch team. Angelina had been right, the morning after Umbridge was removed Dumbledore announced that any suspension or rules put in place by Umbridge would be void, making Harry eligible to play quidditch again.

Angelina had been giggly with excitement at the prospect of getting her first team back but getting them, all back turned out to be much harder than anticipated. Fred and George had been on without a second thought, with both wanting a worthy last season, but Harry declined initially. He couldn't explain it to a seething Angelina, but he didn't even know why himself. He just wasn't as keen on playing anymore, the love he once felt was still there, but not as strong anymore. Coupled with all else that was still going on in his life, he decided that he wouldn't play, but to say that Angelina didn't accept his no was almost an understatement.

In the following three days, Angelina tried everything possible to change Harry's mind, everything from threats to bribes, but nothing seemed to work. Harry was nothing if not stubborn and he just plain ignored her, in his mind, he didn't owe her anything. Angelina was now gearing up for a last stand, a last try to convince Harry before she cut her losses. She, Katie, and Alicia had the night before called for a panic meeting to discuss what to do with Harry. It had gone on for a while but eventually, Katie and Alicia had just straight up told Angelina that she was the captain, she was going to have to figure this out on her own. Alicia had in the dying moments of their meeting proposed very jokingly that Angelina should seduce Harry into playing.

Angelina had laughed at the statement, taking it as the joke it was meant to be, but the more she thought about it, the more she realized that maybe Alicia was into something. Harry multiple times told her that they had nothing to offer him that would change his mind and Angelina agreed, until now. Seducing Harry could be the only thing she could offer up, that he didn't already have access to. Angelina had no idea what kind of sexual experience Harry had, but what she did know was that if he had any, they were with less good-looking girls than her. Angelina was not dumb; she knew that she had the most sought-after body at Hogwarts.

It didn't take a genius to understand what the males were lusting after and Angelina with her athletic but still voluptuous body was a wet dream to many. Angelina was confident that she had any of Harry's previous partners beat in both the breast and ass department. She was also more experienced, she was no slag, but she had been around a bit, and with Harry being years younger than her, she would surely be able to rock his world.

The more she thought of the idea the more she warmed to it, she wanted this trophy and although it pained her to say, there was no doubt that Harry was their best player and they needed him. Sleeping with him was a worthy sacrifice. Had it been someone like Malfoy, Angelina would have never gone for it, but Harry was easy on the eye, and she trusted him to not go around bragging. Having come to that decision she packed her things up and left the library, making her way to the Gryffindor tower, she thought about going searching for Harry straight away, but decided against it. She was confident in her ability to seduce him, but some extra makeup and some more revealing clothes would certainly not hurt. ‘

X

Harry, having just finished his last essay for the week, looked irate as Angelina approached, he was quickly losing patience with Angelina, and just as he prepared to send away, he stopped in his tracks. There was something different about her this time, she was moving with more of a purpose than before, the last 2 times she had approached him she had been looking almost dejected, but this time she looked confident. There was also something off with what she was wearing, the tight-fitting blouse would be quite normal on a weekend, but it was Thursday, and there was no way she had been wearing that to class.

Suddenly interested, Harry decided to hear her out. Angelina sat down beside Harry and nodded at him in acknowledgment, there was no point in small talk, they both knew what Angelina was trying to accomplish, but only Angelina knew how she planned to convince him. “Could you please come with me for a moment,” said Angelina with an unreadable face. Harry, having expected this, stood up and gestured to Angelina to go ahead. As they climbed out of the portrait, they passed Katie and Alicia. The girls share a look, before Angelina grabs Harry’s hand pulling away, behind them Harry can hear both Alicia and Katie giggling madly. Harry threw Angelina a questioning look, but Angelina just shook her head in response.

The pair walked for a while before they reached a corridor of abandoned classrooms, Harry recognized this area from all the training sessions last year, but he could not understand what they were doing there. His interest was now at an all-time high, none of Angelina’s previous attempts had ever been this subtle, or so he thought initially. Angelina pulled Harry inside one of the classrooms and suddenly Harry couldn’t say that Angelina was being subtle anymore. Because as the door shut behind them Angelina unbuttoned her blouse and exposed her chest, where a bra was notably missing. Angelina did not attempt to cover herself instead she pushed her chest forward, further enhancing her tits. Not that they needed it, Harry had known before that Angelina’s tits were one of the most talked about sets of tits at the school, but words really couldn’t make them justice.

Harry couldn’t do anything but stare at the perfection that was her tits, they were big but not big enough to sag, instead, they stood firm on her chest. Her nipples were a lighter pink, making them contrast beautifully to her darker skin. As Angelina finally spoke, Harry had to physically drag his eyes away from her breast, so that he could concentrate on what she was saying.

“Alright Harry here is the deal, you agree to return immediately to the quidditch team, and you get to do whatever you want to me right now, within reason,” said Angelina, adding that last part seemingly as an afterthought. She doubted that Harry could come up with anything extreme enough, but it didn’t hurt to restrict him some. “Wait, let me get this straight, you are willing to sleep with me, just to get me back on the quidditch team?” said Harry with a shocked tone.

In his eyes, this made no sense, but he was only a male and Angelina's tits were begging for a grope. If this was what Angelina was offering there was no doubt that Harry would agree, he wasn't even that opposed to playing quidditch, especially if this would become a repeated thing.

"Yes, but only this time, don't think this will be a recurring thing" Angelina replied, as if she read his mind. Harry nodded in acknowledgment, it wasn't every day you get the opportunity to sleep with the hottest girl in the school and Harry wasn't going to let that go to waste.

"I agree," said Harry, accepting Angelina's terms, Angelina threw him a blinding smile. "Welcome back then, now how do you want me?" Angelina replied, expecting Harry to get straight to fucking, but Harry had other plans. Harry was no sexual expert, but he knew enough that he didn't make the mistake of moving fast. Even though Angelina said no repeats, Harry still wanted her to enjoy the encounter, and who knows maybe she would change her mind.

Harry stalked over to Angelina, closing the gap between them. He gently tilted Angelina's head up and leaned in for a kiss, initially, Angelina was unresponsive, but it didn't take her long to respond with vigor, kissing Harry back aggressively, their tongues dueling for dominance. Angelina grabbed at Harry's cheeks, forcing them closer together, Harry, unsure what to do with his hands, just let them rest at her sides. Harry was normally quite confident in everything he did, but this time he was on uncharted water, all his previous sexual experiences had been with people with roughly the same experience as him, but here with an older girl, who probably had a lot more experience than him, Harry was feeling out of his depth.

Perhaps sensing his uncertainty, Angelina grabbed one of his hands and forced it down to her ass, Harry took that as his cue and grabbed at her ass, forcing them even closer together. Harry could feel Angelina's tits pressed against his chest with her nipples almost cutting through his t-shirt. Angelina's ass was toned from all the training but still soft somehow and Harry once again realized that he was living half of the Hogwarts population's dream.

Angelina eventually grew tired of the kissing, Harry was quite a good kisser, but it was evident that he would not progress the encounter, she needed to take the initiative. Pushing Harry back a bit, she reached in between their entangled bodies and unbuttoned his shirt, exposing his toned upper body, Angelina's mouth watered as she laid eyes on Harry's abs, she had always had a thing for muscles and Harry's upper body was doing it for her. Harry let out a surprised grunt as Angelina licked his pecs, tracing the muscle definition with her tongue. Harry hardened instantly as Angelina continued down, kissing each ab, before reaching trousers, which you could now see tenting in an obvious indication of Harry's arousal.

Angelina felt a pulse in her nether regions as she unbuckled Harry's belt, Angelina was a bit of a size queen and the size of the tent in Harry's trousers was very promising. Once his belt was unbuckled Angelina wasted no time, pushing his trousers and underwear down in the same motion, exposing Harry's cock to the cold air. However, Angelina had underestimated Harry's length which meant that when his cock sprung out from its confines, it hit Angelina square in the face with a smack.

But Angelina didn't seem to mind, instead, she just stared at the monster resting on her face, she had caught glimpses of Harry in the changing room the year before, but it seemed like he went through a growing spurt. Harry let out a

moan as Angelina gently grabbed his dick, further investigating it, she finally seemed to conclude as she said “Mm, I can work with this.”

A feeling of excitement flowed through Harry at the praise, and it only got bigger as Angelina gave his whole dick a lick, from the top down to his neatly trimmed pubes. “Mm tastes alright as well and trimmed. Who knows if you keep this up you may even earn yourself a repeat” Angelina said with a breathless voice. She was already imagining how this monster would feel inside of her, but let’s not get too ahead of ourselves. Angelina knew that Harry would need plenty of lubrication when fucking her, and a sloppy blowjob was certainly one way of doing it.

“ohh,” Harry moaned as Angelina took his tip in her mouth, Harry had gotten one blowjob before, but it only took one second before he could feel the difference in skill. Where the previous girl had struggled with his size, Angelina just swallowed half of his length in mere seconds. She bobbed her head up and down, lavishing his shaft with, while making sure to swirl her tongue on the tip as much as possible. It didn’t take long for Harry to lose control, he didn’t want to come quick, but Angelina’s blowjob just felt too good and when he warned her that he was close, she just took more of his dick down her throat.

The tight feeling of Angelina’s throat was too much for Harry and he let himself go with a grunt. Rope after rope of semen splashed into Angelina’s mouth, but she dutifully swallowed. Swallowing wasn’t normally her favorite, but she felt like Harry deserved something extra for supplying such a nice cock for her. She also needed to take the edge of him, so that he would last a bit longer when the main course arrived. Once Harry had deposited all his cum in her mouth, Angelina let Harry’s cock escape her mouth, expecting it to soften, but to her surprise, it stayed as hard as ever.

“Damn a big cock and stamina, your future girlfriend is going to be very happy,” said Angelina with a grin, “But now it’s my time to be happy.” As she finished her sentence she stood back up and shimmed out of her shorts, exposing that the bra hadn’t been the only thing missing in her outfit. Now totally naked she grabbed her wand, transformed a nearby desk into a bed, and laid down. It would have been sexy to do it on a desk, but this was much nicer on her back, and it would allow them more flexibility.

Angelina crawled up to the headboard, before laying down on her back, spreading her legs in a clear invitation for Harry to join her. Harry could only bless his luck as he approached the goddess in front of him, her pink pussy stood in stark contrast with the rest of her body, and it was calling for his attention. Harry carefully dropped down a few feet away from where Angelina had expected him, but Harry once again surprised her as he carefully bent down between her legs and gave her slit a lick. Arousal exploded through Angelina’s body as she was not only treated to the sexy visual of Harry Potter licking her out but also to Harry’s surprisingly talented tongue.

Harry having no prior experience relied upon what he had heard the other guys talking about, he swirled his tongue in random patterns, it was a bit of an odd taste, but Harry found himself enjoying going down on Angelina, much helped by her sexy moans. “Ohh, a bit higher, yees right there,” Angelina said, with her voice increasing in pitch as Harry found her sensitive spots. Angelina seemed to be very sensitive just above her opening, so when Harry dove in again, he made sure to also massage that spot with his thumb.

Angelina could not believe that Harry was turning out to be such a good partner, she doubted that he had a lot of experience, which was made clear by his early hesitancy. It must be a natural talent, she concluded as she was swept away by yet another flood of arousal, at this pace she would be reaching her climax in no time. Normally Angelina would have no problem with her partner taking care of her first, but this situation was different, she was supposed to

be the sex god, and she was the one that was supposed to rock Harry's world, not the other way around. Reluctantly Angelina pushed Harry's head away, it wasn't an easy decision, but she couldn't let Harry show her up like this. "I need you in me right now," Angelina could barely recognize her voice, she sounded like a completely different person, someone who was so desperate for cock that she couldn't speak properly.

Well, that wasn't too far from reality, but she was not the only one who was excited, once Harry straightened himself, Angelina could see his monster cock ready to go. It was looking bigger than ever and as Harry approached her on his knees Angelina doubted for a moment that it would even fit, but her arousal shut those thoughts down and she told Harry to get on with it.

Harry carefully placed his crown at her entrance and gently inserted his tip, making sure not to go too fast. He continued to move very slowly as Angelina panted from the feeling of fullness overtaking her. She had been with a couple of well-endowed guys before, but nothing compared to this. It felt as if Harry was pushing her organs out of the way as he continued to make steady progress until he eventually bottomed out. They both lay still for some seconds, catching their breaths, before Harry started moving. At the start he was very gentle with her, thrusting down with slow and careful movements. It was probably for her best, but Angelina didn't appreciate Harry treating her like a doll.

"Come on Harry, fuck me like you mean it," she said, trying to provoke Harry into action, which turned out to be much more effective. Harry realized that Angelina could take it and started to move with more powerful movements, he was only withdrawing about half of his cock before thrusting, but now he was going back and making sure to bottom out every single thrust. The bed squeaked from the tempo, but it could barely be heard over Angelina's cries. "OHH Yeeees don't stop," she half moaned half shouted out.

Harry of course had no intention of stopping, but hearing her reaction made him turn it another notch, throwing himself back and forward, his thighs smacking Angelina with a loud "thump" for each thrust. Angelina's tits were bouncing wildly as Harry went to town on her. Angelina could do nothing but hang on, a small part of her wanted to be in more control of the situation, but the feeling of Harry's cock filling her up could not be challenged.

Harry grunted from the excursion as he tried to keep tempo, he desperately wanted to prolong this, but Angelina's pussy just felt too good, and he could feel how his stamina was running out. "I'm going to cum," he managed to grunt out to Angelina, giving her the option of telling him where to finish. "Cum in me, I am on the pill," Angelina answered back. Angelina's whole body was tingling as she waited for Harry's release, she had been on edge for some time now, but she couldn't get there. But as Harry let himself go inside of her, that turned out to be enough to trigger her climax. "CUMMING" she shouted as Harry released rope after rope of cum in her welcoming pussy.

When Harry's tank was empty, he had tried to remove his half-hard dick from Angelina, but her still spasming pussy had him in an iron grip. He eventually managed to draw himself back, which allowed a torrent of cum to escape, but Harry couldn't care less. He crawled up beside Angelina and laid down on the duvets, completely spent. "Was that enough to earn me a repeat" Harry joked, but he got no answer. Harry looked over at Angelina and to his amusement, Angelina was fast asleep, completely naked and with his cum still leaking out of her.

Harry decided to follow her lead, a nap certainly sounded like a great idea. “ This really was a great deal,” Harry thought as he let sleep take him away.