

“Welcome Alvin. I honestly didn’t expect you to come,” Rita Skeeter said as the young and talented wizard entered the chambers the blonde witch was inhabiting during her stay at Hogwarts.

Alvin’s steely gaze examined the woman. She wore a bright pink outfit that hugged her form. It had a very lowcut neckline, further giving him the impression that it was another ensemble that Professor McGonagall didn’t care to see wondering the halls of Hogwarts. “You sent me a note to invite me, Ms. Skeeter,”

“Rita please. I know you don’t mind me calling you, Alvin after all,” Her rose-painted lips declared. Crafty and cunning aqua-colored eyes blinked rapidly at him behind wide and angular spectacles. Not for the first time, Alvin wondered which house Rita had been sorted into when she came to Hogwarts as a student.

Rita barely gave him a moment’s pause to try to undermine whatever her plans were for the evening. She placed a hand on his shoulder and guided him to a nice and comfortable chair. “And of course, I invited you, but that was no guarantee that you would show. I’ve felt that you don’t care for me much, Alvin,”

She poured him a glass of tea and then took one herself while she sat her butt down on the edge of the desk in front of Alvin. “I’m hoping we can change that. I truly want us to be friends. Every hero eventually needs a storyteller to help build his legend after all,”

Alvin nearly scoffed at that. After learning from Dumbledore that Rita loved bending the rules if it was to her benefit, he honestly had little interest in being in Rita’s presence. Sitting there and hearing her try to con and manipulate him into thinking that she wanted to be friends, to help better his future prospects, well, that was quite laughable.

‘The sooner I’m out of this hag’s den, the better,’ Knowing that she had a very perceptive gaze, Alvin quickly tried to change the subject to keep Rita on her toes as well. He cleared his throat and touched the arm rests of the lounge chair while leaning back.

“I’ve heard that you’re coming to a decision soon about who will win competition,”

Rita’s chin dipped slightly. Her lips curled up on one side, forming an amused smile.

“I thought you would be done by now. Only I have excelled at all the little tests that you’ve thrown at my class,”

Rita put her cup of tea down and then leaned forward, presenting more than just a little look down her top. Alvin urged himself to look away from her cleavage. He could see her pathetic attempt at seducing him an entire Quidditch field away.

“Certainly, from a certain point of view, you would be the chosen winner,” The blonde vixen with a poisonous tongue reached her hand forward and stroked Alvin’s knee through his robes. “But, come now, Alvin. Your time here in this place, those terrible cursed vaults and Dumbledore getting between you and your brother, just as he’s hindered me...”

A single finger tapped and then rubbed his body. Then, slowly, like a cat stretching under rays of afternoon sunlight, her hand pulled back and moved up to press her glasses back towards her face. “We both know that things aren’t as simple as who won or who is right...”

“So, if not me then...” The gears quickly clicked in his mind. He came to the answer, but not before finding himself smacked in the face with a maliciously knowing expression on the woman’s face, sitting across from him.

“Merula...”

“You are clever. The young Snyder seemed particularly aggressive to try to hold a candle to you, Alvin. If things were different, she’d come second to you. But... come now, Alvin,”

Rita gave him a smirk and a look that clearly suggested just how thrilled with her cleverness she was. Leaning back, she spread her hands out towards the ceiling.

“The student with a chip on her shoulder... one figurately chained to her parents rotting in Azkaban? Think about it, the poor girl, never given a proper chance by the Wizarding World, by Dumbledore. People will adore the story... or at the very least... Eat. It. Up...”

It was so diabolically simple that the student from Ravenclaw felt frustrated for not seeing it sooner. “I should have known. Selling stories is more important than selling the truth in your world,” He made a note to remember her unscrupulous tactics. Then, the spark of another idea came to his mind.

“Very smart Rita. Shame you’re not dreaming bigger,” He coolly suggested and got out of his chair.

Rita’s blue eyes did their best to seem disinterested, even as her body leaned in a bit closer towards him. “I am listening,”

Alvin shrugged in front of her. “Well... Rowan and Merula both completed the same number of tasks. Merula naturally takes the lead as far as her technique in spellcasting. But no one in class could come close to Rowan’s acumen with knowledge. Any good witch or wizard needs both,”

Rita Skeeter took to the idea like a moth to the flame. He could see it in her eyes, the immediate scandal it would cause. The reporter had lost her shot at taking down Dumbledore, but she knew what Alvin had already deduced. The tie would cause controversy, with wizards discussing which young witch deserved the gold. Some would be mad at Skeeter; far more would blame the Headmaster.

“We could make a little arrangement. But I’m not sure what’s in it for me,”

“You know how good I am. And you know that I will find the next cursed vault, whether Dumbledore helps me or not,” His words about Dumbledore, whether true or false, instantly had an effect on the blonde. She chewed on her quill and Alvin noticed her bust starting to swell with rapid breaths.

‘This arrogant tart really has it in for the Headmaster,’ Alvin thought while he moved. This time, he inched closer towards her, rather than pull away.

“Once I unlock the next vault, I’ll send you a letter immediately. You’ll be the first one to tell the full story. And of course, we can do a little... in-depth piece, right now...” He smiled widely at her.

“My gift to you,”

Naturally, she did her best to feign disinterest, but Rita’s body had already begun to betray her. He could hear it in her rushed breathing, the curiosity, the eagerness to make him rue his words. She stood up from the desk, and their bodies and lips nearly touched one another.

“Oh Alvin. I have met wizards from all across the world. Do you really think you can impress me?”

“I know I can. The question is... do you think you can manage?” The challenge enflamed something within Rita. The boy had grit... courage even, perhaps a fool’s courage, but he did stand out from the brainier and more arrogant Ravenclaw squawkers. Sure, he was arrogant, but it fluttered off him so effortlessly that the woman found herself craving to see if his words could match his skills.

“Let’s not waste any time then...” Rita slowly slid her arms around his neck, wished that she had set her Quick-Notes Quill to action to record the proceedings, and then kissed Alvin. The shrewd and unscrupulous journalist looked forward to turning Alvin into her little pet.

‘Perhaps further, I could use someone on the inside with no love for Dumbledore,’ Rita thought as her lips pressed firm against Alvin’s.

The young wizard pressed back, but not just with his lips. His left hand began teasing Rita’s breasts through her clothing. Then he produced his wand and used a spell to strip off every last piece of clothing and fold it neatly off to the side. Rita feigned embarrassment as she found herself in nothing but her painted nails. When Alvin turned his wand on himself, she felt dew rising from her cunny. Alvin’s cock filled her glasses, and her body began hungering to feel it fill her naughty hole.

Alvin’s own libido was quite intense as well. To be put through so many tests, only to find out his brilliance and cunning were to be overlooked, well, it would have made any less feel a bit petty. Still, he had won, and he believed he should be noble in victory. As he kissed Rita, drank in her scent and felt her nipples stiffening however, he decided that the bitch deserved a lesson.

‘She wanted to be impressed...’ thought Alvin before he spun Rita around. His lips bit down on her shoulder while his cock wedged against her ass. One hand reached around her cream-colored skin while his other reached down and attacked her dripping slit from the front.

“This is the kind of story you really like... isn’t it? A blonde tart gets what she deserves...” Alvin growled out. He squeezed Rita’s left breast, mashing it against her other tit and then he grabbed her golden locks and pulled hard. She let out a squeal of a moan and then worked to spread her legs open. The pain coursing through her body as Alvin held her hair was simply magnifying some of her deeply-rooted urges.

His cock tapped her pussy and Alvin smiled at the wanton woman. Her pussy felt so wet, wetter even than some of the girl’s he’d become acquainted with earlier. “This is what you crave isn’t it. Someone treating you like the terrible woman you really are,”

Rita said nothing, but she did moan out when he tapped his thick member up against her folds once again. When he shoved his meat inside of her, the reporter let out a boisterous howl of pleasure. Alvin grinned but ended up letting out a gruff sigh. Rita’s pussy was a lot tighter than he had imagined. Instead of taking things nice and slow to get them both used to the pressure, he just picked up his pace, letting her natural lubrication ease up the strain in his length while he ravaged the blonde’s quivering and tight tunnel, again and again.

“Oh fuck. Yes Alvin... show me how strong you are. Such a big boy... taking advantage of a poor, sweet older woman like me,” Rita barked back at him. Alvin didn’t like how easily she knew how to push his buttons, and it ended up giving him an idea. Pulling back, his cock finally managed to slide out of Rita’s

pinching cunny. Alvin released his grip on her blonde locks, and then gently stroked and rubbed down her neck. The action had her nearly purring, and she lost track of where his cock was. That is... up to the point when Alvin slammed his tip into her ass.

Rita's green eyes blinked violently, then crossed. She grit her teeth, trying in vain to not have her body display her weakness. It was no use. Alvin's hands rubbed all over her shuddering asscheeks before migrating up to her shoulders. The Ravenclaw changed the direction of his fingers Rita whimpered out. His fingernails scratched all over her gooseflesh, which in turn made her pussy gasp and leak out even more. During the whole process, Alvin continued sliding his tip in and out of her asshole. With her weakness exposed, Rita's caution flew out the window like a buzzing bee escaping a classroom. Her fingers raced down along her body and began teasing her clit. Doing this helped ease the tension in her rectum a little bit more. With this, Rita treated herself to even more pleasure while the man she'd been interviewing ramped up the speed of his punishing penetrations.

"Oh-wuwaah... Yes... Mrrawahh... come on Alvin... you can't believe you'll... make me cum again... without a bit more effort?"

"Hmmm... Cum again? Maybe I just wanted to make sure you didn't totally embarrass yourself, Rita..." Alvin growled back. He pulled her hair again. The sharp tug made Rita's lips shiver and her tongue wagged freely while her eyes threatened to lose the fleeting shreds of her composure.

"Mmmmm... mrrnnnn... so big... Oh-uha-huaaha! Morgana's Tits! Keep going... Alvin... yes... Punish my naughty, shameless assuaauhuaah!"

Her eyes rolled up in her head. Rita's ever chattering tongue hung limply, coating her chin in her spittle. She continued panting like a bitch, but neither were ready to succumb just yet. Rita couldn't imagine feeling the embarrassment of the young buck twice dominating her and making her cum, and Alvin of course wanted to make sure she knew exactly where all her quick words and wits meant to her.

'Plup, plupah, plrupah' The noise of Alvin's hips slamming against her as were nothing compared to Rita's riotous moans. Her blonde hair danced while her tits continue swaying with each thrust. The heat began exploding out from her body once again. She moaned out, stretching her fingers out while it felt like her whole asshole was blazing with warmth. 'This is insane. His big cock is going to ruin my asshole for any other cock!'

With that thought, she started moaning out again. Alvin released his grip on her hair while hips continued slapping back, urging him to stick his cock inside of her tender meat. "That's ituaah... oh fuck!... Ohuaah-ahuah..." Rita's mind became little more than a dizzy mess of threads she couldn't even begin to grasp. Alvin hissed as her tunnels shuddered and then wrapped firmly around his cock like an unbreakable lock.

While she came on his long, thick wand once again, Alvin's balls jerked, and the first few shots of his load began burning through the squishy insides of the naughty reporter. Rita's green eyes saw blasts and sparks while she let out hoarse, guttural roars as the man she had underestimated continued fucking her silly.

Deciding to go even further, Alvin withdrew his thundering length from her hole. After taking a moment to enjoy the sight of the gasping, reddened flesh as it slowly leaked out his jizz, Alvin tightened his hold

on his manhood and ordered Rita to turn around and face him. Dizzy and still struggling to breathe through her last orgasm, all she felt was his strong hand grabbing her hair and pulling her off the desk. The blonde bitch who always believed she was the smartest one in the room, resembled little more than a cum-drunk whore after the wizard put her into place.

She moaned lazily, her head leaning left and right and then Alvin finally released his grip. His remaining jizz flew out from his tip, painting her mouth and glasses with his jizz. Alvin looked over her still shivering body, thoroughly enjoying just what a slut he'd turned her he found her weakness. Leaning down, Alvin gave her a little slap and then caressed her cheek.

"Don't forget about our deal, Rita..." The blonde blinked at him and then quickly nodded. She barely remembered what she'd agreed to, but she knew that she couldn't risk displeasing him. Not if she wanted her body to enjoy that big thick hammer in the future.

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"Now, the moment you've all been waiting for. The winner. Or should I say... winners," Alvin kept his pose nice and calm and his face as non-descript as possible as he watched Rita take a moment to enjoy the crowd's sudden confusion when she said the word 'winners'

"I'm *proud* to announce that we have a tie, between Merula Snyder and Rowan Khanna. Both of these young witches proved themselves, the best of their classes," Rita's sharp eyes landed on Merula and then Rowan.

"There is no doubt in my mind, that we shall see great things come from both of you in the future. And don't forget, I'll be interviewing both of you before I leave. The rest of you, make sure you congratulate both our upstanding young girls. And don't dismay, who knows, perhaps I will come back here next year, and we can do this all over again,"

Alvin did enjoy a few dark looks from his fellow students. Like him, it seemed that quite a few would be happy to never meet the blonde bitch ever again.

Merula realizes what's happening but kind of like 'Uh what? Well, still... between the two of us, I am the best?' and kind of accepts it, The young woman realized that Alvin probably had something to do with it.

Merula's gaze landed on Alvin soon enough. She couldn't even enjoy the victory because she could tell something was wrong. The girl who had painstakingly given each of Rita's challenges her all, still struggled at the idea that on some, strange metric, Rowan was her peer?

'That's impossible,'

Her gaze landed on Alvin, who gave her a seemingly innocent wink. But Merula knew it in her heart. 'He's responsible. His fingerprints are all over this!'

Merula bit her lip, looking very embarrassed. Then, she straightened out her robe and gave him a withering and then mischievous glance. Alvin knew that the next time he found himself alone with the girl with brown hair and an orange streak, she would be even more aggressive than usual.

It turned out however, that Merula wasn't the only one interested in talking to Alvin about the development. "Alvin, can you believe it? I *tied* with Merula! I'm so glad, but... I never expected to win, let alone for *this* to happen,"

"You deserve this and more, Rowan," Alvin said as she embraced him warmly. In truth, Alvin had wanted to help inspire Rowan further. She had grown in the years since they met, but sometimes, she could still be so skittish and shy, even when a situation involved something she was good at.

"It is a little strange that Rita ended up calling it a tie though," Rowan's intelligent eyes suddenly settled on Alvin, almost like they were trying to pierce beneath his skin.

Alvin was about to prepare a lie to keep his involvement a secret when Merula showed up. "Well... that was insulting..."

"Hello Merula," almost like a mouse hearing a cat, Rowan immediately slunk behind the cover of Alvin's shoulder. Merula looked mean most of the time. Right now, she looked positively brimming with anger.

"Still... I guess half an interview is better than no interview," Merula said spitefully, her eyes locked on Alvin as he folded his arms across his robes.

"If you have a complaint, I'm sure Rita would love to hear all about it. It was her decision after all,"

Merula didn't believe his words. More than ever, she knew that Alvin must have dipped his wand on the scale, which was quite amusing given he had literally dipped his wand in Rita to help 'sway' her mind.

As much as Merula wanted to have it out with him, she knew that one, it would be embarrassing, and that two, she was so tired from Rita's challenges, she knew that at some point, she was going to come to Alvin, eager for him to help her forget about this fresh disappointment. So, she swallowed her pride and gave Rowan a menacing look.

"Enjoy your... victory, Rowan. You get so few of them. But... know this, you and I will never *tie* for anything again,"

"Of course not, Merula,"

With that, the Slytherin still looked agitated, but a fleeting look of satisfaction did not go unnoticed to Alvin's sharp eyes. With a flip of her robes, the snarky witch made her departure. That just left Rowan being very confused by Merula's manner. She'd been hurtful, but not nearly as venomous as normal. She blinked slowly, and then gently touched Rowan and turned her lover to face him. Her mouth opened, slowly, as the thoughts collected.

"Wait, Alvin... did you and Merula?!"