

Walking through Diagon Alley, Lavender was careful, ever careful, in ensuring that her long blonde hair stayed draped over the left side of her face and down the side of her neck. She couldn't bear the revulsion, but even that was better than the sympathy when people saw the scars.

There were three raised lines, white and ugly, that marred her pale skin along her temple and all the way to her eyebrow. Then there were the bite marks on her neck. Big and disgusting, she still had a hard time looking at it in the mirror, and no amount of magic or makeup could hide it. At least not well enough for her to forget. The feel of hot breath, and the sound of ripping flesh still haunted her dreams.

*But at least I'm alive.* It was something she had to remind herself of every day. Especially on the days where she found herself wallowing in self-pity. There were dozens who didn't make it through the battle, who gave their lives in the fight against the Dark Lord. It felt shallow to concern herself with the state of her otherwise pretty face, but there was still that part of her that was a young woman who very much valued her appearance. *What are a few ugly scars from Fenrir Greyback, though?*

Heading into the Leaky, she looked around the pub and saw her best friend waiting in a corner booth. Making her way over, she sat down across from Parvati, "Lav! How have you been? Feel like I haven't seen you in months!"

*That's because you haven't... as much as you've tried.* "I've been... good, Parv. Just busy... getting ready to go back to Hogwarts and all. You know how it is." Lavender told her, not sure if it was really a lie or not. *Though, people who are doing good probably don't cry quite as much as I do.*

"Of course, I thought you and I might do a bit of shopping together. I still have a few things to get before we head back."

"Yeah, I'd like that." It would mean being out longer with more eyes than she would like, but she could see how eager Parvati was and didn't want to disappoint. There was a day not so long ago where she would have jumped at the opportunity. *Probably would've squealed embarrassingly loud, too.* But now, she just wanted nothing more than to go home and count down the days to the start of the new term.

She knew there would be issues going back to the castle, horrid memories to overcome, but it would also be simple. No more having to worry about getting her own meals, or going out in public or any of the other things that caused her no small amount of stress since the battle. *Going to the memorials was almost unbearable, but it had to be done. I wasn't going to miss honoring the people who died.*

There was a commotion in the pub then as everyone turned to the newest entrant. Some people whispered amongst themselves, clearly excited, while one young girl outright squeaked. The reason was simple, Harry Potter was in the Leaky Cauldron. If Harry was famous before, now he was the most notable wizard in all of Britain. She'd seen him from afar in the last few months, at the memorials and the award ceremonies and even the trials, but she hadn't said a word to him in that time.

All that increased fame hadn't changed him, though. He still looked uncomfortable with the attention as his eyes roved around the pub. That was when he saw them. Happy to see a familiar face, he headed their way, "Hey Lavender, Parvati, alright?"

Parvati smiled up at him, "Pretty good, Harry. And you?"

“Could be worse.” He replied and Lavender snorted at that because it was such a ridiculous understatement. Only a few months earlier, he was on the run from the Ministry and the sole focus of the most deadly Dark Wizard of the century. There was a heaviness to his bearing. He was clearly tired, and who could blame him. Given he was the man of the moment, he’d been getting run ragged.

Harry didn’t take any offense though, just chuckled, “Going back to Hogwarts?”

“We are,” Parvati responded for them. Before Lavender never batted an eye at being the most boisterous person in a room, but now she wanted as few eyes on her as possible, “How about you?”

“It took a while to decide, but, yeah.” He shrugged his shoulders, “I don’t want to go running into being an Auror right away, much as Kingsley would love it. Hogwarts gives me time to think away from... everything.”

“Surely you’ve had enough of Dark wizards and witches, at least for a little while.” Lavender surprised herself with that, but it needed to be said, “No one should blame you if you’ve decided you had your fill... permanently.”

The smile that brought to Harry’s face was so sincere, it surprised her, “Thank you... I’ve had a hard time getting some people to understand that.”

“We were going to do some shopping for school, you’re welcome to join us.” Parvati offered, ignoring the look that Lavender shot her. She had nothing against Harry, far from it, but she’d had her own reasons for avoiding men more than anything since the battle.

Unaware of her own feelings, he replied, “Sure, I’d appreciate the company.”

With that, the three of them left the pub together. They visited the Slug & Jiggers Apothecary first and grabbed the necessary potions ingredients for seventh year and then made their way over to Flourish and Blotts. As they were going in, they bumped into Kevin Entwhistle... quite hard. Some of Parvati’s purchases went tumbling to the ground and the young man immediately started helping her pick them up.

Lavender was well aware that her friend had fancied the Ravenclaw, at least at some point, so she wasn’t surprised when Parvati stuttered out an apology, “It’s fine, Parv. My fault anyway.” He told her smiling down at the smaller girl, eyes only for her as he completely ignored Harry and Lavender. *That must be different for Harry.*

“No... definitely mine.”

“Well, if you feel that way... I guess you wouldn’t want me to apologize with a trip over to Fortescue’s.” Kevin offered, clearly just as interested as she was, “He’s just reopened.” Kevin didn’t hand her purchases back right away, clearly eager for her to accept.

“Oh, that’d be great but...”

“She’d love to.” Lavender cut her off, knowing that she was about to refuse entirely for her sake. Parvati looked at her clearly guilty, but she just shoed her with her hand.

Parvati gave her a soft smile before looking back to Kevin, “I guess I’ll take you up on that offer.” She moved over and hugged Lavender, “I’ll see you later, yeah?”

Quiet enough that only Parvati could hear, she replied, "Definitely, now go have some fun. And don't worry about me, I'll be fine."

With that, the two of them headed off, leaving her alone with Harry. Before he had a chance to beg off himself, she decided to give him an out, "I'm good on my own, you know. If you have somewhere else, you'd rather be... I'm not going to stop you." Honestly, it would be better for her if he left, not only was he grabbing a great deal of attention that she'd rather not have on her. He was causing an entirely different problem too.

The quizzical look he threw her told her he wasn't going to take her up on that offer though, "Nope, you're lovely company... besides, not done with my shopping yet." With that he opened the door to the bookstore for her with a flourish.

Lavender couldn't help the small smile that came to her lips as she stepped by him, "Well, that's a big change."

"What?"

"You viewing me as lovely company." At his raised eyebrow she explained, "You weren't exactly my biggest fan about oh... two years ago... or ever for that matter." *Not that I can blame him for sixth year. I was a besotted idiot over a boy who quite clearly didn't properly fancy me.*

"Well, so long as you don't start calling me Har-Bear or something like that, we should be fine."

"Oh Har-Bear, I like that." She gave him a teasing smile.

He only groaned, and ran a hand through his hair, "Please don't."

"Please don't what, Har-Bear?" It felt like ages since the last time Lavender just joked like that. The last year had been terrifying as had the aftermath. There was something beautiful about just teasing a handsome boy again like the teenager she was.

Harry shook his head, but he couldn't stop the slight tick of his lip, "Don't get lippy with me Lav-Lav."

"Or what?" she asked with a little smirk of her own. He only gave her a roguish smile in return, and it sent a surge of heat down to her core. Something about that smile promised the best kind of trouble, and she wouldn't lie by saying it wasn't incredibly appealing.

On old instinct, she tucked her hair behind her ear, leaving the scarred side of her face there for everyone, but most importantly to her in that moment, Harry to see. His eyes found the nasty lines and she felt her heart sink before he even said anything. The last person she wanted pity from was him. *A few ugly scars are a small price to pay when you've lost as much as Harry.*

But instead of pity or sympathy in his emerald eyes, she thought she saw understanding. But then why not, he had the most famous scar in Britain, he was used to people looking at him differently because of it. Unlike most people, who chose one of two extremes, staring impolitely or pretending like they didn't even exist, Harry surprised her, "Do they still hurt?"

"Uh... no." Lavender told him hesitantly, resisting the urge to cover them again.

“Good,” He said simply, “If there’s one person I wanted to see dead other than Tom and Bellatrix, it was Greyback. He really was a monster.”

“He was.” She agreed softly.

“You should be proud of yourself,” he told her seriously, “Incredibly proud of yourself.”

“What?”

“Those scars... they mean you fought. When others were too afraid, you chose to fight for something important. And you went toe-to-toe with real evil and you survived. That’s an incredible thing Lavender.” She felt tears sting at the corner of her eye at his genuine sincerity. He was the first person to address them so directly, and just treat her like a person instead of something fragile or broken.

“Have there been any changes?” He asked, curious, “I know when Bill was attacked he developed a fondness for red meat.”

“Bill Weasley?”

“Yep.”

“Can’t say I’ve had anything like that.” That wasn’t remotely true, but she wasn’t about to start telling Harry that. *I would have preferred a fondness for rare meat.* Instead, she’d been afflicted with something... different. And Harry wasn’t doing anything to help it, even if it wasn’t his fault.

It happened the first month after the battle, a consuming, unrelenting horniness that left her desperate for satisfaction. Despite her best efforts, she’d been unable to sate that need herself and with every passing month, it only got worse.

And the longer she was with him, the more she simply wanted to bend over a bookshelf and offer herself to him like a bitch in heat. *Which probably isn’t as far off the mark as I would like to pretend.* There was a part of her that was desperate, almost painfully, to be rutted, but that same part wanted the best. *Who’s better than the man that killed Lord Voldemort.* So, the longer she was around Harry the bigger the problem became. *And then he has to go and be perfect about the scars on top of it... bastard.*

Doing her best to ignore those racing emotions, she reached up to the top shelf of one of the bookcases. She struggled on tip toes to reach the book she needed. Harry stepped up just behind her, pressing himself against her back, as he reached over her and retrieved it. While it helped one problem, it had a decidedly different effect on the other. On instinct she wiggled her bum against his crotch, and she heard the sexiest little hitch of his breath.

Turning around, she stared up into his captivating emerald eyes with her full lips parted. Even with her scars, he was looking at her in a way that took her breath away. Her heart was beating rapidly in her chest and her mind was having a hard time not fixating on what his lips would taste like, “Harry...” she said his name soft and eager, knowing what she wanted but not sure if she was brave enough to tell him, “I...”

He leaned closer to her, and she didn’t realize just how tall he’d gotten. He wasn’t as tall as Ron had been, but he was still almost a head taller than her, “Yes?”

Her pussy was dripping, and she wouldn't be surprised if he could smell just how desperate she was growing. Every little thing he did just drove her a little bit wilder. For some reason, she didn't want him to think that she was a slag looking for a quick shag, but there was only so long that she could resist the base, primal instinct to fuck the handsome young man who was so very close to her.

*Oh, sod it!* Leaning up, she captured his lips in a kiss and even that simple bit of intimacy felt electric. His hand, big and rough, wrapped around the side of her neck. His thumb massaged the tight skin of her scars there, and it sent a shiver down her spine. There were footsteps at the far end of the aisle that they were standing in, and they pulled apart reluctantly.

A mother walked down with her young daughter in tow. The girl babbled excitedly when she saw Harry, and he leaned down to speak with the excitable child. Lavender smiled at the interaction, but it did nothing to still her rapidly beating heart. He'd lit a fire in her, one that she was going to ensure he dealt with.

As the mother pulled her daughter along, Lavender leaned into Harry, voice husky and low, "Could we go somewhere... more private?" While there was a certain thrill to the idea of being taken right there in the bookstore, she knew he certainly couldn't be caught in that sort of situation.

He didn't even respond, just grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the door. The books they meant to buy were forgotten as they hurried down the street toward the apparition point. People looked at them, of course, and more than one person tried to stop Harry to talk but he politely declined. All the attention was the only thing stopping her from pulling him into an alley to have her wicked way with him.

They were on the very edge of the apparition point when Harry popped them away. They ended up in a lovely sitting room, not that she really cared to appreciate it. She was on him in a second, lips sucking on the inviting skin of his neck. She nipped at him and left a little love bite there.

His hands skimmed down her sides, along the swell of her breast and down to the curve of her perky bum. His hand slipped beneath her skirt and he gave a light spank to her bare cheek that felt absolutely thrilling. His fingers tickled at the thin string of her knickers as he prodded against her dripping slit. Moaning low in her throat, her fingers went to the buckle of his belt. She had one desperate need, and it was to get his cock into her throbbing, eager pussy. She was absolutely gagging for it, in a way that she'd never experienced before.

"You know... I lied to you." She said between love nips as she got his belt buckle undone.

"About what?" He gave her bum a harder smack, one that she knew would leave her pale cheek red.

Panting against his neck, she pushed his trousers down and actually whimpered at the sight of his tented boxers, "I have had one very prevalent change since Greyback attacked me."

"Oh?"

"Yep," she pushed his boxers down and his hard shaft bobbed up against her stomach. It was beautiful and made her pussy throb needily. Giving him a firm squeeze with her dainty hand, she marveled at the feel of his heartbeat in the veiny appendage, "It's like I've been in heat... every month... and no matter how many times I fuck myself..." she giggled as he throbbed in her grip, "it's not enough. Can you think why that is?"

Groaning, Harry had a hard time answering as she started gliding her hand up and down along his impressive length. She wasn't a blushing virgin, so it wasn't the first she'd seen, but she wasn't a slag either. Either way, she could honestly say that it was the biggest cock that she'd ever seen, "It's because... what I need... so fucking badly... is a hot... hard... fat dick, filling my tiny little pussy to the brim with cum. Only then... only then... will it finally go away."

"Holy fuck..."

"Do you think you could help me with that?" Her fingers drifted down to his heavy bollocks and gave one of the sensitive orbs a squeeze, "Because I think you can." *So full and just waiting to fill me up.*

The growl that came from his throat was the most sinfully sweet thing she'd ever heard, and she actually felt a drip of her arousal trail down the inside of her thigh because of it. She squealed as he suddenly cupped her bum and lifted her into the air. He pushed her tiny panties to the side and lined his bulbous crown up with her eager entrance.

The feel of being split open on his girthy shaft was absolutely euphoric. Her baby blue eyes rolled to the back of her head as she felt him spear his massive cock balls deep in one single, mind-addling thrust, "Oh... fuck yes... that's so good..."

"You're just a horny little bitch in heat, aren't you?" His emerald eyes were dark, and his voice was deep with wanton desire. She'd teased him beyond his limit and now she was about to reap the rewards, "A tight hole absolutely desperate for cock."

"Just yours... I've been waiting for the right one... Harry." Thinking, much less speaking, became more difficult, he started hammering into her. She was seemingly weightless in his strong arms as he just sawed into her needy sex right there, "I... It... only wanted the best... now show me... show me I was right to wait. That all of those sleepless nights fucking myself... to exhaustion were... were worth it."

His cock battered relentlessly at the back of her sheath. It was just perfect, filling her up right to the back and stretching her in the most delicious ways. Lavender relished the obscene sound of her arousal squelching with every thrust. Already horny beyond her own comprehension, she was on a knife's edge before they even started and quickly fell over the precipice.

"Oh! Oh! Yes!" her body shook through her first orgasm. It was rapturous, colors seemed brighter, smells seemed sweeter as her body quaked and shuddered. Her arms went around the back of Harry's neck as she did her best to steady herself. Scratching hard against him, she imagined she would have drawn blood if it weren't for the shirt in the way. Squirting around his plunging member, she covered her skirt and his lower abs in her juices. Her grippy tunnel rippled and squeezed, trying so very hard to coax the seed it so desperately needed.

But that didn't deter him in the slightest. If anything, it only spurred him on. He turned and pressed her against the wall. His hips became a blur as he railed into her like a man possessed. *Clap. Clap. Clap.* His heavy bollocks bounced off her perky cheeks with every thrust. It was raw and animalistic and everything that she'd been yearning for.

Eyes rolling to the back of her head, Lavender could only hold on for the ride. *This is better than I ever could have imagined.* Harry ripped open her blouse to reveal her big, soft tits. He pulled down the cups

of her green bra and revealed her bouncing tit-flesh to his hungry gaze. With that same hand, he pinched her oversensitive nipple and sent her cascading through another mind-breaking orgasm.

There was sweat on his brow, as he leaned down and nipped at her bouncing bosom. She threaded her hand in his hair and found herself begging, "Please... Harry... I need your cum... I need it so badly... you don't understand... Give it to me... please... give it to me." She was whimpering with need on the last word, on the verge of tears.

"Merlin... you... you were fucking made for this, Lav. You're bloody perfect." His pace became erratic as both his hands went to her hips. Giving three particularly deep thrusts in a row, she felt him tense as he reached even deeper, and he swelled within her. Pain mixed with pleasure as he prodded her cervix, but then she felt it.

Her world went white as that first rope of cum exploded against the entrance of her womb. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as his warm, thick seed triggered another peak of her own. Her pussy became impossibly tight. Even if he wanted to pull out, she doubted that he could. His cock pulsed again and again, each explosion impossibly big. *He's going to leave me with a little bump with all that cum.*

They shuddered against each other, lost in that wonderful moment of ecstasy. Her legs felt like jelly as they fell limply to the ground. Harry wrapped her up in a hug, her pillowy breasts squishing against his hard chest, and walked them over to a nearby couch.

He laid her down gently and slid in beside her, "That was amazing." He kissed her on her temple, right on her scar. Lavender felt her heart flutter, feeling both satisfied and herself for the first time in months.

Of course, when she felt his hard cock poking against her bouncy bum, she knew that satisfaction was far from over.