

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 9: A Favour For Granger

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Harry had never put much stock in the whole concept of religion. Growing up, the Dursleys had been avid churchgoers, not that they were particularly spiritual mind you. Moreso they were always prepared to put on a show of a pious and genial family to their neighbours every Sunday whilst Harry was left locked away in his cupboard. When he eventually learned the truth about magic, religion had been shoved even further out of his mind while he took in this whole new world of wonder and impossibility. Wizards certainly never attended mass or built temples to a pantheon of differing deities so he had never truly ever given it a thought.

That being said, he most definitely felt there had to be a god or goddess out there somewhere smiling down at him at that very moment. For how else could one explain his incredible luck- what with an incredibly sexy older witch frantically bouncing on his cock like her life depended on it.

"Oh fuck yes! Oh your big fucking c-cock is tearing my p-p-pussy apart!" Rosmerta squealed.

The buxom barmaid spasmed atop him with every bounce of her wide shapely arse. She moaned deeply, spreading her legs wide while her pussy stretched around his cock. Harry grunted in response, using his thumb to rub the slutty witch's clit while his other hand was planted firmly on one of her large jiggling breasts.

Rosmerta cried out as her body was attacked with yet another intense climax. Harry could feel as her inner walls clamped around him like a vice. The sensations caused by her quivering quim was enough to have him on the brink of erupting. The only thing stopping him was his sheer will

to keep going as long as possible, not wanting his night with the buxom barmaid to end anytime soon.

“OH DEAR MORGANA!” Rosmerta wailed as her pussy spasmed even more, convulsing and weeping with her climax. Her juices coated Harry’s groin in a thick wet sheen, only adding to the pure pornographic sounds emanating from their joined sexes. He grunted as a particularly wonderful spasm of Rosie’s cunt nearly sent him over the edge. Whether Rosmerta knew of his impending orgasm, or it was just pure happenstance, the barmaid suddenly began to bounce even faster on his cock.

Harry cursed under his breath and grabbed the shapely woman’s hips tightly. Her increased pace was sending mind-numbingly pleasure up his spine. The fluttering of her walls seemed to almost hypnotise him, driving his hips to move of their own accord. Soon enough he was meeting her thrust for thrust, driving his towering erection into her fluttering core. With every gasp and moan that left her lips, Harry felt a primal urge to make them louder.

All too soon he could feel his control slipping. Her velvety pussy was proving too much, undoing his resolve with every bounce of her voluptuous arse. Mind clouded with lust, Harry let his instincts take over. Wrapping his arms around the moaning witch’s waist, he quickly rolled her over onto her back, keeping his hips moving and thrusting his thick cock deep within her quivering cunt. Within moments the sheets beneath them were soaked with Rosmerta’s pussy juices, the woman seeming to almost fall from one climax right into the next.

Finally, Harry felt it. The release of pressure and flood of endorphins through his brain as he tipped over the edge. His cock swelled inside of her a moment before a torrent of cum hosed her depths. His hips jerked forward, driving his pulsating length deeper into her core as he filled her. Rosmerta cooed into his ear before pushing her tongue deep inside his mouth while he finished painting her inner walls with cum.

It was minutes later when he finally found the strength to roll off the top of her, still working to catch his breath as both he and Rosmerta came down from their respective highs.

“Merlin’s fucking beard I needed that!” Rosemerta laughed before snuggling into his side. “I should have fucked you years ago Mr. Potter!”

“Well we can always make up for lost time.” Harry chuckled.

Rosmerta laughed once more before her eyes took on a mischievous gleam. He felt her shift next to him before a hand suddenly wrapped around his spent cock. “Oh we most certainly will mister.” She purred, slowly pumping his still-wet length.

Harry gasped as his cock was assaulted with a plethora of overstimulation. “Fuck! I might need a minute or two before that Rosie.”

Rosmerta merely giggled, scooching down his side before coming to rest with her lips barely a few inches away from his half-limp cock head. “Don’t worry about that dearie. You just relax~”

With that, his cock was once more trapped between a pair of velvety lips, albeit, a slightly different kind this go around.

Harry could only groan, falling back onto the bed as Rosmerta slurped and sucked his cock back to full hardness. Tonight was going to be a very long night indeed...

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“You never came back last night.”

Harry groaned tiredly and slumped further into the couch. “Don’t start this now Hermione, please? I’m bloody exhausted.”

Hermione rolled her eyes and slipped into the seat next to him. All around them, their classmates milled about the common room, chatting and laughing in the lazy Sunday morning hours.

“I’m not starting anything Harry! I was merely stating a fact.”

“You’re never just ‘stating a fact’ Mione.” He scoffed. “Look, yes I never came back last night.

Yes, I was also with someone. No, I will not be telling you who. Hermione you’re my best friend and I love you but this is my life and I’m free to make the choices I want to make. With everything that’s happened over the years, I should at least be free to do that yeah?”

Hermione sighed and nodded. "You're right. It's just..." She paused, biting her bottom lip in a moment of thought before continuing. "I'm worried about you Harry. Since the term started you've been...different. More open- honest, if a bit brash at times. I'm not saying it's a bad change, in fact, I think it's wonderful you've grown more assured of yourself! But I just want to be sure this new attitude is coming from a healthy place, not one of hurt or disdain."

Harry sat back for a moment in quiet contemplation. Her words struck a chord somewhere in his chest. An uncomfortable feeling and one that almost had him biting out a moody reply about him being fine. Sensibility stopped him thankfully. His rational mind knew Hermione's words only came from a place of concern and genuine care for his wellbeing. She simply didn't understand- didn't realise that his change of perspective was one that was a long time coming. Sure, perhaps at times he took it a bit too far- Skipping classes, egregious flirting, and a newfound disdain for authority that had Snape on the brink of an aneurysm more than once- but it wasn't like he'd have to worry about any long-term consequences for those things. Breaking a few rules was hardly a concern with his death looming on the horizon.

Of course, he could never tell her these things. If Hermione knew the why for his sudden shift in personality she'd no doubt panic and drag him off to Dumbledore, or the library, or even both in hopes of finding some alternative- some way out of the prophecy and, in the end, waste what little time he had left on a fool's errand.

So instead, Harry gave his friend a small smile and placed a comforting hand upon her thigh.

"It is Hermione. It really is. For the first time in my life, I feel... free. It sounds dumb, I know, but I just no longer see the point of hiding away who I am. That's not a bad thing right?"

Hermione smiled and clasped her hands over his own. "No Harry, it's not bad at all."

"Fantastic!" He stood abruptly, pulling Hermione up with him as the girl yelped quietly in surprise. "Then how about we stop your worrying and go find something to do? Anything you'd like, today I'm yours and yours alone 'Mione!"

Hermione smiled shyly and ducked her head. "Anything?" She whispered.

Harry smirked and hooked a finger under her chin. Lifting her face up towards him, he leaned in close, peering deep into her sparking brown eyes.

"Anything." He promised.

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Cammi took a breath and read over her letter once more, ensuring she hit every point she needed. It was a bit nerve-wracking as she finished proofreading her slightly messy scrawl. Everything was laid to bare on this one, singular piece of paper. All her worries, fears, and theories that had been gnawing at her mind over the past two months. Part of her was almost hoping it'd get lost in the mail, never to reach its intended destination far in the Scottish Highlands. Yet she knew she needed answers. She was owed them dammit!

Whether she liked those answers or not remained to be seen. With a sigh, Cammi slipped the letter into a small envelope, the address Harry had given her before he left already written across the front.

Sealing it with a lick, the tattooed receptionist slipped on her shoes and threw the first jumper she could fish out from the hall closet over her shoulders. The irony of it being one of Harry's jumpers was not lost on her, but it was warm and even still smelled a bit of him. Warring emotions or not, she at least still could find comfort in his scent.

The walk to the nearest post office was relatively uneventful. The chilly October air was her only companion on her trek, and other than passing by Mrs. Crowsby on her way home from bridge club, Cammi made it there without any interruption.

She took one last reassuring breath as she slowly slipped the letter into the drop-off slot. The hinge creaked softly as her letter pushed its way inside. Releasing her grasp on the thin parcel took far more willpower than she was willing to admit, but in the end, she was able to let go, letting the letter fall into the receptacle below.

“Well...that’s that then.” She whispered with a shaky voice. Wiping her eyes quickly lest she allow any tears to fall, Cammi turned and began her trek back to her apartment, heart heavy with sullen morose.

It was minutes later, as Cammi’s footfalls disappeared into the night that the previously empty street was occupied once more. The air seemed to almost shimmer, reality warping as a pink-haired figure threw off her invisibility cloak and sighed. The figure stared off where Cammi had retreated just minutes ago before shaking her head. Pulling out a long thin stick, she whisked it through the air in a small motion. Instantly Cammi’s letter came sailing out of the letter drop-off, flying like a missile into the pink-haired stranger’s awaiting hand.

Tearing the letter open, the figure read its contents quickly before groaning and pinching the bridge of her nose.

“You’ve really made a fucking mess of things now haven’t you Wonder Boy?” Tonks grouched. Stowing the letter away, the metamorph turned on her heel and disappeared with a muffled ‘CRACK!’.

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Hermione moaned and arched her back. The wondrous sensation of Harry’s hands softly kneading her oiled back was like heaven. Her entire body felt heavy with relaxation, growing ever more soothed as the sensual massage went on. The warm oil cascading over her flesh, the burning candles that filled the room with a divine aroma, and the feel of her lover’s hands pressing into her naked flesh all combined to create a blanket of bliss over her mind, lulling her into a state of pleasure and comfort.

Being pampered like this was one of her longtime secret fantasies, one that she never really put much hope into ever coming to fruition. Oh sure, many would like to think a bookworm like her would have some sort of naughty library kink. Perhaps with her dressed up like some slutty librarian while some tall dark and handsome mystery man fucked her atop a pile of books. To that she said no thank you!

It wasn't that she didn't find the idea appealing, especially after her own experience with Harry and Lavender in the library. It's just that she liked her books as they were, neat and free of any sexual fluids! Besides, she might be a bookworm but for god's sake, she had other hobbies! It also helped that more than a few of her favourite books weren't exactly 'educational' in nature. Her first time ever reading a smut novel had been a complete accident. She'd been a young girl exploring the local library near her home when she found it, a decently thick tome bound in a black and red cover. The premise on the back was just vague enough to leave her none the wiser to its true contents. By the time she realized what it was, Hermione had already been halfway through the novel reading how the book's protagonist was tied up and used by the 'evil' sorcerer in a plethora of dark, erotic ways.

That night was the first time she touched herself, moaning quietly into her pillow as she read on. She'd gone back the next day to check out the rest of the series as well as half a dozen other similar novels. Needless to say, Hermione had developed quite a few secret fantasies over the years, some that she was *finally* able to live out with her best friend of all people.

She moaned even louder as Harry's hands buried themselves into her pert arsecheeks. He kneaded her glutes softly, spreading the rose-scented oil over of bubbly butt methodically. The heat radiating from her core felt like an inferno. Every touch from Harry only served to stoke that fire, leaving her a whimpering mess as he massaged and kneaded her supple naked flesh.

When one of his hands dipped between her legs to massage her inner thigh, Hermione thought she would cum right then and there. A whimper of need slipped past her lips and she soon found herself pushing her hips back, her cunt desperately in need of stimulation.

She heard Harry chuckle above her, his hands stalling on her lower body for the barest of moments before they moved once more. Now, instead of massaging her flesh, they groped. Her arse was caressed the most, cheeks spread apart and molested with devilish touches. The bookworm nearly sobbed as her thighs were coaxed apart and a single finger brushed against her slit. It slid up and down her moistened lips, teasing her entrance and swirling around her

puffy clit. Her womanhood was on fire from the attention, both revelling in the small sensations coursing through it and yet practically weeping with a plea for more.

“H-Harry! Hngggg please!” She begged, her hands gripping the soft sheets beneath her while her arse arched into the air.

“Shhh patience now.” He whispered, the sound seeming to almost come from all around her. His voice was low and rumbled with an almost predatory tone, yet there was a hint of amusement in his voice as well. “We have all the time in the world ‘Mione.”

She whimpered at the sound of her name on his lips. Though he’d spoken it a million times before, now there was something almost *sinful* in the way he said it that had her pussy clench with arousal.

As he spoke, the tip of his finger continued its treacherous path, swirling around her dripping entrance before travelling further north to tease her arsehole. A shiver ran down her spine as he pressed the pad of his finger against her backdoor. They had spoken about anal before. In hushed conversations between romps, Harry had teased her with the idea, Lavender too during one of their occasional- ahem- bonding moments together in their dorm.

She had almost given in a few times. Once when Harry had bent her over in a broom closet and fucked her between classes. He had slipped a finger inside her arse right as she climaxed, triggering an absolutely mind-numbingly hard orgasm. Another time was when Lavender had joined them in the Room of Requirement one night. Hermione had been lying on her back with her head rolled off the side of the bed and Harry’s cock deep in her throat. Lavender had taken full advantage of her ‘vulnerable’ state and set about devouring her pussy with all the gusto the blonde could conjure. The next thing she knew, Harry had been cumming down her throat while Lavender’s naughty tongue circled the rim of her crinkled hole.

The memories brought another aroused shiver to Hermione’s body and she found herself speaking before her mind could caution her against it.

“Y-you can bugger me as much as you w-want! Just fuck me Harry, please!” She begged.

Harry faltered at that, pausing his ministrations long enough for her mind to fully catch up with her.

“Are you sure?” He asked slowly, hand still frozen against her pussy.

Hermione bit her lip nervously before rolling over onto her back. The dim candle-light cast dark shadows along the walls and she could just barely make out Harry’s nude form kneeling on the bed next to her.

“I am.” She said resolutely. And she was. As much as the idea scared her, a moment like this felt...precious in a way. Much like the first time they slept together, the special evening they spent in this very room the night she gave away her virginity was special in a way that Hermione would never forget. “I’m yours Harry. No matter how many others there are in your life, I’m yours and I want to prove that to you.”

Harry seemed at a loss for words. His mouth opened and closed repeatedly before he finally shook off his stupor. “If you’re sure...”

Hermione giggled and reached forward to pull him close. He fell into her without a fight, his hips settling between her spread legs like a puzzle piece. “I am.” She repeated with a gasp. The feeling of their sexes touching was driving her mad, but she knew they needed to take this slow if it was to go well.

“Kiss me~” She moaned. And he did, pressing their lips together in a fiery embrace. Hermione mewled against his lips, coaxing his tongue into her mouth and deepening the kiss. Ever small motion made their bodies rub against one another with the softest of touches. Her brush of his cock against her pussy sent shivers of delight up her spine, but tonight her pussy wouldn’t be the one receiving attention.

“O-Oil!” She gasped, breaking their kiss with a whining moan. “We need to oil! Please before I go mad!” She groaned.

Harry chuckled and gave her one last peck on her lips before he sat up and quickly retrieved the vial of scented oil. She wasted no time in snatching it from his hands, quickly uncorking it and

pouring a generous amount into her awaiting palm. Throwing the vial to the side, Hermione reached down and lathered the scented mixture onto his thick hardened cock. She coated every inch of Harry's shaft with a thick layer of oil, ensuring it was generously lubed by stroking it with her hand. Once satisfied with her work, she used the remainder of the oil to coat her arsehole, even going so far as to push a single finger inside herself with an aroused bite of her lip.

When she was ready, she coaxed Harry forward with a gesture of her finger. The feeling of his thoroughly lubed cock pressed against her arse made her stomach lurch in both excitement and fear. She said nothing as he positioned himself, allowing herself a few moments to fully gather her resolve. Finally, with a look of certainty, she gave him a nod.

The first few minutes were nothing but pain. It took everything she had not to cry out as her arse was pierced for the very first time. The feeling of her arsehole being stretched so wide brought tears to her eyes. Even with Harry taking it as slow as he could, pausing every few moments to allow her time to adjust, it still felt nothing short of painful with every inch he sheathed inside.

Eventually, Harry did still as their hips finally met. Hermione groaned from the feeling. She felt unbelievably full and there was still a slight throbbing pain in her rear that made her want to wince in discomfort. However, they had to continue. Both for her pride's sake, as well as her arse's.

She hissed as he began to move. Though it was but the gentlest rocking of his hips, it still felt too much for her to take. Harry stilled inside her almost immediately, but she knew he couldn't stop now. Quickly wrapping her arms around his neck, Hermione whimpered pleas to continue into his ear. The tears that rolled down her cheeks were brushed away by his hand as he nodded.

How long it took before the pain finally faded, Hermione could hardly remember. Only that it was like a switch inside her was flipped. One moment she'd been whimpering in pain with every small thrust into her arse and the next she was panting into Harry's ear as he began to pull more and more of his cock free before slipping back inside her. There was still pain but a manageable

amount. The pleasure she felt as he began to fuck her arse faster and harder soon outweighed any discomfort, and soon enough Hermione was crying out in impending climax.

“O-oo-oh! Oh yes! Harder! F-Faster! D-Don’t stop! Please!” She wailed.

Harry grunted in response and moved his hips even faster. It wasn’t long before their hips began to meet with loud meaty slaps of flesh. Already her pussy was gushing with her juicy arousal, soaking their joined hips and making it all the easier for his cock to slam inside her tight arsehole. She just barely had enough time to scream out Harry’s name before her climax ripped through her like a tsunami. Her pussy convulsed, convulsing wildly around nothing while her arse spasmed along with her climax. Harry groaned into her ear as her climax no doubt made her sweltering backdoor even tighter.

“Cum in me~” She moaned, her orgasm still shocking her nerves with overwhelming pleasure.

“Please~”

Harry cursed into her neck as he suddenly stilled within her. Hermione moaned happily as she felt his cock pulse again and again within her arse. A warmth flooded her stomach as his molten hot cum filled her anal cavity before he finally groaned with satisfaction as his climax came to an end.

“You okay?” Harry whispered after a few moments of catching their breath.

Hermione hummed in affirmation, her eyes closed as she revelled in the aftershocks of her intense orgasm. “I really need to thank Lavender for giving me this idea.” She said with a smirk.

Harry chuckled and placed a lingering kiss against her lips. Hermione laughed along before smiling as she felt him grow hard inside her once more.

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Cammi huffed as another series of knocks echoed out from her front door. Hair still wet from her shower, she quickly wrapped herself in a towel and stalked out of her bedroom with a huff.

“Yeah yeah keep your knickers on. I’m coming alright!” She shouted. Throwing the door open with a growl, the towel-clad woman scowled at her uninvited guest. “What?!” She snarled.

“Camilla Lawrence?” The woman before her asked.

Cammi studied the stranger, from the peculiar robes to her spiky pink hair that just screamed ‘punk’. The woman had an air about her that Cammi herself had been told she had. An aura that said ‘Look all you want but touch me and I’ll cut you’. Despite the odd apparel, Cammi was instantly aware that this woman was *fucking hot*. In fact, if she wasn’t so hung up on Harry she’d probably already be trying to charm the pink-haired babe into her bed.

“Who’s asking?” She said suspiciously, acutely aware that she was still wearing nothing but a towel in front of this bombshell of a woman.

“Name’s Tonks.” The woman replied. Any thoughts of the strange vixen’s presence instantly faded as she snapped her fingers and a piece of paper suddenly levitated (Fucking Levitated!) out from her robes. Cammi’s shock only grew as the paper unfurled by its-fucking-self to reveal it was, in fact, the letter she had mailed just a few hours ago.

“You might want to get dressed.” The pink-haired- Tonks said. “I think we have a lot to talk about.”

Cammi could only nod dumbly and step to the side allowing the mysterious woman in.

“Nice tits by the way.”

A loud curse was heard through the hallway as the door closed and Cammi realized that, in her shock, she had dropped her fucking towel.

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Author’s Note

Things are heating up for both Harry and Cammi it seems... Wonder what this could mean for Cammi’s investigation. Is it possible she might be in a bit more than she bargained for? Who knows!

Next chapter: A long-awaited talk.

Thanks for reading!