

This story was commissioned by an anonymous supporter.

The Quidditch Star

Harry Potter leaned back into his favorite chair in the whole of Gryffindor Tower. It was the cushy one near the fireplace. As was tradition, the most popular seventh-year student always got it when they wanted it. This year, that student just happened to be him! Things were really looking up for him. Voldemort had been dealt with at the end of last year, and just this summer he was named Head Boy to go along with his title as Quidditch Captain.

Recently, the school had gone a little Quidditch crazy. He guessed that now that Voldemort had been dispatched, they could focus on the things that brought them joy, instead of worrying about their safety. Quidditch was all anyone talked about, much to Hermione's annoyance. Harry smirked to himself. His bookish best friend would have to deal with it. He didn't think it would be going away any time soon. He looked over at Hermione, who was sitting in a different chair reading over her daily notes. There were quite a few girls that were jealous of the bushy-haired Gryffindor. She was the girl closest to him and was his best friend. Hermione had received more than a few dirty looks when her back was turned. He wouldn't worry about it though. None of them would dare say anything to her face. They wouldn't want to risk angering him. The one who gave her the dirtiest looks happened to be sitting a few chairs away from him. Romilda Vane, the very definition of a fangirl. He looked at the fifth-year girl. She had very dark hair and stern-looking facial features. Even so, she was quite pretty. She was staring at him again. He stared back at the girl. He could see her face heat up, turning a bit pink as she shimmied her already short skirt a little higher. Blushing, she spread her legs apart and gave him a very clear upskirt view. She was wearing the tiniest G-string that he had ever seen! He couldn't look away as she showed off her most private area.

The front triangle of her light pink panties was barely big enough to cover the lowest part of her shaved mound along with her clit. The string was wedged between her damp pussy lips, which spilled over the sides of the string. Her knee-socks gave her quite the sexy look. Like every other straight boy on the face of the planet, he very much enjoyed the schoolgirl look. Her legs looked very enticing, particularly her thighs. They looked incredibly smooth to the touch. Harry knew that it was only a matter of time before he fucked the girl. She threw herself at him so often that all he had to do was say yes. Unfortunately, he'd been busy. A lot of other girls were ahead of her in line. Hell, as he was bursting with confidence lately, he'd even tried his luck with Hermione on a few occasions. He hadn't gotten very far just yet, but she didn't smack him anymore when he placed his hand on her bare thigh. She even seemed to enjoy it when he

used his thumb to rub circles on her delicate flesh. He had seen her shudder more than once. He wouldn't rest until he got her in bed. He felt that it was his right as her best friend to claim her innocence. Truthfully, he would be really pissed if some other boy got there first. That's why he was putting so much work into her recently. He just needed to figure out how to claim her and trick her into letting him sleep with many different Quidditch sluts. 'Hmm, that's tricky,' Harry thought. He shook those thoughts from his head. That was something for a different time.

There was a reason that so many girls were throwing themselves at him. Of course, there was the fact that he was a good-looking seventh year, and there was the fact that he was incredibly famous. There was also the fact that he had recently killed the most feared wizard in decades. The main reason was, however, that he was so good at Quidditch, that professional teams were starting to contact him. There was no doubt that he would go pro, and with that, he would be even more famous. The multi-million galleon contract wouldn't hurt either. All the girls wanted some of that fame and money. Some just wanted to say that they had fucked a famous person. He didn't mind of course. He had been through enough drama in his short life to last three lifetimes. He was going to take advantage of every situation and have the most fun that he possibly could.

Romilda's fingers were lightly stroking the tender skin of her inner thigh. He wished that she was closer. He would probably be able to get a whiff of her incredible scent. He could see the sheen of her arousal slickened pussy. Someone suddenly slapped him on the back, and Romilda quickly closed her legs and pulled her skirt down. Harry looked up. His not-so-best-mate Ronald Weasley was at his side.

"Harry, mate! Heard that try-outs are tomorrow. I'm really hoping to make the team. I've been practicing all summer!" Ron said, excitedly.

Harry sighed internally. Ron was in a weird place when it came to Harry's friendships. He was once his best mate, but over time they slowly went their separate ways. Hermione had followed Harry, which he was happy for. Ron had too much of a jealous streak for Harry to want him as a good friend again. Harry didn't hate him, but he didn't exactly like him either. He liked the other Weasley's just fine. Fred and George were great. Harry was even a partner in their new joke shop. Ginny was great as well. Her pussy was really, really great, he grinned. The little redhead was a squirter. She was a fundamental part of their Quidditch team. He had no doubt that she would win back her place as the lead Chaser. Harry smiled at the thought of their many victory celebrations. Every single one ended with her cumming around his cock. If Ron ever found out,

he would go fucking ballistic. He liked to think that his sister was the definition of innocence. He should see her when Harry had her ankles pinned behind her ears.

“Yep. Should be some stiff competition this year. Good luck, mate. Anyway, gotta go see Hermione,” Harry nodded his goodbye, walking over to Hermione. Hermione looked up when he appeared by her side. She smiled at him as he tickled the soft, thin hairs on the back of her neck. He couldn’t wait until she finally gave in and allowed him into her bed.

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Lavender Brown or Lav-Lav to some people was sitting in the Quidditch stand cheering on her boyfriend, Ronald Weasley. By her side was the ever-gorgeous, Parvati Patil, who just happened to be her best friend.

“C’mon Won-Won!” she yelled out in her annoying baby voice. She was clapping like mad when he smiled at her and lifted up his beat-up old broom. It was time for the Keepers to try-out. Several had already gone, and some weren’t too bad. In fact, one was pretty good. Ron was sweating bullets.

“I know that he’s going to be brilliant!” Lavender told Parvati happily. “Then he’ll go pro and become rich and famous. Then he can buy us a huge house so we can get married, and we can go to the most lavish parties every weekend!” she squealed. Parvati winced when Ron missed his first save.

“That’s okay Won-Won! You’ll get the next one!” The next one flew by his left ear.

“I’m sure that he’s just nervous. He’ll calm down and ... he missed another one,” Parvati facepalmed. She really didn’t want to be the bearer of bad news, but Lavender had to face the facts that Ron just wasn’t that great at Quidditch.

“Oh! He stopped one!” Lavender squealed happily, clapping her hands.

“It slid through his hands and hit him in the face,” Parvati clarified.

“Still counts,” Lavender replied, never taking her eyes off of her boyfriend. As the try-outs continued, she had a sinking feeling in her gut. Ron hadn’t done too well. He had made some stops at the end, but by then he had made too many mistakes. Many people thought that she

was a bimbo. Sure, at times she could be a bit of an airhead, but it didn't take a genius to figure out that her dream of marrying a rich and famous Quidditch player was slipping through her fingers. At this rate, she would marry Ron, only for him to work for a Quidditch team, cleaning their bathrooms. She shook her head. She wouldn't allow that to happen. She wouldn't marry a dud. She needed a plan of action.

After the try-outs ended, Ron had dejectedly gone back to his room. Lavender didn't even try to stop him. Her head was filled with too many thoughts. Harry had said that he would make the final decisions over the next two days and post the roster on Friday morning. That meant that she had two days to figure something out. Truth be told, she didn't even need two days to figure out a plan. She already had one. She would use the best tools at her disposal, her beauty, and body. She would seduce Harry and convince him to give Ron the Keeper spot. While it was true that she would be unfaithful to Ron, it was, in the end, the best thing for him. It was the best thing for them as a couple. He could still become a pro and give her everything that she deserved, and she wouldn't need to dump him for being a loser. Besides, what Ron didn't know, wouldn't hurt him. She was just being a good girlfriend.

Lavender knew that Harry was still in the locker room. She had been waiting for him, and he hadn't left yet. Everyone was already gone, and he was still inside. She decided to see what was going on. Quietly, she snuck into the locker room. No one was around, so she easily got in. No one was in the changing area. That's when she heard the shower running. The showers were in a separate area that didn't have doors. She was in the boys' section, and there were only stalls. If you stayed in your stall, then you would at least have a little privacy. It seemed that Harry wasn't looking for privacy today if the feminine moans were anything to go by. Annoyed, Lavender took a peek at the scene to see who he was with. Her cheeks pinked when she saw the busty redhead, Susan Bones being pressed against the shower wall, and being held up by her fat ass. Harry was sucking on her neck as he thrust between her legs. Lavender made sure to stay hidden.

The shower was still running, filling the area with a steamy mist that distorted the view somewhat. On the plus side, it did make the pair wet and soapy, giving Lavender a very sexy memory that she would think about for years to come. Lavender was attracted to both girls and boys, although she preferred boys. She understood why Harry looked so enthusiastic while fucking the redhead. She looked gorgeous while covered in soapy water. Even Lavender was getting a little wet watching her. Susan squealed and bit down on his bare shoulder as her toes curled and body quivered. Harry kept thrusting like the sexy beast that he was. Finally, unable to take anymore, Susan pushed him away and collapsed onto the shower floor. Lavender got a

good look at his cock. It was enormous! It was at least three times bigger than her boyfriend's. Her mouth suddenly dried. She had to lick her lips and swallow hard. The wet and naked Susan waddled over to him and finished him off with her mouth. Lavender slowly backed away and left the locker room.

After a moment of pulling herself together, she was still as determined as ever. She just needed to rethink her strategy a bit. Lavender knew that she was good-looking, but then again, so was Susan Bones. There were a lot of good-looking girls in school. Harry was probably fucking them all. What she needed was something to push her over the top. She needed to give Harry something that he wasn't already getting. Lavender suddenly came up with a crazy idea. She smirked to herself. She needed to talk to her friend.

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"You want to what?!" Parvati asked her friend for clarification. Maybe she didn't hear her right.

"I want you to help me," Lavender said simply, twisting a thick bundle of her golden locks around her finger.

"By having a threesome?" Lavender nodded. "And by doing that, Ron will get the Keeper position?" Lavender nodded again. "Are you insane?"

"No! It's a good plan! Harry is already screwing his way through half the female population, Parv. I need something to push me above the rest. Harry will definitely give Ron the position if it means getting to have sex with us both," the blonde explained. "Besides, you've told me how hot you think he is. You've said that you were more than willing to drop your panties for him."

"But a threesome ... "

"Pleeeeeeease Parv! I'll love you forever," she begged. Parvati sighed. She really needed to find better friends.

The Following Night

Lavender pulled Parvati along the corridor by her hand. Both were all fixed up with their make-up and hair done. They had a date with the biggest Quidditch star in school. By the end of the night, Lavender would be one step closer to living her dream as a Quidditch wife.

“So you’ve already talked to him and worked out a deal?” Parvati asked.

“I already told you, yes! Stop worrying,” she pulled her along to the room that Harry told them to meet him in. Once in front of the door, Lavender knocked softly a few times. After a few seconds, the door opened displaying a smiling Harry Potter.

“Ladies,” he nodded in greeting. He quickly ushered them into the room so they wouldn’t be seen. He pulled out his wand and magically sealed the door behind them. It wouldn’t do for the three of them to be discovered. It would cause more than one problem.

Parvati couldn’t believe that she got roped into this. Harry didn’t waste time and lifted Lav up by her ass and kissed her deeply. From the way she tried to eat his face, Parvati knew that she enjoyed it. ‘Such a skank,’ Parvati thought. Harry put Lav down and turned to her. Parvati gulped as he lifted her up as well. She squeaked and wrapped her legs around him so as to not fall. He pressed his lips to hers. Parvati moaned into his mouth. She could see why Lav attacked his lips in such a way. He was a really good kisser. Her small, slippery tongue brushed against his as their lips danced together. She couldn’t say anything as his strong hands squeezed and groped her pillowy bottom. After a moment, he put her down. Harry dropped his robe and exposed his completely nude form.

Both girls blushed at the manliness being presented to them. Harry looked at them, stroking his magnum cock. “Well girls, let’s see what you have for me,” he said lewdly, his greedy eyes never leaving their young bodies.

They looked at each other before dropping their school robes as well. Harry’s mouth watered at the sight of such sexiness. Both girls must have coordinated because they were each wearing only high heels and tiny thongs. Harry reached out and caressed their silky-smooth skin. His hand wandered from their hips, down to their thighs before sliding between their legs. They gasped when he pinched their panty-clad clits. His hands circled around and squeezed their tight asses.

“Mmmm. You girls have nice asses. I’m going to enjoy using them,” he told them, his fingers brushing down the cracks of their bottoms. Lavender and Parvati looked at each other with wild eyes. Neither had been taken there yet. They blushed and quickly looked away. Harry dropped to his knees and pulled them closer by their asses. Each girl had their panty-covered pussies on each side of his face. He sandwiched his face between them and inhaled deeply. They could

hear his muffled moan as he motorboated them, rubbing his face against the front of their panties. Parvati bit her lower lip when Harry took the waistband of her panties between his teeth and used his mouth to lower them halfway down her thighs. The fingers of his hand were deep within the crack of her perky ass when he pulled her against him. Now her naked mound was being gently caressed by the tip of his nose as he inhaled her heady scent. He kissed her bald mound before moving to Lavender.

Lavender let out a shuddered breath as the Quidditch star, Harry Potter was kissing, licking, and nipping at her bare thighs. Lavender enjoyed it immensely. Her legs were her best feature, in her opinion. She often wore short skirts to get boys to stare at them. She was more than happy to allow him to worship them. He lewdly dragged his tongue from her knee, all the way up to her hip. Once there, he grabbed the band of her panties and tugged them down. "You have such a beautiful pussy, Lavender," Harry groaned, nipping at the tender flesh of her mound.

His tongue lashed out, giving her clit a quick lick and making her jump. Harry grabbed her thigh and lifted it up onto his shoulder. Now her naked slit was entirely exposed to him. She squeaked when he pressed his face against it and smeared her juices all over him. Her body trembled at how naughty and good it felt. It was a huge turn on to her. He would smell like her for the rest of the night. Lavender felt his tongue touch her clit, and her eyes closed as she waited for the sensation that she adored so much. She didn't need to wait long as his tongue wiggled against the tenderly exquisite nub. Not being satisfied, she ground her clit against his mouth as if polishing it, hoping he would take the unsubtle hint. "A little desperate, aren't we," Harry teased, placing a soft kiss against it. Quickly, he sucked it into his mouth.

Parvati watched as he went down on Lavender. Her cheeks were hot as she watched the lewd act. Not wanting to just stand around, she stood right next to Harry and let her hands wander. If she was going to do this, she may as well do it right. She ignored the wet slurping and Lavender's whorish moans as her hands felt every ripple and muscle that she could reach. Harry had such a nice body. She couldn't wait to explore it fully. Maybe after this, she could have some one-on-one time with him. She slid her panties down and kicked them off her high-heeled foot. She pressed herself against him and rubbed her wet, naked pussy on his back. She was a bit embarrassed when she saw the wet streak she had left on him. She wasn't going to stop though, it felt too good. Parvati closed her eyes as she rolled her hips, slowly using his smooth skin to masturbate. Her breath caught in her chest when her pussy tingled in pleasure. She felt so naughty. She had never done anything like this before. The wet sounds of her pussy being stimulated made her face grow warm, and she could feel the earliest beginnings of an orgasm building up. She must have lost track of time because Harry

not-so-gently lifted her up and placed her on the big bed in the far corner of the room. She was laying on her back as Lavender was placed face down on top of her. She didn't know what was happening.

Harry smirked as he placed the two girls on top of each other, face to face. "Don't move," he ordered, walking to a cabinet and pulling out a clear bottle. He waved it in front of them. Parvati could see, but Lavender had trouble looking over her shoulder. "A new type of lube not yet on the market," he happily explained. "Being a Quidditch star has its perks. The inventor sent it to me to try out. I have to say, it's fucking brilliant," Harry gushed. It had quickly become one of his favorite things to use in the bedroom. "It not only lubricates but intensifies the pleasure drastically. Now spread your legs apart."

Both girls blushed furiously as they followed his command. They gasped loudly as the warm lube was squirted on their pussies and clits. They could already feel the naughty tingle. Harry squirted some on his cock and rubbed it in as he stroked himself. He tossed the bottle aside and crawled between their legs. Harry took a moment to stare at them, or rather, at their pussies. Both were sexy as hell. The contrast between pale and dark skin had his cock aching with need. Not wanting to wait any longer, he slid his lubed up cock between their slippery, smooth mounds.

Lavender gasped loudly and looked Parvati right in the eye. She was gasping as well, looking at her wildly. As they felt Harry pull back, they gasped again as he pushed forward. They looked at each other again. He was fucking their clits! The pleasure hit her pussy like lightning. "Ohhh god!" she gasped out, collapsing on her friend Parvati. Parvati wasn't any better. The sexy Indian witch let out a shuddered squeak as her clit was squashed flat by his thick, bulbous head. The pleasure continued as the length of his abnormally large penis slid between them, and every bump caused a violent tingle in her clit. The girls put their foreheads together and breathed heavily onto each other as their bodies were used for his pleasure. That wasn't to say that they weren't enjoying it. It was the greatest pleasure that either had ever felt. At least it was until Harry started moving faster.

They squeaked and held on to each other as Harry really began thrusting. His manly groans were drowned out by the feminine squeals of two girls being fucked. Lavender's brain was going haywire. She held onto her friend for dear life as her pussy spasmed and clit throbbed. She peppered Parvati with kisses on the cheek and even licked her neck a few times. Parvati was mewling like a dirty slut as her rock-hard nipples poked her in the chest. Lavender knew that Parv had sensitive nipples. Therefore, it was no surprise that the girl was squirming underneath

her, desperately trying to stimulate the crinkled nubs against her chest. She couldn't even be bothered to say anything against it. She was too busy trying not to cry out at the top of her lungs.

Harry groaned as their bald mounds stimulated his throbbing cock. He wasn't satisfied though. Every fifth stroke, he would pull away from their clits and penetrate their pussies. The wet squelch and squeal of Lavender made him smile. She wanted the untalented Ron Weasley as his Keeper, then she was going to pay for it. It wouldn't only be today. She was going to fuck him anytime that he wanted. He would make sure of it.

Lavender and Parvati took turns squealing as they were penetrated by the biggest cock either had ever taken. Finally, Harry thrust into Parvati while slipping his finger into Lavender's asshole. They cried out as they exploded into synchronized orgasms. Harry pulled out and Lavender rolled off of Parvati, both quivering and spasming in pleasure. He still hadn't cummed yet. It was unacceptable. He grabbed Lavender by the hips and turned her face down. He pulled them up until her ass was sticking up. He grabbed the bottle of lube and squirted some down the crack of her ass. He used his hand to rub it in deeply, his finger penetrating her now slickened asshole. Getting off the bed and standing up, he pulled Lavender with him. Her back against his sweaty chest, he held her underneath her knees and lifted her up. He spread her legs wide, exposing her to Parvati's lovely eyes. "Parvati, honey. Help me put it in her ass please," Harry smirked. Parvati blushed but complied.

With a silent apology to her friend, Parvati grabbed his slick cock and placed the tip against Lavender's pale, crinkled hole. Lavender's back arched as both she and he moaned in unison. Parvati had a front-row seat as his thick cock stretched her dirty hole. Not knowing what else to do, she reached out and cupped his large, dangling testicles. She gently squeezed them, feeling them filled to the brim with cum. Harry's hips started moving as he thrust inside the sexy blonde. Parvati heard the perverse sound of anal fucking for the first time, and she was embarrassed to say that it was making her horny.

Harry was in heaven. Lavender's gorgeous body was writhing in his grip as he claimed her virgin ass. His thrusts became faster and more determined. Her squeals of pleasure filled him with satisfaction. Parvati was massaging his balls as he fucked her best friend, and he couldn't help but think about how lucky he truly was. "Play with your tits, Parvati!" he groaned loudly. Parvati cupped her perky breasts and squeezed and groped, giving him a fantastic show. He watched as she pulled and rolled the dark brown nubs between her fingers. He could feel his balls churning. Lavender was watching as well. The sight must have pushed her over the edge

because soon after, she leaned the back of her head against his broad shoulder. She yelled out, "FUCK!" as she was hit with an explosive orgasm. Parvati squealed as Lavender sprayed her with girl cum. With every squeak and squeal, Lavender's pussy would drench the Indian girl in her scented juices.

Parvati squeaked again as Lavender squirted on her face and chest. Her juices were rolling down her breasts as Harry hastily dropped Lavender beside her. He waved a wand and vanished the mess on his cock. Quickly, he took them by the back of their heads and sandwiched his cock with their mouths. All she could do was stick her tongue out and lick the thrusting cock as he fucked their mouths. "Put your faces together!" he pulled away, stroking himself rapidly. She knew what was coming. Placing her face against Lavender's, she was barely able to close her eyes as spurt after spurt of hot, sticky cum painted her pretty face.

Lavender choked out as a large glob of cum shot into her mouth. She could feel the warm cum rolling down her face. It was all too much for her, and she fainted. She didn't know how long she had been out of it. The details were a little bit fuzzy. She heard whorish moans and squeals and looked over to the source of the noise. Parvati was face down, ass up on the bed as Harry thrust wildly into her horny asshole. It was only a few more powerful thrusts before a cascade of liquid exploded from Parvati's nether region. Her friend choked out in pleasure. Harry was slapping her thick ass cheeks as she came all over him. He pulled out and grabbed her right up. She was barely able to protest before her legs were spread, and he began fucking her for all it was worth. As she laid back and moaned like the slut that she was, she hoped that Ron would appreciate the lengths that she was willing to go to make him a better man. She didn't know it, but she was now Harry's whore, and he wasn't willing to give her up. Lavender was imagining her life of luxury as a Quidditch wife when her pussy clamped down on him once again. Her back arched and her toes curled as she creamed his cock. 'I'm such a good girlfriend,' was her last thought before she fainted again, her slick pussy still milking Harry's gargantuan cock long into unconsciousness.