

His Favorite Girl

"Hey, Hermione, I need to borrow your boyfriend," Angelina said as they sat at the Gryffindor table for breakfast.

Harry rolled his eyes. Ever since his first year, when he jumped on a Troll's back to save Hermione at the age of fourteen, everyone assumed they were dating. Hermione had gotten so used to it that she didn't even look up from her notes to respond.

"He's all yours," she said.

"I'm right here, you know," Harry said. "What do you need me for anyways?"

"Quidditch practice," Angelina told him.

Harry cocked his head to the side, "You do know there's no Quidditch because of the Tournament, right?"

"Yes, but I can't have my star Seeker getting rusty from a year off," Angelina said. "Besides, I've been talking with Krum and I'm hoping we can get everyone together for a game before the end of the year."

"I have bigger things to worry about than Quidditch right now, Ange," Harry told her.

"I know," Angelina replied sympathetically. "Look, I'm not turning into Wood or anything, but I'd like to at least run a few practices this year. Besides, flying did help you out in the first task."

Harry shook his head while trying to fight back a smile.

"Alright, what time?" he asked.

"As soon as your done with breakfast," Angelina said, smiling brightly.

"Okay, give me a few minutes," Harry told her.

Finishing his breakfast quickly, ran back up to his dorm to grab his Quidditch robes and broom before heading back downstairs. A smile light up his face as he ran into Katie in the common room.

"Hey, Katie," Harry said brightly.

"Hey, Harry," Katie replied with a smile as she put her shoulder length, dark brown hair up in a tight ponytail. "Ready for practice?"

"Not sure how much good it'll do, but sure," he said.

"Did you hear Angelina is trying to talk Krum into getting a team together to play against us?" Katie asked as they walked out of Gryffindor Tower and down the stairs side by side.

"Yeah," Harry said with a sigh.

"Ready to beat the best Seeker in the world?" she asked with a grin.

Harry scoffed, "I'm good, but I'm not that good."

"You beat him the First Task, didn't you?" Katie asked.

"We tied," he reminded her.

"Only because Karkaroff is a biased prick," she countered. "Imagine beating him twice in one year. Once in the Tournament, and once in Quidditch."

Katie skipped as she grinned at him. Harry couldn't hold back a smile at her antics.

"I'll do my best," he said.

"Then you'll do just fine," Katie told him. "Have you found out anything about who put your name in the Goblet?"

"No," Harry said with a shake of his head. "Dumbledore said he's got Moody looking into it, but he hasn't found anything yet."

"I'm sure they'll figure it out eventually," Katie said as they stepped out onto the grounds. "There is some good news in all of this."

"What's that?" Harry asked curiously.

"Well, if someone did this to try and humiliate you, they're probably really disappointed right now," Katie said with a grin.

Harry laughed as they continued on to the Pitch, joking and laughing the rest of the way.

Thankfully, Angelina was true to her word and wasn't anywhere near as fanatical about Quidditch as Wood. The practice felt a lot more like just hanging out with his friends while flying. The more relaxed approach had Harry feeling like this would be a good break now and again. He even felt confident enough to try out a couple of new plays that had popped into his head over the years.

By the end of practice, the whole team was smiling and wishing they still had Quidditch this year. Walking into the locker room, Harry and the twins went to the left while the girls went to the right to get changed.

“So, mate,” George said with a mischievous smile. “You asked Hermione to the ball yet?”

“Why does everyone think I’m going to the ball with Hermione?” Harry asked with a sigh.

Fred and George exchange a pitiable look at his expense and shook their heads.

“Don’t worry, Harrykins,” Fred said, swinging an arm around his shoulders. “I’m sure you’ll see the wonder of witches soon enough.”

Harry shrugged the arm off his shoulder as the twins chuckled.

“Seriously, mate,” George added, “you might want to ask her before some else does.”

Clapping him on the shoulder, the twins grabbed their bags and headed for the door. Harry sighed and shook his head before grabbing his jumper and pulling it over his head. He thought he was the last to leave until he, quite literally, ran into Katie as he was leaving.

“Sorry,” Harry said as he grabbed her hips to steady the much lighter girl.

“No problem,” Katie replied with a smile. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, Fred and George were just giving me a hard time about Hermione again,” Harry told her.

“Well, you have been close friends for a long time,” Katie said, even as she took his hand.

“Hermione might be one of my best friends, but you’ve always been my favorite,” Harry said, squeezing her hand.

Smiling bright, her brown eyes sparkling, Katie stood up on the tips of her toes and gave him a lingering kiss.

“Are you sure I can’t just tell everyone I’m taking *you* to the ball?” Harry asked.

“It’s only a few more days,” Katie said, hugging herself to his arm. “I can’t wait to see the looks on their faces.”

Seeing the grin on her face and the mischief sparkling in her eyes, Harry could work up the nerve to argue with her. He could deal with it for a little bit longer.

“Maybe I can just get Hermione to tell everyone who she’s taking,” Harry said thoughtfully.

“Has she told you yet?” Katie asked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “It’s been maddening listening to her and Ron bicker about it. She won’t say who she’s going with, and he won’t believe her until she does.”

“Maybe we should just lock them in a broom cupboard together,” Katie offered playfully.

Harry snorted, “They’d probably just end up Hexing each other.”

Katie giggled before moving towards the door, but Harry pulled her back, knowing they’d have to go back to pretending they were just friends the moment they left the locker room.

He wasn't ready to go back to that just yet.

Hugging her close, he bent down and kissed her heatedly. Katie's full, soft lips melded against his as they moved together. With a quiet moan, her arms tightened around his neck, her generous curves flattening against his muscled chest as their tongues danced between their lips. Slowly, Harry slid his hand down her back until they came to rest lightly on the swell of her full, perky bum. Tightening his grip, he pulled her against him forcefully, his hardening erection grinding into her firm thigh.

Placing her hands on his chest, Katie pulled back slightly, her face flushed and her breaths coming in quick pants.

"We need to get go before someone comes looking for us," she said breathlessly.

Harry hummed negatively as he tilted his head and began sucking and kissing at the pale, delicate skin of her neck. Giggling, Katie pushed him back as he let out a disappointed groan.

"If you're good, I'll meet you in that abandoned classroom on the third floor tonight, after curfew," she told him promisingly.

Harry perked up and grinned. Giggling again, Katie grabbed his hand and pulled him outside.

A few days later, Harry straightened his tie as he waited anxiously for his date. Around him, Cedric and Fleur were already talking with their dates as they waited. Well, Cedric and Cho were talking. Fleur was as well, but her date, Roger Davies, was too busy staring at her in awe to do anything besides grunt. Honestly, she was beautiful, but this was just pathetic, Harry thought.

He was distracted when another girl began to descend the staircase to gasp and whispers of those milling around. Harry looked up expectantly, and his jaw nearly hit the floor. It was who he was hoping for, but he couldn't help but stare at Hermione as she carefully walked down the steps. It was almost like looking at a completely different person.

Even more shockingly, she gave a small, shy smile as she passed him and walked straight over to Krum. The Bulgarian bowed rigidly and grabbed her hand to kiss the back of it. Hermione blushed prettily as the girls in the Entrance Hall tittered.

Shaking his head, Harry turned back to the stairs, but there was no one there. Sighing, he stuck his hands in his pockets and waited, his nerves growing with each passing minute.

“Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall called as she walked quickly over to him. “Has your date arrived yet? We’re almost ready to start.”

“Not yet, Professor,” Harry said.

“Well, if she’s not here soon, I’ll have to pick one for you,” she said stiffly. “I’ll not a Gryffindor as they only Champion not to bring a date.”

Before Harry could reply, she spun on her heel and walked over to the other Champions briskly. Sighing, he glanced at the top of the stairs, then did a double take at what he saw. Katie looked amazing. Gone was the cute girl next door, and in her place was a stunning beautiful witch. Her dark hair was done up in an intricate bun, the light makeup on her face only accentuated her already beautiful features, and her forest green dress showed off her busty, athletic figure perfectly.

As she walked down the stairs, he caught just a glimpse of her long, toned legs through a slit in the side that ended an inch above her knee. Harry swallowed thickly as she reached the bottom of the stairs and looked at him with that familiar smile and excited sparkle in her eyes.

“Wow,” Harry breathed as she came to a stop in front of him. “You – you look incredible.”

“Thank you,” Katie said as she took his arm and smiled at his slight stammer. “You look quite handsome yourself.”

“Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter!”

Harry didn't realize McGonagall had called his name twice until Katie elbowed him light in the side. Looking up, the professor glared at him and waved him quickly over to the door. Straightening himself up, Katie wrapped her arm around his as they walked over to join the rest of the Champions.

Lining up behind the others, Harry barely had a chance to gather himself before the door were thrown open and they were marching in. His cheeks burned under the stares of students from three different schools.

“Look,” Katie hissed with a smile.

Following her gaze, Harry nearly laughed at the looks they were getting from the rest of their Quidditch teammates. Then when he noticed just how many others looked at them in surprise. Even some of the foreign students were looking between him and Hermione with some confusion. It made him wonder just how many people had expected him to take her to the ball instead.

Reaching their table, Harry pulled out a chair for his date. Katie smiled at him and gave him a peck on the cheek as she sat. Next to him, he noticed Fleur still standing. She was glaring at Roger, who had taken to staring at her, admittedly impressive, chest. Harry felt bad for the French girl as the people next to them began to laugh.

Rolling his eyes, he stepped over and pulled her chair out for her. Fleur looked at him in surprise before a smile brightened her face.

“Merci,” she said before taking her seat.

Harry simply nodded before walking back over to the other side of Katie and sitting next to her. Smiling, she took his hand under the table and squeezed it just as Fleur grabbed her dates hand and yanked him into his seat.

"Hey, Hermione," Katie said brightly.

"Hello, Katie," Hermione replied with a smile. "That's lovely dress."

"Thank you. I love what you've done with your hair," Katie said, causing Hermione to blush lightly as she ran her finger through it. "So, this is your big mystery date?"

"Yes," Hermione said shyly. "Viktor asked me about a week ago when we ran into each other in the library."

"Then why all the secrecy?" Harry asked curiously.

"Because I didn't want you and Ron to make fun of me," Hermione admitted. "Besides, you didn't tell me you were taking Katie."

"That's my fault," Katie jumped in with a smile. "I asked him not to tell anyone we were dating until the Ball. I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Oh," Hermione said, looking between the two of them. "How long have you two been dating then?"

Katie turned to look at him questioningly, but Harry just shrugged. Smiling, she took his hand in hers and gripped his bicep with the other as she leaned against him.

"About two months," she said.

"Months?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Katie said with a grin. "It's been kind of fun sneaking around, but it gets tiring after a while. It'll be nice to be able to act like a couple in public finally."

"So, that's where you've been disappearing to," Hermione said, looking at Harry.

Harry shrugged unrepentantly. "Sorry. Gotta spend time with my favorite girl though."

Smiling, Katie turned and kissed his cheek.

"Wow, I had no idea you two were that close. I'm really happy for you though," Hermione told them.

"Thanks, Hermione," Katie said. "You wouldn't believe how many people thought you and Harry were going to the Ball together."

"Oh, I know," Hermione said, smiling as she looked over at Krum. "Even Viktor asked if we were dating before he asked me to the ball."

"The twins are going to be devastated," Cedric added suddenly. "They had a pool going on who was taking who to the ball. They could have made a fortune if they knew you weren't taking Hermione, but everyone was so convinced you were going together no one took the bet."

"You're kidding," Harry said incredulously.

"Nope," Cedric said with a grin. "Cho even lost a couple Galleons betting that Fleur would take Markus to the ball instead of Roger."

"I weesh I 'ad," Fleur huffed.

"Yeah," Roger said absently as he continued to stare at her modest cleavage like it held the meaning of life.

Glaring at him, Fleur tried to fold her arms over herself, but she only managed to press her breasts together and make them look even more enticing.

"Do you want to borrow my robe?" Harry asked.

"Eef you do not mind," Fleur said, looking between him and Katie cautiously.

"It's fine," Katie said as Harry handed her his outer robe.

"Merci," Fleur said, then sighed. "I 'ate to cover up aftair 'ow long eet took to get ready."

"I'm sorry," Katie said sympathetically.

Sighing, Fleur put on the cloak and did up the top two buttons. Roger frown and blinked his eyes as if coming out of a trance.

"What?" he asked when he found everyone staring at him.

Harry bit his cheek to keep from laughing while Katie shook next to him in silent laughter. Dumbledore, the other heads, along with Percy Weasley and Ludo Bagman, chose that moment to join them at their table. Madam Maxime looked at Fleur curiously as she took her seat. As Fleur spoke to her headmistress in French, Harry wrapped his arm around Katie and pulled her close. It felt so good to finally be able to show affection for her in public.

After ordering their dinner, Harry and the others enjoyed brief conversations as they ate. It seemed like they had just started when the food vanished, and it was time for the opening dance.

Standing up, Harry helped Katie to her feet and led the beaming girl out onto the dance floor. He was a bit nervous about dancing in front of everyone, but all those worries vanished the moment he had her in his arms. The rest of the world just seemed to fade as he held her close and swayed to the beat.

Before he knew it, the music stopped, and the band announced they were going to take a short break. Smiling, Katie wrapped herself around his arm again as they headed over to the refreshments. It didn't take long for Fred and George, along with their dates, Angelina and Alicia respectively, to catch up with them.

"Why didn't you tell us you were going to the ball with Harry?" Angelina asked.

"I wanted to surprise you," Katie said with a grin.

"That's just mean," Fred whined while George nodded in agreement.

"Do you know how much gold we could have made?" George asked.

"Oh, give it a rest you two," Alicia said. "So, how long have you two been together, because this does not look like a first date."

"Hm, I think it's been two months," Katie said, thoughtfully tapping her chin.

"Two months?" Angelina asked. "And you didn't tell us?"

“Nope,” Katie said unrepentantly. “Seeing the looks on your face when walked in was all worth it.”

“Bitch,” Angelina said through a smile she couldn’t repress.

“Yeah, but you love me anyways,” Katie replied playfully.

Harry smiled as he wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her back to his chest. They talked with their friends and teammates for a few more minutes before it was announced the Weird Sisters would be performing for the rest of the night.

Katie cheered and did an excited little shimmy before grabbing Harry by the hand and dragging him out onto the dance floor. He never been a huge fan of music in the magical world before, but with Katie swaying against him, it gave him a whole new appreciation for the odd beat.

Harry and Katie danced for a long time while the band switched between fast, upbeat rock song and slow ballads. During one such dance, he felt someone tap on his shoulder. Turing around, he found Fleur looking at them with a smile.

“Ere,” she said, holding out his robe. “Zhank you for letting me borrow eet, but I am going back to zhe carriage.”

Harry smiled as he reached out for his robe but stopped as a thought came to him.

“You know what, why don’t you hold on to it until tomorrow,” Harry said. “It’s pretty cold out, and I know you’re not a fan of our weather.”

Fleur blinked at him before turning her head to look out the widows of the Great Hall. It was dark out, but there was just enough light from the moon to see snowflakes slowly fluttering to the ground.

“Merci,” Fleur said with a bright smile.

Harry felt her magic wash over him, but he was quickly able to shake it off.

“You’re welcome,” Harry said. “Sorry your date didn’t go well.”

“Eet ‘appens,” Fleur said with a shrug. “Ave a good night,”

“Good night,” Katie replied for them.

As Fleur waled away, Harry turned back to his date, who was giving him an odd smile.

“You have no idea what you’re doing, do you?” she asked.

“Huh?” Harry asked in confusion.

Giggling, Katie wrapped her arms around his neck and combed her fingers through his hair.

“You know, most boys would’ve glad to stare at a girl like that if she was sitting near them,” she said teasingly.

“There’s someone else I’d much rather stare at,” Harry told her.

“Really?” Katie asked, her grin turning mischievous. “Well, Hermione does look quite pretty.”

Giving her a fake glare, Harry moved his hands to her hips and tickled her sides. Katie squealed and squirmed against him until he stopped after a few seconds.

“Prat,” she said with a beaming smile.

“Yeah, but you love me anyways,” Harry said, throwing her own words back at her.

Laughing, Katie leaned against him and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Thank you for making this night so wonderful,” Katie whispered.

Smiling, Harry bent down and kissed the side of her neck. Humming contentedly, she nuzzled her face against neck and hugged him tightly. He ran his hands up and down her back, enjoying the feeling of her large breasts squashed against his firm chest.

“Do you want to go see if our room is free?” she asked.

“Definitely,” Harry said, aching with excitement.

Pulling back, Katie grinned, grabbed his arm, and pulled him off the dance floor. As she led him out of the Great Hall, Angelina and Alicia waved at him with knowing grins. Once out in the hall, they walked up to the third floor, down the right-hand corridor, and peeked into the first door on the left.

“It’s clear,” Katie said with a smile.

Returning her smile, Harry pulled her into the unused classroom and closed the door behind him. Taking out his wand, he spelled the door closed and silenced the room so they wouldn’t be disturbed. Turning around, he inhaled sharply when he saw Katie looking over her shoulder at him, the back of her dress completely unzipped. With a coy smile, she pushed the straps off her shoulders and let the dress fall to the floor.

Harry licked his suddenly dry lips as he stared at her completely bare back, the only article of clothing covering her now her silky white panties. Breathing heavily, he watched excitedly as she held an arm over her chest and slowly spun around to face him. Eyes sparkling, Katie let her arm fall to her side, giving him his first look at her naked breasts.

Harry couldn't stop himself from staring even if he wanted to. He'd been dreaming of this moment for weeks, and now he was finally getting to see his girlfriend almost completely bare. Her large, perky breasts sat high on her chest, trembling slightly with every excited breath she took. Even from a distance, he could see her engorged nipple sticking out from the middle of her side, pale areolas. As his gaze trailed down, he throbbed at the sight of her thin waist, tight stomach, and long, muscular legs.

Katie sauntered up to Harry, her breasts bouncing on her chest and her heels clicking on the stone floor with each step. As she stopped in front of him, she placed her hands on his chest and slide them up until they were around his neck.

"I've been so looking forward to this," she said.

Threading her fingers through his hair, she pulled him down for a hungry kiss. Running one of her hands down his arm, Katie took his shaking hand in hers and brought it up to her chest. Harry cupped her breast lightly, gently experimenting with light squeezes and soft caresses as the soft, smooth mound more than filled his hand. Moaning into his mouth, Katie arched her back, firmly pressing her chest into his hand.

As Harry grew more confident with the way he touched her body, she began popping open the buttons of his shirt. Reluctantly, he let go of her breast just long enough to frantically pull off his shirt and throw it aside. While his hand moved back to her chest, Katie continued undressing him by reaching for his belt. When she finally got them open, she pulled back and smiled at him before slowly dropping to her knees. Harry's breath caught in his throat in nervous excitement as she reached for his waistband.

He didn't know if she intended it that way, but when she yanked his pants down, his boxers went with them. In less than a second, Harry was completely exposed. His erection jumped up

eagerly, nearly hitting Katie in the face as it bobbed in front of her, the purple, swollen head aimed directly at her lips.

“Merlin,” Katie breathed.

Staring at his cock, she nervously reached up and gingerly wrapped her hand around his shaft. Harry’s breath caught at the feeling of her warm hand around him. Looking up at him, Katie bit her lip and slowly started stroking him lightly back and forth.

“Tell me if I do something you don’t like, I’ve never done this before,” she said.

Unable to get the words past his throat, Harry simply nodded. Turning her attention back to his cock, Katie shocked him by leaning forward and placing a kiss on his tip. A short gasp escaped his lips at the feeling, causing Katie to look back up at him. With that familiar, playful smile on her lips, she leaned forward and kissed his head again while staring up into his eyes.

“Merlin, Katie,” Harry whispered.

Her eyes sparkling, Katie gave the tip an open-mouthed kiss, suckling on the very end as she pulled back. Parting her lips even more, she finally took him into her mouth. Harry gasped, his cock twitching as his head was enveloped in her hot, wet cavern. Sucking lightly, she rolled her tongue around his sensitive head before slowly pulling back.

Licking her lips, Katie continued staring up at him as she wrapped her lips around him once more. This time, she took him even deeper, and he rested his hand on her head to steady himself. Bobbing slowly, her lips stretch as they moved up and down the length of his shaft, taking more and more of him each time she moved down. At just past halfway, his swollen head bumped into the back of her throat.

Katie gagged, her shoulders hunching and face grimacing as she pulled back sharply. Blinking the tears of her eyes, she cleared her throat before going right back down on his cock. Harry hissed in pleasure as her tongue swirled around him. Now that she knew her limits, Katie

bobbed up and down his shaft, her movements growing faster and more confident with each passing second.

Harry panted as he fought to hold back his climax. He wanted this incredible feeling to last forever, but he already felt like he was going to burst. Seeing Katie's beautiful face staring up at him as her breasts jiggle below wasn't helping him hold back either.

"Oh God, Katie. I'm close," Harry panted.

Looking up at him excitedly, she bobbed her head quickly over his sensitive tip while her hand stroked the rest of his spit slickened shaft rapidly. Breathing heavily, Harry closed his eyes, trying desperately to hold on as long as he could. Despite his best efforts, after just a few seconds, he tipped over the edge.

"Katie," Harry groaned in warning.

He didn't know if she understood what he was trying to say or not, but it was too late. Harry erupted inside of her mouth. As he spilled himself inside of her, Katie sucked voraciously at the tip with a low moan that sent pleasurable vibrations along his entire length. Unconsciously, he gripped her hair tightly as jets of hot, salty cum flooded her mouth. She took it all hungrily, only a small dribble escaping from the corner of her lips. By the time he was done, Harry's legs trembled while she continued to try and get more out of him.

Even though he was still hard, he was forced to pull out of her mouth when the sensations became too much for his hypersensitive glans. As he took half a step back, he noticed for the first time that Katie had a hand buried in her panties, fingering herself furiously. With her lips tightly shut, she moaned and closed her eyes as her arm jerked rapidly. Harry's erection ached as it throbbed excitedly from the sight of her lust-filled eye, cum-filled mouth, and wildly bouncing tits.

Katie tilted her head back with a long, low moan. As he watched, he could see her throat bobbing as she swallowed the cum in her mouth. Sucking in a deep breath, her whole body trembled while a pleasure-filled cry left her full, red lips. A powerful climax shuddered through

her body as she gasped and panted on her knees, her hand nearly vibrating back and forth in her panties.

Eventually, her hand stopped, and her body sagged. Taking her hand out of her soaked and translucent panties, Katie looked up at him and grinned.

“That was a lot more fun than I’d thought it would be,” she panted.

Chuckling, Harry held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Pulling her close, he kissed her hard on the lips while his hands explored her body. Moaning into his mouth, Katie wrapped her fingers around his shaft and stroked him lightly. Pulling her lips back to catch her breath, she smiled brightly.

“Would you be offended if I said you have a really pretty cock?” she asked.

“You can call it anything you like if you keep doing that,” Harry said, nodding down at the hand around his length.

Giggling, Katie leaned forward to peck him on the lips before pulling back and turning away from him. Harry worried that she might want to stop for the night, then cocked his head to the side curiously as she rummaged through her close. Harry’s eye immediately fell to the swell of her muscular behind, and he only looked away when she stood up with her wand in hand.

Walking over to the teacher’s desk, she waved her wand in a complex pattern while mumbling an incantation under her breath. Slowly, the desk morphed into a plain looking bed. Nodding to herself, Katie tossed her wand on top of her dress and sat on the mattress. As she bounced up and down to test its sturdiness, her large breasts bounced with the movement. Satisfied, Katie took off her panties, crossed her legs, and crooked her finger at Harry with a sultry look.

When Harry reached the bed, Katie pulled him onto it. Stretching out on the slightly lumpy mattress, they laid on their sides facing each other while kiss and exploring each other’s bodies. As his hand reached the inside of her thigh, she lifted her leg to give him room. Cautiously,

Harry ran his fingers gently along the edge of her wet lips. With a moan, Katie bucked her hips towards his hand while moaning against his lips. Slowly, he traced his finger along her slit. As he neared the top, he hit a spot that made her gasp and buck into his hand even harder.

Pulling her lips back from his, Katie shoved his shoulder so that he was laying flat on his back and then climbed on to of him. Straddling his waist, she laid his cock against his stomach and then ground herself against him. Groaning, Harry reached up and cupped both of her breasts firmly. Katie moaned and rolled her hips back and forth, dragging her slit along the length of his hard cock.

Harry felt disappointed when she suddenly stopped, then froze when she lifted herself up and aimed his engorged head at her entrance. His hands moved down to her hips, and he stared wide eyed as she slowly lowered herself down onto him.

The sensation of being inside of her was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. Her mouth had felt incredible, but this was even better. In seconds, the wet heat of her silky-smooth depths enveloped his entire length. Both of them moaned and groaned as she settled her weight down onto him.

"Merlin, Katie," Harry gasped.

"Mmh, that feels so good," Katie moaned.

Leaning over him, her breasts dangling over his chest, Katie panted as she began rolling her hips. Harry caressed her incredible body with one hand while the other reached up to stroke her cheek. She turned her head to kiss his palm before leaning down to do the same to his lips.

Sitting back up, Katie stopped rolling her hips and started to bounce up and down on his cock.

"Fuck," Harry groaned as he moved inside of her. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do this for."

“Mmh, we should have done this year ago,” Katie said with a grin.

Grabbing his hands, she interlaced their finger and used his arms to steady herself as she really began to move. The hastily transfigured mattress squeaked and groaned under them in protest while she lifted herself nearly halfway up his length before dropping back down as fast as gravity could take her. With her body on full display and her playful smile darkened with lust, Harry thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

“Harry,” Katie moaned.

Panting from exertion and arousal, she moaned and gasped as his cock drove into her tight, wet folds over and over again. Harry tried to close his eyes, hoping that would help him last longer, but they just wouldn’t listen. Too strong a part of him couldn’t look away from the amazing sight in front of him.

“Harry,” Katie whined, her voice raising in volume and pitch.

Biting her lip, she moaned almost constantly as ride grew even more vigorous. Harry curled his toes painfully as he desperately fought back his own climax.

Just a little longer, he told himself.

“Harry!” Katie yelled.

Throwing her head back, she impaled herself on his rigid length on last time as she reached her climax. Her hips rolled and wiggled frantically as her depths fluttered around him while her hands clenched around his almost painfully. Harry exploded inside of her almost instantly, the sight of her cumming powerfully all over his cock too much for his frayed restraint. Gasping, he bucked his hip up into her as he flooded her depths.

As the first jet splashed against her walls, Katie cooed and shuddered above him. Collapsing forward, she laid on his chest and let go of his hands. Her hips continued to roll and jerk as they both rode out their peaks. Harry wrapped his arms around her as he thrust his own hips up with each pulse of his cock. Turning his head, he kissed and sucked at her neck hard, leaving behind a dark red love bite.

Eventually, both of them calmed and panted as they floated in a euphoric haze.

By the time they finally got dressed, the ball was pretty much over. The Weird Sisters had left, and only three couples remained swaying to the music of some animated instruments. After sharing one last dance, they walked back to Gryffindor Tower hand in hand.

"I had a great night," Katie said as they stood in the common room.

"Me too," Harry said softly.

Smiling at each other, they came together for one last kiss of the night.

"I wish I could bring you up to my room for the night," Katie pouted.

"As much as I would love that, I don't think your roommates would appreciate that very much,"

Katie smiled and chuckled lightly.

"You have no idea just how popular you are," she told him. "I don't think they would mind at all."

"Yeah, well, too bad for them, I'm already taken," Harry said with a grin.

Smiling back, Katie wrapped her arms around him and gave him a tight hug.

“Good night, Harry,” she said as she pulled back.

“Night, Katie,” Harry said, waving as she walked up the stairs to the girl’s dorm.

Harry stayed and watched her leave until she was out of view. Climbing the stairs to his own dorm, he changed and climbed into bed, all without ever losing the small smile on his face. Maybe now, people would know who his favorite girl really was.