

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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.

-

Chapter 25: Truth

-

The burning embers died swiftly, blazing bright between one breath and the next. Their remains were left to float through the wind, breaking apart until nothing was left but the chill of the air. Harry watched this same scene again and again. Every flick of his cigarette brought with it a new burst of embers. A new light to watch be snuffed out.

It was a morbidly fascinating scene. It would make for a quaint metaphor about life if Harry cared enough to give a damn. Instead, he watched the embers die out again and again.

Burn. Fade. Disappear. Repeat.

He tore his eyes away from the embers, breathing out a slow lungful of smoke as he turned his attention to the stars above. Now there was a sight.

He didn't have to worry about such a mundane cycle with these bright, burning dots of light.

Where the embers lived and died in the blink of an eye, the stars burned on and on, billions of years passing as they remained unchanged. Even those that had reached their end — some bursting forth in brilliant explosions of plasma and light, others collapsing inward until the sheer weight of their existence created a well in which nothing could escape — their light still shone out in the sky.

Their deaths had already long passed; it was an irrefutable fact.

Inevitable. Dauntless. Irrevocable. But shining nonetheless.

Harry much preferred the stars to the petulant little embers who couldn't hope to live more than a moment.

With a sigh, he gave the stars one last meaningful glance. The twinkling of their light reminded Harry of the sparkle in Cammi's eyes whenever she made a particularly bad joke. God — now that was a sight he preferred over everything. Would he ever see it again?

Grimacing, he flicked the spent butt of his cigarette out the window, scowling at the fading embers.

Stupid stars.

He closed the window with a huff, rubbing at the bags beneath his eyes. It was late, and yet he couldn't bring himself to sleep just yet. A quiet moan tore his attention away from his exhaustion to the bed where a figure shifted to face him.

"Mmm, what are you doing up?" A tired voice whispered. Katie Bell rubbed the sleep from her eyes before sitting up, the blanket falling down to reveal her perfect grapefruit-sized breasts.

"Come back to bed."

Before Harry could respond, the sound of someone else shifting in the bed turned his attention to the other figure in the bed.

"Please, Harry?" Lavender Brown pleaded with a pout. She wrapped her arms around Katie's waist, one hand reaching up to cup the other blonde's perky tits while the other snuck down between her legs. "Won't you come back to bed~?"

Katie's quiet moan as Lavender's fingers pushed themselves into her sweltering heat was all the incentive Harry needed to push the thoughts of stupid stars and beautiful onyx eyes from his head as he climbed into bed.

Katie's hands found his cock first. Her touch was teasing and languid. She lazily wrapped her fingers around his shaft, giving it a few light strokes — enough to have him hardening in her hand within seconds. Behind her, Lavender giggled and added her own hands to the fray. The bubbly blonde caressed Harry's chest and abs, eager to feel each toned muscle and rough scar

that adorned his flesh. Soon enough, her dainty hand found his cock as well, joining with Katie's to stroke his hardened length.

He kissed Lavender first. Her lips tasted of the cherry wine they had shared earlier, before their first tumble between the sheets, and the sweet flavour of Katie's pussy. This was the first time he had both blondes in bed together at the same time, but Katie hadn't even blinked before assuming dominance over the younger witch.

Lavender moaned into their kiss. She abandoned her stroking of his cock to coax Katie's legs further apart. The older blonde complied, her breath hitching as the tip of Harry's cock grazed against her sensitive mound. Breaking his kiss with Lavender, Harry stared into Katie's dazzling blue eyes as he pushed the tip of his cock inside her heat. Katie gasped, the sound strangled and breathless as her folds parted for him. The blonde used her fingers to spread her outer lips for him, allowing his cock to slide completely in with little effort. She threw her head back as he finally bottomed out inside her, a low guttural moan slipping from her plump pink lips that was soon silenced by Lavender's mouth.

Harry grunted, the sight of the two sexy blondes snogging making his cock jerk with excitement. Sitting up, he placed his hands on the underside of Katie's creamy thighs and pulled his hips back before slamming forward once more with a meaty '*clap!*' against the older witch's cunny. Katie's cry came out more as a whimper instead, muffled by Lavender's tongue as it explored every inch of her mouth. As Harry continued to saw his hips back and forth, fucking her at a tortuously slow pace, Katie finally broke the kiss with her fellow blonde, pulling away to cry out. "F-Faster!" she demanded, her hands clawing desperately at Harry's hips to draw him deeper inside her needy cunt.

Harry obeyed her command, eager to hear the blonde's wimpers grow with every thrust. Soon the light slapping of their sexes turned to full-blown cracks of flesh against flesh. Katie's mewls and gasps transformed as well, dashing out from her lips in ragged moans and pleas for Harry to keep going.

Not one to be left out of the fray, Lavender moved out from behind the panting girl, allowing Katie to fall completely back onto the bed, jostling back and forth from the power of Harry's thrusts. The bubbly Gryffindor wasted not a moment as she threw her leg over the moaning girl's face, her dripping slit the last things Katie saw before darkness and heat enveloped her words.

"Oh yessss~" Lavender hissed, her hands clutching onto Katie's jiggling tits like a pair of plush handholds. "Fuck you're almost as good at eating pussy as Parvati, Katie!"

Katie's answer was a muffled moan into the other girl's slit as Harry found *that* spot inside her. She could do nothing but clutch desperately at the other girl's thighs, silencing her screams by plunging her tongue into Lavender's sweet folds. The other blonde let her hitching gasps spill free to show her approval. Her honey brown eyes met Harry's emerald green, a silent plea shining within as Katie continued to devour her weeping pussy. Harry moved without question, releasing one of Katie's thighs to reach his hand up and thread it through Lavender's curly blonde locks. The gossiping witch whimpered as he pulled their faces together, their lips meeting once more in a sloppy, lust-drunk kiss.

Katie was the first to cum. Her walls clamped down around him without warning, her screams silenced by Lavender's puffy pussy lips as she reached a toe-curling climax. Harry grunted against Lavender's lips; the sensation of Katie's cunt trembling around him was almost enough to tip him over the edge as well, but he wasn't finished quite yet. Pulling free from the older blonde's quim, he broke his kiss with Lavender and hooked a thumb inside the whimpering girl's cheek. Lavender didn't even question it, wrapping her pouty lips around his thumb and sucked while she gazed up at him with eyes full of submissive obedience.

Slowly, he guided the blonde's head downward, his thumb popping free from her mouth as soon as she was eye-level with his rock-hard length. Lavender bit her bottom lip, glancing back up at Harry with a look of excitement before she leaned forward.

Her tongue slid along the underside of his cock, bathing him with attention from base to tip. Harry groaned as she reached his swollen sack, his hand threading through her hair as she suck lightly on his balls one at a time. A moan escaped from her lips as she pulled back, pausing a moment to clench her eyes shut with a startled gasp. Katie had recovered from her orgasm, it seemed, and saw fit to return to her work of pleasuring the younger girl's cunt with her mouth. Harry didn't mind, though. As she opened her mouth wide to moan, Harry took that as his invitation to lurch forward, burying his cock halfway down the girl's throat with a wet *'GLURK!'*

If Lavender was surprised, she definitely didn't show it. Instead, she moaned even louder, pulled herself back to suckle expertly on his cock head. Her cheeks hollowed, and pouty lips wrapped tightly around his girth while she swallowed him. Harry groaned as she slid his cock deeper into her mouth. Even as his cock head hit the back of her throat, the curly-haired girl didn't stop. Reaching her hands around, she sank her claws into his arse and pulled him forward, burying her nose into his groin as his cock hilted itself inside her throat.

Harry couldn't help but let out a curse of surprise. The trembling of Lavender's throat around him as she fought off the urge to gag felt incredible. Even as tears streamed from her eyes, the girl wouldn't give, rocking her face back and forth against his groin until she was nearly blue from the lack of air. It was only then that the girl relented, pulling back with a gasp as she fought to suck down lungfuls of much-needed oxygen. As her breath returned, Lavender couldn't help but suddenly tense up as another wave of pleasure overcame her courtesy of Katie's tongue. It was the catalyst needed to return her mouth back to his cock. She all but threw the slow and steady shite out the window, instead focusing on bobbing her head back and forth as fast and sloppily as possible while the volume of her moans grew.

"Fucking hell!" Harry gasped. Lavender was moving at a blazing speed, her mouth a symphony of wimpers and sucks as she coated his length with a thick layer of saliva. What she couldn't fit

so easily in her mouth, she used her hand to stroke him instead, moving it in tandem with her lips as Harry's end came closer and closer.

"God Lav! I'm close," he warned, using the girl's thick blonde ringlets as a handhold. Lavender made a noise, whether in pleasure or confirmation, Harry couldn't be sure. It mattered little anyway because the next moment, Lavender hilted his cock down her throat once more as her body tensed in climax. Harry followed behind her not a second later, spilling his seed deep inside her hot, wet gullet while her juices gushed into Katie's mouth.

As his orgasm faded, Harry found himself falling back into the bed, suddenly bone tired as both girls snuggled into his sides.

"Done brooding then?" Katie whispered with a teasing smile.

"Definitely," he said, giving her a quick peck on the lips.

"Good," she replied, snuggling deeper into his side. Lavender did the same, burying her face into his neck and throwing a leg over his waist.

Soon, both girls slipped into a quiet slumber, wrapped around Harry as he stared out into the darkness. Despite the brief escape the girls provided, his mind still hung heavy with thoughts of dazzling onyx eyes that somehow outshone the stars.

It was those same eyes that greeted his dreams when he finally slipped into a fitful sleep. Onyx at first, before blood red ones joined the fray with cackling laughter and a flash of green.

-

Contrary to popular belief, Hermione Granger was *not* a patient witch.

True, it took some level of patience to be as studious as she was. Long hours in the library researching or in an abandoned classroom spent practising wand movements over and over until they were perfect took some level of fortitude. Yet outside her studies, Hermione had, as her dad would say, a very short fuse.

Which was why she considered it a massive testimony to her self-control that she allowed Harry *two weeks* of space before she all but demanded an explanation out of him.

He'd been playing Wizard's Chess with Ron. A quick glance at the board revealed he was three moves away from losing — not that she would have particularly cared if he'd been winning.

Without a word, Hermione had taken his hand and jerked him to his feet. Harry had made a sound of protest while Ron shouted something or other about interrupting their game. Hermione responded with a roll of her eyes as she yanked Harry towards the portrait hole.

"Hermione—!" he tried to argue as she pulled him out into the castle halls.

She shushed him with a withering glare, effectively silencing any further protest as she pulled him along to their destination.

The Room of Requirement greeted them, already configured to Hermione's tastes and waiting. Hermione pushed open the door with a huff, pushing Harry inside and locking the door behind them to cut off any chance at escape.

"Mind telling me what all this is about?" Harry grumbled as he fixed his mussed robes.

"Sit," was all she said in response, pointing towards one of the wing-backed chairs towards the centre of the room.

"Tell me what the hell is going on first!"

"*Sit!*" she said again, hissing out the order with a stern glare.

Harry opened his mouth to argue once more, but seemingly thought better of it and snapped his jaw closed. With an annoyed sigh, he flopped into the summoned chair, raising his hands up as if to say '*Well?!*'

Hermione nodded and took her seat opposite him with practised grace.

"What's this about, 'Mione?" Harry pressed again.

"This is about *you*—" she began, flicking an errant strand of brown curls from her face. "—being a giant prat since the train."

"Hermione—"

"I am speaking, Harry James Potter and you will listen!" she snapped, her patience finally reaching its end.

Harry raised his brow at her sudden outburst, but thankfully remained silent as she continued.

“As I was saying — you’ve been distant, irritable, and an all-around jerk to me and the rest of our friends since the train, and I’ve had quite enough of it, Harry.” Hermione huffed, allowing some of her irritation to dissipate. “It’s not fair to me, or any of our friends. If something is wrong, then talk to me, or Ron, or the dozens of other people in this castle who care about you.

Not...this,” she said, gesturing vaguely towards him.

Harry crossed his arms with a scowl of annoyance. “You just gestured to all of me.”

“You know what I mean!” Hermione scoffed.

She watched as he shook his head before muttering something under his breath.

“What was that?”

“I said this is ridiculous!” he snapped, voice rising to a full-blown shout. “You don’t get to fucking demand an explanation out of me whenever I’m not acting to your expectations! I don’t owe that to you or anyone else in this damned castle!”

“Owe me?! No, Harry you don’t owe me a thing! Just as I don’t owe it to you to sit here and put up with your foul mood because you’re too stubborn to actually talk about what’s bothering you for once!” she snapped back, her own voice rising as well.

Harry stood with a growl and stomped towards the fireplace, ignoring Hermione completely as he passed.

“You wanna know what’s bothering me so much?” he said, refusing to turn around even as his words dripped with anger.

Hermione threw her arms up and stood. “That’s all I’ve been asking you to share since the train Harry!”

“Fine,” he turned, the light from the fire seeming to almost bend around his form, creating a stark difference between the glow of the flames and the shadow of his scowl. “But you fucking asked for it.”

And so he told her, leaving out nothing since his meeting with the Headmaster at the end of their fifth year, through the summer and meeting Cammi, and up to their return to Hogwarts just days prior. He let it all out, his resignation over the prophecy, the guilt he felt for allowing so many people to care for him, Cammi most of all, even when he knew how things would end. He vented out every frustration from the unfairness of it all, to Dumbledore's laxity and almost flippant attitude to taking any sort of fucking stance with Harry or Draco's scheme. He spoke about the resentment he hadn't even realised had been building for the man he once called a mentor. Resentment for lying to Harry about the prophecy for so long. Resentment for taking away nearly every choice Harry had in his life. Resentment for withholding so much from Harry, even now.

But most of all, he told her about the resentment he felt towards himself. For feeling so helpless. For the selfish thoughts about running away that still whispered in the back of his mind. For inadvertently dragging her and the others into the mix.

For falling for Cammi.

By the end of it, his throat felt raw, and all the anger that'd been boiling within his chest cooled into numbing resignation. Strangely, though, Harry felt a bit of weight fall free from his shoulders when he finished, finally unburdened of the secret he's kept for so very long.

The air was still with silence for several heartbeats after the final word slipped from his breath. Only the sounds of the crackling fire drowned out the thick quiet that blanketed the Room of Requirement. Harry avoided meeting Hermione's eyes. He didn't wish to see what they held within. Pity? Scorn? Disbelief? It was a waste, no matter the outcome. So busy avoiding her gaze that he didn't even realise she'd stepped forward until her arms were already wrapping themselves tight around him.

"Oh, Harry..." she murmured, voice cracking as she held him tight. "You foolish, foolish man."

"Foolish?" he whispered, trying to make the word sound light and joking, but succeeding only in making it seem so very lifeless.

Hermione tightened her embrace, burying her face into his chest with a nod. Harry couldn't help but hug her back. Despite his earlier anger, Hermione was still his best friend. Her arms never failed to bring a sense of comfort. Dipping his head down to her honey-brown locks, he took a moment to breathe in her comforting scent, allowing it to soothe his breaking heart if only a little. "You always think you have to bear the weight of the world alone," she murmured. "But you don't. You never did, because you have us, Harry." She pulled back, reaching up with one hand to cup his cheek.

"This isn't like our past adventures, 'Mione. The prophecy — Voldemort — it's all unavoidable. No amount of research or dumb luck on my part will change that."

"So you've what? Given up?" Though her words were stern, the death grip she had on his arms belied her true emotions. The very idea that Harry had already given up clutched her heart tightly with fear.

Harry sighed and pressed his forehead against hers. "Of course not. I'm not just going to roll over and die, 'Mione. I'll fight Voldemort to the bitter end with everything I've got, but I've accepted that it won't be enough for me to survive. That's why I've been working so hard with Dumbledore and uncovering the secret of Voldemort's memories, or putting a stop to Draco's schemes. It's why I made the deal with Cyrus Greengrass. Because if I have to die, then I'll die knowing I did everything I could to destroy Voldemort's plans for good."

"But you still think you'll die." Harry sighed, but before he could open his mouth to argue further, Hermione had already pressed her lips against his. "Shhh, you'll listen to me now Harry. I don't care about what you think will happen. I don't care about the prophecy or what Dumbledore said it means. I don't care that you're a stupid noble prat who thinks he has to fight every battle alone! What I do care about is *you*, Harry. Me, Cammi, Tonks, Lavender, Katie, Ginny — We all care about you. We all *love you*. And that holds far more power than any stupid prophecy," she paused to place another gentle kiss against his lips, lingering for a moment or two longer before

she pulled away. “You *will not* die at the hands of that madman. In fact, you’re going to fucking kill *him*.”

If it weren’t for the seriousness of the situation, Harry would have cracked a smile at Hermione’s use of a curse word. Instead eyed her with a look of disbelief.

“And how do you suppose I do that?” he asked.

Hermione pulled away from his arms and took a step back, then another, then another. Harry watched in confusion as she pulled her wand free, banishing the chairs to the side of the room.

“Simple. We train,” she said, levelling her wand at his chest.

This time, Harry did laugh. Leave it to Hermione to bully him into fighting to live. He still didn’t have much hope for his chances. Voldemort had decades of magical experience over him and a few months of training would do little to close that gap between them, but the steely determination with which she stared back at him stoked a fire in his chest he long thought burnt out. With a smile, he gave the bushy-haired girl a nod. “All right then. Have it your way.” And he pulled his wand free.

-

Cammi hummed to herself as she finished the last touches to her letter to Harry. The ink had long since dried, but it had taken her a bit longer to figure out how to work the magical camera Tonks had lent her long enough to include a few surprises for her boyfriend. Thankfully, the photos came out great, if she did say so herself. She smirked as she thumbed through the half-dozen or so photographs depicting her dressed in nothing but one of Harry’s spare Hogwarts robes, each one sluttier and more erotic than the last.

‘The fact that they move just makes it even better!’ she giggled internally as she watched the photographed version of her spread her pussy lips with her fingers while she sucked on a toy dildo.

‘Fuck, that was fun. Too bad Tonks had to work late tonight or else she could’ve starred in these as well.’

Shrugging to herself, she moved to pack away the photos with the letter. There was always next time after all. Once sealed, she quickly brought the letter over to the snowy white owl waiting patiently on her counter. Hedwig blinked at her...well...owlishly as she held up the envelope. "Think you can bring this to Harry for me, pretty girl?" she asked, remembering that the vain bird loved compliments.

True to form, Hedwig preened up at her words, offering up her leg with her chest puffed out. Cammi laughed and quickly tied the letter to the owl's claw, barely flinching as Hedwig suddenly took off out of the open window. She watched the owl fly off for a few minutes, until the snowy white figure all but faded into the distance. Sighing to herself, Cammi turned and reached into her purse, pulling a cigarette free and lighting it with the lighter she kept handy there as well. She took a drag, blowing out a small cloud of smoke through the open window.

Three things happened after that.

One, the lights flickered. It was nothing but a quick dimming of the bulbs, but it was enough to have Cammi furrowing her brow in confusion.

Two, every hair on the back of her neck suddenly stood on end, like a chill that gripped her very spine. It almost felt like the air around her apartment was...humming? Cammi's eyes widened in sudden realisation. Throwing her cigarette to the side, she quickly snatched her purse and dropped to the ground behind her kitchen counter just as the third thing happened.

Three, her front door exploded inwards, and a sing-songy voice echoed out.

"Come out, come out, little muggle! Bella wants to play!"

-

Author's Note

.....uh oh.

Thanks for reading!