

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 21: Holiday Special

A/N: ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED IN THIS WORK ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

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Her talk with Fleur certainly gave Cammi a lot to think about, that much was for sure. After the French witch had finished speaking Cammi had only felt more sympathy for the other woman, even if her situation only made things a hell of a lot more complicated now. Oh well! That was a problem for future Cammi to deal with, she resolved. Right Now Cammi was determined to have a great Christmas with her boyfriend (and friends). As much as she was enjoying herself at the Weasleys', what with the blatant use of magic that at times took her breath away in amazement, she was getting a bit impatient for the 'finale' of the night.

She loathed to take Harry away from here just yet though. Watching him laugh and jape with his friends- family really- warmed her heart considerably. She could control her hormones for a bit longer she supposed...

"Wotcher babe!"

Tonks' voice broke her from her musings. The brightly-haired witch all but flopped onto Cammi's lap, uncaring of anyone else seeing her snuggle up to someone else's date, not that anyone would bat an eye. The metamorph had spent the entire night cosying up to the various women present. Cammi herself had spotted Tonks wrapping her arms around Fleur from behind to whisper naughty things in the blonde's ear. She'd also made a swipe at Hermione's bum every time she passed. The bookworm had long since learned that chastising the mischievous metamorph had no effect, and so would simply huff and pout every time Tonks gave her petite

arse a swat. The only woman Tonks *hadn't* flirted with or practically molested was Mrs. Weasley, and Cammi supposed that was fair. She was the only married woman present after all, and groping your host's tits was probably frowned upon even in the magical world.

So instead of worrying about being judged by the other guests, Cammi smiled and wrapped her arms around Tonks' midsection, pulling her friend flush against her chest. They were sat outside among the garden thankfully, meaning that no one was even around anyway to see them.

Cammi had snuck out for a quick smoke break, though apparently she hadn't been sneaky enough since Tonks was now firmly planted in her lap.

"Hey there Cherry Blossom." Cammi said teasingly, turning her head to the side to blow out a breath of smoke. "Get bored of flirting with your moustached bloke already?"

Said moustached bloke was an older gentleman who'd shown up sometime after her, Harry and Hermione. Cammi had been a bit worried for his health when she first spotted him, haggard with tattered robes and a whole basket full of scars covering his face. It wasn't until Harry had introduced him as his uncle-by-choice that Cammi understood why exactly he looked the way he did.

"Who? Remus?" Tonks asked. She shifted in Cammi's arms, reaching into her coat pocket to retrieve her own carton of cigarettes. Cammi offered her a lighter, but the witch turned it down, instead lighting the end of her smoke with a click of her fingers. "Nah, wasn't flirting." Tonks explained after taking a small drag. "I used to have a thing for him a while ago but...eh, let's just say our tastes were just a bit too different to have worked out, yeah?"

Cammi nodded in understanding. More than likely Remus was against being in a relationship due to his, as Harry called it, 'furry little problem'. Tonks wouldn't have cared. She knew the energetic auror well enough to know that she wouldn't discriminate against something Remus couldn't control, but what the pink-haired witch *couldn't* stand were people making excuses. Oh well- Remus's loss was her gain.

Cammi herself had been a bit watchful of Remus since they were introduced. The thought of being in the same room as a werewolf both unnerved her and made her giddy with childish excitement. An actual freaking Werewolf? How cool was that?? She had a friend or two back in London who would just *love* to be in her position, but that was more because they were big fans of those smutty monster romance books.

“Goodie.” Cammi hummed, snuffing out her cigarette bud. Deciding to change the subject from Remus to what her mind really wanted to ponder, she wrapped her arms tighter around Tonks’ midriff. “More for me~”

Tonks shivered ever so slightly at the way the words *purred* out from Cammi’s lips. Cammi smirked and leaned in closer till her breath tickled the metamorph’s pierced ear.

“You are still coming tonight right? I’ve been oh-so looking forward to having you in my bed again~” She whispered as she snuck a hand up to gently caress one of Tonks’ *wonderfully* heavy breasts.

Tonks’ breath hitched, her smoke falling to the ground forgotten, and for the first time that night, the metamorph looked around cautiously for any witnesses. Seeing none in the garden with them, the auror leaned into Cammi’s touch, moaning ever-so-slightly as the raven-haired woman’s hand sunk into her plush chest.

“Y-You just want to watch me fuck your boyfriend is all.” Tonks replied with a whimper. “You’re a notorious cuckquean Cams.”

Cammi hummed and dipped down to drag her teeth across the sensitive part of Tonks’ neck.

The metamorph gasped before quickly clamping her mouth shut to control her sudden outburst.

Cammi smirked and gave her tit another squeeze.

“So what if I am? Are you really gonna sit here and tell me you *haven’t* been wanting to fuck my boyfriend? I’ve bet you’ve played with yourself every night since that day at the inn, *fantasizing* about taking Harry’s big cock deep inside your pussy.” Her other hand slipped beneath the

waistband of Tonks' pants. The near-instant wetness that coated her fingers as she brushed them along the woman's bare slit made Cammi almost lightheaded with giddiness.

"Fuck yesss~" Tonks hissed. "I replay the memory of him fucking you almost every night- gyah!"

Somehow Cammi just knew she didn't mean 'replay' the memory as in, in her head. It wouldn't surprise her if Tonks had some sort of magical means to physically relive her own memories.

Cammi made a note to ask the buxom witch about that later. She loved the idea of watching some of Harry's memories of him fucking some of the cute babes he told her about over the last couple days. The young ginger girl she met earlier, Ginny as she recalled, sounded like she was a wildcat in bed according to what Harry told her. The other broom rider- Katie- as well.

"Good." Cammi giggled before she suddenly pulled her hand free from Tonks' folds, much to the pink-haired woman's disappointment. "Then I'll see you later tonight babe~"

Tonks huffed in annoyance as Cammi pushed her off and stood. The raven-haired vixen shot her a wink before walking back inside to speak with her boyfriend.

It was time for *presents* after all.

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Convincing Harry to leave the Weasley's had been surprisingly easy. *Actually* leaving had taken a bit longer, but that was more because there was simply so many people to say farewell and Happy Christmas too. Cammi had lost count after the 5th or 6th goodbye hug she'd been swept into, though Mrs Weasley had ensured her hug was the most...memorable of them all.

Seriously, did that woman have bloody super strength?? Cammi swore her ribs had cracked when the redheaded matriarch had embraced her!

Finally though, with a promise to Arthur to write him with more facts about muggle inventions and a subtle wink in Tonks' direction, she, Harry, and Hermione absconded from the party back to her apartment.

The apparition trip was less strenuous on her stomach this go around and Cammi mentally applauded herself for managing to fight off the nausea so fast. They had landed in the middle of

her flat. The soft glow of her Christmas tree tucked away in the corner was the only source of light in the room...or at least it should have been.

"Oh..." Cammi breathed as she turned to spot the trail of roses and floating candles leading into her bedroom. Two arms wrapped themselves around her waist as Harry's breath tickled her ear. "I know this was supposed to be my gift and all, but Tonks and I thought that you deserved a bit of a surprise as well."

"H-How?" Cammi stammered as Harry's hands trailed up her body. Gooseflesh appeared under her clothes wherever he touched, her body already responding to his devilish hands.

"Hermione helped." Harry chuckled.

Cammi turned to the aforementioned girl with a look of wonder. Hermione smiled back, sauntering up towards her sexily in a way that was so uncharacteristic of the younger girl.

"It was easy really." Hermione hummed, toying with the zipper of Cammi's leather jacket. "A few time-delayed charms here. One or two enchantments there and well..."

Cammi gasped as the brunette sudden unzipped her jacket in a single tug. Yet instead of just revealing her t-shirt beneath, her *entire* upper chest was exposed as her jacket, shirt, and bra vanished into thin air. Hermione bit her lip approvingly as her large creamy white tits bounced free, unhindered by their clothed prison.

"That one was all me just so you know." A new voice spoke up.

Cammi snapped her head up to meet Tonks' smirking face from where the witch leaned against her bedroom door.

"Placed it when we were cuddling in the garden." The metamorph explained. "*Someone* was a bit too distracted to notice."

Cammi blushed in embarrassment at failing to identify magic that close to her after weeks of training. Her embarrassment was short lived however as Harry suddenly brought his hands up to pinch both of her pierced nipples. She half gasped/half moaned in a mixture of pain and pleasure as she reached up to pull his face down into a steamy wet kiss. Cammi whimpered

against her boyfriend's mouth, well aware of another pair of hands descending to unbutton her jeans.

Just like her jacket, the moment the zipper of her pants was pulled down her jeans and knickers suddenly vanished, leaving her completely bare with Harry and Hermione's hands caressing every square inch of her body. She could feel her inner thighs become sticky and moist as arousal sparked to life in her core. Eyes closed as she continued to make out with her boyfriend, Cammi blindly reached out and tugged at the hem of Hermione's sweater. The bookworm giggled but allowed Cammi to do as she pleased.

As her hands wrapped around Hermione's soft supple mounds the petite bookworm let out a soft whimper that made Cammi's knees weak with *want*. Her breath hitched in her chest. God she needed more. More of Harry touching her. More of Hermione's moans. More of it all. She see it, feel it, *taste it*.

"Bed! Now!" She gasped.

Behind her, Harry looked up towards Tonks with a knowing grin.

"That can be arranged."

Cammi had only a moment to prepare herself before her nude body was suddenly hauled up into Harry's arms bridal style. He carried her forward, through the hall where Tonks stepped aside as her bedroom door opened on its own.

Nothing could have prepared Cammi for what awaited her through that door. Her eyes widened in shock as she took in the scene around her.

Gone was her bedroom as she knew it. Her piles of clothes were nowhere to be seen. The posters and photos that normally decorated the walls were nonexistent. Even her bed, messy and unmade, was absent. Instead, it was as if she stepped through a portal and was transported to a luxury getaway lodge high up in the Swiss Alps.

The room itself was huge, easily double the size of her entire flat. Rich mahogany wood floors met Harry's steps. Tucked away on the far wall was a large Alaskan King-sized bed atop a

chiselled black-coloured stone platform. In between the door and the bed stood a large black-leather sectional couch with a stocked wet bar against the wall to the right. To the left was an open balcony with a crackling firepit on one side and a bubbling hot tub on the other. The balcony itself overlooked a series of sprawling snowy-capped mountains. The view took Cammi's breath away and partly made her wonder if the Swiss Alps comparison wasn't so far off either. "Holy shit." She said eloquently.

"Like it?" Harry asked with a grin.

Cammi laughed in disbelief. She quickly untangled herself from his arms and ran towards the balcony to get a better view. Uncaring of her nakedness, she looked over the side of the balcony and found that they were indeed high up amidst a snowy mountain range. Despite the lack of protection against the outside elements, Cammi was surprised to find she felt no cold lick against her bare skin.

"There's a temperature barrier that extends about three metres out." Hermione explained.

"Keeps the room and balcony comfortable while keeping the freezing winds out."

Cammi shook her head in wonder and turned to face the girl. "What the hell is this place?"

"A hotel." Tonks joined in. "A magical one mind you. Wayyy up in the Scandinavian mountains. It's almost bloody impossible to get a room on Christmas butttt..." The metamorph trailed off, looking pointedly towards Harry.

Her boyfriend shrugged. "All I did was call in a favour or two."

"Translation: He used his 'Boy-Who-Lived' fame to get special VIP treatment." Tonks snorted.

"Not even your buddy Victor Krum would've been able to pull this off Wonder Boy." She turned back to Cammi with a smirk. "It was all his idea, even Hermione and I didn't know about it until this morning."

Harry rolled his eyes at Tonks' words and turned back to face Cammi.

"So what do you think love?" He asked.

Cammi looked around in wonder, her brain desperately working to comprehend it all.

"You did all this for me?" She asked.

Harry nodded with a warm smile.

Cammi looked to Tonks, then Hermione, and finally down at herself only to realize that she was still starkers atop a magical bloody mountaintop. Looking back up towards Harry, a coy smirk made its way across her lips.

"I think..." She began stepping slowly towards her boyfriend, her hips swaying enticingly with every footfall. "...that you are wearing far too much clothing Potter."

Like a lioness hunting her prey, she pounced. Harry had been too distracted by her nude body to prepare himself, making it easy for her to all but tackle him onto the overly large bed.

Straddling his waist, Cammi made short work of his buttoned shirt. With a yank, the grey material was torn open, revealing his toned muscled torso hidden beneath. Cammi growled hungrily in the back of her throat and descended, lips latching onto the exposed flesh of his chest. Harry groaned but made no more to stop her as she began to trail kisses down his chest and abs, soon enough reaching the waistband of his slacks.

"I think its time for your present mister~" She purred, pressing her face against his tented crotch. His restrained cock jumped at the contact. Cammi smirked, and without looking back, called out over her shoulder. "Don't you think loves?"

Two separate weights soon joined them on the bed. Cammi didn't even have to look to know that the girls were just as bare as she was now. Undoing the clasp of his pants, Cammi caught the zipper between her teeth and *slowly* pulled it down. Harry watched with bated breath as ever-so-slowly she fished his hardened cock out. Its meaty weight settled nicely in her hand, giving it a few teasingly pumps, Cammi leaned forward with a wide teasing grin and swiped her tongue along his swollen tip.

Harry's moan of delight was cut off as Hermione's lips found his. The bookworm pushed him flat on his back, pert arse raised high in the air with her puffy pink pussy lips poised right above Cammi's face. The raven-haired vixen smirked, her tongue still working up and down Harry's

long shaft as she watched the eager young girl maul her boyfriend's lips. Taking a breath, she pulled herself up and finally took the plunge. His manhood filled her mouth and Cammi couldn't help but moan muffledly around his girth as the taste of him fully washed over her tongue. God, she loved how his cock tasted! She loved everything about it really. How hard it was to breathe while she swallowed him down. How it pulsed in jerked inside her when he was getting ready to fill one of her slutty holes with his hot molten cum. Even how it looked inside another woman, stretching them open while they moaned out like cock-drunk little whores from *HER* lover's dick. Cammi was obsessed really, and it seemed like she wasn't the only one.

She moaned as Tonks joined her down below. The metamorph took a moment to give Hermione's bum a soft smack as she passed, earning a squeak of delight from the younger woman. Tonks moved in sync with Cammi, dipping down to latch onto one of Harry's bloated balls while Cammi sucked on his shaft. They could hear as he broke his kiss with Hermione to curse aloud with pleasure. One of his hands found its way into Tonks' bubblegum pink locks. The slutty auror moaned when he tugged roughly on her hair, her tongue rolling out to fully soak every inch of his sack with her saliva in full worship.

Yesssss! Cammi cooed happily in her mind. This! This is what she dreamed about! She shivered at the thick sexually charged atmosphere that filled the room. This is what she's been envisioning all along! Her and Harry piled together with a whole host of other hot, sexy sluts, taking as much pleasure as they could while enjoying the body of the other at the same time. Her pussy was already soaked and they had barely gotten started!

She pulled away and let Tonks take over, the magical shapeshifter instantly taking Harry's cock down to the base inside her mouth. Fuck, that was hot!

She climbed up to lay beside her boyfriend, watching with a lazy smile as he sucked on one of Hermione's swollen nipples while the girl played with the other herself.

"Having fun Hot Stuff?" She asked with a teasing smile.

Harry pulled off Hermione's breast and looked at her with such vitriolic hunger that Cammi couldn't help but gasp in awe. With a growl, she was suddenly pulled onto his chest. Hermione moved over willingly, the bookworm acquiescing her spot to instead run a hand exploringly up and down Cammi's backside.

"You-" Harry began, his hands sinking into Cammi's arse. He spread her cheeks apart, the warm air hitting her exposed arsehole. "-are the fucking best girlfriend ever."

Cammi giggled and arched her back against his and Hermione's touch. "A-And don't you ever forGYAH!"

Tonks, the mischievous minx she was, had seen Cammi's spread arsecheeks as an opportunity. Cammi hadn't been expecting the pink-haired slut to roughly push Harry's spit-soaked cock into her cunt- nor was she expecting Harry's cock to be joined by Tonks' wet tongue as it rimmed her arsehole.

"Oh fuck~" Cammi gasped. She rocked her hips instinctually, practically singing with pleasure as Harry's cock pierced deeper inside her sopping wet folds. Tonks took it in stride, her mouth staying firmly latched onto her crinkled hole as her tongue finally managed to push its way inside.

The position didn't allow for too much movement on her part, but her partner's more than made up for that. As she rocked her hips, Harry matched her tempo by thrusting upwards. Tonks, on the other hand, alternated between burying her face between Cammi's arsecheeks and dipping down to lick Harry's cock as it plunged its way into her cunt.

Cammi cooed in pleasure. Looking up, she smirked as she saw Hermione was once again locked in a fiery kiss with her boyfriend. It was time for the bookworm to join in as well.

"I th-think Harry's mouth is b-better used on your other set of l-lips 'Mione!" Cammi gasped.

Hermione blushed but did as she was told, moving around until she was able to throw one leg over Harry's head. Harry met the bookworm head-on, pulling her down onto his face by her thighs until her cunt sat firmly against his lips. The brunette instantly devolved into a puddle of

moans and whimpers. Cammi was acutely aware of how incredible Harry's tongue felt between her folds and knew Hermione was experiencing that very same sensation right now. The bushy-haired witch nearly collapsed forward, only Cammi's arms stopping her from falling fully as their breasts squished together. Cammi didn't even hesitate to capture Hermione's lips with her own. The younger woman happily allowed her to slip her tongue inside in a sloppy wet liplock while they both moaned and panted in pleasure. They stayed like that for some time, the sound of their pussies being used filling the room around them until, finally, screams tore their way through the air.

It was Cammi who peaked first. The twin sensations of Harry's cock and Tonks's tongue were too much and she came with a devastating cry to the heavens. Hermione followed quickly after, the petite witch cumming much more softly yet no less devastating as she shook and squirted atop Harry's face.

"Fuck!" Cammi gasped falling to the side. Her pussy convulsed as her climax still worked its way up her spine. Without warning, Tonks appeared above her. The pink-haired minx pushed her twitching legs apart and delved down without a word, tongue bashing against her clit in orgasmic passion.

"Oh fuck! Th-thats cheating y-you bitch!" Cammi moaned. She looked around wildly as her body screamed from overstimulation. Her eyes landed on her boyfriend's still rock-hard cock and an idea formed in her mind. "Y-You wanna play like that?" She gasped. "Fine!" She turned to her boyfriend and gave him a pleading look. "Fuck her, please? Fuck her hard for me...*daddy~*"

Harry growled and sat up. She watched as he moved around to grab Tonks by her wide shapely hips. The metamorph whimpered against Cammi's pussy but made no move to pull away. She watched as her boyfriend rested his thick meaty cock between the other woman's arsecheeks. He rubbed the tip up and down, teasing Tonks' back holes before, suddenly, he *rammed* his hips forward.

“MORGANA’S FUCKING TITS!” Tonks screamed. The pink-haired vixen collapsed against Cammi’s stomach, allowing her the perfect view to see that Harry hadn’t pierced the woman’s cunt, but had slammed himself as hard as he could inside her tight backdoor.

Cammi smirked as she watched her boyfriend *ravage* her friend’s asshole. Tonks could do nothing but moan and cry in abject pleasure as her precious most hole was destroyed by Harry’s cock.

The night carried on for hours. Tonks’ asshole had claimed the first of Harry’s loads. Cammi had been too busy with one hand wrapped around Hermione’s throat while the other molested the poor girl’s pussy to see it happen. She had only managed to catch the end as Harry pulled his cock free allowing heavy rivers of cum to seep from the metamorph’s gaping arse. After that, it was a whirlwind of the most depraved, kinky fucking Cammi has ever had the pleasure of experiencing. She let herself go fully to the pleasure, letting the three use her as they pleased. Cammi was put through all manner of positions. She was choked from behind as Harry bugged her arse and Hermione furiously rubbed her cunt. She was spat on by Tonks and called a filthy whore as Harry fucked the pink-haired witch from behind. Afterwards, she was pushed on her hands and knees and ordered by the woman to lick her boyfriend’s cum from her pussy.

Magic was freely used as well. Tonks ensured to summon all manner of toys to utilise through the night while Hermione wasn’t shy of pulling out a plethora of obscure sex spells. Cammi’s favourite had been when she was tied up by magical ropes that would pull tighter if she so much as *breathed* too loudly. Another spell ensured her pussy was ultra-sensitive as well. Harry had enjoyed making her gasp, forcing the ropes to tighten around her arms, legs and throat until she could no longer make a sound even if she wanted to. She had been forced to remain absolutely silent through three separate orgasms as Harry’s cock stretched her walls apart.

Harry enjoyed himself as well. Cammi was enthralled by the absolute *power* he displayed when he fucked the other girls into a screaming mess. When she and Tonks fucked, the latter woman

had always been the more dominant one. Tonks enjoyed punishing Cammi- humiliating her until she was freely screaming how much of a dirty slut she was much to Tonks' amusement. Tonks with Harry though? The metamorph could barely speak, much less try to take charge of things when Harry was inside her. Her boyfriend didn't hesitate to put Tonks in her place, pushed face first into a mattress while he used her pussy and bum like his own personal cum dumps. Harry took particular joy in filling Tonks with his seed. Perhaps it was because it frustrated Tonks when she couldn't watch him cover the other girls with his sticky white cum, or perhaps it was simple because the metamorph would *beg* for it nearly every time his cock was hilted inside one of her holes. Either way, Cammi loved it as well.

Hermione wasn't forgotten either. She was treated the most gently. When Harry fucked her it was rhythmic and impactful. He was still fairly rough, though he did not pound into her petite pussy like he did with Cammi or Tonks. Cammi and Tonks didn't mind though, they even took turns playing with the younger girl, bringing her to cute screaming climaxes multiple times throughout the night. Cammi had to fight the urge to laugh the first time she had spread the bookworm's legs apart to lick Harry's cum from her folds. Hermione had blushed and stammered in protest, but in the end, gave in and allowed Cammi to ravish her cum-soaked pussy.

The last thing Cammi would be able to recall about that night was hours later. She was flat on her stomach, Tonks and Hermione lying in similar positions beside her with their pussies filled with cum. The only difference between them, however, was that the other two were passed out cold and lying still whilst Cammi was wide awake and being jostled back and forth as Harry used her body one final time. She whimpered in pleasure, her throat far too sore from the choking, throat fucking, and screaming to fully moan out as her pussy gushed with her umpteenth orgasm of the night. Her mind was clouded heavily with a fog of pleasure and exhaustion. A tiredness seeped into her bones like no other, yet still, she yearned for Harry to fill

her one final time. Something unknown compelled her to have her pussy dripping with his cum and Cammi was more than happy to listen.

A groan into her ear and a gush of warmth inside her loins was her only warning as she got her wish. Cammi moaned happily, already revelling in the sticky wet feeling between her thighs. Her pussy and arse both throbbed with soreness only brought on by rough use. It was a feeling she had long gotten used to after dating Harry however, and so she revelled in it all the same as the cum leaking down her leg.

A little later, after Harry had pulled off her, she and the other girls had sleepily rearranged themselves under the covers to sleep, with Cammi snuggled into Harry's side while Tonks spooned her from behind. Hermione lay on Harry's other side, snoring cutely in her sleep.

"Wha'dya think?" Cammi croaked. "Best Christmas ever?"

Harry chuckled tiredly. "Absolutely."

Cammi hummed happily, her mind already drifting away into slumber when a thought popped into her head.

"By the way...how long do we have this room for?" She asked

Harry hummed in thought for a moment before answering. "I believe until the day after New Years."

".....Harry?"

"Yes love?"

Cammi responded by diving under the covers and quickly wrapping her mouth around his limp cock. She smiled to herself as he moaned and began to slowly harden between her lips. Soon enough she was happily bobbing away, sucking her boyfriend's cock to express her gratitude.

This was most certainly her best Christmas ever, that much was for sure...

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Author's Note

It's here! I hope it met everyone's expectations, and don't worry! There will be more next chapter showcasing the rest of the holiday break before we return to Hogwarts!

Thanks for reading!