

Stress Relief

Chapter 1

(Harry and his year mates have been aged up to be 17.)

Lavender Brown tossed and turned in bed, her head throbbing from the beginnings of a head cold. With a groan, she threw off the covers and sat up. Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed, she put on her slippers and grabbed her robe.

“Where are you going?” Parvati asked.

“To see Madam Pomfrey,” Lavender said with a sniff. “I can’t sleep with this cold.”

“Do you want me to go with you,” Parvati asked.

“No, I’ll be fine,” Lavender replied, waving her off.

On her way out of the room, she noticed Hermione’s bed was empty. It was quite curious, considering her studious dorm mate liked to wake up early. With another sniff, Lavender made her way down to the common room. As she neared the bottom of the stairs, she heard at least two people talking in low voices. She couldn’t make out what they were saying, but she could tell it was a boy and a girl.

Lavender’s ears perked up excitedly. The last time she’d come down to the common room this late, she found Julie Bradford snogging Peter Worths. Sticking to the shadows, she crept further into the common room. Spotting heads silhouetted over the back of the couch, the fireplace crackling behind them. As the voices became clearer, Lavender hid partially behind a chair and glanced around to make sure no one else was around.

"You need to tell someone, Harry," Hermione said.

"No," Harry said firmly, then hissed. "I can handle it."

"She's torturing you!" Hermione hissed quietly but harshly.

"What do you want me to do, Hermione?" Harry asked angrily. "Dumbledore won't even look at me; telling McGonagall will only get her sacked, and I can't exactly go to the Aurors with Fudge in charge. What good will it do?"

"There has to be something," Hermione said, her voice thick with emotion.

"There isn't," Harry said flatly.

Lavender bit her lip at the tinge of hopelessness in his voice. She knew they must've been talking about Umbridge. That tacky woman had made it clear she had it out for Harry since day one.

But surely she wouldn't use the Cruciatus Curse on a student, she thought.

"How many more detentions do you have?" Hermione asked.

"Six," Harry said.

Hermione sighed, "I'll order some more Essence of Murtlap, and I'll see if I can find some kind of Numbing Charm."

"I already tried it," he told her. "It wears off after an hour."

"Then I'll see if I can find a better one," Hermione replied determinedly. "You can take your hand out now."

Sighing, Harry shifted, and Lavender heard the sound of dripping water. Hermione set something hard down on the table and turned back to Harry.

"That's the best I can do," she said, biting her lip. "If this keeps up, your going to have a scar."

Lavender straightened up and stood on her toes, trying to look over the couch. She caught a glimpse of them both looking at the back of Harry's hand before it was lowered out of view.

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry said. "I'm going to head to bed."

Hermione raised her hand as he stood, reaching out as if to stop him, but hesitated and dropped her hand. She watched him climb the stairs while her teeth worried her bottom lip.

"The awful, horrid bitch," Hermione cursed softly.

Lavender arched an eyebrow at her language. Wiping her eyes, Hermione stood, and Lavender ducked behind the chair as she dashed up the stairs. Toying with a lock of her hair thoughtfully, she made her way toward the exit.

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"Let's go sit next to Harry," Lavender said to Parvati as they made their way to breakfast.

Parvati nodded, just as eager as her to find out the truth. They chose seats close enough to watch Harry but far enough away that the Golden Trio wouldn't be suspicious. While Lavender and Parvati talked about Divinations, they took turns glancing at Harry surreptitiously. As he

reached for a slice of toast, the sleeve of his robe rode up, and Lavender caught a glimpse of the faded pink lines across the back of his hand.

I must not tell lies

Eyes widening, she wrote it down on a piece of parchment. Leaning close to Parvati, she showed it to her.

"She's carving words into his hand," she whispered.

"Oh, Merlin," Parvati gasped softly. "No wonder he always looks so angry."

"But it's more than just that," Lavender said. "Everyone is calling him a nutter for saying You-Know-Who is back; half the students think he killed Cedric to get Cho, and Dumbledore isn't doing anything. I'm shocked he hasn't lost it and cursed half the school by now."

"You believe him?" Parvati asked.

"Harry's never lied to us before," Lavender whispered. "Besides, who else could've broken so many Death Eaters out of Azkaban without getting caught. There's no way this is all a coincidence."

"Lav, think about what you're saying," Parvati hissed. "If he's really back--"

"I don't want him to be back," Lavender said, glancing around to make sure she wasn't being too loud. "But hiding our heads in the sand isn't going to help. Why would Harry, someone we know hates attention, enter himself into the Triwizard Tournament, say You-Know-Who is back, let himself be tortured for not taking it back, and then risk expulsion to start a Defense club?"

Parvati dropped her eyes to the table and bit her lip. Lavender sighed. She didn't like You-Know-Who being back any more than any other rational person, but hiding from the fact would only make things worse. Looking over at Harry, she felt a wave of sympathy. He was only seventeen, but he looked and acted so much older than that.

She couldn't help but wonder what he would've been like without all the craziness in his life. He was handsome, powerful, from a good family, and was amazing at Quidditch. She imagined he could have his pick of the witches if he wasn't so busy trying to save everyone. Certainly, she wouldn't turn him down if he pulled her into a broom cupboard. Like many witches in and out of Hogwarts, Lavender fancied the quiet, enigmatic wizard.

Maybe that's exactly what he needs, she thought.

"What are you smiling about?" Parvati asked.

"I think I know a way to help Harry," Lavender said.

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"Open your minds. Gaze into the future," Professor Trelawney said, her voice warbling mysteriously.

Lavender stared into her crystal ball, focusing on the swirling mist inside. A few moments later, she heard the familiar sound of jingling bangles.

"What do you see, my dear?" Trelawney asked, stopping just over her shoulder.

"I see a tall, dark figure," Lavender replied.

"Malevolent?" the professor asked, gazing at the orb through her thick glasses.

"No," Lavender said, shaking her head. "He feels dangerous, but not to me, if that makes sense."

"Mhh, a chance encounter, the results unknown," Trelawney said. "A protector, perhaps. What else?"

"A rose," Lavender told her, "half open."

"Ah, a chance at love," Trelawney nodded. "But it's still unclear. Try to look deeper."

Taking a deep breath, Lavender leaned forward and stared into the mist. She was distracted for a moment by the upside-down reflection of Harry staring moodily into his crystal ball before regaining her focus. The mist swirled, and she made out a long, thin shape. At first, she thought it was a snake, but on closer inspection, she realized it was...

"A rope," she said. "With a knot in the middle."

"Yes, a bond," Trelawney said, staring into the ball over her shoulder.

"Don't the open ends mean it's freely given?" Lavender asked.

"Precisely," Trelawney smiled, straightening up and laying a hand on her shoulder. "You truly have The Eye, my dear."

Lavender smiled proudly and moved out of the way so Parvati could try. As Professor Trelawney moved around the room, she glanced over at Harry. He had his chin resting on his folded arm, staring morosely into his crystal ball.

I wonder if the dark figure I saw could be him, she wondered. Harry's life can certainly be dangerous.

Seeing the brooding look on his face, she felt a desire to cheer him up. Fortunately, he was facing their table, and it gave her an idea. With a smirk, Lavender loosened her tie and opened the top three buttons of her blouse. When he didn't look up right away, she started fanning herself with her shirt. The movement caught his attention, his pupils widening at the sight of her deep, glistening cleavage.

Watching him out of the corner of her eye, Lavender fought back a smile. She knew she had a great body and enjoyed the attention she got.

Well, most of the time, she corrected herself, watching the way Seamus gawped at her.

Glancing back at Harry, she nearly gasped at the dark, lustful look in his eyes. It looked like he was a predator, ready to throw her down on a table and ravish her. The thought sent a shiver of excitement down her spine.

"Mr. Potter," Trelawney said, causing him to blink and look away. "Tell me, what do you see?"

"Er," Harry stammered, looking back at the crystal ball. "Um, a pillow."

Lavender barely held back a giggle as she covered her mouth.

I bet he wants to use them as a pillow, she thought.

Professor Trelawney didn't look impressed.

"Let me have a look," she said.

Sighing, Harry moved to the side. Trelawney gazed into the crystal ball for just a moment before she gasped.

“Oh, you dear boy,” she said. “I see much pain in your future. Pain and death.”

Harry frowned angrily, and Lavender felt bad for him. Every time Professor Trelawney looked into his future, she saw something dark and terrible. Even if it was true, she wondered if it was really helpful to keep telling him the same thing every class.

There must be something good in his future, Lavender thought.

As Professor Trelawney moved over to Dean and Seamus’ table, she bit her lip thoughtfully, watching Harry slump down in his chair.

“I’ll be right back,” she told Parvati.

Before she could reply, Lavender darted over to Harry and Ron. Both of them stared at her chest as it bounced from her quick movements.

“Hi, Harry,” she smiled.

“Hey, Lavender,” Harry said, quickly moving his eyes up to her face.

Ron continued to stare gormlessly.

“Do you mind helping me?” Lavender asked. “I want to practice reading for other people. You don’t mind, do you Ron?”

“Huh?” Ron asked, blushing as he finally stopped staring at her chest. “Uh, no?”

Lavender smiled sweetly.

"Thanks," she said. "So, you mind helping me, Harry?"

"Er, sure," he shrugged.

"You're the best!" Lavender beamed.

Taking Harry's hands, she rested her elbows on the table. Pressing her arms against the side of her breasts, her cleavage bulged.

"Ron, could you help me?" Parvati called.

"Uh... sure," Ron said.

He had such trouble taking his eyes off her breasts that he bumped into the table and smacked it with his leg. Hissing, he rubbed his thigh and hobbled away. Glancing over her shoulder, Lavender smile gratefully at Parvati. When she turned back to Harry, she smiled at him brightly before looking down at the crystal ball. Lavender stared at it for several seconds, but she wasn't really paying much attention. She glanced up at Harry's face discretely and found him staring hungrily at her breasts.

Merlin, he looks like he's going to shag me right here and now, she thought excitedly.

Rubbing her thighs together, she looked back down at the crystal ball. This time, she focused more on the shapes. There really were a lot of dark omens swirling in the mist. Symbols of death, destruction, and pain. Just as she was about to give up, she spotted something different. Out of the mist came a partially blossomed rose with a chain wrapped around the stem, the links on the end open instead of closed. She wasn't sure what the open chain meant, having never seen it before, but it couldn't be too bad when it was connected to a rose.

Chains usually referred to bonds of some kind, but the open ends meant whoever was bound was free to leave. It could've meant something slightly different together, but Lavender thought she was close enough that it really didn't matter.

"Oh, that's good," Lavender smiled.

"What's good?" Harry asked.

"I saw a rose," she replied, looking up and flushing under his intense gaze. "That means a chance at love."

Harry cracked a small smile.

"That's better than what Trelawney usually sees," he said.

"Glad I could help," Lavender grinned.

Letting go of his hands, she straightened up and moved back to the table she shared with Parvati.

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Three days later, Lavender sat at the back of DADA, staring blankly at her book. Impossibly, Umbridge made the subject even more boring than History of Magic. Glancing over at Harry, she frowned. He'd acted like his normal self for all of half a day before it seemed like the weight of the world was dropped on his shoulders. Even from a few feet away, she could make out the red scratches on the back of his hand. She couldn't imagine how bad the cuts had been to look that bad after applying Essence of Murtlap.

To make matters worse, Umbridge had been taking shots at him all day with some disgusting comments. Lavender knew today was his last detention, and she wondered if Umbridge was poking him to try and get an excuse to extend it. Harry had done a good job of holding his temper, but it was clear his temper was frayed.

Mercifully, there were only a few minutes left in the class.

As if hearing her thoughts, Malfoy's hand shot into the air.

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy?" Umbridge asked.

"Professor, I was wondering if I could get a pass to practice defensive spells outside of class," Malfoy smirked.

Umbridge frowned as she looked at him.

"And why do you feel that is necessary? Surely you don't think Hogwarts is unsafe," she said.

"I trust *you* are doing your best to keep us safe," Malfoy said. "But I'm not sure about some of the other professors. I mean, Cedric Diggory was killed last year, and the culprit was never caught, even though there was only one other person there."

Lavender gasped as the whole class turned to look at Harry, awaiting his reaction. Hermione whispered to him furiously while he stiffened in his seat, his muscles coiled and trembling like he was ready to explode.

"Ms. Granger, no talking in class. Ten points from Gryffindor," Umbridge barked, a disgusting smile on her face.

"I'm just worried something bad might happen to another prominent Pureblood, such as myself," Mafloy said, puffing up his chest.

"I see your point," Umbridge said. "Very well. You have permission. After all, we wouldn't want another *accident* to happen, now would we?"

Harry jumped from his seat just as the bell rang. His hands were clenched so tightly into fists that the words on his hand stood out stark white. Hermione and Ron tried to calm him, but it looked to be doing little good. Making a split second decision, Lavender rushed over, bumped Ron out of the way, and hugged Harry's arm to her chest.

"Harry, do you mind helping me with my homework?" she asked, deliberately rubbing her breasts against his arm.

Without waiting for a reply, she pulled him from the room. Ron and Hermione made to follow, but they were called back by Umbridge. Lavender could feel just how taut Harry's muscles were, like strands of steel under his skin. His breath came in heaving pants through his nostrils as he raged silently. Leading him away from the other students, she guided him up to the seventh floor.

When they reached the tapestry of Barnabus the Barmy, Harry tugged his arm free and paced back and forth furiously. The moment the door appeared, he ripped it open and stormed inside. Lavender hesitated for only a second before following him inside and closing the door. The inside looked exactly like the room they used for DA meetings

"That stupid bitch!" Harry shouted.

She didn't even see him draw his wand as his arm snapped up. A bright red, sizzling spell leapt from his wand and zipped across the room. The dummy was thrown effortlessly across the room, a good thirty feet, where it slammed against the wall and shattered. Lavender watched in awe as he decimated the remaining five dummies in the room. The same spells he taught to the struggling DA members flew from his wand effortlessly, hitting with more power and force than

she thought possible. By the time he was done, the dummies lay broken and smoldering on the floor while Harry panted for breath.

“Harry?” Lavender asked nervously.

Spinning to face her, the fury quickly left his eyes. Blowing out a breath, he ran a hand through his hair.

“Sorry,” he muttered.

“Don’t be,” she told him. “You have every right to be cross.”

Harry smiled.

“Thanks for getting me out of there,” he said. “You probably saved me from a month’s detention.”

Unconsciously, Harry rubbed the back of his hand. Walking up to him, Lavender reached out and took his hand softly. He watched her nervously as she turned his hand over and looked at the red letters carved into his skin.

“Did she cut you?” Lavender asked.

“No,” Harry said. “She makes me write lines with a Blood Quill.”

Lavender gasped. Blood Quills used a tiny amount of blood and were used to sign only the most important legal documents. To get cuts that deep, Harry would’ve needed to write thousands and thousands of lines.

“That’s – that’s horrible,” Lavender said.

Blushing, Harry pulled his hand back.

“It’s not that bad,” he said, running a hand through his hair.

“Yes, it is,” she told him firmly. “You just need to find a way to stay calm to keep out of detention.”

“I know,” Harry sighed. “It’s just so hard. She keeps getting under my skin, and there’s nothing I can do about it. I just have to sit there and take it. And don’t get me started on Malfoy. He was bad enough with Snape letting him get away with stuff, but now he’s got more power than the other prefects...”

“I know it’s not easy, but like I said, we just need to find a way to keep you calm,” Lavender said.

Filled with determination to help him, she nervously reached up and pulled off her tie. Their eyes met, and she held his gaze while undoing the buttons of her blouse. She swallowed thickly from his heated stare. Those bright green orbs expressed more than words ever possibly could. As Lavender let her blouse fall open, revealing her bra encased breasts, she imagined she could tell exactly what he was thinking just from the look in his eyes. Right now, she was sure he wanted to rip off the rest of her clothes and ravage her on the cold, hard floor.

Lavender’s excitement dampened her knickers as she shucked off her blouse. Hesitating for a moment, she took a deep breath before reaching back and undoing the clasp of her bra. Her big breasts barely sagged as she dropped it to the floor. Their gazes finally broke. Harry looked down, his eyes devouring her large, perky breasts, round, pale areolas, and pink nipples. Lavender was very proud of her body, but showing it to a man for the first time filled her with excited nervousness.

Despite her nerves, or perhaps because of them, her nipples quickly hardened under his gaze. After drinking her in for a long moment, Harry lifted his eyes to meet hers. The amount of lustful

hunger in his stare nearly took her breath away. Lavender felt like she was staring at a predator, ready to pounce on his frightened prey. Rather than feeling scared, she'd never felt more excited in her life.

Taking a step forward, Harry rested his hands on her hips. He pulled her forward until their bodies were flush, her breasts squashed against his surprisingly muscular chest. Lavender licked her lips in anticipation as he leaned down slowly. Her eyes closed as his lips claimed hers. His tongue delved between her lips, slithering and dancing along hers. She moaned into his mouth while Harry's hands caressed the bare skin of her back.

Lavender gasped suddenly when Harry fell backward, taking her with him. Clenching her eyes shut, she braced herself. They landed much faster and softer than she expected. Opening her eyes, she was surprised to find herself Harry sitting on a couch that hadn't been there a moment ago, with her in his lap. As she blinked, trying to understand what had happened, he grabbed both of her breasts and buried his face between them.

Harry was much rougher than Lavender was expecting, though she didn't think that was a bad thing. She'd always imagined him as being gentle, a typical nice guy. But that wasn't what she was experiencing at the moment. His fingers sank into her soft breasts, his teeth nipping at the inside of her pale globes in between hard sucks that were sure to leave marks.

Lavender loved every second of it. The light pain only enhanced the pleasure she was feeling. She'd always assumed her breasts would be used more for a boy's pleasure than hers, but Harry was proving that wrong. He trapped her nipples between his fingers, pinching them firmly and giving them a light twist. The feeling shot straight to her core, further enflaming her arousal.

Threading her fingers through his hair, she guided his lips to the tip of her breast. Harry didn't hesitate to take her rigid nipple between his lips. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked harshly, drawing a gasp from Lavender's lips. She rolled her hips unconsciously, grinding herself against his erection.

If there had still been breath in her lungs, she would've gasped again. His erection was long and impossibly hard as it pulsed against her mound. With a moan, Lavender shuddered as his teeth nipped at her swollen nipple, his length grinding against her folds through the rough texture of

his trousers. A moment later, she hissed and arched her back when he pulled back, his teeth scraping her throbbing nub before it slipped free. His hands continued kneading and groping her large breasts roughly while his mouth switched to the other nipple, leaving the other hot and pulsing with the beat of her heart.

Lavender's curiosity got the better of her, and she reached down, eager to feel his cock. It was longer and thicker than the toys she and Parvati had bought two Summers ago. Any intimidation she felt vanished when he swelled and jerked excitedly against her palm. She was so distracted with running her fingers along his rigid length that she didn't notice one of Harry's hands leaving her breast. She certainly noticed a moment later when his hand cupped her mound. A gasp left her lips, her cheeks flushing when he rubbed her obviously damp knickers.

Looking up from his lap, Lavender met his burning gaze.

"Take it out," Harry told her.

Without thought, her hands began unbuckling his belt. Leaning down, Lavender kissed him passionately as she opened his pants and stuck her hand inside. Wrapping her fingers around his hot, hard shaft, she pulled his cock into the open. Breaking their kiss breathlessly, she looked down and gazed at his length. Suddenly, Harry ground the heel of his palm against her clit, sending a shock of pleasure up her spine. Gasping, Lavender stroked his shaft in return.

Despite her reputation as a tease, this was the first time she'd ever held a man in her hands. She'd seen some before, but only when catching couples from a distance. Thinking back to the articles she'd read in the back of Witch Weekly over the years, Lavender used every trick she could remember to make this handjob as pleasurable as possible. Reaching around Harry's arm, she cupped his testicles while stroking his length. On the way up, she twisted her wrist, occasionally rubbing her palm over his purple, swollen tip. His excitement slickened her hand, making her movements easier and causing him to groan in the back of his throat.

Lavender's eyes widened when Harry thrust his hand inside her knickers and rubbed his palm against her bare folds. Looking up, he stared at her with a heated gaze, his look daring her to tell him to stop.

Even if she'd wanted to, she didn't think she could force the words out.

She panted when his fingers teased along her slit. His fingers paused each time he neared her entrance as if threatening to penetrate her before moving away teasingly. Lavender rolled her hips, begging with her eyes, but he refused to give in. Groaning in frustration, she stroked him faster while burying her face in the crook of his neck.

"Harry," Lavender whined.

As if that was what he was waiting for, Harry plunged two fingers roughly into her depths. Lavender gasped, arching her back as her hands stilled on his length. With his thumb pressing into her clit, he slid his fingers in and out roughly. She squealed as she reached her peak suddenly, her arousal drenching his hand. An embarrassingly loud, wet slap came from between her legs. As she rode out a powerful climax. Panting harshly, Lavender started moving her hands again while Harry caressed her folds gently.

Without the distraction of his teasing, she was able to concentrate on stroking his cock. Hearing Harry groan, she looked up and smiled. Moving her hand from his balls, she gripped his shaft with both hands and pumped his shaft quickly. His eyes dropped to her wildly jiggling breasts while his hips bucked up toward her hands. Lavender felt his length swell a moment before a large streak of cum launched from the tip. Her eyes followed it as it flew up in front of her eyes before falling back down to land on her breasts. The next several shots coated her stomach, hands, and both of their thighs.

When his climax ended, Harry slumped against the couch, looking more relaxed than he had all year. Lavender grinned, happy and proud that she could help him. She waited for him to open his eyes before bringing the back of her hand to her mouth and licking it clean. While she wouldn't say it tasted good, it wasn't bad, and the look on his face was more than worth it.

"From now on, any time you feel like you're going to lose your temper, come find me, and I'll help you relax," Lavender said.

Harry smiled and waved his wand, cleaning both of them.

“Any time,” he asked, wrapping his arms around her.

Lavender smiled and nodded.

Harry kissed her on the lips before pulling her close and resting his head on her breasts.

“Can we stay like this for a bit?” he asked, his voice muffled by her large globes.

Giggling, Lavender wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her cheek on top of his head.

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Lavender was still smiling as she made her way back to Gryffindor Tower and showered. Wrapping in a fluffy white towel, she walked out of the bathroom and over to her bed.

“Oh my god, Lav!” Parvati exclaimed.

Hermione looked up from her book and blushed as she and Parvati stared at her chest. Looking down, Lavender flushed at the sight of three distinct love bites on the inside of her breasts.

“Who did that?” Parvati asked excitedly.

Hermione rolled her eyes and went back to her book. Lavender bit her lip thoughtfully, wondering if she should tell her. While they didn’t get along, she didn’t want to hurt her. Harry and Hermione had been best friends since first year, but neither had shown any inclination to date.

Best to get it over with. She’ll find out eventually, Lavender thought.

“Harry,” she smiled.

Hermione looked up sharply, her eyes wide while Parvati gasped.

“What do you mean, Harry?” she asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

“You saw him after class,” Lavender said. “He was one wrong look away from cursing someone. I just helped him relieve some stress.”

“By snogging him?” Parvati giggled.

Lavender grinned and shrugged.

“Really?” Parvati asked eagerly. “What was it like?”

“Brilliant,” Lavender beamed.

As she started telling her best friend what had happened, Hermione got up from her bed and left with a thoughtful look. She and Parvati talked for a couple of hours before deciding to turn in for the night. Just as she was about to close the curtains around her bed, Hermione came back. They stared at each other awkwardly before Hermione took a deep breath.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

Lavender arched an eyebrow in surprise.

“For helping Harry,” Hermione explained, biting her lip and looking down at her hands. “I haven’t seen him this calm and happy in... Merlin, I don’t know how long.”

Lavender smiled, a sense of pride and fulfillment swelling in her chest.

"I'm just glad I could help," she said. "I'm not brave or smart like you, but I do have a nice rack."

Hermione gaped at her for a second before they both broke down in a fit of giggles. Glancing over at Parvati's bed, she bit her lip before darting over to Lavender's bed and taking a seat next to her.

"I appreciate you helping Harry. Really, I do," Hermione said softly. "Just, please, don't hurt him. I honestly don't know if he can survive having his heart broken."

"I won't," Lavender promised. "It doesn't bother you, does it?"

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Why does everyone think there's something going on between us?" she asked. "Harry and I are just friends. He's free to snog anyone he likes."

Lavender smiled. As much as she liked talking about drama, she hated to be the cause of it. Turning to Hermione, she pulled her into a gentle hug. The brunette hugged her back, and they shared a smile before she moved back over to her bed. Lavender closed the curtains around hers and fell back onto her mattress with a grin.

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Over the next couple of days, Lavender watched Harry closely. Aside from the occasional looks and fleeting smiles, he stayed at a distance, and Hermione had explained why. In typical Harry fashion, he was doing it to protect her. Anyone close to him would be a target for Umbridge, and he didn't want to put her in that position. For that, she was grateful.

Umbridge and Malfoy continued to attack and insult Harry every chance they got. While he ignored them admirably, Lavender could see the stress starting to build up in the way his shoulders tensed and the dark, brooding look in his eyes.

Why do I find that look so bloody sexy, she wondered.

After three days, she could tell he was getting close to his breaking point. Just when she was about to give up and approach him herself, Harry grabbed her hand after Charms and led her away. Parvati smirked at her knowingly as she was dragged away. While everyone else was heading to the Great Hall for lunch, she was taken in the opposite direction. Lavender nibbled on her bottom lip as Harry pulled her into a broom cupboard and sealed the door.

His burning gaze bored into hers as he pressed her back against the wall. Despite only being a couple of inches taller than her, it felt like Harry towered over her in the cramped space. He stared at her expectantly but didn't make a move. Swallowing thickly, Lavender glanced down and found a large bulge in the front of his trousers. Looking back up at his face, she slowly dropped to her knees without a word.

With trembling hands, she reached up and unbuckled his belt.

"Take off your shirt," Harry said.

Lavender shivered excitedly at his deep, growling voice. Loosening her tie, she opened the top four buttons and pulled her blouse over her head. Setting it aside, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. A moment later, it joined her blouse on the floor. As she went back to opening his pants, Harry reached down and grasped one of her breasts, kneading it roughly.

The moment Lavender pulled down the front of Harry's trousers, his hard cock sprang up in front of her. Letting go of her breast, he straightened up and ran his fingers through her hair. Lavender licked her lips nervously as she stared at his sizable erection. Gazing up at him, she wrapped a hand around his shaft and her lips around his tip. Harry groaned, both of his hands threading through her hair.

Slowly, she started bobbing her head up and down, her tongue swirling around him. His legs trembled, and his hands tightened in her hair. His bright eyes darkened with lust as he watched her lips stretch around his girth, and it struck her that he was holding back. She could see it in his gaze. Harry wanted nothing more than to fuck her mouth, and her nipples hardened at the thought.

She realized that this wasn't just about getting him off. It was about giving him an outlet for his aggression. A steady stream of arousal soaked her knickers as Lavender grabbed his hips and tugged them forward. She gagged loudly as his tip crashed into the back of her throat. Harry pulled back, but Lavender pulled his hips again, staring up at him even as tears gathered in her eyes with his head trapped between her lips.

Harry hesitated for a moment, neither of them moving, before he bucked forward. His fat head crashed into the back of her throat again, making her gag. Pulling back, he paused, waiting for her reaction. When all she did was wait patiently, he began sawing his hips back and forth, his hands holding her in place.

Dropping her hands from his hips, Lavender gagged all over his cock while reaching under her skirt. Her cheeks burned from being stretched by his girth, tears gathered in the corners of her eyes, and thick strands of saliva dripped from her lips. As her hand slipped inside her knickers, she found her folds sopping wet.

I'm such a slut, she thought.

Harry grew rougher when she teased her clit and moaned. Occasionally, he'd take a break, giving her a moment to catch her breath before going back to fucking her face. Despite the discomfort, Lavender couldn't believe how turned on she was. Even the ache in her jaw and the burning of her lungs added to the excitement and pleasure she was feeling.

With a groan, Harry thrust his hips forward and held them there, pinning the tip of his cock to the back of her throat. Lavender pinched her nipple hard as she gagged, another half an inch of his considerable length slipping into her gullet. When he pulled back, she coughed, cold, stringy

strands of saliva falling onto her chest. After a couple deep breaths, she opened her mouth eagerly.

Smiling, Harry plunged forward and fucked her mouth even faster. His fists tightened, pulling her hair and causing her scalp to sting. Lavender moaned, her fingers dancing around her throbbing clit. His face scrunched up, and she felt his girth swell against her tongue. Rubbing her clit furiously, she mentally prepared herself.

Harry erupted in her mouth with a groan. Wrapping her lips around his pulsing shaft, Lavender sucked hard, his hot, thick seed pooling around her swirling tongue. His legs trembled as his climax gradually waned, leaving her mouth surprisingly full. She tilted her head up when he slowly pulled out, keeping her lips tight around his shaft and sucking it clean. As soon as he came free with a gasp, she opened her mouth to show him the pool inside.

Closing her mouth, Lavender closed her eyes and swallowed. The dirty act sent her over the edge into a trembling moaning climax. Once she'd swallowed it all, she gasped for breath and fell back, strumming her clit with a whine.

A few moments later, she sagged tiredly and panted heavily. A spell washed over her, leaving her clean and dry. As she looked up, Harry sat next to her on the floor and pulled her into his lap. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he kissed her temple as she leaned against his chest.

"Thank you," he murmured.

Smiling, Lavender snuggled into him and moved one of his hands to her breast.

"Any time," she said.

Chapter 2

"WOO! GO, HARRY!" Lavender shouted.

Even as he flew by at tremendous speed, she managed to catch the smile directed right at her. The Gryffindor stands exploded as Angelina scored another goal. A few seats down, Hermione cheered while Luna's hat roared. The rivalry between Gryffindor and Slytherin was at an all-time high, and Lavender and her housemates were anxious to get back at the slimy snakes. Out on the pitch, Slytherin, and Draco, in particular, were using every dirty trick in the book to win the match. Even their housemates got in on the act, singing 'Weasley is our King' every time the Chasers got close to scoring.

Sadly, Ron's confidence plummeted with every missed save. After just a few minutes into the game, it was as if they didn't have a Keeper at all. Fortunately, the rest of the Gryffindor team was putting on the performance of their lives. The twins controlled the Bludgers in a beautiful, chaotic dance while the Flying Foxes used their speed and agility to out play their larger, stronger opponents.

As for Harry... Harry played like a man possessed. He zipped in amongst the Slytherin Chasers, disrupting passes and causing distraction. On the few attempts Malfoy tried to follow, he only ended up getting in the way, twice crashing into his own teammates and nearly unseating them both.

Crabbe managed to hit one of the Bludgers, sending it hurtling for Harry's back. As if he had a sixth sense, he took off at top speed, shooting straight for Montague as he charged towards the goal. Ron shifted back and forth chaotically, trepidation written all over his face. When Montague saw Harry pelting his way, he gritted his teeth and lowered his shoulders, preparing to run through the small Gryffindor.

Suddenly, Harry pulled up in a sharp climb. The Bludger charging after him couldn't change direction as fast and continued forward, straight into Montague's stomach. The stands exploded as he dropped the Quaffle right into Katie Bell's waiting hands. Speeding down the pitch, Angelina and Alicia formed up around her. All three began to corkscrew around each other, their crimson cloaks blending into a blur and making hard to tell who was who. Abruptly, they spit up, each heading towards one of the goals. Bletchley looked utterly confused as he darted to the right, realizing too late that he'd followed Alicia. Lavender screamed as Katie tied the score 120 to 120. Considering Gryffindor was practically playing without a Keeper, that was quite the achievement.

Furious, Goyle smashed a Bludger with all his strength toward Katie. Lavender watched in horror as the leather-covered iron ball shot like a cannon ball aimed directly at the back of Katie's unprotected head. Celebrating with her teammates, she didn't even see it coming.

At the last second, Harry appeared out of nowhere. He shielded Katie with his body, the Bludger impacting his back with a sickening *thud*. The Slytherins cheered while the three other houses groaned. Lavender felt her chest tighten with worry as Harry slumped forward on his broom, his face screwed up in obvious pain.

"You cowardly scum!" Parvati shouted.

Holding his ribs, Harry looked up and glared at the laughing Slytherins. Lavender saw his mouth move, but he was too far away for her to have any hope of hearing what he said. Whatever he said relaxed his concerned teammates and put looks of determination on their faces. A moment later, they spit up and got back to the game.

"I hope Harry's okay," Hermione said nervously.

"He seems to be fine," Luna replied as Harry nearly caused Malfoy to crash into one of the hoops.

"He's so brave," Romilda sighed.

Lavender and Parvati shared a look and giggled while Hermione rolled her eyes.

"We'd be doing a lot better if Weasley could make a save."

Hermione huffed angrily while Lavender looked up to see who had spoken. McLaggen took the seat next to her, moving uncomfortably close, and puffed up his chest.

"I knew I should've tried out for the team," he said.

"Why didn't you?" Lavender asked.

Cormac was quite handsome, but he was also an arrogant prick. From the stories she and Parvati had heard, he liked to string a few girls along at once. If what Ernie Macmillian said was true, he'd even been caught with three different girls in broom cupboards all on the same night. Giving Parvati a nudge, Lavender scooted away from him.

"I wanted to focus on my studies," he shrugged and smiled. "Uncle Rufus – I mean, Rufus Scrimgeour, already agreed to let me train with the Auror trainees this Summer."

Lavender nodded absently as she watched Harry fly like a madman. As much as she disliked Mclaggen, she couldn't imagine how he could play worse than Ron. She felt bad for the redhead, but he really should give up the position to someone else if he couldn't play.

A hand landing on her thigh, just above the knee, caused Lavender to jump in surprise. Mclaggen smirked and gave her leg a gentle squeeze.

"Say, Lavender," he said. "How about I take you to Hogsmeade this weekend?"

Glaring, she roughly shoved his hand away.

"I'm seeing someone," she replied shortly.

Mclaggen's face flushed with a mixture of anger and embarrassment. Lavender ignored him, turning her eyes back to the game. After a few seconds, he jumped to his feet and stomped away. Sighing in relief, Lavender caught Hermione looking at her. As their eyes met, the brunette gave her a grateful smile. One she was happy to return.

The grueling match continued for another half an hour before the Snitch was spotted. Harry and Malfoy saw it at nearly the same moment, dancing close to the ground. In unison, they turned over and shot towards the ground. Everyone in the stands jumped to their feet, the screaming and cheers so loud they drowned out Lee's commentary.

Lavender reached out and squeezed Parvati's hand as she watched Harry hurtle towards the earth, jostling for position along the way. At the last possible moment, they both started to pull up. In a blur, Harry sped along the ground, his feet leaving furrowing in the snow covering the pitch. Next to him, Malfoy plowed into the snow, only his feet and the end of his broom visible.

Lavender grinned and screamed at the top of her lungs.

"GO, HARRY!" she shouted.

Hand outstretched, he groped for the Snitch. The golden ball fluttered this way and that, dangling just out of reach. Out of nowhere, a Bludger slammed into his shoulder. Lavender gasped in fright, but he managed to roll with the impact. As he straightened up, his left arm dangled limply under his broom.

As he glanced over his shoulder, she followed his line of sight and felt sick to her stomach. Goyle smacked a second Bludger his way before Fred and George could stop him. In a blur, Harry launched himself forward off of his broom, the Bludger missing him by a hair's breadth. His good arm flailed wildly before he hit the ground and disappeared in an explosion of snow.

The crowd went silent as Madam Hooch blew her whistle. Play halted as the Crabbe and Goyle helped Malfoy to his feet, and the Gryffindors raced to Harry. Landing, they struggled to move through the waist-deep snow.

"Harry!" Katie yelled.

Suddenly, a hand sprouted from the snow. In a clenched fist, Lavender could just make out two fluttering wings gleaming in the sun.

“GRYFFINDOR WINS!”

There was an explosion of cheers around Lavender as her housemates celebrated a spectacular win. Ignoring them, she pushed her way to the railing for a better view, praying Harry was alright. She got there at the same time as Hermione. They shared a brief, worried glance before turning back to the pitch.

Fred and George used their long arms to fish through the snow. Carefully, they helped Harry to his feet. Despite his injured arm, he grinned and raised the Snitch above his head. The crowd cheered loudly as Lavender let out a sigh of relief.

“Come on, Ron. We should get the Hospital Wing.” Hermione said before turning to her. “Are you coming?”

After a moment’s hesitation, she nodded.

Together, they walked back up to the castle and rushed to the Infirmary. Harry lay in a bed while Madam Pomfrey waved her wand over him. A short distance away, his teammates waited impatiently in a huddle. Lavender hesitated for a moment, feeling a bit out of place. Hermione must’ve noticed because she hooked her arm and dragged her over.

“How bad is it?” Hermione asked nervously.

“We don’t know yet,” Angelina said.

“Nothing I can’t fix,” Pomfrey said. “A couple of cracked ribs and a dislocated shoulder. At least you weren’t foolish enough to let someone else try and heal you this time.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

"I didn't *let* Lockhart try to heal me," he said.

"Hmm," Pomfrey hummed, summoning a couple of potions with a swish of her wand. "Drink these."

"What are they?" Harry asked with a frown.

"The red one is for the pain, and the blue is a Bone-Knitng potion," she told him briskly. "Now drink."

Sighing, Harry downed one after the other with a grimace.

"Urgh, gross," he said.

"Well, if you don't like them, maybe you should try not to get injured," Pomfrey said.

Reaching over to the table, Harry grabbed a glass of water and took a sip.

"Now, I need to put your shoulder back in place," Pomfrey told him. "It's going to hurt, but the pain will fade quickly. Ready?"

"Yeah," Harry nodded.

"On three," she said, aiming her wand at his shoulder. "One--"

Madam Pomfrey twirled her wand, and Harry's shoulder moved back where it should be. Lavender flinched and hid her face in her hands at the sickening pop that came from his

shoulder as it was put back into place. She heard him groan in pain but could bring herself to look.

"Alright, Harry?" Katie asked.

"Fine," Harry grunted.

Taking a deep breath to calm her roiling stomach, Lavender lowered her hands. Harry grimaced as he rolled and flexed his shoulder, a small *pop* making her wince in sympathy.

"Thanks, Poppy," he smiled. "Can I go?"

Madam Pomfrey sighed, but her lips twitched up in an affectionate smile. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a small jar and handed it to Harry.

"Put this on, and you can go," she told him. "Take it easy for a couple of days, and I want you to stop by tomorrow morning for a check up."

"Yes, ma'am," Harry smiled.

As she left to return to her office, Harry started taking off his Quidditch robes but winced when he tried to pull his injured arm free.

"Do you need help?" Hermione asked.

"I'll do it," Lavender said quickly.

Grinning, she sped over to his bed and carefully sat down on the edge. After helping him out of his robes, she grabbed the hem of his jumper and rolled it up to his chest. Harry was more

muscular than she thought he would be. Holding his jumper still, he pulled his uninjured arm down through the armhole before Lavender lifted it over his head and then carefully down his injured arm.

Lavender gasped at the two large, purple bruises on his skin. One on his shoulder and the other on his ribs. Taking the jar of Bruise Balm from his hand, she rubbed a dollop between her hands and gently applied it. Harry bit his lip when she first started, the feeling clearly unpleasant, but he eventually relaxed as the balm took effect.

“If you’re done groping Harry, can we go to the party now?” George asked.

Lavender blushed when she realized her hands had strayed further than necessary. Smiling, Harry squeezed her hand. She helped him put his jumper back on before they left as a group and headed up to the common room.

The moment they entered, the whole of Gryffindor exploded in cheers. As he was pulled inside, Harry reached back and took Lavender’s hand, pulling her along with him. She smiled as she clung to him, watching as he was congratulated for a spectacular match. When they eventually made it to a couch, he sat down and grinned while pulling her into his lap. Lavender was glad to lean back against him while his arms wrapped around her waist. Several girls shot her jealous looks, causing her to smirk.

Like you could handle him anyways, she thought.

Thinking back to the ways Harry had manhandled her, Lavender wiggled in his lap, smirking when she felt his erection stirring against her bum. A moment later, his hand landed on her thigh, his fingers brushing dangerously close to her excited core.

“Don’t start something you can’t finish,” Harry whispered darkly.

Lavender shivered at the unspoken promise in his tone. It struck her that she was the only one that got to see this side of him. Even his closest friends probably had no idea he was like this.

Biting her lip, she turned to look at him and deliberately wiggled her hips. Harry's eyes darkened as his fingers pushed her skirt between her legs, the tips brushing her sweltering folds. Swiftly, she kissed him, muffling her needy moan against his lips. By the time Lavender pulled back, she felt flushed and breathless. Harry's eyes sparkled as he gave her leg a squeeze before moving fingers away from her core. Wrapping both arms around her waist, he hugged her to his chest and ground his erection against her bum.

~

The party in the common room lasted late into the night. It only ended at midnight when Professor McGonagall came in and sent them off to bed. Lavender was lingering in the place between awake and asleep when the sound of her curtains opening tickled her ear. Rolling over, she jumped at the sight of a dark figure standing next to her bed.

"Harry!?" Lavender gasped quietly. "What are you doing here? How did you get here?"

"I flew through the window," Harry grinned, climbing onto the bed and then crawling over her. "And I told you not to start something you couldn't finish."

Lavender swallowed thickly as he slipped his hands under her thin nightshirt and lifted it up over her head. Staring hungrily at her breasts, he squeezed them firmly and wrapped his lips around one of her nipples. Laying down on top of her, he pressed his thigh against her mound. Lavender bit her lips to stifle a moan.

"Harry, what if we get caught?" she asked, even as she rolled her hips.

Gazing up at her, Harry sucked harshly before pulling back until her nipple came free with a *pop*. Crawling further up, he kissed her on the lips. When he pulled back a moment later, he sat up on his knees. Holding her wand, he gave it a twirl.

"Silencing Charm," he explained.

Setting her wand back on the nightstand, he kissed her again while grinding his muscular thigh against her mound. Lavender moaned freely, wrapping her arms around his back. Running her hands under his shirt, she pulled it over his head and tossed it to the side. Harry shifted to the side to lie down next to her, a disappointed moan leaving Lavender's mouth at the loss of friction against her folds. A moment later, she gasped when his hand shot under the waistband of her shorts and plunged a finger into her depths.

"Harry," Lavender moaned.

A second finger invaded her folds, and Harry fingered her furiously, the heel of his palm mashed against her clit. Lavender arched her back and rolled her hips with a gasp, the scent of her arousal filling the air.

"Cum," Harry growled.

His palm slapped wetly against her drooling slit as she did just that. Grunting and groaning, moaning and panting, Lavender humped her hips frantically as her climax crashed over her. Harry bent his head over her chest before she felt the stinging pain from his teeth sinking into her delicate pink areola. Screaming, she arched her back as the light pain amplified her pleasure.

Lavender collapsed to the mattress panting and sweaty, the occasional twitch contracting her muscles. With a grin, Harry eased his fingers out of her and pulled down her shorts. Gazing lustfully at her naked body, he slipped out of his pajama pants. His impressively large cock bobbed in front of him, the head swollen to a dark, angry red.

Surprisingly, Lavender didn't feel an ounce of nervousness or uncertainty even though she knew exactly what Harry wanted. Her core throbbed, a wave of heat washing over her at just the thought of his long, thick pillar of flesh being buried in her needy depths.

As he crawled over her, she spread her legs eagerly, gasping when his length brushed her sensitive clit. Harry's burning gaze met her, feeling as if he was staring into her very soul as he

placed himself at her entrance. Lavender bit her lip in anticipation as he continued to stare at her for a long moment, her heart racing in her chest.

Then, she felt it. She gasped when Harry eased forward, his thick shaft splitting her lips and stretching her folds.

“Oh, Merlin!” Lavender gasped, his neverending shaft touching depths that had never been touched.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted as he bottomed out. “Bloody hell, Lav. It feels like you were made for me.”

Lavender whimpered as he rolled his hips, driving himself fractionally deeper. Grabbing her wrists, he stretched her arms out above her head. Her breasts jutted into the air as he crossed her wrists and gripped them with one hand. She fluttered around him, the feeling of helplessness sending her pulse racing.

“Fuck me,” Lavender whimpered.

Harry rocked his hips, making them both moan. Lavender felt every considerable inch of his shaft sliding in and out of her, feeling like it scraped along every nerve ending in her core. Gradually, his movements grew faster, his hips pulling back further before snapping forward harder. Lavender panted and moaned as Harry’s eyes fell to her chest. Suddenly, his hips snapped forward harshly, sending her breasts jiggling wildly, a pleased cry leaving her lips.

Harry drew back slowly before slamming forward again, his gaze fixed on her bust. He seemed fascinated with how much her pale orbs bounced and jiggled, each new thrust designed to make them move more than the last. For Lavender, they did far more than that. Each time his throbbing cock speared into her depths, her nerves burned in the most pleasant way possible. Liquid heat pooled in her core and slowly spread through her body as she rose to an incredible peak.

When Harry's eyes finally left her breasts, he stared into her eyes with a darkened, lustful gaze. Lavender loved seeing that look on his face. It was a look he reserved just for her. No one else could bring out this side of him.

"Harder," Lavender begged.

Harry growled in the back of his throat, sending a shiver down her spine. Taking one of her wrists in each hand, he pulled back until just the tip remained trapped between her lips. She had just enough time to suck in a breath before he slammed forward, burning every last inch of his cock in her fluttering depths. Lavender cried out, the feeling of his thick length suddenly filling every part of her depths causing stars to burst in her vision.

That one thrust set the pace as Harry pummeled her into the mattress. Lavender arched her back, moaning wantonly While her pleasure rapidly swelled to a crescendo. She screamed as she reached her peak, climaxing harder than she ever had before. The edges of her vision went white as she gasped for breath, a cloud of pleasure enveloping her mind. Her hands scrabbled for something to grab onto, but Harry's grip held strong, pinning her wrists to the mattress with a steely grip.

Every new pounding thrust kept her floating in a sea of bliss. Her body trembled, and back arched when she felt Harry swell. He buried himself to the hilt, and a gush of warmth filled her depths. His hands released her wrists as he collapsed on top of her, his hips rocking roughly as he emptied himself inside of her.

Both of them panted breathlessly as they came down from their peaks. With her arms finally free, Lavender wrapped her arms around him and caressed his back. A few moments later, he rolled to the side. Following him, she pressed herself against his side and closed her eyes while her head rested on his shoulder. Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

"That was amazing," Lavender said.

"You're amazing," Harry replied.

Smiling, Lavender kissed his cheek. That smile turned into a smirk when Harry's hand drifted to her breast, caressing it softly. In return, Lavender laid his length against his pelvis and ran her fingers lightly up and down the shaft. Over the next couple of minutes, it gradually started to swell. She giggled when it twitched, jumping up before it fell back down. Tilting her head back, she looked up at Harry and smiled.

"Want to do it again?" she asked.

Grinning, he pulled her on top of him. Lavender sat up, grinding herself against his hardened length.

~

"Come on, Lav. Get your lazy bum up. It's almost time for lunch," Parvati called.

Blinking her eyes open sleepily, Lavender sat up and stretched. Just as she threw off her blankets and sat up, Parvati yanked open the curtains around her bed.

"Are you-" Parvati choked on her words, and her jaw dropped.

It took a moment for Lavender to look down and notice what was wrong. She was still completely naked, and the stains on her sheets left no doubt about what had happened. Blushing red, she yanked the covers back over her body.

"Morgana's tits!" Parvati gasped. "You – what – who?"

"Is anyone else here?" Lavender whispered.

Parvati shook her head.

“Harry snuck in last night,” Lavender grinned.

“What?” Parvati gasped, sitting on the edge of the bed. “How?”

“He flew in through the window,” Lavender smirked.

Parvati snorted and shook her head.

“So, what was it like?” she asked, bouncing excitedly.

“Amazing,” Lavender smiled.

~

For the next few weeks, life continued normally at Hogwarts. Malfoy and Umbridge continued to provoke Harry at every turn, and he continued to ignore them entirely. Lavender watched him closely, looking for the telltale signs that it was becoming too much. Sometimes Harry pulled her aside, and sometimes she was the one to approach him, but either way, they spent a lot of time together.

Lavender had been taken against the wall of several broom cupboards and been bent over the sink in Myrtle’s bathroom where anyone could’ve caught them. She’d learned to deepthroat at the top of the Astronomy Tower and even sunk into the boys’ dorm, where she rode Harry until they were both completely exhausted while his dormmates slept just feet away.

While they acted like boyfriend and girlfriend inside Gryffindor Tower, Harry was careful not to draw attention to her in front of the rest of the school. There were times when he went off with Ron and Hermione, whispering to each other secretly, but he never talked to her about it, and she never asked. Lavender could recognize her weaknesses. She knew she wasn’t as strong or as brave as they were. But, when Harry was with her, he could forget for a little while. He

could forget about his worries and fears, forget about the things outside his control, and act like a normal teenager.

And Lavender was proud of that.

She was happy to be his escape from a horrible reality. She cared for Harry and loved how their relationship was growing, but she was relieved not to be involved in that part of his life. Not because she wasn't curious, because she was. She was relieved because she knew that if she were faced with Umbridge's treatment of Harry, she wouldn't be able to hold out. But she couldn't tell her if she genuinely didn't know.

It wasn't ideal. Lavender wished they could have a normal relationship, but she accepted it. It was worth it to be with someone as amazing as Harry.

~

"Where are you going?" Hermione asked as she watched Lavender do her makeup in the mirror.

"I'm going to watch Harry practice," Lavender said.

Hermione looked at her oddly.

"You're putting makeup on to watch Quidditch practice?" she asked slowly.

"I want to look nice for Harry," Lavender explained.

It amazed her that Hermione could spend all of her time with two boys and still not understand how they think.

“She’s hoping Harry will pull her into a broom cupboard afterwards,” Parvati grinned.

“Oh,” Hermione blushed.

“Actually, I’m hoping we can sneak into the shower after everyone else leaves,” Lavender grinned.

Face flushed a deep red, Hermione sat on her bed and hid behind a book as Parvati giggled.

“I swear, all you two do is shag,” she said.

“We talk,” Lavender said, adjusting her bra and playing with her blouse to get the perfect amount of cleavage.

“Tell him to go harder doesn’t count,” Parvati smirked.

Lavender broke into a fit of giggles. Smiling to herself, she put the finishing touches on her hair. She and Harry did actually talk. In fact, he’d just told her about his home life the other night, something people had wondered about for years. Of course, as good as that gossip was, Lavender was keeping those secrets to herself.

“Are you coming?” she asked, looking from Parvati to Hermione.

“I need to finish my Transfigurations essay,” Hermione said, not even looking up from her book.

“I don’t know,” Parvati said. “It sounds kind of boring.”

“You get to see Harry in his Quidditch pants,” Lavender smiled teasingly. “And Ron isn’t bad to look at either. A few compliments from a pretty witch might help his confidence.”

"Hmm, alright," Parvati agreed.

Lavender smiled gratefully at her best friend. It would be nice having someone to talk to while she waited for Harry's practice to end. Grabbing their cloaks, they headed towards the door.

"Bye, Hermione," Lavender said.

Together, she and Parvati made their way out of the castle, glad for the sunny weather. They could see crimson blurs zooming around above the pitch as they climbed the stands. They watched for about an hour, discussing gossip and classes while lazily watching the Quidditch team run plays.

Parvati took Lavender's advice to heart and cheered loudly for Ron every time he made a save. He blushed the first couple of times, but after making an admittedly impressive save, his confidence visibly grew. Lavender thought he came off looking a bit arrogant. He didn't have that calm, assured kind of confidence that Harry did.

"Are you really going to have sex in the locker room?" Parvati asked.

"Maybe," Lavender shrugged. "It depends how long the rest of the team sticks around."

"I really need to find a boyfriend," Parvati pouted.

"What about Ron?" Lavender asked.

"I don't know," Parvati said, drawing out the words. "He wasn't a very good date to Padma last year."

"Neither was Harry, and look how he turned out," Lavender said.

“True,” Parvati admitted. “Maybe I’ll give him a chance. Hey, what are they doing here?”

Lavender followed her line of sight and tensed when she saw Malfoy leading the Slytherin team onto the pitch.

“We should get down there,” Lavender said, standing quickly.

“Wait! Look.” Parvati said, pointing to the entrance of the stands.

Umbridge stood in the shadows at the entrance, watching the encounter with a gleeful look on her face.

“It’s a setup,” Lavender gasped.

Lavender and Parvati raced down the stairs. They could hear shouting but couldn’t quite make out the words. Just as they reached the bottom of the stairs and ran out onto the pitch, Fred lunged forward. His fist slammed into Malfoy’s jaw, causing the blonde’s eyes to glaze over as he fell on his arse.

Thankfully, Harry had the presence of mind to yank him back even as he glared daggers at the git. George tried to rush forward, but Angelina, Alicia, and Katie held him back.

“What is the meaning of this!?” Umbridge shouted shrilly.

Lavender skidded to a halt, her heart dropping into her stomach. She was too late.

“All of you, come with me at once!” Umbridge barked.

Grumbling, both teams headed back to the castle. Lavender caught Harry's eyes for a brief moment, wishing she could rush over to him.

"Lav, we should head back to the common room," Parvati said. "There's nothing we can do now."

Sighing, Lavender nodded.

They arrived back at the common room and weren't surprised to find that news of the fight had already made it back to the castle. Hermione even came down to ask them what had happened. Unfortunately, they didn't have any real answers.

About twenty minutes later, the Gryffindor team walked into the common room, their shoulders slumped.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

"Umbridge disbanded the Gryffindor Quidditch team," Angelina announced.

The entire house broke into an uproar. While Angelina tried to explain, Lavender focused on Harry. While his shoulders were slumped and his head was down, she could see his hands balled into fists so tightly they were trembling. Pushing her way over to him, rested her hand on his shoulder.

"Harry?" Lavender asked softly.

Harry looked up at her, rage and guilt swirling in his bright green eyes.

"That stupid bitch," he growled. "She's only doing this because of me."

Biting her lip, Lavender hugged his arm and led him out of the common room. They walked in silence to the seventh floor. Harry paced in front of the black wall until the door appeared, his face looking more and more angry. Wrenching the door open, he stormed inside, fuming silently. Lavender followed him inside, blinking in surprise when she found a massive room filled with everything imaginable instead of the DA training room she expected.

Shaking her head, she focused back on Harry. Moving in front of him, she reached for his belt. Harry surprised her by grabbing her wrists tightly, stopping her.

“Don’t,” he said, his voice trembling with suppressed anger. “I don’t think that a good idea.”

Lavender looked up at him as he let go of her wrists and bit her lip. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she kissed him briefly on the lips.

“I trust you,” she whispered.

“You shouldn’t,” Harry warned, his hands gripping her waist. “I’m so angry I – I don’t think I can hold back.”

“I don’t want you to,” Lavender said, pressing her body against his and kissing his neck.

Harry growled in the back of his throat.

“Run.”

Lavender still and leaned back. Her breath caught in her throat at the look on his face. His green eyes, darkened with anger and lust, glittered promisingly. He was going to take her. He was going to do anything he wanted, and there was nothing she could do to stop him. Lavender’s pulse raced, and her loins throbbed.

“Run,” Harry barked.

Lavender stumbled back a couple of steps before turning to run. She looked back at him over her shoulder just as she turned the corner, vanishing into the maze of junk. Her heart raced, ears straining to listen for his footsteps. She turned another corner and skidded to a halt.

Impossible, Lavender thought, arousal leaking from her folds.

Somehow, Harry stood in front of her, glaring with a dark, hooded gaze. As he took a step forward, Lavender took a step back, adrenaline coursing through her veins. Taking two more steps back, she spun on her heel and ran back the way she came.

Something was wrong. No matter how hard or how fast Lavender ran, she wasn't gaining any ground. Glancing over her shoulder, Harry continued stalking forward with calm, determined strides.

Before she could figure out what was happening, Harry was on her. She felt his presence looming behind her a moment before she was roughly pinned against a wardrobe. The pile of junk stacked high above their heads teetered, making her fear it might collapse on top of them. Unconcerned, Harry grabbed the front of her blouse and viciously ripped it open.

Lavender gasped as buttons were scattered and the fabric ripped. Pinning her to the wardrobe with his hips, Harry's lips attacked her neck while he roughly yanked her blouse off of her and tossed it carelessly to the floor. Leaning back, he grabbed her breasts over her black bra, squeezing them roughly.

Suddenly, he gripped her bra and yanked his arms apart. The clasp at the front of her bra snapped. Lavender gasped as she felt his erection pulse against her thigh while tossing her ruined bra to the ground. Harry had never been quite this aggressive before. She felt like prey being toyed with by a predator, and she'd never been more excited.

Giving her breasts one more harsh squeeze, Harry let go, watching as they jiggled back into place.

“Run,” he growled.

Lavender turned and sprinted away, her breasts jiggling wildly. This time, she heard his thundering footsteps behind her. A surge of adrenaline raced through her veins as they grew closer. She twisted and turned through the maze with no idea where she was or where she was going.

Finding a waist high gap that led past a pile of chairs, Lavender dropped onto her hands and knees. Harry’s footsteps grew closer and closer as she crawled forward as fast as she could. Suddenly, she was yanked to a stop. He’d caught up and grabbed the waist of her skirt. Lavender waited to be yanked back, but it never came. Instead, she heard the sound of the zipper being pulled down.

Harry tugged on her skirt, yanking it down her legs. Lavender surged forward and climbed out the other side. Turning around, she watched as Harry held up her skirt with a dark smirk and dropped it to the floor. Suddenly, the chairs began to move, rearranging themselves to create a path. Breath catching in her throat, Lavender spun around and ran. As she reached a turn, she looked back to discover Harry was gone.

Her heart raced as she wondered which way to go. Without knowing where he was, she didn’t know which way to run. Choosing a path at random, she took off at a jog. The sweat on her body began to cool, leaving goosebumps on her skin. Panting, she turned and looked back to see if he was behind her.

Lavender shrieked when Harry appeared from her right. He shoved her roughly, bending her face first over a worn potions table. The coarse wood dug into her skin and scraped her hard, throbbing nipples, drawing a hiss from her lips.

Smack!

Lavender cried out when Harry's hand spanked her hard. Grabbing her soaked knickers, he tore them down her legs, one hand holding the back of her neck, pinning her in place. She panted in anticipation as he groped her cheeks, spreading them, and she knew he could see her sopping folds. When he let go of her arse, she heard the sound of his zipper being lowered. Lavender squirmed excitedly, only to receive another hard spank.

Pressing his thick head at her entrance, Harry let go of her neck only to grab a fistful of her hair and yank back. Lavender couldn't help but moan as the head of his cock scraped against her clit.

"Look at you," Harry growled, his free hand groping her chest. "You were made for this. You were made to take my cock, weren't you?"

"Har-ry," Lavender whined, trying to drive herself onto his length.

His hand came down on her breasts, sending the pale globe jiggling. She hissed at the light, stinging pain, arousal leaking onto his shaft.

"You're mine," Harry growled. "Tell me. Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours," Lavender said, desperate to feel him inside of her.

Harry speared into her depths with one sharp thrust. Her mouth hung open in a silent scream, a climax coursing through her body as he pushed her back over the table.

"Fuck," Harry groaned.

Grabbing her shoulders, he slammed into her as fast and as hard as he could. Loud, wet slaps echoed around the room as her arousal bathed his shaft. The moment Lavender got her breath back, she screamed. It felt like she was going from one climax to the next. Every time she felt like it was starting to wane, Harry would hit a spot deep inside of her that caused it to peak

again. By the time her climax finally ended, she was left a limp, panting mess, her body rocking back and forth from each of Harry's furious thrusts.

"You're mine!" he shouted, smacking her arse hard enough to leave a mark.

Grabbing both of her cheeks, he spread them wide apart. Lavender shivered, knowing he could see her most intimate parts. Even after all these weeks, the thought of giving him complete and unrestricted use of her body still excited her. As if reading that thought, Harry dragged his thumb over her wrinkled entrance. With a gasp, her muscles flexed involuntarily, a shiver running up her spine.

Harry dipped his thumb in her arousal before bringing it back to her bum. When he circled her tight ring, she moaned long and low, her hips rocking back uncontrollably. Slowly, he eased the tip inside. Lavender gasped as she was stretched, the naughtiness sending her pulse racing.

When he pulled his thumb out, she looked over her shoulder, worried and excited about what he would do next. Harry tapped his wand against her bum, sending an odd wave of magic through her insides. Lavender gasped at the feeling as Harry set his wand aside, pulled out, and lined himself up with her bum. The suddenness of his movements shocked her. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, he plunged nearly a third of his length into her arse.

Lavender clenched her eyes shut and balled her fists, waiting for the pain. It never came. All she felt was the stretching of his considerable girth.

Either he found a spell to bugger me, or I really am made to take his cock, Lavender thought dazedly.

Harry pulled back and thrust deeper, driving all thoughts from Lavender's mind. Without the expected feeling of pain, she was left to feel every inch of his big cock invading her depths. It felt far better than she expected. Having looked for every tip and trick she could find about pleasing a wizard, everything she read about anal talked about making it tolerable. None of them told her it could feel this good.

Lavender was shocked by how fast he bottomed out and started thrusting normally. She was overwhelmed by not only how good it felt but also by how different and dirty it was. Suddenly, Harry grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her upright, her back remaining arch as he plundered her bum.

Harry kissed and nipped at her neck while his free hand groped one of her bouncing breasts. Lavender trembled as she felt herself approaching a climax. The feeling built slowly and in a different way than she'd ever experienced before.

"Oh, Merlin," Lavender gasped.

Harry growled and thrust sharply. He hit some sort of nerve that sent a shock through her system and made her vision momentarily go white. His hand released her breast and wrapped around her throat, his thrusts growing faster and harsher. Lavender's climax just kept building long after she normally would've reached her peak. Her nails dug into the table, her eyes scrunching up as the build up became almost painfully intense.

Suddenly, Harry's hand tightened around her neck, cutting off her air. He followed that with a monstrous thrust just as he erupted in her depths. Those things combined sent Lavender hurtling over the edge. Her entire being was consumed with the unbelievable pleasure she felt. The only other thing she was conscious over was the pulsating of Harry's cock and the warmth filling her bum. She didn't know when Harry let go of her throat, but she was able to suck in a deep breath as she collapsed onto the back, shocks of pleasure causing her to twitch and spasm uncontrollably.

Lavender had never felt more exhausted or sated in her life. She didn't even have the energy to wonder how the room changed around her or how the table she was lying on turned into a bed. Harry pulled out of her bum, causing both of them to groan, and collapsed on his back next to her. Reaching out, he ran his fingers through her hair tenderly. With what little strength she had, Lavender crawled over to Harry and collapsed on his chest.

"Hold me," she said softly.

Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head. Lavender lifted her head and looked up at his face. He smiled down at her. All of the anger and frustration had drained from his eyes. Smiling, she leaned up and kissed him on the lips.

Lavender knew that Harry likely had a long road and many painful trials ahead of him, and she vowed to be there for him whenever he needed her.