

Chapter 11

Harry lost track of how many weeks – or maybe even months – had passed since he started researching time travel, and he was becoming increasingly frustrated. Time travel made little sense in the first place, and he was only just now beginning to understand the basics of how it worked. Which, by any logic he'd ever seen before, it shouldn't.

Spending hours upon hours in the library reading the same dusty old books, going to the ball with the same people, and having the same conversations day after day – it was all really starting to get to him. It was almost like a sense of claustrophobia. Like being locked in his cupboard back at Privet Drive with no way to escape.

Harry felt like he could go mental at any moment. Even talking with Hermione and Suzette only helped so much. It turned out that sharing memories didn't necessarily mean sharing knowledge. He wasn't quite sure how it worked, but it meant that he had to spend time explaining everything he'd learned before they could actually get to researching. It slowed things down, and quite often, Harry would just go to the library himself, entrenching himself in the dank, dusty Restricted Section of the library.

Something had to change, or Harry felt like he was going to lose his mind. Well, at least more than he already had.

In the end, he started taking dueling lessons with Flitwick again to let out some steam every couple of days. With a Death Eater masquerading as the Defense professor and Voldemort looking for a way back again, it would probably come in handy. Another change he made was giving himself a day off to do whatever he wanted every five days. The structure helped him keep track of the passing time, and the day off gave him a much needed outlet.

Of course, on his first day off in weeks, the first thing Harry did was decide to go flying. As soon as he woke up he grabbed his broom, skipped breakfast, and headed straight outside. The moment he stepped outside the Entrance Hall, Harry mounted his Firebolt and shot into the air, a grin on his face even as the frosty morning air filled his lungs and stung at his eyes.

Blanking out his mind, he pointed the tip of his broom down and zipped towards the Whomping Willow, its branches thrashing and barely missing him as he flew past. From there, he soared at top speed, his feet nearly touching the surface of the water. In front of him, the Giant Squid lifted one of its tentacles in a wave. Slaloming between some trees along the edge of the Forbidden Forest, Harry suddenly turned right sharply and raced towards the Quidditch Pitch.

After flying around for a while longer, he spotted something out of the corner of his eye. Turning, he saw Katie Bell, rosy cheeked, bright eyed and grinning with her short brown ponytail whipping behind her. Smiling back at her, Harry pulled up and barrel rolled over top of her to the other side. Playfully, they flew around one another in a game of cat and mouse, seamlessly switching roles.

By the time they landed, Harry's cheeks hurt, both from the cold and from smiling for so long. His hands and chin were numb, his body shivering, but he couldn't have been happier.

"Thanks, Katie," Harry said gratefully.

With his free arm, he reached out and hugged her. Katie blinked in surprise, then smiled and hugged him back.

"Not that I'm complaining, but what was that for?" she asked with a smile.

"Just for being a good friend," Harry said vaguely.

"Oh, you're welcome," Katie said, looping her arm through his. "But if you don't mind, I'd like to go warm up a bit."

Harry chuckled as he felt her shiver next to him while they started towards the castle. When they came upon the Quidditch locker rooms, Harry remembered the many fantasies he'd had about Katie, Alicia, and Angelina. Ones that usually involved the girls' shower after a big win.

Harry grinned.

“Hey, Katie?” Harry asked.

“Hmm?” she hummed.

“You know what would be great right now? A nice hot shower,” he said.

“That sounds brilliant,” Katie agreed with a smile and a skip in her step.

Tugging her arm, Harry began leading her to the locker room.

“Harry?” Katie asked, her brow furrowed cutely. “Where are we going?”

“Taking us to have that shower,” he said with a grin.

Katie blinked at him as Harry unhooked his arm from hers and wrapped it around her shoulder.

“Seriously?” she asked as they stepped into the locker room.

“Why not?” Harry asked.

Letting go of her, he grabbed their brooms and placed them on the rack that the school brooms usually rested on. Seeing Katie still looking a little confused, Harry smiled as he wrapped his arms around her waist, picked her up off the ground, and spun her around in a circle. Katie squealed in laughter as he carried her over towards the girls’ shower before setting her down on her feet. Pressing her against the wall, Harry leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers gently.

Katie inhaled sharply and froze for a second before she relaxed and kissed him back eagerly, her arms wrapping around his shoulders while her fingers threaded through his hair. Harry kissed her harder, his tongue sliding between her lips to caress along hers. Slowly, feeling returned to his face as the heat increased between them.

Pulling back, he hugged her close, her breasts flattening slightly against his chest as he slipped his hands inside her thick winter cloak.

“Ready for that shower?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Together?” Katie asked nervously.

“Well, it would be more fun that way,” Harry said as he caressed her hips with his thumbs.

“What’s gotten into you?” she asked with a nervous laugh, shaking her head.

Harry shrugged. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his Holly wand and flicked it at the showers. All six showerheads along the back wall turned on, pouring out hot water that created a cloud of steam in the cool air. Katie looked at the showers and bit her lip with a thoughtful, slightly nervous expression while Harry took off his cloak.

Placing his hands on Katie’s hips. He kissed her again as his hands slid up her sides to push her cloak off of her shoulders.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Katie whispered against his lips.

Smiling, Harry gave her one last kiss on the lips and stepped back to start taking off the rest of his clothes.

“You have no idea how many times I’ve wanted to do this after winning a game,” he said with a smile as he pulled off his jumper and t-shirt.

“Really?” Katie asked, raising her eyebrow with a smirk. “And do these fantasies of yours usually involve Angelina and Alicia as well?”

“Sometimes,” Harry admitted as he unbuckled his belt.

“Figures,” Katie teased while rolling her eyes and tentatively unbuttoning her shirt. “I swear, you boys all think we girls just have lesbian orgies any time we’re alone.”

“Do you?” Harry asked teasingly.

Katie giggled as she let her shirt fall open, leaving a small gap that gave him a glimpse plain white bra and fit abs.

“Well, there was this one time...” Katie replied thoughtfully.

Harry’s eyes went wide as he dropped his pants, an obvious bulge forming in the front of his boxers.

“I’m kidding, you perv,” Katie said, nudging his shoulder.

Harry put an exaggerated expression of disappointment on his face and looked down with a pout.

“That’s just mean,” he pouted.

Katie snorted and shook her head. Seeing her eyes drop down to his groin, Harry grabbed the waistband of his boxers and pushed them down to his ankles. She eyed his partially engorged length and unconsciously licked her lips.

“You going to join me?” Harry asked.

Snapping out of her staring, Katie took a deep breath and shucked off her shirt, her cheeks flushing red. After spending a few seconds to take in her beautiful figure, Harry lifted her chin with his fingers and gave her a peck on the lips before walking off into the shower. He hoped that would make her a little less nervous.

Stepping under the hot water, his hands, feet, and face tingled from the sudden warmth. Rinsing off his hair, he turned around just as Katie walked in, completely naked, her hands fidgeting at her sides like she was fighting the urge to cover herself. Her perky, jutting breasts and their light pink nipples bounced with each step she took.

Smiling, Harry reached out with his hand. Katie smiled back shyly as she walked closer and took his hand. As soon as she did, he pulled her under the spray of water with him as she laughed. His quickly hardening length pressed against her thigh when he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on the lips.

“You’re gorgeous,” Harry whispered.

Smiling, Katie ran her hands up to his shoulders and then to his hair before pulling him in for another kiss, her soft, smooth breasts pressing against his chest. Harry slid his hands down and cupped her firm bum, grinding his erection against her mound. Katie moaned and bucked her hips as her fingers gripped his hair and gave it a light tug backwards.

“You better take me to the ball after this,” she told him with a faux stern look.

“Or, we could skip the ball and just do this all day,” Harry offered teasingly as he slid his right hand up her wet skin to cup her breast.

“Mhh, tempting,” Katie replied with a grin.

Her brown eyes sparkling, she slipped her hand down to lightly grasp his cock. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she stroked him lightly, his tip pointing up between their bodies. Kissing Katie, he continued to caress her breast with one hand while the other reached down to run a finger through her hot, damp folds. Moaning into his mouth, she bucked against his hand and gripped his shaft more firmly.

Hissing in pleasure, Harry wrapped his arms around Katie’s waist, spun them around, and dropped to his knees as he pressed her back against the tiled wall. Grabbing her right thigh, he lifted it up and rested it on his shoulder. Katie, flushed and panting excitedly, ran her fingers through his spiky wet hair as he kissed the inside of her muscular thigh. Slowly, he kissed his way up her leg, moving ever closer to her bald mound.

Katie gasped as his lips landed on her warm folds, the taste of her arousal coating his lips. With one hand cupping her ass, the other reached up and groped her full breast, his thumb rubbing across her nipple as his tongue licked between her lips. Moaning, Katie trembled as his tongue traced over her clit, her hand tightening in his hair to pull him closer. Harry’s nose flattened against her mound as he kissed, sucked, and licked her swollen nub.

Sliding his hand off of her bum, Harry ran his two middle fingers between her drooling lips before slipping them inside of her.

“Oh fuck, Harry,” Katie moaned.

Pumping his fingers in and out of her, Harry hit a slightly rougher patch of skin along the top of her walls that made her curse and tighten around his fingers. Grinning, he wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked while rubbing that spot again, and again. Katie’s breath hitched as her body shuddered. Her fingers tightened in his hair painfully as she bucked her hips and let out a long, high pitched keen.

Letting go of her breast, Harry grabbed her hip and pinned it to the wall to keep her from bucking too much. With a scream, Katie threw her head back, bumping it against the wall as she came violently. Even with the stream of hot water cascading over their bodies, Harry could still taste her arousal gushing all over his lips and chin.

Throughout her powerful climax, Harry kept stimulating her, even as she went from pulling him closer to trying to push him away. Katie's body shook so hard it almost looked like she was convulsing as he drew out her powerful orgasm. Gasping for air, her breasts jiggled and bounced enticingly as she stared down at him with wide eyes. A moment later, those wide, brown eyes rolled into the back of her head as she experienced a second peak that was just as powerful as the first.

Harry finally had to stop when the only leg holding her up spasmed and gave out momentarily. Letting her other leg drop to the floor, he stood up and held her up as her whole body sagged as she trembled against him. With her head buried in the crook of his neck and her arms holding him weakly, Harry smiled and kissed her neck as he caressed her back lightly.

"Holy shit," Katie panted.

"You sure you don't want to skip the ball?" Harry asked with a smirk.

Katie snorted against his shoulder.

"I don't think I could survive doing that all night," she mumbled.

Harry chuckled before stroking her cheek and pulling her in for a slow, passionate kiss. When Katie's legs stopped trembling and she was able to stand up on her own, he took some time to just run his hands over her smooth, wet skin, enjoying the feel of her soft curves. Her breasts were firm enough to defy gravity, but soft enough to give under his touch. Moving his hands down her back, he cupped her full, firm bum, roughly groping the thick muscle.

Katie kept one hand on the back of his neck, keeping their lips connected while her other hand grasped his raging cock and stroked it firmly. Her thumb ran along the bulging vein on the bottom of his shaft all the way up to his red, swollen glans. Harry hissed as she lightly traced the edge of the head where it flared out from the shaft. He lurched in her hand, his engorged length demanding attention.

Gripping Katie's bum, Harry lifted her up and pinned her back against the wall as the shower poured down on his back. She immediately wrapped her legs around his waist and looked down as she teased herself with his cock. Impatiently, Harry groaned and bucked his hips, causing his head to bump into her clit before sliding up. Katie gasped and trembled as she lifted herself up and lined him up with her dripping entrance.

With her hands gripping his shoulders, Harry slowly lowered her down onto his rigid pole. Katie gasped while he inhaled sharply as inch after inch sank into her tight, hot depths.

"Oh fuck," Katie gasped, her mouth hanging open as she panted. "Why didn't we do this sooner?"

Harry smiled, thinking of the numerous times he'd slept with Katie before that she didn't remember. Without a doubt, she was one of his favorites.

When she finally took him to the hilt, her bum resting on his thighs, she hugged him tightly and rested her head on his shoulder with a deep, guttural moan. Harry gave her a moment to adjust before pulling back and sinking back in.

"You feel so good, Katie," Harry told her softly.

"So do you," Katie said with a moan.

Flexing her legs, she began lifting herself up and dropping down in time with his thrusts. Lifting her head, she leaned back against the wall, arching her back as she practically threw herself down onto his cock. Grabbing one of her bouncing breasts, Harry slammed into her soft, silky

depths, his thick shaft stretching her tight walls. Her light brown eyes stared into his lustfully as she writhed on his cock.

This was one of the reasons he loved being with Katie so much. As soon as she got going, she was an absolute wildcat in bed. She also came incredibly easily.

With a trembling moan, Katie shuddered as she reached a sudden climax. Harry groaned as she tightened and spasmed around him, her drenched walls fluttering around his length. Nails digging into his shoulders, Harry continued thrusting through her peak until she placed her hands on his chest. As he came to a stop, she unwrapped her legs from around him and set her feet on the floor.

She wobbled a bit, so Harry helped steady her as she turned around. Putting her hands on the wall, Katie bent at the waist and arched her back as she stuck her ass out towards him. Grinning, Harry caressed her round cheeks while slipping back inside of her.

“Fuck me,” Katie panted.

With one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, Harry thrust hard and fast. Katie moaned loudly as she braced herself against the wall while he pounded into her. His hips bounced off of her ass with a loud, wet slap at each impact of his thighs. It seemed like Katie had only just recovered from her last climax when she moaned out another one.

On the verge of reaching his own peak, Harry mercilessly hammered into her as Katie screamed out her pleasure over the sound of the rushing water. Burying himself in her depths, his cock pulsed as he came. Bracing one hand on the wall, Harry hugged himself to her back and kissed her neck while his hand cupped one of her breasts. Katie turned her head and kissed him hard as his length pulsed with each burst of cum that filled her.

Panting as they recovered, Harry pulled them both upright and hugged her from behind as they stood under the shower.

“How soon do you think we can leave after the ball starts?” Katie asked.

Harry laughed and kissed the side of her neck.