

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 18: Who Needs Mistletoe?

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It shouldn't come to surprise to anyone that he and Cammi had barely made it back to her apartment before they jumped one another.

Even on the drive back atop Cammi's Royale Enfield motorcycle, they could barely keep their hands to themselves. Well, more on Harry's part really as Cammi needed both her hands more often than not to ensure they didn't careen into the pavement. The raven-haired vixen was completely susceptible to his groping. He could hardly control himself. With his arms wrapped around her waist as they pulled away from King's Cross Station, Harry all but waited a few seconds before his hands found the raven-haired vixen's plush tits. Though her small gasps of breath were lost to the wind as she navigated them through the busy London streets, Harry knew her well enough that just that single touch was enough to drive her wild.

Cammi wasn't completely defenseless though. She was more than happy to push her wide bubbly arse into his crotch whenever they stopped at a crosswalk. By the third stop, Harry's cock was aching hard from her teasing grinds. Even with her face obscured by her helmet's visor, Harry just knew she was wearing that mischievous little grin on her face every time she rocked her arse back.

The second they pulled into her apartment's parking space, the pair all but tore off the motorbike and collided. Helmets were flung off without a care, lips crashing together with a roaring need. Harry pushed her against some stranger's car in the space next to her's, tongue already forced past her plump warm lips and fighting against hers for control. Cammi broke the kiss and

moaned as his hands somehow found their way beneath the waistband of her jeans. When did that happen? Harry shook his head. What did it matter/ his mind was so clouded by one singular want. The *need* for the woman before him that he wouldn't be surprised if they somehow found themselves fucking right here in the open parking lot.

The feel of her wet juices coating his fingers was an admission of how much Cammi wouldn't mind that idea.

But no, not here. Harry wanted her completely. He wanted to see Cammi's delectable nude body. He wanted to draw her orgasms out, make them last until even the barest of touches from him was enough to drive her oversensitive body over the edge. It wasn't something that could be accomplished with a quick fuck atop a stranger's car hood.

Forcing himself to pull away, Harry grabbed her by the hand and quickly marched towards the entrance of her apartment building. Cammi giggled at his haste. She wrapped herself around his arm and stared up at him with eyes full of excitement and amusement.

"Someone's all worked up!" She smirked. Her hand came to snake down his abdomen until it landed on his tented crotch. "Wonder why that is?"

Harry rolled his eyes at her teasing, giving her arse a quick slap before he pulled the door open for her. The trip up the stairs was spent with just as much teasing touches and back-and-forth flirting. By the time Cammi moved to unlock the door to her flat, Harry's mouth was planted firmly on one of the many erogenous spots on her neck.

"P-Prat!" She admonished as she fumbled with her keys. It took four tries for her to push the thin strip of metal inside the lock. The feeling of Harry softly suckling on her flesh was sending far too many tingles of pleasure down her spine.

The front door was slammed open, crashing against the wall with a '*BANG!*' The lust-drunk pair all but fell inside. Shoes and jackets flew across the living room, landing in heaps on the floor as their lips collided into a heated embrace. Cammi ran her tongue along his lips while Harry in turn

groped and kneaded every inch of her he could reach as they stumbled backwards into the bedroom.

Cammi fell back onto the bed clad in only her knickers and now heavily wrinkled Queen t-shirt. Harry in turn was in a similar state. Messy black hair was tousled even further. The only clothing left on his body was a pair of jeans that Cammi had bought for him over the summer. They would soon join the rest of their garments if she had anything to say about it though.

“C’mere lover boy.” Cammi coaxed, grasping the waistband of his trousers. “I want to taste that big beautiful cock of yours~”

Harry didn’t argue, helping her unclasp his jeans. With a single tug, the tattooed woman’s prize was revealed. Her eyes lit up as she gazed at his thick veiny cock hanging mere centimetres away from her face. It was a sight she’d seen many times before, but one she’d never tire of. Her hands found their way around his shaft as if by instinct. She stroked it slowly, staring up at her lover’s burning emerald eyes the entire time. Each deliberate pump of his cock brought another hiss or quieted gasp from his lips that drove her even more wild. It was one of the things that she believed was why they worked so well together. Sure, she *loved it* when Harry brought her to another screaming orgasm. She’d never complain about reaching such wondrous erotic highs from his thick cock, and she knew for a fact that he would never get enough of fucking each and every one of her holes until she was covered and/or filled with his thick creamy seed. But while feeling that pleasure was all well and good, they both were *addicted* to giving the other that same intense pleasure.

Nothing made her more horny than hearing Harry moan her name as she sucked his cock, and she knew that Harry was obsessed with making her scream until her voice was hoarse. They could each spend hours pleasuring the other and get nothing physical out of it in return, and yet they’d still fall asleep happy and satisfied.

Not today though, Cammi thought as she wrapped her swollen lips around Harry’s cock head. She’d be his personal cum-dump tomorrow. For now, she had but one goal- and that was to

suck his cock until he lost control and pinned her against the bed and fucked each and every one of her needy holes.

Harry groaned loudly above her as she sucked gently on his swollen glans, making Cammi smile around a mouthful of cock. After that she picked up the pace, taking more of him into her awaiting mouth while she used her hand to rapidly stroke the rest of his length. It was a familiar rhythm to her. Her tongue massaged the underside of his cock just how she knew he liked it. Her hand gripped and squeezed him in just the right way to have his mouth dripping with expletives.

“Cammi-” He gasped. Cammi smirked. She recognized that tone in his voice. He only ever said her name like that for one reason. She picked up her pace, moving her hand from his shaft to his thigh as she swallowed as much of him as she could causing him to groan even louder.

“Fuck! I’m close!”

Yes! That was it! That was what Cammi was waiting for. Smirking internally, the raven-haired woman pulled away. His cock flew from her lips with a ‘*pop!*’ while she smirked up at him evilly.

“You were saying something babe?” She asked coyly.

Harry’s face morphed from one of pleasure, to shock, to... something. Cammi shivered at the darkened look he gave her- the same one he always wore when he was about to dominate her. She never saw it coming, Harry had moved too fast for her to process. The world spun around her as he lifted her like a ragdoll and not a full-grown woman. She landed further onto the bed with her legs folded and pressed into the mattress on either side of her head. It was a bloody good thing she’d been keeping up with her yoga these last few weeks.

Before she could even blink Harry’s hands were tearing away at her knickers. She had planned on this, selecting a pair this morning that she wouldn’t particularly miss. The lacey garment was torn away with very little effort and part of her couldn’t help but wonder if magic had something to do with it. Either way, she smirked as Harry’s advance faltered. His eyes were glued to the small expanse of hairless skin above her cunt where a new tattoo sat proudly on display.

“You like?” She asked, doing her best to control her breathing with his cock *this* close to her pussy. “Tonks drew me a reference to give to the artist.”

Harry met her gaze, eyes burning with such a thick haze of lust that it nearly took her breath away. One second, he’d been posed above her staring in wonder at her new ink, and the next, Cammi was suddenly screaming out in euphoria as he suddenly buried his cock inside her weeping pussy in a single thrust. Obviously Tonks had been right when she said Harry would love the tattoo.

Her entire body was wracked with one wave of tremendous pleasure after another. She tried to move her arms- to rake her nails across his chest or grab fistfuls of her duvet. Anything really to ground herself! Only to find that ropes had somehow materialized themselves around her wrists and binding them to the bedposts.

Magic...right.

Cammi couldn’t help but take a peek at the cause of Harry’s ferocious attack on her cunt.

Between clamouring moans and shuddering gasps, she looked down. Standing proudly above her clit, rippling with every thrust of Harry’s cock, with its wings spread open was a small golden ball with the number ‘7’ emblazoned in maroon atop its face. Tonks had said it was something called a ‘snitch’. Cammi didn’t give a damn what it was called though, if it provoked *this* kind of reaction from her boyfriend then dear god, it was now her official favourite tattoo!

Before she could ponder the new addition of artwork to her skin further, that familiar pressure in her core suddenly grew to uncontrollable levels.

“Oh fuck!” She gasped. “Harry- I-I’m gonna-”

She was cut off as a hand roughly grasped her by the jaw and forced her gaze up. Two burning emerald eyes stared back at her. Their intensity was so great that Cammi couldn’t help but shiver in arousal under their gaze.

“Cum.” He ordered with a single growl. “Look at me while you do it. Cum for me slut!”

Cammi did. Dear god she did. Holding his gaze, Cammi let her mouth fly open, an earth-shattering moan exploding out from her lungs as every nerve in her body was assaulted by indescribable pleasure. Harry continued to pound into her the entire to, never relenting as he stared back into her eyes. It was all Cammi could do not to lose herself to the pleasure right then and there. Not yet at least.

With a whimper she crashed their lips together, uncaring as the ropes dug uncomfortably into her wrists. Harry met the kiss head-on, colliding his tongue with hers in the wet expanse of her mouth.

The kiss ended faster than it began. Harry pulled away from her, and before she could question him, Cammi's world suddenly shifted once more.

That moment while she was in movement was always incredibly thrilling, because she never knew where she'd land. Would she be on her back with her legs pushed up to the limits of her considerable flexibility? Would she find herself seated on Harry's lap, still totally at his mercy while he bounced her on his cock like a human sex toy?

This time she ended up face down on her bed. The ropes were now gone, replaced instead by a leather cuff that bound her hands together behind her back. The mattress shifted behind her and the familiar weight of Harry boring down on her returned. She giggled in excitement, wiggling her arse back in forth in invitation. Which would he choose? Would he fill her pussy once more, stretching her inner walls to their limits until she came again and again? Or perhaps her arse? Fucking her crinkled hole until her legs shook and her ability to walk was no more?

The answer, of course, was both.

The feeling of her two most precious holes being stretched open was a surprise to be sure, but one she absolutely *loved*. At first, she thought that perhaps Harry had simply grabbed one of the many toys she has stashed away on her nightstand, specifically her blue silicon replica of his cock she made from one of those sex-shop kits. Yet the feeling was all too similar to their little

shower tryst all those weeks ago. Her arse, she knew, was being viciously taken by her boyfriend's cock, her pussy on the other hand was a different story.

As another moan tore its way from her throat, Cammi decided that she didn't give a fuck what it was, only that she wanted it to fuck her harder.

As if privy to her mental plea, both Harry and what he knew to be a conjured rod of magic increased the pace. Grabbing her hips where the other tattoo she got for him rested on her back, Harry slammed his hips forward with as much haste and power as he could muster. The sound of his groin crashing against Cammi's jiggle arsecheeks was music to both their ears. He grunted as the raven-haired vixen's arsehole tightened around him further. Though her screams were muffled by the mattress, he was practically an expert at identifying her orgasms at this point. She never could last long when he buggered her, and today was no different.

By the time he could feel his own end approaching, the sheets below them were soaked with Cammi's juices. The woman had peaked so many times that he wasn't even sure when one orgasm ended and another began. His own cum wouldn't join her's though.

Leaving the magical dildo where it was, thrusting in and out of her abused folds, Harry turned Cammi over. His girlfriend's eyes were rolled into the back of her skull. Small whimpers escaped from her lips every time an involuntary twitch ran through her body. Smirking, Harry knelt over her with his legs on either side of her torso. The shirt she still wore disappeared with barely a thought, appearing folded neatly on her dresser a second later. Harry paid the garment no mind though. Instead, he sandwiched his glistening cock between her tits. The pillowy mounds enveloped him completely like a soft warm cock sleeve.

All it took was three thrusts. His climax had been teetering on the edge for so long that the soft fucking of Cammi's tits was enough to bring him to a sticky satisfied end. Cammi whimpered, her eyes closed, as he tainted her face, neck, and breasts with his seed. He groaned in satisfaction. He loved when she let him use her body like this- like it was his own personal toy. She of course did the same to him as well. There were many times when he'd been relaxing on

her couch or cooking in her kitchen when suddenly she'd be in front of him either pushing him to his knees or straddling his face and pressing her pussy against his mouth. Though, more often than not, those instances ended much the same as tonight.

As his orgasm ebbed away so too did the magical dildo. It disappeared without a word, allowing Cammi to slowly come out of her cock-drunk state with a groan.

"We are s-so doing that again!" She gasped, staring up at him with eyes swimming with ideas. Harry chuckled in agreement. The chuckle morphed into a gasp as Cammi engulfed his cum leaking cock with her mouth. Yet just as she had sucked him hard once more and he'd been prepared to fuck the vixen's slutty through, Cammi pulled away.

"Oh! I almost forgot!" She exclaimed, pushing him off her chest. Harry stumbled back onto the bed with a look of confusion as his girlfriend rushed out the bedroom door still covered in his cum. The sound of excited rummaging emanated from down the hall. Just when Harry was about to lose patience and follow, Cammi suddenly bounded back in with a collection of photos clutched in her hands.

"Tada!" She cheered, shoving the pictures into his hands. "This is part one of your Christmas present. You'll get the rest on the 26th when Tonks comes over for dinner!"

Harry stared down at the photos in shock, his mind short-circuited at the sight of his girlfriend and Tonks in a plethora of kinky positions. Obviously the two had been doing a lot more than training for the last few weeks, not that Harry would complain.

Cammi smirked at his dumbfounded expression, slowly crawling back onto the bed and grasping his ragingly hard cock. "She said she planned on staying here until you went back to Hogwarts. So you'll have almost a week and a half to play with your present~" She purred, leaning down to start sucking his cock once more.

Harry could only groan, laying back against the pillows as he began to peruse the various photos. All the while Cammi diligently bobbed her head along his shaft.

This was definitely going to be the best Christmas he ever had.

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Harry sighed and pulled his scowling girlfriend along as they traversed the London shopping center. All around them, the various city-goers hurried along. Everyone was in a rush to finish their last-minute Christmas shopping. People passed by carrying boxes and bags from busy stores. Already they'd been nearly bowled over by an inattentive shopper three times now, a fact that was certainly not helping either of their moods.

Though it wasn't the busy shopping complex that had Cammi in such a sour state.

"Forget about them love." Harry said gently, rubbing small circles on Cammi's back. "They've always acted like that towards me. Just because I all but told them I was leaving wasn't gonna change that."

Their first stop of the day had been to Number 12 Privet Drive. Since Harry was all but living with Cammi at this point, they'd decided to go ahead and collect the rest of his belongings from his relative's house. What little remained at least.

The Dursley's, of course, had greeted him with as much exuberance as a dead fish. It took them barely two minutes before they were spitting out their normal vitriol his way. Cammi had thrown them off somewhat of course. Uncle Vernon even tried to shout at her as well, screaming something about "not wanting any dirty trollops in his house."

The man had only made it four words into that sentence before Harry had his wand painfully pressed into the man's fat neck. Harry made sure to remind the man about his manners when speaking to a lady. It would be a miracle if his Uncle was ever able to grow any hair again, though in truth he should count himself lucky Harry didn't make the vanishment on his genitals permanent either.

They didn't stay longer after that. Anything else still left behind was something Harry wouldn't miss or more than likely would have burned himself the first chance he got. Despite the humiliation he subjected his uncle to though, the whole interaction had left Cammi fuming.

“That doesn’t make it better Harry!” She hissed. “You should have never been placed with those fucking sorry cunts! The fact that they’ve been allowed to treat you so horribly for all these years is inexcusable!”

Harry didn’t have anything to say in defence of that. He agreed wholeheartedly with his girlfriend. He should have NEVER been placed with the Dursleys, and yet the fact that he was without any questions asked was a testament to just how blind Dumbledore had been. The Headmaster should pray he never met Cammi. His hair removal spell on Vernon had been (relatively) painless. He couldn’t promise the same for the old wizard when Cammi ripped his bloody beard off.

Instead Harry took a moment to look around before pulling his girlfriend behind an information kiosk and snogging her for all she was worth.

Cammi tensed from the contact at first, not expecting the sudden makeout session. Slowly though, she melted into his arms, sighing happily as she kissed him back.

“Better?” He whispered after a few moments.

Cammi nodded and leaned her face against the crook of his neck. “Much.”

“Brilliant. We still have about an hour before we need to meet Hermione, so how about we take a look around that shop you were eyeing earlier?” He asked with a smile.

Cammi’s eyes lit up with excitement before seemingly deflated. “Ugh I wish. That place is bloody expensive. I already spent most of my holiday bonus on gifts for my family anyway.”

Her words only served to make Harry laugh as he pulled his girlfriend along to the alternative clothing store. “Remind me to tell you about my trust vault...” He said, dragging a very confused Cammi behind him.

Later, after several purchases and now in a much better mood, Cammi followed her boyfriend along to the cafe where one of his friends was supposed to meet them for lunch. The fact that her boyfriend was apparently loaded by magical means surprised her, but she wasn’t complaining. Obviously she didn’t just care for Harry because of his wealth which she didn’t

even know existed until today, but it certainly didn't hurt his chances of getting laid again tonight now that he had practically bought her a new wardrobe. The whole nobility thing he explained to her was confusing though, but so was about 90% of what he and Tonks told her about the magical world too.

(Seriously though...owls?? The ability to bend reality and do the impossible and the best they can come up with for mail service is to use nature's SLOWEST bird?! It was borderline animal abuse!)

Thoughts on cultural preferences of animal labour aside, Cammi felt a small tinge of nervousness settle in her gut as they approached the quaint little cafe/bookstore nestled within one of the less busy parts of the shopping centre. She couldn't help it! She was about to meet one of Harry's closest friends (and lovers if the stories he told her were anything to go by). The fact that the girl she was about to meet was only 18 to Cammi's 26 didn't help things. She shouldn't be intimidated by a girl who's still technically a teenager!

Still, Harry had nothing but good things to say about this Hermione girl. According to him, she was the reason Harry was even still alive, having saved his life several times over by now. In truth, Cammi should probably be excited to meet her, and she was! It was just...if Hermione didn't end up liking her then how would Harry handle that? Would he feel forced to choose between them? She didn't want that!

All the more reason to make a good impression then?

That small reassurance didn't comfort her much. Thankfully, she wasn't allowed to dwell on her thoughts much longer as the bell to the cafe jingled and Harry's face broke out into a grin.

"Hermione!" He called and Cammi turned.

Dark onyx eyes met honey brown.

Who would blink first?

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Author's Note

I promise the chapter with Tonks is coming soon but not just yet! That will be the small little 'holiday break finale' so to speak, for now, we get to see what happens between two of the most important women in Harry's life...

Thanks for reading!