

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 17: The Taste of Chocolate

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Hermione huffed to herself and swatted the hand once again wandering up her thigh.

"I'm trying to read Harry." She chastised the raven-haired teen.

"You're always reading. I'm just trying to suggest a fun alternative."

Hermione rolled her eyes, pointedly ignoring the devilish smirk that was splayed across his lips.

A smirk which never failed to make her go slightly weak at the knees and ignite a smouldering fire in her core mind you. Huffing once more, Hermione readjusted her book and turned the page, trying her best to shift her attention back to the words before her as Harry stared back with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

With November fading and only two weeks left before the end of the semester, the two friends had found a nice corner in the common room overlooking the sprawling snow-covered ground to enjoy the other's company before the winter holidays began...

...At least that had been the intention.

Hermione sighed heavily through her nose before placing her book down and shooting Harry an irritated glare.

"What's the matter 'Mione?" He asked with his voice dripping with amusement.

Hermione counted to three in her head, crossing her legs tightly to both fight off the draught blowing up her skirt and hide away her now bare slit from prying eyes, before answering

"Harry-" She hissed in a barely contained whisper. "-Re-conjure my underwear right this instant!

That was one of my favourite pairs!"

Harry leaned back with a smirk, a pair of pink frilly knickers held between his fingers. "You mean these?"

Hermione bit back her shout of panic and quickly snatched the cottony knickers from his grasp, stuffing them in her bag hurriedly as she surveyed the room to ensure no one had seen. The sound of Harry's chuckles brought a blush to her cheeks. Reaching over, she smacked her friend-turned-lover in his arm with as much strength as she could muster.

"That was not funny!" She hissed.

Harry shrugged, still chuckling as he accepted the blows. "It was a little funny 'Mione." At her glare, he held his hands up in mock defeat. "Alright, alright! Sorry, I was just joking!" He laughed.

"What can I do to make it up to you?"

"Hmph! You can start by letting me read in peace! Honestly, I would have thought you'd be satiated enough after last night." She huffed, picking her book back up and flipping to the correct page.

Harry smirked at the bookworm's words. True enough, the two of them had spent the better part of yesterday evening tangled together beneath the sheets of a conjured four-poster bed within the Room of Requirement. Hermione had been a bit...miffed he'd been spending so much time with other girls and had all but demanded an evening alone with him. Harry of course agreed to her request. He certainly wasn't going to complain about getting another night alone with the sexy bookworm. Needless to say, they had thoroughly exhausted themselves last night. She'd been particularly feisty during their coupling and it was only with generous use of the blemish-removing charm that neither of them was currently sporting a myriad of hickeys across their necks.

Though, Harry thought as he took a quick peek at the inside of Hermione's upper thigh, it seemed she kept some as souvenirs.

The deep burble love-mark clashed against her creamy pale skin. It was hidden enough that you'd only be able to see it if you knew it was there in the first place, but that only made Harry

wonder which other ones she had decided to keep. He had, after all, explored practically every inch of her body with his mouth the night before. The thought of doing so again had Harry's hand wandering up her thigh once more.

'SMACK!'

"Honestly!" Hermione chastised again. "If you can't control yourself then find somewhere else to be a lecher! Weren't you going to visit Ron anyway? The Hospital Wing's visiting hours are almost up!"

Harry rubbed his hand from where Hermione had smacked him with a stinging slap. "Ow! Fine, I'll go visit Ron, seeing how you don't seem to appreciate my company." He said with faux hurt. Hermione rolled her eyes and turned back to her book. "Good. Mayhaps if you behave the next few days I'll consider the lunch with you and Cammi idea you proposed last night."

Harry whirled around from where he had stood, all traces of teasing and humour gone from his face, and instead replaced by excited disbelief.

"Really?" He asked.

"Yes really." Hermione sighed. "If she's going to be a part of your life for the long run then I may as well get to know her. Now shoo! You know Madame Pomfrey hates it when people show up so late in the afternoon."

Harry did as he was told, quickly making his way from the Gryffindor common room and down the grand staircase. Three days prior Ron had accidentally eaten a box of chocolates on Harry's bed thinking it was an early Christmas present to him. Said chocolates had actually been dosed with a love potion keyed to Romilda Vane. Harry had found his friend, giggling and cooing over the erotic photo Romilda included with chocolate hours later. Being a good friend, Harry had all but dragged his friend down to Slughorn's office intent on getting the potion master's aide in flushing the drug from his friend's system. All in all, it was a pretty funny situation in hindsight and would certainly be no cause for a trip to the Hospital Wing.

...Yet then came the wine.

Harry still can't figure out why he accepted the man's offer for a drink. Sure, he was doing his best to get the information Dumbledore needed from the man, but a staff member offering a student a drink was odd no matter how you looked at it.

He had barely pressed the glass to his lips when Ron fell. At first, he and Slughorn thought the love-drunk teen was simply a lightweight. Harry had been to enough quidditch after parties with him to know it only took two shots of fire-whiskey to get Ron absolutely smashed after all. Yet when his friend began to convulse, Harry then knew something was truly wrong. Slughorn had been useless and it was only Harry's quick actions that saved his friend. It was pure luck he'd read about bezoars in HBP's book the night before. The poison had done some damage though and thus Ron was required to stay in the hospital wing for the remainder of the semester, something the red-haired boy wasn't very happy about.

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Harry strode into the Hospital Wing, spotting the familiar shock of red hair almost instantly. Ron, in turn, spotted him as well, the boy's face cracking out into a relieved grin as he tossed the quidditch magazine he'd been reading aside.

"Thank Merlin your here!" Ron breathed. "Sitting here doing nothing has started to drive me barmy mate!"

Harry chuckled and quickly took a seat at his friend's bedside. "Sorry I came by so late today. How are you feeling?"

Ron waved him off and adjusted himself so as to sit up straighter, the action causing his friend to wince slightly in pain.

Harry stamped down the stab of guilt he felt at his friend's discomfort. He couldn't help but partially blame himself for his friend's current state, though a much bigger part of himself was furious at the true perpetrator. It didn't take a genius to figure out who most likely poisoned the wine, especially after Slughorn mentioned he had intended to gift it to Dumbledore for Christmas.

Draco had taken the failure with the necklace as expected. Thankfully Pansy was spared from the blonde ponce's wrath, having played her part in the ruse perfectly. To Draco, it was simply seemed as if the compulsions on the necklace failed as Katie continued on as normal even after the package was firmly deposited into her bag. Malfoy spent the next week or so quietly fuming, his normally sour mood cranked up to an eleven, something that amused Harry greatly. In the end though, Harry knew it had been only a matter of time before Malfoy tried again, just not so soon. His annoyance with Dumbledore was only growing as well with every single one of the ferrets failed attempts. Before it had involved someone he was close to and he had thankfully been there to ensure Katie was unharmed, this time though, his best friend had been caught in the crossfire and nearly killed, despite Dumbledore's assurances that he'd be 'keeping a closer eye on thing'.

Such bullshit.

"No worries. Just bloody sore for the most part. Madame Pomfrey says the healing regiment is working loads better than expected so I might be healthy enough to get released earlier than she first thought." Ron explained.

Harry nodded, relieved that Ron was healing better than expected. The next hour was spent chatting and joking happily with his friend. They spoke about the regular topics: Quidditch, how much of a bastard Snape was, and girls. The latter of which Harry was surprised Ron had his own story to tell about.

"It just kind of happened y'know? Guess it took me getting poisoned to work up the bloody nerve." Ron said. "I invited her over for Christmas and she said yes!"

"Congrats mate!" Harry clapped his friend on the back. "I'm sure you and Demelza will make a great couple."

Ron nodded with an appreciative smile. "Hope so. Mind you, it's not like I've got it as bad as *you*." At Harry's confused expression, Ron snorted and gave him a small shove. "Oh don't give me that look! It's not exactly a secret that you're sleeping with both Lavender and Parvati!"

Blimey, those two practically brag about it every chance they get!" The redhead laughed. "And don't even get me started on you and Katie. Everyone on the team knows you and her shag in the showers after every practice! I had to stop Andrew from walking in on the pair of you last time!"

Harry stamped down the rising blush he felt in his cheeks at being caught and nudged his friend back. "Fuck off!" He said as Ron continued to guffaw. "Just 'cause you're hurt doesn't mean I won't bloody curse you, you prat!"

That only served to make his friend laugh harder as Ron doubled over once more with wheezing breaths of mirth.

"I do believe I told you to get some rest Mr. Weasley." The voice of Madame Pomfrey cut through the red-head's laughter like a knife. The matron approached with a tray laden with various vials. "And as for you Mr. Potter, visiting hours ended twenty minutes ago. You'll need to return to your dorm and leave Mr. Weasley under my care for now." As she said this, the Hogwarts healer busied herself with sifting through the various potion vials, picking up a few at a time and handing them to Ron.

Ron looked at the various vials in his arms with disgust before throwing Harry a pleading look. Harry snickered and shook his head in return.

"Sorry mate. If I was able to drink three vials of Skele-Grow then you can handle that." He said gesturing to the potions. "I'll see you tomorrow though, yeah?"

At Ron's resigned nod Harry retreated, bidding both his friend and the stern Matron goodnight as the Hospital Wing doors closed behind him.

He made it all of three steps- Well, two and a half really- before suddenly colliding headlong into a small black-haired form.

Said black-haired form squeak in surprise, flailing about in shock before grasping the front of Harry's robes in a tight grip as they fell backwards. Harry had only but a moment to react,

quickly pulling the figure close to his chest and using their combined downwards momentum to roll, forcing himself to take the brunt of the impact with the hard stone floor.

He landed with a grunt, the hard stone beneath him contrasting with the surprising soft body now laid atop his chest. It was then that he finally got a good look at who exactly he'd run into, or perhaps who ran into him.

"Ehm...Hi Harry." Romilda Vane said shyly from where she lay wrapped tightly in his arms. A deep red blush was radiating brightly from her cheeks and her purple eyes hung heavy with embarrassment.

"Hello Romilda." He said gently. "Fancy meeting you here. Would you mind..." He trailed off, unwinding his arms from around the girl's slim waist.

"Oh!" She said, realizing what he meant. "Yes, sorry!" The raven-haired witch quickly scrambled to her feet, even going so far as to offer him a helping hand as he too stood.

"Thanks." He said, brushing himself off. "Where were you going in such a hurry?"

At his question, Romilda looked down to her feet in embarrassment as she shifted from one foot to another.

"I- uhm- just wanted to apologize to Ron. Y'know...for the chocolates..."

Ah, Harry thought, his eyes widening in realization. She felt guilty then- partially blamed herself for Ron's injury because of the drugged sweets.

Harry gave the girl a look of understanding. Reaching forward, he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

"You can't beat yourself over it Romilda, this is in no way your fault. It wasn't the chocolates that poisoned Ron."

The girl gave him a shaky smile but frowned quickly once more.

"You're not angry with me then?" She asked quietly. "For the love potion?"

Harry snorted and shook his head. "I won't say it didn't make me a bit miffed, but in the end no real harm was done. Not from you at least." At the girl's unsure look Harry leaned forward and

continued with a whisper. "Plus I think the photo you slipped in with the chocolates more than made up for it." He added, shooting the girl a teasing smirk.

The blush from earlier returned to the younger witch's cheeks with a vengeance. The deep red hue permeated her tanned skin, though it only served to make Harry very aware of just how cute the lithe girl was.

Cute, but also downright sexy under the right circumstances, he thought.

He wasn't lying when he said the picture more than made up for her little love potion stunt. After wrestling it from Ron's love-drunk hands, he was able to get a good look at the sexy little minx's gift to him. Clad in only a pair of Christmas themed stockings, Romilda was posed atop a chaise lounge chair with her petite arse held aloft in the air. One of her arms rested atop the chaise to support her while the other reached around to grasp one of her tanned arse cheeks and spread it to the side, revealing her glistening pink slit and her crinkled arse-hole with a red-jeweled butt plug planted firmly inside. The coy little smile she sent back to the camera along with animated wink from the picture's magical effects showed a more sultry, teasing side to the girl before him than her current stammering blushing visage.

"You know..." He said leaning even closer to the girl. "...if you wanted to get my attention, you didn't need some silly love potion to do it. What I saw in that picture was more than enough to pique my interest."

Romilda had begun to step back instinctually, barely making it half a step before she bumped into the hard wooden Hospital Wing door. "I-It was?" She stammered.

Harry smirked and palmed the wall beside her, his form towering over the short girl. The action actually made the raven-haired beauty shiver in delight. Gone was the heavy shine of shame in her eyes, replaced now with an almost sparkling sheen of excitement and lust.

"Oh yes." He chuckled, inching closer and closer to the girl's lips. "In fact- I'd love another peek if you're willing."

He didn't give her a chance to answer, instead pushing his lips firmly against her whilst Romilda squeaked in surprise. Her squeak quickly morphed into a satisfied moan however. In moments, all the tension and nervousness seemed to almost melt from the girl as their lips danced together. She sighed happily, her hands grasping the front of his robes to pull him closer just as Harry slipped his tongue between her pouty full lips.

Slowly his hands slid up her thin waist, dancing over her ribs. The cusp of her perky breasts ghosted over his fingers through her uniform blouse first, barely even a graze really, but it was enough to have Romilda pulling away with a shaky moan.

"C-Can w-we find somewhere a b-bit more private?" She asked, her lips swollen and chest fluttering with her aroused breaths.

Harry chuckled lowly and pulled the girl close to him.

"I know just the place."

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"Oh M-Morgana!"

The cry of pleasure echoed within the Room of Requirement as Romilda thrashed upon the very same bed he and Hermione had made use of the night before. Not that she knew nor really cared about that in the current moment.

Harry smirked to himself as another gasping moan was torn from the petite witch's lips. He'd chuckle at the sheer tenacity of her euphoria if it weren't for his tongue currently buried between her soaked folds. The tangy taste of her cunt permeated his senses entirely. Her thrashing body did little to disrupt his current goal of driving as much pleasure from the girl's moistened cunt as he could. In fact, her uncontrolled spasms of pleasure fueled Harry's resolve, causing him to grip her thighs harder and move his tongue even faster over her swollen pearl.

"Yes! Oh fuck yes Harry! M-More!" Romilda cried.

Her perky tits jiggled with every heaving breath the girl took. Her hardened nipples, stiff and pointed, sat atop each of the small mounds already bruised and swollen from when Harry had all but mauled them minutes ago.

Each flick of her clit, every suckle, lap, and wholly worshipful action of his tongue against her cunt brought another strangled cry from the petite witch's lips. She was getting close. Harry could feel it, and so he increased his pace. His tongue moved at a blazing speed between her folds. She was practically gushing with arousal at this point. Her legs shook within his grasp as each moan came out more breathy and strangled. Romilda's eyes were clamped shut desperately as she fought not to let the sensations between her legs overwhelm her.

It was too much for the young with though, and with a mighty cry of passion, she came.

"HARRRRYYYY!"

Her wail reverberated off the stone walls around them. If it weren't for her thighs wrapping tightly around his head, Harry was certain his ear drums would've ruptured from the sheer intensity of her scream. The splash of her slicked girl-cum against his chin was his reward as Romilda shook with orgasmic tremors above him.

"P-Please!" She begged, her pussy still spasming with pleasure. "H-Harry please! I n-need you!"

He hummed against her quivering snatch and pulled away. Wiping the thick layer of her juices from his chin, Harry stood and looked down at her from where she lay on the bed. Romilda met his stare with a look of intense need. Her teeth held her bottom lip firmly between them as she rubbed her slickened thighs together. Her hands teased her perky, swollen breast as she stared back up at him, practically pleading for him to fuck her. Harry smiled and grasped her thighs once more, spreading them apart slowly to reveal his prize. Though he'd just been face-to-face with her hairless cunt, Harry couldn't stop the throb of excitement that ran through his cock as it teased her outer folds. Romilda surprised him with a giggle as she reached down and helped guide him to her precious entrance, her slim hand barely fitting around his girth as she ran his swollen head up and down her soaked pussy.

He pushed inside her without a word. Her inner walls were snug and tight around him. They gripped him like a velvety hug as he slowly sank deeper and deeper inside her needy cunt. Romilda only made a single small squeak before her eyes clenched shut and she bit her lip hard. Her fingers grip the bed tight, but there's no pain or resistance in her posture. Harry takes the sound as encouragement and grips the the raven-haired witch's hips tightly as he finally hilts himself fully within her quim and begins to slowly rocking his cock in and out of her damp folds. Part of him feared he break the lithe girl. She was nearly as small and petite as Ginny, and though the chaser took his cock well enough, Romilda wasn't a headstong quidditch player like Ginny.

His fears were for naught though, as with thrust Romilda's gasps of pleasure only grew, making Harry's confidence in her ability to handle his cock rise. Ever so slowly he began to increase his pace, pushing his cock deep inside her pretty little cunt with increasing force- stretching her out undoubtedly farther than she's ever imagined. He watched as Romilda threw her head back with a screaming moan after just a few hard thrusts- pink lips forming an 'O' shape as she wailed in sudden pleasure.

She was cumming. The sudden climax was surprising enough, and the tightness of her walls constricting around him almost forced Harry to halt his thrusts as they became borderline painful. He continued though. The feeling of her quivering cunt felt simply too heavenly. As Romilda screamed and thrashed beneath him, Harry slammed his hips forward with blazing speed. Her poor, gushing cunt was his to use at that moment. The squelching lewd noises of her soaked quim being absolutely drilled nearly overwhelmed her loud cries of climax.

Her hands came up to claw at his chest. The stinging pain of her nails digging into his flesh left no doubt in his mind he'd leave here with a fresh series of scratched gouged into his skin, but in that moment he could hardly care.

Romilda's breath hitched. It was nearly completely out of control as he continued to abuse her poor battered cunt, turning into a raging beast inside her chest that threatened to tear the girl apart. Harry could sense her need for release, so soon after her first climax yet so very much needed. Pushing her legs up against her perky chest, Harry slammed his hips forward with as much force as he could muster. Her scream this time was silent and choked. Only her mouth stood agape and eyes unseeing as she lurched her back and became shocked still. Harry could hardly pay her statuesque state any attention though as with one final meaty slap he buried himself inside the girl's soaked pussy and released. The torrents of cum spilling inside her was what broke Romilda from her reverie, forcing a throaty moan from her lips as her own orgasm ebbed away. Her ripe pussy clutched him tightly as he came, milking his cock for every last drop while the girl herself was practically shellshocked at receiving such a massive influx of cum inside her.

Harry stayed hilted inside her as his own climax came to an end. Her womb was no doubt filled to the brim with his cum now. As he stayed there catching his breath while Romilda did the same beneath him he couldn't help but think about what it would be like to have both her and Ginny in bed at the same time. The two petite witches would certainly give each other a run for their money on whose cunt could milk him the fastest.

Something to think about later, he thought as he slowly pulled free from Romilda's cunt and watched as his cum instantly began to pour free from her folds. He only admired his handiwork for a moment or two before roughly flipping the girl over onto her hands and knees and pushing his cock back inside her once more.

"O-Ohh god~" Romilda sang as she buried her face into the mattress below and allowed him to pound her petite derriere to his heart's content.

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The Hogwarts Express whistled loudly as it departed King's Cross Station. All around him, his classmates greeted their parents and loved ones with excited chatter. Many had been looking

forward for the holidays for quite some time, and for the first time since Harry could remember, he could count himself among them all.

He'd long since said farewell to Hermione, Ron and his other friends/hook-ups. Now it was time for a reunion of his own. Stepping through the archway to the muggle side of the station, Harry scanned the crowd with eager eyes, looking for any sign of a familiar head of raven-hair and tattooed arms.

One, two, three passed he made, disappointment only growing in his chest with every failure to spot Cammi through the crowd.

Perhaps she had not come? Perhaps something had happened to her?

Harry's heart clenched with fear, but before his mind could continue to spiral down a hole of negative thoughts a familiar voice broke him from his reverie.

"Hey there hot stuff!"

Turning around quickly, Harry broke out into a smile.

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Author's Note

Canonically, Ron ate the chocolate and was poisoned on his birthday in March but for the purposes of this story, I accelerated that timeline just a bit.

Next chapter: Part 1 of the 2 part Christmas special! (I know I know, kinda late but it'll be great I promise!)